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CONTENTS

Ramblings	JWC	2
Rumblings	RSC	4
Strange Fruit	RSC	6
The Death of Fantasy. Dick Glass . .		8
In Which We Serve . .	Mike Deckinger . .	9
Grumblings	readers . .	11
Golden Minutes	RSC	28

ARTWORK

Cover . .	Dave Prosser
Cover Lettering . . .	Dave Locke
Page 1 . .	Nott & Barr
" 2 and 4	JWC
" 8 . .	Dick Glass
" 11 . . .	Dave Locke
" 12 . . .	Trabor Brazton
" 13 . .	Joe Staton
" 16 .	Robert E. Gilbert
" 17 . . .	Dave Prosser
" 20	Dave Jenrette
" 21 and 24 . .	Jim Cawthorn
" 25 . .	George Barr

We have on hand a 16,000 word essay on the works of Jack Vance. As this is far too long for YANDRO, I would like to know how many readers would be willing to pay 20¢ or 25¢ to purchase this as a separate publication. DO NOT SEND MONEY; just a note. If nobody is interested, we won't publish it; if it looks like it would sell, we'll put it out. RSC



Last issue Buck was recounting (with gloating sound effects) his new desk. We did get it in the house and arranged, but it simply points up what we've known for a long time -- one of these days we just must get a larger house. Les Gerber remarked we have a "large house"; well it isn't -- not to us. It's also say the least dinky. It needs a basement, about eighteen closets (we have two tiny ones), an attic, four or five more rooms and a number of outbuildings and barns for storage. But then, does any

fan ever have enough room? I think fans might well consider the resurgence of the old-fashioned parlor. I'd like one room that was just for sitting....preferably one that could be closed off most of the time and thus take a minimum of straightening and cleaning. The clutter could stay in the rest of the house, and on those rare occasions when you have mundane guests, you park them in the "parlor" and keep their unknowing fingers out of your collection, the controls on the gestetner, and the still sticky oil paints. Those old timers had the right idea.

There's a joke of long standing among fanzine fans, of the character who crops up every so often with a new grandiose newzine and big announcements of how he's going to revolutionize the entire field -- just as soon as 100 fans subscribe to his magazine (in advance) to give him some working capital. And then of course there's the character who declares fandom is all a gyp and he's leaving -- but not before he's stayed around, and stayed around, ad nauseum, telling you it's all a gyp and he's leaving.

Well, fan artists are beginning to have their own joke. Every so often some character crops up to tell them their artwork is "distorted" and "not true to life". This is interesting. When a writer concocts something that may be nicely and neatly constructed but lacking in true speculative quality, he gets criticized because "it's not sf" -- "change the names and places and you've got a Western, or a romance, or spy novel"...or whatnot. The writer is expected to speculate, take flights of imagination and fancy and wild leaps off on a tangent. In fact, it's demanded that he do so if he's going to be an sf writer. Of course, he's expected to be grounded in writing fundamentals, but interestingly, I've heard far more fans give praise to an imaginative, if somewhat crude, writer for his "sense of wonder" than I've heard praise a competent, if unimaginative writer.

But the artist who takes wild leaps of fancy is a target for this perennial gripe. I know many of these artists, I know some of their philosophies, and I know that for many of them, fan art is quite a different proposition from mundane art. I did life sketches till they were coming out my ears all during high school and college....portraits, perspective studies, still lifes, all the usual diddle. Realistic, draw-it-exactly-as-it-is....and never mind the questions about "why not just take a snapshot" -- you're "learning basics". But I don't want to learn basics in fan art. I want to experiment. And when I don't feel like experimenting, I want to take it easy. This is a hobby, for the artists as well as the

fan writers. And considering the nature of some of the gripes, if the fan artist rang in a few still lifes, model sketches, and perspective studies, he would be criticized because "it has nothing to do with sf or fantasy".

And I know from fans who are also pros that when they fan, they enjoy the sense that they can relax and toss things out without having to worry about the editor's blue pencil and rewrites.

But then, fan artists must be professional all the time, just like the editors and writers who're fans -- hmm?

Further report on last issue's grotching about Wallace. At least he didn't run up as much vote as he had in Wisconsin, and nothing like the plurality he won in Maryland. And I suspect it's because a lot of independents did what I did. The state doesn't have an "Independent" category for voting....even if you split your ticket every time. Since there were no overwhelming local issues that broke on party lines, I had them change my classification to Democrat for this election. I have misgivings aplenty about Welsh, but nothing to what I have against Wallace.

The most telling point thrown up to the "States' Rights" candidate from Alabama is the amount of Federal aid Alabama draws....quite a bit more than it contributes. This is a rather sore point in Indiana where we have local property taxes, a state sales tax, a state gross income tax, and a Federal gross income tax. There was much repetition of incidents such as Wallace announcing the Federal government "Takes money out of your pocket and pours it down a rat hole somewhere" -- and getting a rebort of: "Yeah, such as Alabama." I'm pretty conservative economically, but I realize certainly that you can't have it both ways.

Now and again I've encountered research statements that there is no such thing as "weeping for joy". What you're supposed to be doing is recalling a previous sad incident. This I can't quite follow. When I caught my first glimpse of the planet Venus through a good eight-inch reflector, the beauty brought tears to my eyes -- and I can't imagine what "previous sad incident" this might have nudged.

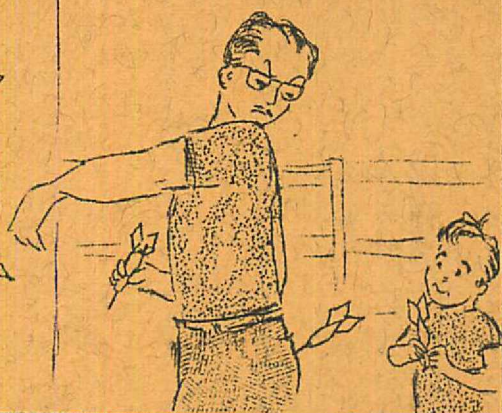
Music is something else again. Sometimes one is moved because the music is poignant -- but sometimes because it is triumphant, or simply beautiful. Or because of some strange, primitive warp in one's own psyche. I still have a vivid memory of an incident that occurred when I was about five years old: my aunt had a music box which played the usual tinkly, light tune, and I loved to listen to it each time we visited her....until one evening I suddenly realized that the tune was sad....or at least it quite suddenly seemed sad, and I burst into tears. If it were a sad memory, I should think it would have been initially sad, not accumulative.

And I am a sucker for major-to-major, minor-to-minor key changes in music, but particularly the former. (A fan friend much better versed in music than I called it "mixo-lydian"--but I looked up the term and now I'm not so sure that's what it is.) I have been trying for years to pin down the strange sensation this type of harmony causes in my emotions. It was not sadness, but a form of beauty and, oddly, fear. I finally pinned it down several weeks ago. A record featuring major-to-major harmony was on the player, and I was out on the porch, listening and stargazing and the two facets meshed: eternity and infinity... two ideas which have always awed and frightened me. For me, it is the fascination of flame. Beauty -- and tears.

Which I hope you're not in.

JWC

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Mild apologies to John McCallum for cutting his postcard, but I ran out of room. (Readers are used to having their letters cut, but having one's postcard-of-comment abridged doesn't happen every day.)

I understand that the Pacificon Progress Report which has been (or will be) released about now contains a statement, signed by several fans, to the effect that the Convention Committee has the right to bar any member for due cause. I was asked to sign this statement. I didn't do it.

because no matter what it says, the implication will be that the Committee was right in barring Walter Breen. I'm still neutral on this point and intend to remain so until I see some evidence instead of hearing people tell me that they have it. However, as far as the specific statement of the power of the Committee goes, I'm all for it. In fact, I can't see that there is any question about the point. The Convention Committee is responsible for the convention; therefore it has the power to run the convention and to remove anyone who proves undesirable. The question in this case is whether or not the Pacificon Committee misused its authority; that it had the authority is demonstratable fact. The Con Committee is chosen by fan-dom to run the convention. Once chosen, it is in charge. The committee members, individually or as a whole, may ask for advice, but they don't have to, and they're not bound to respect any advice given. If you didn't want them in charge, you should have voted for someone else -- if that's impossible, or if you made a mistake, that's tough, and make sure they don't get it again. (I will never vote for another convention in New York, for example; New York fans had their chance twice and loused it up both times.) If you don't like a committee action, go ahead and say so -- but don't try to claim that the action exceeded committee authority.

Incidentally, we recently received a tape from Don and Maggie Thompson. I'm not going to transcribe it word for word, but the gist of it is that the Thompsons are no longer connected with the Clevention Committee. The committee agreed that nobody would be barred from the Clevention in advance. (Any funny business at the con itself would, of course cause expulsion.) Then, after this full committee agreement, Chairman Ben Jason announced that Breen would be barred -- whether he is guilty of anything or not -- because he is "controversial". The Thompsons resigned, and I don't blame them. The first decision wasn't too bright; the Committee should not have taken a definite stand against barring people. What about Wetzel, or that certain bookseller who has been accused of running a con game -- you want either of them in your con? But barring a fan from a convention whether he is guilty of anything or not is probably the stupidest decision I have heard all year. Here and now I want to say that I will support anyone against Cleveland in 1966. (Why am I jumping in on this one while staying neutral on the Pacificon? Easy; I know the Thompsons well enough to know the reliability of their word, and I don't know anyone on the Pacificon Committee that well.) Don Thompson mentioned that the Cleveland affair was not DNC; any comments from the participants?

To get on to more pleasant topics of conversation, apparently some YANDRO reader wrote the Bureau of Indian Affairs and said "send the Coulsons all the stuff you have on Indians". We got the package today; maps, book lists, reports, tourist information -- everything from the 1963 report of the Department of the Interior to a list of places that sell Indian artifacts by mail. It's all fascinating, and I want to thank whoever

sent in our names. While I'm on the subject of Indians....one of my birthday presents recently was the Vanguard lp recording by Buffy Sainte-Marie, who writes songs much like Bob Dylan's and sings them much better than Dylan. One of her songs is a protest of our Indian policies, with specific regard to New York's Kinzua Dam project. Highly interesting.

You may or may not know -- or care -- that Juanita and I write a folk-music column for Joe Pilati's fanzine ENCLAVE (and what happened to the last issue, Joe?) Someone -- presumably Joe, tho he's never admitted it -- sent a copy of at least one issue to the editor of SING OUT!, a semi-professional (or maybe full professional, by now) folk magazine, and the editor commented on it. Which is all right, except that he gave our name and address, and implied that we edited the magazine. This was about three months ago, and we're still getting inquiries about it....the one that came yesterday was from the Library of Congress, stating that the Library would much appreciate copies of our magazine ENCLAVE. Bah, and likewise humbug. (We also got two folk fanzines in trade, which was pretty much of a dead loss all around.)

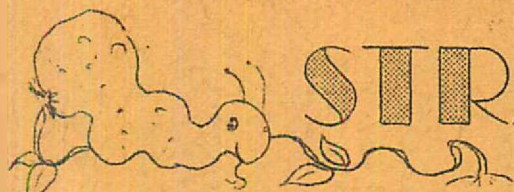
NOTICE: In the last issue, we neglected to note that the Algis Budrys article originally appeared a couple of years ago in his FAPazine, DUBIOUS. This is what comes of dual editorship; Juanita and I each expected the other one to add the appropriate note and so it didn't get added at all.

Mild apologies to new readers for the lack of coherence in this issue. We don't normally turn the entire magazine over to the letter-writers, but once a year or so they pile up until a letter-issue is required. However, I might as well say here that I've given up trying to provide a good variety in every issue. Over the course of a few months we publish a little of everything, but individual issues may be overbalanced in favor of reviews, or letters, or columns, or maybe even fiction. It's the only way to get material of a decent length into a small magazine (if I could afford the time and money, I'd put out 50 pages a month, but I can't so you're stuck with this).

Forgot to mention back there on the other page that the Thompsons are still planning to publish a booklet on the mechanics of fanzine publishing. Possibly under the auspices of Project Art Show; possibly on their own. (You could always join the N3F and publish it as an N3F project, you know....)

Spring is finally here and the birds sing and the sun shines and Bruce spends most of his time outdoors so his parents can get a few things done around the house. He has his own ideas of fun. One of his favorite outdoor sports seems to be knife-throwing. (This is also a strictly supervised sport, needless to say.) Twelve or fifteen years ago I recklessly shelled out \$1 for a very poor grade throwing knife, and there's this half-rotten stump in the yard, and... Bruce hasn't hit anybody yet, but I expect him to get one of the dogs sooner or later. (Warning; don't nobody molest this child....) The rifle practice will start when it gets a bit warmer and dryer.

How to slant the truth department: I glanced at a copy of SEARCH recently. One of Palmer's authors has written a book purporting to prove by Indian legends that Jesus Christ came to America. (It probably does, too; you can prove anything by legends.) Someone asked him what sort of education he had, to be rating himself an expert on Indians, and his answer was that he had "a degree" from "a Southern California university". Cute. He doesn't say what degree or what university -- California abounds with odd-ball "universities" -- but a quick reading makes it sound like a degree from the University of Southern California, doesn't it? Never tell lies when you can tell the truth and produce the same effect.



STRANGE FRUIT

Received: BANE 9.5 (Ryan), DINKY BIRD 10 (Berman), MENACE 90, 91 (Pelz), G² April (Gibson) These are not reviewed for various good and sufficient reasons. Also received several issues of THE HOUSE OF INFO SPEAKS, by Tom & John McGeehan, but I seem to have temporarily mislaid the address. It's a Tarzan news bulletin, containing such interesting data as that on Feb. 19 the TV show "You Don't Say" used "Tarzan" as the "hidden name", that on "The Beverly Hillbillies" for April 1 Jame Hathaway emitted several Tarzan yells, etc. If you're this much of a Tarzan completist, ~~write me~~ write me and I'll dig up an address for you. The newsletter seems to be free to anyone interested.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #414 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th. Ave., College Point, New York 11354 - monthly - 15¢) Still the best record of what's going on in the professional science fiction world.

SKYRACK #67 (Ron Bennett, 17 Newcastle Rd., Wavertree, Liverpool 15, England - monthly - 6 issues for 35¢ by surface mail or for 70¢ by airmail - USAgent, me) The news of what's going on in British fandom and professional circles.

HAVFRINGS #14 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - bi-monthly - 2 issues for 50¢) All you newcomers who want to find out about fanzines; here are 10 pages of fanzine reviews, generally quite good ones.

CAULDRON #1 (Darrell D. Best, 115 So. 8th. St., Saint Helens, Oregon - irregular - no price listed) One of fandom's "personal-journal" type zines; 3 pages of news and quotes of information of interest to the editor, plus editorial comments and the like. Well laid out, and the humor is funnier than a lot of other fan humor I've read recently.

DIFFERENTIAL #20 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada - monthly - 3¢ per issue) Another personal-type mag; two pages in each and every issue of this one. Interesting; subscribe now before the price goes up again. #21 is here, too, and I personally enjoyed very much the excerpts from various types of modern writing. They seem awfully familiar; I think I must have read the originals some time.

FANAC #6 (Carl Brandon, Sällskapsvägen 7, Stockholm 48, Sverige -- Sweden to you -- more or less monthly - \$1.00 per year) No, we haven't suddenly shifted to another time-track; this is the Swedish FANAC, with this particular issue containing the magazine's first International Section of Swedish fan news published in English. Quite interesting; I'd been wondering what was going on in Sweden since we lost most of our contacts. (About all we get from Sweden now are picture postcards from Bo Stenfors, which are nice but not too informative.) Swedish fandom seems to be in a new boom, but maybe that's just because we haven't heard much from it until the last couple of months.

KIPPIE #57, 58 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland, 21212 - monthly or oftener - 20¢) Another personal journal type, except that this one is pretty fat -- 46 pages in #57, 24 in #58 -- and contains a large letter column and occasional outside contributions. Primarily political-sociological commentary, with occasional nods to science and even more occasional ones to science fiction. Doesn't seem to spark the violent controversy of other political fanzines -- possibly because Ted usually works out his moderately-liberal philosophies pretty well. (One breakdown here; predictably, it's on the Breen Affair. Ted appears to blame the Con Committee for not consulting fandom before expelling Breen. All of fandom, Ted? A section of fandom was consulted, or so I'm informed, and while you might disagree with the merits of the section chosen, it's no more biased than any other....the difference is that it appears to be biased against Breen. In any event, nobody requires representatives to consult their constituents be-

fore taking action. The constituents are free to bitch about the action taken, but if they have to be consulted first on everything there's no point in having representatives to begin with.

SPORADIC #10 (Bill Flott, P.O. Box 5596, University, Alabama - quarterly - free) This is primarily an SFPA mag, but a few copies are available to outsiders. This particular issue is particularly notable for Norman Masters' (who he?) article, "Fandom And The Adolescent". In a group like this, which is continually attempting to (a) justify and (b) analyze its existence, an article which does both merits approval, especially when it's as well written as this one is. On the basis of this article, SPORADIC is the best fanzine of the month.

THE VERMILLION FLYCATCHER #1 (Ron Wilson, N. 3107 Normandie St., Spokane, Washington, 99205 - irregular - 20¢) Remarkably well produced for a first issue. The material is entirely the sort of thing which doesn't move me; a pseudo-humorous pseudo-con report, examples of modern verse, a humorous -- more or less -- story, and an editorial personality which seems remarkably close to that of the "typical college student" (except for the fact that a typical college student isn't as well acquainted with English, of course). Recommended to fannish types; not recommended to fans who want serious discussions of science fiction, or who like the same things I do.

THE TWILIGHT ZINE #12 (Bernie Morris, 420 Memorial Dr., Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - somewhat quarterly - 25¢ - associates, Doug Hoylman and Dave Vanderwerf) Don't pay for more than one issue, as the editorial personality and address are both rather fluid at the moment. Hoylman edited this issue, which seems oriented more toward M.I.T. and less toward science fiction than most. The filk songs are still good, and there are considerable numbers of scientific-humorous items. Recommended highly.

PAS-TELL #15 (Bjo Trimble, 5571 Belgrave Ave., Garden Grove, Calif. - irregular - 25¢) This is the one and only fanzine for fan artists. This slimmer-than-usual issue includes plans for the forthcoming Pacificon art show, plus articles on spirit duplicating by Bob Lichtman, Steve Stiles, and Bjo. All fan-artists should get this.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, Vol.23, #2 (Official organ of N3F, dues and information via Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee, 37754) Reports of what's going on -- or not going on -- in the N3F bureaus, plus articles on N3F history and so on. This is the only national club for non-publishing fans that I know of. (Well, there's First Fandom, but that doesn't do newcomers any good.)

QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE #1 (Bill Blackbeard, 192 Mountain View, Los Angeles, Calif. 90057 - quarterly, he says - 75¢ minimum sub which gets you a minimum of 150 pages) I had previously encountered Blackbeard only as an occasional contributor to SCIENCE FICTION TIMES and even more occasional contributor of scholarly articles to other fanzines. Here he comes on with fancy layout, impeccable mimeography, Rotsler cartoons, and a whole host of details to delight the fannish fan. (I rather preferred him as a sercon contributor, but you know me)

ZEEN #2 (E.E. Evers, Apt. 4-C, 268 E. 4th. St., New York, N.Y. 10049 - free - monthly) Earl apologized for the reproduction, which is incredibly bad, and promises to not do it again. Major article is Rich Brown's defense of Breen. I can't analyze it because it seemed that every time Rich reached a conclusion the type wavered and disappeared, leaving me with only a rough idea of what he said. I don't think I agree with it, but I'm not sure. Rest of the mag is easier to read (except for the review of YANDRO, which was totally illegible; I suspect him of giving me that copy deliberately) and reasonably good.

Four other fanzines on hand can jolly well wait until next issue.

The Death of Fantasy

1.

The field of flowers
in the midst of the meadow
feeds the unicorn.

Under the flowers
the pixies and elves dance and
play with merriment.

In the small, cool wood
dwarfs work in their candlelit
shops within the trees.

The long-haired virgin
rests in the shade, petting her
sleek, white unicorn.

2.

Suddenly the sky
is filled with the roar of a
descending rocket.

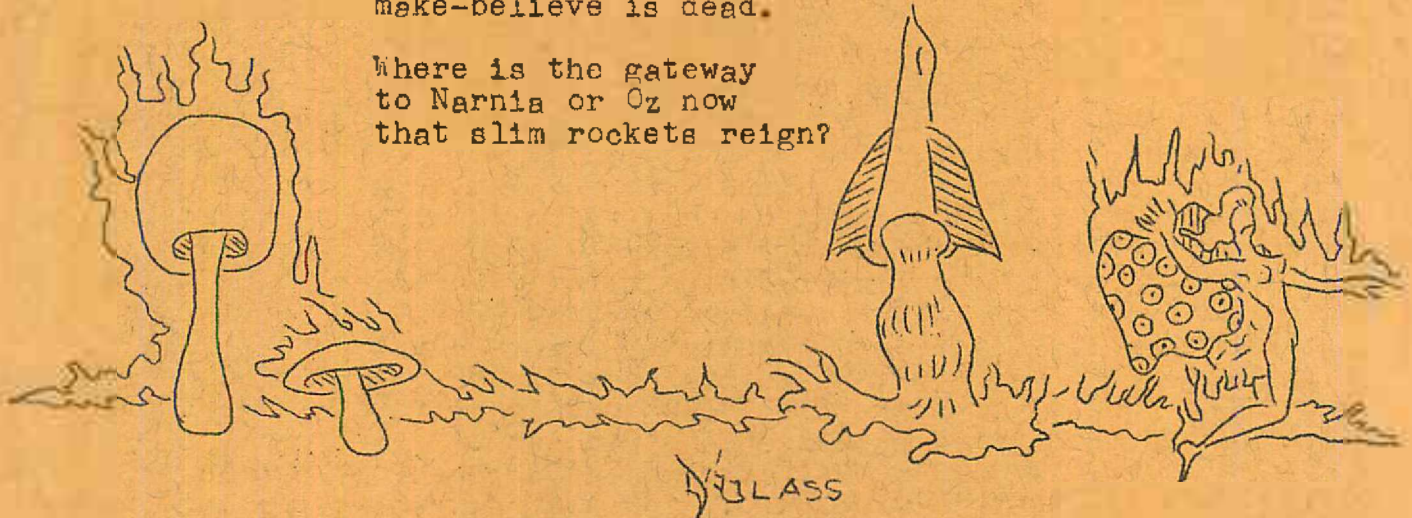
The wide meadow leaps
into searing flames which burn
all things in its path.

Fleeing fairies scream—
their wings engulfed in fire;.
spotted mushrooms burn.

3.

The land lies barren
and sterile when the ship leaves—
make-believe is dead.

Where is the gateway
to Narnia or Oz now
that slim rockets reign?



IN WHICH WE SERVE

fiction by

mike deckinger

"Your appointment isn't until 10:00; that's nearly an hour from now."

Welton fidgeted nervously. "I'm sorry. I just thought that if I arrived earlier, I might be able to get it over with earlier."

The expression on the face of the interrogating officer remained impassive and unreadable. "The appointments are arranged for our convenience, not yours. We have a busy schedule ahead of us today; reshuffling personnel in order to satisfy individual needs is out of the question."

"I see." Welton looked away from the man, feeling even younger than his twenty years. "I wasn't aware of your reasons. In that case," he poured a dosage of confidence into his waning voice, "in that case I'd like to wait until my time is ready."

"That's just what you'll have to do, boy. There's a lounge out back. Go drop yourself down into one of the chairs and stay there till you hear your name called. Then you report to me, not before then."

Welton nodded, relieved at his dismissal, and hurriedly moved away from the officer, returning to the lounge, where he managed to find an unoccupied chair. The hallway was gradually beginning to bustle with activity, as uniformly-dressed attendants hurried about, cleaning up the debris of the previous day. A few officers and Superiors trotted by, disdainfully ignoring all but their equals. A musty, antiseptic smell filled the air, and then was rapidly sucked up into the ceiling by powerful fans. A heavily-muscled worker went along the hallway, unlocking doors and releasing alarms. Welton settled back to rest, ignoring the other two who sat behind him.

His summons had come unexpectedly, and scarcely given him time to prepare for the day. His parents carefully gave him pointers on how to behave in the presence of the officers, stressing the need for all displays of intelligence and thought. Mr. Ludkin, his teacher and good friend, had given Jeremy Walton a permanent record of his grades while in school, so the questioners could immediately discern that he was not a stupid young man. Of course, they invariably checked more than records, since on occasion these were falsified by boys trying to avoid service, but it was a good start just the same. Perhaps he had been too impetuous in arriving early, but at least it would prove that he was not ignorant of time, and respected the importance of pre-arranged appointments. He was also well dressed and handsomely combed, for only the ignorant were unconcerned with their outward appearance.

A friend, Arnolds, who had been deferred due to his uncommonly high I Q., suggested to Welton that he engage someone in a game of chess while waiting, in order to form a more favorable impression on any passing officer or Superior. This idea had been briefly considered, but unhesitatingly discarded when Welton realized that he was such a novice at chess that his lack of skill would immediately become apparent.

As it was, he was counting on his past record, and his own performance as selling points, to emphasize the unquestionably high degree of intelligence he was determined he'd been endowed with.

"Amos Stone," a bullish voice resounded through the corridors, shaking Welton from his temporary respite. "Amos Stone report for interview."

A short, red-haired boy, sitting opposite him, got to his feet, shook hands with a companion, and quickly left the lounge, heading for the section Welton had previously left.

"He won't get it," a barrel-chested youngster wearing a dark leather jacket whispered as Stone disappeared. "I know that kid and he just won't get it."

Welton swivelled around to him.

"What makes you say that? It's up to the interviewers to decide whether or not he has to serve."

The heavy-set boy laughed harshly. "You'll see. He'll be out taking drills along with the rest of the unfortunates."

"What's the matter with him?"

Again the grating laugh. Despite the irritating qualities of the boy, Welton felt the need for conversation and sought to maintain it.

"His marks. His IQ is as low as a crawler, and he thinks he can bluff his way through. I've known Amos a long time. He's a friend, but not a smart one. And those are the only kind that matter today."

"He seems awfully unconditioned for service."

"Now don't you worry about that. Those drillmen are masters. They can have a five foot kid fresh from his momma's apron strings out patrolling by an enemy post in less than three months if they put their mind to it. Of course, he'll hate their guts, and he'll hate what he's doing, but service is for stupes, as is said."

"What about you?" Welton ventured. "What are you counting on?"

"Me? I'm counting on one thing and one thing alone. When I was fifteen I received a LS Degree from the University of Freepoint. I earned it myself, got it fair and square, and since I'm the first one that anyone's heard of to get this, I don't think the service boys will need me to fire their guns and spend my time halfway around the world, when service is for stupes. As simple as that."

Welton considered the remarks carefully. "Do you think a good school record can get by them?"

"Any outstanding subjects?"

"No, but the marks were at a consistently high level. No failures and no flunkouts either."

"Hmm, it might. Never can tell. You know, a lot of people don't realize, but much depends on how the officer feels."

"No kidding."

"That's a fact. After all, they're human, too. Though most of the time you'd find it hard to believe. When the officer's in a good mood, he'll say, 'boy, you got a head on your shoulders, and we have use for that, so no service for you'. But if he's in a bad mood, then he may stick you in the Army just because he doesn't like the way you parted your hair, or what color tie you've got on. It's hard to say."

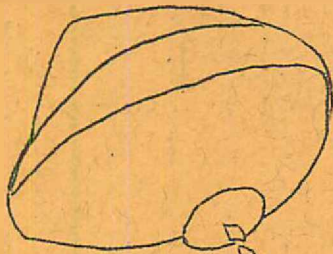
"Well," Welton murmured good-naturedly, "it's all a gamble."

"You are so right there, buddy. You've got a coin, and one side says you're free because you're an egghead, and the other side says you're done for, because you weren't born with enough brains to satisfy the military questioners. Then you've got to serve. Sure it's a gamble. But it's the best system around. A lot better than the old days when everyone of age and health was stuck in the service, the smart guys along with the dumb ones."

"Undoubtedly," Welton agreed.

From around the corner they suddenly heard a loud shout and cries of, "No, no, no," slowly diminishing as the one who was making them was being removed from the hall.

"What'd I tell you?" the heavy-set boy asked ironically.



Dave Jenrette, Box 342, Miami, Florida, 33133
Current annish received. Not the greatest of all annishes, but good and interesting.

I've been curious, friend Buck, what is it that you do with the Honeywell corporation? I know them as manufacturers of photographic equipment and importers of cameras and things like that.

I agree that WITCH WORLD was good, but if Clifford Simak had held up the quality of the first half of his "bowling ball" novel, I think I would have put it up near the top. What a shame to ruin that story

after its brilliant start.

I am pleased to see that there were several comments on Avram Davidson's poor handling of F&SF. I think it currently stinks. The worst are some of Avram's stories. One of which he had the gall to include in an F&SF anthology! The only reason I buy F&SF now is for an Asimov article—or maybe an occasional name author.

[Sometimes I wonder myself what I do with Honeywell. Officially, I write instruction manuals; in my copious free time I'm engineering librarian and part-time file clerk. Then there are such interesting side jobs as measuring mach-

inery and making scale templates of it, answering the high school kids who want to know all about industrial electronics so they can write a theme on it, and designing an occasional tool. One nice thing; it's seldom monotonous.

RSC/

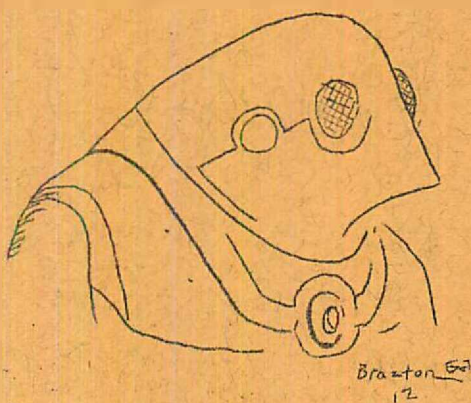
E.E.Evers, Apt 4-C, 268 E 4th St., New York 9, New York

Lewis Grant must be a real starry-eyed liberal if he thinks that having the employed support the rest through 101% slot machines and make-work jobs can ever work. For one thing, the employed would never stand for supporting great masses of the unemployable — look how they kick over taxes now, then look at how much his plan would have to raise taxes. It isn't the financial bite that hurts, it's the idea of "why should I work to pay some slob for not working?" that I see expressed at least three times a week in the lettercol of the DAILY NEWS. And any sort of charity, makework, or even a disguised dole destroys the recipient's morale faster than even actual hunger and physical want.

Sharon Towle's verse is excellent, but then all her work is excellent.

Rob Williams, 420 South 4th Street, Elkhart, Indiana, 46514

Thanks for sending along Joe Zimny's comment. Gee, Joe comments almost at as great a length over that little squib in your review as did the people who commented on the article's three page priginal appearance. Yeah, that is a glorious moment when you find some innocent book dealer practically giving away rare old pulp treasures. I well remember how I discovered a bookshop in East Saint Louis by accident, one day. I was there, in East



Saint Louis, on important business, but upon espying the "BOOKS" sign in the window of this beat-up, gloomy-looking building, all other intents immediately disappeared, save that I had to investigate the bookshop right then and there. When I went in, a spooky-looking old gentleman came from behind a curtained alcove in the rear of the shop and stared intently at me as if he'd not seen a human in eons. Which might well have been: his shop was dank, cobwebby and dimly lit by a fifteen or twenty-five watt bulb, which because of its dustiness was putting out only five or ten watts worth of light. It was

like a horror movie set in there. And this guy from behind the curtain impressed me as, if not a vampire feeding on the living, at least as a ghoul feeding upon the dead. We both stood there for a long time, until I thought I'd burst. I wanted to say something, but could think of nothing except something like: Hi there; say, I saw you in your last movie, CURSE OF THE BAT PEOPLE, and you were tremendous. But that didn't seem quite the way to start the conversation off. Finally the old man broke the tension by saying, "Yes?" (He had a very sinister and negative way of saying this.) So I spoke, asking him if he had any music books or magazines -- at the time, I was trying to fill out a run of AMERICAN RECORD GUIDES.

"No," he said.

"Comics?" I asked.

"I'm all out -- just sold the last bunch."

"Well, uh, I'll just look around, okay?"

He said okay, but his manner suggested otherwise: he shook his head as he spoke.

So I looked around timidly. There were hardcover books and magazines all over. Originally they had been shelved neatly, I guess. You could still see the shelves, but there was such a mound of debris, other than books, burying them so that you couldn't get to them. There were bicycle tire pumps, baby carriages, myriad knick-knacks: everything. In descriptions of this kind it's de rigueur to say there was everything except this next item, but it was there too: a dismantled kitchen sink. What a dirty mess. You could hardly move.

But even among this motley debris there were more books and magazines; and since I couldn't get to the shelves, it was these I started sifting through. But they were all LIFES and SATURDAY EVENING POSTs and MECHANIX ILLUSTRATEDs. Nothing of interest to me, nothing, absolutely nothing. Aha, but then I found a nest of raggedy pulp 'zines which had been obscured by a large cracked mirror. Going through them I found love, western, and lo and behold, some science fiction. But nothing I didn't have; a few dog-eared SSS and TWS circa the late forties.

The eerie old man had not taken his eyes off me during the round I'd made of his shop. And I guess he sensed a special spark of avidity when I lighted on the pulps, because he asked, "Are you interested in old pulp magazines?"

By the way he said this I knew that he was going to be a pretty tricky eerie old man to deal with. He asked it in that tone of voice an art dealer would adopt when asking a prospective buyer, "Are you interested in Picasso originals?"

So, forewarned as I was from long experience with crafty book dealers,

I in turn adopted my naive, neophytish, I-Don't-Collect-Them, I-Just-Like-To-Read-Those-Silly-Stories attitude. This is done by look and gesture as much as anything else. You must appear completely unruffled when the dealer trots his wares out, even though, as it was in this case, his wares be practically mint copies of UNKNOWN!

Well; there were they and there were I. I was staggered. My pulse started to race and a sinking sensation seemed to envelope me. I could feel the blood flushing from my face only to come pounding back through my temples. My tongue grew swollen and dry.

He set them in front of me and eyed me analytically and shrewdly.

I needed all my bookdealer-customer training at this moment.

I reached out and steadied my hand on the top copy in the stack. It said, "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathon Hoag" by John Riverside. A relay clicked in my brain and out popped the information, RIVERSIDE, JOHN --pseudonym for ROBERT A HEINLEIN--see also ANSON MacDONALD.

I pushed the magazine off the stack and let it fall into an I-want pile at my left. Next I was greeted by an L. Ron Hubbard novel, pushed to the left; then Alfred Bester, left pile; Sprague de Camp, left pile; Anthony Boucher, left pile; Ross Rocklynne, left pile...

Actually this stack of mags was evenly divided between large, flat-size UNKNOWNs and ASTOUNDINGS. They all went into the I-want pile at my left. There was nothing in the space to my right that I had allocated as the I-don't-want pile.

Now the eerie old man didn't know which side was which, and I figured he'd mark my curious breathing pattern and trembling hands down to some curious malady. I turned my face away from him and gulped in a large supply of air. I was going to speak, and my voice must be perfectly controlled and appear calm. Even a trifle bored if I could manage it.

I returned my gaze to him and spoke...or tried to speak. A hideous croaking gurgle was all I was able to issue.

I had lost.

"Do you like these?" the eerier old man inquired diabolically. "I have others."

I gave up all pretense. Falling to the floor and pounding on it, I shrieked, "Bring them, damn you, bring them! You win, you win! Bring them!"

Well, he didn't bring them to me; rather he showed me to the back of his store wherein dwelt the most fabulous array of mags: FFM, FN, AMAZING, more UNKNOWNs and aSFs, etc., etc. Eventually I had a stack selected that was nearly no shorter than myself. Then came the ordeal by fire, the price tally. Picture me slobbering and helpless in the face of this reincarnation of Lucifer. His price would be astronomically high, I knew that, and I would be able to afford nothing. I would leave his ghastly shop emptyhanded and deflated into an abyss of depression. I would wander aimlessly the remainder of my life, a pitiful, crushed figure dwelling within memories of what might have been.

"Those real large size magazines are rare...I get 75¢ on them..."



His words jerked me out of my reverie and into the cold stark present. His prices were too much. I had about seven dollars with me and, at a quick reckon, about seven thousand dollars worth of mags picked out at his price scale. So be it. I had no intention of buying anything. I hated the eerie old man, his shop; yes, even the stack of zines I had selected. I only wanted to be out of there. I wished I had never gone in---

"...and 10¢ apiece, three for a quarter on the regular sized," he continued.

I nearly turned somersaults of joy! Only sixteen or so of the about hundred and twenty magazines I wanted were flat size, all the rest were pulp size except for a few stray digest sized AVON FANTASY READERS.

I still didn't have enough money with me to cover his price, but he held them for me 'til the following day. Sweet, charitable, kind, angelic, old man, I hold you in my most cherished memories.

I cleaned out the idiot's store!

And that, Buck, is the story of how I filled in my collection of pre-1944 FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES & FANTASTIC NOVELS and came into the ownership of what few pre-1943 SFs I have, and how I became a trufan with his very own copies of UNKNOWN.

Pretty long story, huh?

This has been a comment on Joe's comment on your comment on an article.

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

You remember Bill Harry who used to draw for CAMBER some years ago and did much of the artwork stencil cutting? Well, a couple of years ago, long before the Beatles boom and the other pop groups, he put some £ 60 of his own money, about 180 dollars, in bringing out his own weekly little paper -- which was a sort of "What's On In Liverpool". Of course, since the Beatle boom he has boomed also with it, and was last seen also writing a column for the weekly paper, WEEKEND. So he has got on well, also. His paper is going strong, too, because it is the only teen-type mag actually published in that mecca of pop groups, Liverpool. In fact, almost everyone who worked for CAMBER at one time or another has got on well, except me. My calendar does say, though, nothing moulds a man so much as failure.

/As long as you don't get too mouldy.....

RSC7

Bruce Robbins, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass.

I finally got a chance to see "The Creature From the Haunted Sea" on tv--it was as funny as you said it was. To me the movie which takes the cake (as far as "The Raven" and "The Creature From the Haunted Sea" type movie goes) is one which is just now making the late night tv rounds -- "The Little Shop of Horrors". It is a satire on comedy, horror, detective, and sexy films. It had our tv room at the dorm full of astonished and amused viewers, and I was in tears toward the end. It's been little mentioned at all in fannish circles. The central character is a talking carnivorous plant which is so faked that no one from that point on could take the film seriously in any way. The detective story comes in with two cops--Joe Fink and Jack Stoolie--an obvious takeoff on "Dragnet", Joe Fink introduces himself just as on Dragnet, but says "My name is Joe Fink. I am a cop. I am a fink." Later on in the movie the cops reappear (having done nothing to solve the mystery) and Joe Fink mentions he didn't have any more clues, but was going to the shop to kill time, and besides, "had to tell the chief something". There's the uncouth hero,

his hypochondriac mother, the giggly girlfriend, the persistent prostitute, the hiding of our hero in a toilet (yes, right in it), and a dentist, Dr. Paine, all of which make this film a must. Of course, I can't convey to you the spirit of this thing in words: you just have to see the film to believe it.

Sharon Towle, 1627 Massachusetts Ave NW #102, Washington, DC, 20036

Remember that Johnny Cash thing that started "On a Monday I was arrested; on a Tuesday they locked me up etc??? I've my own version of it. On a Sunday I took a new apartment, on a Tuesday the ceiling caved in, on a Saturday they finally came to vacuum and almost lost \$75 worth of cat! How's that for hectic? Gaasack!

Ceiling fell in—about a 2¹/₂ foot hole therein now; called the landlord for it to be swept up and fixed and such; they came and swept. Said they'd vacuum later and repair still later. Plaster all over the floor, and a piece came over and nipped me on the ankle; cost: antiseptic salve, good-feeling salve, gauze pads, adhesive, about \$3.75. Have you ever been sitting peaceably reading a book and suddenly have the ceiling collapse on you? Gad! Add a reaction of near-hysterics, about 4 hours later, to cost. 2am same night, after I'd finally fought my sore ankle to sleep, noisy gusts of water rip down through the hole and soak the rug (fortunately not mine). Add intense fatigue for about 2 days to cost. So Saturday they are going to vacuum. Fine. I leave a note on the door asking that it be kept closed and take off for the Cherry Blossom parade. Come back, door wide open, anything I own could have been stolen, and Dona gone of course. PANIC. I call Jack to report loss. Finally we find she's raced into the apartment upstairs, whose tenants (4 nice cats from A.U.) have left her in the back bedroom till I got back IRREMOVABLE CAT; hiss spit and snarl; finally with help I manage to throw a blanket over her and unload her into carrying case. Ceiling will be fixed Monday; I am taking her into an animal hospital way out on Ga. Ave. for the duration, which means a 2-hour bus trip each way and more expense. Plus \$1.40 for phone calls. Plus more fatigue and panic.

All this would happen on Jack's duty weekend, of course! He will be here next week, and I am looking forward to seeing him. Lord, yes!

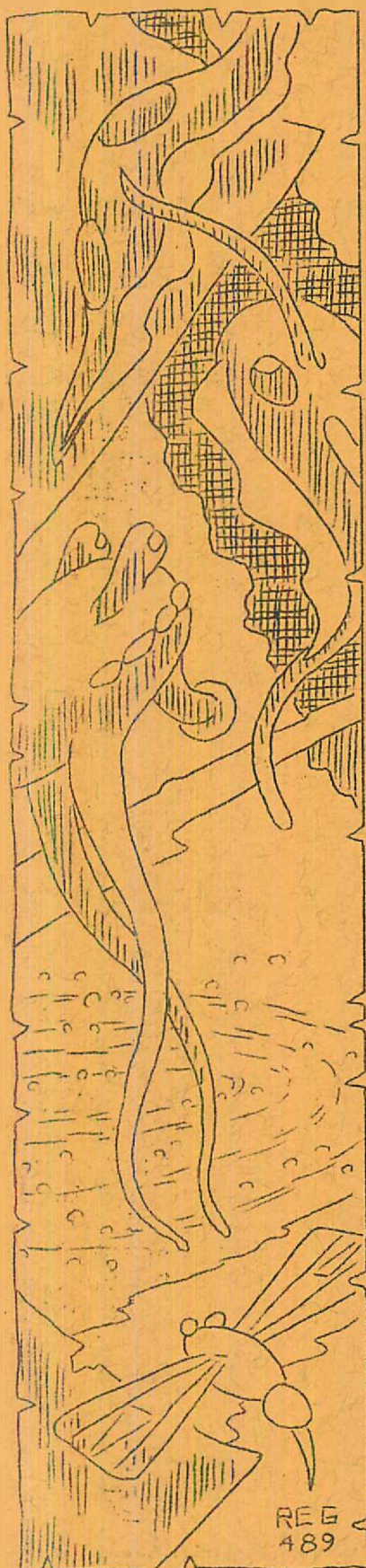
Like this Yandro very much (#13⁴). Whoever Aga Yonder is, and it's a hell of a corny pen-name, the story is original and fun. I think Dona's a were-tiger masquerading as felis domesticus. And Ted White's column is informative and intriguing. Didn't read the Las Vegas bit, but liked everything else in this. Am very curious to see, by the way, how'll you'll review Earl Evers' firstish of zEEen. I liked it; thought it was the best firstish I'd seen in a long time. Though his fanzine reviews, well, I don't know. Better see what happens next few issues.

How you manage to say what you think so honestly and have absolutely no one ever sling mud at you, I don't know. I think it's just great and I wish I knew your techniques. Of course, I can see that you are criticizing zines, and not necessarily their editors (I don't edit a zine; so it's easy for me to see that); but I'm just wondering why some faneds who get unfavorable reviews don't decide to get even by exuding a little slander in your direction.

Never thought about it. Maybe they do, and I just don't notice it. RSC

Len Bailes, 1729 Lansdale Br., Charlotte, N.C.

Thank you, Ted White, for your column. I always enjoy fannish articles dealing with turning pro, as one of these days (like every other



good little beanie wearer) I intend to try. However, I may think twice before sending to F&SF. It could be embarrassing to have a fan know the depths of lousy writing one can stoop to.

SPACE VIKING may be merely disguised historical fiction, but it sure beats 90% of the undisguised Pscience Fiction which clutters the pages between the engineering ads and the ones for whiskey.

The Outer Limits does have good Special Effects, but tho the dialogue may be trite by fan-nish standards, in its own plodding way the show is trying to be "philosophical" and to good old John Q it is loaded with significant symbolism. (Or as significant as John Q can take) I was sort of tickled when my English teacher made the show required for the course. (Oh, this one is a pip! She's often talked of making the Bible required reading and of conducting a "required" trip to Washington DC to examine famous American doctrines.) At any rate, she went goshwow over the "deep" philosophical passages on the goodness of man, etc., and it just happened that at the time the class was reading Miller's The Crucible, Outer Limits popped up with a story about a boy who was outcast because the townspeople thought he was a witch. And besides, the damn thing is popular. Who are we fans to put it down. It beats some of tv's other crap.

[I dunno -- when the clod reviewer in the newspaper goes goshwow over Outer Limits' comments, but remarks on the punk dialogue, I think we have to agree that this show reaches a new low in BittenByBradburyness. I'm in favor of making the Old Testament required reading in a hischool lit class; there's a lot of poetry and catchy language there. And actually reading the basis of what they say they believe in might make a lot of offspouters have some second thots about the cliches they've been parroting. JWC]

Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarboro, Ontario, Canada (probably).

I finally got around to reading GLORY ROAD so I went back and dug Dave Jenrette's article on it, and all the other comments on the book available in lower-class mags. I shouldn't have bothered; the way the critics talk I should be afraid to mention I liked the story, the characters, and the philosophy. Above all I liked the baby dragon and the St. George bit.

I took it as light reading--because that's probably what it was meant to be.

Fred Hunter's problems in regard to International Money Orders brought to mind a plan I've had for some time. I'd have mentioned it before but an incident in England diverted my attention to an attempt to seize the mutilated money on the Toronto to Ottawa Express. You see, most cash sent to the Mint in Ottawa to be destroyed is from the Banks, and their definition of mutilated is rather liberal. So nine of us, with contacts in the Banks, railroads, and Ottawa decided a holiday in Pago Pago sounded good... ("Where the hell's Pago Pago? Shut up, Joe--it's heaven! Umm, where the hell's heaven?")...so we decided to relieve the inflation problem--good Conservatives that we are--by taking the money out of circulation. All it would take would be nine people, two trucks, three helicopters, four tons of explosive, a gorge, split-second timing, an expert safe-cracker, radio-jamming equipment, and ability to dodge NORAD interceptors as we left the country. And the only thing that stopped us was the lack of a gorge to tumble the train into. Ah, if we could only Create the Earth Over.

But I got off topic. The solution to international financial dealings is simply to let all transactions be handled through the Canadian Chartered Bank system. No glassy stares with us, no having to (rightists take heed!) give your money to a government organization, but (spectres, arise, you have nothing to lose but Edinburgh castle...no, that's not right, I mean left...) we are under government supervision. We take your money and we're nice about it. We'll sell you Sterling, American dollars, anything you want. We even have a special wicket for Hold-Up Men. "Sudden Withdrawals". And remember, since devaluation you can buy more of ours for less of yours! Ah, did I ever tell you how great it is to be a Canadian.

/Don't tell anyone, but CBS stands for
Coulson Booster Service. RSC/

Rosemary Hickey, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago Illinois

Roy Tackett: You are so very right in your first sentence. The movie was the product of many minds working together to create a believable story on film. That's why, from your remembrance of the movie, you couldn't recall all the "garbage" that was in the book.

That concept of a single-pointed

stick occurred to me, too, when I was forcing myself through the book. What the latest interpretation of what Freud would/might have labeled it. I don't know.

Let's just watch the use of that word "accept", please. To recognize that a value exists and has meaning for others is one meaning of acceptance. There are many things which I "accept" as existing and having meaning/value for others which are not a part of my way of life. So...watch it...or I'll drive up the wrong driveway...again.

Lewis Grant, Buck, et. al. (I haven't seen the POINTING VECTOR item that started this but...) How can you expect individuals to "work" at anything if they're unable to function without conflict even within their own society? There's still plenty of work available -- maybe not glamorous, high status jobs, but of service and of value to society. Which hostile youngster or man are you going to place in any position which requires the minimal assumption of responsibility -- like showing up at a scheduled time and satisfying a need of a person or machine?

Juvenile delinquency is an expression of asocial and/or anti-social feelings. The root of all such behavior is inside the individual who is expressing himself in that fashion, whatever his needs. My solution of the problem "How to eliminate juvenile delinquency" is:

If the best of medical care is available so that any possibility of physical pathology is ruled out, then social education can take place when 1.) the first signals of social insufficiency appear (the first grades of school), 2.) these first, subtly symptoms of emotional disturbance would not be written off as "spoiled child" or "growing pains" or "naturally bad" or "Ah hah! Introvert!" or any other of the innumerable value-laden phrases which take the onus from the adult world and lay it onto the child (as Golding attempted to portray in the Lord of the Flies, i.e. -- the child a smaller version of adult and full of sin), 3.) a staff of clinical psychologists or psychiatric case workers be available in the school with whom the symptomatic child is scheduled for a private session with at least the same diligence that gym classes are planned. (That there's enough intelligence with which to work is axiomatic. Those with extremely low mental ability seldom initiate overt acts against others. They do follow, happily.)

Society has learned to be concerned about the first symptoms of physical disturbances so that gross pathology might be averted. We're taught to have our teeth checked so that any deviation from the efficient normal can be corrected. We're learning to be equally conscious with our feet. When, do you think, our society will be ready to be alert to the first symptoms of emotional distress? The youngster who cannot exchange ideas with his peers isn't just "shy". He's unable to communicate. Why? Oh well, who cares. He's shy. That child who's in constant motion and talks incessantly...is just "acting like a brat"...is "extremely extrovert"....Really? Or is this a first symptom of social inadequacy -- and a poor "defense" against society, at that?

Throughout the country, today, regular medical examinations are scheduled in schools to check eyes, nose, throat, heart, lungs and feet. Eventually, we'll have examiners who will come in regularly to listen and observe and catch the first symptoms of social distress. We'll have begun to treat the real cause of "juvenile delinquency".

[But is psychology accurate enough to produce responsible citizens without turning them into grey-flannel conformists? (And that doesn't just require accurate psychological theory; it requires theory and practices that can and will be used by the average psychologist.) RSC/

Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 336, Berkeley 1, California, 94701

I disagree with Ed Wood that the death of Nova Publications is a sad day for sf. I'll be very happy when all of the present magazines are dead. By their very natures magazines are handicapped in presenting good sf. They must print a quota of stories regardless of the incoming quality. Books aren't bound by this restriction and thus tend to have a higher quality. Of course, discussing this in a fandom oriented so heavily towards magazines is somewhat futile. Stories which haven't appeared in magazines aren't often read. And those that are read are usually by authors who've made their fame in magazines. Oh well.

[I have read quite a few science fiction books by authors who did not make their fame in magazines and damned few of them were worth the effort. If 90% of stf is crud (and it is, it is) then 99% of stf by "outsiders" is crud. This comment is restricted to science fiction, incidentally; the fantasy published outside the "fantasy magazines" is generally superior to the magazine variety. The stf writers "outside the magazines" include such sterling characters as Jerry Sohl, Louis Charbonneau, Roger Lee Vernon, Ayn Rand, Pat Frank, J. Hunter Holly, Jeff Sutton, Harold Livingston, Nevil Shute, Terry Southern, and Fred Hoyle, don't forget. Of course, there are a few good ones, but it takes a lot to make up for that crew. RSC7

Peter Alderson Smith, Whitelaw House, 4, Hillmorton Road, Rugby, Warwick, England.

You printed my letter wrong. Either the rain in your mail-box has become a torrent, or else it's malicious, but if you don't print this paragraph I'll feud or gaffiate or something terrible like that. Anyway, I wrote, "this completely forgettable story", not "this completely un-forgettable story", and, though I wouldn't swear to it, I'm pretty certain I did not write "A real live missile". If I did I was drunk, exhausted, or in my second childhood prematurely at the time, because I haven't used that baby-phrase since I was five or so.

John Kusske Jr., 522 9th Ave. West, Alexandria, Minnesota, 56308

Not many comments on the last issue of YANDRO, but I wish all your contributors would use more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ pages to solve all of the world's problems. After all, the human race's greatest thinkers have been working on the task for thousands of years, and I kind of think the solution would rate at least five pages in YANDRO.

[Not in YANDRO it wouldn't; I would give them that many. RSC7

Robert E. Briney, 176 E. Stadium Avenue, W. Lafayette, Ind., 47906

Doc Smith's novelet in IF is very annoying, for reasons that I don't think are entirely Smith's fault. It was wretchedly edited, or at least gave that impression: huge gaps chopped in the middle of it (including the part of the story where the reader is supposed to be told what's really going on...). Incoherence and deliberate mystification have never been among Smith's faults, but this story has both in large quantities.

Ken Slater has been very helpful in filling in my collection of SCIENCE FANTASY. I lack only a dozen or so issues of a complete file. Considering that six months ago I had never even seen an issue of the magazine (except at your picnic last summer, when I went through your file to see what issues I wanted), this is pretty good.

Bill Conner, 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. Fourth St., Chillicothe, Ohio

I wonder who reads the sf mags these days? I buy an AMAZING now and then and usually end up reading only the Sam Moskowitz article about an sf writer. Alexei Panshin (is this name for real?) caused me to reflect on my own current sf reading habits. I agree with much of what he said in his article on sf. I certainly will never go back to the days when I plowed through most of the crud that fills the average issue of sf magazines. I can't go ANALOG anymore. Even Campbell's editorials no longer amuse me. I no longer buy F&SF on a regular basis. Once in a while I'll bite on one of their special issues, but I can't see buying the mag out of sheer loyalty to sf. Maybe the day of the sf mag is over. I know this is heresy, but I think sf can survive without the sf mags.

Paperback books are big nowadays. They have given sf a needed shot in the arm in years past when the mags were barely able to keep the beam from breaking down the door and making things fold up.

I read very little mag sf these days. Most of my sf reading is confined to the paperbacks. Of course, I've got some pbs gathering dust on the shelf that I bought a year ago and haven't got around to reading yet. I'll never read everything I'd like to, I suppose -- life is so ridiculously short, you know.

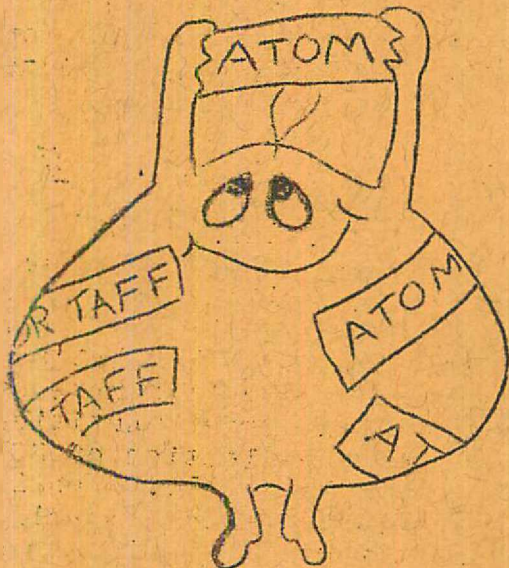
An announcement that any of the current U.S. sf mags was going to fold wouldn't surprise me at all. I wonder if a single one of them is operating at a profit. Mickey Spillane's motive for writing is the best one for writing anything, whether it be sf, fantasy or mundane fiction or non-fiction. If you are writing something you like to read and can't find, chances are it will be interesting to others and you can sell it to an editor somewhere. I wonder if there are any successful writers who can't stand to re-read their own stuff.

I finally got around to reading Ray Bradbury's "Something Wicked This Way Comes". I think the "something wicked" that came in this story, although a carnival, is probably owned by one Dr. Lao (alias Finney). But Bradbury would probably not hesitate to acknowledge a measure of literary indebtedness to Finney. I wonder if Finney is kicking himself for not getting into the "carny" business. Of course, if Finney would have taken to the road with a carnival, it probably would have descended upon a small town in Arizona instead of a small town in Dandelion Wine country.

Before running a comparison of the Circus and the carny six feet into unhallowed ground, I'd like to call another little gem of literary criticism to everyone's attention.

I think Finney did a much better job of trimming the fat from his Circus than Bradbury did from his wicked carny. But then I must remember that Ray Bradbury has to eat. Paperback format requires a certain length, so it certainly isn't unusual for an author to fatten his story up a bit, making a novel out of a short. But for the sake of ART, I think the Bradbury yarn could be cut quite a bit. If cut down, I might consider Bradbury's evil carny the equal of Finney's famous road show.

/I read the stf mags these days. Every issue (altho no longer everything in



every issue). But then I have been accused
of having low taste. RSC/

John Boston, 816 South Fifth Street, Mayfield, Ken -
tucky, 42066

Enclosed is \$2.50 for a year of your damned opiate.

I'm not quite sure what you object to about gun legislation. I don't see what quarrel you would have with an efficient system of registration, as long as no restrictions as to who could buy a gun and who couldn't. Thus when your bleeding corpse was found in the gutter with three .45 slugs in it, the constabulary could look in their files and find out who in your neighborhood had a .45 revolver, thus enormously facilitating the search for your arch enemy.

I am sick to death of snide attacks on John Campbell. Evers' was one of the most asinine, and by this time irrelevant. JWC's psi mania seems to have abated pretty thoroughly, and no new craze has taken its place.

As for Lewis Grant, I suggest that someone who knows more about these things than I do write a letter or article contrasting these ideas with those expressed in Heinlein's Beyond This Horizon.

What idiot would use his own gun to do murder, if they were all registered?
As a gun owner, I prefer to see murderers able to buy their own guns, rather than being forced to steal mine. And as a conservative, I'm suspicious of people who want to make me do things for my own good. RSC/

Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton Ohio,
44203

I picked up a copy of OCTAGON HOUSE on your recommendation but haven't managed to read it yet. Time to read... where? I'll let you know what I think of it when I do get to read it, though.

I do wonder about the validity of Hunter's letter... you do have an English agent, you know...

But if Hunter had sent the money to Dodd, he wouldn't have been able to write a funny letter about it. RSC/

Sharon Towle, 1704 19th St NW, Washington, DC

I am utterly astonished that an honest-to-God poet like Earl Evers would scorn symbolic writing as unrealistic. I'll try to explain briefly what little I can explain of why I disagree, for further information, from very different perspectives, I suggest Carl Gustav Jung's "Two Essays In Analytical Psychology" (a Harper paperback) and Robert Graves' "The White Goddess" (also paperback, I think Vintage).

Symbolic writing attempts to express a "universal" human situation; an experience that most of us will have, in one form or another, at some time in our lives. To extract such a situation from the particularized forms it will take in individual lives, and deal with the situation itself, in

its essential perspectives. And to express this in terms which will be instinctively, not intellectually, understood. Symbols are what we dream; they are the language we use when we are not in control of our minds. It is in this sense, not in the journalistic sense, that they are realistic. This is why it is impossible for me to explain anything about them; for the explanation is a conscious, waking, intellectual process. The most adequate explanation I know of is given in the Jung book noted above.

The purest examples of symbolic writing itself that I know of are in The Book of Revelations, the long poems of William Blake, and Irish and Welsh sagas and most of the material with which Robert Graves deals. The first two are pure processions of images, like 3-dimensional color slides. Any attempt to approach them intellectually results in utter confusion. Symbolism is also very important in the poems of Coleridge and Yeats, and in almost all mythology. (I can't think of a single myth where it isn't important.) And there are elements of it in almost all lyric poetry; yes there are, Earl! What are your own riders from the walls but symbols of nightmare fears? There! Now I've got you!

I like Delaney also, but think "Jewels of Apor" far surpassed "Captives of the Flame". I have never anywhere, and I've done a bit of reading in this field, seen as fine an explanation of the relation/and/difference between mysticism and fanaticism, as in the first book.

/But if symbols are attempts to express universal situations, why is it necessary to take a course in literature appreciation before you can recognize them? (Because it does, in most cases.) If they are realistic, they should be recognizable. RSC/

Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Avenue, Akron, Ohio, 44313

Gene DeWeese's column was very interesting...as well as being So True. (Cal Demmon, please note the capitals.) His troubles sound similar to mine at times...seems like people operate this world in a half-assed way, with Red Tape, nutty rules, and Right Hand not knowing what the Left Hand is doing.

Re: the fiction, Pilati's didn't strike me, one way or another, but Gilster's was one of the best things Yandro has had in recent months. Joe did a decent job of writing, there, style-wise, but the whole thing was pretty blah to me. And the Paul's story was the typical psi theme, he still did a very good job with it. It had a touch of strange about it that was further enhanced by RIP's illo. Evers' "Open Letter"...was one of the oldest ideas in fandom, and I'm surprised at both of you printing something like that, especially in your Annish, after berating other faneds for printing "things with the same old themes"...well, sometimes I wonder about your honesty, there, Buck. Methinks you just make such loud noises to purposely bug the fans, like that filler by your "friend" on page 26 says.

John Boston, 816 South First Street, Mayfield, Kentucky, 42066

Rosemary Hickey's Lord of the Flies commentary is way off base in one particular. Golding wasn't using Piggy for a scapegoat. Or is there a semantic misunderstanding floating around, and you mean that the other characters made him a scapegoat? We may be talking about two different things.

As for the rejection of Ralph and Piggy...you're wrong. I am currently attending a high school. I have discovered the following by observation: the "intellectuals" who are accepted as part of the herd are invariably so accepted by the mass of the student body in spite of their

intelligence. For instance, a boy I know (he shares locker with me), who makes straight A's and is one of the most scholastically able students in the school, affects a manic craze for automobiles.

"The Agency" is the type of thing that reduces me to incoherence. (Or had you noticed?) It is one of the most abysmally pointless pieces of fiction that I have ever had the misfortune to run across.

As for Alan Dodd, I suppose he never heard about the slightly queer Buckingham Palace gardener a few years ago? You see, he took a fancy to the queen's royal chair. So one night, he slipped in and stole it. To his consternation, however, he found that he couldn't get it off the grounds without being seen, so he had to hide it in his greenhouse (a portion of which had been partitioned off as living space), where it was speedily discovered. He got a heavy fine and a ten-year jail sentence. That just goes to show you that people who live in glass houses shouldn't stow thrones.

Evers' "Open Letter" struck me as idiotic. I guess as the creeping rot of fandom advances further and deprives me of what remaining sense I possess, I will learn to appreciate that type of thing.

"The Hunter": I get so tired of idiotic fanzine fiction.

John Boardman is right, but I still liked the story. Stop rocking the boat.

As for Alexei Panshin, I have just about exhausted the twenty-year backlog. So what do I do? I get involved with this lunatic fringe and hash over and over this backlog, occasionally allowing a recent story to enter the pasture of sacred cows. Of course, there is one way to get through even the most poorly written tripe. Just bear in mind all the fun you can have lambasting the story in a letter to the editor. Or are they out of style?

I have my reservations as to whether everybody writing the kind of story he likes to read would have a good effect on the field. We might have a period of excellent output, but the casual reader, who supports the field, would soon get tired of the things that the rabid fan likes to read, in many cases. Can you visualize the average man in the street going for a steady diet of Theodore Sturgeon?

The only way that the field can be improved from the fan's point of view and remain interesting to the general reader is for the two points of view to combine, as they have most notably in the works of Robert A. Heinlein and Poul Anderson.

But... a scapegoat is always "made a scapegoat"...that's the function of the beast. Until it is made the dumping ground for the sins and guilts of the group, it is just another goat. JWC

Charles Platt, 8 Sollershot West, Letchworth, Herts., England

That cover of yours looked like a Wallace Wood creation at first sight. The sort of thing that the non-fan wouldn't understand at all but just right for a fanzine. I liked this a lot more than the 'sketch' on the cover of Yandro 131. (Hope I'm not stepping on any toes, here.)

Your editorials are of the nature that leaves me completely uninterested, I'm afraid, but they no doubt appeal to some. They don't seem to be in tune with the rest of the magazine, which is quite deliberately of fairly wide appeal, and not the least bit esoteric.

"Silver Seconds" was not bad, I suppose, and it's interesting to see that the British are not the only inefficient and petty officialdom-ridden country in the world (although I suspect our basic inefficiency and lack of common sense in bureaucrats, let alone initiative, is more wide-

spread in the US) but the article was really short of a good ending.

Lord of the Flies as a review can really only be of interest for its "English Essay" value. It was a good review, but all one could do was agree or disagree with the reviewer's point of view on a rather tired subject. It didn't tell me anything, and I didn't end up feeling I was better off than I started.

If Alan Dodd's build up to the final punch line had been more amusing in itself, the length of his Doanderings would have been quite justified; but as it was it was a small point well laboured. Quite amusing, though.

The "Open Letter" I enjoyed immensely. This was very worthwhile and a very gentle way of criticizing.

The "Fun in the Forties" piece was not bad...but isn't it better to think of a new fannish idea than dig up something that was funny (for some) 20 years ago? I always thought sfans were progressive and forward looking, but there is a lot of time spent in fanzines, it seems to me, weeping and regurgitating glories past, and reprinting old material.

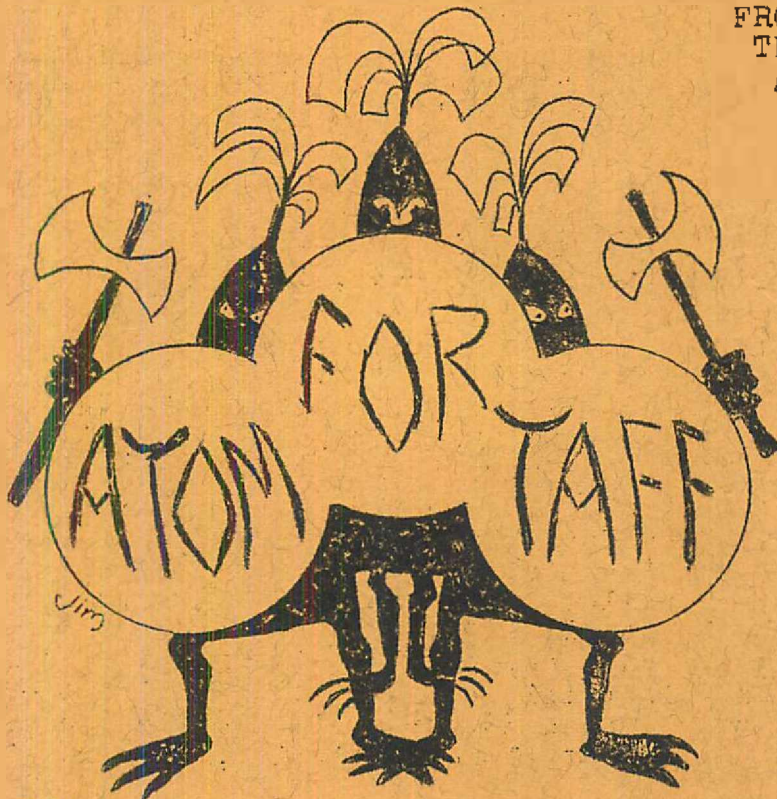
Claude N. Saxon, Jr., c/o Administration Building, Western State Hospital, Tennessee.

Nostalgia department: Your mention of "Narnia" stories has finally aroused my curiosity to the point where I have to see what they're like. So, I've ordered two of them from Ken Slater and am waiting with bated breath. Noticed, on the same list, a childhood favorite of mine, Masefield's THE MIDNIGHT FOLK, try that one and see how you like it. I had the good luck recently, of picking up all four of Clayton Rawson's Merlini mysteries in Collier paperback. Ever read any of these? They're quite good yarns, with a kind of John Dickson Carr flavour to them. The annoying feature of these is Rawson's habit of leaving a vital clue lying around in the first chapter in such a manner that you want to kick yourself for not noticing it when he points it out at the end of the story.

Titles, in more or less chronological order, are, DEATH FROM A TOP HAT, FOOTPRINTS ON THE CEILING, THE HEADLESS LADY, and NO COFFIN FOR THE CORPSE.

The first two are the best, I think. Try one of them, if you can find it.

Getting back to the old books again. I ran across a copy of SELWOOD OF SLEEPY CAT in the hospital library. Not bad, in fact I'd like to find some more but haven't had any luck as yet. My own personal favorite authors (Western) are a couple more old timers, Clarence E. Mulford and William Colt MacDonald. (I've wondered for years if MacDonald was writing under a pen name, do you happen to know?). They seem to be able to inject a quiet note of humor into their stories. Most



westerns are either deadly serious or slapstick, but MacDonald and Mulford, with their wisecracking, hard-fighting heroes seem to strike just the right balance between the two. I've always wondered what effect it has on the fans of the TV Hopalong Cassidy when they read Mulford's books and find that the original is a redhead who walks with a limp, smokes a corncob pipe and carries a Sharps buffalo gun.

Your gloating over those pulps in the last issue, reminds me of a bargain I made a while back. An old gentleman, whom I knew slightly, died, and his wife wrote to ask if I would be interested in buying any of his old magazines. I remembered that he had some Talbot Mundy novels excerpted from ADVENTURE and wrote back that I would give five dollars for his excerpts. She accepted by return mail and I hopped a bus out to his house. After some small talk I got around to asking where the excerpts were. "Out in the garage," she replied. So we went out to the garage where she opened a cupboard about six feet high and four feet wide. "Here they are."

It took me five trips to get them all home.

/Don't know about MacDonald; I remember reading about him once, but can't recall what I read. I liked "The Coming of Cassidy" but never could get interested in the rest of the Mulford books.

RSC/

Andre Norton, Cleveland, Ohio

The English Penguins now offer three more of the Narnia stories--Magician's Nephew, Prince Caspian, and The Last Battle. I have been ordering them for American friends, you have to get them directly from a British dealer. Moon of Gomrath has now been nominated for the Carnegie Medal over there--hope it gets it. They do far better in fantasy than we--must be something in the air.

I really am overwhelmed to think that WITCH WORLD is being taken so seriously as to be nominated for the Hugo. Thought perhaps BUNE WORLD might get it--though I was sadly disappointed in the ending of that--seemed to be cut off too abruptly, unless the author intends to follow it with a sequel, which I trust is true.

The third Estcarpian tale will be concerning Simon's three children and their rebellion against the Witch rule, their flight to the beginnings--or the cradle of the Witch civilization--in the forbidden east about which Estcarp is conditioned to know nothing. The children, (now grown, of course are triplets, but one was born in the old year, the other two close together in the first hours of the new, so born under different signs and to widely different futures. Two boys and a girl--the latter is claimed by the Witches and has to be rescued by her brothers--leading to their outlawry. So far it is only some ideas buzzing about, but I hope to have it outlined by the end of the month /March/. Have recently acquired from England some new books on Celtic remains which ought to provide fresh notes

in research.

I wish the Eric John Stark stories by Brackett would come out in book form—they were unbeatable!

/I wish you hadn't mentioned those Stark stories. It reminded me that I promised Scithers about 5 years ago to do an article on them, and I never did it. Some day...Ken Slater should be sending me The Last Battle one of these days, as I have a standing order for all Narnia books in paperback. RSC7

Robert E. Briney, 176 E. Stadium Avenue, W. Lafayette, Indiana, 47906

In their latest catalog of bargains, Marboro Books is offering a book on ENGLISH GRAMMER SIMPLIFIED. The grammar may be simpler, but something's happened to the spelling. Marboro also offers a portfolio of six prints of paintings by Alexander King (@ 77¢!) — colorful and fantastic, to say the least. My favorite is one called "La Mer", which is filled with sharks that look like grand pianos...

EE Evers, Apt 4-C, 268 East 4th Street, New York, New York, 10009

Say, every time I see a cover by DEA it features mermaids and all sorts of aquatic monstrosities. Does she submit her art on waterproof paper by any chance? Some day I'm going to visit her, and won't be surprised if her address is just a mailbox at the head of a ladder leading down into some submarine grotto.

Ted White's column is interesting, but I don't agree about not submitting stories to prozines. I can see where he would, of course, but I don't see the slightest connection between the ability to write humor, articles, letters, verse, and other fannish stuff and the ability to write fiction, especially science fiction and fantasy. It's specialized type of writing and there are plenty of people who make their living writing in other fields, fictional and nonfictional, who still try unsuccessfully to sell SF. I also doubt seriously that the stuff the average fan submits is nearly as bad as he makes out (neo fans excluded). Oh yes, his bark is bigger than his bite, too: the only story I've submitted to him was passed on to Avram (and rejected, as it should have been), and it wasn't nearly good enough for publication and I'm sure he knew it. So far as I'm concerned, the only way to learn to write SF is to write SF, not filthy parodies of Ferdinand Feghoot or attacks on Walter Breen's morals. And if the prozine editors don't give any encouragement to writers who show promise but aren't yet ready, it shows in the thinness of the ranks of new authors.

/Very few of the fan writers who have "made it" recently have been noted as fan-fiction writers. Harlan Ellison reputedly gets \$5000 per script from "Burke's Law"; he wrote very little fiction as a fan, and what he did write was pretty bad. He did write pretty good articles, letters, and other fannish stuff. White, of course, has spoken for himself. I don't recall Terry Carr writing much fiction as a fan, and Calvin Demmon wrote nothing but fan humor (of course, Demmon hasn't written much of anything as a pro, either). The only older fan-pro whose fan-writings I'm at all acquainted with is Bob Tucker; I've never heard of him writing fan-fiction, but I suppose he might have at one time—he's probably done all sorts of disgraceful things. Marion Bradley did write some fiction, but she was best noted for her fanzine reviews (hey—maybe there's hope for me after all?). RSC7

Ron Bennett, 17 Newcastle Road, Wavertree, Liverpool 15, England

At the Eastercon I asked Mike Moorcock why he wasn't editing SCIENCE FANTASY which seemed to be the more logical of the two zines for him to take over, as you well pointed out. He gave me a long shivering look and said, "But, Ron, you see..... I don't like fantasy."

/Errr...yes. Maybe there's something to be said for writing what one doesn't like? Comments, Alex??? RSC7

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

Ghod, you think you've got problems with the snobblism of the big city slicker. Think of us out here in New Mexico. It seems that a large percentage of the population ignores that "New" and the local papers frequently carry stories about some local resident who has placed an order with an eastern store only to be told that the store does not send orders outside the United States; the people up in Santa Fe -- the official types, that is -- receive many requests for passport information from people who want to visit New Mexico on their vacation; and when we told some of our friends that we were going to settle here after I got out of the Corps they remarked to the effect that they had heard that things were cheaper in Mexico but they couldn't understand why we wanted to leave the States.

I tell you kids the general public is abysmally ignorant about the simplest things.

Like how to spell whatever it was I tried to spell there.

Ted White writes on his experiences as a reader at F&SF. You say in "Strange Fruit" that would-be writers need all the assistance they can get. You and Ted could team up with Alma Hill for a more glorious MARK. Ted says that over 80% of the mss submitted to F&SF are simply not worth reading. And I most thoroughly agree with him on that. It's a pity they see fit to print them anyway.

I appreciate your words on the Indians. The plight of the Indians is something that makes me somewhat cynical towards all this hooahaw about equality for the Negro population. Compared to the Indians, they've got it made.

Looking at it from a dispassionate point of view I would say that the only real solution to the Indian problem is to get them off the reservations and integrated into the rest of society -- there's a job of integration that staggers the imagination. The big problem, though, would seem to be to convince the Indian of this. He isn't interested. (I'm speaking in generalities now, of course. Many have left the reservations and are making a go of it as part of American society. Many more, however, prefer to stay where they are.)

/And even if some of them want to get off the reservation they don't have the education to get a good job; there has never been even the token of "separate but equal" for Indian schools. A few of them are good, a lot more are worse than the poorest Negro school. Getting Ted White and I teamed up with Alma Hill is a job of integration to stagger the imagination, for that matter. I don't think she likes me very well. (And you know what I think about putting myself out to gain the good will of anyone....) RSC7

J. A. McCallum, Apt. 103, 155 Dorval Ave., Dorval, Quebec, Canada

Is all this stuff about the pun in POINTING VECTOR for real? If so, I would suggest consulting any good text on Electricity and Magnetism and looking up the surname Poynting in the index. In another sense the term is a redundancy./the title/ separates those who are literate in physics....

GOLDEN MINUTES



TEN YEARS TO DOOMSDAY, by Chester Anderson & Michael Kurland (Pyramid, 50¢) Somebody (not me) once said that Pyramid doesn't often publish an original novel, but when they do, it's a stinker. What with Laurence Janifer and such, their original stf novels have been pretty bad, contrasting strangely with the excellence of their reprints. This new one is a little better. It's not precisely good, but it's amusing enough if you read fast. After reading the last line, I sat around for awhile thinking that it must be a parody of something, and I should be able to figure out what. I never did. I still have the impression that it must be intended to be some sort of in-group joke, but I guess it will have to be explained to me. In case it isn't, it's a lightweight stf-adventure novel, several notches above Janifer and Jerry Sohl, and several notches below everyone else.

THE FALLING TORCH, by Algis Budrys (Pyramid, 40¢) This must be selling well; this is the third Pyramid edition in 5 years. Of course, it should sell well. It's a very good novel; one of the first stf novels to point out that real life isn't like novels (not even like political novels). We may prefer the combination of idealism and swashbuckle in Andre Norton's novels -- I do -- but we shouldn't forget that this is the way it is. I wouldn't want to read a lot of stf based on this premise -- I like my escape too well -- but a little of it is indispensable. I'm fascinated by the guerilla fighters, the Government In Exile; the whole bit.

THE OFFICER FACTORY, by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Pyramid, 75¢) While I'm on the subject of reality and leadership and the like, I might as well mention this one. Pyramid published it in January, but it just worked its way out here to the sticks. I bought it because I'll buy anything by Kirst -- how about publishing the Gunner Asch trilogy, fellas? Kirst probably has too much of a sense of humor to ever make the ranks of "great" writers, but he is the sort of near-great author that I particularly like. This novel is concerned with questions of maturity, personal responsibility and the like (don't let the super-Peyton-Place blurb fool you), but there is also a secondary interest. Anyone who has read many military novels and histories may easily come to the point where he wonders how our side ever managed to win any battles against the Germans. Well, you read this one, written from the German side, and you find out. We won because their leaders were just as incompetent as ours.

I must say, though, that I can't recommend reading THE OFFICER FACTORY immediately after finishing THE PYRAMID CLIMBERS. It leads to profound depression -- you get the idea that everybody in the whole damned world is a schnook. Packard's book certainly explained why I'll never be an executive; I don't do anything according to the proper corporate method.

A few brief comments. THE LAST BATTLE, by C.S. Lewis, is out from Puffin. (You have to get this from England.) It is the 7th and last (in chronological order) and poorest of the Narnia books. I'm beginning to believe that whoever said that fantasies shouldn't be finished off with all the loose ends tied up was right. This one certainly shouldn't have been. A possibility for next year's Hugo is TO CONQUER CHAOS, by John Brunner. This was a NEW WORLDS serial last year, and Ace has now reprinted it, for 40¢. It isn't finished off neatly -- and I wish he hadn't tried to tell so much plot in 190 pages -- but it's still good.