

# YANDRO

146



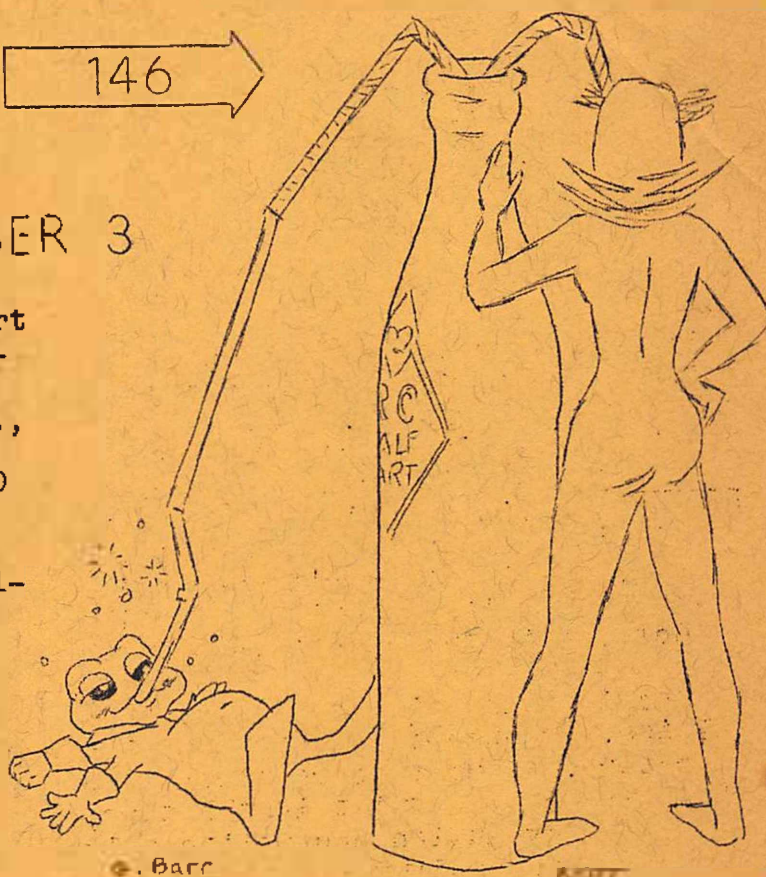


# YANDRO 146

## VOLUME XIII = NUMBER 3

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Available for contributions; available for trade if I feel like it, sometimes available for barter (what you got to offer?) and positively no copies sent in return for letters of comment.



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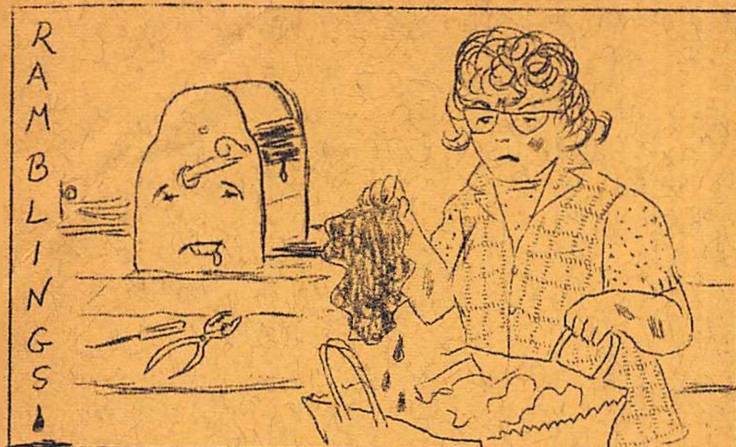
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Next issue should be back to a more normal arrangement, with a few more pages and a few less letters. We would have had a couple more pages this time, but we used up all the extra paper on the Vance essay. RSC





The Gestetner is really a member of the family now -- it has proved that it will work under the severest sort of handicap... Before I run a fresh stack of paper, I always run thru three or four crud sheets (rejects from previous issues) -- and on one page this issue the first sheet through performed a bit of aerial acrobatics, flipped up, around and back and went thru the machine again. Or so I thought. But after about ten sheets, I re-

alized the machine was making a new noise (it's difficult to spot a new noise -- what with the assorted clicks, whumps, and grunkles a G120 makes while running). It took me a while to track down the source, but eventually I discovered the errant crud sheet had somehow fed itself inside the double drums and wrapped itself firmly around the smaller felt roller in the middle of the whole mess.

Didn't seem to affect the reproduction of those first ten sheets at all, and if it hadn't been noisy about its new location, I might not have spotted it for quite some time.

Getting it out didn't take very long, but it was extremely messy.

Machines in this house seem to be a breed that operates under difficulties, presumably to overcome the mechanical ineptness of their human operators. Our tape recorder once valiantly played away for quite some time with a twist in the tape; it managed to straighten the mess out each revolution and politely ignored our crass comments about the sloppy sound quality and why-was-the-tape-going-on-the-takeup-reel-so-crooked-anyway?

Minor domestic crisis these last few days: I discovered something had been nibbling my rubber spatula in a kitchen drawer, and asked Buck to set a mousetrap; but when it snapped and I went to look, I saw the biggest, healthiest mouse I'd ever encountered and yelled for help -- Buck announced it was a young rat, and since the mousetrap wasn't equipped to handle this sort of thing, had to dispatch the stunned critter on the back porch. Then I had to spend some time cleaning everything in the drawer (again) and moving stuff to my upright metal cabinets -- which are not at all convenient for this sort of thing. The sink cabinets are metal, too, but apparently there's a way the beasts can get in from the back (they probably chewed through the concrete foundation or something). We later caught another one, and the trap snapped a third time, but whatever it was, it escaped before we got there.

Now mice aren't too bad. We have field mice around here -- they come in under the house in the winter and scabble around in the walls, and as long as they stay out of my drawers and don't get too noisy, I'm inclined to live and let live. But it's hard for me to feel friendly toward a rat. I think I'll start sleeping with the air rifle next to the bed, just in case.

Being a stay-at-home, I was able to watch the Ranger shot while it was happening, feeling lucky that for once it was being broadcast on the one local station with decently clear signal. But it struck me that there's something backwards about this sort of thing. I sat there watching the shot, enjoying myself extremely, and feeling very much like



the audience at JPL when they cheered as the telemetry signal quit, indicating impact.

And then it occurred to me -- why are we cheering? Here's this poor expensive machine slaving away taking pictures like crazy, and when the signal quits it's a notice the equipment has just smashed itself to junk all over a crater floor. We should feel sorry -- and if it's that close, isn't it bound to impact? Do they really think it's going to veer off somewhere when it's within that distance? Why be so delightedly surprised when it finally does hit?

Makes me wonder what they're going to do if someday the pictures quit coming and the telemetry signal continues. Sit there and look unhappy, probably.

Been a big time for orbits, picture taking and so forth. I was interested in the Russian shot, of course, but the most imagination provoking news came, to me, with their landing. The news item described them getting out of their vehicle, not knowing for sure where they were and finding themselves in a snow-filled forest. I mentioned this to Buck, and chuckled over this mental picture of the poor guys flailing around wondering where they were, and Buck speculated them deciding: "How 'bout that? Just because we overshot a little, they sent us to Siberia anyway -- and after all we did for them!"

Of course, if some of the suspicions of monitoring stations in other countries are correct, and if they actually did hear futile SOS messages from stranded previous cosmonauts, these guys were lucky to get back, even to Siberia.

I've often wondered how the US would react to loss of life in our Gemini or Apollo program -- and of course it's rather surprising to consider we haven't had any disasters (beyond losing one capsule). There was an accident on the ground in one of the sheds, but so far no losses during actual flight. Would it discourage further effort and grass roots agitation to get out of the "moondoggle"? Or would it act as a stimulus, a boost to national pride to prove the dead hero right by going on with the work? There is a muttering background of the sort of politico who wants us to quit spending all this money on "space nonsense" and start spending it here on Earth in research and similar fine projects.

Perhaps I'm cynical, but I wonder how these politicians would react if someone announced, okay, we're closing down all the parts factories and space-oriented industries in the state and bringing in some specialists to beef up that medical research lab you've got in the capital. I doubt if they'd like that either. Many of them are the sort Al Lewis parodied in one of his FAPazines: the sort that would make Columbus fill out a form in triplicate, go through a Congressional subcommittee, and then tell him no -- too expensive and impractical. Too many other things demanding our attention...any day now, we'll get around to them, just don't push.

Another mimeographing puzzle: sometimes we get paper from Vari-Color and sometimes from an office supplier in Anderson, Ind....same paper, color, 20 lb....presumably identical. But the packages from Vari-color are bigger than the ones from Anderson. No, they don't contain any more paper, they're just bigger, fatter. Apparently if you buy from Oklahoma, you get more air for your money. JWC





Somebody has been spreading filthy rumors about us....When the kid wrote in requesting information about "your YANDRO organization"; well, that could be sloppy sentence structure. When the neofan editor explained all the benefits we'd receive by merging with his publication (ending by saying that his fanzine had been in operation for six whole months and inquiring about the age of ours; well, anyone is entitled to a few mistakes, especially funny ones. But when some-

one wrote in requesting us to send him "one of your publications on comic books" -- that is going too far! Comic books, indeed!

Stamp collecting offers all sorts of interesting information. Such as the fact that Russia issued a stamp commemorating "The 10th Peace Bicycle Race". (People who think that tv advertising is funny should take a close look at Russian propaganda sometime.)

I think if I was Norman Rockwell, I'd change my name. During the McCarthy era, people were always confusing him with Rockwell Kent and calling him a dirty Commie. Now they're confusing him with George Lincoln Rockwell and calling him a dirty Nazi. (Not to mention all the people in both eras who confuse themselves with art critics and call him a lousy artist.)

Ballantine has reprinted Dan Mannix's Memoirs Of A Sword Swallower; a fascinating, humorous account of carnival life. Juanita immediately began casting it as a movie (with Hans Conreid as "The Impossible Possible". It would make a good one, if the screenwriters would resist temptations to "improve" it. Another recent Ballantine is The Great Indian Mutiny, by Richard Collier. Having been somewhat interested in the Sepoy Rebellion since first hearing of it, I jumped at the chance to get an account, even at 75¢. (I was amused to notice that the big newstand in Anderson placed it in with the westerns; I guess to the average American, there is only one kind of Indian.)

The Vance essay is now available. Runs to 27 pages of writing by Dick Tiedman and 3 pages of bibliography by Bob Briney, plus covers. British fans may get it either thru Dodd or by sending a request to Ken Slater; Ken offered to take a number of copies for resale at what will be an extremely small -- quite possibly non-existent -- profit to him. The cost in this country is 25¢ a copy; Dodd will be asking 2/0. In the essay volume, I request that comments be sent directly to Tiedman. I'd prefer this, but if you insist on commenting to me, I'll forward your verbiage.

Gene DeWeese reports that, in keeping with current civil rights activity, he has begun integration in his calculus course. And Bob Tucker mentions that he is writing a novel about fandom and conventions. That should plunge all fandom into war, if he can get anyone to publish it.

Ann Ashe, R.D. 1, Freeville, N.Y. 13068, reports that the N3F Tape Bureau is reactivated and looking for members, tapes, and ideas. That's another facet of fandom that I'll pass up for lack of time. Tape recording takes too much time -- I can't see the point of tape corresponding. (At least, not with someone I don't know very well. Trading folksongs with Billy Pettit and chatter with the Thompsons, Dodd, etc. is an adjunct to corresponding with them -- and I got acquainted by letter first and know what I'm getting into. Well, most of the time; with Don and Maggle, I sometimes wonder..... And yes, Alan, I'll get that tape of yours answered any day now. I think I've only had it for 4 months now.)



In case anyone hasn't guessed by now, I failed to take notes during the month for editorial subjects, and I'm now having one devil of a time filling up the required stencils. Whenever this happens, it always turns out that I discover something to say -- often something that I've been requested to mention -- right after I struggle thru the last line of the stencil. So if I've forgotten anyone, wait till next issue.

In the background at present is "Mormon Folk Songs", sung by L.M. Hilton. An interesting record -- and a pretty good voice to be coming from Folkways. Recently at a sale I picked up a John McCormack record for \$1.98 (I'll nearly always risk that much on something that sounds interesting). The record wasn't as good as I'd expected, but it was interesting in one way -- it was taken not from the old 78 rpm masters, but from the record collections of several New York City citizens. Also, it originally sold for \$5.95. Now this arouses my cupidity. I have scores of old 78 rpm records -- mostly Brunswicks, but with a smattering of Victor, Columbia, Pathé, Vocalion, Perfect ("Red Records Are Best!"), Broadway, Gennett, etc. I also have a fairly good tape recorder, and Harry Warner keeps talking about places that will process lp records from customers' tapes for about a dollar or so per record. I wonder if anyone would pay \$5.95 to hear Theo Karle, Richard Bonnell, Florence Easton, Nick Lucas, or Whispering Jack Smith? Or how about Moran And Mack, The Two Black Crows? (I doubt if Juanita would let me produce those, however; she's very serious about Negro rights.)

A rather garish set of stamps from Liberia got me interested in the life of Jehudi Ashmun. Fascinating character; I'm surprised that nobody has written a book about him recently. Apparently the definitive blog was done in 1835. From what little I've gathered, he practically set up Liberia single-handed -- others were the official founders, but he was the one who made a success of the venture. Now, if I had the proper amount of incentive, I would look up all the old material about him and write an article for AMERICAN HERITAGE. But I'll never get around to doing it. If one of you budding authors out there will do the article, however, I'll be glad to read it.

I notice the latest S F Book Club announcement is marked "Spring"; are they cutting to quarterly publication? (And while you're telling me that, tell me who Christopher Hodder-Williams is, and what he's doing writing stf.)

I wonder how many collectors of borderline fantasy have included The Indian Drum, by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer, in their collections? Primarily it's a love story with a background setting of Great Lakes shipping, but there's also a fantasy element. "The Indian Drum is in the woods there, they say. No one has seen it; but many people believe that they have heard it. It's a spirit drum which beats, they say, for every ship lost on the lake." And, while the authors don't make a point of "proving" the fantasy, a main theme of the book is that the Drum "beat short" for one ship, and that therefore there must have been a survivor. Of course, there was one; any reader can figure out who it was after the third or fourth chapter. I have the book because my parents bought it, but I've read it several times; not so much because of the fantasy but because of a fine description of a storm on Lake Michigan which climaxes the book (with the Drum beating, and the villain going dramatically mad). I don't keep it in with the fantasy; at the moment it's on my shelf of nostalgic schmalz, between Kipling's Light That Failed and An Heir At Large, by John T. McCutcheon, close to Mary Johnston's To Have And To Hold and The Wake Of The Red Witch by Garland Roark. (Maybe next issue I'll give you a thrilling tour of Maristan Chapman's hill town of Glen Hazard.) RSC

# THE CONVENTIONAL GENIUS

article by ENID JACOBS OSTEN

THE CHILDREN OF THE ATOM by Wilmar Shiras seems to be one of those "popular" sf books which non-sf fans have read and can discuss. Basically an Odd-John type tale about a group of superintelligent mutants (they got that way when their fathers, at the time of their conceptions had been affected by an explosion in an atomic plant), that get together at age fourteen, via an advertisement concocted by Timothy Paul, the most normal of the group, and his psychiatrist friend. All of the children have been leading double or triple lives up to this time: the smoke-screen of a conventional child hiding the fact that the child in question has been writing stories, poems, biographies and comic strips under pen names (and getting them accepted). Forming a sort of school, the children (that is, eight or ten of them) live together under rules set up by psychiatrist and teachers, produce an even more impressive output of work, and help each other iron out emotional kinks. Eventually, after public mob-action aroused by a hysterical preacher convinces the children that they have been too isolated in their genius, the mutants wisely decide that it would be better if they were to go to public school, mingle with their neighbors, and establish reputations as nice, normal kids...which they thereupon proceed to do.

An innocuous little book. maybe. Yet I find the author's rather naive conception of the Super children themselves rather hard to take. Perhaps she was trying to avoid the cliché of the coldly detached Übermensch; at any rate, she succeeded in portraying a gang of bright inquisitive youngsters who, in spite of their staggering erudition and intellectual output, are almost painfully conventional when it comes to accepting the folkways, mores, morals and taboos of the particularly society in which they find themselves. (Which is, in every single case, present-day America.) Concerning religious matters, for instance, the children believe rather strongly in the ordinary sort of God. one little girl says that she cannot speak of atheists if she is not permitted to use the words "crazy" or "stupid". The two exceptions to this case are very easily straightened out by the understanding psychologist, who believes implicitly in two of the favorite theories (or catchphrases) of this time: one, that a concept must have practical value or be proven by pragmatic terms before it can be accepted and two, that "cold-blooded" intellectuality without emotionalism is "bad".

The first of these cases is a little girl (well, she is fourteen. The author dates herself by calling her "a little girl".) who seriously believes in reincarnation and explains her own great intelligence thereby. The psychiatrist decides that she needs a more sound philosophy and attempts to talk her out of her mysticism, condemning it on strictly practical grounds... "I don't see much use in living many lives if you forget them all." If the girl is as intelligent as the author would have you believe, she should be well-grounded in the tenets of Buddhism and Hinduism's "Wheel of Karma", with perhaps her own synthesis of mystical philosophy. The author could give us a really interesting scene with the



proponents of two conflicting beliefs battling it out. Instead, she is clearly on the side of the psychiatrist... and begs the question by making the girl appear uniformed as well as silly:

"By the way, what is your religion, Stella? Egyptian? Buddhist?"

"Of course not," said Stella indignantly. "Do you think I pray to cows and cats and beetles?"

"Have you ever lived as a bird or animal of any sort?"

"That wouldn't have to be."

Result: the girl is converted to a philosophy that she can "test and prove"... empirically, I suppose.

The other maverick is a "materialist"... (they usually are atheists, but the author doesn't go into that)... a cold-blooded scientific chap who is overdeveloped in intellect and underdeveloped in every other area. This Fred doesn't understand why people like poetry, art, music, or pets; moreover, he resents the others desperately and takes out his hostility by playing five-year old level tricks (turning up the incubator so that the eggs cook, etc.) on the others. His perfidy is found out when he expounds his new theory... a simple method to find out the sex of a fetus, then abort said fetus if it is not the sex one wants. Obviously, only Fred is dastardly enough to play such "jokes"... they do show a fantastic lack of emotional maturity... and, in return for not reporting on Fred, the others insist that he undergo a "cure", the result of which will make him a more human and likable chap. Fred agrees. (He's a pretty good sport about the whole thing.) After a series of emotion-inducing exercises designed for him... reading poetry, contemplating an apple seed, rearing a puppy... Fred becomes just as normal and human as the other mutants. And life goes on among the Superchildren.

What, you may ask, is wrong with this sort of thing? There are at least three reasons why I personally find the philosophy of this book naive and unconvincing. One is the uniformity of backgrounds of most of the children--most are waspish and aware of other viewpoints or backgrounds only as freaks. One of the non-typical children in religion, as I have shown, is portrayed as misguided... one as neurotically withdrawn from humanity. What, I wonder, would have happened if one of the Wonder Children were raised as a Buddhist... an Islam... a Jew... or an Ethical Culturist? Could the psychiatrist so blithely guide such a child back to a "sound philosophy"... or would he himself end up doubting whether any philosophy was completely "sound"?

The second unrealistic point about this book is its optimistic assumption that the children would be amenable to "cure". The psychiatrist explains that out of only about thirty mutants, none, statistically speaking, would be "insane". True, perhaps, but a child doesn't have to be mentally off to be stubborn, neurotic, or determined to "get back" at grownups who want to "change" him... and to cause a lot of trouble in the process. Fred, for instance, might have rebelled at the amateur therapy and walked out, refused to cooperate, or cruelly dissected the poetry... or the puppy... along scientific lines. And one couldn't completely blame him. I don't know as I'd like a bunch of people my own age and intelligence thrusting "exercises" at me, either.

The third point is simply the idealistic acceptance with which Shiras's little geniuses regard this society and its conventions. Even though they all do come from the same background, it seems surprising to me that none has ever seriously questioned the tenets and taboos of society. (Except perhaps Fred, who sees nothing wrong in casual abortion). It's true they have had to wear the mask of society for their own protection... but it seems odd that, not only do they never weary of the mask or consider it a false face, but they seem to have forgotten that they are wearing it.





GRUBBLIN'S

Jim Goodrich, 5 Brewster Drive, Middletown, N.Y. 10940

Have never heard a liberal advocating the force-feeding of the lazy & the parasites, or denying the existence of such; the typical politician, however, will urge any program that will garner votes. I, personally, place more value on gorillas in general, than on most humans I encounter. Not that I would want my sister to marry one; the children would be sterile. Rob Williams should submit his poem to the Mag of Horror. Assume Gene wrote his column before viewing the near degeneration of UNCLE's man in London by a laser in Goldfinger. Wouldn't have been surprised if the American distributors of the latter had blooped out Miss Galore's Christian name. Expected the audience to guffaw wildly at the first appearance of Pussy, but reaction was almost negligible. Ian has corrupted the masses. Don't know why you are ridiculing Dan Mannix -- I've always wanted to attend a Black Mass. Jayne Mansfield would make a yummy altar. Must Dian ruin her nude with all those dots? Vern Coriell loves ERB with a passion, yet would be the last to maintain Burroughs was a great writer - period. He might say that ERB was the most entertaining author of fiction. Regardless of his taste, Vern is not a jerk. A damned good man, in my opinion. Lancer plans to pub the Conan canon.

There's a solution to the overpopulation problem. I wasn't ridiculing Mannix; I just think his usual type of writing makes him an unusual choice for a biography of L. Frank Baum. RSC/

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

I enjoyed Fanshin's Bester article, but have no comments except I always thought "The Demolished Man" highly overrated. I like "The Stars My Destination" much better and it wasn't any world stopper. I dig the man from UNCLE muchly also.

For some odd reason or other I have very strong opinions re stamp collecting. This is strange as it is the only hobby or suchlike that I do get worked up about. Naturally I force myself to be tolerant and all that jazz; I'll even save appropriate stamps for friends, but as far as I can see stamp collecting has nothing whatsoever to be said



in its favor. It's purely and simply a device for filling up time and collecting something that has no merit in itself, just the artificial value given it by the process of collecting. And the very thought people have nothing better to do with their time than to fill it in such a fashion...!

I note Walter Breen is trying to rewrite fan history or science fiction history or something. Ohwell... Anyhow there are still fans around to remember that "the story which turned many people away from AEV..." was not "Asylum" but "The World of Null A", which appeared some three years later. Before "The World of Null A" there had been little or no criticism of van Vogt. And "Asylum" was highly popular and is still regarded as one of the great classics of the Golden Age.

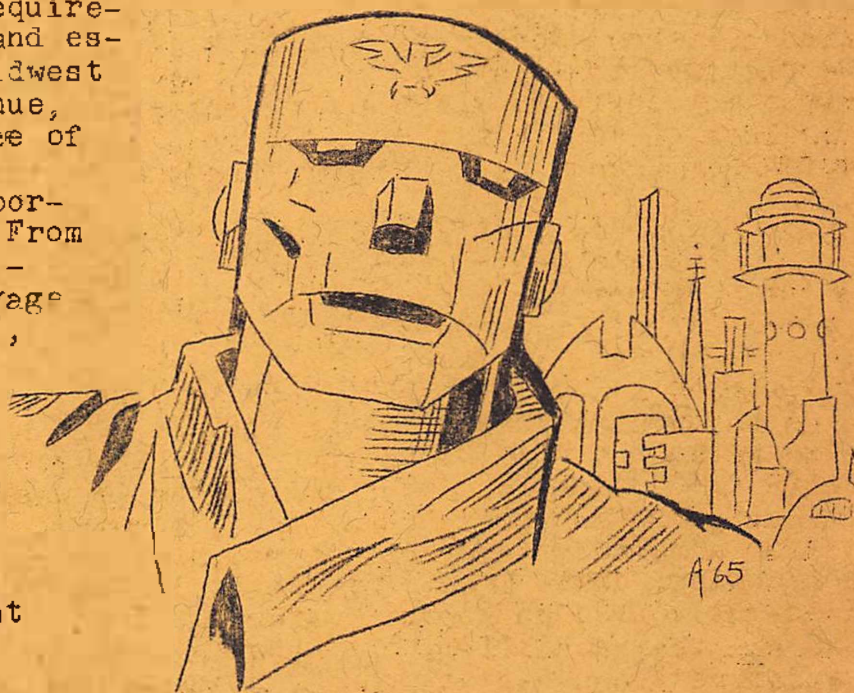
/Foo. Stamps -- at least the ones I get -- are pretty, the space issues are as much related to sf as the non-fiction writings of Clarke, Ley, etc., and a few of them are downright funny. (Such as the French stamp which presents the entire text of a De Gaulle speech -- can you think of a better capsule comment on current French politics?) I wouldn't get any fun out of collecting every single issue of the Shiekhdom of Sharjah, but a stamp collection can easily be an attractive adjunct to another hobby. I thought "Asylum" was entertaining when I first read it, but a rereading convinced me that it does have its little faults. RSC7

Mike Deckinger, Apartment 10-K, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, NJ, 07106

DeWeese's non-committal chessmen on the cover of #144 is an excellent method of commencing a fanzine like Yandro, which is often non-committal and restrained itself. I thought that he would have had no hobbies, outside of watching Grade-C science fiction films, and reading bad books. Isn't that an aimless and futile path to tread thru life; dedicating yourself to uprooting the mediocre and the second-rate? DeWeese, I pity you.

Now that Juanita has fulfilled the advertising requirements of Speed-O-Print, and established herself as a midwest extension of Madison Avenue, how about giving the price of the "silk sheet"?

I haven't had much opportunity to watch "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.", since it conflicts timewise with "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea", which is a refreshingly hilarious comedy assuming all outward manifestations of a straight adventure show. A couple of weeks ago they ran an episode which must have given the scriptwriter a week's uninterrupted stint at the typewriter, in order to turn out such a





meticulous and broadly funny plot. A robot from a satellite, its brain twisted by cosmic rays, is brought aboard the Seaview, and it goes berserk, smashing and killing everything in its path. With the application of some devious scientific fact, a scientist on board discovers the robot reacts just to light. So what does the quick thinking captain do? He sends out all the crew with wide beam flashlights, and with the utmost in cunning, these ancestral spirits of John Paul Jones gleefully shine the bloody light directly on to the robot whenever they see it, thus encouraging it to do more acts of mischief. Shades of the Keystone Kops.

On the other hand, there is also "Profiles in Courage", which proves the idiot box need not be 100% worthless. The stories told are all presented with taste and skill, the acting is excellent, and the opinions expressed are often what could be classed in the minority, yet in no way do they lack the conviction that the characters hold. It's probably the best series on the air at the moment.

Stamp collecting just doesn't interest me, though Berry's report on the number of space stamps that have been issued is enlightening, and with the advent of more intensive space explorations and achievements I suppose "astro-philately" will someday become as familiar as the more mundane aspects of stamp collecting. I suppose postulating a step further, you might arrive at the premise of "Fandom Stamps" issued by the post office to commemorate some noted fannish personality or event. Perhaps a 10,000 page airmail would be sufficient to earn the recognition of the Post Office. And for Harlan Ellison there would be the special air mail stamp to England which automatically dissolves the letter as Ella Parker is half way through it. John Berry could be the recipient of the eternal stamp, that can be reused over and over again, to locations anywhere in the world. I think he'll find the postage savings with this to be quite a sizable sum.

The filler on the last 3/4 of page 12 left me

Fanshin on Bester was extremely perceptive, but I can't help but note that sf must be in a sad shape if "The Demolished Man" and "The Stars My Destination" demonstrate the author's "lack of grounding in science fiction", and contain "stock elements". Both novels were among the top five of the year when they were published, and to downgrade them with undeveloped criticism doesn't speak well for the rest of the output. In fact, considering the small amount of sf that Bester has written, I'd say percentage wise, there's been an extremely high quantity of outstanding mtl bearing his name. I never cared for him as a critic, his notions often seem pre-established opinions that were thought up years ago. But even this would be forgivable if he could turn out one novel comparable to his previous two each year. The end results would be worth it.

"The Village Voice" recently carried an account of a talk William Burroughs gave to a small village art group. Halfway through a short, disjointed speech he evidently grew disgusted with his sermon and walked across the stage. The audience, thinking this was some joke sat patiently waiting until someone finally went up and checked around. Burroughs was nowhere in sight. He had definitely walked out in the middle of a speech -- his own.

I read somewhere that Lancer will be reprinting the rest of the Conan series later in the year. A good thing, too. It's about time someone did.

I think the story you ask about on page 111, concerning a ship that accidentally goes back in time was by A. Bertram Chandler, and appeared in Amazing or Fantastic a few years ago.

What's to uproot? The mediocre and second-rate are



boring, but some of the really bad stuff is worth watching because it's hilarious. I don't see as much of it as Gene does, but I get a kick out of what I do see. I'd rate most of "Voyage" as merely boring; it isn't bad enough to be funny. We see it; Bruce thinks it's great, so maybe it's aimed at 7-year-olds. "UNCLE", on the other hand, is an intentional satire (much like the reports I've heard of the James Bond movies, tho I have yet to see one of those). RSC  
The comments about the silk sheet were for the benefit of my fellow members of the Putting Art On Stencil Society. We pass around info on things like particularly good stencils, keen new stylis, new techniques and aids, without any particular thought as to the company -- we name it so other members can latch onto the same equipment. Speed O Print doesn't know, and doubtless wouldn't care, what we do with the stuff we buy from them, as long as we pay for it. JWC7

Stephen Barr, Box 305, Nocona, Texas, 76255

You are always sticking in those silly things, as in this ish: "Quotes Without Much Comment", so why don't you get some art that covers about half a page or so. Then when you come out with half a page to go just stencil the art in?

The best thing in the issue was "Alfred Bester--The Irritating Charmer" by Alexei Panshin. After reading that fine article I would like to meet someone who knows Bester personally. Panshin keeps telling us to forget about his articles in Holiday -- why, why doesn't he comment on them? Does he see some other light in Bester, or can they be used to tear his article about Bester down? I certainly would like to see more of the personality things worked up on different people. How about it?

I would also like to ask Mr. Banks Mebane where he saw that article about the BB's by me? I wrote no such article, yours being the only one, and would like to see the so-claimed one he talks about. I assure you that yours is the only one that I've written about the BB's. I did write one about ERB himself but it hasn't been published yet.

I thought you were behaving like a six month infant when you made all of those rash statements about Ellison. I really do think that he ought to have a chance at winning a Hugo for Drama; he did give us one fine show and he should be allowed to run. Now I'm against the Nominating Committee and all that because I don't think I need anyone to tell me what to vote for. I may be a literary bum, but all these years of reading have given me the chance to know the difference between the bad and the good. I'm glad to see you go on the record about the World SF Society. We kiddies don't know about such things and would like to hear them. Do you know of any place where we kiddies could go and get fannish history? History is my favorite subject and I would like to read up on fannish history. Any suggestions?

Whether or not Harlan deserves a Hugo is beside my point. If you want to write the London Committee and request that the drama category be reinstated, fine. My objection is to people who demand things they don't have any authority to demand. The London



Committee may have made a mistake (it wouldn't be the first time a committee has made one), but it's their convention and their decision. California fandom should stick to running its own conventions.

RSC7

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

Yandro 144 has an interesting cover -- I like those chessman (they are chessman, aren't they?). Unless I'm in an extra mellow mood, all of the artwork is good: even artists I don't usually like seem to be at the top of their form this time. Come to think of it, I must be in a mellow mood, I even liked the fan fiction this trip.

Regardless of mood, Alexei's Panshin's article irritates me even though I agree with most of what he says. I wonder why? I think it's because he could use a little of the charm for which he takes Bester so severely to task. He speaks so definitely ex cathedra, and is not content with calling a spade a spade, but must refer to it as a shovel (I'm using the word "spade" as in the old cliché, not as in beat jargon). It may sound as if I'm throwing rocks at Alexei for doing it, but I think more people should be more assertive in their writing than they are. A bland mixture may be inoffensive but is also not memorable, and nobody should mind being provoked if they are also made to think; after all there is a big overlap in the areas of meaning of the words "irritate" and "stimulate". Juanita, the increasing use of "we" that you note in your editorial stems from a desire to be self-effacing. I think we need more healthy egoism: people are getting too darned other-directed.

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

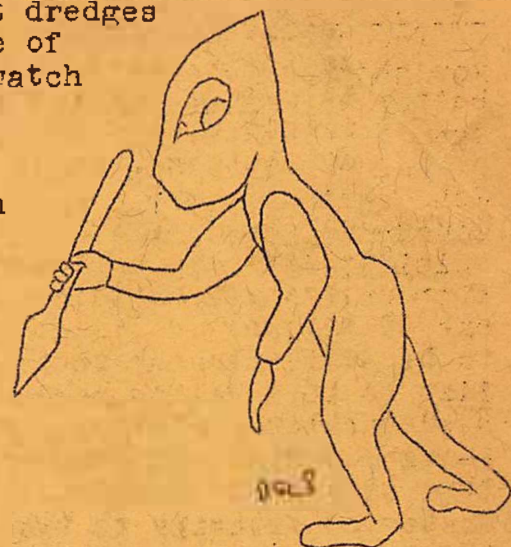
(#143) I don't know who Stephen Pickering is, but his story rated a "Phooey" at the end, and not only because of the bum grammar and spelling. But then most stories in the promags get the same comment, so what the hell... What's the meaning of that crack in your review of the last Stef? If you've ever sent me anything else than letters for consideration I must apologize for having forgotten it completely.

For me the best thing in #144 is DeWeese's quotations from THE BOOK OF PTATH. I wonder if vV's preoccupation with blank brains would have struck me if I'd read the book. I probably read all of it in installments in ASF many years ago (it did run serially, didn't it?) but that's not quite the same as having the whole thing together in one piece. Anyway, I often have the thought that most of his stories were written while vV himself "sat there blank-brained". There's no "Phooey" after Pesta's "The Tree That Got In", which is a pretty fair sketch, though I boggled slightly at Miss Fleming's lips which "...ovalled the tiny figure..." This I don't understand, nor the implications that the child's parents were in bed before 8 of a Saturday evening... In his column DeWeese reminds me of the program on WIIC in Pgh every Saturday night which includes not one but two "science fiction" movies. You can





imagine the sub-sub-sub-standard things it dredges up and puts on view. Occasionally if none of the other stations has a good movie I'll watch one for the laughs. I can never be sure, though, that I'm not passing up something really good, for it was on this program that I saw "Little Shop of Horrors", which I'd like to see properly sometime; I was laying a tile floor while it was on.



[Nope; THE BOOK OF PTATH was published all in one issue of Unknown. I somehow managed to read -- and, I believe, re-view -- the paperback version without noticing all the blank brains in it. Don't worry, I've never sent you anything but letters. I can recall very few things that I've written in my entire fanish career that were good enough to submit to Stef. (I have the same trouble with Amra, but one of these days I'll say the hell with it and mail you both something.) RSC/

Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, New York, 11565

54 39' OR FIGHT!

(Okay, so I compromised a little.)

If George Scithers isn't more careful the paratime police will get him. He obviously comes from a future in which D.C. has had more worldcons (why else his referrals to the Discon as Discon I?) and has returned to warn us of the dangers of abandoning the rotation plan. I think the warnings from him and Busby, who each have put on at least one worldcon, should be heeded. Starspinkle #49 reported that if Syracuse gets the '66 worldcon, Baltimore will ask that the rotation plan be set aside again so they can have the '67 con they've been planning for. If this were to come up at a hypothetical Syracuse business session a lot of New York and Philly fans might got for it. After all, Baltimore is about 60 miles closer to New York City than Syracuse is. This would be unfair to the Western and Central Divisions. If Syracuse wants to see competition again, they should wait a year and fight Baltimore for '67.

About that shotgun on "Burke's Law". Don't firing pins also make distinctive marks? And wouldn't the same lab personnel make both kinds of comparisons?

[Ah, but lab tests on firing pins and suchlike mechanisms aren't ballistics tests; ballistics is "the science of missiles or projectiles as thrown from the engines of war" (New Century Dictionary). Not the study of the engines of war themselves. Marty also enclosed a publication from a ski club or ski resort (the publication has become separated from the letter over the course of time) which uses the delightful term "skiing is a way of life". RSC/



Sue Ward, 246 Miller St., Ionia, Mich, 48846

The story "Pillar of Fire" in #143 was excellent, tho I do think you should have put a question mark after the word 'fiction'. What better way of explaining the so-called miracles of the past is there than the idea of alien intrusion during the times of old?

As for Lewis Grant's letter in #142, I disagree with his idea that John Astin resembles Forry Ackerman. I mean if neither of them had a moustache, there would be little or no physical resemblance. In my opinion, Astin is made to look like Ernie Kovacs, where he is more of a cross between Walt Disney and Vincent Price, if he takes after any one at all.

He also says he is going to make a sign for 4SJ's door. Seems like that's all the go these days, cause I'm working on a Solomon's seal (mentioned in Metropolis) which I promised FJA for his birthday --which was almost 2 months ago, I mean which is over 10 months from now, as I didn't say which birthday.

He may be happy to know that in Grand Rapids, a city 35 miles from here, there's a small drive-in restaurant called the "Frank 'n Stein", but they don't offer the "Monster" (Ver-y funny).

/On Biblical explanation stories, I must confess when I was a young fan, I had a great fondness for "Bubastis of Egypt" in Other Worlds, one of Palmer's several such tales over the years; I don't know whether it would stand the test of time if I tried to reread it, but at the time it struck me as very cute. JWC

Resemblance is in the eye of the beholder. I don't think that I resemble Forry too much, but I once had a fan come up and try to sell me some horror movie relic under the impression I was Forry. (And he was a fan who'd been around a while, not one of the Little Monsters who idolize Forry without knowing much about him.) One more logical way of explaining the so-called miracles is by saying that the writers had lots of imagination in those days. Except for the Book of Mormon, the Christian religious documents were all written down from dozens to hundreds of years after the events they describe, and you know how exaggerations creep into verbal translations. RSC7

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain.

By now someone may have straightened you out on just what the Panel of Experts is supposed to do over the Hugo business. Hope you got my Haver which performed the public service of quoting in full the actual Motion that started all the hoo haw. It's as nutty a thing as I've seen in years...I can't make sense of it nohow. Doubtlessly the fans at that business meeting thought they were voting for something, but what came out was a fuzzy direction which can be interpreted in more than one way. Then fans have the nerve to sneer at lawyers! I wish you had attended that con; I'd like to read somewhere a report of that business meeting by some guy with a leetle common sense.

I'd already read George's article, as he sent me a copy (you know they put me on that committee -- me, the most inoffensive fan you'll find and they got me involved in that). I've come to the conclusion that it would be a good idea to take the Hugo arrangements away from the con committees...on the grounds that they have enough worries already! I sympathize with George's desire to see some order come out



of mild chaos...and certainly any future con committee should have a clearer direction on what they can do and not do than the London had.

Guess I'm going to be an interested sidewalk watcher though on the Rotation Plan hassle...though I'll add a small mild hurrah to Buz's last sentence.

You know, Buck, I like every bit of Y except the fiction. That PILLAR OF FIRE ... you must be joking! One of the corniest gimmicks ever tried. I don't understand why your critical eye falls you when it comes to amateur fiction, but you sure pick some lulus.

/You should see the ones I reject. My problem on the Hugo Committee was that practically the first thing I read about it was the flyer Dick Lupoff put out. I naively assumed that, as chairman, he knew what the committee was supposed to do, and I disagreed with any such actions. (I disagree even more with the actual wording of the vote, which states that during the interim while Lupoff's committee is readying its report, the Hugos shall be awarded by a panel of experts, or words to that effect. As various fans have pointed out, nowhere is it stated that the Lupoff Committee is to be the panel of experts, but I consider that a minor quibble; I'm against the whole idea.)RSC/

Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada

I don't want to get involved in another hassle over my polemic on U.S. foreign policy, but I can't let Ted White's stale-dated remarks pass without at least some comment. I will admit to emotional oversimplification in the essay but, at the same time, can easily reject all of the points made by White. His more concrete arguments are refuted by himself in his two paragraphs: 1) "I've been concentrating on side issues. Russia is too smart to engage in a full-scale war over Cuba"; and 2) "the dealings of nations are amoral".

Within the West proper we expect each member to react according to the rather vague articles of our culture's nation-state based international law. But once we pass the lines and enter the lands of the barbarians, it is a greatly different matter.

For example, I once spent a rather enjoyable evening where part of the time was spent debating with an Indian professor and a secretary of the High Commissioner's office in Ottawa. This was soon after India had trampled Goa and they were defending the invasion by calling it a "liberation from colonialism", and that they had every right, including the moral one, to "free" the colony from its four hundred year old imperialism.

Upon close questioning, they both finally conceded that Canada had the same right regarding the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off Newfoundland, both colonial relics from our past.

The adoption of such a course is, however, patently ridiculous. We and the French are similar culture members who abide by the same rules and reason in roughly the same way. The same applies, say, if India and Burma had a border dispute. But it does not apply between Portugal and India, whose value systems are differently based.

For that reason the A-bomb on Hiroshima and the Suez operation are as morally sound as any international operation can, in practice, be.

And to leave that subject before I give the Left any further reasons for apoplexy, I'd like to switch to slamming Ted White for the sentences in which he condemns me for just being a Canadian. I gather his reasoning is that I am interfering in U.S. affairs. Well, old man,



you Yanks own this country, cars, milk, and timber; you defend it with little help from us (Canadian MP's can't get into US bases on our own soil); you stole the Ohio, Oregon and the Alaskan Panhandle from us and before you even attained you own independence you tried to conquer us; in a nuclear war we're as dead as you, perhaps more us if the bombers and missiles fall short; you deluge us with your books and TV and magazines, destroying our attempts at culture; you're highly ignorant of us as a nation; and above all else, you overthrow our government whenever it gets nasty (Diefenbaker in 1963...).

I could go on, but to save time I'll ignore such things as White's mind-reading act over my position on Canadian trade with Cuba (ask the local Tories) and similar flighty statements.

To finish off I'd like to suggest that lumping the Rev. Moorhead with my poor damned agnostic self is no way to treat a minister of the cloth (or an agnostic, for that matter...)



It's a sad commentary when similar cultures can adjust to one another while differing cultures fight, but it seems to be accurate -- from the city beats who complain of police brutality and brag about breaking drug laws to the international relations of India and Pakistan. (How many people have those "apostles of peace" killed in race riots, any way?) RSC/

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

I liked the John Berry article. I find him much more interesting than Walt Willis.

I think the blank verse by "van Vogt" is an underhanded attempt to sneak vile pros into your zine and give it status. If this keeps up, you won't be America's number two fanzine for long.

I do have one point that I would like to see cleared up, and that is the matter of what is eligible for a Hugo. Mag reprints seem to be all right, but how about the paperback reprints? A good hardcover finds it hard sledding to win a Hugo, while the wider readership a paperback gets would give it a better chance. I am referring mainly to Doc Smith's LENS-  
MAN series. By the time GRAY LENS-  
MAN and SECOND STAGE LENS-  
MAN are out in paperback, I would like to see these classics get consideration.



As far as I'm concerned, only the LORD OF THE RINGS Trilogy could beat out the Lensman series.

[How about this eligibility on Hugos? I never got an answer to my question about it a year ago -- as far as I'm concerned, anything published during the year (except previous winners) is eligible. I'm sure this isn't the official position, however. RSC]

Bill Glass, 23908 Califa St., Woodland Hills, California, 91364

Terry Carr's autobiography was very enlightening. But how the ~~###~~ did he telepathically steal my plot ideas when I was only three years old? I wonder if My Great S-F Novel Epic Containing Everything will ever become as widely read as Carr and Collins'.

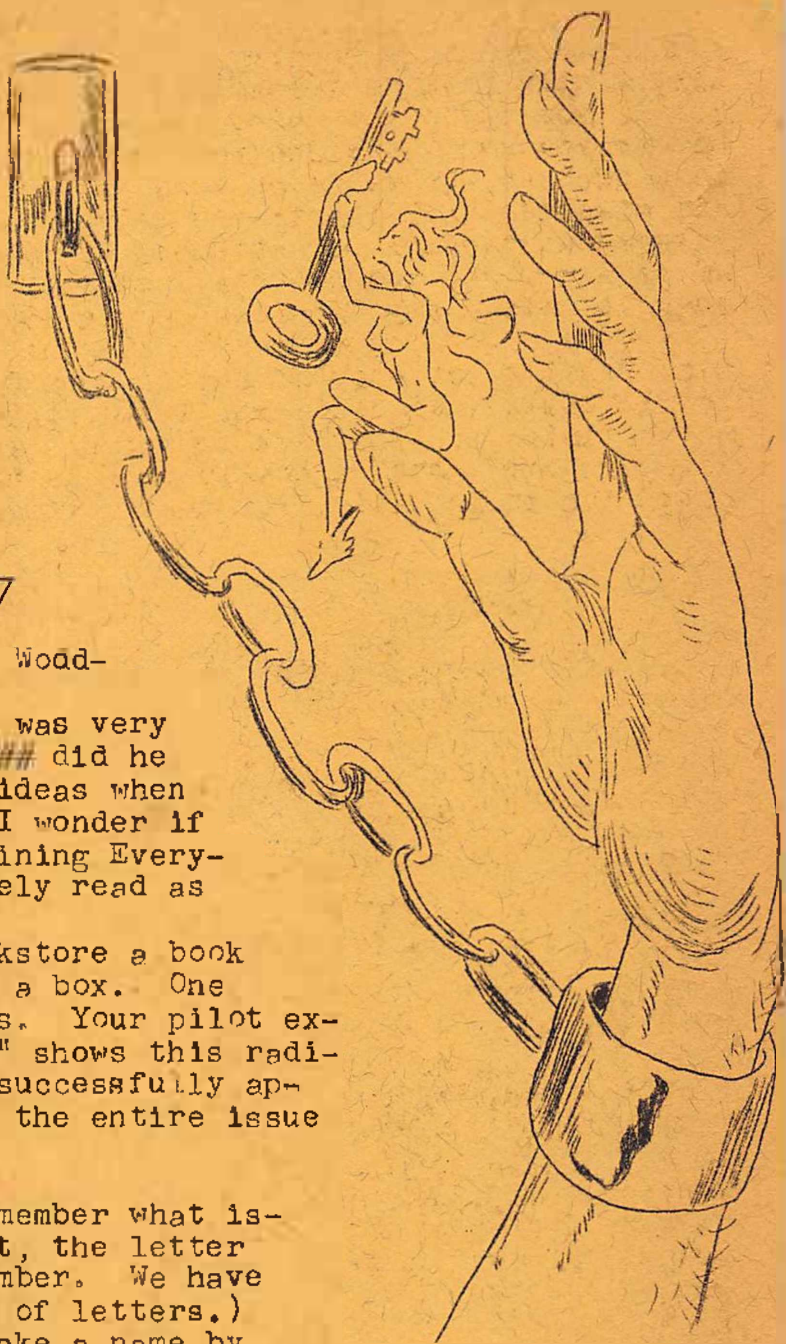
I saw down in the UCLA bookstore a book which comes as loose pages in a box. One shuffles the pages, then reads. Your pilot experiment with "Golden Minutes" shows this radical literary movement can be successfully applied to fanzines. When will the entire issue go "loose"?

[In case you can't remember what issue he's talking about, the letter was written last November. We have quite a large backlog of letters.) It's easy enough to make a name by using an "original technique". It doesn't matter whether or not your writing makes sense; you'll always impress some people if you're wild enough, and if you impress enough of them somebody will analyze your work and explain what you meant. RSC]

Mike Deckinger, Apartment 10-K, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, NJ, 07106

Banks Lebane impresses me with his admission that he read most of the Doc Savage books recently reprinted by Bantam. I started THE MAN OF BRONZE with high hopes but shortly began to wonder if perhaps I wasn't laughing where I shouldn't have. The antiquated writing style and Doc's (to put it mildly) outrageous escapades hinder reading enjoyment, or my reading enjoyment, anyway. When Good Ol' Doc dashed down the framework of an uncompleted skyscraper I just couldn't force me eyes to read another line. I haven't picked up the book since.

Have you read Vance's KILLING MACHINE. Three quarters of it are





tightly written and brilliantly imaginative, but then Vance has to plunk his hero down on a typical sword-and-sorcery world and everything goes to pot, with the inevitable furious battle with a savage tribal chieftain, which our hero daringly wins and is proclaimed the chief only he's more concerned with his goal and... But then you've probably heard it all before. There's a strong hint of Cordwainer Smith's influence earlier in the volume, but apparently that fails to leave too lasting an impression on Vance. It's still good, but I'm sorry Vance didn't improve it the way he should have.

/I enjoyed the first Doc Savage story I read; after that my appreciation dropped rapidly, but I used to pick up the magazine occasionally for the short stories it ran. (That was back when I had lots of time to read.)

RSC7

Bruce Robbins, 58 Revonah Avenue, Stamford, Conn., 06905

I must take some exception on Gene DeVese's comments on horror flicks -- I don't claim to be an expert in this area -- but as I see every new one, every one on tv not previously seen, and old silent ones (a la "Metropolis", "The Golem", etc.) at private showings, I can at least claim to know some facts and trends, if not offer some criticism. At any rate, I didn't think "The Time Travellers" was all that bad. He exaggerates about the four travelers -- I thought of them as just people -- 3 scientists (one is female, one is fatherly-looking, certainly, but what they do does not fit the standard pattern) and one goofball -- but what do you expect of a non-scholarly person. And this is certainly not the first film to use laser ideas -- aside from the obvious exceptions -- "Goldfinger" and various tv episodes ("Outer Limits" for one), films as far back as 1959 used laser-maser concepts to explain devices and unusual occurrences (and correctly, too) -- which is pretty far back. And he obviously didn't pay much attention to the film (or see it more than once, as I did) to see that the end was completely and perfectly consistent with the beginning. In fact you can see them meeting themselves at the beginning if you know when to watch. AIP has done a good job with an overly-used theme. (AIP also deserves the thanks of fen for importing "Ikarie XB 70" and supplying English dialogue -- they re-titled "Voyage to the End of the Universe" -- it's worth seeing even if it's doubled with something like "Godzilla vs. The Thing". In case you are unaware, "Ikarie" is considered by German fen as the best sc-fi flick since "Metropolis".)

I do agree whole-heartedly with Gene on his opinion of "The Day Mars Invaded Earth" -- a good drama that one, with a realistic (if downbeat) ending for once.

For Dennis Lien: Lancer plans to bring out the entire Conan set this spring. Ace brought out 'HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND' just as it went into the public domain -- I suspect Ace will bring out the others too, as they fall into public domain. Heinlein's juveniles are slow coming out in paperback -- two out already (Scribners')

Heard's GREAT FOG has twice been in paperback in America. Campbell, counting foreign English-language pbs, has been in pb more than once -- same for Weinbaum -- the reprint situation is not so grim.

Many times ERB, Inc. allows fans to reprint scarce ERB material on a non-profit basis -- everyone is happy -- the fans and ERB, Inc., for if anything the reprint gets free distribution and possible consideration by movie makers or publishers for money-making ventures. Besides,



they have little choice as the fans reprint anyway -- witness BEYOND 30 and THE MAN EATER.

Harlan Ellison, 2313 Bushrod Lane, Los Angeles, California, 90024

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Let this serve as final explanation and apology in the matter of Mr. Ben Jason's "involvement" in the matter of withholding Hugos from the London Convention. 1) Upon receipt of the ballot which did not include a Drama Category, I contacted several fans throughout the country, and asked them their opinions as to what measures could be used to reinstate such a category. 2) One of them suggested a possible withholding of the actual, physical Hugos. 3) I drafted a tentative letter to Ella Parker setting forth reasons and feelings in the reinstatement affair. 4) I read this letter to Ron Ellick over the phone. 5) There was a helluva hullabaloo going on at Ron's home, as he was preparing to move. 5) He misunderstood my explanation that this was a draft of a possible letter, and assumed that everything I read was already a fait accompli. 6) One of these elements was the contacting of Mr. Jason for his assistance in using the physical Hugos as a lever in getting Miss Parker to reconsider what many people felt was a hasty and ill-advised act. 7) After I rang-off with Ron, I tried to reach Mr. Jason by phone. He was unavailable. 8) The letter was scrapped en toto. 9) I made a call to Miss Parker. I was rude. She was perfectly justified in being rankled. I was ill-advised, and claim no immunity for the carelessness of my act, but offer as mitigating explanation my concern over the absence of the Drama category. 10) Ron, whose sympathies in the matter lay closer to what the group I spoke for felt than to Miss Parker's, issued a newsletter in which he mentioned the withholding of the Hugos. He did not have time to check the final dispensation of the plan, nor even the accuracy of his report, as he was moving. Kindly note there was no maliciousness nor even gossip-mongering in any of this...merely misunderstanding. 11) At no time did I ever say anything to Miss Parker about Ben Jason or the withholding of the Hugos. 11) A call to Richard Lupoff convinced me this was an unsound and unworkable, possibly unethical approach to the problem. 12) When I received Ellick's newsletter, I instantly phoned Ben and explained, telling him I would spare no effort in clearing him from the now hopelessly snarled affair. 13) With the great help of Al Lewis, an explanatory newsletter and clarification was sent out to several hundred people. Ben's name was completely removed from the matter. 14) Ella Parker received one of these newsletters...or at least, one was mailed to her. 15) Apparently Ben Jason has not seen this newsletter, now some months old.

As a final note: It is now apparent from the storm of ill-feeling and rancor this matter has incurred, that my participation in the affair was haphazard and wrong-way from the start. That my motives were not as they have been credited--mercenary--is of little interest at this point. Actions speak louder: apologies are due Mr. Jason, who is totally blameless and, in point of fact, was totally unaware of what was happening for the greater part of the brouhaha...and to Miss Parker, whose action in this matter I cannot understand or agree with, but who certainly deserved no such impudent treatment as I visited on her. To my mind, there is a serious lack of organization and method in the voting and awarding of Hugos, but having attempted once only to rectify these snarls--as voiced by a large group of concerned fans--and having botched the job handsomely, I spread hands in helplessness and turn away from the matter, rather than confuse the issue further.



# STRANGE FRUIT

WHAT SHALL I CALL IT? #3 (Bill Glass, 350 De Neve Circle, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - no price or schedule) This issue contains an index to the 1964 YANDROS. It has one drawback in that Bill numbers pages consecutively thru the entire volume and we don't (and it may have another drawback in that you can't get a copy) but if you're like us -- needing an index and too lazy to compile one -- this is great.

SKYRACK #75, 76 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - monthly or oftener - 6 for 35¢ surface mail, 6 for 70¢ airmail - USAgent, me) Britain's leading news fanzine.

FOCAL POINT #3, 4 (Mike McInerney, 268 E. 4th. St., Apt. 4C, New York, N.Y. 10009 - co-editor Rich Brown - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) One of the leading US news fanzines.

RATATOSK #8 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) One of the leading US news fanzines.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #424 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th. Ave., College Point, N.Y. 11354 - monthly - 15¢) One of the leading US news fanzines. Professional news emphasized.

DIFFERENTIAL #30, 31 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada - 3¢ per issue) #31 is devoted to verse, both serious and humorous. Incidentally, Paul, you must know a trifle different version of "On Top Of Old Smoky" from the one I do; a couple of those lines would not yield anything like the original for me. (The second stanza I know ends "And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief"; I'm not sure what you have, but I know it isn't that.) I got one of these mimeographed letters from the guy who wants us to contribute to making him a millionaire, too. I took the stamp off the return envelope and used it. DIFF is a one-sheet (no relation to a one-shot) fanzine which I believe is supposed to contain the distilled essence of Wyszowski. It's pretty good.

COGNATE #7 (Rosemary Hickey, 2020 Mohawk, Chicago, Ill. 60614 - quarterly - no price listed) Primarily for OMPA, but other copies are available if you're interested. Contents are strictly personal-type comments.

I have another huge batch of stuff from Richard Mann, B331 Bryan Hall, Michigan State Univ., East Lansing, Michigan 48823. I don't believe that Rich actually publishes more stuff than we do; it just seems that way because he puts it in lots of small packages. HOMBREN #18, 19, 20 is a one-sheet letter-substitute for APA L. MANNDATE #2, 3 is a small personal-type for SFPA. ROMANN #4 is a slightly larger one for N'APA. THE TERREAN #3 is a general-type mag, with fiction and letters and all, for TAPS. (For newcomers; all these initials are references to amateur publishing associations, or apas. One of the latest fannish fads is forming your own apa. It's the fan equivalent of goldfish-swallowing or telephone-booth-stuffing.) None of these things have price tags on them; if you're interested in what an apazine looks like, write Rich. His are as comprehensible as most, and slightly more sensible than the average.



DYNATRON #24 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - bi-monthly - five 4¢ stamps) He makes a point of wanting 4¢ stamps; I'm sure I don't know why, since it cost 6¢ to mail this issue. (Of course, I haven't had any letters from him recently; maybe he's getting a discount from the local P.O. on his letters.) The major part of this issue is lettercolumn; Roy seems to be getting the wacky letters that used to go to CRY. He has the wacky answers to go with them. Rest of the issue is mostly editorial, with a columnar assist from Ed Cox. I always enjoy DYNATRON; while it is not technically outstanding, it's one of the half-dozen fanzines I receive which are read when they arrive, instead of while I'm typing this column.

FLASH: Just received FOCAL POINT #5, which informs me that anyone writing to it after March 31 should address Rich Brown, 180 E. 88th. St., New York N.Y. Seems both editors are moving, and only Rich knows his destination. Both it and S F TIMES #425 (which arrived the same day) carry the news that AMAZING and FANTASTIC have been sold to Sol Cohen of GALAXY.

LOKI #9 (Dave Hulan, 19018 Bryant St. #5, Northridge, Calif. 91325 - irregular - for trade, contribution, or comment; no cash) Usually, this is also one of my favorite fanzines; this time Dave doublecrossed me by devoting over a third of the mag to a con report. The remainder is fair but nothing extra. Ed Cox, Bill Wolfenbarger, Sharon Towle, Joe Staton, Bill Plott, and Peter Rogers appear.

TRUMPET #1 (Tom Reamy, 6010 Victor, Dallas, Texas 75214 - quarterly - 50¢) That's a lot of money for a fanzine, but TRUMPET looks more professional (and is printed on better paper) than most professional mags on the stands today. Contents vary. One of the best items is the movie review column; it is enhanced by the fact that TRUMPET can reproduce photos of the movies under review. (Well, of course even a mimeographed fanzine can reproduce photos by Sten-O-Fax, but TRUMPET can produce the same results as LIFE or PLAYBOY.) Tom takes advantage of this by illustrating one story with photos rather than drawings. The writing, unfortunately, isn't up to the reproduction. It's not bad, and parts of it are quite good (Tom gets on even nuttier mailing lists than I do, and his writing is pretty fair.) Marion Bradley contributes an article which is well done and not at all dated, considering that it was probably written a couple of years ago. The remaining material is more or less mediocre. A request for material for future issues is included -- if Tom uses your stuff, it will be beautifully reproduced.

SCOTTISHE #38 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, Gt. Britain - quarterly - 50¢ or 5 for £1) I gather she doesn't want to bother with single issues. As usual, Brian Varley and Ethel have fascinating columns. Walt Willis continues his perusal of old correspondence -- I guess I dislike it because it's fan history. Certainly Walt is one of fandom's great writers, but this is remarkably dull. Ethel's personal comments are far more interesting.

HYPHEN #36 (Walt & Madeline Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - irregular - 15¢) Walt is much better here. For me, this issue brought home to me the true greatness of HYPHEN. Any fanzine can produce scholarly articles or scintillating fiction, and one or two of them actually do. HYPHEN does better. Walt has published that rarest gem of fannish writing; a convention report that is worth reading. Bob Shaw can and does make his comments on room keys more interesting than



most fans manage when presented with remarkable situations.

TNFF Vol. 24 #1 - This is the official organ of the National Fantasy Fan Federation; write to Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee 37754 for information. (I still think their dues arrangement is not only complicated but pointlessly so, but I'm sure Janie can explain it.) I suppose it's a useful organization for making new fans feel welcome. I'm not at all sure what I'm doing in it, since even if I enjoyed most of the activities I don't have time for them.

FARADOX #3 (Bruce Robbins, 58 Revonah Avenue, Stamford, Conn. 06905 - irregular - 30¢ or 5 for \$1) Bruce starts off what is intended to be a series of pb checklists with a checklist of Ace Books. Pb checklists are undoubtedly a good idea, but I wish all the collectors wouldn't start with Ace. This is probably the most comprehensive of the Ace lists; Bruce includes not only titles, but "varieties" -- editions which are identical except for cover blurbs, etc. While I'm not a completist in regard to pb collecting, Bruce's information will undoubtedly be valuable for those who are. Remainder of the mag is devoted to fiction by David H. Keller. Reproduction is bad, but the material is worth it for serious-type fans.

KIIPLE #1001011 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Md. 21212 - monthly or better - 20¢) There seems to be a growing interest among fans in binary notation. I never did like math, and I'm too old to learn the binary system unless I have to, so I probably won't. This is a journal of liberal political opinion, having little or no relation to stf. I enjoy it -- I even agree with much of it, despite being a conservative. (It used to be that the minority of liberals were equated in the public mind with anarchists and Communists; now the minority of conservatives is equated with fascists and Birchers. Neither position is true, but it's no use explaining that to someone who believes it -- I know; I've tried in vain to reason with members of both sides.) Ted does get carried away in some of his little crusades, however, even to the point of presenting a "summary of the outstanding elements" which contains not only emotional bias but factual errors. However, it's as good as most accounts derived from secondhand information.

HYDRA #5 (Pete Campbell, 3 Market Place, Cockermouth, Cumberland, Gt. Britain - 5/0 per year - approx. 8 issues per year) That's about 75¢ in US money. Subscribe quick, before we devalue. HYDRA is liable to publish about anything, but this issue is mostly stfnal. Phil Harbottle explains how and why he became the world's greatest authority on the works of John Russell Fearn -- the mechanics of the thing are fairly simple, but I'm sure a lot of people like me were wondering why anyone would devote this much time to a writer like Fearn. (Still, Burroughs has hundreds of followers, I guess Fearn deserves at least one.) A rather startling note is an article on Lovecraft by George Wetzel. It could be a reprint, or even a hoax (it ends in the middle of a sentence), but it could also mark the return of a fan who is more disliked -- and with better reason -- than anyone else in fan history. (Quite a furor was made when FAPA blackballed Walter Breen -- but Walter had enough friends to override the blackball and get him membership anyway. In case any new fans don't know, the FAPA blackball was originated solely to prevent George Wetzel from obtaining membership -- and bearing in mind that there might be more like him in the future -- and while the ethics of blackballing were debated, no one in fandom denied that the end was desirable even tho some felt that the means were tainted.)



WENDIGO #1 (Gina Clarke, 9 Bancroft, Aylmer E., Quebec, Canada - irregular - for trade, comment, or an unspecified amount of money) This amounts to a 14-page rambling editorial. It's fascinating. Juanita (who never comments on fanzines) wrote a 3-page letter of comment. I even added a comment or two myself -- partly because I think Gina has Norman Rockwell confused with George Lincoln Rockwell, and I allus' liked ol' Norm, even if he does spend his spare time looking for people who like to draw. Partly the charm is that Gina is interested in the same sort of odd incidents that we are.

I got KIPPLE #76 while writing this column. All sorts of political-historical-ethical arguments, including whether or not the English Channel was a major deterrent to the Nazi invasion of Britain. Of course it was, just as the Skagerrak was a major deterrent to the invasion of Norway. (One might also consider that the Germans took Crete but not Malta, if natural barriers to invasion are being considered.)

CON #2 (Christopher Priest, "Cornerways", Willow Close, Doddinghurst, Brentwood, Essex, Gt. Britain - irregular - free for comment) This time the scientific articles of issue #1 have been replaced by fiction. On the whole, I think it's beneficial. None of the fiction is pro caliber, but I've read worse. Artwork is still excellent; Dick Howett has problems in drawing people (well, so does Mel Hunter, for that matter), but as long as he keeps them in spacesuits it doesn't look too bad. His alien landscapes and machines aren't bad at all.

STOPTHINK #2 (Nate Bucklin, P.O. Box #4, Dockton, Washington 98018 - infrequent - 25¢) You know, I think this is the worst reproduction I've seen in a fanzine in years. Since the major item was a con report, I didn't read it. Walter Breen describes some practical ESP experiments, for those interested (not including me. I've experimented, and according to the card scores Gene DeWeese and I can sometimes read each other's minds, and so what? It might be worth developing if we were poker players, but as things stand, reading playing card designations from another person's mind is rather useless, even if it wasn't coincidence -- and personally, I suspect that it was.) There's also a column by Les Sample, fanzine reviews, and letters.

RASTY #3 (Duncan McFarland, 1242 Grace Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45208 - quarterly - 15¢) Consists mostly of comments on the last N'APA mailing, but Duncan has the ability to make his comments intelligible and fairly interesting to an outsider, so the general effect is of a long, somewhat disjointed editorial. It's the sort of thing that had me thinking of comments while I was reading it (tho doubtless I'll never get around to writing them down).

INVADER #6 (Joe Staton, 469 Ennis St., Milan, Tennessee - distributed to SFPA and any outsider he feels like sending it to) Len Bailes contributes the best fan poetry I've seen in a long time. Les Sample discusses censorship, and Joe has a Burroughs parody which reminds me of some of Thomas Stratton's works. (I don't think it's quite as good, but that's possibly because Stratton was an extremely good friend of mine.)

This leaves me with MATHOM #1 and SAM #12 to review. They will either be reviewed somewhere else in this issue, or they will be held over until next time, since I am not going to start a new stencil for them. I didn't give numerical ratings this time because I didn't feel like it.



# GOLDEN MINUTES

THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH, & EVERYTHING, by John D. MacDonald (Gold Medal, 40¢) The cover of the new edition looks even less like a fantasy than the first one did, but I can assure you that it is a fantasy, and an excellent one. The gimmick is the old one of the man who can stop time, but MacDonald makes it sit up and do tricks. If you didn't get it the first time around (in 1962) get it now.

ORDEAL IN OTHERWHERE, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) This is a sequel to Storm Over Warlock. It's the sort of sequel that I enjoy most, where the setting is the same but the central character is brand new and any characters from the preceding book appear only in subordinate roles. (I just realized that I've typed all the above with no carbon sheet behind the stencil; I hope it prints.) While Shann Lantee and Thorvald and the Wyverns all appear, the central character is a girl, Charis Nordholm. The villains are the minions of a vast interplanetary cartel, but that does not detract too much from the story -- after all, they're only there to pose problems for the heroes to work out. This isn't going to provide you with any new insight into humanity (I've yet to see any stf that did that, anyway), but it's a good rousing adventure novel.

THE WIZARD OF LEMURIA, by Lin Carter (Ace, 40¢). This is not a good adventure novel. In most cases the writing is smoother than the Burroughs-Kline school it imitates -- but there is some unintentional humor, none the less. "He was no friend to wizards, and all of his clean Northlander blood distrusted the devilish arts..." (pp 33). I quoted the wizard's off-hand invention of perpetual motion in the last YANDRO. The plot isn't too ridiculous -- given the usual standards of sword and sorcery -- except in one case. When all our heroes are bound hand and foot and about to be sacrificed on a blazing altar, the Wizard is unable to even wiggle his fingers to produce a spell to save them, so our Hero bursts the chains with his bare barbarian thews. Then does he release the Wizard in order to get them all out of trouble? Of course not; that wouldn't be romantic. He releases the girl, and then does battle with the villains while she -- having more sense than he does -- releases the Wizard. The fact that the entire book consists of one or another of the heroic party getting captured and the others getting them loose again is more of a standard sword and sorcery plot than a failing; even Lord Of The Rings suffers from this. Lin does rather overwork the gimmick, but it's only slightly annoying. Oh yes; there's also the scene where our noble barbarian jumps into an aircar that he's never seen before (I mean, he's never seen any aircar before) and flies off with it; this is also a standard plot device, but it annoys me just as much in this book as it always does.

THE GREEN RAIN, by Paul Tabori (Pyramid, 50¢) I bought the first edition of this when it came out in 1961; it was still in my "unread" pile when the new printing arrived. (I'm a little behind on my reading....) I like the new cover layout; I think one of the reasons I never read the first one was because the cover looked so unappetizing. The story -- well, if you can imagine Ward Moore's Greener Than You Think rewritten by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., you have it. It's a British satirical disaster book. The



satire is a bit better controlled than Vonnegut manages, so I liked it a bit better than I do most of Vonnegut's books (even if humanity never did consider cutting off sunlight by spraying the plants with paint or plastic -- Tabori should at least have explained why this wouldn't work).

THE RITHIAN TERROR/OFF CENTER, by Damon Knight (Ace, 45¢) After seeing what some other outfits put out as "two complete novels", I feel I should commend Ace for putting about 250 pages in their "doubles". I may object that some of these are still pretty short "novels", but at least they do better than the competition. The novel half of this book may well be the best novel that Knight has done. (This still makes it only slightly better than mediocre, but at least he's improving.) The short stories vary, from the oppressive cuteness of "Catch That Martian" and the absolute nothing of "God's Nose", through the good but te'bly lit'ry "What Rough Beast" and "Be My Guest" to the excellent "Second Class Citizen". Knight is still a better editor and critic than he is an author, but he does have an occasional gem of a short story, and "Second Class Citizen" is one of them.

THE ALIEN WAY, by Gordon R. Dickson (Bantam, 50¢) Bantam has been quietly putting out some excellent stf over the past few years. I recall part of this as a novelet or short story in some magazine; for once, the extra length of the novel has vastly improved it. Aside from the hero's constant reiteration that nobody understands him, which gets monotonous after 5 or 6 repetitions, it's a good, interesting book. Dickson doesn't quite convince me that his alien civilization could work the way he says it does, but at least he has depicted something which isn't merely Sparta or Vinland set down on another planet and called "alien" by the author. This novel isn't the best example of its type, but its type is the major reason I read science fiction. It's the type of novel I like, and which only Poul Anderson has been doing recently. Let's hope that Dickson continues.

GHOST HUNTER, by Hans Holzer (Ace, 50¢) This is supposedly non-fiction. I am not fond of the type, but I'll read it if the writing is entertaining -- I can't get interested in Charles Fort, but I was enchanted by R. DeWitt Miller's books on the same subjects. I gave up on Ghost Hunter somewhere around page 50. I was a bit put off when, after a lecture about how scientific he is, the author casually endorsed Bridey Murphy because her voice had "a flavor no actor, no matter how brilliant, could fully imitate!" (Her voice on tape, yet... there speaks the "scientific" attitude of the occultist.) But mostly I gave up because Holzer's dry, pedantic style bored the hell out of me.

GREAT MISCHIEF, by Josephine Pinckney (Popular Library, 50¢) Here's an up-to-date morality play which not only delves into the nature of sin and other such intellectual pursuits, but manages to be entertaining about it. Miss Pinckney not only manages to make her witches and demons interesting, but she writes a novel which can be considered as either a tale of witchcraft or as a story of a mind gradually losing touch with reality.

WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1965, ed. Don Wollheim and Terry Carr (Ace, 50¢) Apparently this is to be an annual collection in competition with Judy Marril's anthologies. Only two stories in it were familiar to me -- but this really isn't too encouraging, since I had read and forgotten 12 of the other 15. After reading, re-reading, or re-skimming as required to refresh my memory, I'd rate 4 stories as Grade A. These are "A Niche In Time" by William F. Temple, "Vampires Ltd." by Joseph Nesvadba, "The Competitors" by Jack B. Lawson, and "When The Change-Winds Blow", by



Fritz Leiber. The rest -- "Greenplace" by Tom Purdom, "Men Of Good Will" by Ben Bova and Myron R. Lewis, "Bill For Delivery" by Christopher Anvil, "Four Brands Of Impossible" by Norman Kagan, "Sea Wrack" by Edward Jesby, "For Every Action" by C.C. MacApp, "The Last Lonely Man" by John Brunner, "The Star Party" by Robert Lory, "The Weather In The Underworld" by Colin Free, "Oh, To Be A Blobel!" by Philip K. Dick, "The Unremembered" by Edward Mackin, "What Happened To Sergeant Masuro?" by Harry Mulisch, and "Now Is Forever" by Thomas M. Disch -- would be rated grade B or better. The Brunner story might even get into grade A, and the Dick is the only one I regard as totally unnecessary. This makes a pretty good anthology. I haven't seen the Merrill 9th Annual, so I can't compare them, but off-hand I can't think of many short stories from 1964 that I'd prefer to these. (Novelets are a different matter.) If you're buying reprint anthologies, this is certainly one of the best recent ones.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E., by Michael Avallone (Ace, 50¢) I didn't really have much hope that this would be anything like the tv show, and it isn't. The show is a parody of Fleming-type fiction; the book is simply a bad imitation of Fleming. There is the usual disregard for accuracy. (In the third chapter, our hero is trapped in a sealed room from which the air is being exhausted. When he shatters the door with a sonic device, the fragments are described as being blown outward, as by an explosion.) There is the usual sadism, and there is an imitation-Fleming villain who is presented without any of Fleming's skill at making the preposterous seem even mildly believable. In fact, if this is typical of the run-of-the-mill spy story, I begin to see how Fleming made such a stir in the field.

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BULBOUS BANANAS  
by RSC

MATHOM #1 (David N. Hall, 202 Taylor, Crystal City, Missouri 63019 - quarterly - 20¢) In the editorial, David mentions the problems he had in getting the black ink out of his machine so he could run this issue with red ink on blue paper. I hate to say it, Dave, but the results would have been much easier on the eyes if you'd left the black ink in. The reproduction isn't bad, otherwise, but I see too many fanzines to waste much time on an eyestrainer like this one. I skimmed it; for a first issue it seems rather well done. (That sounds patronizing; it was meant to be sort of non-committally approving, since I liked what I read of the mag, but I didn't read much.)

SAM #12 (Steve Stiles, 207 W. 80th. St., New York, N.Y. 10024 - irregular - for trade or comment) Another con report; since it's by Dick Lupoff it has some good lines in it, but I do think Dick could find more interesting things to write about. The letter column is mostly concerned with the writing of Ayn Rand. I was startled to see F.M. Busby saying that Atlas Shrugged is "one hell of a good book"; I thought Buz had better taste than that. (Ayn Rand may or may not have one hell of a good philosophy, but she's one of the poorest professional writers I've ever encountered.) Les Gerber and John Koning have short columns -- fannish type.

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I'd use this space to mention all the outstanding stories I've read in recent magazines, except that I haven't read any. I suppose Frank Herbert's "Greenslaves" in the March AMAZING, and Roger Zelazny's "The Doors Of His Face, The Lamps Of His Mouth" in the March F&SF, are the nearest things to excellent that I've encountered. RSC



# the hunt

## I

Autumn crafted afternoon,  
Sun set low in clear blue sky,  
Dogs and men, a partnership  
Pursue the age-old hunting game;  
Instincts surge, barks of joy  
Delicious growls ecstatic yelps,  
blood pounds wild as frantic runs  
bring the master, gun in hand.

Twisted flight and fluttering fall  
Contact with the sodden mud,  
Beasts from hell converge above  
Slashing teeth and warm sweet blood.

## II

Day is ended, evening comes,  
swollen blue giant about to sink,  
dogs and men, a partnership  
run for life, and rest near death;  
Instincts tug, silence hangs  
half subjugated growls of hate--  
pulse pounds heavy, terror comes  
master whimpers cry of grief.

Limping run and tortured fall  
face groveling in yellow muck,  
creature from forgotten dreams  
piercing tube, and aching suck.

*john kusske*



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