

# YANDROY<sup>147</sup>



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# YANDRO 147

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G Barr



NOTT

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## ARTWORK

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NOTICE TO GEORGE PRICE: We very carefully saved the announcement you wanted us to make. A couple of days ago when I thought Juanita was going to cut this stencil, I put it on her desk. From there, it appears to have vanished utterly. If I was Ray Palmer, I'd blame it on deros, but as it is I can only apologize and say that if you will repeat the message we'll put it in the next issue. Sorrysorrysorry.

Several fans wrote in to suggest that the reason I liked The Martian Sphinx is that "Keith Woodcott" is actually a pseudonym of John Brunner, and my status as a Brunner booster is notorious. Could be.

Some people are addicted to liquor, some take dope, and some have the "cigarette habit". After trying desperately to find some more bookcase room in this place, I decided that my addiction is to book buying. Well, it's relatively respectable. . . . . RSC



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My old Tower mimeo is sitting over there in its corner smirking; it knew something as big and brawny as a Gestetner wasn't trustworthy.

Well, it's been over two years trustworthy, but it finally broke its weakest link -- the silk screen tore. (For the non-publishing members of the audience: silk screen mimeos do not have perforated drums and soggy ink pads thru which the

ink is pressed -- the ink is applied to a roller and then seeps, very evenly and nicely through a fine silk sheet onto the stencil).

I noticed the tear early this week while I was doing some work for a paying customer, and I managed to patch the tear (only partial at that time) with judicious applications of scotch magic tape. This held things together until that job could be completed. But when I began to change head bars (the gimmick that holds the stencil in place -- I have two different kinds, one for narrow four-hole stencils and a wider nine-hole Gestetner bar) .... rllllllip. All the way across.

So I took the thing off and waited for Buck to come home. Some repairs I will attempt myself, but this seemed beyond my reach. If I can't fix something with a hammer and/or screwdriver, I give up. I found out the hard way that after I've struggled and sweated vainly with something of this sort, Buck will take one look and say "No, no, you should use...." and delve into this bottomless tool box of his and produce some arcane device I never saw and do the whole job in no time flat. I consider this masculine trickery and I won't have anything to do with it (like, he taught me about phillips screws and screw drivers and the other night I saw him taking out a phillips screw with a regular screw driver -- and I say that's cheating!).

Predicting defeat in advance, Buck pried up the bottom bar, stuffed the silk screen in and hammered (or something) it back down. But at my first attempt to put it on the machine, it pulled loose again.

Fortunately there's a Gestetner supply store in Marion, Indiana, about 15 miles away. And equally fortunately it was not in a part of that town which was flattened by the Palm Sunday tornados... Did they have a replacement head? Ah, yes. And while you're at it, a ream of Twilltone gold -- we're running short.

Getting the new screen (a blinding yellow before I put it on the machine) has solved one other problem. Upper corner slippage....more and more I had been plagued by the upper right hand corner of the stencil wrinkling during the run. New screen -- voila -- no wrinkles. I suspect this traces back to the fact that when we first got the machine, Buck took some of those sneaky tools and hammered in the extra holes necessary to make the screen bar fit over both nine and four-hole bar attachments. They don't blesh very well at all, and probably the somewhat sideways strain resulting caused the screen to tear....but

only after more than two years! Pretty tough stuff, these cocoons, eh? At any rate, I believe I'll splurge and purchase a second silk screen, a proper four hole one, and eliminate the side slipping. Ja.

Some months back (or was it years?) Howard Devore printed up a series of gag cards -- which we ran through YAN, saying "Help! I'm Am A Prisoner In A Fanzine Factory" - Bruce Coulson. Well, Bruce doesn't think of it that way at all ("give me the child until he is six and he is mine" and all that). For as long as I can recall, he's wanted to help with the fanzine; I even took a snapshot of him at eighteen months crawling all over the pages while Buck tried to collate. Finally he's reached the age where he can follow, reasonably well, instructions.... I let him push the drop lever on the mimeo at the end of each stencil run, he's helped stuff envelopes (and discovered the pains of paper cuts), and last month he reached one of his happiest ambitions -- we let him lick stamps. He doesn't seem to mind the taste of the foul things, so maybe if he's effecient and enthusiastic we can turn that whole job over to him...hmmmm? And he's already acquired the publisher-mailer's eye; he stopped stamping one envelope to complain the address wasn't all there -- and it wasn't; the subscriber hadn't sent us his ZIP code, and Bruce had immediately noticed this gaping hole where there should be "some numbers".

Watch out for APA 55, coming soon...

Every so often an admirer of technological development will go into oohs and ahs over the development of the Bessemer steel process or some other giant of industry discovery.

My amazement is a lot more homely and goes back 100,000 years or more. How did humanity ever discover the science of baking? Possibly this doesn't much grab single male fans who never "sifted dry ingredients" or cut in shortening, but it certainly amazes me. Any housewife knows that there are some things one may fudge on in a recipe, and some one may not. And somewhere or other, these non-fudgeables are now written down -- maybe you learned the recipe by watching your mother make the cake or bread or cookie, but somewhere sometime in our era, it's been written down -- so much this so much that.

But take a primitive human...how many thousands of years ago when whatever culinary genius it might have been (and I strongly suspect that this discovery was a woman's) mixed just that right amount of this and that and exposed it to heat for just so long and came up with bread... or the first cake.

It's not so difficult to whip up a stew or casserole or a slightly different way to boil vegetables, or to alter a baking recipe slightly by adding fruit, making it shorter, or moister. But how did someone ever stumble on the entire idea originally. It's awfully difficult to imagine it happening accidentally.

And one of our British spies informs us YAN is on the Hugo ballot -- again. Hmm, we'll have to go back and check just how many years in a row this makes....but quite certainly no one else has as good a claim to: "The World's Best Second-Rate Fanzine"..... JWC





I recently ran across an interesting bit of advertising. "...time-tested, carefully selected, attractive foods....A special corn meal was selected after extensive tests.... Salad quality corn oil is added for flavor and its tantalizing aroma (that's why the package has a special liner). Tasty, small size oat groats are added for palatability..." A new breakfast food, perhaps? Not at all; that's part of the blurb from a package of Farm Bureau rat poison. (It

works, too; I'm not sure just how poisonous it is, but every time that I have gone around to replenish the baits, at least one rat has been sitting there waiting to be fed. With a little patience, I may be able to teach them to sit up and beg.)

Some time back, Bill Mallardi told me about getting cheap paper from Mishek, in Minnesota. I wrote down the address he gave me, lost it, asked him for another one, lost that, and gave up. Since we were getting pretty cheap paper and good service from Vari-Color, I wasn't too interested. However, when Pete Jackson recently mentioned getting cheap paper from the same place (now renamed Walter's) I got the address from him and this time kept it long enough to request a catalog and then order some paper. It's cheaper; about \$1.50 less for a ten-ream lot, and the service was faster than Vari-Color. What interested me, however, was the little notice they sent along with the invoice -- they seem to be an awfully defensive-minded lot. The notice starts out "This shipment was in good condition when turned over to the carrier. Any damage to this merchandise in transit cannot be considered our responsibility." (accent theirs) and ends "PLEASE DO NOT RETURN MERCHANDISE TO US WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION." I like the price and the service, but after reading that thing, I'm half afraid to order anything else.

Everyone is putting out spy novels these days. Lancer's entry seems to be about the "President's Agent", Bart Gould. I've read Worldbreaker and The Big Blue Death (both by Joseph Milton and both priced at 50¢). The plotting and characters seem even more logical than Fleming's, but all the action seems a trifle wooden. Both are borderline stf, if you stretch the term enough; both include villains who plan to conquer the world, and Worldbreaker also has some new gadgets. But basically they're spy-thrillers -- competently done, and just a trifle dull.

We got a Lunacon announcement, but I doubt very much that YANDRO gets out before its scheduled date of April 24; we might get it to the post office before then, but it won't reach many readers. The Midwestcon is June 25, 26 and 27, at a new location; Holiday Inn -- North, 2235 Sharon Rd, Cincinnati, Ohio 45241. We expect to be there, probably staying at a cheap motels nearby.

One thing I forgot to mention last issue is that we have the word regarding the cover of The Universe Against Her. Bill Glass, Alex Eisenstein, and Dan Adkins each informed us that it was by Schoenherr. So Pan-shin and I were equally wrong. Adkins also mentioned that the cover of The Reassembled Man was by Frank Frazetta. I'd never have guessed it.

Several newspapers recently ran an article on Catherine Holzer, wife of Hans Holzer (author of the recent Ace Ghost Hunter). I noticed it in the Fort Wayne paper, and Tom Dupree sent us a clipping from the Memphis Commercial Appeal. A picture of Catherine was included -- an attractive woman, but I don't think that any women who "can sit quietly for hours



waiting for an apparition" is precisely my type.

Being a sucker for fancy expensive publications (provided they look interesting) I took advantage of (or was taken advantage of by) a special subscription offer sent out by HORIZON magazine. I must say I was somewhat surprised to find a science fiction story in this publication ostensibly devoted to art, history and archaeology. The story was "Notes From An Empty Room", by James V. McConnell. Only publication credit given was McConnell's professional fanzine, WORM RUNNER'S DIGEST -- as usual, I'd read it before, and as usual, I don't recall where. (It was worth reading again, though.)

In my last package of asthma cigarettes was a little note, informing the purchaser that "If you cannot purchase at your local Druggist you may order direct from Factory." (If you don't get it, consider how one discovers this fact unless one has already purchased at one's local Druggist.)

The major news from Wabash on this date (which is April 21) is that the town is still here. Several villages to the north and south of us aren't. We had no tornado damage in the immediate vicinity -- closest was about 15 miles south of us. (I believe this was the tornado which one expert rather awedly announced stayed on the ground constantly for 80 miles. We didn't join the sightseers, but one co-worker who lives south of this swathe said that it looked like a bulldozer had gone thru -- for the entire 80-mile distance, apparently.) Crazy photographers; newspapers printed one beautiful shot of huge double funnels bearing down on Dunlap, Ind. From the looks of it, it was taken just a couple of minutes before the entire town was wiped out. I don't know about you, but in those circumstances, I wouldn't stop to take pictures. We were without power for 12 hours, after which we got an emergency circuit from Bunker Hill (sometimes it's handy to have an air base in the vicinity). Factories were shut down for 3 days, but office workers like me had to go in; I got out of a day's work.

A letter from Ben Jason announced the death of Don Ford, from a type of cancer, on April 2. Don was one of the stalwarts of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, an organizer of the Midwestcons, and I believe one of the organizers of First Fandom. He was also one of the nicer people in fandom, and he's going to be missed. I didn't really know him very well; I usually talked a bit with him at conventions, but he spent an awful lot of his time at cons in circulating and making sure everyone was enjoying himself.

A non-stf purchase recently was the Dover edition of Will Cuppy's How To Become Extinct. Cuppy is an addiction from my pre-stf period; I used to chortle over his articles in the SATURDAY EVENING POST when I was a kid. He's always been one of my favorite authors -- in fact, Gene DeWeese and I were so impressed by him that when we started our collaborative fan-writing all of our early "Thomas Stratton" stories were written in the Cuppy style. (In fact, it took us a long time to get around to doing anything else; that sort of thing is fun to write.) We never matched Cuppy's factual research, however. Along with the Cuppy book I got George Chappell's Through The Alimentary Canal With Gun And Camera, which is fantasy. (I know; I didn't really need to specify.) I would tell you all about it, but I told all about it in a review that I sent to Roy Tackett, and since he hasn't sent it back yet I assume that he'll publish it some time and it wouldn't be fair to scoop my own review and I would never stoop to being unethical and I don't think I can string this sentence out for two more lines.

DeWeese bought down the second Buffy Sainte-Marie record; it's fine. Buy one to go with your copy of the first one.

RSC



# LESE MAJESTY

by

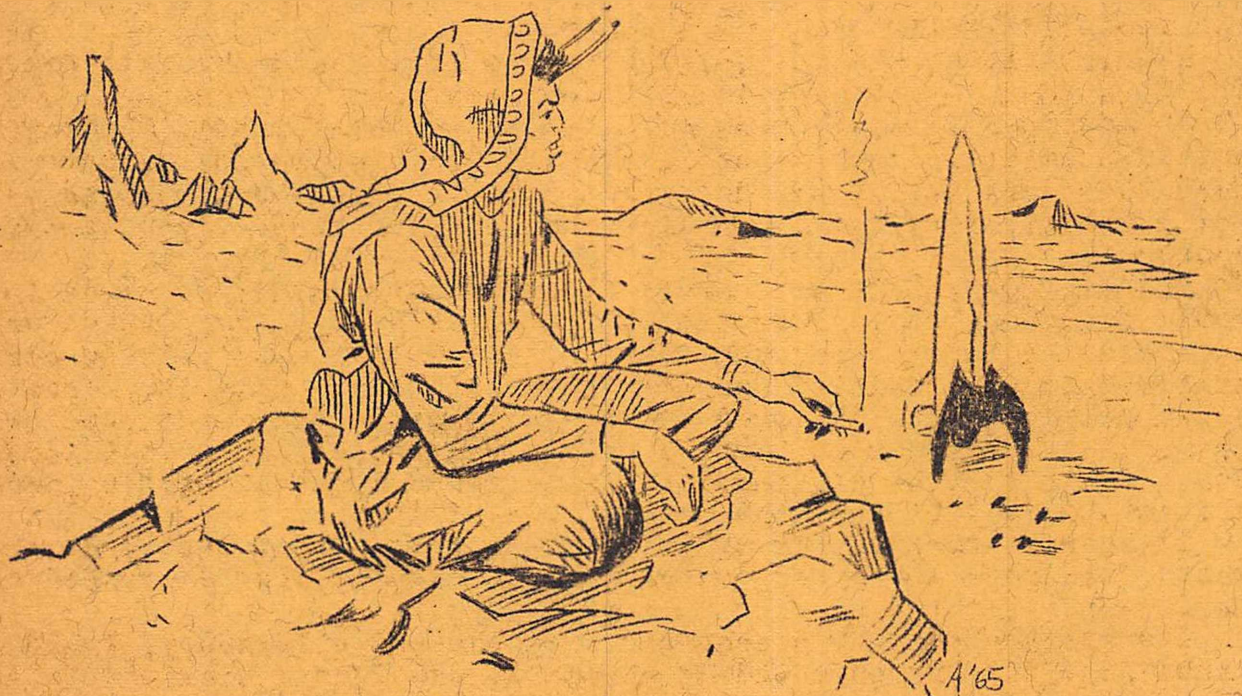
alexei panshin

I swear to you that what follows is true. If it seems incredible, I can only answer that it seems incredible to me, too, and I know only too well that it is true. If it matters, I have documentary evidence to remind me -- more than 75,000 words of it.

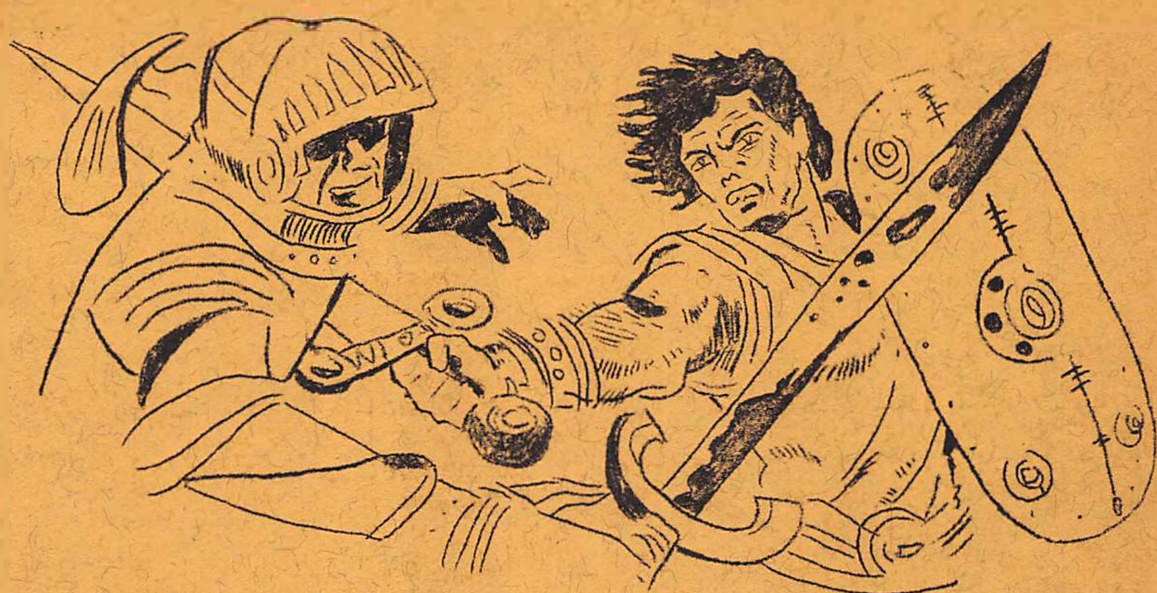
Robert A. Heinlein and I are not on good terms.

I'm 24, an ex-PFC, a new college graduate. I've sold half-a-dozen stories or so, and had one anthologized. I have a novel almost finished that I think pretty well of (as opposed to the 200 pages of not-much-in-particular that I turned out when I was 18). I like to think that I'm getting someplace. But the truth is that when they rank people in order of their importance in this country, I don't come out very high, and certainly nowhere near Robert Heinlein. Why, then, should he shoot me down? The answer is that in the course of innocent scholarly pursuit I have offended him.

About a year-and-a-half ago, I got a note from a Los Angeles fan, Bill Blackbeard, saying that Robert Heinlein's novel, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, was still considered controversial out there. He asked me if I would care to do a critical article on it. Since then, after making page-by-page notes and doing a lot of mulling, something I wasn't prepared to do then, I have written about STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, but at the time I shipped Blackbeard an article on the subject of sex in Heinlein's writing. It was hastily written, not exhaustive,







and marred by at least one snap judgment -- but in spite of this I had what I thought was a pretty well documented central point. Blackbeard handed this article on to Redd Boggs, who had just taken over the editorship of Shangri L'Affaires, and Boggs put the title "Heinlein: By His Jockstrap" on it and put it in his first issue. That was my first offense.

I was at the Midwestcon last June. Earl Kemp, whom I have known for some years, walked up to me and said, "Alex, how would you like to do a book on Robert Heinlein for Advent: Publishers?" Since he had a glass in his hand, I didn't take him seriously. However, in August, in Wabash, Indiana, Earl came up to me again and said, "Alex, I wasn't kidding. How would you like to do a book on Robert Heinlein?" Since he didn't have a glass in his hand this time, I decided to take him seriously.

What Earl wanted was a minimum of 40,000 words and a serious critical study of Heinlein's fiction. Visions of glory aside, that is a lot of work. I thought it over carefully, and then wrote Earl a two-page, single-space letter saying I would try.

I have written the book, 75,000 words of it, and the existence of the book alone - not what is in it - is my second offense.

In December 1964, I began work. I knew what I wanted in general, but I was missing several stories and I had a number of questions I needed answers to. I sat down and wrote to forty-three people asking for material, information, advice, comment, criticism, and quotable opinion.

The first person that I wrote to was Robert Heinlein. I assumed he would be interested. I mentioned the article in Shaggy, said that I intended the book to be much better, that I intended it to be comprehensive and responsible, and told him what would be in it. Then I asked him for help. I asked him for suggestions, comments and criticism. And I asked him a series of specific questions on pen names, non-science fiction writing, family background, movie writing, and so on, and hoped that he might answer some of them.

I never heard from him at all. I was sorry about that because I wanted the book to be as good as I could make it, but I pressed on anyway.

I wrote the book by a schedule. By the end of January, I had finished nine out of projected 31 chapters, and I sent them off to Advent.



They wrote back: "The manuscript you sent is eminently satisfactory, and if the rest of it is as good, we'll have a book both you and Advent can be proud of."

At about this time, the end of January, I found out that even though Heinlein was not communicating with me, he was writing and talking to other people, and angrily. It puzzled me a little that if he didn't like what I was doing he would not write to me about it, but he did not.

In December, I sent a letter to Lurton Blassingame, Heinlein's agent, and told him what I was doing, and asked him for information and advice. He answered and said that he thought a critical study of Heinlein was a fine idea, particularly now while Heinlein was around to answer questions and make rebuttals. He also said, however, that his cooperation rested on Heinlein's okay. I assume Heinlein didn't give it, because Blassingame didn't write again.

Much the same thing happened with an Annapolis classmate of Heinlein's. L. Sprague de Camp had suggested that I write him, and I did, asking some very general questions. He answered by saying that he would be glad to help me, but suggested that I send him specific questions that might each be answered in a single paragraph. I sent him the questions -- innocuous ones by my standard -- and for all that he was glad to help me, I didn't get even a postcard for an answer.

There were other people I never heard from in the first place. And Advent wrote to tell me that they had been informed that my letters to people had angered Heinlein.

That's just hearsay, of course. Heinlein never wrote to me to tell me what might please him, though I would have been very happy to listen.

Then I made a mistake that made Heinlein even madder at me.

Again at someone's recommendation, I had written to Arthur George "Sarge" Smith, whom I knew only from the dedication of STARSHIP TROOPERS. The answer came back from Mrs. Smith, saying that her husband had died in September. She also said that she had a file of letters from Heinlein to her husband that might be of interest to me.

I don't apologize for writing back that I was interested, but I do acknowledge that it was a mistake -- for two reasons. One is that the letters that I ultimately saw didn't have any bearing on the book I was writing. The other is that my looking at them was something that made Heinlein madder.

I wrote to Mrs. Smith saying explicitly that some of the conclusions I would be making in my book would not be favorable. I said, "I can see that you have a great deal of respect for Mr. Heinlein (she had spoken in detail of Heinlein's sincere, kind and understanding nature) and if there is any possibility in your mind that letting me see his correspondence might be in any way a disservice to him, I would prefer that you did not send me the letters."

I shouldn't have written that at all. I should have taken to my heels the moment her letter landed in my mail box.

When Heinlein found that I had seen the letters -- I had made no secret of it and one of his friends told him -- he called Advent. This was early in February. Advent wrote him a letter that offered not only to let him see the manuscript but also the opportunity to change any point in which I stepped outside the bounds of legitimate criticism. (And they wrote and told me to return those damned letters. I'd already done that.)

I sent Advent nine more chapters.

Heinlein sent Advent a registered letter, the original to Earl Kemp. Carbons were listed as follows: AGA (who?); Science Fiction Writers of America (a newly formed organization of which Heinlein and I are both



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charter members); George Price (another Advent partner); Harris, Laura & Harris (another registered letter -- these, I would guess, are his lawyers); Lurton Blassingame (that, if you recall, is his agent); and three more carbons for his files. None to me -- I gather polite society doesn't recognize me.

I have seen a copy of this letter and it is one of the strongest letters I have ever seen. It called into doubt Advent's purposes since they had chosen me, "an untried college student", to write the book, instead of an experienced, respected and qualified critic such as Conklin, Knight, Merrill, Moskowitz, Boucher, or P. Schuyler Miller (Heinlein's list).

The letter accused me of having shown ungentlemanly, unethical, and in one case, dishonorable and illegal methods of gathering material. It said other things, too: that I had pried into his affairs (that letter he never answered, perhaps?), that I had caused him trouble in the past (the Shaggy article, or the fan letter I wrote him when I was a boy?) and that I had conned his best friend's widow out of a file of letters (ha!!).

The letter forbade Advent the right to quote from any of his copyrighted works, the use of his name or picture, or anything in which his permission could be required.

He refused to look at the manuscript (why???). Moreover, he said that if it were published he reserved the right to sue, bringing criminal action or whatever else seemed appropriate.

Advent sent me \$50 and a letter that said (a) they still liked my manuscript, and (b) goodbye and good luck.

That is what it feels like to be stepped on.

One thing is clear to me, if not to Heinlein. Writing a book like this isn't likely to return much for the time and effort involved. Ask Advent's other authors how much they realized for their work. It is very possible that none of his chosen critics might be interested in writing a critical book for Advent: Publishers on the stories of Robert Heinlein.

Why Heinlein never wrote to me so that he could be assured that I was writing nothing other than the critical, responsible study that I told him I was writing in the first place, I don't know. Perhaps that is the way important figures deal with untried college students.

I wrote three letters: one to Science Fiction Writers of America, one to Lurton Blassingame, and one to Robert Heinlein. I offered to let any or all of Heinlein's preferred critics read my manuscript. I said that if any of them pointed out illegitimate criticism, I would change it to satisfy or delete it. I said that if any of them thought my manuscript worthless, I would drop it entirely. I offered to let my book and my correspondence, including that with Mrs. Smith, be scrutinized.

Damon Knight, for the SFWA, wrote that he had sent a letter to Heinlein asking if there was anything the SFWA could do to smooth things. This was more than a month ago and since I haven't heard anything from the SFWA since, I assume Heinlein didn't think there was anything the SFWA could do.

Lurton Blassingame sent a note that said before I wrote a biography I should find out the reaction of the person involved. I replied that I wasn't writing a biography and that I had tried to communicate with Mr. Heinlein. That was the last I heard from him.

Robert Heinlein never answered.

My book is done -- 75,000 words on the writing of Robert Heinlein.





I think (pardon me for saying it) that it is a fair, perceptive, thorough piece of work. Before I started writing the book, I had a meeting with all the partners at Advent and we agreed that the book was worth doing because of the importance of Heinlein in the field and the quality of his writing. We also agreed that the book would only be published if it were fair and accurate -- we all wanted that.

The thing that makes this whole mess seem like such a bloody farce to me is that the book Heinlein is so anxious not to see and not to have published is far more admiring than not.

And I still haven't heard from Heinlein. It's funny, too. I know I put my return address on the envelope.

FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, page 88: "...a book need never die and should not be killed; books were the immortal part of man. Book burners -- To rape a defenseless friendly book."

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ORICHALCEOUS ETERNITY

by RSC

Recently, in a masochistic mood, I read 8 Monarch science fiction novels. Most of them were as bad as I expected, but there were one or two surprises in the bunch. Top rating goes to The Hamelin Plague, by A. Bertram Chandler. Possibly it was because we were being plagued by rats at the time I read it, but this book really gave me a slight chill. Chandler, of course, is a good writer, most of the story is set on an Australian freighter, so he knows the background, and when you stop to think about the damage caused by ordinary rats, the idea of intelligent ones can be pretty nasty. Invasion From 2500, by Terry Carr and Ted White under the pseudonym of "Norman Edwards", has a good gimmick; how to stop an invasion from the future, by people who know about every defense from reading about it in history. The Day The Machines Stopped, by Christopher Anvil, is a fairly competently done worldwide disaster story; if you have some time to kill, this won't be too disappointing. Paul Fairman's The World Grabbers is a slickly written throwback to the Palmer pulps; I can't recommend it, but it isn't an outright stinker. The Day The Oceans Overflowed definitely is an outright stinker, complete with idiotic speeches, a villain who has more sense than anyone else in the book, actions which have no particular bearing on the plot, and a last-minute rescue by a latter-day Noah, complete with pseudo-religious cant. It's by Charles Fontenay. Planet Big Zero, by Franklin Hadley, isn't much better; it's a space opera that would be right at home in one of the poorer pulp AMAZINGS. The two worst books of the lot are Doomsday Wing and The Unending Night, by George H. Smith. "Night" turns Ayn Rand into a beautiful blonde "with long, race-horse legs" (I get a rather odd picture, there) "Wing" is sprinkled with madmen, nesting like raisins in a dough of idiocy -- I had some quotes from them, but I'm out of room.



# KASPER SECOND

*fiction by*

e.e. evers

I had passed the house seven hundred times, each visit a week apart, and never could I make myself enter it.

I am six-seven, weigh one-twentyfive, and limp in both legs. My face is as pale as the walking-belly of a slug; my hair has all the life, color, and body of an albino bread mold. My eye teeth are canine incisors like a baboon's, and my left eye keeps trying to focus on the corner of my jaw.

I saw the sun once; I never want to see it again.

I would find answers to the grim emptiness behind my ribs, or be found curled in some corner of darkness, head bent and knees drawn up. Though my compulsion toward the house also was return to the womb in a sense more real than normal.

Decision made, so irrevocably this time I could back out only to a long, high fall, I waited for tenant turnover to open the house. I didn't hope for the room: I had years of time and could easily swap into it the next time it was vacant.

I got off the double-A train at the Eighty-sixth Street stop and started walking toward Amsterdam Avenue, the "furnished rooms - west side" column of the Journal American crumpled in my palm.

The ad read "\$6.-10. -- no cooking -- clean, quiet house". Just another Victorian brownstone settling deeper into the west side slum year by year.

Tonight the stained marble facade seemed as if some capricious god had superimposed a classical temple onto the stolid New York brick and given up halfway in. The cheap residence hotel touching to the east had now sunk from second rate to third - the lobby was plastered with hand-lettered announcements for dances sponsored by such youth organizations as "The Dusters" and "The Latin Crowns".

The super was a thin Irishman who didn't know me. Taking me up five flights to the empty rooms, he assured me that only "regular working people" lived in the house. I answered the implied question by saying I was a dishwasher for a large restaurant chain. It was a job to fit the house, as were my clothes - cotton slacks six inches too short, shirt with sleeves that quit halfway from elbow to wrist, and three-dollar slip-on oxfords too dirty to show their original color.

I'd had my silent explosion when the vacant rooms were on the fifth floor; I wasn't even surprised when the room was the second he showed me. I rented it for





six and a half dollars a week

In his room under the stairs the super asked a few overly-personal questions, like how much I drink (I don't) and do I "run with the gay crowd" (no), told me I couldn't have a radio or visitors (I broke both rules, as it turned out, though neither in a sense he would comprehend), gave me two Salvation Army sheets and a Navy surplus blanket. I paid him twenty-six dollars so he wouldn't have an excuse to bother me for a month, pocketed my house and room keys, and left.

This super was the type who sits with his door open like a spider on its web-parapet, feeding on human misery and minor infractions of his numerous rules. I waited till his door was closed and there was no crack of light under it before I brought my equipment down from the campus.

I sat on the edge of the bed staring at some marks carved deeply in into the wall, barely visible under sixteen years of grime and cheap enamel. Those marks were one of my first acts in this world: I had carved them in the plaster with my finger nails while waiting for hunger to build up my courage enough to drive me out of the house.

The room and house were placid enough around me: it seemed strange there could be mysteries in a room where a long-armed man could touch three walls without moving or in a house only half a step above a Bowery flophouse, but this room was almost certainly a gateway to another world. I am living proof of it.

You may be familiar with the Kasper Hauser case in the last century. Yes, the one in which a young man appeared in a German city, origin unknown and ignorant of any human language and customs. He was never able to describe how he got here or to tell where he came from except to hint at a cool, dark, cramped place with overtones of torment and fear. He was stabbed to death under circumstances that may or may not have been suicide, and his case remains a mystery.

I was a little luckier -- I came into this world speaking a rudimentary English and able to wear clothes, eat with knife and fork, open and close a door, sleep in a bed. My first memories are being taught these things; in another room similar to the one I arrived into, but with metal walls.

Where the other world may be I don't know and wouldn't tell you now if I knew. That night in the room I was fully ready to go back into what I believed was a world quite similar to earth, only lying across some barrier of time, space, or dimension and under the rule of some oppressor. I felt that somehow I must go back to attempt to help my people with earth's knowledge of technology. I didn't realize then just how much earth thinking had molded my mind.

I really have few more memories of my origin than Kasper Hauser and these I assure you are not pleasant. Several must die for one to escape.

I left the house in the spring of 1943, when the Army was taking anything that breathed, few questions asked. I was discharged in '47 with a name, enough officially recognized recorded background to get by, an Army high school diploma, and two badly messed-up legs. The leg wounds were a blessing of sorts, like all curses,--two years in hospitals were time to learn all the vital little customs and habits necessary to fit into society, and "battle fatigue with psychomotor amnesia" on my medical record would explain any lapses. Besides, a wounded veteran had a lot of advantages...right after the war at least.

I've never had it easy, but I've never had a knife at my back, either. And however bad my environment may get here, I've had my taste of worse.

I spent the next nine years in college, adding three sets of degrees



after my self-chosen name at the expense of the US government, several philanthropies, a couple of big corporations, and the schools themselves. Then I went back to teach at one of these same schools, one of three or four top specialists in a certain branch of physics. All this without leaving New York City and only rarely being about by day.

After I had a place in society and what I considered an armament of knowledge I returned to the house on Eighty-fifth Street to attack the mystery, and possibly enemies I couldn't even attach a name to.

Fifteen nights were fifteen changes of instruments and not a flicker away from normal on any of them. I gave up the idea that the room might be some sort of stress-point where two worlds interact (the physics of it are pretty weak anyway) and set up a few permanent, concealed instruments to explore the possibility that I had arrived by some sort of teleportation machine. I remember only being flung instantaneously in a sort of stupor from there to here.

Three more months passed before my instruments registered anything unusual, and luckily, I was there when it happened. All I experienced was a flash of wrong-colored lights from all the walls at once and a flicker of pure feeling I won't try to describe. It took me only a few moments to confirm on my dials and gauges that some sort of teleport had been focused on the room for an instant. At least they hadn't changed the spatial focus of their machine.

I took out all the instruments - barometers of several types, magnetic field detectors, photo-electric equipment for a wide range of wave lengths - and brought with me each night a kit to take into the other world if the "Door" ever stayed open long enough to hurl myself through. This kit was mostly weapons and plans for making weapons out of almost any machinery or materials. The existence of a teleport machine meant mechanical civilization, though an oppressed people wouldn't have access to the weapons for fear they would free themselves. As indeed they would when I got through.

There were two more brief inspections in the next six months, both at the same time of day to a few seconds, but not on the same day of the week or month. I cut my hours of vigil to four hours a night centered on the time of contact to allow my earth life to go back to normal, or at least as normal as a recluse professor's life can be normal.

As far as the super (my instruments had uncovered his snooping but his snooping had never discovered my instruments) and the other tenants were concerned, I was invisible. It was some compensation for having so few friends no one around the campus questioned by nocturnal whereabouts.

About this time I even felt myself cringing less and less in daylight rooms. I even ventured outside from time to time on overcast days.

My basic appearance remained unaltered, of course. As far as I know, my legs and eye are my only real abnormalities -- the rest is simply the way I'm built -- and those can't respond to medical treatments. And I won't do anything about the teeth and hair any more than a member of a despised race would try to alter his skin color.

The spirit of "In the world but not of it" has always lain heavy on me. I won't teach undergraduate classes, because of the girls. And not all their looks at me are pure horror either. It's like a horse and a zebra -- I'm not sure enough to try.

I was prepared to wait in that room from eleven to three every night for the rest of my life, if necessary. But it wasn't necessary.

It happened three days short of a year after I rented the room; it was climax and anti-climax, over in a second and the end and beginning of several lives.

I saw the soft bluish light and heard air rushing away in all directions before I felt the faces.



I dropped my case of plans and fell, all senses paralyzed, across it. The faces, distorted in some orgiastic spasm, were my own three or four hundred times. I could see their eyes roll from the exertion; here and there among the throng a straining body would stiffen and fall lifeless. Here were my people at last, And they scared me into a coma.

There was no machine. They were ripping open the fabric of being with their naked minds.

Their alien emotions united to impell one of their number into my world, whether by design or as some ritual of sacrifice I do not care to know.

When I woke, something almost my size was crawling on the dark floor and making whimpering sounds.

Female whimpering sounds.

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ANGUISHED ANCHOVIES

by RSC

Jim Goodrich sent a copy of TANGENT, but I don't suppose I should review a mag published by the British Science Fiction Association. This one is a fiction mag, with a nice professional lineup of authors. The BSFA looks rather interesting; I may investigate it sometime (when I have the time).

GALAXY REPORTER #7 (Dwain Kaiser....hmmm. No address in the mag, and I'm not going to look it up tonight.) Comments on honesty and vice versa among stf dealers. Best way to find out if a mail-order book dealer is honest is the same in stf as anyplace else. If you don't know anyone who can personally vouch for him, send him a very small order first. If he fills it, you can send a larger one the next time, but don't let him have much of your money until you're sure of him.

STARLING #5 (Hank Luttrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Station Rd, Kirkwood, Missouri - quarterly - 25¢) There is an article on Thomas Wolfe (but what does it have to do with science fiction, Hank?) -- offhand, I think Sturgeon finished the discussion on this particular aspect of fulfillment when he said "Enough is maturity -- ". Hank reviews some of the old magazines (in contrast to several younger fans who have reviewed mags of the 1950's as ancient classics, Hank manages to get some moderately old mags; from a '41 FUTURE to a '49 STARTLING). There's a pretty good letter column and a piece of mediocre fiction. Rating..5

TWILIGHT ZINE #14 (Mike Ward & Dennis Guthrie, c/o MITSFS, Room 50-020, MIT, 77 Massachusetts Ave, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - 25¢) Despite the number, I gather that this issue is a one-shot, published in a mild fury because Dave Vanderwerf apparently ran off part of TZ #13 and then abandoned it. Whatever happened to Dave, anyway? He always seemed like one of fandom's better people (not at all the sort to gafflate midway thru an issue). Most of the material consists of parodies, but the letter column intrigues me -- if all those letters are parodies, someone has gone to a lot of trouble studying fan writing. If they ever get back into regular production, the MIT club has an abundance of fan talent; I always liked TZ.

that leaves 7 fanzines left over until the next issue.



# RAGNAROK IN TECHNICOLOR

*review by*

BANKS MEBANE

THE FALL OF THE TOWERS is the overall title given by Samuel R. Delany to his trilogy of Ace books CAPTIVE OF THE FLAME (#F-199), THE TOWERS OF TORON (#F-261) and CITY OF A THOUSAND SUNS (#F-322). Out of these three Delany has attempted to make a single true novel in the old-fashioned sense, like WAR AND PEACE, in which multitudinous characters meet and part in a complex web of plot lines to delineate a society and a period of history. That such an ambitious project falls short of complete success is not surprising, but the work is good enough to repay attention--so good, in fact, that the reader wished poignantly that it were better. A bad book is easily dismissed, but an almost outstanding work arouses regret.

Fifteen hundred years after a nuclear cataclysm, the world is divided into a number of habitable areas isolated from each other by radiation zones; one of these enclaves contains the empire of Toromon, and the major theme unifying the three books is the decline and fall of that empire. Toromon is passing through an economic crisis caused by unemployment stemming from increased mechanization of food production. In the first book, the empire wages a desultory war with a mutant neo-Neanderthaloid race across the radiation barrier. The second book starts three years after the conclusion of the first, and the neo-Neanderthals have been integrated into the empire. Another war with a complete non-human race is going on; this war turns out to be a fake, staged to prop up the economy. The soldiers are drugged, and dream the war, directed by the computer; some of them are murdered to provide casualty lists. The final book describes the destruction of the empire from internal collapse, abetted by bands of hoodlums called Malis (from Malcontents) and by the assaults of the deranged war-computer.

Delany is fond of the "intensively recompllicated" or VanVogtian school of science fiction, as was shown by his earlier Ace novel THE JEWELS OF APTOR (#F-173). That book, set in another isolated enclave of the post-bomb world, was a moody Brackett-type fantasy but included one segment that might have come straight from an old RAP Amazing, in which a giant radioactive amoeba chased the principal characters thru the ruins of an American city. In THE FALL OF THE TOWERS he integrates such incidents into his narrative with much more skill, producing a headlong pace with a dazzling variety of plot-twists.

Delany has not made a logically self-consistent civilization out of Toromon. The great island city of Toron is the capital of an "empire" composed only of a narrow, agricultural littoral on the near-by continent, beyond which is jungle inhabited by giant mutants called forest guards. The empire contains no other city but deserted Telphar. Toromon has an advanced science capable of matter-transmission and of replacing half an injured man's head with transparent plastic; it feeds itself by hydroponics and tank-crown fish; yet it is an absolute monarchy with an aristocracy of wealthy industrialists, a technological elite and a vast mass of poor. Aware of the jerry-built nature of



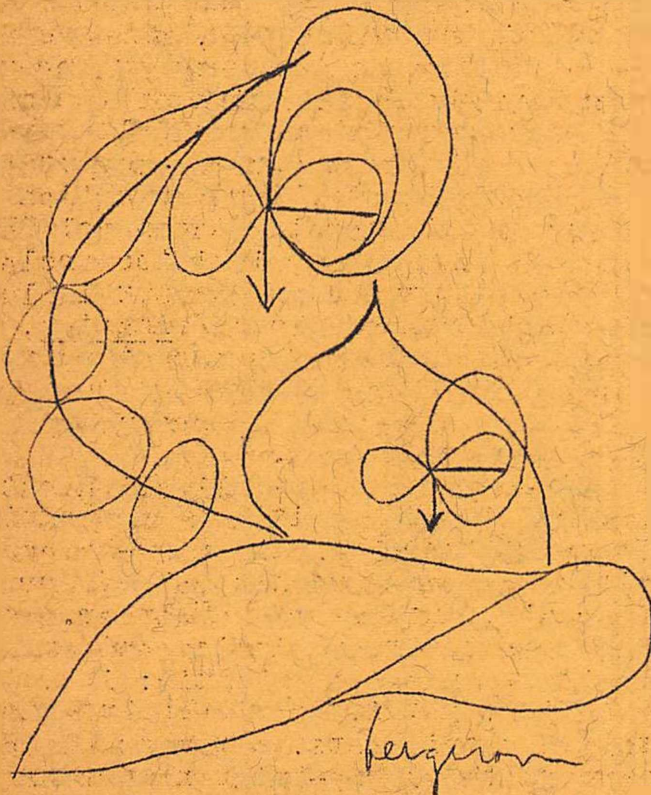
this structure, Delany has one of his characters, the historian Rolth Catham, deliver a lecture justifying it, but without convincing the reader. The truth is that Delany is not interested in building a realistic culture, but only in providing a backdrop against which he can project everything in our own society that he dislikes, including technological unemployment, racial prejudice and juvenile delinquency. That this rickety structure works at all is because, wherever he directs the spotlights of his detailed attention, the author brings it to life and the reader can forget, in the reality of each scene, the make-shift nature of the background. The most vivid scenes are those with the least science-fictional content, and the reader soon sees why: in all but name, these sections take place in New York City.

My use of theatrical metaphors in describing the setting was influenced by Delany's narrative technique: he tells the story as a camera would see it, and very rarely dips into the minds of any of his characters. His work resembles a television or movie drama. He uses a visual motif ("The green of beetles' wings, the red of polished carbuncle, a flash of silver fire") to segue into those scenes in which some of the characters are in telepathic contact with a benign alien called the Triple Being; the scenes are dramatized and treated objectively like a dream sequence in a movie. Even when he does touch the thoughts of his people, he usually reports only sensory observations or objective references like: "He thought she was going to fall."

Delany handles this dramatic technique very well indeed, and with it avoids the confusion that might result from writing subjectively with such a large cast. He is good at bringing out character through dialogue and action, and has a strong visual imagination with an eye for convincing detail. Sometimes he overdoes the detail, until it becomes obtrusive. In one brief scene, the purpose of which is to

bring out in conversation some facts and social attitudes the author wants the reader to know, a maid is arranging the girl Clea's hair. The maid is described: "She was a thin woman, about thirty. The little finger of her left hand was gone." The missing finger is alluded to again in this two-page segment, but the maid never reappears in the story again, so it serves no purpose.

Into his creaky stage-set composed of cardboard and fragments of our own reality, Delany introduces real people, alive and kicking. The girl-acrobat, Alter, Tel the runaway fisherboy, and introverted Prince Let, even the walk-ons and spear-carriers, are all convincing. Better than this, he can show these real people growing and changing with the action as they should in a novel like this; Clea Koshar is believable as a beautiful debutante and gifted





mathematician, and in all her further metamorphoses: her depression after the death of her first lover and her sub-conscious realization of the horror of the mock-war; the reconstruction of her personality while she is with Alter in the traveling circus; the final triumphant maturity of her love for the mutilated Rolth Catham.

The thinnest characters are those most concerned in the major twists of the plot, because their actions are manipulated more mechanically and they tend to be symbols. Clea's brother Jon Koshar is a shadowy figure motivated by a desire to find something he can call freedom; the Duchess of Petra is only a wish to preserve what is good in Toromon; Arkor, the telepathic forest guard, is only a plot gimmick.

As a second unifying theme for *THE FALL OF THE TOWERS*, Delany has superimposed on his story a science-fictional-cum-religious idea that at one fell swoop converts the whole work into an allegory. A malignant alien intelligence, who can possess human minds invades the earth; he causes the war in the first book, and is thrown out by Jon, the Duchess and Arkor acting under the control of the benign alien Triple Being. The Malign alien, called the Lord of the Flames, returns in the second book, inhabiting the decadent King Uske; he starts the mock-war and is expelled again, only to return for his final comeuppance in the last book. Delany grinds in his symbolism unremittingly: the Lord of the Flames is a Satanic embodiment of the evil in Toromon, and the provenance of the Triple Being is obvious -- the Trinity. Thus *THE FALL OF THE TOWERS* is an apocalyptic vision in which Toromon, the City of This World, is destroyed like the cities of the plain, and the chosen few are led out of the wilderness and vouchsafed a glimpse of the City of God.

This device seems a flaw to a confirmed sceptic like me, and I really cannot evaluate it; but certainly it is the major cause of the weakness of *CITY OF A THOUSAND SUNS*, the last book of the three. The characters and action become more symbolic, and Delany turns to more subjective and emotional writing techniques, including sloppy quasi-poetic passages, in an attempt to intensify the climax toward which he has been building in the first two books. The Mali poet Vol Nonik is driven mad by the brutal murder of his wife Renna, and his subjectively reported agonies, and those of Renna's mother, represent the dying agony of the empire in its collapse. The Lord of the Flames is back, hopping from mind to mind, and he can only be finally expelled when some of the characters bring the Triple Being three works which represent the best of Toromon: Nonik's poems, Clea's mathematical treatise and Rolth Catham's history of Toromon. The Duchess of Petra and the new king, Let, are destroyed in the final collapse, as the worldly good of the empire goes down with its evil. At the end, a group of ex-Malis are building a new city in the wilderness, and they plan to reach the stars; apparently these ex-hoodlums can accomplish anything they wish by breathing deep and thinking pure and noble thoughts.

Much of the structural weakness of *THE FALL OF THE TOWERS* stems from the author's necessity of producing three bite-sized Ace books with an apparently satisfactory resolution of the main plot-elements at the end



G. Barr



of each. Science fiction writers seem to be favoring long works: Frank Herbert's Dune stories are parts of one novel, and Cordwainer Smith's THE PLANET BUYER is only the first half of the book he wrote. It seems that sf publishers could adapt to this trend; after all, very long historical novels are not unusual. If a writer like Delany wants a broader canvas, he should get it.

The success of THE FALL OF THE TOWERS lies in its detailed parts: Delany is like a mosaicist who cuts and polished bright stones with exquisite craftsmanship only to fit them into a design that is blurred and chaotic. If he puts as much thought into his backgrounds as he does his foregrounds and resists the tendency toward purple poetic passages shown in his last book, he ought to produce some magnificent science fiction. It is extremely trite to say "despite his flaws, here is a writer to watch," but at times the old cliches serve best.

#### ANNOUNCEMENTS

Ed Meskys mentions that NIEKAS has a new British agent: Graham Hall, 57 Church St, Tewkesbury, Glouc., Great Britain.

Pete Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, Great Britain, says that he's reprinting Willis's ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, with illos by Atom and a Willis introduction, for 50¢ per copy. Available in this country from Al Lewis (not immediately; "in the summer".) If you're lucky, we'll also inform you when the printing has actually taken place.

Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640 (where but in California would anyone name a street "Joyzelle"? ) is interested in obtaining tapes of the early TW3 shows -- "up to about July 3 of last year". Is willing to buy, borrow, or rent them.

Osvaldo Elliff, Calle 2 n° 270, 2° La Plata, Argentina, sends out an S.O.S. in behalf of the La Plata Science Fiction Society. They are in need of books, prozines, fanzines, suggestions, letters, etc. (My first suggestion is that I've never seen any use in a club library, but you fanzine editors who want to obtain more readers can undoubtedly pick up a few here.)

The University of California Extension/Berkeley, Calif. 94720, sends out an announcement that a Berkeley Poetry Conference will take place this summer, July 12 to 24. Readings, lectures, and poetry classes will be given by Robert Duncan, Gary Snyder, LeRoi Jones, Charles Olson, Robert Creeley, Jack Spicer, and Allen Ginsberg. The west coast editor of Grove Press is quoted as saying these poets are "closely allied to modern jazz and abstract expressionist painting, today recognized throughout the world to be America's greatest achievements in contemporary culture." I suppose that's about what you can expect from Grove Press. By all means attend the conference (but don't send any of your classroom efforts to me).

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St, Vaux Hall, New Jersey 07088, is selling a batch of books and some British sf mags. He's already sold all the ones I wanted, so I'll let our loyal readers in on the deal.



# Golden Minutes

**STORM OVER WARLOCK**, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) Juanita says that the Warlock series is one of her favorites among Norton works. Personally, I'd consider it in the top half of the Norton output, tho there are others I like better. However picking favorites among Norton novels is largely a matter of personal taste. Not only are all of her books similar -- that statement could be made of almost any author -- but there is a relatively narrow level of quality variation. Where Heinlein goes from the heights of "Universe" to the depths of Farnham's Freehold, hitting all of the stops in between, Norton stays on a level plateau of good entertainment. This is the standard Cinderella plot, but plots are never terribly important in Norton books. The interest lies in the backgrounds; in this case the mental powers and weird civilization of the Warlock Wyverns and the human-animal partnership which includes the hero. I've always enjoyed alien backgrounds; probably that's why I like Norton's books so well.

**THE GALAXY PRIMES**, by Edward E. Smith (Ace, 40¢) Doc Smith is one of the Grand Old Men of stf writing; as well as being a fine person, he is one of the fathers of the galaxy-roaming space opera (John Campbell credits him with producing the last authentic "breakthrough" in stf writing). Unfortunately, he has never been able to write convincing dialogue, and for me, this ruins all his fiction. It's even more noticeable than usual in The Galaxy Primes, because he was trying to add a "modern, adult" touch to his action-adventure stf, and the results come out sounding like Tom Swift And His Electric Pornograph. (When all the characters sound like they've just stepped out of a Frank Merriwell epic, it's not so bad when they also act like it. But when the action is modern and the dialogue isn't, the results are jarring.)

**DIVIDE AND RULE**, by L. Sprague DeCamp (Lancer, 50¢) This contains two novelettes, the title story and "The Stolen Dormouse", both originally from UNKNOWN. Both concern future Earths operated on the feudal system; once because alien conquerors decide that this is the best way to keep the rabble contented, busy, and out of revolutions, and once thru humanity's own efforts. Some of the jokes may be lost on younger fans, such as the discussion of armor and Ford's "all-lucite helmet", which was an oblique reference to Ford's then-new wrap-around windshield. But it's fun anyway. DeCamp is one of the very few writers who has successfully combined science-fiction and humor; since I agree with James Adams' statement that "there aint anything funnier than humor", I like DeCamp. This is not science fiction to be taken seriously (purists will probably inform me that it's not science fiction at all; it's fantasy). Whatever it is, however, it's good.

**THE DARK WORLD**, by Henry Kuttner (Ace, 40¢) Here's another one for the sword and sorcery fans. It's well done (did Kuttner ever write anything that wasn't?). It's not Kuttner's best, because it gets a bit melodramatic in spots (in one sequence of 13 sentences, 10 of them end in exclamation points, which is overdoing things to the point of ridiculousness), but in general it's a good sword-waving adventure without the distraction of having to wade thru bad writing. And the last line is a beauty.



YOU SANE MEN, by Laurence M. Janifer (Lancer, 50¢) This is by far the best book that Janifer has ever done. That doesn't mean that it's good, but it's worth some of your time. The author has written about a world based on sadism, and come up with something more than the "sadism-can-be-fun", "men's-magazine" approach that I expected. He has come up with some valid points, both on how sadistic impulses can be channelled, and on what our society looks like to a non-conformist. He has also come up with some holes in his logic that you could drive a truck through. For one, the entire basis of his plot rests on a society which has been completely stable and free from any sort of crime for centuries suddenly spawning enough juvenile delinquents in one generation to cause the society's collapse. This gives him a reason for exploring the mentality of the juvenile delinquent, but such explorations are supposed to rise logically from the plot, not get dragged in by the heels. Another flaw -- either his or mine -- is that he never quite convinces me that anybody really thinks like that. (There are occasional flashes; anyone who has associated much with fans, artists, or lunatics would recognize "You -- colorless, pale, adjusted, sane -- you cannot change me", and similar grandiose statements. But overall it seems overdone, somehow.)

THE PILGRIM PROJECT, by Hank Searls (Crest, 60¢) This is the new, "pop" science fiction; carefully kept only slightly ahead of daily events. It may be a sequel to one of Searls' earlier novels; some of the names look familiar, but since I didn't buy the earlier one I'm not sure. At any rate, this is the story of the US being pressured into sending an astronaut on a one-way flight to the moon. Unlike traditional stf, the flight and the conditions on the moon are treated in a rather offhand manner; the important ingredients are the political finagling and the psychological insight into the characters. (Naturally, to provide drama, the hero's wife is alcoholic -- I don't object to studies of alcoholism, but I do object when it's simply thrown in as one more problem for the hero to face bravely. Apparently the only way to provide drama in a modern novel is to make one -- or all -- of the characters neurotic.) Searls is a slick writer, and I rather enjoyed the book, despite its defects. You may, too; just don't expect it to be the sort of stf you're used to.

THE REPAIRMEN OF CYCLOPS/ENIGMA FROM TANTALUS, by John Brunner (Ace, 45¢) A couple of minor thrillers by one of stf's best writers. Enigma is a stf-detective story of a classic type, the problem being to discover which individual among a shipload of people is actually an alien in disguise. It's well done, and the ending restores my faith in stf as a field where the hero does not routinely solve the problem and walk off with the girl in the last chapter. Repairmen is a pretty standard adventure story, again in somewhat of a detective-fiction mold -- this time everyone knows who the villains are, and the problem is to find out what they're doing. References to past and future actions by the central characters make it read a bit like the middle novel of a series, but I don't think it is.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: 10TH SERIES, ed. by Robert F. Mills (Ace, 45¢) F&SF was on the downgrade during most of Mills' editorship, and this book shows it. It hadn't hit bottom (it did that under Davidson) but it was producing lower quality stories than it did for Boucher. In this collection, Richard McKenna and Daniel Keyes try to repeat earlier successes without quite making it, Robert F. Young produces his usual underdone creampuff, Allen Drury gets in because he's a big-name writer, etc. Well, there's always Poul Anderson and Ward Moore to fall back on for decent material. In this one, they're a little lonely.



# BARTON WERPER & THE JEWELS OF OPAR

by

DICK LUPOFF

The case of the Barton Werper Tarzan novels has been settled out of court, and the suit brought jointly by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., Ballantine Books, and Canaveral Press has been dropped. The agreement calls for a cash payment by Gold Star Books/New International Library/Monarch Books/Charlton Publications to the plaintiffs, plus Charlton's promise to cease and desist from publishing Tarzan books, and the destruction of remaining stock of the five Werper books published to date. So if you have any or all of these books, you may find them valuable collector's items.

The case raised many interesting questions, and I'm almost sorry to see it settled out of court, because the answers established in a trial might have been very interesting indeed. Before discussing the questions, let's look at a little background of the case.

It has been known since 1957 that certain of Burroughs' works were in the public domain, and since 1962 that a great many of them, including about half of the Tarzan novels, fell into this category. Because the loss of copyright was due to an oversight in renewals in the 1940s and 50s, it happened that the "middle" Tarzan (and Martian) stories were PD, but not the earliest ones, which had been renewed, nor the late ones, which were still under original copyright. Also in PD were the first four Pellucidar novels, the first Venus novel, and quite a number of non-series stories. It was the discovery of this situation that led to the Burroughs revival of the 60s. First PD editions began to appear, then ERBInc finally woke up and began negotiating publication contracts, including the release of ERB's unpublished manuscripts.

What Charlton Publications (all those names are one company, really, with a maze of corporate and other names) did was different from what Ace, Canaveral, Dover and Andrew Porter (who published a PD Tarzan story in a fanzine) did, in that Charlton did not merely reprint PD Burroughs material. Instead, they had the pseudonymous Barton Werper write "new" Tarzan novels, using characters, and in some cases whole sections of prose, from the PD Burroughs stories. The first Werper book, TARZAN AND THE SILVER GLOBE, was largely lifted from TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR.

ERBInc and its two licensees brought suit against Charlton in the State of New York on several grounds. The obvious one of copyright infringement was not easy to apply, as no copyrighted work was directly used. Instead, a tort ("a civil wrong for which a legal remedy exists") was cited called "interference with prospective advantage". The idea was that by publishing the Barton Werper books Charlton was damaging the value of the whole Tarzan property, which belongs to ERBInc.

Now, some of the questions that exist are these:

1. If a work exists in two versions, as magazine serial and book for instance, and one copyright is renewed but the other is not, is the work itself still protected by virtue of the renewed copyright, or does it lapse into PD by virtue of the lapsed copyright? (This is the case with TARZAN AND THE JEWELS OF OPAR, and with several other Burroughs books.)

2. If a character in a series of books, some of which are copy -



righted and some of which are PD, is used in a new work, is this legal by virtue of the PD versions or illegal by virtue of the copyrighted versions? This question bears directly on the Charlton case.

3. Can such a PD work be adapted to other media than its original one? For instance, can JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN, PD, be legally adapted as a comic book? Can it be made into a movie? Filming an unauthorized Tarzan movie was recently halted in the Island of Jamaica, but Jamaica observes British rather than US copyright practices, and under British Law the story being filmed was protected.

I could go on and on, but these questions will have to remain unanswered pending some future situation that brings about a court test. Right now, I've talked to no fewer than five lawyers about the matter, and they all agree that only a court test could give reliable answers to these questions.

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# GRUMBLINGS -

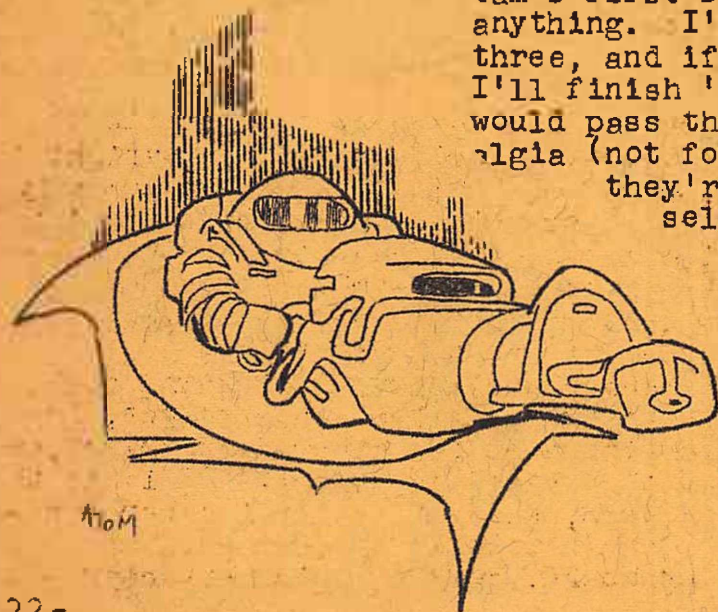
Banks Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md., 20015

Enid Osten's review spotted the weakness in Wilmar Shiras' THE CHILDREN OF THE ATOM, but I don't think Enid caught the reason for the weakness -- it's probably Wilmar Shiras' religious orientation. I would guess she (Shiras) is a Roman Catholic or Anglican, since she seems so definitely Thomist; one of her supertots reads Aquinas and concludes that he is self-evident and completely correct, as I recall -- it's been a long time since I read CHILDREN. It seems that sf writers who are deeply religious often end up writing apologetics, so Wilmar Shiras' superior beings end up with the same theology as their author (lower case). I recall an Anthony Boucher story about a robot that, being completely logical and rational, was a Roman Catholic. I just don't resonate with such stories.

Mike Deckinger need not be croggled at my reading all three of Bantam's first Doc Savage reprints: I'll read anything. I've already launched into the next three, and if the wind stays north-north-west, I'll finish 'em. I must admit that I probably would pass them by if I didn't feel some nostalgia (not for the ones being reprinted --

they're before my time, but for Doc himself, since I was reading the later

ones in the Forties). I find Doc more enjoyable than James Bond; he has the quaintness of a relic while Bond is still very much in the oughsome present. And as far as reading anything goes -- that's perfectly true: I'm a compulsive reader, and if nothing else is available, I will tackle the directions on frozen food packages or the little folders that come with toothpaste.





The article by Stephen Barr which I had in mind, and which he has apparently forgotten, appeared in Thistle And Thorn #1. It was concerned with the ERBzines, and carried capsule reviews of them similar to those which took up much of his article in Yandro. It wasn't quite as much of a recruiting brochure for the BB's though.

/Aren't all fans compulsive readers? All the ones I know are. RSC7



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

I would appreciate it if you'd announce the following either as part of a review of Paradox #4 or elsewhere in Yandro -- not the exact words I used necessarily but the gist of it: I am seeking Paradox readers (just a dozen or less) who are pb collectors/completists, who will be willing to send in corrections and/or additions to every checklist I publish-- in effect they are going to be guaranteed a complete set of Paradox (free) with my pb checklist. I expect to be done with the pb checklists by issue #15, if not sooner. At that time I would want each of these people to send me all additions they can think of to the entire series of lists as a whole. I then plan on publishing an index to all sf paperbacks published in America thru 1965, say. Along the lines of the Bleiler index to hard-covers, except that my index will be more useful to the average fan, who cannot indulge in a complete set of hardcover sf. And for heavens sake, if anyone is working on a similar project, let's get together -- I hate duplicated effort!

Paradox #5 will contain a large index to all publishers not done previously, except Signet, which is intended for #6, after which I may attempt to do British and Australian pbs. Corrections to previous checklists will hopefully pour in after that, and hopefully die down by #15 (at the most). The index, an independent entity, will index by Author and Title (not by Publisher -- that just seems the best way to extract the information from fans). Listing of contents of short story collections; pseudonym lists; listing of original hard-back titles if changed for the pb; etc., will be included as the need becomes apparent in the compilation of this index.

Dan L. Adkins, Box 516, Radio City Station, New York, NY, 10019

Received Yandros #146 and #145. Say Buck, let's watch that attitude toward comic books you express in your editorial. You have to remember to say only good things about comic books...help keep image that they are good and all that. Actually there are a few around that I read.

Do you put the Barr-Nott illos together or do they? Nice Atom illo in #145.

WE, THE MARAUDERS was published by Ace as INVADERS OF EARTH, and in Science Fiction Quarterly. I think it was under the same title in SFQ. So, the Belmont edition was the 3rd printing. If they are cut here, expanded there, I don't know.

/Nott and Barr do the illos together (both of them working simultaneously, for all I know. RSC7



Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana

That sorta-semi-fantasy THE INDIAN DRUM...well, now, would you possibly remember a book (it might be a children's book, or a teen-age readers book) -- a novel dealing with the Dunes...oh it was wonderfully evocative of misty nights on the sand dunes near us here... set possibly before the white man...tale of a young Indian lad, magic was involved...can just barely recall some lovely lovely sketches in it...this ring any bells?

Glad to see Harlan's To Whom It May Concern Letter. Actually either he was very very stupid or very very brave...calling Ella like that; after all I know for a fact he did meet her in person at the Seacon, Fancy anyone daring to do the like to Ella Parker?

I am with you, Buck, 104%, right down the line as to opinions on the proposed Hugo changes...(Hugo?..?)

No matter what...now after what's happened this movement can only do more harm than good if it is accepted...these explanatory newsletters or whatever were sent out to several hundred fen?? So I'm not a fan, huh? I certainly didn't get any...oh well.

Um hummmm...eligibility of Hugos, me too I've wondered as well. Leave us hope someone will spell it all out soon.

Everybody's been talking about FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD of late but I've not seen much if any as to John Hershey's WHITE LOTUS...howcome? Proly because it's not out in a pocket-edition, eh? I'm not implying that it's some kind of classic of literature, I've not read it (intend to, tho) and the first reviews weren't too gosh wow...the idea was good...

/I don't comment on WHITE LOTUS because when it comes to buying hardcover books, I rarely buy stf. (And with the library we have, if I don't buy it, I don't read it -- I'm not going to pay \$5 a year for a library card to an institution which has fewer books than I do.) RSC7

Don Bensen, Pyramid Publications, Inc., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, NY, 10022

Yandro has once again made its contribution to publishing. A letter in your last-but-one number (from whom I forget, I'm sorry to say) uttered a rumor that Pyramid was about to publish DRACULA'S GUEST. All wrong...BUT I looked into it, borrowed a copy from Sam. Result: we're not going to do DRACULA'S GUEST, but we will do DRACULA, side by side with a reissue of our old FRANKENSTEIN. After we'd got started on this we found that Dell is doing the same thing, but what the hell. Also ours will be priced a bit lower. I toyed with putting in the DRACULA fragment in GUESTS as a kind of opener to our edition, but it just didn't fit in well, and it's not very good anyhow.

Since you're interested in H.H. Kirst, you might like to know that we've acquired THE SEVENTH DAY (published a while back by Ace) and the new Gunner Asch book, WHAT BECAME OF. I am told that HHK devotes all his royalties to various personal war-reparations projects--though I don't know if this still holds after the success of NIGHT OF THE GENERALS; it might well, of course -- which is one of the few instances of a novelist's conduct being consistent with the philosophy of his work; that is, he does put his money where his mouth is.

/Great -- it was just a short while ago that Dick Glass informed me of the existence of WHAT BECAME OF GUNNER ASCH, and I prepared myself for a long wait before it appeared in pb. I have two editions of THE SEVENTH



DAY....but I guess three isn't too many. It's still a good book. (Also, for you serious str readers out there, it is science fiction.) RSC/

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Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, New York, 11220

I remember in 1955, at the Clevention, when Dave Kyle glad-handed everyone into supporting his New York bid. Then, as now, he was a person easy to know and like, and, like John Trimble, a lot of people got "to feeling that you can trust people you know and like."

Well, everyone remembers the NyCon II with a sour taste -- as well as the WSFS Inc. hassles and lawsuits which grew out of it -- and some are saying that the memory of that convention is good reason for opposing the 1967 New York bid. I'd say, though, that it's a much better reason for opposing the Syracuse bid -- or any bid Dave Kyle spearheads.

Even if I didn't feel that the Syracuse bid indirectly competes with ours, and even if Dave -- whom I like as a person, but have misgivings about as an administrator -- had nothing to do with it, it seems to me that the rotation plan exists for good purpose, and was the result of many anguishing growing pains. I opposed the New York "FairCon" proposed several years ago because it would've been out of rotation, and I oppose Syracuse for the same reasons.

I might add that I am not at all pleased with the thought of the fight the 1967 consite will provoke, and unlike Klein I do not think these fights provide much in the way of amusement -- except perhaps for bystanders of the "I'll hold your coat; let's you and him fight" persuasion. Put bluntly, these consite fights take too damned much money and time and energy which could much more profitably be devoted to the convention itself. And that's exactly why they've been few and far between these years. The battle for 1960 was Too Much. Of course, if Klein would like to subsidize all the contestants...

"Spirited bidding competition" is not what I go to conventions for; nor do I think they are much of a draw for most people. But if Klein thinks that "bidder" parties have disappeared, he's dead wrong. I recall parties at the Discon hosted by the Pacificon, and at the Pacificon hosted by the Claveland-Detroit group. Where was Klein? And in any case, will such parties be missed, among all the others?

It seems to me that Klein wants to turn the business session into a Roman circus, with bids from the floor, much wrangling, and no doubt a lot of smoky-room politicking. Well, that's what we had ten years ago, and we were heartily sick of it. We still are.

Frankly, we on the NyCon III committee have given serious consideration to scrapping the business session entirely. We feel that the only worthwhile business ever proposed during these sessions is that of the consite selection, which could be handled separately, in a short and to-the-point session. The remaining business has, without exception, been pointless, consisted of matters as easily handled by the committee or been referred (after hours of haggling) to a newly-formed committee to which it might have been referred in advance. (Most business dies in committee.) I well recall the hours spent arguing out the Hugo nonsense at the Pacificon -- hours lengthened by the parliamentary nit-picking indulged in by various types who seem to live to cry "Point of order!" After all was said and done, what happened? Nothing. A sensible piece of business was passed, and a committee appointed to handle it. To date, the chairman of the committee has done his best to monkey wrench it, there seems no hope for the idea that was passed, and the next convention has decided to pull its own little red wagon.

That's a typical example. If we hadn't bothered with the business session, not only could I have skipped several boring hours, but we'd



all have been spared the hysterical aftermaths.

One cardinal point should always be borne in mind: each con is autonomous. Nothing passed at the previous con is in any way binding, except through the ties of tradition. Each con committee will make up its own mind and handle things as it sees fit, no matter what, come hell or high water. They are in no way influenced by previous business sessions.

Fanshin suffers from the fact that his material is good enough to warrant consideration from us at F&SF. That means more people have to read it, and there is a resultingly longer wait for the Final Decision. Fear not, Alex; it took me two months to sell a story of mine to F&SF, last fall...

Sieger's right; I did not identify my reason for calling the "reverend" Moorhead a phony. I figured it was self-evident. It seems to me that any man who claims to teach the word of Christ might adhere to a few of Christ's basic principles.

However, what gave Sieger the notion that a) Bohemians have no morals; b) There is a solid bohemian "movement"; or c) I have been either a member of such a movement or been "drummed out"?

[I think Klein had a perfectly legitimate reason for making the bid; Cleveland had been "in-and-out" on their bid for months, there were no other midwestern bidders after Detroit backed out, and there is nothing sacred about the Rotation Plan and no reason why it shouldn't be challenged now and then to see if fans really want to keep it or if it's simply become "traditional". (And I provided space because I think that all too many fans reacted to the bid as though Klein and Kyle had profaned the temple, and the reaction irritated me.) However, after thinking it over, I do prefer to follow the Rotation Plan, I think Cleveland can put on a good convention (and besides, it's considerably closer). So I favor Cleveland. But, now that all the pros and cons have been discussed, if Syracuse can get the bid, I won't protest the decision. A Syracuse win won't ruin all conventions from now on, despite what some fans have implied. (But I don't think that a return to mundane politicking is going to help conventions, either.)

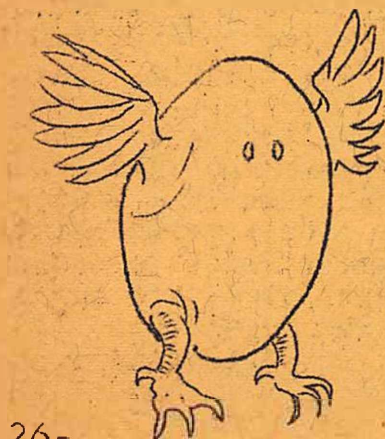
Rick Brooks, R.R. #1, Fremont, Indiana, 46737

I always like the little characters Barr & Nott put on the contents page. However, I thought Nott's character was meant to be human, and here she is with a one-cheeked buttock even when she's naked.

Enid Jacobs Osten's article is a good one. I had found THE CHILDREN OF THE ATOM a bit insipid without ever bothering to analyze why.

Your remarks on ORDEAL IN OTHERWHERE are good, but it seems to me that you missed a point. Even when Norton switches characters in a sequel, it seems to me that she doesn't develop the alien scene as good the second time.

[I didn't miss the point so much





as ignore it. I ~~just~~ automatically assume that no sequel will be as good as the original; maybe once in a hundred times I find one that is. Human? Nott's character? You know any humans the size of an RC bottle? RSC/

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

That columnar assist from Edco in Dynatron 24 was a mighty column. You guess wrong. With the exception of the lettercol the rest of the issue was all Ed Cox, yea, even including the cover and the "editorial". Just goes to show what fannish association will accomplish over the years--gets to the place where you can't tell one fanwriter from another.

Have to agree with your review of THE MAN FROM UNCLE (book, that is). Very poor. Isn't it strange that when a book is converted to movies/tv it usually loses much of its charm and now it appears that this is also true when the translation is in reverse. The weekly episode on the glass womb constitutes my only regular television watching and I grow increasingly fond of the show and it grows ever more admirably ghoulish as in the recent "Gazebo in the Maze Affair" when the wolf who is devouring one of the villains with much rapidity is wished "Bon appetit" by Kuryakin. Delightful.

/I never could tell one fanwriter from another. (I'd say why, but I bet you already know....) RSC/

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

I came to work this morning and found the office had been burgled; they'd taken the safe all the way along the floor, down to the work-shops (and it isn't lightweight), and used the firm's acetylene cutter to burn off the hinges after buringing out the front. Must have taken them ages to do all the work. They got 30 dollars for it. Who sez crime does not pay...they must. Phoned the CID about 8:30 in the morning -- the Criminal Investigation Department -- and the policeman at the station said they hadn't come in yet...too early I suppose. Rather made me think they'd answer the phone some other time like, "Could you arrange to be attacked a little later, madame; it's too early for the staff at the moment."

John Trimble, 5571 Belgrave Avenue, Garden Grove, California, 92641

Yandro #145 to hand (it's been to hand for almost three weeks now; I'm proceeding at my usual pace for LoC's), and the first thing that hit my eye was the fact that Randy Scott's perspective is off a wee mite with regard to the leftarm/hand of the fellow flying the crutch in the coverillo. The illo of his on page 14 (the Werewolf who's just wered) isn't bad...he shows mucho promise.

John Berry has neatly taken Terry Carr to task for Terry's somewhat pompous article on writing. But I think that Terry has/had a few points in his favor. Certainly his admonition that "the absolutely essential thing for any developing writer is simply to write," is a valid point. This was something Kuttner observed, and it's Bradbury's most constant piece of advice to anyone who asks him what the prime directive ought to be for a budding writer. That is not to say, simply to write (I don't think--and Berry does--that this is what Terry had in mind...or



what Bradbury or Kuttner meant, either), but to practice the craft of writing; you've got to improve your style, etc., as you go. And, of course, I'm sure that it would help if you had something you wanted to say. I've never felt that I had the latter (at least nothing I'd want to say via the fiction route), and I'm darned sure that I don't want to work as hard as writing is to me to earn my living.

And on "Grumblings," where Ben Jason's letter hit me square between the eyes. I see that I'm a rousing Syracuse booster, who's "really piling it on." I certainly wish that Ben actually read what I'd said in my letter in #144 (in fact, wasn't my letter in #143?), instead of what he thought was in it.

Briefly, then, I'd like to point out where Jason's mistaken in a few of the things he thinks I said. Firstly, bear in mind that my letter in #144 or #143 (whichever) was written for the previous issue of Yan, but 'way late, and it arrived at probably about the time you were mailing out that issue.

Now, at that time, we here on the West Coast had heard nothing from Cleveland since the first Clevention II committee had dissolved. Oh, we'd heard vague rumors that Cleveland and Detroit were thinking of teaming up to put on a con, just so Syracuse wouldn't have it by default; after all, it was the mid-west's turn, so someone ought to put on the con. That attitude of "it's our turn, so I guess we'll have to get up a bid," is pretty well the way things looked to us out here until very recently.

In contrast to this attitude, Syracuse seemed to be hopping-up-and-down eager to get the con, and the publicity they'd put out made it sound like they'd put on a pretty good convention. They were advertising their bid and asking for support. From the midwest there was a vast amount of silence. And this was the basis for my saying that if I were part of the Cleveland bid, I'd start publicising my bid, especially in England, for that's where the voting is to be held. My statement that Dave Kyle is well-known and well-liked in England was merely an illustration of how I considered the Syracuse bid to be ahead of the midwest bid, and why the midwest bidders should get on the ball with their publicity. Perhaps the Syracon group is counting too heavily on "Kyle's alleged popularity in England," if so, that's one less point you have to worry about, isn't it, Ben? In other words, Ben, all I was trying to do was to explain how things looked to us West Coast fans, and why we seemed to favor Syracuse; I was not trying to "boost" Syracuse, or put-down Cleveland.

My basis for saying that you haven't appeared too trustworthy, Ben, is based on the fact that you've told at least three different stories about how you felt about the making of the Hugos, and the standardization of your rocket design. I've seen the letters (or photo-copies thereof), with your signature, Ben, and they all contradict one another.

Sorry to disappoint you, Ben, but when I wrote that letter to Yan #144 (or #143) I wasn't all that much of a Syracon supporter. Subsequently, I've acquired a lot more evidence of the way you deal with people with whom you've disagreements, and I've become convinced that you're not the sort of person I'd like to see be a World Convention Chairman. So I've swung pretty well over to Syracuse; there's no other choice (thank heaven there's at least a choice!). If Detroit was bidding, led by Devore; now...

[We have a long letter from Ted White on the Berry article, but it will have to wait until next issue. I'll vouch for Ben's statement that he has been trying for years to stop having sole responsibility for Hugo manufacture (and I don't blame him a bit). I've had my say on the rest of it. RSC/



# STRANGE FRUIT



Received and noted: TIGHTBEAM (N3F), MEIN OMPF (Freeman), CARBO (Benyo), S F TIMES (Taurasi), FANCOM (Wyszkowski).

There are two newsletters in the stack. RATATOSK #9 & 10 is from Bruce Pelz (Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) It may be a limited circulation mag; I'm not sure, but since he doesn't say so it should be safe to send in cash. FOCAL POINT #6 is from Rich Brown (180 E. 88th. St., New York, N.Y. - irregular but frequent - 3 for 25¢) with co-editor Mike McInerney. Both mags are good sources of fan news, with not too much overlap -- FOCAL POINT concentrates on East Coast doings and Ratatosk tells all about California fandom. (Both will accept items from other parts of the country, but they don't seem to get too many.)

WHAT SHALL I CALL IT? #4 (Bill Glass, Chaos House, 350 De Neve Circle, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024) This completes his index of 1964 VANDROs, plus a page and a half of editorial chatter. Not bad, especially if you can get a free copy.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #1 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Glenmont, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - no price or schedule listed) But there is something called a "corresponding membership" in the Washington club which may or may not include receipt of the JOURNAL. This is the official publication of the Washington, D.C. club. First issue consists of a membership list, meeting notices, etc, but material is requested for future issues; presumably it will be of a serious sciencefictional nature (providing that any is received, of course). If you're interested, write Miller and inquire.

Joe Sarno sent a copy of NIGHTSHADE #A-1, published by The Nine Hostages Press, P.O. Box 4842, San Francisco, Calif. 94101, to be bi-monthly, 6 issues for \$1, and devoted to fan poetry. It isn't as bad as that sounds; some of the verse is good enough, and you may be delighted with a subscription. I don't think I'll get one, though.

FARADOX #4 (Bruce Robbins, 58 Revonah Ave, Stamford Connecticut 06905 - irregular - 50¢ for this issue or 30¢ for another one) The second in Bruce's pb indexes covers Ballantine Books. This should be valuable to collectors, but I'm not sure it's worth 50¢. In addition there is a reprint of Keller's article, "Shadows Over Lovecraft" plus one of the rebuttals written when it was first published, and a fantasy poem by Celia Thaxter. Highly recommended to collectors. Rating.....6

LUNA #4 (Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave, Bronx, New York 10453 - irregular - 4 for 50¢ or 15¢ a copy) This is a special issue, dedicated to the late Hannes Bok, and priced at 30¢ -- presumably due to the amount of multi-lithing required. Reprinting photos is expensive. A good bit of Bok's artwork is included, plus several articles about Bok by various fans. Special interest for fans who liked Bok art and fans interested in serious studies of science fiction personalities.



THE SCARR #7 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - quarterly - free for letters "not necessarily of comment") Hmm. Now I know what to do with all those old letters that I've been burning every week or so....still, I suppose it's cheaper to burn them. Largely devoted to George's hospital stay. I notice that everyone thinks that hospitals are terribly humorous after they get out, but just try and coax those same people into a hospital. George reads bales of bad science fiction, excerpts the funniest lines, and thus saves me the trouble of wading thru the stuff in search of the gems of unconscious humor. (He says that people have asked him why he reads the stuff, but I'd never do that; if I asked him, he might get to thinking about it and stop doing it.) There's also a Berry "air force" article; good. Rating....8

NIEKAS #11 (Ed Meskys, c/o Norm Metcalf, Box 336, Berkeley, Calif. 94701 - 35¢ - quarterly) This is certainly the thickest fanzine being produced regularly today; 74 pages, plus front and back covers and a center fold-out. Material is primarily sciencefictional and there's too much of it to review adequately, but it's generally good. (And I must thank Ed for getting that Japanese review of YANDRO translated.) Rating....8

LIGHTHOUSE #12 (Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St, Brooklyn, New York 11201 - quarterly - 25¢) Mostly concerned with science fiction -- even the FAPA mailing comments include comments on the works of Charles Harness and the relative quality of Avram Davidson's editing as well as material on fan history and stuff. Ted White talks about his discovery of westerns; as a fan who came from westerns to stf, I don't agree with him that they are all that good, but they are not as much inferior to stf as many young fans would have you believe. (For that matter, it would be hard to find anything that was much inferior to some of the stf I've read lately.) It's a good fanzine. Rating.....8

KIPPLE #77 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Md. 21212 - monthly or better - 20¢) This just arrived and I haven't read it yet. KIPPLE is generally concerned with ethics, morals, philosophy and like that; I vary between devouring every word and -- as at present -- reviewing it without reading it, depending on how I feel at the moment. The material doesn't vary; only my interest in it.

SCI-FI SHOWCASE #2 & 3 (Tom Dupree, 809 Adkins Blvd, Jackson, Miss. 39211 - monthly - 25¢) From the title, and the fact that the mag is largely devoted to stf films, I gather that Tom is one of Forry's little monster recruits. There is also material on stf books, and a little on fandom, but the movie stuff is better done. Rating.....3

FANTASY NEO #1 (Stephen Barr, Box 305, Nocona, Texas 76255 - no price or schedule listed) This is mostly for N'APA; I don't guarantee that outsiders can get it (but I did, so possibly you can). Almost entirely reviews of books and fanzines. Rating...3

FEEMWLORT #1 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Calif. 94066 - irregular - 25¢) Remarkable in that reproduction varies from well-nigh perfect to well-nigh unreadable. I think Greg needs a new typewriter, or maybe stronger fingers. Material is much the same; I have no suggestions there. Looks promising, however. Rating.....2

SAM #13 (Steve Stiles, 207 W. 80th. St, New York, N.Y. 10024 - irregular - no price listed) Short, fannish, and funny. Rating.....5