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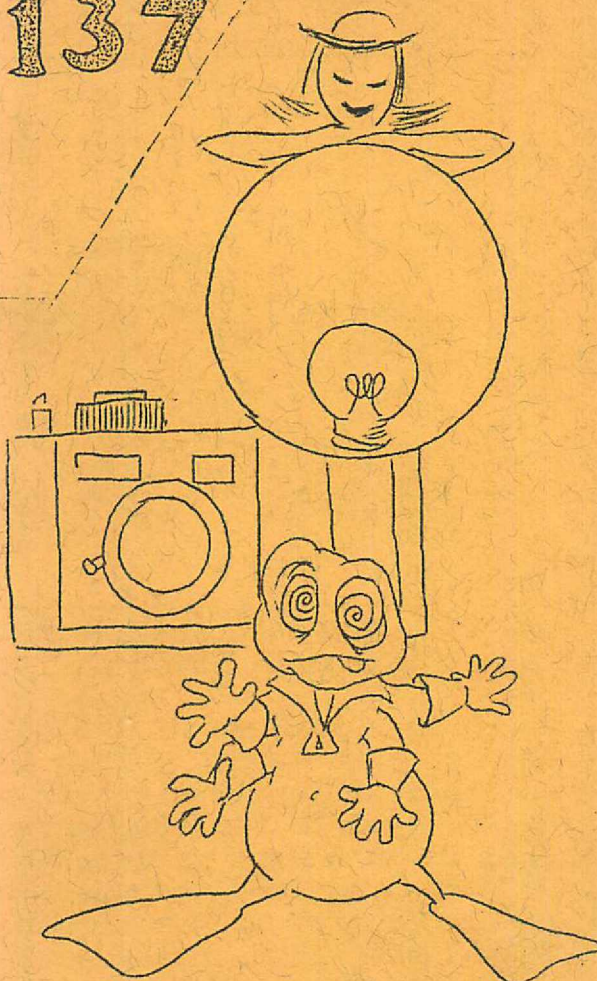
VOLUME XII - NUMBER 6

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Just got an official announcement from the Clevention Committee, announcing that Breen will not be barred as of now, tho the Committee reserves the right to bar anyone, for cause, in the future. So I guess I'm supporting Cleveland again. (I don't object to barring Walter "for cause"; I objected previously because I didn't feel that the fact that he is "controversial" is anything like a just cause.)



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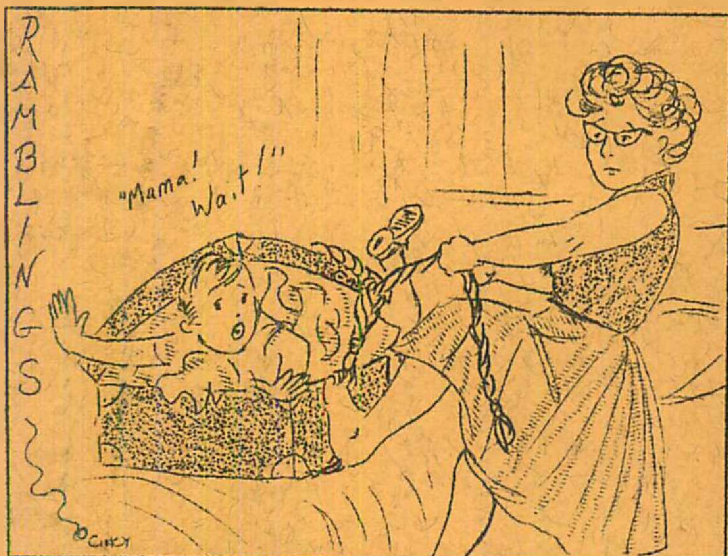
CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial)	JWC	2
Rumblings (editorial)	RSC	4
Science Fiction And Imitation (article)	Alexei Panshin	6
Monotonous Monocotyledons (fanzine reviews)	RSC	9
The Gift (fiction)	Steve Benedict	10
With Jaundiced Eye (column)	Ted White	12
Diaphanous Dicotyledons (fanzine reviews)	RSC	17
Golden Minutes (book reviews)	RSC	18
Grumblings (letters)	RSC	19
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)	RSC	27

ARTWORK

Cover	Joe Staton	Page 11	Dave Locke
Cover Lettering	anonymous	" 14	Dick Schultz
Page 1	Nott & Barr	" 15	Trabor Brazton
" 2	JWC	" 20	Jim Cawthorn
" 4	JWC	" 21	Dian Pelz
" 6	Jim Cawthorn		(stencilled by Dian)
" 7	George Barr	" 24	DEA
" 10	Al Jones	" 25	Robert E. Gilbert

NEW ADDRESS: Dave Vanderwerf, 110 Broadway, Apt. 6, Cambridge 42, Mass.



Most of you will not be receiving your copies of this issue till after the Midwescon....it is Thursday afternoon now, I have an ironing to do, some housework to finish, clothes to pack, a bit of last-minute pre-con sewing, two editorial cartoons to stencil, and one to think up (mine), three stencils remaining to mimeograph, and suitcases to pack -- today. I won't have any time tomorrow. So I rather doubt that more than a bare minimum of assembling will be done till next Monday.....

As I mentioned an issue or so back, I'm not sure by what devious means it was signed away, but I for one want back that 30-hour day...or at least Edison's fabled ability to get by on four hours sleep.

Long time readers of the column know one of my nefarious secrets -- I dig some pop music. This is nothing new, no recent fad. Way back when I was in junior high (or maybe a freshman in high school -- memory is vague -- late forties, anyway) I used to frequent a juke-box equipped greasy spoon during my lunch hour. The food was filling and cheap, and generally I ignored the spate of ballads and pops that roared from the neon-lit monster in the corner. Music, to me, was Toscanini and the NBC Symphony and light, noisy semi-classics.

Then someone played a record called "You Came a Long Way from Saint Louis" by Ray McKinley. It had a certain indefinite different sound that made me listen, and then feed the machine for re-plays until the proprietor begged for silence. I didn't know then, and I still don't know, what it was about that recording that tickled my musical palate. But it did spark curiosity, and I started looking around for other recordings that might contain snatches or elements I liked in the McKinley number.

This is pretty hard to do when you don't even know what it is you're looking for. I had taken piano for some years, and was accorded a fair performer -- but that was it: "performer". My instructor was great on performance and skimpy on theory. We did things with fire, flair, and dash without knowing why. Most of the time I didn't even know what key I was playing in....

But gradually I spotted here and there the musical bits I liked.... then, it was called rhythm and blues, and it was only borderline popular.

Then, years later, along came Bill Haley and Cha-woom!

But Rock wasn't simply R&B under another name, despite the category hang tags in some record catalogues. A lot -- no, most -- rock was no more interesting to me than the average blah pop ballad. But occasionally some would sneak in when the DJ's weren't looking.

And even folk music began to discover some of the gutsy roots of R&B, people like Muddy Waters and Little Walter and Reverend Gary Davis, who all have tendrils out connecting to the main blood stream of R&B.

But the pop field, now read teen beat rock set, couldn't have cared less. Mostly, they wanted a inane ballad with a walk-on-it-beat so they could dance.

But lately there have been some glimmers of light. Muddy Waters, et. al. perform what is sometimes known as Mississippi-Chicago style -- southern beat transposed to the Big Blot on the Landscape. Among the pop, purchased by teen-age set recording artists, a few managed to incorporate elements of such sounds, usually by adapting them to the electric guitar (which tended to create some pretty hard-to-recognize effects at times) -- one such was Chuck Berry, who took some of the sound, electrified it and added liberal doses of ham, but came up with a much more listenable result than 99% of his pop contemporaries.

Then others began creeping in, and now it seems, all of a sudden there are several actually making the 'Hit Parade' charts. The country and western performers have started picking it up heavily (they always have used it, but didn't often get far). Now we're getting things like "Memphis", "Thread Your Needle" and lor'helpus, R&B background for pop ballads.....which is pretty weird and jolting and not entirely pleasant. You can't get this wild guitar, harmonica intro and then fade to a non-entity voice crooning "Dar-ling, I Looove You".....it's like dunking marshmallows in vinegar.

Oh well, at least they're trying. And maybe it means the proportion of really listenable music spewed out from the AM radio will improve... as a inveterate radio-on-all-day type, this is good news.

We've recently had the car put in condition (we hope) for vacation-- it came close to busting another leg, as it did just before the Discon, only we got this one fixed before it came to that. Maybe the bug just doesn't like conventions -- it knows it's in for some long, hot driving.

And we had seat belts installed, mostly at my assistance (and I believe I got a big assist from Consumer Reports which gave a rave rating to American Motors belts -- in one test the belt survived an impact test equivalent of a head-on at 80mph, which is one strong belt -- of course, it may cut you in two, but it'll hold.).

I'm a worry-wart about cars and safety, anyway. Possibly I was bit too hard by J.C. Furnas' and his bloody-scare articles as a child. Especially so since the only accident I've ever been in was when I was parked and somebody backed into me -- if they can damage the car when it's not even moving, they're probably really out to get me while the thing's underway.

Is it just my sensitivity, or are the clods of the highway getting more and more frequent? I was scared silly the first time I saw some guy belting down the highway, reading a map spread open over the steering wheel; but now I see this at least once every long trip. Or the character cruising along with his turn signal blinking, and blinking and blinking....is he or isn't he? And it's always the left turn signal, too.

Town driving is no refuge. My pet peeve is the idiot who opens the door on the driver's side and steps out into traffic without even looking, and then glares if you come too close or squeal your brakes avoiding him. And this is almost always a man, I've noticed. Women drivers are irritating, but less egotistical, apparently.

Recommended reading for this month: The Assassins, Robert J. Donovan, Popular Library, 60¢ (biographical detail, including some on the lesser-known Presidential murderers); Black Nationalism, E.U. Essien-Udom, Dell, 75¢ (survey, reasonably impartial, by a Nigerian); They Died With Their Boots On, Thomas Ripley, Pocket Books, 35¢ (easy-reading study of the clay feet on Western badmen "heroes"), and Consumer Reports, for tongue-in-cheek humor, acid wit and useful information.JWC



I was so startled by Don Bensen's comments in the letter column that I almost didn't publish them, but then I decided that he's been around long enough to know what he's doing in writing to a fanzine editor. In part it was startling because the last time a made an adverse comment on a paperback line the editor immediately stopped sending me review copies. I guess this Don has more confidence in his product. (So do I, for that matter.)

We have numerous letters left over, including a discussion of convention traditions between Jay Klein and Ron Ellik that would run about 6 pages. A carefully edited edition -- say about two pages -- will be in the next YANDRO. All of a sudden we seem to have acquired a whole group of enthusiastic letter-writers, and I haven't adjusted yet. We always got too many letters to publish; now we're getting too many good letters, every issue, to publish them all. Also, next issue will finish up our series on professional writing with articles (original, this time) by Algis Budrys and Dick Lupoff -- though Dick's is more on how not to write professionally. (That is, it finishes up the series unless someone else cares to contribute...any takers?)

There are all sorts of advantages to wide reading. For a long time I could see nothing in the novels of Kurt Vonnegut; I thought they were all a waste of time. This past week I have been struggling thru Bernard Wolfe's Limbo, and I have developed a sudden affection for Vonnegut. Kurt at least gets his satire across without the pages and pages of tedious philosophy that Wolfe uses. I regard Bernard as the liberal's version of Ayn Rand, as far as writing style. (Howard Fast is her opposite number in self-righteousness, but he's a far superior word-handler.)

Final Hugo nominees, according to S F TIMES are:
 Novels: Dune World, Glory Road, Witch World, Way Station and Cat's Cradle.
 Short Fiction: "No Truce With Kings", "Savage Pellucidar", "Code Three",
 and "A Rose For Ecclesiastes".

Magazine: AMAZING, ANALOG, F&SF, GALAXY, and SCIENCE FANTASY

Book Publisher: Ace, Ballantine, Doubleday and Pyramid

Artist: Emsh, Finlay, Frazetta, Krenkel, and Schoenherr

Fanzine: AMRA, ERB-DOM, STARSPINKLE, YANDRO.

YANDRO's choices are Witch World, "No Truce With Kings", SCIENCE FANTASY, Pyramid, Schoenherr, and AMRA. Cat's Cradle and Dune World are acceptable nominees; Way Station and Glory Road don't belong on the ballot. I don't much like any of the other short fiction; I suppose "A Rose For Ecclesiastes" would be second choice, though. At least it didn't impress me unfavorably. I don't think any of the American magazines came close to SCIENCE FANTASY. Ace would be second choice on publishers, and Krenkel on artists. If he hadn't won last year, I might even favor him, but Schoenherr is just as good or better, and deserves a Hugo just as much. If I've counted right, this is the 6th straight year that YANDRO has been on the final Hugo ballot without winning; I don't expect to make it this year, either. (Besides, it would spoil our record of always being second-best.) I haven't seen STARSPINKLE since issue #8 or somewhere in there, but I doubt very much if it comes close to AMRA.

Being a neutral on the Breen matter has its amusing side. So far, neither Donaho nor White have complained about my neutrality, but some of the lesser participants -- particularly among the Breen backers -- seem to be getting a trifle miffed because I haven't Seen The Light. Well, if they

don't like my attitude they know what they can do about it. I certainly don't have anything to lose if they get mad at me. Oh yes; Ted Pauls wrote to say that I had misquoted him in the last YANDRO. His point was that the con committee should have consulted the convention members, not fandom at large. This makes a little more sense; I apologize. Of course, he then managed to spoil things by saying that convention members "are saddled with the bills, including one for the legal counsel hired by the Committee", which is flatly untrue, and that he denies that groups in fandom have "rights in any legal sense", which would certainly surprise the committees who go to the trouble of incorporating for the specific purpose of obtaining legal rights. But I still apologize for making his first comments sound sillier than they were.

Gene DeWeese sent Juanita a newspaper headline; HUMAN TORCH DEATH REPORTED. Guess that's one reason why comics aren't as good as they used to be.

By the time most of you get this, the Midwestcon will be over. I had hopes of getting it out early, but various things came up -- like running ENCLAVE for Pilati, and straightening out our storage shed, and attending an auction....you city slickers haven't lived if you haven't attended a rural auction. Fascinating. I went to this one because there was a batch of books listed in the ad. Unfortunately, they were going to be among the last things auctioned (and were mostly Catholic religious books anyway), so I contented myself with buying an axe for 50¢ and two suitcases for another 50¢ and came home. Anyway, don't expect much of a Midwestcon report in the next issue.

Footnote to the Zip Codes. We got a letter from Jean Bogert. In the original address, the state name wasn't written too plainly, but the Zip Code was perfectly clear. The envelope had been returned to Jean for insufficient address.....

I wonder if safety fads are nationwide, or restricted to this area? It all started a couple of years ago with seat belts, which of course were boosted all across the country -- and which, unlike most fads, have quite a bit to recommend them. However, their sales seemed to alert sharp-eyed businessmen to the idea that safety is marketable. Last year the gimmick was a miniature light bulb, mounted in the center of the grill, which came on as soon as you turned on the ignition. These were boosted so heavily in this area that I had visions of local ordinances requiring them on all cars. Then the state safety commission announced that they were not only useless -- which anyone with any brains knew -- but actually harmful, in that they gave drivers a false sense of security. Safety lights disappeared almost immediately. This year, the fad was painting your turn signals yellow. This didn't get the promotion of the lights, but a good many stores stocked the little paint kits (at exorbitant prices, of course). The idea was that they would be more noticeable at night, in contrast to the white headlights. They were -- unfortunately, this advantage was offset by the fact that they were damned near invisible in the daylight. The safety commission pointed this out, and the paint kits have mostly disappeared. I wonder what it will be next year? Maybe I can start a fad of putting purple helicopter beanies on top of cars to "draw attention to safety". Oh yes; one holiday there was a statewide proclamation to "turn your headlights on (in daylight) to remind drivers of our safety campaign". This had the precise success it deserved, but a few drivers apparently became addicted to the practice and are still doing it. Any fool thing is taken seriously if it's supposed to aid auto safety. (No, Indiana still doesn't have a very good driver's test, though it is better than it used to be.)

The Doubleday Book Club brought out The Hopkins Manuscript. Always a sucker, I bought a copy. Maybe next issue I can tell you if it's as bad as I remember it.

RSC

Science Fiction & Imitation

— article by — ALEXEI PANSHIN —

A pastiche is a serious imitation, a tour de force; a parody is a humorously intended imitation; an answer is an attempt to refute what somebody says in his story with a story of your own. We get one or the other of these in science fiction about once a year, for some reason in the fall. In the fall of 1961, Gordon Dickson came out with STARSHIP TROOPERS IN HI-FI. In October of 1962, it was James Blish's T*RZAN AND HIS ELECTRIC DINOSAUR. In the fall just past, Damon Knight published AMNESIA AND THE SUPERZUG.

The actual title of Dickson's book was NAKED TO THE STARS, and it wasn't very good. It wasn't totally bad, either, but it didn't miss by very much. The story as told was forgettable — and I have forgotten it. The characters were flat, and I do remember that the heroine only said something that Dickson considered worth setting down just once before the hero decided that he loved her deeply and dearly, and only spoke four or five times in the whole bloody book.

"But," somebody said to me, "you've missed the real significance of the story. Don't you see, it's an answer to Heinlein's STARSHIP TROOPERS? Now, don't you think it's grand?"

"No," I said.

Blish's novel was THE NIGHT SHAPES and by any count it has to be termed a really lousy job. I was never all that taken with A CASE OF CONSCIENCE, but stories like "Surface Tension" and THE FROZEN YEAR gave me enough respect for Blish that I was really surprised to see anything this godawful coming from him.

Somebody once said that an adventure story should have a strong character fighting overwhelming odds to achieve a worthwhile goal. The goals in THE NIGHT SHAPES — and I say goals because the story consists of two separate and mismatched parts — not only don't seem particularly worthwhile, but most of the time seem totally un-compelling. The odds the hero fights are hardly odds at all, and the motivations of the characters are ridiculous. In fact, the characters don't even qualify as people.

"But," said somebody, "don't you see what Blish is doing? It's all a



hokey parody of a Tarzan book or one of those old Jungle Stories pieces?"

"Yes," I said, "I see it, and in a couple of places Blish does pull neat switches, but that doesn't excuse a book from fitting together adequately."

Damon Knight's chapter on A.E. van Vogt in IN SEARCH OF WONDER is probably the most uncompromising hatchet job in the whole book, and every chop of the hatchet is justified. Van Vogt gave up science fiction about ten years ago. Sic transit gloria mundi. In the fall of 1963, a new Van Vogt novel was published under the pen name of Damon Knight. It's called BEYOND THE TREE OF THE TIME BARRIER, or some such thing, and features such standard van Vogt trademarks as a hero who has lost his memory and doesn't know what the hell is going on, much purposeless gadding about in time, Force and Counterforce seeking to enlist the hero's aid, and finally, the hero who turns out to be Something Else Again.

"Ah," somebody says, "you saw that one, did you? Wasn't that a great pastiche of van Vogt?"

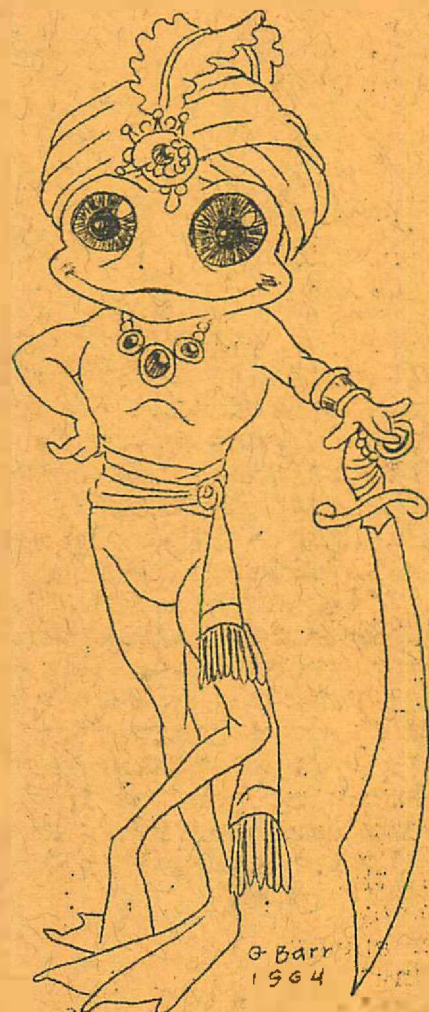
And I say, "All I want to know is what Damon Knight in one of his more critically acute moments would have said of it? If it was printable, I'd be surprised. Damon Knight, you know, has no patience with trash."

The problem is, I think, that these three writers don't have any idea of what a pastiche is about. The way to write a parody of a bad van Vogt story is not to write a bad van Vogt story. That seems fairly simple and straightforward to me, and I wonder that these people didn't see it. If a story is stupid and ill-written and the characters are cardboard and this makes you sick and tired, then please don't write another story that is stupid in the same way and ill-written in the same way with characters who fail to come alive in the same way, and call it a pastiche. All you will have produced is a stupid, ill-written story with cardboard characters that will make somebody else sick and tired. Not me, because I won't read the damned thing, but anybody who is fool enough to buy it.

Any answer, pastiche, or parody had got to have virtues of its own independent of its operation as an answer, pastiche, or parody. You can put that down as my first dictum - since Sturgeon, Parkinson and Finagle have got their names on rules, why not me?

Aside from acting as a pastiche, a story has to be interesting. It has to do everything that any other story has to do. Once that is out of the way, then the author can fool around all he likes, but not before.

What this means in practice is this: You don't like Robert Heinlein's STARSHIP TROOPERS. You think it is an imbalanced account of an authoritarian civilization. You want to write an answer. All right, go ahead, but remember that the story you write must be a story first, and a vehicle for your ideas second. The tale must be vital, interesting, and believable



The parts must fit together - you can't be serious one moment and extravagant the next (in other words, just because Frank Herbert had a blind top brass with a bat box on his shoulder, you, Mr. Dickson, have no excuse for putting a blind general with a seeing-eye leopard in a story where the gimmick is plainly out of place). The actions of the characters must make sense and the characters must be people. Then, and only then, if you have some valid points to make, can you drop them into the story - if they fit there.

What this means in practice, Mr. Blish, is this: If you want to write a parody of Jungle Stories, you must build the best-damn-constructed Jungle Story anybody ever read - all parts fitting together into one whole. Aristotle said it: "A whole is that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. A beginning is that which does not itself follow anything by causal necessity, but after which something naturally is or comes to be. An end, on the contrary, is that which itself naturally follows some other thing, either by necessity, or as a rule, but has nothing following it. A middle is that which follows something as some other things follow it. A well constructed plot, therefore, must neither begin nor end at haphazard, but conform to these principles." Now if Aristotle, who never wrote a science fiction story in his life, knew that 2300 years ago, is it too much to expect that you know it now, Mr. Blish? And again, you can't include characters gratuitously - neither a husband who says one word and then is disposed of after sixty pages in which he appears and does nothing, as you have done, nor, say, a half-dozen children who add nothing and then have to be disposed of to keep the story going as Philip Jose Farmer does in THE GREEN ODYSSEY. Even in a parody, characters must earn the right to be in the story. They must do and say things - if they don't, don't include them. Finally, if you have a good story, then and only then can you afford to exaggerate, parody, and poke fun.

What this means in practice, Damon, is this: If you're tempted to do a pastiche of a van Vogt story, don't do it. If you write it well, so that the characters are reasonable, the motivations make sense, and the complications come out right in the end - then nobody will recognize what you've done because the essence of a van Vogt story depends on unreasonable characters and ridiculous motivations, and so much complication that nobody will be able to realize how foolish things are. On the other hand, if you do a lousy job, that's all you have - a lousy imitation van Vogt. A pastiche of van Vogt isn't worth doing - and probably a parody isn't worth doing, either.

It's perfectly possible to do a good job on a parody. The ax job that Michael Frith and Christopher Cerf did on Ian Fleming with ALLIGATOR is a sheer joy. The thing that I was most struck by as I read it was how much better than the originals this was. The plotting and the writing were good enough that they didn't get in the way of what was meant to be funny.

Of science fiction pastiches, I know of only one that is really first rate, and that is Poul Anderson's "The Martian Crown Jewels". The point is that here the mystery was a real and valid one, the story was good. The idea of a Martian equivalent of Sherlock Holmes was icing on the cake; it didn't pretend to be the cake itself.

I'll say this, too. Parodies and pastiches are things we in science fiction can afford to do without. In the first place, by their very nature, they are bound to be slight, minor, and unimportant. And second, they are incestuous and sf has enough problems with that without becoming any more of an in-group genre than it already is. As for answers, they're fine as long as they're well-done, but if you can't write as good or bet-

ter story than Heinlein, then you'd better not even bother to try - or does someone in the crowd think for a moment that NAKED TO THE STARS really did an effective job of anything? Story first, answer second, and if you can't write a good story, don't try to answer.

God help me, I expect to see a pastiche of VENUS PLUS X out by the end of next fall. Please, whatever fool is out there earnestly trying to do it, do me a favor, if you will, and try to imitate Sturgeon's virtues and not his faults. I'm not counting on it, though.

"One-shot sessions are great fun. If only they didn't result in one-
shots!"Dick Lupoff

MONOTONOUS MONOCOTYLEDONS
by RSC

A few non-reviewed items to dispose of first: AVANG 7, from Eney (Cult-zine -- gee, I thought the Cult had expired by now. At least, it's been keeping quiet, for which favor, thanks.) POOR RICHARD's ALMANAC #17 from Rich Brown, SERENADE #4 from Bergeron, both FAPazines. MAKROMEGAS #4 from Sven Eklund, a very nice fanzine but printed in Swedish. If anyone who knows Swedish writes in, I'll give him the address.

TIGHTBEAM #? and ? This is one of the official publications of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, an organization ostensibly devoted to assisting neofans. (One of the big arguments in TB concerns the reasons why the club isn't helping neofans.) Write Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 37754, for information and membership blanks.

Here's THRU THE HAZE, which should have been listed above. Most of it is devoted to Alma Hill's column, and since Alma objects to my reviews (on the basis that they're unfavorable) I'll be agreeable and not review it at all. If you can't say something good, don't say anything; who am I to be impolite to a relative stranger?

SLIMY #1 This is a 4-page introduction to the Rugby School Fantasy and Science Fiction Society. Future issues will presumably be longer, and will not be available for money. Write P.F. Alderson Smith, Whitelaw House, 4 Hillmorton Rd., Rugby, Warwicks., England for details, and don't put a hyphen in his name. He objects.

DIFFERENTIAL #22 and BLAH #2 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada) DIFF is a 2-page fanzine retailing at 3¢ the copy. BLAH has been superseded (never thought I'd get to use that term outside the office) by TRANSMISSION, which will cost you 10¢ and presumably be devoted to letters and editorial ramblings. DIFF is devoted to short verse, short and occasionally pungent commentary, and humor. It's usually possible to tell which is which. Rating...6

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #415 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th. Ave., College Point, New York 11354 - monthly - 15¢) A news magazine of events in professional science fiction. It has its ups and downs in quality, but after a long dry spell, it's up again at present. Rating....6

Failed to mention up there that DIFFERENTIAL and TRANSMISSION are both monthly, according to the editor. (I know "d" is.)

THE GIFT

fiction by

steve benedict

It had come to us, a gift out of the clear heavens. General Moon's pink round face glowed. "Why, the civilization from which this little craft came is as far ahead of ours as we are ahead of the Hottentots," he boomed happily. He assumed his best Parade Ground stance as he beamed at the two men beside him. "It is, gentlemen, as if we of the Twentieth Century were to go back as gift bearers to the Egypt of the Pharaohs, with a -- well, a jet plane. Given such a head start, the Pharaohs could have conquered the world of their time in one year."

Professor North blinked near-sightedly through his thick-lensed glasses at the cube from the sky. He turned toward the army man. "This will lift Science upward by years, sir," he said, his voice slightly cracked by age and the haranguing of recalcitrant students. He nodded. "Yes sir, it is, indeed, a gift out of the future, and the world will be a better place for Man to live on once we have found the secrets of this cube."

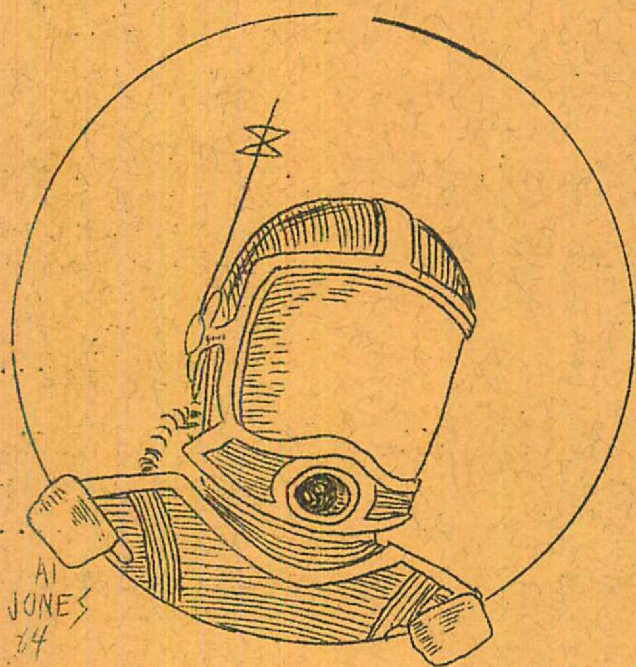
The general snorted. "The world! This belongs to us, sir, not to the world. We--we alone--shall be the ones to benefit by this bit of good luck."

Visions of glory, of power loomed before the old soldier's eyes. Conquests of Galaxies! An Astral Empire! Let Science unravel the secrets, he thought, then, after that, we shall take over. He winced slightly as he heard the savant's thin voice:

"Yes, indeed, gentlemen," the physicist was saying, low-toned, "Years of back-breaking, mind-racking toil shall be spared Mankind."

Again the general snorted. His mind was on conquest, not on easing Man's burden. He set his lips and turned away from the scientist.

E. Yelvington Means, man of high finance and behind-the-scenes deliver into politics, made no remark. He was thinking. Booty that would beggar the loot of the Conquistadores or the spoils of the Caesars was awaiting out there in Orbit Space for the one strong enough and shrewd enough to take it and make it his own. He lifted his hatchet face and his cool grey eyes met the hard grey ones of the soldier. Mr. Means made a mental note to talk this matter over with the paunchy khaki-clad man as soon as they were alone. He felt a sudden elation.



A gordon of naked bayonets surrounded the six by six by six feet, unpolished grey metal cube, by day and by night. Electrically charged barbed wire and a high fence helped the bayonets keep out prying eyes. A small section of Washington had been roped off from all traffic but military and those whom Big Brass and Big Money deemed safe. Deep within this section sat the Gift.

Of course, the entire civilized world had heard of the strange space craft only a short time after it had landed, not far from the White House. "From where had the strange box come?" asked a half billion tongues.

"Mars?"

"Venus?"

"From the Moon?"

"From beyond our own sun's tiny empire of whirling orbs?"

"Outside our Galaxy?"

"Friend or foe?"

"Visitor, scout, invader?"

But General Moon and banker Means were asking a very different question—a practical one: "How can we put it to our own good gains?"

In their minds the metal box had become an armed galleon loaded with gold.

But Army Man and money man were helpless without the man of Science. So they called Professor North.

"Get hold of whatever and whoever you need, sir, and ferret out the secrets of this tiny space craft," they told him. "Do not allow expenses to become an obstacle."

The aged savant bowed.

The first and foremost question was how to operate it.

Indeed, how!

To open the door had been easy enough. A simple knob twisted—no more. But once within, what a difference!

Blankly the best men and women of today's science and technology stared at engineless drives, at guide panels without dials, gauges of knobs, at dull grey rods and wires that moved nothing tangible or visible, at levers that defied their mightiest mental as well as physical efforts. The most skillful hands dropped, hung still, the wisest brows furrowed at metal that remained the same under any flame, acid, sledge or cutting tool; at almost bare interior that shone greyishly under a mellow light coming from nowhere.

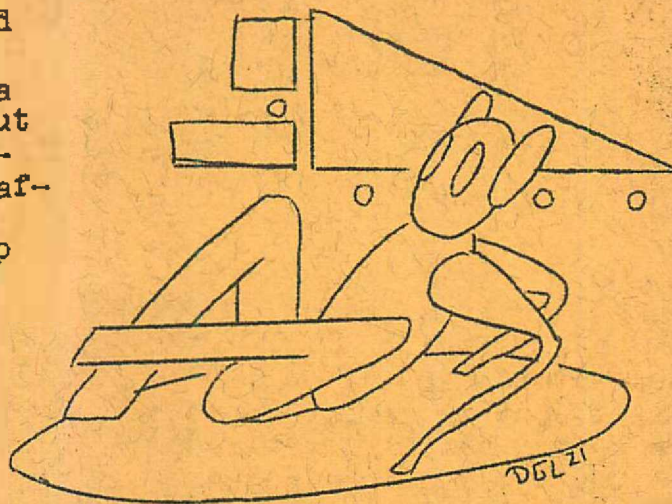
Days went by. The majority of civilized Mankind had all but forgotten the Gift. Athletics, scandal, murder, war both hot and cold had once more regained their rightful places among the banner headlines.

At length savant, engineer and craftsman had to admit defeat. Mathematician, physicist, chemist, metallurgist, astronomer and astrophysicist—all shook their heads in hopeless despair.

"Beyond me," they said meekly.

And so the Gift remained impenetrable. And with that realization faded all hopes of conquest, booty, an empire among the Galaxies. We were where we had been an hour before the Gift landed.

Or, as Professor North said to General Moon and Mr. E. Yelvington Means: "Of what use, gentlemen, would a jet plane be to a Hottentot?"



WITH JAUNDICED EYE

column from

TED WHITE

HORNBOOK, CONCLUDED: After I read the last installment of this column in the cold black or yellow print of this august fanzine, I realized what it was that had left me so dissatisfied when I'd finished writing it. I'd begun thinking of that piece from one point of view, and had written it from a slightly different one. I'd been piqued into wanting to write it because, essentially, my position with F&SF had led to several pet gripes about ms. submissions from amateurs which I'd wanted to air. But when I actually wrote it, I was detailing my job and my way of approaching it far more than I was giving Helpful Hints For Would-Be Pros.

Herewith a few of those missing tips.

1. Always include return postage and a self-addressed envelope. Most pros do it, and there's no reason to assume that just because your Auntie May declared this the hottest gem from your typewriter she's seen in a coon's age that I, or any other editor, will agree with her.

Now, because some people don't seem to understand this simple request, let me expand on it. The envelope is for the return of your manuscript in the (likely) event that we can't use it. It would be nice if the postage were sufficient to cover its mailing, but it's no sweat to us if it isn't; the postman will ask you for the extra amount, if you've been short, when it arrives home.

That sounded absurdly easy, huh? Well, an average of two or more manuscripts a week are big, thick, 5,000 to 10,000 word affairs mailed to us in manilla envelopes measuring in size from 9 x 12 to 12 x 15, which have been accompanied by return envelopes of the regular #6 personal size or #10 business size. These envelopes will suffice for the return of a poem or a three or four sheet short-short, but not for anything bigger. And they are always stamped with 5¢ or so in postage; once in a while 8¢ for air mail.

I've surmised that these optimistic fellows think they're going to get a letter of acceptance and/or a check back, and that they've assumed anything bigger, or with more postage, is unnecessary for their literary epics. (A few people actually enclose both kinds of envelope, covering all bets. But they needn't bother. If we buy a story we're happy to pay the freight on our notification of the fact.) At first, I'd put a note in these wee envelopes, suggesting that if they sent me a properly-sized envelope and postage, they'd get their ms. back. But that entails extra trouble, and so, not without some slight thought of revenge, I've since taken to cramming, by sheer force, their bulky pages of typescript into the undersized envelopes. "That'll teach 'em to be overconfident," I'll mutter, licking the flap, squeezing it down over the exploding mass onto the envelope, and then quickly sitting on it until it holds itself. And then I chortle a little at the reaction this bulky

thing, stamped in reddish-purple ink, "postage due" will cause at the other end.

I might add that while we'll furnish the envelopes when just postage has been included, because I tend to let these pile up and then do them all at once, that it's not the speediest way to insure the return of your story. That's assuming, of course, you want a fast return. Maybe you'd rather not hear about it if we didn't like it...

In that case, don't bother with either envelope or postage. We get an average of ten or more such mss. a week, and I simply dump them on Ed Ferman's desk, each with a cryptic "No RP or E" scrawled across its face. When they've piled up high enough, Ed sends out a pre-printed postcard to the author of each one, which requests the proper postage and envelope. If this is not forthcoming within a reasonable time (a month or two, as a rule), the mss. are thrown out. Quite a large number of people simply don't bother, either. The postcard is enough for them. (Judging from the average quality of our unsolicited submissions, of course, it doesn't matter; the things wouldn't sell anywhere else either... But you, of course, being a fan, can always unload it on a neofan of the NFFF Mess Bureau...)

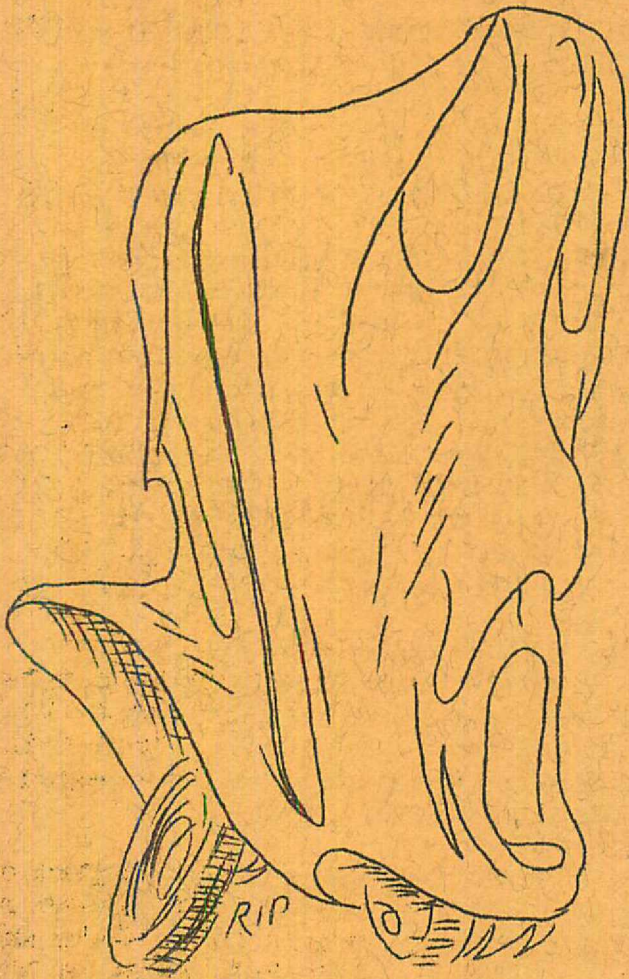
2. Always type, double-spaced. I may have mentioned, handwritten material doesn't go far with me. Most handwriting is difficult for me to read (and that includes my own), and, after twenty or thirty stories in the previous hour or two, so are the close-spaced lines of single-spaced typing. Unless the story's a grabber, don't bother.

3. It helps not to send a carbon copy. If your original was spoiled or lost, it's better to retype it. Whenever we get a carbon, I'm always reminded of one we got which had a covering lettering which said, "I'm submitting this to GALAXY, ANALOG, F&SF, and AMAZING. Whoever gives me the best bid for this story I will sell it to," or words to that effect. I didn't read it; I bounced it, double-fast. Multiple submissions are O-U-T. At least this guy let us know about it, but any carbon is suspect. As also are xeroxed copies and the like. (I've even gotten a few mimeod and dittoed copies, at least one torn from the pages of a neozine. The prize, I think, goes to the guy who submitted his story on ditto masters. Before I realized what I was handling my hands were purple.)

4. Form is relatively unimportant, especially when it boils down to whether you put your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the title page or the upper left. But apparently some college writing classes (of which I have nothing but contempt; all the instructors I've ever heard of personally were frustrated would-be's whose knowledge of professional writing was thoroughly wrong) make it a point to suggest you specify the rates you want and/or the rights you're selling.

This is your privilege, of course, but it's pointless, and it's amateur. "For your usual rates" is redundant, since if we buy the story that's what we'll pay anyway. If you want more than we pay, you'll be faced with accepting our rates or going elsewhere, and it won't help sell the story to start out on the first page with your nose in the air. One guy informed me he'd sold to ANALOG and IF, and his going rate was 4¢ a word. The story was lousy, of course, and on the rejection slip I informed him that I had severe doubts he'd ever gotten 4¢ a word from IF, while a search of my ANALOG's did not reveal his name in the last five years' run.

Specifying "North American First Serial Rights Only," or somesuch is equally sophomoric. We happen to buy more than that; we have foreign ed-



itions and we reserve first anthology rights for our annual volume. If you want to fight about it, that's your loss, not ours.

In our case, we actually use a purchase order contract. This means that if we decide we like your story, we send you a copy of this contract (a brief thing, especially in comparison to a book contract, running only a short page), which spells out exactly what we're buying, and for how much. You sign it, return it, and get a check back. Some other companies use their checks as contracts, briefly spelling out the rights and stating that endorsement of the check signifies your agreement. To each his own; each magazine has its particular needs, which will probably include some foreign rights at the very least. To try to specify what you're selling (unless your story has already been published elsewhere, for another market) is pointless, and, to me, a minor irritation. It signifies the author is an amateur trying to look like a pro. I know the stories I get are by amateurs, and that had nothing to do with my final decision on each one...

Have I left anything out? Yes, perhaps one thing, although it's not within the original purview of the HORNBOOK... Agents

Every so often a would-be author asks me, in his accompanying letter (I might point out that covering letters are usually pointless, too), to recommend an agent. I usually don't bother even explaining things to him; it would require more space than I have on the bottom inch of our rejection slip.

I've worked briefly for an agent, and I've spoken to many others who've used agents. So I think I can sketch out the essentials.

The main essential boils down to this: If you're not published, you don't need an agent.

There's a popular misconception that an agent can sell your story when you can't. At some levels this is true. SATURDAY EVENING POST no longer considers unsolicited manuscripts, and unless you're a Name, you'll need an agent before your story will be considered. But this hardly applies to the sf field (although I sometimes wonder about Ziff-Davis; "Phoenix" by Marion Bradley and ~~my~~ was sold to AMAZING very quickly and efficiently by Scott Meredith -- Marion's agent -- and everything I've sent there since myself has bounced within a couple of days. Others tell me their experience had been similar.

An agent cannot sell an unpublishable, unsaleable story. He is not a magician. Sometimes he can sell a story you haven't sold, sheerly by virtue of "connections", of selling a package to somebody who needs a

a lot fast; or simply by knowing when to offer it, when an editor is short and desperate, and when he's overstocked and rejecting everyone but Heinlein...

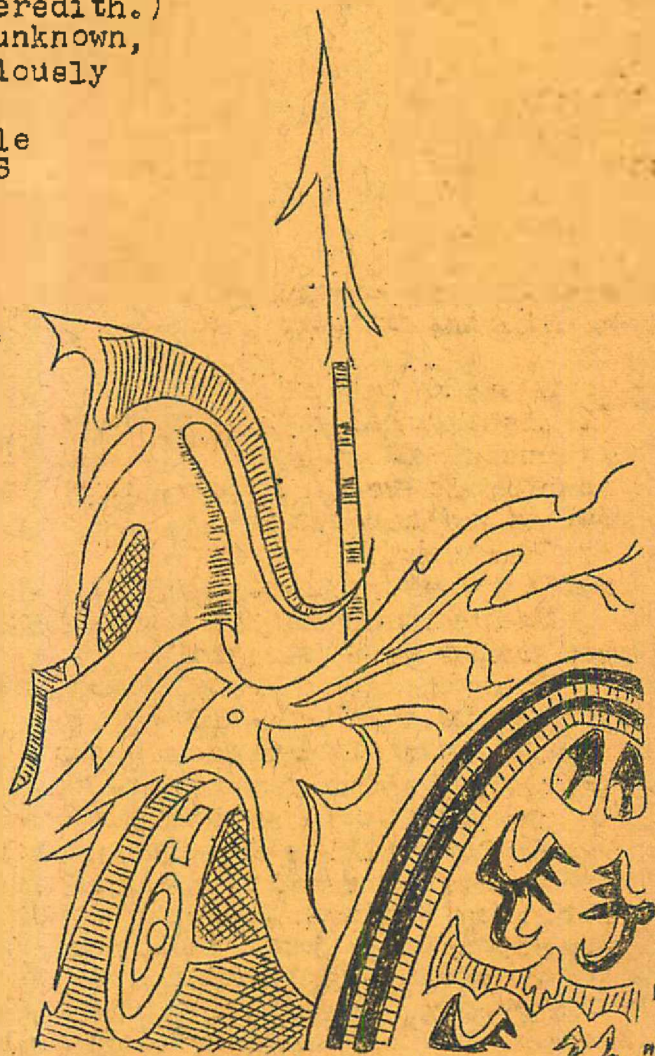
Beyond this is the inescapable fact that an agent is in the business to sell material, and he's not going to bother with anything he thinks won't sell. This is important, for he has a reputation, a minimum quality standard, which he must meet with the publishers and editors he deals with. An agent's submission is not considered "unsolicited", just as a known and well-liked pro's work is not. An editor gives immediate preference to these submissions in reading them. If an agent can't maintain a professional level in the stuff he sends around, he's going to find himself reduced to the slush pile -- as a number of half-witted agents are. These guys are only deluding themselves into thinking of themselves as agents -- and they're deluding their clients as well. A reliable agent functions not only as a go-between for the author to the editor, but as a first-string editor himself. He will advise the author that he doesn't think a piece is good enough, and suggest changes. The author can either make these changes, or submit it himself to various markets. Usually the agent knows what he's talking about, and the story doesn't sell.

(An exception was a brilliant story by Joe L. Hensley and Alexei Panshin, "Dark Conception", I believe the title was, which Scott Meredith tried on ROGUE and a few other markets and then gave back to the authors. Panshin sent it to me, and we bought it. The theme apparently scared Meredith.)

A reputable agent will not take on an unknown, unpublished author unless his work is obviously brilliant -- and even then, not usually.

There are, of course, plenty of un reputable agents, most of whom advertise in WRITER'S DIGEST. Sandi once answered one of the ads of "Literary Agent Daniel Mead" with some of her material, several years before I met her. He wanted to charge her an outrageous fee to make her stuff "saleable" -- and that's without any guarantee of a sale -- and when she refused, he held onto the stuff for several years, hoping for a change of heart.

Scott Meredith is the only big-time, reputable agent I know of who does honest "fee-reading". That is, he will have your material read and evaluated for a set and reasonable fee. (Well, more reasonable by far than Mead's, anyway.) If the story is good enough, he will market it for you, and will not charge the fee, instead simply taking the standard 10% commission on the sale. But, having known some of his fee-readers, and knowing the level of their criticisms (which never tell you that you simply can't write -- even if you can't), I am not too enthusiastic in recommending him. If your story is good enough he'll give it an honest plug -- but then, so could you, just



as easily. Nevertheless, not to sell his fee-reading department short, one of the "amateurs" who submitted to him a manuscript for fee-reading was Richard Prather, whose Shell Scott books Meredith built up into a million-dollar contract with Pocket Books Inc. It could happen to you too, I suppose.

But wait just a minute! What do you need an agent for? I've already pointed out that he's not going to touch your stuff with a magic blue pencil and turn your literary horror into a saleable masterpiece. (And if he makes any guarantees in that direction, shun him like a hydrophobic dog.)

The fact is that not only can you do as good a job yourself, if you know the markets (which a copy of THE WRITER'S YEARBOOK can help you on), but you can save on that 10% commission. And if you're ever going to get an agent, you'll have to prove you can do without him first.

In the sf field it's easy. I suggest that if you've written any story which is not completely off-beat, you submit it following a rigid pattern. Begin with the magazine which pays the most money, and then the next most, and so on, right on down to THE MAGAZINE OF HORROR. Don't worry too much about "This one isn't Campbell's type." Maybe he's sick of getting carbon copies of stories written after reading an editorial he wrote three years ago. Norman Spinrad's first sale to Campbell (or anyone else in the field) was "Last of the Romans", a very atypical ANALOG story. (And I might add that at F&SF we wish we could get less F&SF-type stories, and more good meaty sf stories — we don't always buy what we do out of deliberate choice; sometimes nothing else comes along and we have to take the best of what we get.)

At the moment that list is headed by ANALOG, which pays 4¢ a word for short stories, and 3¢ a word for novelets and longer. GALAXY is next, with AMAZING, F&SF, and GAMMA in a three-way tie below it at 2¢ a word. F&SF now pays 2½¢ and 3¢ a word to most of the name pros, but of course you aren't one yet. GAMMA may never see another issue, so it's not too serious a contender. FANTASTIC, WORLDS OF TOMORROW and IF all pay somewhere between 1¢ and 2¢ a word, probably on a sliding scale which may have slid up or down since I last checked. They probably all pay more on occasions to Big Names like Heinlein. I can't see what difference this makes to you — or me — though.

If you follow this list, and your story is saleable, it will sell for as much as it can. And that's the best an agent could've done for you with it anyway. Pat yourself on the back and take 10% from your right pocket and put it in your left pocket.

But an agent is valuable for much more than the initial marketing of magazine stories. He is particularly valuable when it comes to book sales (which involve long and often scandalously privateering contracts to be checked out), foreign sales (which, on a book, can add up to another one or two thousand dollars, played right, and which you just aren't as well equipped to handle as a good agent, like Meredith, is), and TV or movie sales. Maybe that last is something you figure you'll never have to worry about, but sometime a good agent can surprise you. The whole picture-making business scares me; right now I have a tiny toe-hold in the TV door, and if it doesn't take the first inch of my shoe off, I'm going to think about an agent very seriously.

In fact, once you become a successful writer, you'll need an agent. Then he takes over the function of business manager, and it's then you'll need a business manager — when your writing has become your business. He'll exploit every buck he can from your writings, making

your material pay at least twice as much as it had, finding all kinds of subsidiary sales which may add up slowly over the years, but do count up substantially when you total them.

So there you have it: don't bother trying to find a guy to sell your stuff until you've got something worth selling -- and reselling and re-selling. Then, shop around, ask the guys who have one, and size a few up. Do it then. Right now, work on your writing. Don't put the cart before the horse.

I think that concludes the HORNBOOK. I'd wanted to go into a few other topics this time, such as the quiet revival of such old pulp Street & Smith characters as The Shadow and Nick Carter -- and my hopes for a similar revival of Doc Savage -- but they'll have to wait. Rest assured, I'm not turning this column into a branch department of WRITER'S DIGEST, and my fount of wisdom does not run that much deeper. I'll try to eye a bit more jaundicedly next time...

DIAPHANOUS DICOTYLEDONS
by RSC

COGNATE #4 (Rosemary Hickey, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago, Ill. 60614 - no price or schedule listed) This is primarily published for OMPA, but it also goes to numerous non-members. There are mailing comments, but also a sort of journal of what Rosemary is doing these days.

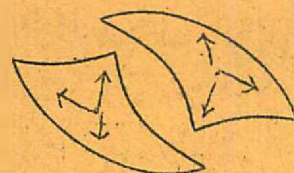
CADENZA #2 is a 3/4 page fanzine put out primarily to apologize for the lack of regular issues and announce a change of address: Charles Wells, 315 Demerius, M-1, Durham, No. Carolina 27701.

SCENE #2 (Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, S.W. 2, England - irregular - 10¢) This is an official publication of the London stf club, as a news journal and to promote the London bid for the worldcon in '65. I'm all for London in '65 and Atom for TAFF and so on, but I must say this is a pretty dull way to advertise. Maybe future issues will be better?

SATURA #4, 5 & 6, plus WILD COLONIAL BOY #7 (John Foyster, P.O. Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia - bi-monthly - for trade or comment) Pardon; I meant bi-weekly up there. (I know some dictionaries list "twice a month" as an acceptable definition for "bi-monthly" -- I've had my nose rubbed in the fact at work -- but I don't accept it.) A problem in the early issues is reproduction. In #5 he apologizes for the bad reproduction in #4, but he shouldn't have. #4 was at least readable; after I got past the first page, #5 wasn't. These were dittoed; #6 is mimeographed, so let's hope he has that problem solved. I dunno; these issues all contain comments which should be perfectly fascinating but somehow aren't. The first 3 issues didn't have this aura; possibly Foyster and I just don't think alike on anything resembling a serious subject. Rating....3

MENACE OF THE LASFS #92 & 93 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - bi-weekly - 10¢) Major news here is probably the announcement that der operator NOTL (Pelz, that is) has a large stock of duplicate fanzines to dispose of. Send him your want-lists, all you idiots who pay good money for old fanzines. Officially, this is an account of what goes on at LASFS meetings, but it's all pretty normal, and we know about those depraved California fans, don't we?

GOLDEN MINUTES



WEIRD TALES, ed by Leo Margulies (Pyramid, 50¢) Juanita says her first reaction to seeing this was "It's shrunk!" Bob Briney, among others, has agreed that the cover bears a remarkable resemblance to a dehydrated version of the magazine. Let's hope it sells; maybe Pyramid will bring out regular anthologies from the mag. The editor, in addition to giving a capsule history of the magazine, mentions that effort has been made to get stories that have never appeared in pb before. In general, it's successful; "The Drifting Snow" appeared in Ballantine's Derleth collection, Not Long For This World, but the only other story to have appeared in a "popular" media is Robert E. Howard's "Pigeons From Hell", which was televised on "Thriller" a couple of years ago. The rest; "The Man Who Returned" by Edmond Hamilton, "Spider Mansion" by Fritz Leiber, Bloch's "A Question Of Etiquette", Lovecraft's "Strange High House In The Mist", "The Sea Witch" by Nictzin Dyalhis, and "The Body Masters" by Frank Belknap Long were all either new to me or familiar only through the original magazine appearance. Most of them are quite excellent horror stories, with the exception of the Long and Derleth tales, which are dull, and the Lovecraft which is, surprisingly, an excellent weird but not at all horrible story.

GET OUT OF MY SKY, ed. by Leo Margulies (Crest, 45¢) A reprint of a book which Crest published originally in 1960. Only the price has been changed to protect the publisher. It's still a very good book, containing three novelettes; the title story by James Blish, "Sister Planet" by Poul Anderson, and "Alien Night" by Tom Scortia. As Margulies mentioned in one of his triplet anthologies, this length story is seldom reprinted. This is a pity, since this happens to be the best possible length for science fiction; short stories are incapable of presenting both a decent background and a sufficiently developed plot, and novels are too often simply padded novelettes, with a plot that is incapable of sustaining a book-length story. These are three of the best.

KEY OUT OF TIME, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) I wonder if this was written before or after Witch World? There are a lot of the same plot elements; the dying race of Witches who rule by magical powers, the super-scientific invaders of a barbarian planet who are opposed by these Witches, and the Earthmen who get into the act just in time to turn the tide. (Not to mention the race of sea-rovers and a few other odds and ends.) This is presumably the final book in the Time Traders series, since it ends up with all of the main characters of the series unavailable for further adventures. It's the usual high standard for Norton juveniles.

A new magazine is out; THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION FROM WORLDS OF IF MAGAZINE. The stories are not only reprinted but mostly mediocre, the printing is sloppy, and even the paper is cheap pulp. There are a few good stories in recent mags, though. I might mention "Condition Of Survival" from the June AMAZING; "On Messenger Mountain", "What The Dead Men Say", and possibly "Lucifer", from the June WORLDS OF TOMORROW; and "The Master Key" in ANALOG. (I might also mention "A Day In The Life Of Kelvin Throop" in ANALOG, which is certainly unusual, and serves to remind us that there is no predicting what Campbell will buy next. That's the July ANALOG, incidentally.) I only read serials when they're completed, so I won't comment on either "Farnham's Freehold" in IF or "The Sleeping Planet" in ANALOG.

John Boardman, 592 16th Street, Brooklyn, New York,
11218

What is a Pointing Vector? I refer you to PV #7, p. 1: "The name of this newsletter is taken from physics. In 1884 the British physicist J. H. Poynting introduced a vector notation to describe the flow of energy in the electromagnetic field as well...A Poynting Vector transmits information about the source of a wave (hyrdodynamic, elastic, electromagnetic, or gravitational). I intend that the Pointing Vector will transmit information about my deeds and views to the many people with whom I wish to share my thoughts."

Jim Cawthorn, 4 Wolseley Street, Gateshead 8., Co.
Durham, England

Ted White's letter and article was extremely interesting, as I spent part of my recent holiday in reading through some of the manuscripts submitted to NEW WORLDS; I sympathize with him!

Answering Mike Deckinger's point about the varying quality of artwork, I would say that in my own case I tended to be hampered by the thought that someone was paying solid cash for this stuff; the result was that my pro artwork suffered from too much self-consciousness, from too much striving to make it perfect. This way it usually came out looking lifeless. Possibly this is why several people (myself included) dislike the cover of the new NEW WORLDS. They'll probably like the next one even less...

CATNIPPED was going fine, a much better than average piece of fanzine fiction, then it seemed to lose its way at the end.

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

On Heinlein: as your comments suggest, there is an element of snobism in the anti-GLORY ROAD attitude of many fans, including me. One naturally expects quite a bit from an F&SF serial and hard-cover book with the Heinlein byline, and when what emerges is nothing but an overblown PLANET STORIES lead novelet, the disappointment is acute and the derogation consequently severe. The reaction would be somewhat the same if Poul Anderson, say, were to turn out a hard-cover original on the same level with "Out of the Iron Womb" or "Witch of the Demon Seas." These were enjoyable adventure novelets, but one expects more thought and effort to be expended on a hard-cover novel.

For a book with many major and lasting virtues--in fact, a damned good book by any standards--I recommend DAVY by Edgar Pangborn. This is the novel of which two short fragments appeared in F&SF back in 1962: "The Golden Horn" and "A War of No Consequence". The book is published by St. Martin's Press and blurbed simply as "a novel", with no mention of science fiction. This, as well as a the \$4.95 price-tag, may keep many people

GLORY ROAD

away from it. If so, it's their loss. Pangborn, as infrequent as his appearances are, is one of the finest writers in or out of the sf field. His WILDERNESS OF SPRING and THE TRIAL OF CALLISTA BLAKE have an honored place next to MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS on my shelves, and they will be joined by DAVY as soon as I finish reading it for the second time.

[Aw c'mon; one can't have read as many hard-cover originals as you have and still expect much thought and effort to be included in them. RSC/

Ted & Sandi White, 339 - 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220

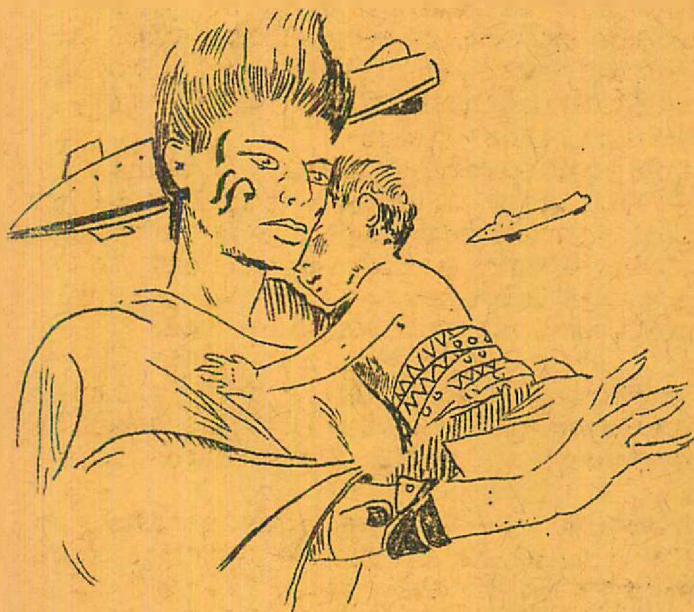
Juanita: I know what you mean about city snobbism. My own attitudes, having been brought up on a farm that was surrounded by and eaten away by a residential "city", are that if you're going to live in or near a city, New York is the place because of all the US cities NYC is the most complete. I mean this in almost every sense. If I want paper for my fanzines, I can get it at 90¢ a ream from a little hole-in-the-wall place over on Pacific Street. If I want good hifi components cheap, I go into Manhattan to Cortlandt Street. If I want to see a movie, domestic or foreign, cheap, I go up to 42nd St. If I want any mono or stereo record for \$2.00 I go to Union Square to Dayton's. Etc.

This doesn't mean, though, that I think city living is ideal. Ideally I'd like to live in the country with NYC only two or so hours away. I have concrete plans for doing something about this: getting land up in Pennsylvania or New Jersey or upstate, and living there summers.

Ask Eney how many cast nominating ballots for the Hugos at the Discon, and of those 228 how many voted all the categories...I first heard the rumor he objects to propounded (quite openly) by Harry Warner, who said that until he saw an accurate breakdown of voting, he was going to assume the secrecy was to mask the lack of participation, I might add that it would be interesting to know in many cases whether the vote was a close one, or whether the winner was ahead of the field by a landslide. Like Harry, I can't see why such information isn't published. If the Con Committees are reluctant to release actual voting figures they could at least release the percentage of votes earned by each contender.

I don't have the YANDRO with Budrys' article in front of me, but you reminded me that I had some comments on it.

I remember the piece from DUBIOUS -- I ran that zine off, as a matter of fact -- but not so well that I wasn't sure it hadn't been rewritten or something, since you'd given no reprint credit. I was quite impressed with the piece when I first read it -- I think I was as much impressed by the thought that had gone into constructing



it as much as by the conclusions; I got the impression Budrys had gone to All That Research in order to write Rogue Moon, a probably erroneous idea on my part -- but I am considerably less so now, having in the interim read well over a hundred Gold Medal books.

Put plainly and simply, it's a nice formula, but its statistical incidence among the Gold Medal books I've read is slight, and in those cases usually not as baldly done either. I've read as many of the the Aarons books as I could stomach (he's a bad writer with less knowledge of the CIA than I have, and I always like at least to be fooled into the thinking the author has the Straight Scoop), all of the Donald Hamilton books (very nice, those), all the Marlowe books (as Stephen Marlowe he writes far better suspense than he did as Milton Lesser), all the Nick Quarry books, all the Prather books, a scattering of others which don't immediately come to mind just now, and, most recently, I've started working my way through the Gold Medal list of John D. MacDonald books.



The philosophy Budrys pegs on these books is far firmer than his plot analysis, however. It's -- again -- by no means that cut and dried. I'm pretty sure that most of the writers in question have not worked it out in their minds as Ayjay did, and that under the circumstances it's more or less a case of each author groping towards what is, in the end, simply a distillation of Hammett and Chandler and their peers of the BLACK MASK school. MacDonald, for instance, follows a formula of his own which is considerably at variance with the Budrys-Gold Medal formula in all respects. This formula has been diluted by the demands of his new series character, Travis McGee, but finds its fullest expression in his earlier books which were entirely self-contained. Put most simply, MacDonald is holding the standards of superficiality in society and relationships up to a critical eye, and he plumps for what he calls "involvement" -- usually in fairly explicit terms. Even McGee says he can't really enjoy sex with a girl he doesn't know and isn't deeply involved with -- and in those books MacDonald has to be able to clear the stage of all encumbrances by the end of the book in order to set up fresh scenery in the next... Judge Me Not, a fairly early book, for Gold Medal (and recently reissued) hits the theme fairly strongly, and in many ways is prototypical of those which follow.

Inasmuch as MacDonald is one of Gold Medal's top authors (I don't know how he is in sales compared with Prather, whom they lost, but he at least continued to get their promotion at a time when they were dumping lesser-knowns like Quarry right and left), I think it's pertinent to bring him up, because I think Gold Medal would be happy to have a couple dozen other writers who, while not imitating him, had what he had.

Well (Juanita, now), I'd never seen a United Parcel truck until I came to NYC, so perhaps Jock might be pardoned for thinking they exist only in Big Cities. I recall I was surprised to see one in some smallish city out in Idaho or Washington or somewhere, in 1961. Howsomever, are your UP trucks electric? Ours are...

/from Sandi/ Juanita....Paul Krassner had one of his comedy bits scheduled in Minneapolis January of '63; called me sometime before, wanting to know was there transportation to Mpls from Chicago. "Yeah," I replied, "there's a stagecoach daily, and all the tribes between are friendly ones."

In one respect, I don't see that secrecy "to mask the lack of participation" is a bad thing. After all, as various fans have pointed out, the book publishers are beginning to use the Hugos as prestige for their authors, not only for the actual winning novels but for other books by winning authors. Eventually, this may well increase an author's "take", always a Good Thing. Pointing out to the general public that a story which was "nominated for the Hugo Award in 1984" actually only got 7 nominating votes might not be too hot an idea. After all, it's the fans who care about the size of the awards, and we already know how insignificant they are. Build up the Awards, and maybe the public will learn to buy some of the books that the fans like, instead of the current trend of watering down stuff to the intelligence level of the general public. RSC

Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley, California, 94701

I guess I shouldn't be agreeing with Ted White but I found his remarks on improvement in taste as one grows older and matures quite sensible. I agreed with many of his specifics too. I can't read DOC SAVAGE now. Nor Tom Swift either when it comes to that.

The Cleveland situation is sure a mess, isn't it? First inkling we had was some time ago when I got a letter from Jason saying that Breen would be banned and Pelz said he'd gotten a letter from Don saying no one would be. I naturally assumed that they were expressing their individual opinions and no committee decision had been taken on the matter.

Then Pelz got a letter from Don and judging from his account of it it was more or less like the tape you got. However, I got a letter from Ben with a completely different story. He said that the falling out was because the Thompsons wanted to announce now that the Cleveland committee would bar no one for any reason whatsoever and that Ben wanted to wait until '66 before doing anything. I gather that in '66 Ben would have insisted on barring Breen anyhow, but the argument was not over that but over the announcement the Thompsons wanted to make.

Ben also said that he and the Thompsons talked the matter over in a perfectly friendly and rational manner and that he suggested to Don if he felt this way he should resign from the committee and form his own committee to support Breen. Ben said that at first this was a shock to Don, but that after further discussion--perfectly friendly--that Don agreed with him and that both he and the Thompsons said that this would not affect their personal relationships, etc.

Of course I don't know either Ben or the Thompsons very well, but I know them well enough to be surprised if either of them would not tell the truth about the matter. However I've heard directly from Ben and had only your and Pelz's interpretation of what the Thompsons said. Did they say anything that contradicts what Ben said above?

I'm not all that fond of the Narnia books myself. However I agree that The Last Battle is by far the poorest of them. In fact I never finished it. My favorite is The Horse and His Boy in which the theology is less intrusive than in the others.

Terry Carr did write a good deal of fan fiction. You've probably forgotten because you don't care for the stuff.

I understand that Frank Herbert does plan a sequel for DUNE WORLD and also that the original manuscript for DUNE WORLD was 120,000 words.

However, unlike Andre Norton I found the middle part of the serial the weakest, not the ending.

And speaking of Andre Norton I seem to disagree with most fans in that I don't like her Estcarplan series very much. I like her juveniles very much indeed--in fact they are the only non S.F. book club hard covers I buy these days--but I don't think the Estcarplan series is anywhere near that good. While they are of course different in plot, character, etc. The Estcarplan series reminds me of nothing so much as a watered-down Worm Ouroboros and I was never very fond of the Worm itself...

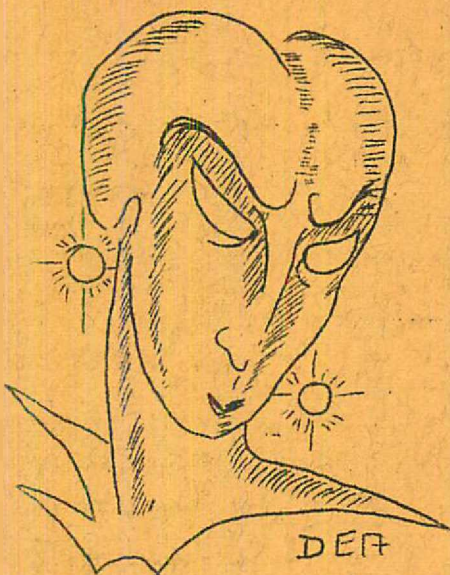
[I probably forgot Terry Carr's fan fiction because I didn't like any of Terry Carr's earlier writings and forgot them as fast as possible. Eventually he improved or I got used to his stuff, or both, but I recall mostly articles (maybe I still didn't like his fiction), which I enjoyed.

The following, for the records, is our letter from the Thompsons. RSC/

Don & Maggie Thompson, Apt. 15, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, 44115

Don and I are no longer on the planning committee for the "Cleveland in '66" movement. (And I wish we had been able to let you know before you were so wonderful as to print our ad-thing on the mimeo, etc. booklets.) The story goes like so: We got the Breendoggle stuff from Bill Donaho. We heard from all sides on the story. We considered and got in touch with Bill Thailing and Ben Jason and agreed together that, since Ohio law is not California law and since nothing had been proven and since we are not judgeandjury, Walter--and everyone else--would not be excluded from any convention that might be held in Cleveland in '66. We agreed on it, making four out of five of the committee (Frank Andrasovsky not being readily reached). No one would be excluded from the con except for things like breaking a law while in attendance at the meet. But then, without saying a word about it to us, Ben changed his mind. Walter will be excluded from the '66 sfconvention if it is held in Cleveland. Ben told others of this decision, and we were finally asked about it. Then Ben talked to us. It seems that (1) Walter is to be banned from any '66 sfcon in Cleveland, (2) Walter's innocence or guilt makes no difference in the matter, (3) Walter is to be sacrificed for the peace of the con and the concommittee--he's too controversial, and (4) we (Thompsons) always stick up for minorities. We have resigned. We could not possibly be a part of the concommittee which acts on these premises (except #4--which we take pride in). It was agreed upon the formation of the Clevention XI committee that Ben would have the final word on committee decisions, and he's had it. In order to avoid unpleasantness among committee members and fans in the area and pressure on local fans to "join up sides", we got out fast. We will not boycott a convention held in Cleveland in 1966 if one is held there: neither will we support the movement to hold it here. We're sorry the whole matter came up--very sorry--but we can't see how we could have acted otherwise.

We are continuing on our own the booklets on fan publishing--if Bjo will permit, we will do it under the general auspices of Project Art Show. We've done too much work on the project to let it go down the drain.



Don Bensen, Pyramid Books

If, in #136, by "originals" you mean "never seen in any form before," I'd pretty much have to agree with you about Pyramid's stuff-- THE TOMORROW PEOPLE and THE SPACE BARBARIANS and VENUS PLUS X are the only really notable exceptions that come to mind. But we have bought and worked on some stuff that has after we bought it as "original" showed up in the mags: THREE WORLDS TO CONQUER being one.

Thanks for the plug for THE OFFICER FACTORY. We are publishing the Gunner Asch trilogy in July, August and September.

Jack Gaughan just gave me a pack of Gold Flakes, the cigarette mentioned in (I think) every Fu Manchu book. Not much moxie to them.

If you like the preposterousness of the Fu stuff, you (or the Yandreaders) may go for John Creasey's Toff series, which we begin with in October.

[I'd forgotten Venus Plus X; that one does make up for a lot of Janifer novels. And of course there's no way to tell the first purchaser of a given story; unless some kindly editor tells us, we have to go by first publication. Hooray for Gunner Asch! DeWeese managed to pick up remaindered hardcovers of the series, but I wasn't that lucky, and at the time they were published I couldn't afford any original hardcovers. (Incidentally, DeWeese also had kind words for The Officer Factory; now if Bob Briney liked it, it's an authentic classic, since the three of us agree only on rare occasions....the only agreements I can think of offhand were on William Sloane's To Walk The Night and Edge of Running Water.) RSC/

Lewis J. Grant, Jr., 5333 Dorchester Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60615

My eye trouble has been giving me typewriting trouble, since my arms were longer than my span of vision for a while. However, the eye at last seems to be improving. Moreover, my other eye, which I had given up for lost decades ago is improving dramatically. I am doing interesting exercises which consist of inking in the centers of "O's" in the papers (driving the next reader crazy), and I am getting to the point where I can read fairly well with the right eye. I am seeing one doctor for the left eye and his son for the right eye. Ah, this age of specialization. Anyway, I am now to the point where I can read what I am typerizing.

I suggest that E.E.Evers think up some good ideas for handling the problem of too many people-not enough jobs. We are going to need a lot of hard thinking on the subject, and Real Soon Now. I will have to get out "Beyond This Horizon" and refresh my memory. The only idea I remember from the economics was the Big Boondoggles to keep people at work, and the computer-controlled currency, which was inflated just so... People have seriously suggested the computer-controlled inflation, which would attempt to equate the money to the

'real wealth' (what-ever that is).

In my opinion, classical economics is a sort of Ptolmaic system. It is perfectly sound, perfectly logical - but it doesn't describe the real world. There are (or seem to be) two huge holes in classical economic theory. One is that apparently man-hours expended is supposed to equal value of wealth created. This is not so. The other is that violation of economic laws will eventually catch up with you. This may be true, but the three law of thermodynamics can be violated for billions of years - look at stars - and maybe the laws of economics can be, too. At least for thousands of years. One thing that economics doesn't handle very well is the concept of digging wealth out of the ground in the form of minerals, coal, oil, uranium, etc. The second is "knowledge" in the sense of inventions that raise efficiency, etc. If your "wealth" is a big pile of coal, and you put in a more efficient boiler, what has happened to your "wealth"?

I am revolutionary, you are rebellious, he is revolting.

Your remarks on the gun problem are very apropos. I dislike guns in many ways, but I also dislike silly and unworkable laws even more. I have figured out some very beautiful gun control laws, but then figured how I would get around them.

"We stand behind our product." - motto of Smith and Wesson

I was very much interested to read about the new chemical which is specifically toxic to rats. A dose (per kg) twenty times higher than the amount needed to kill a rat will not faze a mouse or all sorts of other animals. What worries me is that the mouse and the rat are quite closely related, while Man is a very peculiar animal, and very far from any other animal in physiology, especially those used to test new drugs and chemicals. There are thousands of new drugs being tested each year, but not together!

Remember the famous robot Adam Link? I understand he has a brother working at the World's Fair, name of Abraham Link. Disney has done such a good job with Dishonest Abe that they are going to double the guards next April 14. So much stuff is being bought on credit cards at the fair that Moses is worried that his people are worshipping the golden cuff.

I was interested to read about the hot shadows on Jupiter, in last week's Time. Unfortunately, it will probably turn out to be an artifact.

Just started reading Farnham's Freehold, and cavil at the first few paragraphs. First of all, the U.S. Army is pretty dumb, but I can't imagine the army shouting: "We are going to be H-bombed in fifteen minutes. All personnel report to stations." Secondly, I doubt that even today a human body could come thru a blast that would wreck an emergency-type radio. Ten years from now, or whenever Farnham's Fantasy is set, it would take a lot of hard labor to do much to a radio. They were shooting them out of cannon twenty years ago.

/I've received a lot of comments (all unfavorable) on Farnham's Freehold, but I



REG
289

absolutely refuse to read a serial until it's concluded. I still have vivid memories of the first installment of Poul Anderson's The Escape in SPACE SCIENCE FICTION in 1953, and then having the magazine fold and not being able to finish the story until Ballantine published it as Brain Wave in 1954. A thing like that can produce traumas, especially since it was a good novel. RSC7

Phil Salin, 15 Ross St., San Rafael, California, 94901

Rob Williams' tale at least has a happy ending. I walked into a store in Stockton one day when I was about 10. Same sinister old man, same dim light...and in the back, from dimmer memory, I recall piles of 'junk' which I pushed aside, nasty things that were grimy to the touch and shed all over you.

So I waded back into the front room and spent a quarter on Point Ultimate and a part of Have Spacsuit Will Travel in F&SF. Later, when I knew better, I never quite took the initiative to go back, and about a year or three ago, I hear, the place was cleaned out: Sigh.

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

I think the trouble with symbolic writing is language. The association of certain words and combination of words might be chock full of meaning to the author, you, and the little old lady next door, but incomprehensible to me because the words and phrases would have different associations. (I think I'd better explain that I'm really not qualified to open my mouth on the subject. But that didn't stop me.)

I also see that I'm guilty of fuzzy writing. I was wondering whether Golding was making Piggy the scapegoat on which to pin all the troubles of the world, or whether the other characters made Piggy the scapegoat for all their troubles, according to Rosemary Hickey. She wasn't too clear about her meaning in the article.

By the way, for those who don't know, Golding has a new one out, called The Spire, which is garnering all manner of raves from the reviewers. I haven't read it, but from the reviews and the blurb, it appears to be about an abbot or something who wants to build a spire umpteen feet high, and an architect who says it can't be done, that faith won't hold it up.

/Sounds horrible...

RSC7

Andy Zerbe, 3154 DuPont St., Montgomery 6, Ala.

There was an editorial in the afternoon paper a few days ago about those displaced Indians. The editor didn't know much about it, having gotten all his info on it from the magazine Iron Age. However, he said that if the editors of Iron Age thought it serious enough to write about it, the treatment the Indians were getting must be bad. Iron Age is a house publication of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Div. of United States Steel.

For your information, Gardner Fox is still writing historicals. I believe he does several of them every year under various pen names. Also he does a lot of writing for National Periodicals Publications, publishers of DC comics.

/Someone else mentioned that this Iron Age editorial was full of misinformation. I was going to look it up, but someone had removed it from the engineering department copy of the mag before I got to it. RSC7

Strange Fruit



ERB-DOM #8 and #10 (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., 2350 East Contour Dr., Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70809 - semi-annual - 4 for \$1) He also has air mail rates, but why anyone would pay extra for rapid delivery of a semi-annual mag is beyond me. Four years ago, I got the first issue of ERB-DOM. My review wasn't too favorable (though I didn't say what I thought, which was that it was a fine example of unintentional humor) and Caz didn't send any more. (Which is sensible; the editors who amaze me are the ones who bitch loudly about my reviews but continue to send me their fanzines.) At any rate, these are the first issues I've seen since #1, and the improvement is tremendous. The articles are still of little interest to non-Burroughs fans, but they're better written now -- the only funny one is John Harwood's commentary on the names of Burroughs' characters, and for all I know it may be intentionally humorous. The artwork is lovely; I don't care much for MacDonald's work, but the rest is excellent (it should be, being by people like Reed Crandall, Larry Ivie, Al Williamson, Roy Krenkel, Frank Frazetta, Bill Pearson, etc.) Issue #10 is particularly recommended to general fans, as it's almost entirely artwork. Remembering that first issue, I was rather surprised and amused to see that ERB-DOM had made the Hugo ballot this year; now I see why. It deserves it. (But it doesn't deserve to win; votes on the final ballot should go to AMRA, which has slightly better artwork and far better articles on the same general sword-and-sorcery field.) Rating....7

CRY #174 (Cry, Box 92, 507 Third Avenue, Seattle, Washington 98104 - final issue - 25¢) The editors announce that barring accidents -- such as Boeing deciding that they don't want Wally Weber in Huntsville after all -- this is the last of CRY. (Gee, that means that we can drop YANDRO after issue 175.....) Back issues are still available for newcomers, however. I'm sorry to see it go, even if they did fill up the final issue with trip reports -- on Weber's TAFF trip -- by Weber, John Berry and Ella Parker. It always had such fascinating little items; like Mark Irwin's comment in this issue about walking into the Russian Embassy wearing one of Boardman's "I Am A Russian Spy" cards and inquiring who he should report to. Rating....7

INTROSPECTION #8 (Mike Domina, 11044 So. Tripp Avenue, Oak Lawn, Illinois 60453 - irregular - 20¢) I don't really know why, but this issue struck me as one of the most entertaining fanzines that I've read in a long time. On sober analysis, the material isn't really outstanding, though it's good enough. The artwork is also good but not exceptional, and only the reproduction could be considered impeccable. Possibly it's because Mike and all his authors (except Lupoff, who is pushing for revisions in Hugo balloting) are being relaxed and entertaining and not trying to tell me that their material is of vital importance. Some fanzine editors are so dedicated to publishing a Message -- whether about an improvement in science fiction or a change in the nation's morals -- that neither they nor their readers get much fun out of their mags. Rating...7

THE SCARR #4 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave., Bangor, Northern Ireland - no price or schedule listed) George's love of bad verse leads this time to several pages from the works of William McGonagall. I hadn't heard of this poet before, but Juanita hauled out one of her books, Disaster At Dundee, and found several more verses relating to the Tay Bridge. (The bridge collapsed; possibly from the weight of McGonagall's verse.) The book refers to him, presumably in irony, as "The Great McGonagall". Incidentally, I'm now in the market for a copy of the Poetic Gems title George refers to, if it doesn't cost too much. The remaining humor seems rather pale this time; I'm not sure if it's actually not as good as usual, or if it's merely overshadowed by the Dundee poet. Recommended highly to anyone with the same tastes in bad literature that I have. Rating...6

MINAC #14 (Ted White, 339 49th. St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11220, and Les Gerber - monthly - three 4¢ stamps per issue) A newsletter and journal of editorial opinion. Generally it covers various subjects on science fiction and fandom; this issue is almost totally devoted to a defense of Walter Breen. (And while in general it seems fairly sensible to an outsider, I'm amused by one particular instance of slanted comment. A parody of the original Boondoggle is praised as "a devastating satire", while a parody of Ted's reply to Boondoggle is "ostensibly issued in equal fun and games, but recognizable ... as a careful parody". In other words, parodies of the opposition are great, but when you start in on me, it isn't funny any more.) I'm beginning to wonder, however, at the insistence of both accusers and defense on building up the legal aspects. The assumption seems to be that it's perfectly all right to associate with child molesters as long as you don't get involved legally. I want to see some proof of whether he is, or isn't; the hell with whether or not the Con Committee could get sued. If he is, then I don't see that a threat of legal action should be needed to force the Committee into action. If he isn't, then threatened legal action is irrelevant.

Rating...5

SKYHACK NEWSLETTER is a parody of the British newsmag SKYRACK. I gather that it was put out by Colin Freeman, and it's a good parody, but I doubt if there are any left.

HARLEQUIN (Ella Parker, 43 William Dunbar House, Albert Road, Kilburn, West London, N.W. 6, England) It's published by John Berry, but he says copies are obtainable from Ella; I haven't the vaguest idea why. Price is "half a crown at least". I think that's 2/6, which would be 35¢. Send at least 40¢ to cover overseas postage. This is a one-shot fanzine, with all proceeds going to TAFF. (For newcomers; that's Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, the organization which each year pays the expenses of one fan, either American or British, on a trip across the Atlantic. More details on request.) Material consists of 9 items by Berry, both fiction and ... err... fact? but all humorous, plus 8 full-page and numerous smaller illustrations by Atom (Arthur Thomson). I wouldn't call it the best of Berry, but even the worst of Berry is generally pretty good (and this isn't the worst, either). It's worth your money.

Rating...8

CAMBER #14 (Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England - terribly infrequent - 25¢) This certainly contains a wide variety of material. Mike Moorcock writes some of the background of his popular "Elric" fantasy series, an art-folio by Jim Cawthorn based on the movie "Cleopatra", a terribly literate argument between John Rackham and John Baxter over which one of them is full of hot air (I think they both are, so I enjoyed this piece tremendously), reviews of monster magazines and home movie fanzines, not to mention horror fanzines and monster movies, fiction and an editorial. There certainly should be something in here for everybody, though I can't think of anyone (outside of Alan) who would like every single item in the mag.

Rating..6

HYPHEN #35 (Walt and Madelaine Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland - no price or schedule listed, and I'm not going to dig thru back issues to find one. Besides, I'm at work and the back issues are home.) This is one of the standards of fanzine publishing. Any humorous fanzine is likely to be graded by how well it stacks up against HYPHEN. About half of this issue is taken up with an installment of Walt's report on his trip to the US, but Walt is one of the few people who can make trip reports interesting. Bob Shaw writes about his father; this is the sort of thing that makes best-seller lists over here. There is a large and international letter column.

Rating...7½

THE BUG EYE #13 (Rolf C. Gindorf, 5603 Wulfrath, Hans-Böckler-Str. 52, Deutschland - irregular - for trade or comment, but not money) In the 9 months or so since the last issue, I'd completely forgotten this fanzine, so its arrival equates with the unexpected appearance of an old friend (or an old acquaintance, at least). It's almost entirely letters. Surprisingly, considering their age, most of them are still comprehensible. There is also an editorial, and a discussion of ethics., but the letters, giving an indication of what European fandom is like, are the major item. (It's published in English, so you can tell what you're reading without resort to a language course.)

Rating....5

BEYOND #5 (Charles Platt, 8 Sollershott West, Letchworth, Herts., England - irregular - 15¢ - US Agent, Richard Mann, 131 Belt Rd., APO 845, New York, N.Y. 09845) Charles is one of the newer fans who dislikes a large part of today's fandom. However, instead of complaining at nauseous length about how he's being mistreated and abused (as several US fans have been known to do) he is producing his own fanzine, devoted to fan fiction and occasional criticism of stf, attracting a group of other fans who feel the same way, and may even end up by becoming an influence in fandom. I don't much agree with his ideas, but I think he's doing a good job of carrying them out. (The I tend to snicker at some of the letters he gets, complaining that he fails to run enough material pertaining to science fiction.) Anyway, if you think that YANDRO doesn't run enough fiction, go read BEYOND. It does. Rating...5

FIASCO (Dennis Lien, Lake Park, Minnesota - one-shot - 15¢) College stf clubs seem to be on the upswing; this is the output of the Moorhead State College group. It's a small fanzine, but then, it's a small college. Co-editors listed include Richard Mikkelsen, Marvin Mattson, Larry McCrank (what a perfect name for a fan) and Gordon Miller. Material ranges from serious fiction to a contribution from Lien which reminds me of nothing so much as early Thomas Stratton. (The plot is lousy, but it serves to carry the outrageous plays on words....not brilliant plays, but outrageous ones.) I enjoyed it. Rating...4

COMM'L (Fred Haskell, 3450 Zarthan Ave., St. Louis Park, Minnesota 55416 - 20¢ - monthly, they say - issue #3) I wonder if this whole thing isn't a big fat practical joke? A picture of Steve Allen? An editor replies to a question about his impressions of the magazine by giving his impressions of the magazine's editors? Those poems? Naah. Haskell is probably a pen-name for Dennis Lien, who is putting us on. (Seriously, Fred is probably a fine type fan, but I'm afraid he isn't much of an editor.) Rating...2

WARLOCK #4 (Larry Montgomery, 2629 Norwood Ave., Anniston, Alabama 36204 - quarterly - 15¢) Not really a lot here. Somebody named Joe Schlatter has a pretty good piece of fiction. John Putnam has a poem that falters somewhat at the finish, but still comes out pretty well. There is more material, but there might as well not be. Artwork and reproduction are good! A few years ago I'd have called it "average", but I think the average has gone up in the meantime. Rating...4

KIPPLE #59 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21212 - monthly or better - 20¢) One of our leading political journals ("our" of course meaning "fandom's", not "the nation's"). This seems to be a better issue than the last few, or possibly I'm just in a better mood. From the Supreme Court to Indian international policy. Rating...6

POINTING VECTOR #20, KNOWABLE #7 (John Boardman, 592 16th. St., Brooklyn, New York 11218 - irregular - 25¢) PV is our other leading political journal, more fiery and with less of an air of calm reason than KIPPLE. I'm overjoyed to see Sarge Smith in the lettercolumn; he and Boardman being about as far apart politically as it's possible to get. (Unfortunately, Smith depends 90% on invective and only rarely comes up with a pertinent comment.) KNOWABLE is John's stfmag, with material ranging from an article on relativity complete with equations, to an endless continuing shaggy dog story. In between these two poles there is quite a bit of material which I enjoyed. (Maybe I should mention that the price is 25¢ each, not 25¢ for both magazines in one economy-size package.) Rating...6

"Fandom will find its witches, too." ...Eckhard D. Marwitz

NATTERJACK #2 (Len Bailes, 1729 Lansdale Dr., Charlotte, North Carolina - no price or schedule listed) Mostly reviews of the last N'APA mailing, but a few outside items. (And I see on the back he's written that it's sent as a trade, so maybe it shouldn't be reviewed at all. Anyway, you know it's published; write the editor for details.

NIEKAS #8 (Ed Meskys, c/o Norm Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley, Calif. 94701 - quarterly - no price listed) This is one of the very few N'APA publications that I've seen that is consistently worth an outsider's time to read. There is quite a bit of material -- generally good material -- on science fiction, plus some on politics, opera, and various other fannish themes. There is a long article on Andre Norton, who has apparently just been enthusiastically discovered by fan writers. (Don't expect one here; we had ours back in Oct. '61.) There are comments on the "Elric" series and on High Castle. And, in a brief commentary on a neofan party in his editorial, Ed points out why neos occasionally have a hard time wangling invitations to "big-name" parties -- some of them behave so obnoxiously when they do get in. (Meskys doesn't draw this parallel, by the way; he is just commenting on the antics of a bunch of clods. But it occurred to me immediately, because of the complaints of "fannish cliques" that have been raised; largely in the N3F). In general, a good fanzine; I must write a letter of comment some day.

Rating.....7

STARLING #2 (Hank Luttrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Sta. Rd., Kirkwood, Missouri - quarterly - 30¢ - co-editors, Tim Eklund and Roger Cox) This is Eklund's work; next issue will be by Luttrell and I assume that money sent to any of the three will eventually reach the right place. Anyway, Eklund is moving to Germany...err, pardon me, Rolf; Deutschland. There is an awful lot of fiction in here -- I'm tempted to say "a lot of awful fiction", but some of it isn't too bad. If I wasn't up to here with fan fiction -- I'm reading most of these fanzines as I review them, which is a pretty horrible way to spend an evening -- I might even like some of it. What the hell -- if you like fiction, here it is.

LES SPINGE #13 (Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Road, Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs., England - irregular - 2/3; that's 31½¢. Send 40¢) This is the first fanzine I've seen in a long time that was so big it had to be broken into two installments. 100 pages, plus the 4 covers, one of them looking to be hand-colored. Lots of everything. The first section is the usual fanzine variety, with some beautiful artwork and good reproduction. Second section contains a con report, which I didn't read on principle (and because I've just read 40 fanzines in 3 days) and the letter column. Just noticed; he says send sub money to Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcs., England, who is the new publisher. Anyway, get this issue; they may never have another one.

Rating....9

NEW ADDRESSES

Don & Maggie Thompson, Apt. 15, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44115
Vic Ryan, P.O. Box 674, Manteno, Illinois 60950
Bruce Robbins, 58 Revonah Ave., Stamford Connecticut
Joe Pilati, c/o Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel Ave., Omaha 11, Nebraska (after 6/28)
Also note Charles Wells' new address in the fanzine reviews, and I specifically promised to publish a change of address for Bill Plott and now I can't find his letter. Maybe it will turn up in time to get it on some other page; look carefully.

I always feel better about the intelligence of American fans after reading something by John Rackham or Ian Peters.

(END)