



YANDRO

#149

july '65

VOL XIII
NO. 6



Published by Robert & Juanita Coulson
from Route #3, Hartford City, Indiana
47348

British Agent: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon,
Herts., Great Britain.

Price: 30¢ @, 4 for \$1, 12 for \$2.50. British Price:
1/9, 4 for 6/0, or 12 for 14/0

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ARTWORK

Cover by Nott & Barr	Page 1 by Barr & Nott
Pages 2 & 4 by JWC	Page 6 by Dan Adkins
Page 7 by Jim Cawthorn	Page 10 by Jurgen Wolff
Page 11 by Dave Locke	Pages 14 & 18 by Dave Prosser
Page 15 by DEA	Page 23 by Joe Staton
Page 24 by Adkins & Pearson	Page 25 by Robert E. Gilbert

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Vic Ryan, 1324 Columbia St., Crete, Illinois

Lynn A. Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio

Larry & Noreen Shaw, 39 Russet Lane, Wantagh, L.I., New York, 11794

Al Rudis, c/o The Stars & Stripes, APO 09175, c/o Postmaster, NY, NY

John Boston, 818 South 7th St., Mayfield, Kentucky, 42066



Well, we're here, and now I must worry about converting those ten boxes (which I wanted to make into twenty last issue) back into five...or hopefully less. Even though this is a nice big place, with lots of storage room, we do seem to have an awful lot of boxes now that the books have been emptied and all piled haphazardly in a storeroom. They're occupying too much space at present, but after our struggles to find all of these nice boxes, we're not eager to junk them. It would be so much easier to store them against any

future moves -- so we won't have to go through the sweat of digging them out of supermarket backrooms by main force.

And besides, by that time, with our luck, everything will come in disposable plastic bags, anyway.

My counter (on the mimeo) is sentient, and has a twisted sense of humor. Of late it has taken to refusing to shut itself off at the proper time; it counts properly, but the interrelated equipment which supposedly automatically cuts off the feed mechanism fails to operate. I say it's sentient and nasty because when I keep my eye on it, it works perfectly -- but should I get involved in inking problems or momentarily distracted, I discover it is still merrily feeding away, and the darn counter has rolled up past zero and chugging along 9992, 9991, 9990...etc.

But I shall defeat it yet, I shall. I shall not take it in to the Gestetner dealer in Marion, Indiana, for a look over, I shall not. I'm mad at them. Flighty me, just because they made me waste two phone calls and two forty mile auto trips and one month trying to get a four hole silk screen -- and then ordered a four hole header instead of a screen.

Next time they try to sell me anything, I'll be tempted to return them an envelope full of broken glass. Bah!

The Midwescon turned out rather well this year, despite our difficulties in finding the new motel. I even had an enjoyable evening folk singing with Janet Hunter, thanks to the fact that Jerry Hunter and Ed Bielfeldt know how to tie broken guitar strings back together. (I have a new set now, Jerry, so you can quit muttering about people who leave strings on a guitar until the things rot; the La Bellas were endorsed by Ray de la Torres, and this set of "Augustines" were endorsed by Segovia, but I think I like the La Bellas better, which probably indicates something or other about my lack of taste.)

Main difficulty with the Midwescon in the future will be finding a cheap eating place within walking distance. And a cool one. Food in the area is good, and expensive, and the air conditioning tends to break down at deucedly inconvenient times. At least in Howard Johnson you could grumble

in comfort most of the time.

Thanks to Buck industriously selling some of our duplicates, we made the con without too much undue strain on the pocketbook (which is a good thing under our present circumstances). But I must admit we're both still nonplussed by the number of people who will pay good money for copies of old fanzines.

One lovely touch as we left the Midwescon -- we passed a house (somewhat isolated from its neighbors, I noticed) inhabited by a bagpiper. How do we know? Because he was parading up and down his back lawn, squarking to his heart's content. No kilts, just ordinary work pants and sport shirt, but the wailing was unmistakable. Dundee has nothing on Cincy...

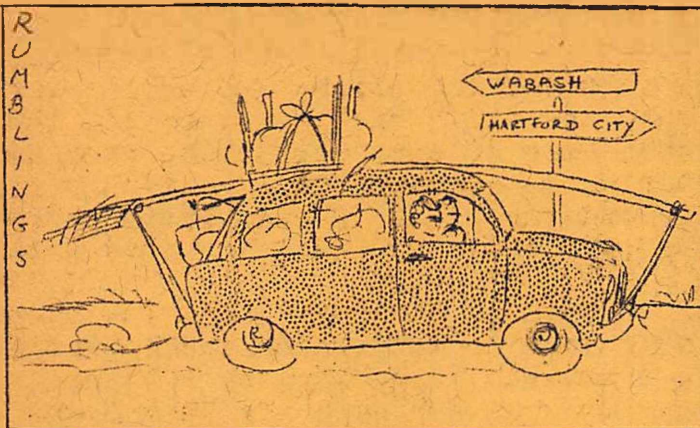
Joe Staton has credit for the artwork on page 20. I'm not sure why, but of a sudden artists seem to be showering me with cuts for our various columns. Thanks fellas, and now if you can only think of fresh ideas for Buck to use for his editorial cartoon each issue....he decided some time back that he wanted a topical one, and promised he would think of the idea each time. But he's getting to the stage when I ask him what I'm to do for his cartoon this time he just makes growling noises and stalks out....

DEA supplied a caption for her illo on page 15 this issue: "Any mail for me today?" Some of my artists have tacked all sorts of whimsical tag lines on their work, but generally for our eyes alone, because there isn't room for art and lino both. The most classic was "God wants you!" on Barr's recruitment poster for Christianity in our Easter issue a few years back.

I'm not sure if one of my problems comes under the category of Freudian slips or not. As has been detailed in the past, I do most of the stencil cutting for YAN, and most of the typos demanding correcting are fairly standard ones. But two I commit on and off stencil with irritating frequency. I perpetually type "soul" as "sould", and "mystery" as "musteru". The former I attribute to some quirk in my psyche that translates the word "soul" into the phrase "sold his soul to the Devil" and tries to portmanteau the two. The latter misspelling seems almost too apt to be believable, but I assure the reader I do indeed make this slip almost every time I type the word -- even when I brace and tense and promise myself "I won't do it this time, I won't I won't!" Not being a devotee of mysteries, I suppose I associate them with Gothic horror and creaking detectives in creaking castles with dripping candles, flapping bats and the scent of mold.

Now and then I slip twice and it comes out "musteru", but I like my more common typo better....

Since we're discovering things we never unpacked the six years at Wabash, I suppose it's too much to expect we would have by now found every thing...after all, it only took me a month to locate my Penguin edition of the Russian language course. And the mail that came June 5 (the day we moved) turned up July 15.....so patience everybody. We'll soon find our heads, hopefully...
JWC



Due to the amount of third class mail we get, when we left Wabash I did not leave a forwarding address but instead asked the post office to hold all mail. This weekend (July 3) I'm going over and pick it up. I expect to get several books, half a dozen magazines, a dozen or so fanzines, several letters, a couple of dozen advertisements, at least two tapes and possible other packages, and two or three plaintive queries from the Wabash Plain Dealer as to why we have

not renewed our subscription. So if you sent me something last month and I haven't responded, be patient. I'll get to it eventually. It's only in the last week that I've even made a start at answering the letters I got before we moved.

I'll miss the Plain Dealer and its police news column, but the Hartford City News-Times has its own charm. No police column; if you bang someone's fender in this town, it gets on the front page ("Cars Damaged In Two Accidents Wednesday"). In fact, if you do anything in town it's apt to be front page news ("Steeplejacks Fined Here Wednesday For Public Intoxication"). The News-Times' major charm, however, lies in its headlines, which range from the exotic to the incomprehensible. For some reason, family relationships are regarded as more newsworthy than family names ("SISTER DIES AT MARION TUESDAY", "ATTEND WEDDING OF DAUGHTER OF FORMER RESIDENTS IN OHIO", "RITES FOR SISTER SET CHAPEL HERE"). Occasionally this leads to a headline containing no useful information whatsoever; my favorite is "PARENTS OF DAUGHTER IN RHODE ISLAND". Then there is a trend to abbreviation which occasionally leads to mild confusion ("RASH DROWNINGS OVER WEEK-END"), occasional double meanings common to most newspapers ("AIRLINE DELETES INDIANA CITIES"), and occasional odd events which require odd headlines ("UPLAND RAILWAY STATION ON WAY AGAIN AFTER WEEK-END IN COUNTRY"). The want ads aren't as interesting as the ones in the Wabash paper, but occasionally we get one beginning "Lady wanted with car that wants to earn above average income." (What is the average income for a car, anyway?)

Despite the fact that the first people I saw in the motel lobby were Reva Smiley and Andy Harris, the Midwestcon was quite enjoyable. For one thing, the nuisances pretty much kept to themselves and out of the groups I was in. Reva managed to interrupt the first 15 minutes or so of the "program" with her jabbering, but after being shushed a couple of times she left. (Hensley, you must have a powerful personality; I never knew her to shut up or leave for anyone else.) A small con; rather surprising, since regional cons are usually larger when the Worldcon is out of the country. Maybe people just couldn't find the motel; we certainly had enough trouble. (However, we wouldn't have had nearly as much if we hadn't lost the nice map the con committee sent us. It's around here in a box, somewhere....)

We're getting more or less settled. It took extra time because everything had to be cleaned before we could use it. The last residents did not use a good many of the rooms, and never bothered to clean them -- Juanita found dog-droppings upstairs which had apparently been there the entire time the former residents lived here. (They weren't too neat about

the rooms they did use; I spent one entire day burying their garbage.) However, you must expect a few drawbacks for the price, and so far these have all been temporary (that is, once the filth has been removed, the job is done; it isn't a recurring nuisance like a leaky roof). The roof seems tight, the plumbing works, the heater works (we had to have it on during a couple of the cold nights in June) and the place is even bigger than we thought it was -- we discovered an entire extra room after we moved in. Major task remaining is to get the stf sorted and put up; this will involve building a couple of new bookcases, probably. There are a few additional locks and latches to be added and some work to be done on our "guest room", but we're in the house and fairly comfortable.

The move itself was even more horrible than I expected it to be. Once you have been in fandom for several years and accumulated a good-sized library, don't move. The expense wasn't too bad, since we did the work ourselves, but the wear and tear was awful. My father, Juanita's mother, and Gene and Bev DeWeese helped out. Gene sprained his back while trying to lift one end of a doghouse, Juanita was laid out for a week with a sore back, and my father cracked the block on his car while hauling a trailer. (He had checked the water when he started, but neglected to check it after every trip. When you're pulling a trailer, be very careful of your water supply.) The car was a total loss. Gene came thru, pulling Dad's car and the trailer 4 miles to our place where the car could be left and the trailer transferred to Gene's car. (The hitch wouldn't fit on mine.) I was driving a Hertz truck -- their cars may be wonderful, but their trucks seem to have a few problems. The one I had wouldn't go into second gear while it was moving -- the gearshift would work fine if I was sitting still, but start it rolling and second disappeared. So on every right-angle turn, even if I had the right of way I had to come to a dead stop, shift down to low, gun it for all it was worth, shift to high and slip the clutch until it picked up enough speed to run without bucking. This gets pretty monotonous after 80 miles of city streets and twisting back roads (I was afraid to drive it on the main highways).

The present house is farther from town than we were at Wabash, and the country is wilder in this area; farm land is poor, so there is a lot more pasture, woods, orchards, and hayfields than there were around Wabash. I can sit on the porch in the evening, watching the stars come out and listening to quail calling in the fields around the house. (Jest a-settin' and a-rockin' and a-chawin'...) Hartford City seems to be in a mild decline, so there is little chance of a housing development opening up across the road from us (which had begun, in a small way, at Wabash). Of course, there is less opportunity to find another job if I lose this one, too (but then, I didn't find one in Wabash despite the opportunities, so I haven't lost much there).

Sometimes I wonder about this place I'm working. I was going over some old tooling records and ran across the notation "Small Vice, \$6.00". I decided this was a fair price for a small vice, but the "Large Vice, \$8.00" seemed a bit cheap, and I didn't know what to think about the forty-some dollars expended for a "Wench And Cable". (When I came to a note on the purchase of "one Iron Bottom Gutter Beader" I gave up and asked the assistant manager what it was -- I was supposed to be inventorying these tools and couldn't have recognized an iron bottom gutter beader if it had bit me. I was somewhat mollified when he didn't know what it was, either.... he kept muttering "iron bottom gutter beader" over and over. It has a sort of hypnotic ring to it when spoken aloud.....)

THE LAST MEETING

ATTENDED BY

JOHN BERRY

Monday, 26th April 1965, started, for me, just like any other ordinary day. I was working hard in the office, trying to get 29 across, when the 'phone rang. It was Walt Willis. He was so bewildered he didn't recognise my voice. He asked if he could speak to Mr. Berry. I knew that something serious was afoot. I didn't know how serious. Maybe I should have guessed...

I was busy one night, a couple of weeks previously. I was bringing my records up to date with THE CHAPMAN REPORT.

"This looks like Walt's house," muttered my wife. She was scanning the local evening paper. She passed it over to me. Sure enough, there was a photograph of Oblique House, and it even mentioned that number 170 Upper Newtownards Road was "up for sale". I breathlessly read thru the blurb, and it stated that there was hot and cold running water, garage at rear, all in excellent condition, cultivated garden, etc. I told my wife it was all a mistake. That definitely wasn't Walt's house. They must have photographed the wrong residence. And I forgot all about it.

Until Willis spoke to me on the phone that memorable morning.

I had never been a frequent visitor to Irish Fandom meetings. Well, way back in 1954-55-56 I was there every day, but this last few years I've lead a rather more subdued fanac.

"We want you to come round to Oblique House, tonight, John," said Walt, in his soft civil service vernacular. "It's the last meeting of Irish Fandom at 170."

"You mean...?"

"Yes. We're leaving. I have bought a large house in Donaghadee."

I whistled as I put the 'phone down, after promising to attend. This was Big Time. Donaghadee was on the coast of County Down, about fifteen miles from Belfast. Upper Crust and all that.

I sensed that the coming meeting would be a most sentimental affair. For once I didn't exaggerate.



The silence in the front room at 170 was poignant. No one really said anything at all. Willis was surreptitiously sniffing on the sleeve of his cardigan, the rest of us, James White, George Charters, Bob and Sadie Shaw and Madeleine and myself sat looking at each other, fingers tapping cryptic messages on slightly trembling knees.

Only once did Willis try to be his old self. For a second, a smile flirted with his lips and then gave up.

"Did...er...did you think of a pun, Walter?" asked James White.

Walt nodded guiltily.

"A little thing," he murmured, wiping an eye, "I just thought that when we leave 170 on Tuesday next, we shall all be promoted."

"Why?" we all asked, leaning forward excitedly; was this the climax of his punning career?

"We shall all be left-tenants," said Willis, with, it must be admitted, none of his customary zest.

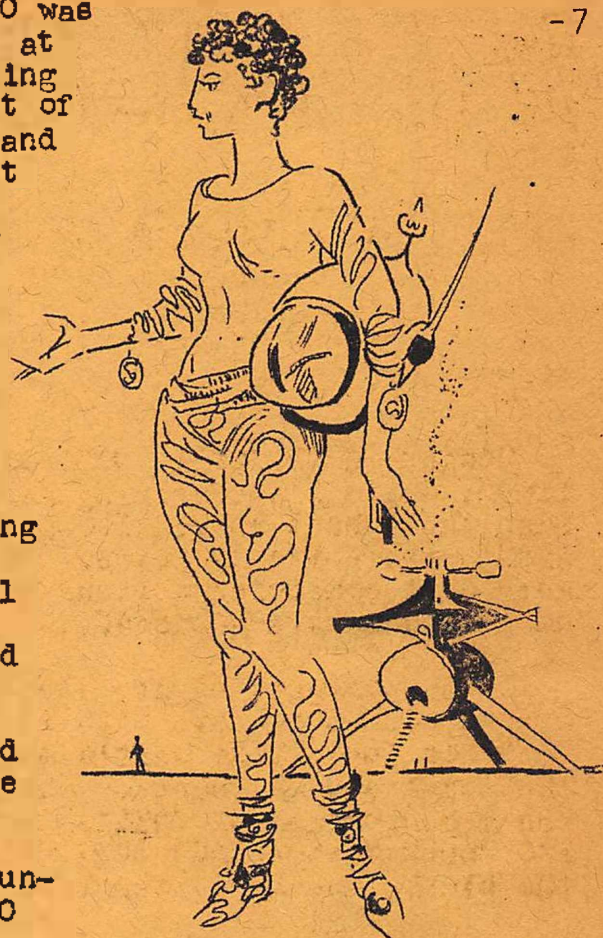
Only nine-year old Bryan Willis applauded...the rest of us sank back, thunder struck. Had the departure from 170 unsettled Willis as much as this..this.. this mockery of a pun suggested?

Madeleine coughed to break the tension, and said she was bringing in tea.

The array of food was the finest I'd ever seen. But it was just too much. None of us could do more than nibble, and yet no one had the nerve to bring the undeniable fact into the open...we would never meet again at this shrine of fanaticism. I tried to divert our minds off the dreadful truth by making a little model rocket from the silver paper wrapper of a chocolate biscuit. It's a little thing I thought up one day in the office canteen when I wanted to attract the attention of a gal across the room. You merely smooth the silver paper out flat, roll it into a spill, open out one end and make little fins, and chew the other end into a heavy goosy mass. The final touch is to gently curl the tail fins just so...when launched, the effect is like rifling in a gun barrel, the rocket skims across a large room remarkably accurately, spinning the while.

My rocket performed perfectly, landing on Willis's chest. Willis, caught in the spirit of the thing, threw it back in my direction, and maybe wishing to make its trajectory a little more dynamic, had attached a heavy metal ash tray to it. Unfortunately, Willis, who appeared to know very little about ballistics, hadn't taken too much trouble to adhere the rocket to the ash tray as effectively as he should have done, and only the ash tray hit me a glancing blow on the side of the head. James White picked up the rocket from Willis's chest and asked me if he, as an unpaid-up member of the British Interplanetary Society, could carry out a minor alteration?

He took out his manicuring scissors, and sliced little cut-outs at



the bottom of the fins. He became quite obsessed with what he was doing, and in a moment or two managed to make the rocket stand vertically. Who knows what technical discoveries he might have made had not Willis leapt to his feet and announced he was burying a time capsule.

We trooped upstairs to the old fanac den, where drops of my blood could still be seen mottling the low ceiling. Yes, I pondered as I looked upwards, I was certainly a vigorous ghoddminton player in the old days. I looked around me, and each of us was silent with our own particular memories...Willis in particular seemed visibly moved... he was supposed to be sorting out stuff for the time capsule, but his fingers seemed to lack synchronisation as they groped about amongst the jetsam which had accumulated over the years.

Willis, in a broken voice, eventually got us organised, and asked us to select what we'd each like to include in the time capsule. Well, time capsule is perhaps rather an exotic term to describe the large empty pickle jar which Willis had decided was to bear with it reminders of Irish Fandom for several thousand years. Herewith an unexpurgated list of the contents, together with notes, as considered necessary:-

Autographed cards (Whenever a fan of note visited the fanac den at 170, he or she signed small square cards which were then pinned to the wall in prominent places. All cards thus signed were capsuled.)

One copy of The Enchanted Duplicator.

One battered shuttlecock...symbolic of ghoddminton.

Several battered fonts...used a decade ago in the production of Slant.

Several Slant covers.

A bow tie...(I'm as bewildered as you are about this.)

An Irish Fandom Christmas card.

One chewed tablet...of the type taken to keep one awake at a con.

One small U.S. coin, an old sub.

The remainder of a tube of duplicating ink was then squeezed over these items, which were jammed tight in the jar. Willis ran a finger of vaseline around the inside of the lid, so that it wouldn't rust, then screwed the lid on hard. He peered through the glass, muttering to himself, asking if the bow tie was inside. I'd handled it last, and assured him it was. Once again Willis was visibly touched with a blast of sentiment. He told me I could have any of his books I fancied, and as I felt this was very noble of Willis, I thanked him enthusiastically, and instead of selecting some from the bookshelves, I replaced a few of the choicer items which I'd already stuffed inside my jacket.

"We will now bury the capsule," announced Willis.

For the last time, we tramped down the four flights of stairs...slowly, meditating, rather like acolytes following a high priest (Willis) bearing aloft a golden urn (a stuffed pickle jar). Through the hallway and into the front garden, where, fortunately, it was dusk. Willis had had the foresight to have a spade ready, and as no one else seemed inclined to demonstrate their ability with it, Willis attacked a secluded corner of his green lawn. We huddled in a group, aware of the inquisitive stares from the upper seats of the passing trolley buses. When the hole was about fifteen inches deep, Willis groped around until he found the time capsule, and muttering something under his breath, deposited the capsule in its resting place. I looked up into the darkening sky, stating that it would really be something if a satellite would cruise over at that moment, but no such luck. We all trampled on the

replaced divots, then returned to the front room, where we sat looking at each other, wondering what we could say. I mentioned another thing I could do with silver paper (noo, not that), making little silver cups, chewing the tissue backing of the silver paper, putting it in the base of the cup, putting a greased finger inside the cup, and shooting the finger upwards, depositing it on the ceiling, where it usually stays. Willis suggested I should write an anthology of by-products, and Bob Shaw suggested I call it BERRY'S UNLIKELY PEDIA.

Eleven pm, and I've never before experienced the tension that grew in that room. Probably never again would Irish Fandom hold regular meetings. A trip to Willis's new house in Donaghadee is planned, which I'll be telling you about, but at this time, for the first time ever, no one said anything witty, no one maneuvered puns into someone else's mouth, no one brought forth a new plot for discussion, or slaughtered someone else's...it was just, frankly, uncomfortable. I couldn't stand it any longer. I was the junior member of Irish Fandom, joining in 1954, and at last I stood up, muttered 'goodbye' to everyone, and left

I walked home, clutching my books. As I turned the corner of Campbell Park Avenue, my eyes were drawn upwards, and I saw a satellite quite plainly moving slowly across the black velvet sky, from north to south. I stood and looked up at it for maybe ten minutes, until it vanished. I think it was probably Echo II...which I've seen perhaps twenty times.

I'm glad I saw it. It was like a full-stop after the last word on the last page of a priceless, a unique book.

LAMENTATION OF THE PREMATURELY OLD SATYR

by Roger Zelazny

When I was young and horny
I heard a wise god say:
"Give wine and roses red and thorny,
But not your song away."

(Horn-note.)

But I was young and horny,
And when she bade me play
I gave my song, and roses thorny.
She broke my pipes that day.

(Flute-note.)

Now I am old, less horny,
More wise, perhaps, I say:
"Drink wine and keep your roses, thorny,
And hide your pipes this day.

(Drums.)

Hide your pipes, your horny
Selves -- hide, hide far away!
I lost mine in Gethsemane
Where frigid Nymphs do play."

(Cymbals.)

With Jaundiced Eye

column from --

TED WHITE

IT'S ALL A MYSTERY One of the minor surprises of the Pacificon was Greg Benford's strong interest in writing science fiction. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised -- after all, he's been known for years as one of the most fannish of fen, and it appears axiomatic that the less serious one's approach to fandom, the greater the odds one will crash the vaunted barriers of prodom.

Greg has submitted several stories to F&SF, some of them of sufficient merit that I passed them up the editorial ladder. At this writing, I'm not aware of any sales yet on Greg's part, but I regard this as mostly a matter of time: we rejected one of his stories because our inventory was overcrowded, with a note asking to see the story again in six months -- a sale was that close. Sooner or later, he'll be on the other side of that thin line.

At any rate, during the Pacificon I found myself in Greg's company a fair proportion of the time (one occasion was a fruitless drive to the San Francisco airport, rumored to have new pbs in advance of the main newstands; of the three of us in Marion Bradley's car, Marion wanted her Ace BLOODY SUN, Greg the delayed October If, and I my INVASION FROM 2500 -- all of which were rumored to be out, and none on the airport newstand), and much of that time was spent discussing sf writing and the writing business.

It was not one of our major topics, but at one point I remarked that I'd been buying a lot of old paperbacks in the Oakland bookstores, and had picked up perhaps a dozen earlier, in Cleveland. Science Fiction?

No, mysteries. I collect mystery books, and when I recently sorted my whole vast collection of books and magazines onto new shelves, I was not surprised to find my library of mystery books rivals my sf books.

Why, Greg wondered, did I spend so much time searching out and reading mysteries, ferghod-sake?

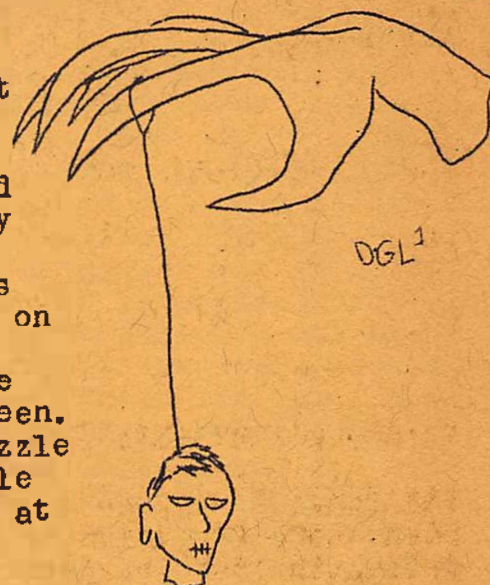
I'm afraid I shook him a good bit when I replied, "Why, because they're so much better written, of course."

And that at long last brings us to our actual topic, this time around.

Perhaps I'd better define my terms, first. Although I have 60 books by John Dickson Carr, and have read perhaps 20 others, I am not referring to his wooden stories of ratiocination. I have lost what patience adolescence gave me for the classic puzzle stories and the Rover



Boys alike; I am not interested in wasting my time on a book that asks a question in the first chapter, spends ten or twelve evading the question, and then answers it at long last at the end of the final chapter. I am interested in books which are, from beginning to end, enjoyable to read. Raymond Chandler once defined the successful mystery story as one you could still enjoy if the last pages were missing, and this I think is absolutely correct: if a book can't stand on its own merits, chapter by chapter, it is a failure as fiction, no matter how clever the crossword puzzles embedded in it may have been. (Ellery Queen once remarked that for the puzzle story only the short story form is worthwhile -- in anything longer than, say, 5,000 words at best, the story becomes tedious and all too evidently padded.)



The test was once put to me. I hadn't checked the condition of the pbs I'd bought in a used book store in Washington, D.C., and some sadist had gleefully ripped the final page or two from a number of them. I discovered this first in a John Dickson Carr book, and felt completely cheated. After page after page of obfuscation, of Dr. Gideon Fell smiling mysteriously and saying, "Dear me -- I could've prevented that murder," rubbing his hands together over his walking stick, and then allowing three more gruesome and supposedly impossible murders to occur, he had finally brought together all the protagonists of the book, and had begun tracing the mysterious actions of the villainous X, all of which we already had read about at boring length, while still withholding X's identity, making various of those assembled squirm nervously in their chairs, while I, the reader, squirm likewise, and then --

And then the remainder of the pages were gone. Who was X? I dunno. What was X's motivation? I'm doubtful even Carr knew. What had kept the plot going? Numerous chases down hedgerows. The suspense? All contained in the hoped-for final revelation of X's identity and the means of the murders.

One of the other books was Raymond Chandler's THE HIGH WINDOW, a novel with a plot equally tricky and involved, with boxes within boxes to the mystery involved. It was also vividly told, each scene brought to life by a technique Chandler employed of writing on half-size paper and including vivid description or blazing simile on each sheet. (Chandler also once said that for him, the plot existed to supply individual scenes, not vice-versa. If a scene had no color, supplied no life or momentum to the story, it was a failure. Chandler suffered few, if any failures in this department.) The novel was a rich one, full of fascinating characters, from the walk-ons and bit-players all the way on up. The last page was torn out. Such was my satisfaction with the novel that while I was unhappy at not being able to read the last lines of the book (always as important as all the others in a Chandler book) I did not feel sufficiently cheated that I did anything about the situation (the Carr book I'd angrily thrown into a wastebasket). In fact, it was not until recently, when I was rereading my Chandler books, that I encountered the missing last page, recalled that I had before, and went out and bought another copy.

Therefore, when I speak of mystery novels, I am referring to those

which follow Chandler's dictum (as most do nowadays), and not those classic tales of detection usually set in some dusty relic of never-was England.

There is one immediate difference between science fiction and mysteries: science fiction has the Sense of Wonder. By that I mean that in sf the Idea is usually the thing. While increasingly modern sf writers have become more preoccupied with the treatment of already extant ideas than the creation of new ideas, sf as a basic form is based upon the continual plumping of tomorrow's ideas, upon extrapolation. In sf, the novel of Character is a real rarity, while the field is still dominated by stories in which Action and Idea are prevalent. Think for a moment of past Hugo winners and contenders. Heinlein's two winners were thought-provoking, if nothing else (and they weren't much else, either), Phil Dick's MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE has some vivid characterization, but these are subordinant to the brilliant ideas, from all the little, detailed bits of business to the domination of the I Ching, the true "author" of the book. Piper's LITTLE FUZZY had only stereotype characterization, but the conflict was one of ideologies. And so it goes. In sf, a new or novel ideational content is usually dominant. We have in sf a thinking form of fiction. In the less successful stories the characters are wooden puppets. In the better stories they have some individuality, but are usually symbols for larger themes.

The mystery story usually lacks this. While the "mystery" dominates and might be called "ideational", it is now becoming of secondary importance, a sort of plot form into which one sets one's story and characters. Many modern mysteries make no pretense of building suspense by withholding the identity of the villain; you know who he is from the start. In others this masking of identities is prefunctory, and its penetration of little importance. The author tries to keep you guessing a bit, but less constantly reiterating that we don't know whodunnit than by diverting us with action and characters interesting in its/their own right.

As I remarked to Greg, science fiction has been written by some pretty poor writers in the past, and still is. A.E. van Vogt never was and never will be an even passable English prose stylist. It was his brilliant imagination which wove a story we'd plow through despite the way it was written. (And I've read SLAN at least four times.) I won't mention any names, but many modern sf writers are hardly better. One veteran of some 15 years recently sold F&SF a story it took me more than two hours to copyedit. It was obviously first draft, and the phrasing was often awkward and unwieldy. After I'd become distressed over this apparent shortcoming on his part, I went back and read his most recent book. I was astonished to find, upon close examination, a style not one whit better. I referred back to his earlier books: they were, if anything, worse. Yet, I hadn't noticed this before. Why? Because this writer has some important things to say, ideas relatively new to the field, and worth paying attention to. And I had-- I'd been enthralled by what he was saying, and I'd ignored how he was saying it. Most sf readers do.

And that captures the whole thing in a kernel: sf writers get by on poor writing because they've diverted us with their ideas. And because the whole standard of writing in the field has never been high, we've not noticed this particularly.

The mystery field has no similar crutch to fall back on. In fact, writing itself -- in delineation of characters and in basic style -- assumes a much greater importance in the mystery field. It is no fluk

of chance that the mystery field has produced two of this century's most important English language prose stylists -- Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler -- while science fiction has given the world only Ray Bradbury, a man many say never wrote sf in the first place, but rather fantasy, which is something else entirely. (In all fairness, I'd have to say that Theodore Sturgeon should also qualify, but somehow he's never excited much notice outside our small pond -- and this has been unfortunate, too.)

Hammett not only paved the way for Hemingway by creating the objective writing style, some of his books probably deserve equal ranking with Hemingway's. (The sole difference seems to be that Hammett's work first appeared in the pulps -- it is established that his predates Hemingway's, and had a strong influence upon Hemingway.) Chandler, if anything, brought Hammett's conception to a richer fruition, writing a series of novels which, from title to closing lines, transcended the field they appeared in. Chandler had the advantage of an Oxford education and a more cosmopolitan viewpoint, but he was also a craftsman who paid minute attention to style and detail.

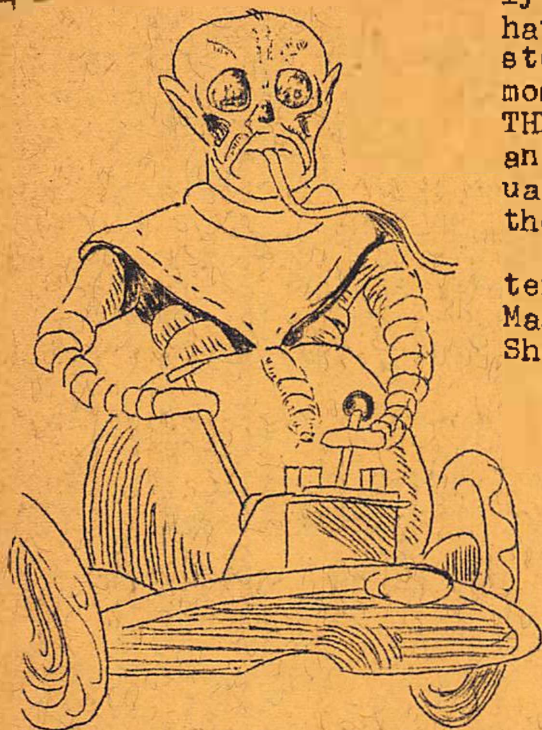
These two men created a revolution in the mystery field, one often incorrectly characterized as the "tough guy" school. Actually, neither Chandler nor Hammett wrote "tough" stories exclusively, but the hard-boiled qualities so often superficially imitated by fad-followers actually boiled down to a dispassionate objectivity of reportage, combined with a concise, vivid style. Chandler might introduce his narrator to a room, and then begin describing it, item by item: the rich, oriental rug, the antique walnut furniture, the gun on the floor, and the dead man in the chair, who wore a purple dressing-gown and a charred, powder-marked contact wound to the right side of his forehead. No single item is given weight over any other, but the reader is inexorably drawn to those things which Chandler wants him to see. Now it may seem "tough" and "hard-boiled" and pretty unsentimental to describe a corpse in the same breath with a room's furnishings, but this is not at all the same sort of toughness as the ersatz virility of a Spillane shoot-em-up thriller.

Chandler never told his readers what happened; he showed them. And if possible he made them feel it. Instead of telling you, "It was raining," he might say "the rain slid in solid sheets down the window" (that example is a quasi-quote, from memory -- I may not be doing it full justice). If possible he would evoke a definite visual image which put the reader directly on the spot.

But this was not the extent of his way of writing. Chandler could also describe people in which a simile substituted for details so that one's imagination created an even more vivid picture:

There were a showgirls with the good legs, but "their faces were as threadbare as a bookkeeper's coat." Or a man: "the upper part of his face meant business. The lower part was just saying goodbye." A woman had "pewter-colored hair set in a ruthless permanent," while a blonde's hair was "as artificial as a nightclub lobby." One thug's eyes had "as much expression as a cap on a gas tank." Racket beer was "as tasteless as a roadhouse blonde." In all these similes you'll notice a keying in to the milieu of the protagonists; this was an indirect form of sub-scene setting. But Chandler was also occasionally poetic: "He spoke slowly and what he said had wisps of fog clinging to it, like beads on a mustache."

These were small details. In a larger sense Chandler was a master of characterization. None of his characters, from the most minor walk-on, on up, lack the flesh of life. His major characters are particular-



ly well constructed, for it is they who have, by their character, created the story and moved through it. One of the most memorable is Carmen Sternwood, in *THE BIG SLEEP*. She is mentally unbalanced, and it is her character, as gradually revealed to the reader, which forms the whole underpinning of the book.

In the climax of the penultimate chapter of the book, Carmen tries to kill Marlowe, the detective, with his own gun. She fires pointblank, but nothing happens. Marlowe had loaded the gun with blanks. She undergoes convulsions and faints. He puts her in his car and takes her home.

"I was halfway up the drive to the house before she stirred. Then her eyes opened wide and wild. She sat up.

"What happened?" she gasped.

"Nothing. Why?"

"Oh, yes it did," she giggled.

"I wet myself.

"They always do," I said.

"She looked at me with a sudden sick speculation and began to moan."

This, I submit, is writing of a quality and power never found in science fiction. It is all the more effective for coming only a few pages from the end of a book, for it gains weight from all which went before it. "They always do" -- somehow in those few words, Marlowe -- Chandler -- has summed up Carmen Sternwood and who and what she is and suddenly the whole confused plot clicks into place, and the reader understands too.

In somewhat less space than this, and a good deal less formally, I told Greg what I've been saying here. Science fiction is simply much more weakly written than mystery fiction. Good science fiction is more poorly written than good mystery fiction. A comparison of each medium's best will leave sf second best every time, for ranking below Chandler and Hammett at the apex of the mystery, stand Ross MacDonald, John D. MacDonald, Thomas B. Dewey, Ed Lacey, Roy Huggins, William Campbell Gault, (early) Wade Miller, Howard Browne (John Evans), W. T. Ballard, Richard Wormsler, Donald Hamilton, Don Westlake (Richard Stark), and others, whose books stand head and shoulders in writing quality over those of sf's present-day best.

This is a sad commentary on science fiction -- and, I think, an unnecessary one. There is no good reason why our field cannot develop writers with as much patient attention to prose style without losing its original thinkers. We've had a few, like Algis Budrys, but far too few and infrequently. We desperately need more. We need the philosophy that writing, no matter what the field, mystery or sf, should be concise and vivid. We need more attention to detail of characterization and motivation. We need the richness that Chandler has shown us. There is absolutely nothing constrictive to good writing: it is not bound by fields or categories.

And we need better sf readers and critics, who will unreservedly call our attention to both the existence and lack of good writing in

our contemporary sf.

If I were counseling a beginning sf writer -- as I was in effect, with Greg -- I would suggest two books: DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS A MAN MUST GO, Philip Durham's critical evaluation of Raymond Chandler (University of North Carolina Press, \$5.00); and RAYMOND CHANDLER SPEAKING, a collection of Chandler's letters (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, \$4.00). Then, after these had been digested, any of the following by Chandler: THE BIG SLEEP, THE HIGH WINDOW, THE LITTLE SISTER, or THE LONG GOODBYE.

Presumably, any beginning sf writer is already steeped in sf, and needs no references there. But I would refer to past sf only for ideational content and the embodied traditions of the field. For writing, Chandler. (And then, later, the other, lesser writers I mentioned above.)

For myself, I have dedicated myself to these same goals. I don't guarantee it will be apparent in my subsequent work -- in the end one's talent as a writer or lack thereof will be the determining factor, and I'm not all that impressed with my own writing talents -- but it will underlie it.

FERROUS FORTNIGHTS

by RSC

THE SPELL OF SEVEN, ed. by L. Sprague de Camp (Pyramid, 50¢) This second sword and sorcery anthology by De Camp includes Fritz Leiber's "Bazaar of the Bizarre" (very well done, but a bit recent, being from a '63 FANTASTIC), "The Dark Eidolon" by Clark Ashton Smith (a classic fantasy, if you can stand Smith's purple prose), "The Hoard of the Gibbelins (one of Dunsany's less than serious swashbucklers), De Camp's own "The Hungry Hercynian" (a Conan pastiche), "Kings In Darkness" (a central story from Mike Moorcock's Elric series -- with De Camp, I agree that it's the best of the lot), Jack Vance's "Mazirian The Magician" (one of the stories from the classic Dying Earth), and "Shadows In Zamboula" by Robert E. Howard (starring that original iron-thewed bronzed superman -- a sort of prehistoric Doc Savage -- the incredible Conan). A pox on those who long for the good old days; the two most recent offerings, by Leiber and Moorcock, are the best of the lot. Cover and interior illustrations are by Finlay; the cover is, I think, original and very good, while the interiors are reprints -- and very good. All in all, a good buy.



THE PAST AS A SPRINGBOARD

THE PRESENT AS DROWNING

article by ED GORMAN

A few years after the death of Poe, the American-originated detective story went to Europe and seemed content to remain there. At home its practitioners held little interest and less respect for it, the bulk of thirty-years' output being horribly written Gothic romances. European practitioners, however, found the detective story fascinating not only as a story form, but as a vehicle for social comment and modern writing as well.

A new American detective story didn't emerge until the 1920's. This was the tough-detective school. Some historians argue that its evolution was a natural one from certain pulp-types, while others lend it more significance, insisting that urbanization and war-dependency necessitated it. The former seems the sounder argument, though, for social consciousness in such prototypes as Race Williams is nil. The tough-detective story was then and usually is now, little different from ten other pulp forms -- its basis is active violence.

The general maturation of the field can best be traced through three magazines: BLACK MASK, FLYNN'S, and ACTION DETECTIVE. The writing quality was minimal, the protagonists incredibly ludicrous, and the plots episodic and unbelievable. It was easy to imagine a man made god-like by cynicism and physical stature -- but quite another thing to motivate such an inverse-god believably. Too, few of the writers had the spellbinding badness of a Mickey Spillane, and so their many faults were obvious.

The two tough-'tec writers to really do something with the form were Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. Hammett came first. His apprenticeship was done in the 1920 pulps. Then he switched to novels and to a detective-protagonist called Sam Spade. The story form that seemed resigned to the pulps then attracted national attention. Hammett and Sam Spade were big in the biggest mass-media forms -- and remain so, under several different guises, today.

Hammett had not attempted to overhaul the form, however. He introduced humor to a field as humorless as science fiction was sexless. He introduced careful, precise writing to a field dormant with pulp-hacks. And he introduced a bit of motivation: most of the time Hammett's nickel-and-dime realism conveys a strong sense of character. But in the end Hammett merely produced a superlative tough-detective novel.

Raymond Chandler, for many reasons, produced more. Whether Chandler was really a serious mainstream writer or merely a very effective and sensational mystery writer is still argued. I'm personally undecided; but despite the category one selects for him, he was a bril-

liant writer on several levels. Serious critics often contend that they could accept Chandler as a serious writer if they could just accept the cynicism of Phillip Marlowe, Chandler's protagonist. That the people Marlowe encounters are beautifully drawn and legitimately motivated characters is usually not disputed -- Chandler's eye and ear effectively combine several diverse literary visions of the United States. THE LONG GOODBYE (1955), for instance, seems strung between the despair and sadism of Tennessee Williams and the ironic curtness of John O'Hara. It is, a London book editor said, "a perfect example of unleashed Americana: maudlin, vicious, funny, neurotically-based and guided by a despair too monumental to ever occur to any of the book's characters." But, again, Marlowe. Critics favorable to Chandler claim that the characters and incidents which Marlowe encounters define his character. He is, they insist, sarcastic and hopelessly pitying because of his "social awareness". Sarcasm and pity are the only two emotions of which he is capable, for they are the only ones his society merits. Marlowe becomes inexplicably attached to Terry Lennox (again in THE LONG GOODBYE) -- a once-handsome rather foolish drunkard who Marlowe finds drunk and unconscious in a parking lot. Marlowe helps him then as he does many times in the next three years, not because he feels that Lennox is worth saving but rather because (paraphrased conversation) Lennox won't live very long.

The seven Chandler novels are recommendable to anyone whose temperament can't quite understand the self-torment of a Tennessee Williams or the esoteric salvation of much of modern writing. His best resource was his ability to use most dialogue as monologue and then to burlesque and ridicule the monologue until it became the most important thing ever uttered by its speaker. The paradox is understandable only in the context of his best books -- THE LADY IN THE LAKE, THE LONG GOODBYE, THE LITTLE SISTER, FAREWELL, MY LOVELY. And, needless to say, I recommend them highly.

The tough-detective school has never since achieved what it did with Raymond Chandler. Most of its practitioners write three books a month for the paperback market. They depend on nothing more than sex and violence and a very juvenile sense of humor. They are, generally, no more or less offensive than most paperback writers -- they just seem so incorporating as they do so badly, so many of the original tricks of a great writer.

The field is, in Sturgeon's sense, 99% bad. Yet its vitality has survived not only Mickey Spillans but Carter Brown as well. I don't know if it will, now, survive Donald Westlake.

Westlake is a Chandler-imitator in the "despite"-Chandler manner. For example, if Chandler was big-city, be small-town. If Chandler was romantic, be un-romantic. That's fresh, sweetheart -- and though it's not honestly contrived, who can say it's Chandler-imitated? You see, the public will consume only so many eighth-rate Chandler-imitations. Smart.

Outline for the Non-Chandler Detective Novel: a fat, slow, thirty-nine year old private operative. The operative's girl friend -- who sounds like a lesbian confined to a male prison. A corrupt but timid (church-going and wide-labeled) city-council. A big-city assassin so professional he doesn't carry identification. Referring to a man's first name as his "front" name. Jokes so bad Chandler wouldn't have used them in the toilet, let alone in print.

Westlake is superb, however, at noticing grease stains on restaurant counters; but, like the grease stains, one notices his characters (quot-

ation marks are invaluable) but cannot explain their existence. Telepathy seems required.-- perhaps they can't yet speak our language.

The mystery-plot is as sinewy as frozen rope.

It is difficult to estimate whether Westlake is worse at science fiction (remember?) or mysteries. He evidently writes most of his science fiction pseudonymously, for his style and perceptive powers are too close to Jerry Sohl's to be coincidental. One would disregard Westlake had he not won an Edgar Allen Poe Award, an award usually respected and deserved. The award may have been given in sympathy, for Jerry Sohl is always somehow eluded by the Hugo. But how far does one stretch sympathy?

The sole consolation for reading Westlake's latest book is speculatively casting its movie version. The three main characters could be superbly played by Don Knotts, Tab Hunter, and Johnny Mathis. Of course, these stars are a bit more menacing than the book demands -- with the possible exception of the police chief, who, though he presides over a town much like Mayberry, is closer to Bullwinkle than to Andy Griffith.

Of course, Westlake may just be hacking out rotten detective fiction to support himself while he secretly writes his Science Fiction Novel. Dwight V. Swain did that and look at the science fiction he turned out.



GOLDEN MINUTES



THE SECOND ATLANTIS, by Robert Moore Williams (Ace, 40¢) Somewhat to my surprise, this turned out to be readable. Or at least, it's readable up until the conclusion, which is full of noble and somewhat maudlin sentiments about the Glorious Future Of Mankind. You won't miss much if you don't read it, but it will do as a time-killer (which makes it much better than most of Williams' novels).

THE INSECT WARRIORS, by Rex Dean Levie (Ace, 40¢) This one surprised me even more. According to the blurb, Levie has been writing for 13 years; while anyone with that much practice should have more polish, the book isn't too bad. (If the idea and writing are no better than they were years ago when Murray Leinster did his giant insect novel, at least they are no worse.....) The love interest, in fact, could have been lifted bodily from any one of a number of the sexless stf books of the 1930's; it is completely pointless, but it pads out the story. There's lots of action and very little thought here; it might be a very successful juvenile.

DR. BLOODMONEY, by Philip K. Dick (Ace, 40¢) I assume the title wasn't Dick's, since it has nothing whatsoever to do with the story, and is a pretty cheap attempt to garner sales by referring to a best-seller. In this, Dick has attempted to combine the sober, rebuilding-civilization-after-the-bombs-fall novel with a "wild talents" affair full of mutants with strange faculties worthy of Charles Harness on a binge. It isn't altogether successful; the two styles just don't blend very well. But it's an interesting experiment.

THE BALLAD OF BETA-2, by Samuel R. Delany/ALPHA YES, TERRA NO!, by Emil Petaja (Ace, 45¢) I haven't heard of Petaja since the last days of the stf boom of the '50s....but I can't honestly say I've missed him. This is the old mankind-on-trial plot, overlaid with mysticism thick enough to cut with a knife (which is as good a suggestion as any of what to do with it). It's so slushily sentimental that I felt sticky when I finished reading it. Delany has another almost-great novel. He has a good enough idea, and he's an excellent writer. The flaw -- in my estimation, anyway -- is an overlarge admiration for Cordwainer Smith, which leads very close to imitation in some respects. I still like it better than Smith; I suppose those who like Smith won't like this as well (but they should derive some enjoyment from it).

THE MASTER OF MONTROLFE HALL, by Rohan O'Grady (Ace, 50¢) I liked Let's Kill Uncle so well that I tried this new novel by the same author. It was a mistake. It may be an excellent example of the Gothic genre, for all I know; if so, it isn't a genre I appreciate. (And I must say that the "story-within-a-story" is a literary device which leaves me cold. I have yet to see a legitimate reason for using it, particularly when it shunts the original narrator aside on page 28 and doesn't return him until page 125.) I'm sure the book will thrill thousands of pre-teenage girls and a few embittered old maids.

Due to the move, books are in short supply this month. A longer column next issue, I hope.

STRANGE FRUIT



VENTURA II (Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave, Norfolk, Virginia 23509 - irregular - \$1.00 per copy) Phil believes in putting out one tremendous issue every two or three years. This one has 84 pages, a wrap-around colored cover, and a 7-page artfolio. (It also has the distinction of having material by both myself and D. Bruce Berry; a distinction which wouldn't have occurred if I'd known about it in advance. A minor point; neither of us contributes anything essential. But there are some people I intend to avoid even to the extent of not appearing in the same publication with them, if I can help it, and Berry is one of them.) There is more interesting material from Bob Bloch, Bob Tucker, Jack Chalker and August Derleth. Derleth contributes a "Harrigan" story; the last time I saw one of those was in ORBIT SCIENCE FICTION. (It wasn't very good, either.) However, it illustrates a basic difference in fan fiction and professional fiction. The Derleth yarn is a second-rate professional story. It is incomparably more polished, better plotted and better written than anything you're apt to see labelled "fan fiction". There's lots more, if what I've mentioned so far doesn't move you, but I'm not going to take a page to review one fanzine. Rating.....9

NYARLATHOTEP #1 (Ben Solon, 3915 N. Southport, Chicago, Ill. 60613 - irregular - 30¢) A good start. The best article (George Price's defense of the gold standard) will irritate people who expect fanzines to devote themselves strictly to science fiction, but what the hell..... There is an interview with Fred Saberhagen, which is somewhat interesting, but... at the moment, I'm not sure what should be done with tape-recorded interviews to improve them, but I'm positive that something should be. I suppose if you can't get your ~~author~~ author to write you an article, the tape recorder is the next best resource. Cover art is lovely; interior work isn't so hot. Rating....4

SCI-FI SHOWCASE #4 (Tom Dupree, 809 Adkins Blvd, Jackson, Miss. 39211 - monthly - 25¢) For movie fans.

PARADOX #5 (Bruce Robbins, 58 Revonah Ave, Stamford, Connecticut 06905 - irregular - 30¢) For collectors -- devoted primarily to checklists of publishers -- Lancer, Pyramid, and monster magazines in this issue -- editorial comment, and a list of material the editor wants to purchase and wants to get rid of. A must for completists.

FEEMWLORT #2 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Calif. 94066 - quarterly? - 25¢) Major item is a dictionary of elven words from Tolkien; like the stuff in NIEKAS, I find this totally useless, but I suppose somebody must like it. Ira Lee Riddle shows how to write a 3-page article without saying anything, but there is a good long lettercolumn, a fair editorial, and a fair column from Jurgen Wolff. Rating...3

NO-EYED MONSTER #2 (Norman Masters, 9500 Bridge Lake Road, Clarkston, Mich. 48016 - quarterly - 25¢) This is backed, Ace Double style, by X?, edited by John Merkel and also priced at 25¢; I'm not sure if they want 25¢ apiece or a total of 25¢. (Either price is too high, as far as that goes.) Primarily devoted to exceedingly bad fan fiction. Rating...1

ARGENTINE SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #3/4 (Hector Pessina, Casilla de Correo Central 3869, Buenos Aires, Argentina - irregular - 20¢) Fiction, book reviews, an article on astro-philately, and book lists. Mostly in English; one story is published in both English and Spanish, if you want to brush up on one or the other. A pretty good magazine. Rating....5

ISCARIOT #16 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Dr., Birmingham, Alabama - more or less quarterly - 20¢) That 20¢ is only for the first issue you get, however; after that you may continue to receive the mag by contributing, trading, or writing a letter of comment. This seems to be a sword-and-sorcery issue; articles pro Howard and anti Burroughs. (The latter weakened because author Tom Dupree's final scathing comment is that Burroughs is not science fiction. Well, no, it isn't...but what does that have to do with anything? Tolkien's works aren't science fiction, Bradbury's best stories aren't, Sturgeon's first and best hardcover wasn't, and very little of C. S. Lewis's works come under that heading. So? So get yourself a better clinching argument next time you want to put down Burroughs.) Rating.....4

MATHOM #3 (David Hall, 202 Taylor, Crystal City, Missouri - irregular - 20¢) Unreadable -- as usual, if my memory serves. I don't mean the material is bad; I mean the poor reproduction makes reading it more trouble than it's worth. Actually, what items I did read seemed quite good; if you have good eyesight, this is one of the best of the newer fanzines. With my 20/500 or whatever (after I got to 20/400 the doctor began measuring it differently and I haven't figured out his new system) vision, I don't read blurry fanzines. At a guess, quality of the material would deserve a "5" rating, but I don't guarantee that.

THISTLE & THORN #2 (Creath Thorne, Route 4, Savannah, Missouri - irregular - 25¢) A small fanzine, but the material is remarkably good. Book reviews, an interview with and bibliography of Andre Norton, and a letter column centered largely around science fiction. An article by Dale Tarr is interesting, but the villain of the piece is a type of individual that I don't ever recall meeting (like Ed Wood's mythical fan who cares nothing about science fiction). Actually, there is no point in putting up with pests in fandom. I can't choose my associates at work, and there is one creep in nearly every office (tho I had pretty well discouraged the ones at Honeywell). But I can choose my associates in fandom, and avoiding the nuisances is fairly easy; in most cases I haven't even had to be rude about it. Rating....6

RATATOSK #13, 14, 15 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) All sorts of fan news. (High spot is the announcement that New York fans objected to Boardman's "Clearing House" on the grounds that it invaded the privacy of fans and threatened the autonomy of their clubs. According to an earlier announcement in RAT, the Clearing House was restricted to publishing news of fan activities, reminiscences of old-time fans, and a citywide fan directory. Somebody is crazy, and I suspect that it's New York fandom....threatening the autonomy of their clubs? That's the funniest thing since Sapiro's defense of LASFS.) Rating.... 5

FOCAL POINT #8, 9 (Mike McInerney, Apt. 7, 326 E. 13th. St., New York, N.Y. 10003 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢ - co-editor, Rich Brown) News, fanzine reviews, and a con report in #9. We were handed #11 at the Midwestcon;

#10 must be waiting for us in Wabash.

Rating.....5

SKYRACK #80 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - monthly - 6 for 35¢ third class, 6 for 70¢ airmail - US agent, me) British fan and professional news..

Rating.....5

KIPPLE #80 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21212 - monthly or better - 20¢) One of the best political magazines to be obtained. I doubt very much if Ted or his letter writers know as many political facts as the writers for, say, THE NEW REPUBLIC, but at least in KIPPLE you get both sides. (The liberal side gets the most coverage, since most of Ted's readers are liberals, but George Price has been ably defending the conservative viewpoint recently -- even tho considerably hindered by the fanatical outpourings of Eric Blake. I detest the sort of "conservative" who gives the cause a bad name.)

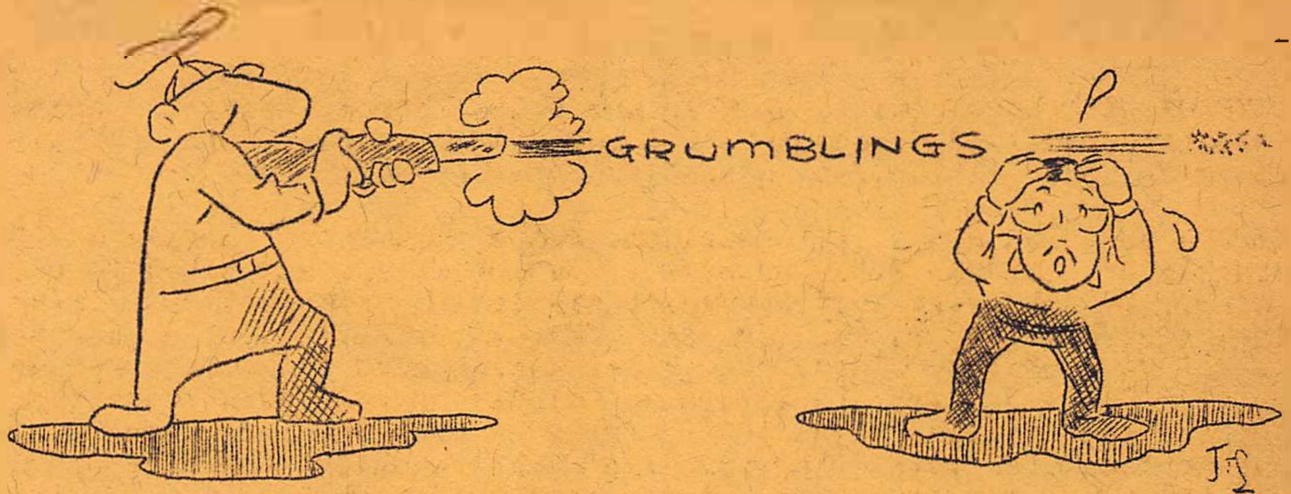
Rating.....5

WIZARD & WARRIOR #1 (Richie Benyo, 118 South St, Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania 18229 - irregular - 30¢) A fanzine devoted to swords and sorcery, with the usual articles, fiction, checklists, etc. Not up to the quality of AMRA, but then, what is?

Rating....4

Let's see how much stuff I can get into this last half-page. Fanzines in the stack include: CARBO #10, LUNA COMIX #1 (10¢), PET-RICH #4 and 5, SECOND MERCENARY (Poetry) and an INDEX TO ARKHAM HOUSE (20¢) from Rich Benyo (address above); KIPPLE #81 (lovely cover) from Pauls; RAINY DAYS #2 and 3 (apazine from the Thompsons); MEIN OMP-F #5 (Freeman), HOMBREN #25 thru 31, DKDBNF #1, MANNDATE #4 and DREAM GIRL #3 from Richard Mann, B331 Bryan Hall, Michigan State Univ, East Lansing, Mich. 48823. These are all apazines; DG has a price to non-members of 10¢. All editorial natterings. THE SOLARITE #2, a genzine featuring movie comments and fiction, 25¢ from John C. Boland, 2328 47th. St., Moline, Ill. 61265 (he said to mention but not review, so...); LAMENTATIONS #2 (Cultzine from Bill Donaho); WHAT, NEFFER? WELL, HARDLY EFFER! #1 (N3F mag from Ed Meskys); OPEN LETTER #2 (on the Hugo Awards) from Dick Lupoff; CHAMBER OF HORRORS #3 and 4 (a horror movie mag available for 10¢ from David Tribble, 1565 Athens Ave SW, Atlanta, Georgia 30310 -- but I got mine free from Billy Pettit, who is secretly a sadist); BOROGOVE #3 (for Apa L) from Gregg Wolford, which got wet sometime and in consequence the ditto fluid is smeared all over the page -- one trouble (or benefit?) of moving; DEGLER #65, 68, 70 and 72 from Andy Porter; WANDERLUST (a one-shot) from David Hall with a request that I not review it (but I could read it, and while the material isn't going to win you a Hugo it's as good as a lot of other fan-editors produce); TIGHTBEAM #31 (the N3F letterzine. Then there seem to be all sorts of odds and ends in the pile; Banks Mebane sent a copy of THE M.C. CAR CLUB NEWS LETTER, Billy Pettit (I think) sent STRAY NOTES (a publication of the Atlanta Folk Music Society), and Ed Gorman sent the first 4 issues of his regional magazine, CEDAR RAPIDS SCENE (the second example that I know of a fan "graduating" to operate a regional mag; Rod Frye's HAMPTON ROADS REVIEW being the other). And here is the latest STEFANTASY buried under a pile of letters, along with the ZENITH ART FOLIO that someone handed Juanita at the Midwestcon. I'll save them for a review next issue. GUNS & AMMO was under there, too, but I guess it doesn't qualify.

Not bad, considering that most of the fanzines are probably being held at Wabash....



Bernard Shir-Cliff, Ballantine Books, Inc., 101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

In your latest issue of Yandro you report that "the biggest news of the month is the publication of THE LORD OF THE RINGS by Ace Books", and you conclude by urging the readers to "buy this one and hope that Ace publishes the rest of it." It is of course good news that THE LORD OF THE RINGS is now going to be available in paperbound form but I think you should notify your readers that the Ace edition is published without the consent of the author and pays no royalty to him. This unfortunate situation is possible because American copyright laws provide a loophole for unauthorized publication, being designed to protect U.S. printers rather than the authors of books. The unfairness of such "pirated" editions is apparent and the loss to Professor Tolkien may be quite severe.

Houghton Mifflin Company and Ballantine Books are to publish, within the next ninety days, the authorized edition of Professor Tolkien's LORD OF THE RINGS trilogy on which the author will receive full royalties. As you know, Houghton Mifflin are the American publishers of Tolkien's works and have been since 1937. The authorized edition will carry a statement from Professor Tolkien pointing out that it is the only paperback edition published with his consent and paying royalties. The authorized edition will carry a lengthy Foreword especially written for this edition by Professor Tolkien. Further, each of the three volumes will have a special Preface and a valuable index will be included at the end of Volume III -- THE RETURN OF THE KING. Each volume will contain the entire text of its original, plus all maps, glossaries and addenda, and each volume will retail at 95¢.

In view of the great affection readers of THE LORD OF THE RINGS feel for the work of its author, I believe that this information would be of interest to the readers of your newsletter.

I admire Ballantine for paying royalties and all, but I do wonder how successful a 95¢-per-copy edition will be when a 75¢ one is already on the market. RSC/

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

Sorry you didn't like the Smith stuff -- the Amazing Randi, who had me on his midnight-5am talk show a couple weeks back, urged all WOR's early-morning listeners to go buy SPACE LORDS solely on the basis of the intro, which was all he'd read. In a way, I suppose you're doing

the same thing, though....

[Oh, I read the entire Smith book. It was just that the stories didn't give me any reason for disliking Smith personally, while the introduction did. (Of course, an author's personal characteristics have no bearing on the quality of his fiction, but they give fans something else to talk about.)

RSC/

John C. Boland, 2328 47th St., Moline, Illinois, 61265

Ballantine has a really weird -- but quite short -- thing out: TRAPS. I've read it, but don't know quite what to make of it: Naturalism in a distorted mirror, maybe.

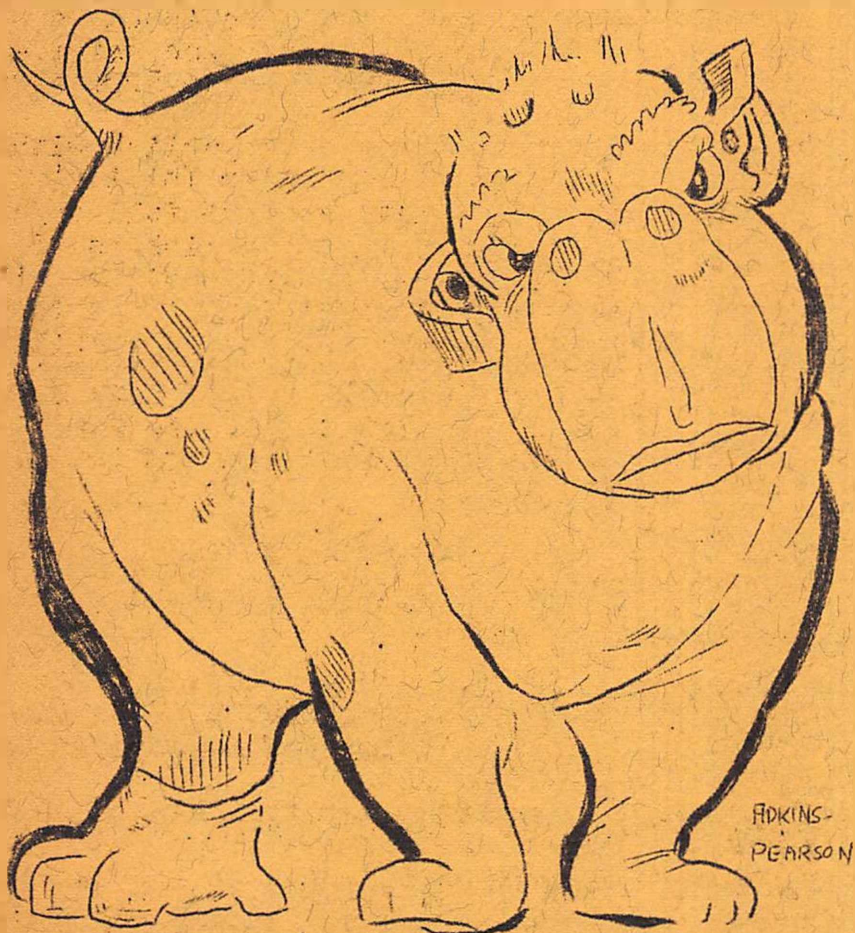
[I looked at it, but never got around to buying it. (It isn't new; a year old, at least.) Maybe I can pick up a secondhand copy.

RSC/

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

I don't think Evan Hunter put the "Hunt Collins" name on TOMORROW AND TOMORROW because he was ashamed of it being sf; the book came out just about at the time that Hunter was making a name for himself in several different fields, and the pen-names were probably just to keep the different areas straight: Richard Marsten for sex-and-suspense, Ed McBain for police-procedural novels, Evan Hunter for "mainstream" stuff. And Hunt Collins for his lone adult sf book. (I think there

were a couple of Winston juveniles also, one by "Marsten" and another by "Hunter.") Of course, by now things have been hopelessly fouled up. Some of the early Marsten books have been reprinted under the McBain byline, while (so the rumor goes) the current McBain books are not even written by Hunter---they are done by whoever happens to walk into the agent's office at the time a new one is due. The recent books certainly bear out this rumor; most of them are very crude and hasty jobs, completely unlike the earlier books. (The same situation is supposed to prevail with the Ellery Queen and Richard Prather paperback originals. I notice that the major mystery reviewers, including Tony Boucher, no longer even mention these books, let alone review them...)



On the average of novel being superior to the average western or detective novel (Yandro 148, top of p. 20), you'd better define what (or whom) you mean by average. If the "average" western is one by Paul Evan Lehmann or a Walt Slade novel, then you are probably right. But if "average" western means Benjamin Cappe or E.E. Halleran or Wade Everett or Louis L'Amour or Will Cook or recent Luke Short (such as FIRST CAMPAIGN or THE LAST HUNT) then you've got an argument on your hands.

And as for the "average" detective novel, I don't think there is any such thing. Many of the most prolific mystery authors, such as Elizabeth Linington ("Dell Shannon"), John D. MacDonald (most of the time), Josephine Bell, and such others as Nicolas Freeling, Robert Fish, etc. --- they can write rings around most of writers, past or present. They perhaps wouldn't be very good at writing science fiction, but for such things as interesting and believable characters, credible behavior, mood, atmosphere, smooth plotting, action, etc., they are the most highly accomplished of professional craftsmen.

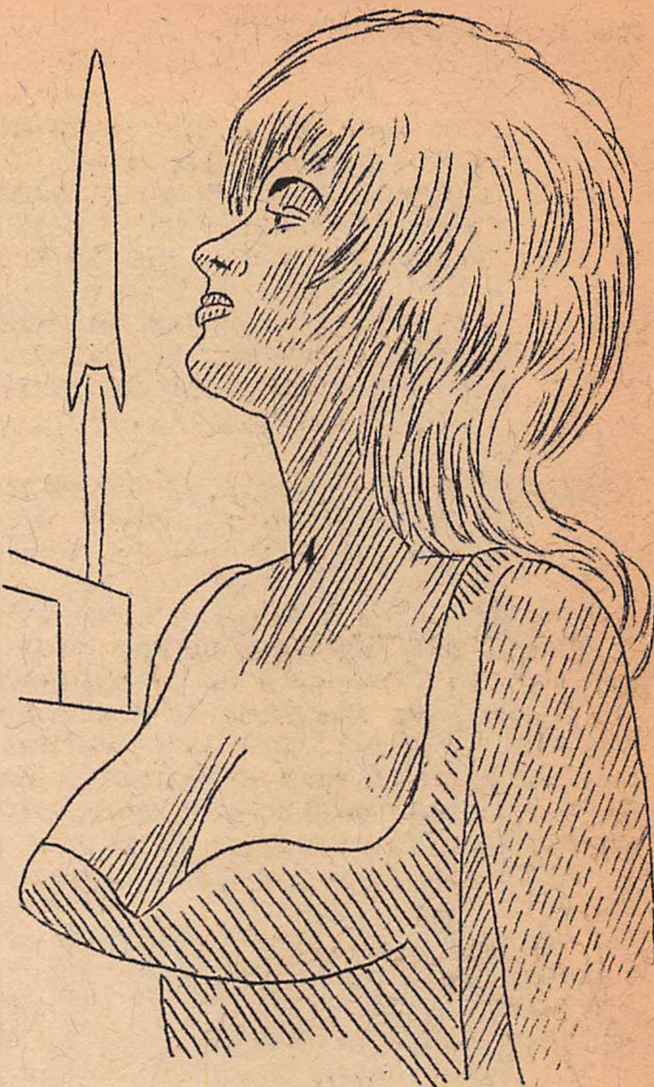
Postal Peculiarities department: one day last month (May 20th, to be exact), I received six airmail letters, all mailed on the same day and all received the same day; mailed on May 17, arrived 3 days later -- but the six points of departure were Singapore, Fiji, Rhodesia, Cyprus, Ireland, and Jamaica. A week later, an airmail letter from the Bahamas arrived; it had also been mailed on May 17th. And two days after that, came an airmail letter from New York City, also mailed on May 17th...

Bob also mentioned that Robert Lewis Taylor's PROFESSOR FODORSKI has never been paperbacked. Why not? RSC/

William Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa.

One thing puzzles me about Grant's article. How can anyone tell when "the sun touches the edge of the constellation Aries"? When the stars are visible the sun isn't. It's also hard to see how such an immaterial thing as a constellation can have an edge.

Smith's article is marred by confusing writing and it makes me wonder again why so many people use the adjective "forward" in place of the noun "foreword". Perhaps this is a part of the Madison Avenue Plot to destroy the English Language. I recall reading BEYOND THE STUMP...



F&SF and it seems I considered it better than average.

/You may blame the "forward-foreword" mixup on me. I try to catch this sort of thing in automatic edit-as-I-stencil work; this includes checking dubious spellings, subject-verb disagreement and so forth. But when I get rushed or rattled, my proofreading sharpness disintegrates. I have come to expect the average column or article writers, particularly those who have some position professionally in the various writing fields, will be somewhat careless about such matters. After all, this is for free... JWC/

Charles & Jane Wells, 815 Demerius Street, Apt., M-1, Durham, N.C. 27701

I too am in favor of using the Australian system of election for TAFF, as well as the Hugos. Its proper name is the Hare system, named after the man who invented it. To call it the Australian ballot is misleading; the Australian ballot is simply a secret ballot with the names of all the candidates on it. In the old days each candidate printed up ballots with just his name on it and the voter dropped it into the box; since they were often of different colors, voting wasn't secret. One of the big arguments used by opponents of the Australian ballot when it was proposed by reformers in the Nineteenth century was that a man should not be ashamed of who he was going to vote for; if he wanted to keep it a secret he didn't deserve to vote. The real reason for the opposition, of course, was that it made bribery more difficult.

Oddly enough, the same sort of argument is used by superpatriots today against people who take the Fifth Amendment or otherwise refuse to testify before committees, and against people who won't take loyalty oaths. Plus ça change, plus la même chose.

It's not right to call it the Irish system; that system is another variation of the Hare system in which several candidates are elected from each district. The idea is to arrange things so that various parties and factions get represented in proportion to their vote. The voter votes first, second, and third choice, etc., as in the one-man Hare system, but more get elected.

Ted's description of what goes into writing a novel is fascinating; the best thing in the issue. I have just finished writing my Ph.D. thesis. There are marked similarities to what Ted described. I know now that unless I could afford a stenographer to take oral dictation, I would hate to have to write for a living.

Do you know from whom I can order the British edition of the Ring Trilogy?

/These days I get most of my British books from Fantast (Medway) Limited, 75 Norfolk St., Wisbech, Cambs., Great Britain. (I get a few from Alan Dodd, purchased with the money he takes in as our British agent, but that route is rather limited.) RSC/

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

My god, Buck, your book reviews are mellowing. I do have a minor point in review a few issues back. In THE WIZARD OF LEMURIA, the wizard comes up with a perpetual motion machine. It has been bugging me for a few months now. If perpetual motion isn't magic, what is it?

Isn't Ted White the same bum that complained because Norton's plots

were getting the same? So he finds western a change-of-pace drink. It is funny that he mentions L'Amour. I collect him, Max Brand, and Clarence Mulford (Hopalong Cassidy). Mulford fascinates me for the number of people he can kill off in a book. Works off my latent hostilities, you know. Brand is in a class by himself. I would class most of his westerns as borderline fantasies. I have about 60 of his and 40 more on the way from Dikty's special sale. I usually blow \$15 or \$20 of my first paycheck on books. It's been a long winter.

As for detective stories, I dote on Carter Dickson, John Dickson Carr, Leslie Charteris, Rex Stout, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. I read all kinds of other junk. Such as Arthur C. Clarke's GLIDE PATH, or Sheckley's LIVE GOLD. I also read a lot of non-fiction and The Sporting News. Sf is my first love, and I always return. You can read sf longer without getting in a rut.

I think I'll read ERB: MASTER OF ADVENTURE. Lupoff's views on ERB seem to be close to mine. I still think the first three Mars stories are very good. I read the Tarzan stories at a young age, and they still pass the time rather agreeably. A few others are good, with most being so-so. One or two, I've had to struggle thru.

I liked Alexei Panshin's article in Yandro #147. I wish I could string together an article in the logical manner he does. I'd be willing to read his book on Heinlein. I hope it gets published.

I also liked Nebans's review of the Delany series, but then I also liked the series, even if the first was much the best.

/You do indeed have a point; maybe I shouldn't have objected to the perpetual motion. RSC/

Nott & Barr, c/o George Barr, 2480 South Fifth East, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84106

Wolff is a new name (to me) that seems to be coming on strong. His illo on page 20 strongly resembles Bert Lahr's Lion in "The Wizard of Oz". Intentional? ... Nott.

I saw the latest issue of Today's Art, distributed in this area by a local art store. It contains an article and illos by REG. All very fannish and why didn't I think of it first. Growell. I'd congratulate him but I don't know his address. Pass it on, please...Barr.

/Easier to pass it on in public; I'd never remember to put it in a letter. RSC/

Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw, Akron, Ohio, 44313

Reading Alexei Panshin's article, and his troubles with Great Ghod Heinlein and Cohorts, was damnedly frustrating to me! This revelation on how Alex tried to (nicely) communicate and obtain information from Heinlein -- and the subsequent results (or lack of same) has made me all the more against RAH than I've ever been since his past few novels have been published. (I do like the earlier Heinlein's, of course... but his recent ones -- well, I haven't even bothered to read them. His last good novel in my opinion was STARSHIP TROOPERS)) Rah seems to have soured with age, rather than mellowed. All that hard work Alexei did on it isn't gone for nought though -- latest word from Focal Point is that Panshin's book will run serially in Sapiro's Riverside Quarterly (formerly Inside). Hope they don't get sued...and I'm looking forward to reading the whole 75,000 words. Fandom...this is a must for your reading list.

Betty Kujawa: Re: WHITE LOTUS...like a fool I bought the

thing in hc, paying a hard-earned \$6.50 for it. I had spotted a review in the Sunday Supplement Magazine that came with our newspaper -- which was a glowing appraisal of the book and its message(s). That being the first time I had heard of it -- it was months ago -- I promptly ordered it. Apparently, though, that review was the only GOOD one the book has received. (I think the reviewer was a powder-puff type from the Akron Library.) Just before I received it I noticed PLAYBOY reviewed it, and was a bit shocked that they panned it so much. After reading it, however, I tend to agree with them (and Judy Merrill in F&SF) that it was too drawn out and much too long; and the parable-type-style of writing didn't help it any, either. Not to mention the fact that the main protagonist is a female...and Hershey doesn't seem quite fit to write from the female point of view. If you, Betty, or Buck, or anyone, would like to BORROW the book, drop me a line and I'll send it to you to read.

/Any neofans who find fandom a trifle confusing can appreciate my position, with a discussion going on in my own magazine over a book I haven't read. (But don't send it, Bill; there are far too many others that I haven't read that I want to get to first.) Who's lobbying for a 30-hour week? RSC/

Bob Tucker, Heyworth, Illinois

Doubleday has rejected my fan novel. They disliked the characters, and said they were "unsympathetic, rather unbelievable, and offered nothing for the reader". Hell, that's fandom to a T, and the Doubleday editor hasn't the wit to see it. I don't know where I'll go now .. I've lost my Doubleday option, of course, and must now cast about for a new publisher, unless my agent can peddle the book to a paperback house and save the option for a later hardcover mystery. To think that fandom should do this to me, after all the best years that I've given them. /Unbelievable./

I knew that fan characters were far out, but I never suspected they were unbelievable. And I didn't have to exaggerate a bit, in the story ... I just let them be their sweet, natural selves.

/Maybe you could get it run as a serial in CONFIDENTIAL? RSC/

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

Hmm. I've never met any non-sf fans who had read The Children Of The Atom, but presumably these creatures do exist. I agree with most of Enid Osten's comments on the book, and always felt that Wilmar Shiras' children were somewhat incredible, but ... surely an article on a twelve-year-old book as well-known to sf fans as this one is a trifle late for YANDRO? (Jeez ... I remember buying my copy in the Maruzen Dept. Store, in Tokyo, in 1954; cost me 520 yen. And it was where it belonged, on the fiction shelf -- unlike Player Piano, which I found amongst the books on music!) The article has a rather cold-blooded manner of dissecting the book which I do not particularly care for, and Enid ignores some of the better points of the book.

/Ah, but there has been a whole new generation of stf readers since Children was published, and since it has not been re-printed recently, it has the status of a classic; known by name, but never read. RSC/