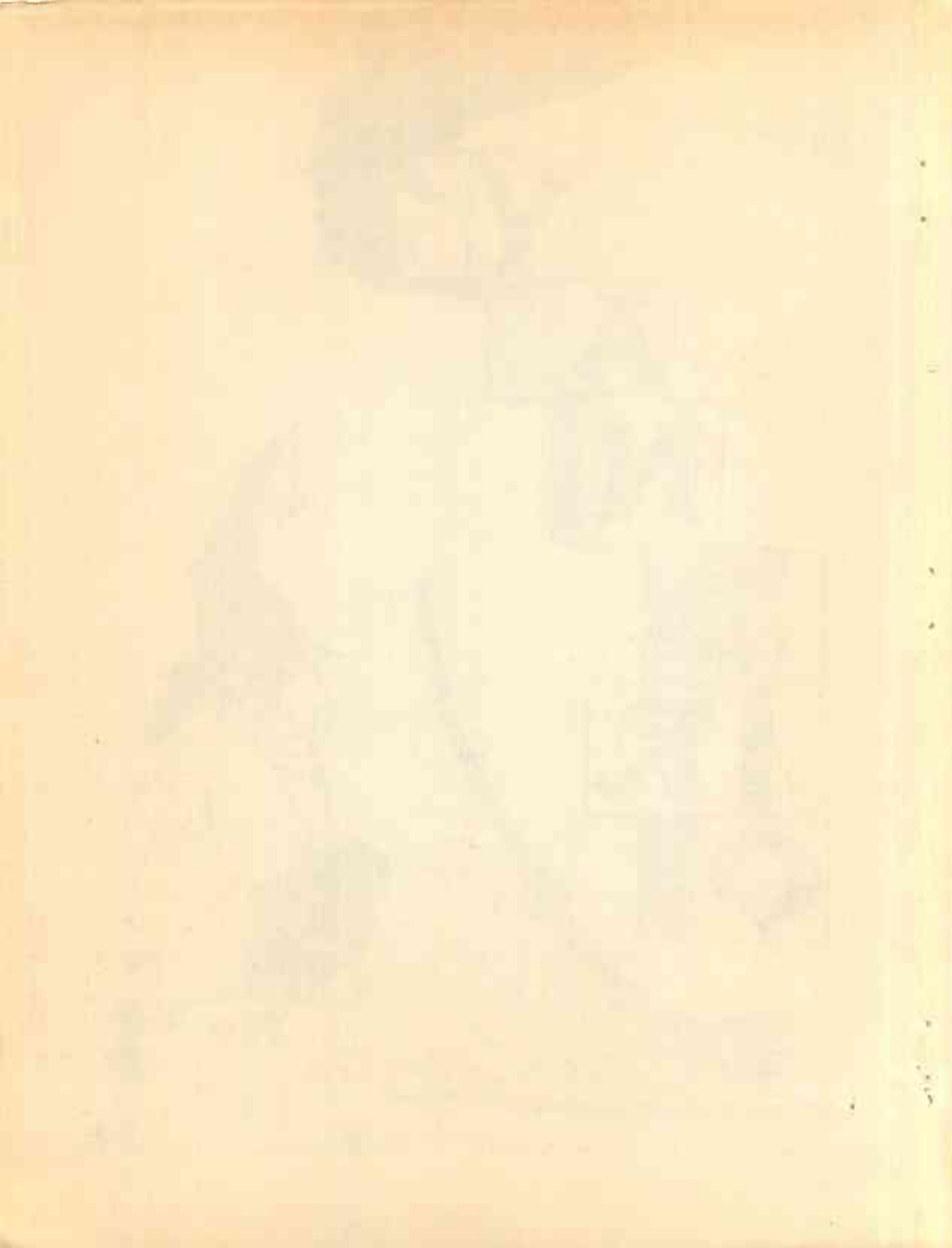


Jim
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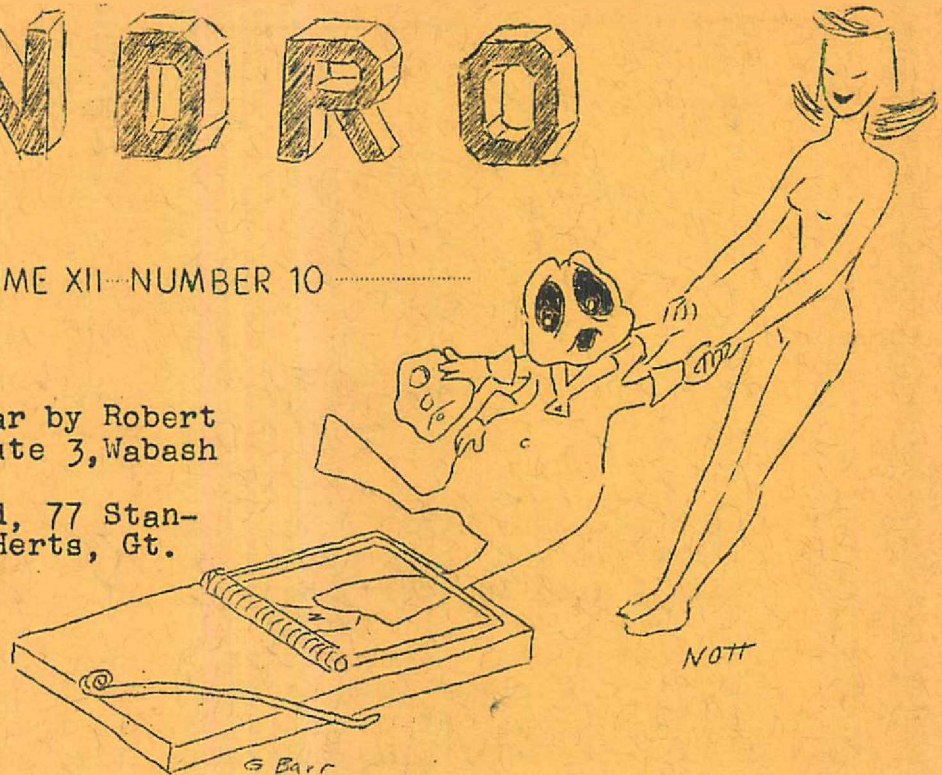
YANDRO

141

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NEW ADDRESS: Mike Domina, Box 230, 71 East 32nd. St., Chicago, Illinois 60616

James Adams corrects the last Rumblings, informing us that there is a Wabash, Ohio. Is nothing sacred? RSC

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Some months back, Alan Dodd put on tape for us a routine from a British radio program; this was three skits revolving around a punch line of "I wonder whatever it was I broke..."

Well, I feel a little bit that way myself as regards health -- I Wonder Whatever It Is I've Got.

Several weeks ago (I've lost all track of time about this -- lost, lost in the trackless wilderness of crumpled Kleenexes...) my

mother caught this Whatever It Is. Her case was pretty severe, and I went down to visit and cheer up and generally try to be helpful. Of course I didn't need to worry about myself -- I'm strong as a horse, ain't I?

I wasn't. About a week later, I developed a slightly different version of the thing -- feeling just as blah, but in a different way. So I high myself to my local Hippocrates, sit in the waiting room with ump-teen other coughing snuffling redeyed victims and finally get my throat, ears and eyes looked at.

"My, you've really got it, haven't you.....?" What? What have I got? So far I haven't found out -- I suspect the medics don't have a name for it yet, or something. Or perhaps there's a name and I couldn't pronounce it with a sore throat. Or...

Anyway, whatever it is I've got, it's stubborn. I faithfully took my pills and my penicillin shot and a week later developed a new wrinkle on the case history -- the stupid stuff settled in my sinuses. Back to "Hmm, still got It, eh?" More pills, different color, and of the sort that includes a chart to tell you when and how many to take (no where does it say what dire consequences will ensure if you should take one after the meal on the second day instead of two -- presumably you don't get to take one giant step).

That cleared out -- some -- now I have a lump on the roof of my mouth, and I still have a sore throat. I also have a new batch of pills, and I still have Whatever It Is. At this rate, I'll still be reporting developments next editorial.

I realize people who babble on about their ailments are terrible bores, but the problem is, nothing's happened to me -- except I've been sick.

But perhaps that's because while I was lying around feeling bloog and with nothing much to do, I idly picked up some issues of IF lying around and read FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD. Ah, to be in a position where one could write anything and sell it. It needn't be coherent or complete or the slightest bit logical. I have the feeling Heinlein is identifying with his characters more and more as time goes on, as this reader finds herself sympathizing less and less. I'm all for the narrative hook, but this thing is ridiculous.

Something else I read while I was sick (and considerably more enjoyable than the last mentioned it was, too) was Harold Lamb's BABUR THE TIGER (Bantam - 60¢) I usually do enjoy Lamb's methodical, carefully detailed biographies, although he does tend to try to be so impartial he frequently teeters on the brink of boredom. But I have the mental picture of Lamb sitting in some dusty library in the Far East, pouring over diaries and travel journals (in the original Sanskrit or whatever and being sure to apologize because his translation doesn't agree perfectly with the 11th Century version by Ho Pinh Chin or some such.

I'm not sure if it's Lamb's writing, the particular subjects of his biographies or a simple truth -- but one receives the impression while reading accounts of Babur, Suleiman and other such leaders that history is an idiot plot. No Great Man theory of history. No right place at the right time coincidence. Simply a sensation that this particular mortal had been selected by capricious fate for a role of destiny. Again and again the actions of the characters, and frequently their own words, portray them as inept, bumbling people who fell into position of leadership.

Again and again the reader sees described a great battle or a palace flareup, a political entrapment from which there is no earthly, logical reason for the protagonist to survive, much less emerge a world leader. The others on the scene are smarter, craftier, wealthier, have greater armies -- in short, the hero seems to have nothing going for him.

This is particularly noticeable in the works of Lamb, because he is so painstakingly careful not to be partisan -- not to let hindsight let him say: "See, here are the seeds of greatness. This is why this man became memorable."

So perhaps it isn't all that farfetched for Heinlein to write so illogically about his heroes of the future. But of course, fiction is supposed to be art, not life. Surely Heinlein's theme couldn't be that all heroism and self-sufficiency is futile, and it doesn't make any difference what his central character does because he has been touched by fate?

For good or ill, by the time you receive this the electioneering will be over for some time to come. In this state, such will be a blessing. Indiana takes its politics very seriously on a grass-roots level, and not only do we get deluged with slogans, charges and countercharges on the national level, but all the candidates on local and state level as well advertise, button hole, set arguments going on street corners and generally stir up sore feelings. There has been much pasting of candidates' stickers over stop signs, scratching opponents' bumpers, handing out campaign literature and debates over coffee cups.

For someone who dotes on peace and harmony in everyday relations, this is distinctly unpleasant, and my non-committal, you-may-be-right smile for going to the laundromat and buying cookies at the bakery is wearing out (my facial muscles are already sore from this infection, and my teeth are getting blued -- that's what happens when bugs spatter). So may everyone get the candidate he deserves.... JWC



Howard Devore came thru with his usual barter subscription recently. Among the goodies I garnered this time was The Green Man Of Greypac, by Festus Pragnell. I got it mostly because I'm fascinated by the author's name, but the story itself turned out to be much better than I expected of a stf "classic" from 1935. I'm surprised that no paperback publisher has picked it up. The alleged scientific background is similar to Ray

Cummings' Girl In The Golden Atom (which has had a pb edition), while the writing is superior to anything Cummings ever did. (It still isn't great science fiction, but if you make a few allowances for the time it was written, it turns out very well.) Another gem was the FPCI edition of The Radium Pool, by Ed Earl Repp. I was hoping this would be as funny as some of the other writing of the period; it wasn't, quite, but it has its moments. The book contains 3 stories; "The Radium Pool", "The Phantom Of Terror", and "The Red Dimension". "The Phantom Of Terror" is a shade the worst of the three, and has a much larger proportion of funny lines.

"It was a rolling, uneven world, covered with a tall violet lush..."

"This tall lush might harbor anything."

("The Phantom Of Terror"; Repp)

Of course, as old-time fans are fond of telling us, science fiction in those days differed from that of today because it contained Real Science.

"It takes at least eight hours for blood to coagulate." (Phantom)

"The chamber was luminous with the strange pale green color. In the center spun a huge glowing sphere and it was surrounded by smaller spheres, each spinning in an atmosphere of its own -- like the earth -- with its suns and moons revolving around it." (from "The Radium Pool" -- do you suppose anyone ever told Repp about Copernicus?)

Jay Klein sent along a copy of a letter of apology that he has sent to all the people he knows of who paid in advance for his Photo Annual #3. Just in case he missed anyone who might possibly be a YANDRO reader, the gist of the letter is that the photo section has been printed, and the text section has not been printed because Frank Prieto first decided to print it himself rather than pay a professional printer, and then didn't get around to doing the work. Jay also claims to be having more than a little difficulty in prying the materials away from Prieto in order to get them published himself, and while he hopes to get the thing done eventually, he will cheerfully make refunds if anyone is tired of waiting and wants his money back. (After you've been in fandom awhile, you learn to avoid "special pre-publication offers" like the plague. It's much safer to wait until the material is printed, assembled, stapled, and can be handed to you when you hand over your money. Even when the publisher-to-be is perfectly sincere, there can be long delays..... is anyone still waiting to see Volume 2 of the Day Index? That was supposed to be published in 1960, wasn't it?) Incidentally, I am not vouching for the accuracy of Jay's statements; I don't see any particular reason to doubt him, but I'll remain cautious until I hear what Prieto has to say, if anything.

Bob Briney notes that Farmer's Tongues Of The Moon originally appeared as a novelet in the Sept. '61 AMAZING. After looking up the issue in question, I guess I must have read the story then, and completely forgotten it before the book appeared. At a rough appraisal, I'd class it as an unmemorable story.

Gene DeWeese reports that he purchased a copy of GAMMA #3 in Milwaukee, so the magazine hasn't folded, after all.

Does anyone know the whereabouts of Rob Williams? My last letter to his St. Louis address came back marked "Moved-Left No Address". If it had been a fanzine I would have blamed careless postal employees, but they usually try to deliver letters.

Charles Platt objected violently to my comments on fannish and serious fans in YANDRO 139. Fans who are the most liberal with their criticisms of others always seem to be the ones who can't take criticism of themselves at all. At least, there's one cruddy fanzine I won't have to bother with any more.

The cover on this issue has an interesting history. Juanita decided that it had too much solid black on it for mimeographing, so I said I'd make a multilith plate for it. The first effort ended when I ran the original through the developing bath instead of the photo-copying area, resulting in a rather interestingly smeared sheet of paper. There was enough left for me to trace, so I spent a couple of noon hours laboriously copying it. (Juanita was sick in bed at the time, so I couldn't turn the copy-work over to her.) I got a plate on the second attempt, and then made a futile round of the commercial printers in Wabash, trying to find one with a machine that would handle this particular plate. No luck. I finally summoned my courage and asked Honeywell's chief multilith operator, Wayne Adams, if he would run the plate for me after hours if I'd supply the paper. He did, and the results look pretty good, I think. (I'm not sure what Cawthorn's reaction will be.)

The addressing machine works fine; subscribers please check the subscription code included in your address on the envelope to find out when you need to send money. (I'll still send cards when and if I cancel any trades or contributors' copies.) If you get an envelope with a mailing label pasted on, you either (a) sent for one sample issue, (b) are receiving a one-for-one trade for your fanzine, or (c) are on the receiving end of one of my whims. (If you have a pasted-on mailing label with a subscription code on it, you're Dwain Kaiser and there's nothing I can do about it.) The subscription code lists issue number, rather than date, of expiration. For the curious, the addresser is more of a tool than a machine. There's a file case of address cards, and a hand tool which is used to transfer the address from the card to the envelope. It's considerably easier and faster than typing, licking and sticking on address labels every issue, and I don't end up with a mouthful of glue.

Several fans have mentioned "Outer Limits" this year, both approvingly and disapprovingly. We haven't seen it; in this area, at least, it conflicts with "Flipper", and getting to see "Flipper" is one of Bruce's rewards for behaving himself. How is science fiction on tv this year, anyway? Did Harlan single-handedly rejuvenate "Outer Limits" with his scripts as he threatened to do, or is it the same old stuff?

Pseudonyms department: At the Midwestcon, Joe Hensley and Alexei Panshin were chuckling over a story they had written jointly and sold to F&SF; title being "Dark Conception". The story appeared in the November issue under the byline "Louis J.A. Adams" -- I haven't the vaguest idea why, unless it was because F&SF didn't have room for two names on the contents page (it was pretty crowded). We'll be back in a couple of weeks, I hope.

....RSC

A DORIC COLUMN

from

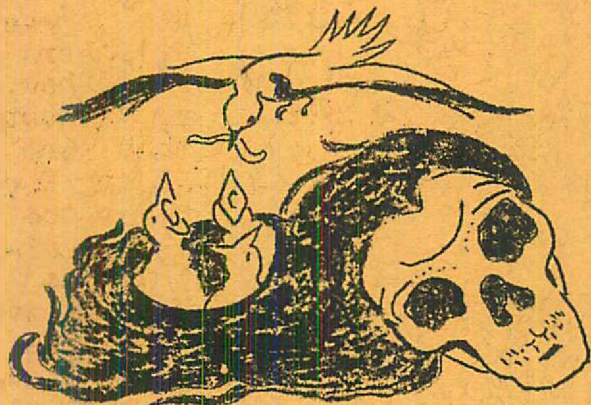
bob tucker

Copperheads of the World, Unite!

If you are like me (but if you're smart, you aren't) and enjoy reading that short column in the daily paper dealing with news of the past, perhaps you too have been educated by certain by-products of the War Between the States, a war which reached its climax just about a hundred years ago. I am now a two-bit authority on Copperheads. Our local newspaper publishes a daily Time Was column, reprinting one brief local or national news item from each of four periods: 25 years, 50 years, 75 years, and 100 years ago today.

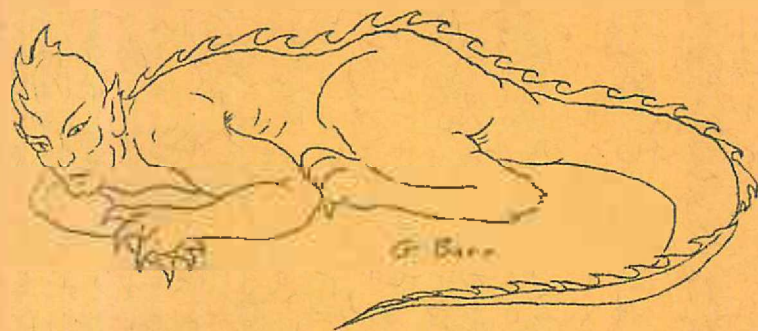
The lead-off item dealing with news events of only a quarter-century ago is seldom interesting, unless by chance they happen to mention something I witnessed or took part in. Such as the day the "Illinois Central depot" streetcar took a curve too fast and flipped over on its side; I remembered watching a work crew right the car and put it back on the tracks. The 50-year item tends to be one of two things of late: either it is a story detailing the terrible time some Bloomington native experienced while getting out of France and finding passage home ("We sat up on deck all night, watching for those dreadful U-boats"), or it is an account of a positively wonderful show which played at the Grand Opera House last night. Nothing much exciting was happening 75 years ago today; no European war, no desperate flights homeward, no patriotic rallies to raise money for this or that embroiled nation. Rather, ladies were having teas and poetry readings, and Mr. Somebody's horse was running away, wrecking the rig. But the items from a century ago (slightly before I was born, granddaughter) are little gems to treasure. Copperheads were abroad in the land, and Mr. Lincoln was having a devil of a time raising armies to fight the war -- each county had a quota, and to meet that quota most counties were offering bonuses to enlistees, which in turn led to a peculiar abuse: men floated from one county to another, offering to sign for the highest bidder.

Sept. 19, 1864: "The great demonstration of the Copperheads came off on Saturday. For weeks the little leaders have been laboring to draw together a big crowd. About 1200 persons were present during the speeches and 200 or 300 more were hanging around the street and the saloons. In the evening there was a fine show of torches, about 250 in the procession. John T. Stewart, our present Congressman, made a feeble speech, seeming ashamed to face an audience he



had so cruelly deceived. Following him was the notorious Major Charley Willard of Chicago."

The term Copperhead has been appearing frequently in the column during the past few years, always in connection with the war, the political activity of the day, or the slave problem in Illinois. Only a few weeks prior to the above quote, another one was published, relating to the 1864 Democratic National Convention, in Chicago. The Democrats that year nominated a couple of men named George B. McClellan and G.H. Pendleton, to run against Lincoln and Johnson. (They got beat.) Another little story said that the Chicago & Alton railroad had made available a special train to transport Democrats from this part of the state, and that a certain Bloomington bigwig refused to ride the train after taking one look at the seedy Democrats and browhard Copperheads on board. He didn't want to be seen in such scurvy company. Other references have repeatedly noted the poor clothing and rough manners of the Democrats and Copperheads of that day; one gathers they were largely clods and peasants, akin to science fiction faaans.



After all that, I had to know about Copperheads.

(But first, I turned up a curious footnote to history I hadn't known before. Technically, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Johnson did not run as Republicans in that wartime election, despite what the partisan drumbeaters may claim today. Abraham Lincoln was a newly-minted Republican; he had been baptized into some church, and had joined the newly-organized Illinois Republican Party, only about eight years before. The two events, happening only weeks apart, were credited with lighting the anti-slavery fire beneath him. Andrew Johnson was a War Democrat, but what he was doing in that other party I know not. The Republican National Convention of 1864 temporarily set aside their name and adopted another label, "The Union Party." It was under this latter banner that Lincoln ran for re-election.

It may have been a proud and lonely thing to be a Copperhead during the Civil War years, but it was about as popular a stand as casting votes against Walter Breen today. Copperheads, also called Peace Democrats in polite society, were those northern Democrats who didn't support the War Between the States, and who loudly advocated peace with the Confederacy. Some of them were truly sympathetic to the Southern cause, but others didn't care a moldy fig about the cause -- for one reason or another, all were opposed to the war and wanted it stopped immediately, without regard to the political consequences. I suppose that meant they were willing to live in a divided nation, somewhat like North and South Korea. The Copperheads were a minority group, of course, and as such had to take their lumps from neighbors and newspapers. In Illinois, in addition to notorious speeches and fiery torchlight parades, some of them assisted in the capture of runaway slaves and helped return those slaves to their Southern owners -- always remembering to collect the rewards.

Prior to the end of the war, Illinois had what was known as a "Black Law," designed to make life tough for the Negro. Law officers were directed to capture and hold any Negro who could not prove he was a free

man, and thereafter any one of three things was likely to happen to the unlucky fellow. His Southern owner could claim the slave as a runaway, and haul him off home; or in some mysterious manner the prisoner would disappear from jail, and later safely reappear in Wisconsin or Canada; or the unclaimed man could be sold at auction to defray the expense of feeding him while in jail. I've located one published account to show that at least one Negro was auctioned off to satisfy that last demand. In Chicago, in 1842, a runaway was put on the block to pay the city of Chicago for his board and bed; an unhappy sheriff was charged with the task, and the crowd around the block was not in sympathy with what was happening. The sale lasted only a few minutes, with the sheriff quickly selling the prisoner for 25¢ to a Chicago lawyer. The lawyer promptly set the Negro free.

Illinois was divided in sentiment because it was so infernally long, geographically, and contained both Northerners and Southerners within its borders. The southernmost end, dubbed "Little Egypt," was a cotton-raising stronghold of rebellious beliefs, and in many ways it remains that today -- Negroes have only a little more freedom than they do in the deep South. The town of Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, was openly advocating its desire to join the Confederacy; it was prevented from doing so only because it was quickly occupied by a column of Chicago infantry. Some brain on the Union side realized the necessity of keeping those rivers open to Northern traffic. At Alton (north of St. Louis, on the Mississippi), a gang of Southern sympathizers earlier had wrecked the presses of the Alton Observer, and killed its editor because he campaigned against slavery. Sentiment went the other way in the northern regions, but everywhere among the loyal Unionists were the Copperheads.

Now that I'm an authority on Copperheads, I can safely turn my attention to new fields, seeking something else to conquer. I might, like Ted White, Norm Clarke, and Boyd Reeburn, become an expert on music. I have a start:

Sept. 8, 1889: "The Houlanger March in its palmy days was not half the nuisance that The Gladiator March is in Bloomington today. The DeMolay Band has played it so often that everybody has caught the air. Urchins whistle it, businessmen hum it, and the tune comes from dozens of pianos all over the city. The Cornflower Waltz and The Battle of Prague are nowhere."

Glossary for Neo-Fans

Copperhead: a snake, or a man who disagrees with you.

Streetcar: an electric train which ran on two steel rails down the middle of the street. It sometimes tipped over when the motorman forgot himself. The streetcar came after the horsecar, but before the smelly bus. It was keen. You could derail it by putting stones on the track, or stop it dead in its tracks by pulling the trolley rope, which broke the electric connection to the overhead wire.

U-boat: the German submarine of World War I.

Rig: a buggy, surrey, or other two- or four-wheeled carriage pulled by a horse; the animal sometimes took fright at locomotives and things, and ran away.

Torchlight parade: A happy carryover from ancient Egyptian times. Torches were made by wrapping rags around a stick, and dipping them in pitch or some other long-burning

material. More fun than flashlights.
Congressman: a shameful fellow given to feeble speeches.
McClellan and Pendleton: An Army officer, and a nobody who didn't have any better sense than to run against a sure winner.
Faaaans: Clods and peasants, usually of uncouth manner.
Walter Breen: a bearded fellow living in California. People vote for ~~or~~ against him and then talk about it.
Republican: a member of a political party who is somewhat uneasy about a man named Goldwater.
Democrat: a member of an opposing political party, who is also somewhat uneasy about a man named Goldwater.
Ted White, Norm Clarke, Boyd Raeburn: faaans.
Pianos: musical instruments having 88 keys, which people bang on to produce The Houlanger March. It was the forerunner of the phonograph, the radio, and the television set. People kept them in their homes to torture friends and neighbors.
The Cornflower Waltz & The Battle of Prague: endsville.

STOP THE PRESS--Last Minute Addition: 100 years ago -- Oct. 8, 1864: A copperhead from Mosquito's Grove was in to Press Butler's place yesterday. Press, refusing to take a torn bill, the Cop denounced greenbacks as worthless and said we had no Union, nor country and what there was left he would help destroy. He said he would rather vote for Jefferson Davis than Lincoln. Thereupon Press knocked the traitor down and gave him a thorough thrashing. A friend of the Mosquito coming up to take his part was knocked down by a soldier. Press' is too warm a place for disciples of Jeff.

Cheers: Enclosed is the latest news about Copperheads....I'm beginning to feel sorry for the poor chaps, and I'll bet Press Butler is a bully as well as a saloonkeeper.

BT

fall poem

The leaves fall
and the trees are tall.

School starts
and things fall apart.

Debbie McLaughlin
Age 7



Freehan's Farmstead

by ROBERT A. BIGNAME as told to DENNIS LIEN

- FIRST CHAPTER -

"I bet you thought this thing in my ear was a radio tuned to Conelrad," Hal Freehan explained. "Actually, of course, it's a hearing aid.

"The reason I need this hearing aid," he continued, "is to be sure that I don't miss any broadcasts on this hearing-aid-shaped thing (which, I might add, is a radio) telling me just when a bomb is approaching.... (don't you wish we had warned you?) That's how I hope to live through World War III, which had better not start until we finish this card game."

"For Ghu's sake, Dad," replied his son Dude; who, although Outwardly Rotten had Somewhere Within Him the Makings of a Real Man. "It's war-mongers like you that upset the peace, screaming WAR! WAR! whenever anybody drops a few atomic bombs. Actually, I'd rather die outright than dive into a hole just because -- eek! Bomb! Bomb! Run! That blast! That..."

"Oh my, Dude. I didn't mean to drop this bottle cap on the floor. I'm so sorry it frightened you. Come to Mama." So said Gracia Freehan; who, although Outwardly a Lush, had Sometime in the Past had the

Makings of a Real Woman. Dude crawled into her lap and sat there whimpering. Hal sighed. He wouldn't exactly say Dude was immature, but most other twenty-five year old men that he knew seemed more interested in women than in making mudpies. Still, he wasn't too bad as long as he was not separated from his mother, which Dude had cannily assured by handcuffing himself to her moments after birth, and then swallowing the key. At any rate, Hal didn't worry about him; many lads were attached to their mothers (though seldom by cold steel). Hal didn't worry about Gracia, either, even though she had been over-indulging in ginger ale for the last two or fifteen years and may have become an



ale-coholic. As a matter of fact, Hal Freehan didn't worry about a goddam person except himself and which ever gay young divorcee he happened to be hot for at any one given moment (he glanced across the card table at their house-guest, Brenda Wellsprings, and snorted eagerly. She whinnied back fetchingly, which Hal interpreted to mean, "Wait till the bomb hits, stupid.") Hal Freehan was a self-made man, sort of like an Erector Set. He believed in "one for all, and all for one, and every man for himself." (And he's only the hero of this story -- wait till you meet the villains.)



Across the card table from Brenda, Dude crawled down from Gracia's lap, and, stretching himself to the length of the handcuff chain on the floor, began playing mumbly-peg on the carpet. Hal hesitated -- after all, Dude's life was none of his concern -- but then, it was his carpet. Hal, being an expert at judo, ju-jitsu, karate, sumo, and two-for-flinching, considered briefly how best to dispense with Dude, and conceived a brilliant strategy.

"Hey, Dude, your shoelaces is untied." As he bent over, Hal cleanly and scientifically and humanely gave him such a bash with the nearest andiron -- a good joke on Dude, as he'd never learned to tie his own shoes, anyway.

The fourth player, Jeff Underdog, was a young Negro; who, although Outwardly a Decent Sort had Somewhere Within Him a So-Far Unsuspected Streak of Cynical Self-Interest. Hal always treated him Just Like One of the Family, hence he considered using the andiron on him, too, but decided against it. He decided against it because Jeff Underdog was Young and Clean and Brave and Misunderstood and a Freehan Symbol and was better at two-for-flinching than himself.

"Attention! Attention! We are going to be destroyed by thermonuclear bombs in five minutes! Take cover! We now return you to our regularly scheduled program -- "Life Can Be Beautiful'."

Hal Freehan exploded into action, running for the shelter with his most valuable possession -- the deck of playing cards -- and such incidentals as water and food and Brenda Wellsprings in his hands. He tried to slam the shelter door, but Gracia and Dude and Jeff got in anyway. They resumed their card game -- eye bulging, hands twitching, gasping for breath (not about the thermonuclear holocaust, you understand -- about the game). Hal looked hungrily at Brenda and pawed the floor a little. Brenda looked hungrily at Hal and, superb card player that she was, induced Gracia to take the Old Maid.

The bomb struck.

- Eleventh Chapter -

They landed in the future. (Because it advances the plot, that's why.)

- Thirty-Fifth Chapter -

Hal Freehan looked over the primitive camp they had constructed in the wilderness in the past few months. Just a simple, crude, rough, bare-necessity-type camp -- fifty or sixty houses, shops, offices, parking lots, gas stations, television stations, libraries, museums, schools, parks, soft-drink dispensers -- Gracia was down to her last case of ginger ale -- and, of course, card parlors. Nothing elaborate.

But now it was being destroyed. The handsome, middle-aged, dark-skinned man had ordered his aircraft to level it to the ground, Just For the Hell of It.

Hal decided he wasn't going to like him.

However, that wouldn't stop him from toadying up to him, giving his word to make no trouble, and then Doing Just What He Damn Well Felt Like. First, though, he had to communicate. He tried Russian.

Their captor shook his head.

Brenda tried German.

No luck.

Dude, holding his mother's hand tightly, attempted Spanish, and Jeff added French.

Still no luck.

They went through Portuguese, Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Esperanto, Swahili, Chippewa, Pig Latin, and Auk-Auk Islandese.

The last worked. "Hooga-mooga-lorentz-fitzgerald-ods-bodkins-rowrbazzle?" came back the reply.

"He answered!" Hal shouted with relief. "We can communicate! We can..."

"What the hell!" their captor exploded. "You speak English? I figured you for a bunch of Auk-Auk Islanders!"

"We," he added, "are named Punch." Hal was soon to learn that, although Outwardly a Cultured Gentleman, he Had Somewhere Within Him This Royalist Bit About Plural Reference. Seems that in this future, the Negro had taken over.

- Seventy-Eighth Chapter -

Punch had appointed Gracia Freehan to his chambers Simply Ages Ago, but, as nothing seemed to be Going On, Hal maliciously decided that their new master was effeminate. "You're just a fruit, Punch," he muttered to himself several times.

He was going to miss Gracia. She wasn't much of a wife, and she was a lush and a whiner and a troublemaker, but she sure could shuffle an Old Maid deck.

Dude had been gelded sometime back, and Hal felt Just Sick About It. Of course, Dude's life was his own, and Hal Wouldn't Presume to Interfere, but if they ever got back, the local barber-shop quartet would sorely miss his bass. What quartet needs two tenors?

Jeff Underdog was Punch's right hand man, busily manufacturing for Them millions of Old Slut decks. He was happy and successful and satisfied and prosperous and Hal Freehan couldn't understand why he wasn't falling over himself with eagerness to help them escape. "Comes of mah treatin' him like one of the family," thought Hal. "Hittin' him wiff the self-same andiron what I used on Dude and all. Ah swear, he jes' don't know his place no mo', and if we-all gets back Ah'm a-gonna sell him to Mista Legree." He broke off this line of thought when Kit-Kat came to bring him his daily ration of watermelon.

Hal Freehan remembered when Kit-Kat had first entered his room. "You asked for a bed-warmer," she had queried.

"Grunt. Puff, puff, puff. Ah-ah-ah-yes, I did," Hal replied, smirking knowingly.

"Well, that's why I'm here," she continued.

"Ah-ah-ah-grunt-grunt-ummmm-really?" Hal continued, divesting himself of encumbering garments.

"Yes. I came to ask if you'd like AC or DC on this electric blanket. Let me know when you decide," she finished, and walked out the door before Hal could slam and lock it.

Oh well, it beat a hot-water bottle.

- Interminabler Chapter -

"Well, well, well," Their Serendipity - Punch, in other words - began. "So you buttered up our architect, found a tunnel, stole food, weapons, and a deck of Old Slut -- pardon, you call it Old Maid -- cards, broke several promises to us, killed our best servant, and tried to organize a revolt. You've been very naughty.

Hal Freehan faced him proudly, planning to to the Honest Upright 100% Christian White Anglo-Saxon Ex-Seabee thing and lie his way out of it. He stole a glance at Brenda and their twins, Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern. Too bad Gracia had to be such a bad sport and refuse to come and see the twins, but then she was still handcuffed to her son, and it was getting harder and harder to move Dude ever since he had regressed to the fetal position.

Hal tried to remember what protocol mode of speech to use. There was one for higher-to-lower, another for lower-to-upper, another for equal-to-equal, one for equal-to-those-who-are-more-equal-than-others, one for lowers to animals, children, and cretins, another for Cretins to Mongoloids, and once used for talking to yourself. Hal made his selection.

"Hey, you, Punchy..." he began.

"Can it!" Punch snapped. "We've had enough out of you, see? You are going back to your own time right now, see? We're Little Caesar, see - er -"

Servants brought in what looked like a large Metal Box. Hal Freehan, forgetting correct protocol (after all, he didn't give One Single Solitary Damn about Punch or anybody else in the world except Brenda /eager snort; her reply, "wait till we're back in our own time, stupid" and the brats), shouted, "Wow! I bet that thing like a Large Metal Box is in reality a Time Machine!"

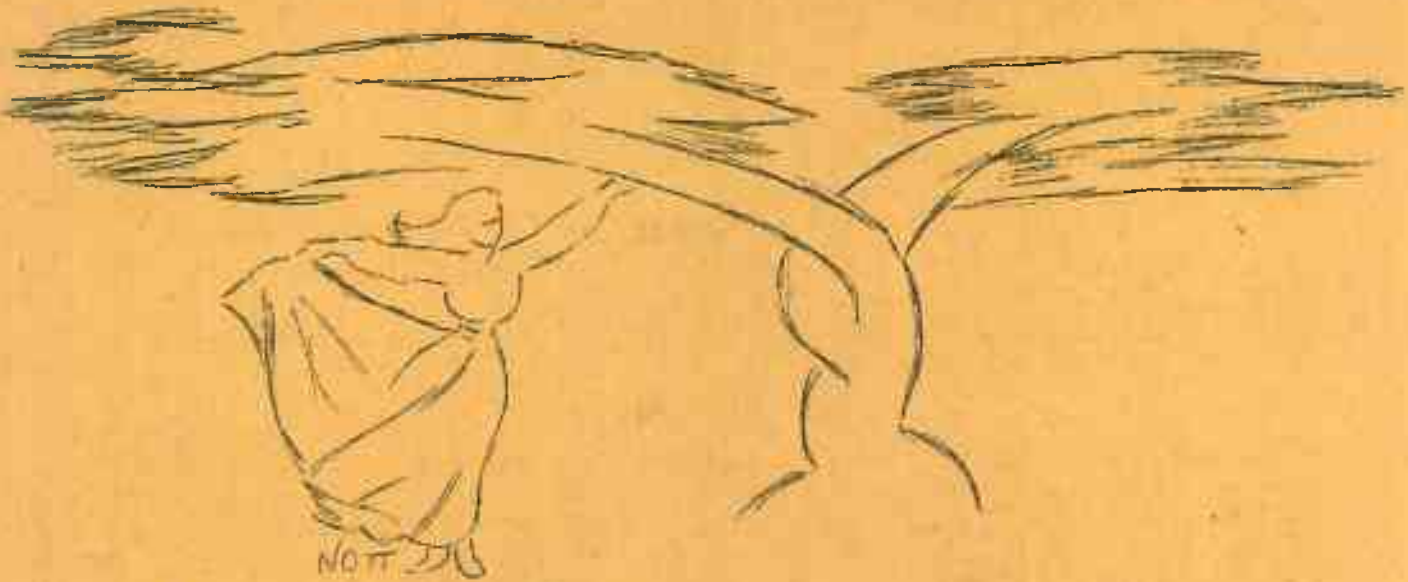
"No," said Punch. "As a matter of fact, that thing that looks like a Large Metal Box is in reality a Large Metal Box, full of those ancient bubble-gum cards your History Department translated for us. We're going to browse through them while you leave in that thing in the corner that looks like a Time Machine and is in reality a Time Machine."

"Oh, thank you, Your Superfluority, thank you, thank you," Hal waxed eloquent.

Just before the door of the Time Machine slid shut, Punch could swear that he heard the words, "Yeah, thank you, you dirty black bast--"

- Ultimatest-At-Last-Chapter -

Hal Freehan, and Brenda were in the midst of a game of two-handed Old Maid, each holding one baby, when the door of the Time Machine slid



open again.

A voice spoke from beyond their field of vision. "No sevens. Go dig."

"Ah - foreign card games," Hal spat disgustedly. "But we'll soon convert them. Obviously we've returned to a Slightly Different Past, but with my resourcefulness, hypocrisy, and Old Maid skill and your sex appeal, we'll soon come out all right. Unless # " a horrible thought struck him, and he called out, "Say, you fellows out there. Is the Negro in control of this world?"

"Why no," replied the voice. "Whatever gave you such a silly idea?"

"We're safe!" cried Hal Freehan. "Back in our good old white-supremacy time-continuum, we can..." He broke off as the possessors of the voices came into sight.

One of the newcomers turned to the other, surprise written in his slanting almond eyes, and said, "Chang, I think we'd better take these new slaves to Their Contemplativeness at the Pagoda..."

ANALOG: The magazine that inspires scientists to achieve the "impossible" (from a Christmas subscription gift form; doesn't it just get you, right down deep?)

THE CASUIST
by Sharon Towle

Ignatius sat upon the stair
Playing a violin
With neck of spine and box of bone
And bridge of human chin;
And its strings were made of human hair
And it played an air that is called despair.

Ignatius sat upon the stair
Waiting for me to pass---
For me, and thee, and every man
Who is born in this House of Glass---
And at last I came, and he called my name,
And he fashioned a song of what remained.

INITIAL REFLEX

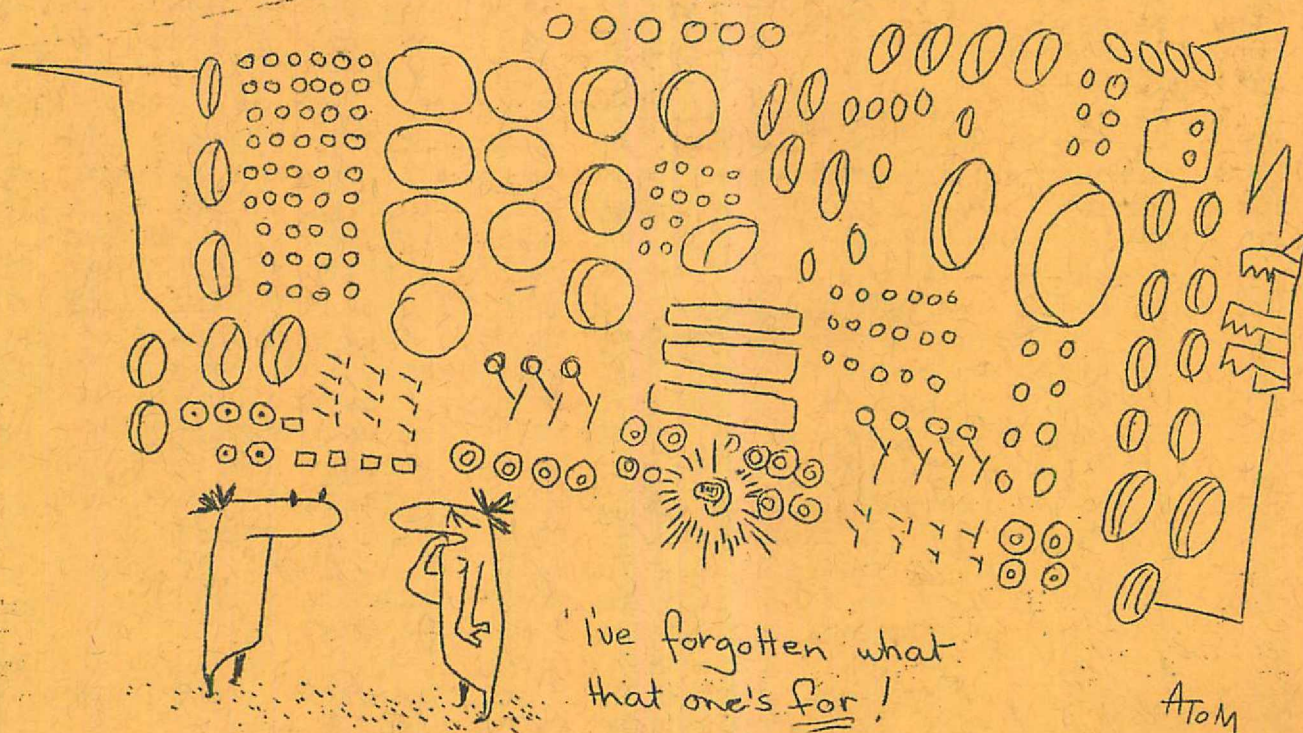
REVIEW BY

RICHIE BENYO

NIGHT OF MASKS -- Andre Norton -- Harcourt, Brace, & World -- \$3.50 --
to be published in the fall of 1964 -- science fiction adventure novel

Some members of the genre contend that sequels are a thing of the past, and that series novels are likewise passe. But, since the inflex in the ERBurroughs reprints, some of these staunch supporters of single-novel stories have been shouting their condemnations more softly, while the followers of the series books have been growing -- and, in most cases, thriving on that particular type of literary offering.

One of the most recent of the series sets has been Andre Norton's Dipple stories. CATSEYE, the first of these books, was brought out in 1962, and published in an Ace edition in the following year. This novel deals with one of the three ways that a person can free himself from the degenerate Dipple of Korwar -- employment of some sort planet side. Following the first book's publication, 1963 saw Harcourt, Brace and World publishing the next alternative -- signing for off-world employment. The name of the novel was JUDGMENT ON JANUS and it proved, in the final analysis, to be more fantasy than sf, but it was somewhat better presented than its predecessor. Now, in the fall of this year, the third and final book of the series is due. The title is NIGHT OF MASKS, and it deals with on Nik Kolherne, who finds his way out of the



Dipple through membership in the Thieves' Guild.

Nik Kolherne was one among many exiles of the War who had been dumped, with no regard for ingredients, into the "slum section" of space, and had been disfigured of face in the crash of his LB. There had been several attempts at skin grafting, but his chemical processes doomed each of them to failure, as the added facial tissue would not prosper. Naturally, being among the lowliest of the Dipple, one could not go "outside" and pay a wad of credits for a Specialist, so Nik had to content himself with his misfortune, drawing as little attention toward himself as was humanly possible. Shirking from contact with other beings -- forever hiding. And then came the day when he accidentally became mixed up with Captain Leeds -- and his life was altered. He now had a new face, and an assignment that wasn't exactly an easy job -- but he had to come through with it if he wanted to keep his face, the face of Hacon. His adventures on Dis, under its surface and under the infrared rays of its dying sun prove to be some of Miss Norton's best action sequences to date.

The initial two chapters of the book provide a rare insight into some of the feelings of a handicapped person, as he fights against society to hide his particular difference. If read with the interest that marks the enjoyment of Miss Norton's books, the first two chapters should stand out vividly in one's memory when next he comes face-to-face with a handicapped person -- whether of deformed face (like Nik), deformed body, or what-not.

Throughout the novel there are a number of what seems to be Miss Norton's specialty -- a sense of "I wonder what!..." Creatures come and go in a steady stream, with little or no explanation, but the reader tends to accept them as part of the scenery of whatever world is being used by the author. I doubt if I could name even one other author who can make such a use of words that the native life does not need description to any great extent. It is sometimes uncanny, as a creature of some sort wanders into the plot, and the reader seems to know all about him (or it) without the usual overexaggerated use of description.

In the same vein, there falls throughout Miss Norton's more recent works a sense of profound mystery about each culture, planet, system. There seems to be an interlacing of development in settings, whether intentional or subconscious one cannot really perceive; but that they are there is quite evident by their constant, subtle recurrences.

Another quite evident feature of Norton's stories is the skill with which she forms her characters into a highly human organism. Many tales seem composed of simple prototypes used over and over like an old space opera's hero; but Miss Norton's seem to be always a highly complex mixture of people one knows and people one would like to know. Each has a separate personality, a separate set of reactions to a set situation. To fully enjoy one of her books, though, one should begin with no qualms, and with a mind capable of imagination -- something few people these days possess to any great extent -- beyond his present set of environmental conditions. There is no enjoyment in conformity.

All in all, NIGHT OF MASKS has the most limited geographical set of any of the Dipple stories, but it is by far the most highly developed of the three. It is truly a worthwhile novel, and these days I don't usually call a new release worthwhile. But for action, adventure, and a little of that sense-of-wonder, it is worth a try.

HOOSIER FARMER TALKING BLUES

(add dialect as comfortable.....)

If you're all upset and full of grief
At a sudden rise in the price of beef
Or chicken, mutton -- bacon, too --
I'm here to tell you what you can do:
 You can get yourself a farm in the country;
 Leave the cares and confusion of the city--
 It'll solve all your problems
As you drive through the country, over hill and dale,
You'll see a nice little farm for sale,
And the farmer will greet you, sit you down by the fire;
Just making you feel at home's his one desire.
 Can't understand why he'd ever want to sell a place like this --
 Don't worry about it, though; just play it cagey when you talk
 prices and you can get the whole place for practically
 nothing.
 After all, he's only a hick.
So you're off for the country one sunny day;
With your wife and three kids you drive away--
Got the trunk stuffed full and the seats piled high
And the living room rug on one side right by.
 Isn't the country beautiful?
 And aren't those narrow country roads real picturesque?
 Just wait till winter -- and the first snow.
Then your kids get out and they want to play,
But the next neighbor's children live three miles away.
Well, a farm as a playground's got all it takes--
Like poison ivy and venomous snakes.
 Just wait till they have to go to their cute little two-room
 country schoolhouse.
 How're you going to explain that hour-and-a-half schoolbus ride
 twice a day?
 Well, you can always tell them all about the train trips to
 Belsen and Auschwitz.
Your wife would like to shop in some stores for fall,
And the nearest town has one--that's all--
For dresses, china, poultry feed,
And a shelf of canned goods, all you need.
 So drive her ninety miles to the city;
 Keep her happy, but be philosophical about it:
 After all, you'll be able to raise all the food you eat right
 there on the farm.
Well, you settle into the farmer's yoke,
But the neighbors still figure you're city folk;
And you're feeling kinda lonely when one fine day
The County Agent drops by your way--

A real live representative of the Department of Agriculture!
Gives you a glad hand and some government pamphlets;
Purely friendly call--and how much wheat did you plan to plant,
huh?

Then a Farm Bureau agent comes with advice and good cheer,
Takes your money for dues, signs you up for a year--
Turn back to your work and, what do you know,
Here comes a smiling fellow from the N.F.O.

You just can't find that kind of natural friendship in the
city;

Have to have real men--close to the soil

Smells like these fellows are even friendly with the bulls.

You're up in the morning when the east's just red,

Then out to the field--and your boar hog's dead.

And you call the vet, and he looks grave;

Says, "Don't know how many of your pigs we can save.

"But why don't you get down in the mud and wrassle with

Them awhile; hold them while I'm vaccinating them.

"Might help some--a few, anyway;

"Only cost you five dollars apiece."

At last you get to go and work with your hand,

And you plow and plant and work the land.

But it doesn't rain, and the earth gets dry,

And the wind lifts half your farm to the sky.

Look at it go.

Wheee!

Simplifies things considerably, doesn't it?

Well, you're out in the field when there's a belch of smoke

And a grinding thump--and your combine's broke.

So you drive into town, to the dealer's lot,

But the one part you need he hasn't got:

"Sold the last of those things years ago;

"That's a pretty old machine you've got--like to look at a
new model?

"Only \$9,999.95. Easy credit terms...."

So your back is sore, and your wallet's flat,

And the only thing you've raised is a grey tom cat,

And your kids are wild, and your wife looks sad,

And the whole darned mess looks mighty bad.

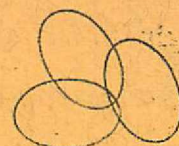
But don't worry:

Some fool in the city will take a look at food prices and zip
right out to get himself a farm--

Just make him feel welcome, neighbor, make him welcome.

Joe Sanders

GOLDEN MINUTES



THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL (Advent, \$3.50 hardcover, \$2 pb) The Greatest Name in Fan Publishing came out with a clutch of new books in time for the Pacifcon. This is the second edition, revised, of their symposium; articles by Heinlein, Kornbluth, Bester and Bloch, with an introduction by Basil Davenport. These were originally delivered as lectures at the University of Chicago, and like all lectures, they have some drawbacks when translated into print. But they are still good, informative articles, both on the background of science fiction writing and on the personal philosophies of the authors. Sometime back, Dick Lupoff mentioned the drawback to publishing a hardcover book when a pb edition is also available. Advent has partially overcome this by putting an absolutely horrible cover on its pb edition; it not only isn't professional art, it isn't even good fan art. The tasteful design of the hardcover jacket is almost worth the extra \$1.55 (I notice on closer reading that the pb is priced at \$1.95, not \$2 even).

OF WORLDS BEYOND (Advent, \$3.50) This is a reprint of an old Fantasy Press symposium, edited by Lloyd Eshbach and containing short articles on "the science of science fiction writing" by E. E. Smith, John W. Campbell, Jr., L. Sprague de Camp, Heinlein, Jack Williamson, A. E. van Vogt, and John Taine, with a short biographical note (now outdated, in many cases) on each author, by the editor. If you're a would-be writer, this is a better book than the above title. Even if, like me, you have no aspirations towards stf authorship, I'd say that this is a more entertaining book. They are more complementary than competitive, but if you can only afford one of them, this is the one to get. As usual, Heinlein comes up with interesting ideas -- and some plot ideas which still haven't been used (or at least used properly) in the 17 years since the original publication. Is the testimony of an alien telepath admissible evidence in a murder trial? Done well, by someone who knows current legal procedure (and possible future trends) this could be a great idea. Hensley, how about it? (Done poorly, of course, it could also be one more piece of hackwork, but that's the chance we take.)

A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING, by Alva Rogers (Advent, \$6.00) This is an expansion -- running some 250 pages, including index, preface, and editorial comments by Harry Bates, F. Orlin Tremaine, and John W. Campbell -- of Alva's series in VIPER. This is not, as the author points out, a definitive critical work; it's a nostalgic biography of a magazine. In addition to the comments, there are numerous plates of early ASTOUNDING illustrations, both cover and interior. (The cover reproductions lose something by being in black and white, but there is a limit to what Advent can afford and what the readers will pay for.) It's well written -- I was somewhat amused to read that Ray Cummings "became a writer with the publication of his first ... story", as I have always assumed that one has to be a writer before he has anything to publish, but that's the only thing of the sort that I found, and I was on the lookout for them. In short, this is a good, highly entertaining book. I have considerable doubts about it being a \$6.00 value, but if you want it you'll have to pay the price, since it isn't the sort of thing that Ace or Pyramid will

be bringing out as a pb next year. Librarians take note; I know there are a few of you out there among the readers. The pulp magazines are enjoying a lot of nostalgic interest recently, and there isn't really a whole lot of literature concerning them.

One of my sources tells me that Advent will be bringing out the Discon Proceedings. However, another of my sources (Advent's boss) just laughs and laughs when I ask him about it. So.....

Collector's Note: At the Anderson Magazine Exchange, I recently picked up a copy of THE LOST RACE OF MARS, by Robert Silverberg, published by the Scholastic Book Services (a division of SCHOLASTIC magazine) at 35¢. I don't suppose this is very rare, but I'd never seen it before. I suppose the Scholastic Books are publicized thru schools, but if you have no connection with the middle school grades this one might be new to you. I do not know how good this is; we haven't tried it out on Bruce yet. It seems at least as good as other books intended for students somewhere between grades 2 and 5.

THE PLANET BUYER, by Cordwainer Smith (Pyramid, 50¢) Either I'm getting used to Smith, or this is his best work since his first published story. I think the length helps; there is just as much of his allegedly poetic style and his meaningless references which I guess are supposed to add to the "atmosphere", but they don't intrude as much in a full-length novel as they do in a short story. This was originally a GALAXY novelet, "The Boy Who Bought Old Earth"; expansion, and a change from Smith's typically-idiotic titles, have improved it. Or possibly I've assimilated enough of the background of Smith's stories so that I have a vague idea of what's going on (in a Smith story, you never really know what's going on, any more than you do in a van Vogt story -- tho at least Smith gives the impression that he knows, which is more than van Vogt often does). At any rate, I surprised myself by enjoying it.

THE GHOSTS OF MANACLE, by Charles G. Finney (Pyramid, 50¢) This consists of 7 short stories -- 4 of them originally published in F&SF and the other three probably new to you -- and one novelet, taking up half the book, which was previously unpublished. The short stories are largely whimsical fantasy, usually with a Moral. Typical of the better examples of the "F&SF type story". The book blurb says "The damnedest book you ever read" which is quite true of the novelet. The nearest approach to it that I've seen has been in fanzines; I can't think of a single professional magazine which would use this sort of thing, which is probably why it was previously unpublished. It's a gigantic, zany parody; practically every fictional plot-cliché in existence is dragged in, kicking and screaming, knocked around and stomped on awhile, and tossed aside to make room for the next one. It's full of dialog such as "He bears the name of being the most hated man in all the Lesser Antilles", "make your peace with your maker, for you are about to die", and "She won't work; she won't do nothing but jest lay around an' think about sex. Some day, I'm afeerd, she's gonna do more than jest think." The only Moral is expressed fairly early, in a discussion of the treasures that are always to be found, really, in the searcher's own back yard; "Backyard treasures generally iss not worth too motch." It's a great story. By all means, read it.

CITY AT WORLD'S END, by Edmond Hamilton (Crest, 45¢) I've always liked this story of a midwestern city magically transported to the far future. The characters are nearly all idiots (but then, consider your neighbors).

The hero acts impossibly noble and good, like a good hero should. If you enjoy wild interplanetary adventure, here's a large dollop of it, by one of its best writers.

EARTH'S LAST CITADEL, by Henry Kuttner and C.L. Moore (Ace, 40¢) Here is a somewhat similar plot -- four individuals snatched from a World War II battle to the far future and a dying earth. But the mood is entirely different; closer to Jack Vance's Dying Earth than to Hamilton's adventures. The glass-fragile city of Carcasilla, the difference of Flande, the barbarian Terasi, and the alien Light-Wearer, are all evocative of Vance's work. (Since this was first published in 1943, it could well be where Vance got some of his inspiration.)

JUDGMENT ON JANUS, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) I hope this has a sequel. This leaves too blasted many things unexplained at the end. Otherwise, it's a fairly typical Norton novel; one of her better ones, I'd say. If you've read one of her books, you know what I mean; if you haven't, you should.

WARRIOR OF LLARN, by Gardner F. Fox (Ace, 40¢) This is a remarkably bad book. I suppose it's somewhat superior to his earlier Ace offering, ARSENAL OF MIRACLES, but it's hard to judge variations on this quality-level. It's sort of an imitation of Otis Adelbert Kline, with this character who just happens to know all about superior Earth swordsmanship (someday I'd like to read one of these novels where the barbarians have inferior hand-weapons and are better swordsmen than humans) getting miraculously transported to this planet that's in the midst of post-atomic rebuilding. The natives have super rayguns, plus a little gadget that deflects the rays and renders them harmless if the author wants it to. (If the author wants a few people rayed down, the gadget is conveniently inoperative.) So they've been practicing with swords for generations, but of course they haven't learned all the fighting tricks that any red-blooded Terran lawyer can use in swordfighting. (Hensley, you never told me about this aspect of law school.) The hero predictably winds up with the princess (someday I'd like to read one of these novels where the hero falls in love with the daughter of the garbage collector) and everyone lives happily ever after.

THE GOLDEN PEOPLE, by Fred Saberhagen/EXILE FROM XANADU, by Lan Wright (Ace, 45¢) When I read the blurb on THE GOLDEN PEOPLE, about this planet where an invisible Field blanked radar and made every weapon more complicated than a lever or knife inoperable, I thought, "Aha! Sword and sorcery!" Only it isn't. Saberhagen has used the background for a genuine science-fiction (or psience-fiction, if you prefer) novel, and a pretty good one. I was surprised, at first, that Campbell hadn't taken it, but the conclusion is terribly pacifistic, and Campbell is anything but a pacifist. (I don't really believe the conclusion myself, but it's a good story despite it.) EXILE FROM XANADU, which originally appeared in the British NEW WORLDS last year as Dawn's Left Hand, is a better story, tho the difference isn't really great. Wright's ending, while somewhat melodramatic, is a bit more believable. It has some standard adventure-fiction gimmicks -- the hero, following an accident in space, is rebuilt by aliens as a sort of superman -- but the plotting is interesting, the science no more outrageous than normal, and the characterization about standard. All in all, the two stories, both new to most US fans, add up to a pretty good buy for your money.

OPERATORS AND THINGS, by Barbara O'Brien (Ace, 50¢) This is presented as the story of what goes on in a schizophrenic mind, told by a woman who acquired the...disease?...and got over it by herself. Presumably, her memory is better than that of schizos who have been electroshocked out of their symptoms. One of the fascinating things about the story is its close resemblance to the Shaver Mystery; Barbara's "operators" seem remarkably similar (tho a trifle more normal) to Shaver's "deros". (If Palmer had got hold of the manuscript, I shudder to think what it would have turned into.) I suppose not all fans are interested in psychiatric case histories -- or even in the Shaver Mystery -- but for those who are, this is definitely recommended. I suspect that somebody has done a fine job of editing the original manuscript into a fast-paced story; I also doubt that many fans will care about any little clinical details that may have fallen by the wayside. With fictional treatment, this would be a good novel on the "we're property" theme; as presented, it's a fascinating account of somebody who actually lived in a science-fictional world for six months.

The other day I defected momentarily and read a western novel, SHORT-TRIGGER MAN, by Merle Constiner (Ace, 35¢). It's been awhile since I've read a western, but this one seemed to be a pretty good example of the breed, if you're interested in that sort of thing.

Before I go any farther, I have a letter from Terry Carr, bearing on my reviews in issue #139:

"Well, if you're going to go pointing out errors on Ace's part, like our listing Kuttner's VALLEY OF THE FLAME as being from 1947 rather than 1946, you shouldn't make king-sized errors yourself two paragraphs later upon which we can leap with glad little sadistic cries.

"We thank you for the good words you had for DEMON'S WORLD, but I'll bet the author won't thank you -- mainly, because you listed it as by John Brunner, whereas Ken Bulmer was the actual fellow.

"As for THE SIMULACRA and the Fantastic novelette "Novelty Act", you have it a bit wrong, though through no fault of your own. "Novelty Act" was written a couple of years ago, and was sold to Regency Books for a series of original s-f anthologies, sort of like Star S-F, which they were planning. However, this was the only story they could find, in close to a year of reading mss., which they thought was good enough for the series they had in mind -- so, sadly, they shelved the whole project and returned the script to Dick's agent, who resold it to Fantastic. Meanwhile, back in California, Dick had decided during the long wait that it looked like the story would never see print, and anyway he saw a novel in it -- so he wrote THE SIMULACRA. Which explains the un-Jackie-Kennedy-ing of Nicole which puzzled you a bit -- the novelette came first, the novel quite awhile later, after the Kennedy assassination.

"One more of your mistakes to clear up, then I'll rest self-satisfied. I haven't been working for Scott Meredith since March, contrary to your remark in your editorial. I'm Associate Editor at Ace Books, Inc. Come on, you knew that -- just an issue or two ago you printed a letter I wrote to you on Ace stationery about forthcoming Ace titles."

I guess my only comment to the above is "ouch". #139 wasn't one of my better performances, I guess (at least, I hope it wasn't one of my better ones.)

If we're property, I want to be taken care of.

VALLEY OF CREATION, by Edmond Hamilton (Lancer, 50¢) I thought I'd mentioned this before, but I guess I've been recommending it in letters; it was Williamson's Golden Blood that got a brief mention awhile back. They're remarkably similar novels; the soldiers-of-fortune fighting their way thru Oriental Mysteries to the source of unimaginable treasures. THE VALLEY OF CREATION is a bit the better of the two; there is less of the hero tackling overwhelming odds and winning thru sheer dumb luck. But they make a nice pair if you go for that sort of thing, and I do. (Why don't you get Harold Lamb's Marching Sands and make it a trio, Larry?) Emsh has done striking covers for both of them; again, the one for VALLEY OF CREATION is a shade the better. The book is a long way from being a literary masterpiece, but it has the sort of magical aura that makes the old-time fans recall the pulp-mags with longing.

THE REIGN OF WIZARDRY, by Jack Williamson (Lancer, 50¢) Another of the fantasy novels based on myth; this time on Theseus and the Minotaur. It falls a bit short, partly because Williamson never seems to decide whether to rationalize the wizardry as super-science or let it stand. The marvels of magic and the marvels of super-science don't blend well. And the finish is pretty unbelievable; somehow I can't quite see the heroine watching the hero chop off her mother's head, helping him kill her father, and then falling into a Hollywood clinch with him for the finale. There's lots of sword-swinging adventure, and I've read a lot worse books, but I can see why it hasn't been previously reprinted from the magazines.

TRANSIT, by Edmund Cooper (Lancer, 50¢) Cooper is one of these authors who believes in putting Morals into his stories -- I could forgive him for that if he was a little more adept about the insertion. The theme of this one is stated on the credits page, in a quote from W. H. Auden; "We must love one another or die." Cooper hammers this homily home at great tedious length, without ever showing any real proof of the statement. The backcover quotes Emsh in an admiring comment on the maturity of the sex handling in the novel. I suppose he's right; Cooper has made the sexual antics of four neurotic nincompoops seem honest and plausible. (I wonder why, when authors make a serious effort to depict sex realistically, they always show their characters as terribly neurotic? Of the two males here, one has been grieving for his lost love for fifteen years, and the other is psychologically impotent.) Trouble is, he goes on at great tedious length about the sex, too. I have no objection to sex in science fiction, but if I want a story about troubled lovers I can get better examples in other places. There is a sort of science-fictional plot, too, but it's pretty thin.

THE NAKED SUN, by Isaac Asimov (Lancer, 50¢) This is a sequel to The Caves Of Steel, the latter having been last published by Pyramid in 1962. I've never been much of an admirer of Asimov's fiction, and I remember that when I read this in ASTOUNDING back in 1956 I didn't think much of it. So I was agreeably surprised on rereading it to find it one of the best books I've read recently. Either it's improved with age, or my taste has changed, or they aint writing them like they used to. I've always known that it was technically good; blending science fiction and the classical detective novel is a hard task and Asimov is one of the few writers to do it successfully. But originally I didn't consider the story itself very interesting; now I do.

Lancer has published two mystery novels of interest to the fan; A TASTE FOR HONEY and REPLY PAID, by H.F. Heard. Haven't had time to read them yet.

GRUMBLINGS

Ed Gorman, 1621 Ellis Blvd NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Before putting British education down too harshly, Charles Platt should consider or investigate the American Amish educational quandry. The Amish, for the uninformed, are a socialistic/religious sect, whose lives are God and farm. Of course, their initial residence, Amana, Iowa (Amana appliances; Art Linkletter), has gone the way of all God's greedier children -- money -- but the Amish persist in simplicity. I don't think I'm being unmerciful when I say that their curriculum and teachers are horrifying; both unquestionably are. And both are now involved in a court injunction and trial. They have an evidently hip lawyer, for the battle has never been effectively (speaking from the state-viewpoint) resolved. They have made only one concession, that being the hiring of four non-secular teachers. The remainder of the teachers are all Amish, few with an education above eighth grade, and an Amish eighth grade education at that. And the word is now that if the Amish win their court contest, the four non-Amish teachers will be dismissed and the entire traditional curriculum re-established. Most of this is put in the religious-freedom, individual-freedom light: I think this is being both superficial and detrimental: the entire cause of public education (until this year of Goldwater and the right-wingers who hold that mandatory eighth-grade education is totalitarianistic) has been proved unquestionably our greatest value, both economically and socially. State requirements are so minimal and technically flexible that only the most careless and ignorant can complain about them. If the Amish should win, the precedent set would shock even the least-concerned educators, and (seriously) further the Southern "private" (state financed) school cause. For in the latter respect, if the state could not afford certain subjects, it could merely drop them, holding that this school was legal by virtue of "individual" or "racial" or what-have-you merit. Amen.

✓ Yes, but Platt considers Cambridge to be typical of all British education. Amish schools are a pretty small minority in this country. RSC7

Banks Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md., 20015

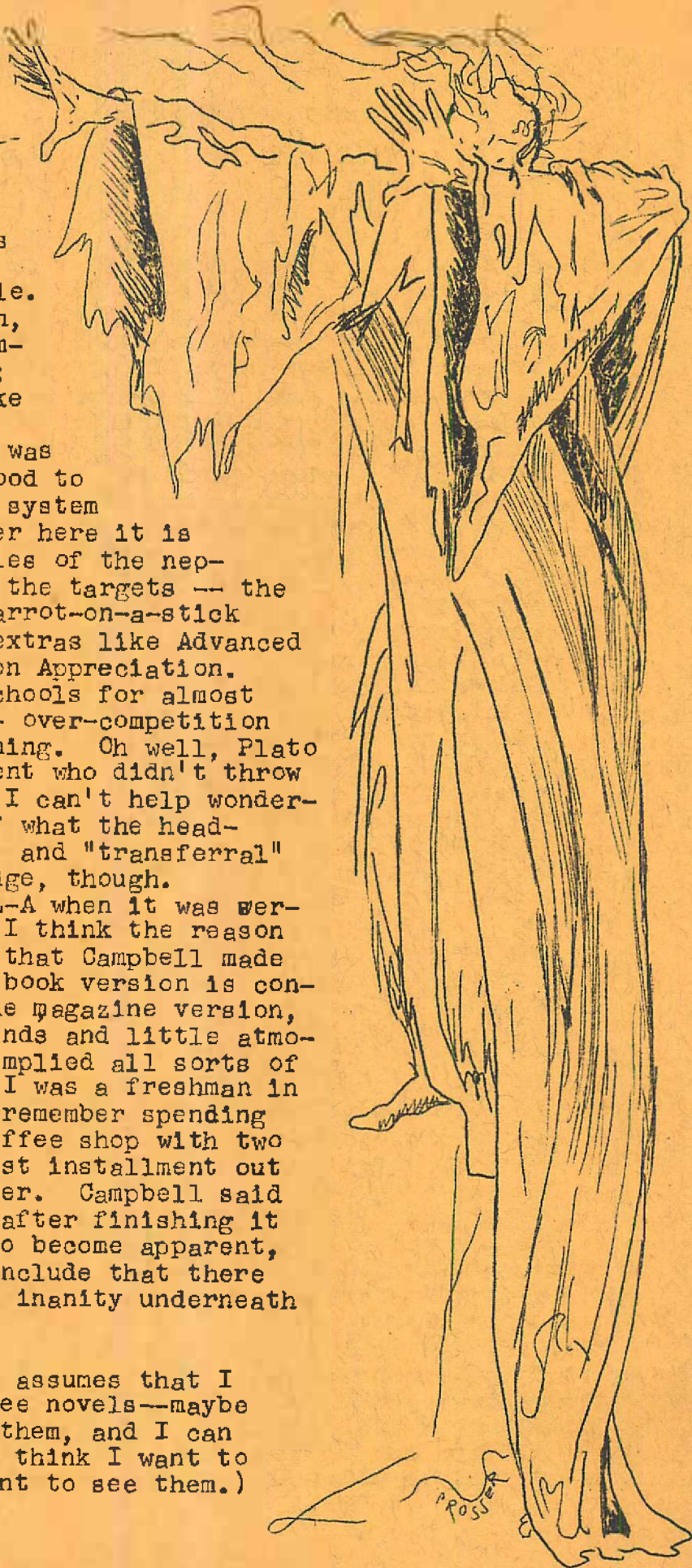
Speaking of Doc Savage (not that anyone was, really -- but you did rumble about him) I suppose by now you have seen the three that Bantam has reprinted from '33 and '34. Nostalgia pushed me all the way thru two of them and most of the way thru the third, but the going is getting mighty rough. The Man of Bronze is hardly aere perennius, and thirty years have dated him more than a little. If he were just getting launched today, he would be more of a James Bond type with a hot blonde and a cold bottle on every page. Surprisingly, the technology has held up much better than the story of the writing; alteration of eight or ten sentences per novel would bring the gadgets up to date --

giving Doc's special planes jet engines and top speeds better than 200, for example. What dates Doc most, though, is that he is presented completely deadpan by Robeson; at least Fleming didn't take Bond very seriously.

Charles Platt's article was refreshing in that it is good to read an attack on a school system from a different tack. Over here it is the more spectacular idiocies of the nep-Deweyites that are usually the targets -- the over-permissiveness, the carrot-on-a-stick technique, the ridiculous extras like Advanced Basket Weaving or Television Appreciation. Platt roasts the British schools for almost exactly opposite reasons -- over-competition and emphasis on exact learning. Oh well, Plato was probably the last student who didn't throw brickbats at his teacher. I can't help wondering if there isn't a bit of what the head-shrinkers call "projection" and "transferral" in Platt's blast at Cambridge, though.

I read THE WORLD OF NULL-A when it was serialized in Astounding, and I think the reason it made such an impact was that Campbell made so much over it. Also the book version is considerably rewritten from the magazine version, which had many more loose ends and little atmospheric nothing bits that implied all sorts of hidden levels of meaning. I was a freshman in college at the time, and I remember spending all of an afternoon in a coffee shop with two other people reading the last installment out loud and then hashing it over. Campbell said it would take several days after finishing it for the full significance to become apparent, so it took us a while to conclude that there was really nothing but mere inanity underneath all the mumbo-jumbo.

Everyone who writes assumes that I have seen those three novels--maybe one day I will see them, and I can be happy. (I don't think I want to buy them; I just want to see them.)



Getting into it reading a bit later than you did,
I read THE PLAYERS OF NULL-A first, and then forced
myself to read THE WORLD OF NULL-A to see if it ex-
plained anything. (It didn't.) RSC7

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

Platt's "Three R's" article was highly interesting. Of course, over here we have the opposite extreme in the elementary schools, where any thought of grading students by ability is immediately denounced as subversive and undemocratic. In the first two or three grades there are, here at least, different "reading circles", based mainly on apparent ability, but after that, nothing. A nice object lesson is the assembly program performed at Mayfield High School today. A nice man from Oak Ridge filled up the stage with all sorts of shiny paraphernalia, most of which buzzed, flashed, or went off with a deafening report, and lectured on "This Atomic World". I would say that 10% or less of the class fully understood what was going on; over 50%, I would guess wildly, considered the thing to be nothing more than a glorified variety show, and just watched the assorted flashes, discharges, and so forth. Apparently they were designed to accompany the program and to hold the audience's attention; what actually happened was that it distracted most of the audience from the lecture.

To get back on the track, what I was attempting to say is that obviously no class can teach all the students; the best compromise between the intelligent and stupid will still cause varying degrees of mystification and boredom. The "track" system seems to be a reasonable answer, but it still doesn't cover enough ground, because some students who are perfect geniuses at grasping the relationships of plane geometry are completely at sea in attempting to write a decent English sentence. The "track" system, to be really effective, would have to be applied separately to different subjects. (And a computer would have to be rented to figure out the students' schedules.)

/Any "track" system worthy of the name is applied
individually by subject, and further, teachers are
assigned by special abilities and training in primary
as well as secondary grades... JWC7

Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire

I am possibly the epitome of the type of general reader who deplores Fleming and everything he has done to set "the man without the law" type of novel back forty years. I was coming up against Fleming fans at every turn, all of whom recommended Bond, so eventually I tried one, and hell! I couldn't believe that it could have been so bad. I must, I reasoned, have picked on one of the worst, so I tried another. This was equally as bad. Norman Shorrocks says that he fails to understand how I can enjoy ALLIGATOR when I dislike Fleming. Ah well....

Frankly, I was disappointed in Mr. Platt's article, for I had understood that there would be much in it with which I would vehemently disagree. This was far from the truth as it has turned out. There was much in the article on education which deals with topics outside my own scope of reference, and unlike Mr. Platt, when I'm talking or writing about educational matters, I prefer to be factual

and not put forward opinions which may or may not be correct, depending largely, I suspect, on chance. To generalise, it may be said that Mr. Platt likes to generalise, for example: "Cambridge is as much of a sausage machine as the other schools in Britain." Which other schools? And are they really the sausage machines Mr. Platt makes them out to be? Well, some may be, of course, if only from the law of averages. But isn't this statement just a little sweeping? But, as I say, much of the article is as much outside my own frame of reference as I suspect the remainder is outside Mr. Platt's. May I just, very briefly, cover one point about which I do know a little? Namely, yes, this "Eleven Plus" examination. Firstly, Mr. Platt is guilty of a grossly factual inaccuracy, and secondly, he is putting forward the old, oft-churned out opinions of the uninitiated. (You know, I'm almost inclined to sit down and write up a full scale article on the exam, but it could well run to some length, and for Mr. Platt's benefit I don't think it worth it; there are several excellent books on the subject, if Mr. Platt was sufficiently interested in getting his facts right.) First, the factual inaccuracy: "The only places in the whole country to have abolished it (the 11 plus) are London schools." There are two points here, and Mr. Platt loses out on both. The London schools have only abolished the 11 plus in so far that they have replaced their selection system with another of pretty much the same style, so that it might even be argued that they haven't abolished it at all (where do you get your facts, Mr. Platt? From The Daily Mirror?). Secondly, the London schools are not the only places to do this. My own education authority, the West Riding (of Yorkshire) "abolished" the examination in exactly the same manner some two years before London did so. Also, what is this rubbish about no allowance being made for a child's health on the day of the examination? Is Mr. Platt discussing the education system of today or of the 1930's?

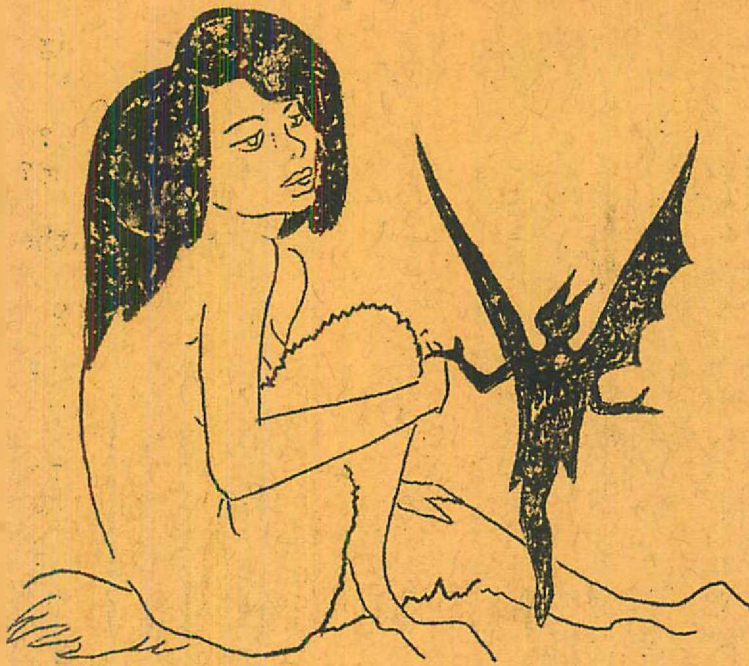
Frankly, I can't understand how any fan with enough humor to appreciate ALLIGATOR could enjoy Fleming. Most of the time he isn't bad enough to be funny, and he certainly isn't good enough to be enjoyable. He's just dull. RSC7

Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa., 16043.

I suppose I could pick out some more ungrammatical things in the new issue, but the hell with it. Probably they're caused by the vast quantities of fan writings you wade through, which are bound to have a mind-rotting effect upon even the most grammatical.

The highlight of your latest is certainly Charles Platt's "The Three R's Reviewed." I thought our educational system in this country had sunk pretty low, but from his account the one in England is worse. From glancing through his article now I see I've been making a mistake in telling people it's Oxford with which he's disgusted when actually it's Cambridge, but I don't suppose there's much difference between them. My sister-in-law is a primary school teacher and I'll give her an opportunity to read the article, as I shall to a friend in Pgh who is concerned about today's education.

A good many years ago a friend lent me a copy of FANNY HILL that was privately printed in India from type hand-set by typographers who did not know the English language. As you can well believe it was full of most interesting and curious typos, but even so I did not read the whole book at that time. Now that I have discovered from Yandro that there are a number of pb editions available I inquired for it at the newsstand in Franklin. "I don't suppose you have any copies of FANNY HILL," I



asked the proprietor. "Oh, hell, yes," he answered, and turned to a shelf behind the counter. "I don't seem to have any now," he added, "but I've had a lot of them. I'll get you one if you like. It's the dirtiest book I ever read and it hasn't a single dirty word in it." So I should have a copy next Monday, and perhaps will read it all, with no typographic absurdities to distract me. Though I suppose in reality it would take a lot of distracting to take one's mind from FANNY HILL.

[No, most of the ungrammatical items in Yandro are caused by

the fact that all of my columns are composed on stencil, and proofread rather hastily. (And some are due to differing standards of grammar. Tom Perry -- in Enclave? -- had an article deploring fan grammar recently, and some of his examples were practices which I was taught in school as the correct way to do things. In such cases, I'll stick to my standards.) RSC
And we must always remember it's English, a living language, we're dealing with, not Latin. There's a razor line between sloppy and stagnant. In avoiding the former, we need not become the latter... JWC7

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Gt. B.

As there is one thing I'd never want to do...write a story (I'm a reader) you might think that the long article by Algis Budrys would be of no interest to me. In actual fact it was, as I have a passionate curiosity about nearly everything. Except figures (math ones, that is) and how mechanical things work...all else is grist to my mill.

Grumbings has quite a lot of book talk this time; I approve, particularly as there is a minimum of mention of That Subject (I've just received Warhoon...and would you believe it? Almost half on That Subject...when everything that could be said has been said...I was so disappointed...). I just found a rare book...one I couldn't be bothered finishing! Called CITY BOY by Herman Wouk. It's the story of a fat boy; by about the fifth chapter I figured out it was his lot to be humiliated all through the book (your mention of Piggy reminded me of this) and so I bid him a sad farewell just as he set off for summer camp. I really don't feel like suffering with him. I guess this type book goes down big with masochists. Someone had the cheek to compare it with HUCKLEBERRY FINN.

Did you ever recommend in "Golden Minutes" a book called THE PRESS by AJ Liebling? Whatever it was that triggered my mind when I saw it going cheap (1/3d) in Woolworths I dunno...but I bought it. Best chuckle I'd had for a looong time! I often laughed out loud in fact some parts were so funny. Of course, a great deal of what he had to

say about the American press is quite applicable to our Press also... which increased my enjoyment of the way he set to with relish.

/Don't, think I've ever mentioned THE PRESS, but we have the book and enjoyed it. I think Bob Bloch made the best analysis of Wouk's writings that I've ever seen. (He didn't think much of them.) It was in Jerry DeMuth's fanzine, and then reprinted in the Advent EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM. RSC/

Creath Thorne, Route #4, Savannah, Mo., 64485

The Lupoff article was no much more than nattering --- it was more like a column than an article -- but it was very enjoyable nonetheless. I have stated several times that I do not enjoy material on the subject of ERB, but Dick makes all this "shop talk" seem interesting.

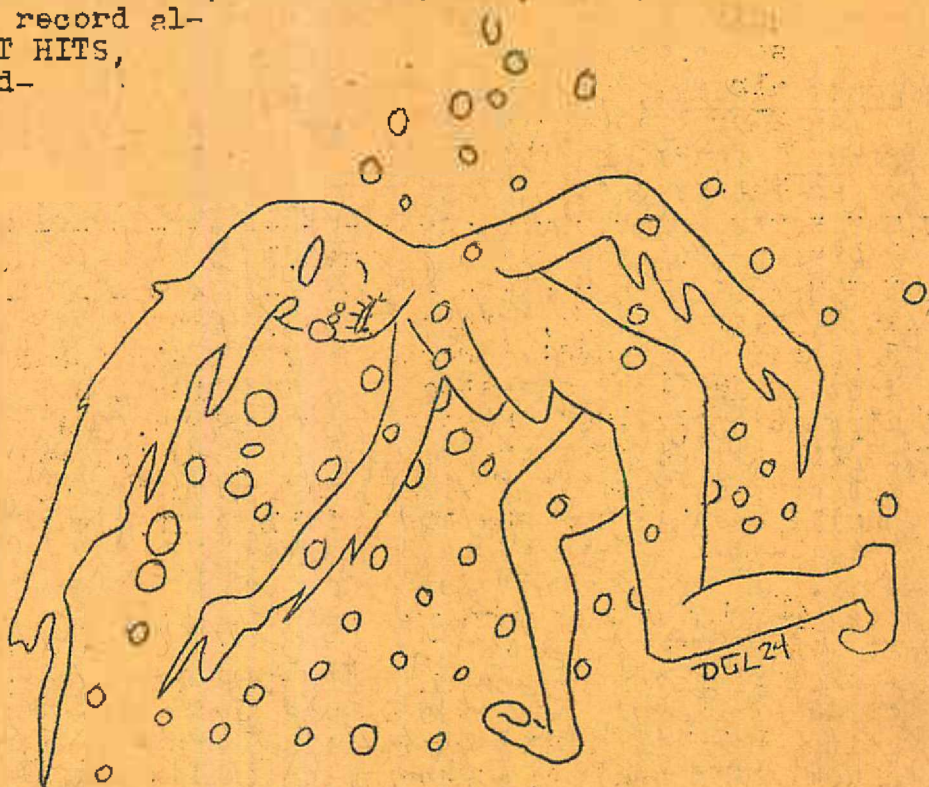
"Notes on Story-Telling" -- why can't Budrys talk more straight? Perhaps it is just me -- but I've read more than one book on how to write stories (not that it does much good...) and they seemed to be much more clear than the Budrys article. So I sat down and puzzled it out, and then found that there wasn't all that much help in the article. Arnold can talk that way in an essay, say like SWEETNESS AND LIGHT, to give a classic example, but when you aren't giving out momentous truths, you should be clearer. This is, of course, only my own opinion, which often differs from that of the majority...

/Incidentally, part of this letter was published last issue, but I ran out of room before finishing it. Continued letters: what next? RSC/

Bob Briney, 176 E. Stadium Drive, West Lafayette, Ind., 47906

Have you heard the record album DRACULA'S GREATEST HITS, by a British thump-and-wall group called The Monsters? One of the local stations has been playing selections from it all week. A couple of them are pretty funny (and one of them even seems to be intentionally so). The leader of the group (The Monsters, that is) is Gene (or Jean) Moss; he can't carry a tune in a shopping bag, but he does a passable imitation of Lugosi's voice: ("I want to bite your hand...Yah! I want to bite your hand.")

Another recent arrival is the U.S.



Government Printing Office edition of the "Warren Report". I can't imagine reading the whole thing in detail (900 pages of verbatim testimony, medical reports, photostats of Oswald's correspondence, etc., is too big a lump to assimilate), but I'm glad to have a copy for reference.

You have probably been informed by now, but just in case you haven't: Ed Wood now lives in (or at least near) Milwaukee. Address: 6553 Green Way, Apt #2, Greendale, Wisconsin 53129. The company he is now working for (Allis-Chalmers) took care of having him and belongings moved from Idaho Falls to Wisconsin, but I hear they almost backed out of the deal when the movers got to his house and found seven tons of books to be moved.

Another miscellaneous news item from the Convention: the auction grossed \$1200, and cleared \$825 net. Mostly on manuscripts; illustrations didn't move worth a darn. (All this is hearsay, of course, since I didn't attend any of the auction sessions.) I guess the Pacificon won't have any money worries.

And yes, Advent is probably going to do a "Proceedings" volume. The Committee will pay for it, and Pelz and other LASFSians will do the editing and ms. preparation. (The Discon Proceedings will be out sometime early next year, probably in February. Apparently some of the tapes were damaged before they could be transcribed, and material has to be pieced together from other sources, which is part of the reason for the delay.)

/I haven't heard the album yet; I suspect that I'm lucky. Juanita bought the Bantam edition of the Warren Report (it was cheaper). I haven't heard, but I suspect that there will be two fans who will absolutely refuse to accept these findings -- G.M. Carr and John Boardman. I can't understand people paying good money for original manuscripts. Art, yes. You can hang it on the wall and look at it, and, due to the economics of reproduction, quite often the original is far superior to the cover you see on the magazine. But with manuscripts, one presumably already had the story in the magazine -- a handier form to store and locate for re-reading -- and if the editor is any good at all the published version is superior to the original.

RSC7

"In your guts, you know he's nuts."Liz Lokke

Rick Brooks, R.R. #1, Fremont, Ind. 46737

On Silver Seconds: I worked for the air force for a few years. For a while I was in bench stock (electronics type) and everything is built to AF specifications and costs ten prices. And what is more to the point, any GI's who were good at electronics would rather buy their electronic components than scrounge from the bench stock.

"The Last": Who wrote this? I liked it. It reminds me of the late Lord Dunsany.

/I wish I knew who wrote "The Last". Whoever submitted it neglected to put his name on it, I didn't notice the omission, and by the time I got around to using it, I couldn't recall who had sent it in. I inquired of a few likely possibilities, with no results, and then decided that if it was published, the author would rush to claim it. He hasn't. RSC7

CHARLIE BROWN, 2719 Morris Ave, Bronx, N.Y. 10468

John Brunner's novel, The Whole Man, is probably the best thing he has written so far. It's too bad that the original stories had to be cut and revised so much in order to fit them into the novel. "City Of The Tiger" was a fine story in itself but wouldn't have fit into the novel in its original form.

If you haven't read Seconds yet, don't bother. It's a real stinker. The writing is smooth, but nothing really happens.

The Kline-Ellik letters were very interesting and gave me a new slant on the rotation plan and the Syracuse bid. I was at Chicago in '52 and voted for Philadelphia for the same reason you did. It didn't matter to me which was the better bid; I could and did make Philadelphia but could not have possibly made San Francisco. Because of the large amount of local people that attend a convention, I think that it could happen again if the rotation plan is scrapped. As Klein points out, there is provision in the rotation plan for out of turn bids, It should be enough.

Sgt. R.F. Smith, c/o Sgts. Mess, 1 COD, Bandiana, Victoria, Australia

Audience reaction was very mixed when I screened "The Damned" some months ago; it most definitely wasn't the kind of "science fiction" they were used to or wanted to see. It was a chilly ending, and even the people who do like to show films, Alan, found it uncomfortable.

Robert E. Briney, again

On this afternoon's peregrination through the local book store, I came across a title that sounded very promising: The Advance Of The Fungi. It is a Dover paperback, and the title hinted that it might be one of their fantasy reprints. The author's name was also promising: E. C. Large, author of at least two excellent science fiction books (Asleep In The Afternoon and Sugar In The Air). Alas, the book turns out to be non-fiction, all about such thrilling subjects as potato mold.....

Sam J. Lundwall, Box 409, Hagersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden

I am hunting for a certain book, being an english or american edition of Cyrano de Bergerac's Historie Comique des Estats et Empires de la Lune. Do you know anything about editions in the english language of any of Cyrano de Bergerac's novels? The royal library of sweden has three different editions of this novel, one from 1661, one from 1750 and one from 1751 -- all in french, and I can't read that sort of french.

If you do have any idea of where I can buy, borrow or steal a copy of that novel in english, please let me know.

/I gave him the publishing information from Pilgrims Through Space & Time -- first time that book ever proved useful -- and the fact that I hadn't the vaguest idea of where to get a copy. Any readers with any information on Cyrano please pass it on to Sam directly.

RSC 7

Ben Solon, 3915 N. Southport, Chicago, Illinois, 60613

I could and in fact would like to say that YAN is the best fanzine on the market but I'm inclined to agree that you have the world's best second rate fanzines. The reason I made the above statement is, you simply don't have enough diversity. YAN #139 was plenty diverse, but 140 was almost entirely taken up by Terry Carr. While I have nothing against Carr, I think that the article could have been shortened by about 250 words, thereby leaving room for a short article or some short-short fiction.

I have to go along with you when you say that Farnham's Freshhold is the worst of RAH. I've seen more original plots in third rate comic books. Heinlein has been slipping lately and selling novels not because they're good but because his name is Robert A. Heinlein. Starship Troopers was fairly good, Podkayne Of Mars was about the worst (until FF), Stranger In A Strange Land wasn't too bad and even Glory Road wasn't really as awful as it has been made to sound. But as you say, "FF is indefensible".

Piers Anthony: I'm currently attending an evening class in English at I.I.T. and I'm inclined to agree with you, college writing classes are contemptable. The stuff we're supposed to write about is neither here nor there; it's just a waste of time. We are given contraversial subjects to write on, then limited to 250 to 300 words. How can anyone make a decent statement of opinion that brief! You can make statements of fact, but you can't justify your arguments.

/That's the nice part about fandom; you don't have to justify your arguments. Several years ago I gave up trying to get diversity into every issue of YANDRO; 30 pages doesn't provide enough space for both diversity and long material. Of course, I suppose we could publish a 100-page quarterly instead of a 30-page monthly (but would anyone pay 75¢ for it?) and have plenty of room. But we'd rather come out monthly (more or less) and try to get a balanced output for the year rather than for each issue. It doesn't win Hugos, but it's more fun. RSC/

Bill Pearson, 103 West 70th. St., New York, N.Y. 10023

On the basis of seeing 2 issues of SATA, a deranged New York publisher has given me the go ahead to produce my own mag. It will be a girlie book (the imaginative title is: THE GIRLIE BOOK. I thot of it myself) and a lot of fans will surely miss it unless they are somehow forewarned. And they shouldn't miss it becuz it will have a full-color Frank Frazetta cover, and four pages of Roy Krenkel sketches, in addition to other fan-nish surprises --- plus Adkins, Tom Conroy, and C. Hall.

/This letter is over a month old now, so the mag may already be out; keep on the lookout for it. (If I know Pearson, the cover illo will be a picture of a nude sitting on a giant toadstool.) And if it is out, let me know; I haven't seen it. RSC/

Bob Smith, again

Talking of James Blish's works (as we were last time around), I found myself becoming completely absorbed in his old "There Shall Be No Darkness" (in Witches Three) the other night, which I hadn't read for some time. It still grips me.

/Me, too. I reread it occasionally, pawing thru the old STARTLINGs until I find it. I don't have the book; never had the money. And even if I did, part of my enjoyment of the story is the Finlay illustration, with his blunk-eyed werewolf looming out of the mist. (There's some original magazine art I'd like to get hold of. I like the Finlay I have (from "The Lady Is A Witch") but I'd like the werewolf better. RSC/

And I'm left with a long letter from Randy Scott, which might see print in the next issue, and several shorter items which on re-reading seemed too personal to be of much interest to the readership. Wish us luck in getting two more issues out before the end of the year. RSC

..... SCHLUSS