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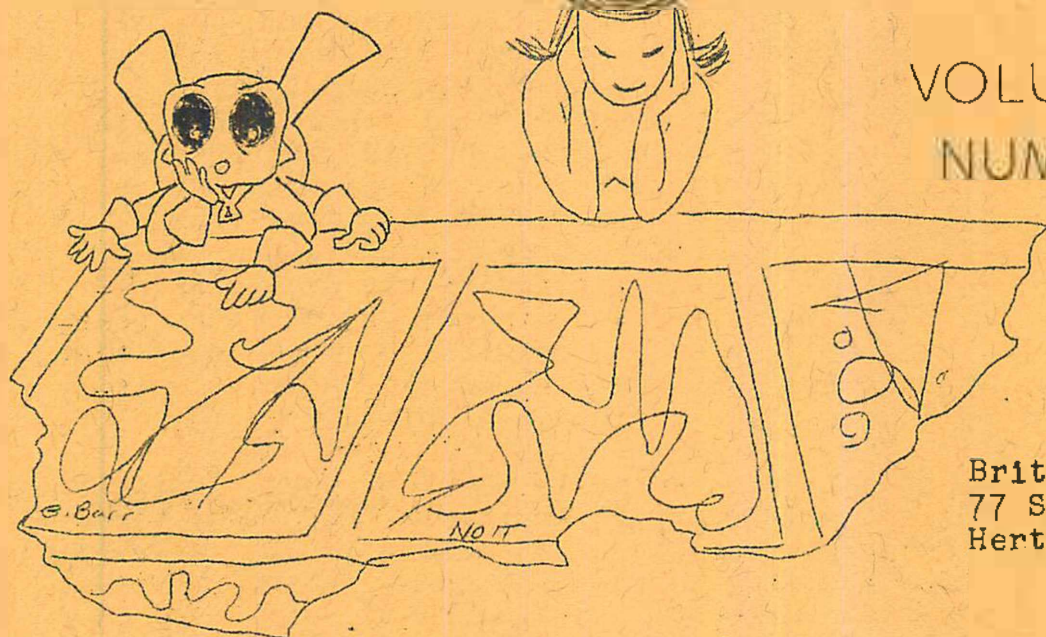
"TAKE ME TO YOUR
PATENT ATTORNEY!"

153

YANDRO

VOLUME XIII

NUMBER 10



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*Capella illustration donated by George Scithers.

THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO TED WHITE

Ad rates: 50¢ per quarter page, \$1.00 per half page, \$2.00 per page.
Filler ads and notes (max. 3 lines) free.



With all sorts of duties and distractions intervening, I didn't even scribble down on my handy-dandy otherwise useless desk calendar little cryptic notes on what-to-say-to-fill-up-my-editorial (they're cryptic even to me, considering they're grubbed down with greasy hands during a hasty time out in the midst of food preparing -- as a rule; I invariably end up spending ten minutes deciphering whatever I originally wrote under that

blob of spaghetti sauce, bread dough or whatever, and the next ten minutes I spend wondering why I wrote down anything so pointless.

One of my own main sources of daily amusement is the Fort Wayne Journal Gazette, the staff of which seems 90% feature writers with tongues firmly in cheeks. It's quite enjoyable watching them printilly plonking the mayor, the head of the motor licensing bureau, the school board, the city council, the urban renewal committee, anything handy. If they don't plonk anyone, I tend to think these subjects are Okay, even when I haven't heard the other side of the story. Not even being a resident of the county in question, I can afford to be rather casual in my partisanship, anyway, since it won't make the slightest difference in elections, school bond issues, et. al.

There are many yucky anecdotes I might quote from the Journal, but I always feeling guilty picking a journalist's brains. I know what blood it requires sweating of to turn out even a monthly column, and some of my favorite daily readings are columnists (local) turning out the stuff six days a week. I feel for them indeed, and my conscience would scream if I swiped their stuff (though I may now and then in the future, with proper credit.)

Cliff Milnor runs one of the most humorous "local people and happenings" columns I've ever encountered, and I had a chance to sample quite a few in the reading room of the periodical section of the library whilst in college. Milnor manages to bring his characters to highly entertaining life -- much moreso than any metropolitan columnist (who usually specializes in celebrities and big shots); this local writer concentrates on the horrible, frequently fannish incidents which happen to perfectly ordinary people (who probably insist that this couldn't be happening to them)....

Such as the woman who inadvertently drove onto a fancy new dual lane interstate highway at night, (not realizing the road was still unopened. When she reached a barricade and turned around and returned to her entry point, she found some workmen had erected a barricade across that pavement during her absence -- a heavy barricade. She was willing to have her predicament recited -- anonymously.

That same interstate highway has led a difficult life, before and after its opening. Some one (again anonymously) drove onto an unopened section while it was being cemented, and drove several hundred yards, noticing no more than that "the car handled funny", until he looked in his

rear view mirror and spotted an extremely agitated highway construction crew foreman running in his wake.

The road is not yet completed and they've discovered a mile-long section is sinking -- brilliant engineers built the section over marl -- a soggy, insidious peat moss relative spattered all over northern Indiana. That's where your tax money goes -- they're repaving it in hopes that will be enough. It has never been enough in normal-traffic roads with the same problem -- they always have to reroute the road eventually after the thing sinks out of sight for the umpteenth time, and imagine they'll eventually have to do the same with this after several hundred thousand dollars worth of useless upkeep -- more sand down the rat hole....mutter mutter.

Biggest family excitement recently has been the removal of some of Bruce's teeth. Not the ordinary string around the doorknob and tooth and yank department. No indeedy. Turns out the kid has too many teeth, sort of imbedded directly beneath his baby teeth -- not extra permanent teeth -- extra baby teeth. And sitting up at the top of the X-Ray is the patiently waiting permanent tooth, unable to push its way through this jungle of calcium.

It became necessary to clear out the jungle before the permanent teeth lost all patience and began cutting a new trail through virgin territory.

A very pleasant (and expensive) dental surgeon suggested gas to avoid panic, pain and unnecessary fright. True of course, but I couldn't help wish this sort of thing had been more readily available when I was a kid -- but then I never had anything so spectacularly wrong.

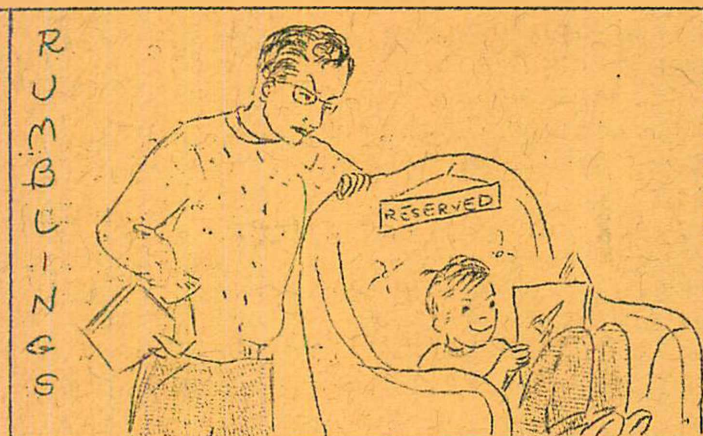
Originally this was all to have been done the day after Labor Day (what a way to celebrate a Non-Con!), but when we came in the surgeon took one look at Bruce's hay-fevery nose and eyes and said no, bring him back after frost. Arrangements were made, and cancelled at the last moment from the dentist's end by an emergency. But finally, last week, the gory deed was done. Bruce was apprehensive, but apparently went through the actual process without a quiver; he succeeded in convulsing the attending nurse with laughter by his post-operative sleeping posture -- doubled over like a praying moslem -- she said it was a dandy post operative dental surgery position, but wasn't it a trifle unusual?

We said no and managed to get him out to the car. By the time he had been home half an hour he was wide awake and ready for a full meal. Youth is marvelous...

I certainly never felt like rassling tigers (well, ocelots, maybe) the evening after having a bunch of teeth out. One tooth coming out was enough to leave me growly and unhappy for several days. The times they are indeed a-changin', for the better.

Buck is making noises about getting out another issue in a week or so, providing we get some more paper (we have good ink once more, as of this ish-- I'm keeping it in the fruit cellar)....we shall see, or not, barring a heavy fog.

JWC



I see by the latest Focal Point (which arrived after the fanzine reviews had been stencilled) that Harold Piser has begun advertising his reprinted Fanzine Index, "Publication Date, December 1st". If he doesn't quite make that date, blame us; we're cutting stencils for the project. (But we aren't doing the publishing; we ship the completed stencils to Piser.) We'll definitely get the stencils done before Dec. 1st; I hope to get them done in time to allow shipping

time and give Harold a couple of days to do the publishing. (Anyway, while I can't guarantee publication, I can vouch for partial completion of the project, and Piser certainly seems determined to get the job done promptly and efficiently. Of course, I'm not sure of who besides Ed Wood will want copies, but that's not my worry. I do what I get paid for.)

I also note that I came in one point ahead of both John Boardman and Redd Boggs in the "Best Fan Writer" section of the FOCAL POINT Poll. This is the sort of information that makes my day, since I can reflect on the annoyance this will cause Boardman and Boggs. (The fact that we all came in approximately 60 points behind Valt Willis is not only immaterial but puts us about where we belong.)

I have finally acquired a copy of Kline's Tam, Son Of The Tiger. It isn't as funny as I hoped it would be after reading the synopsis I have in WEIRD TALES (I have only one issue containing an installment of the story), but it has its moments. Partly, the synopsis was hilarious because it discarded things like conversation and description and presented the sheer idiocy of the plot, unencumbered by any distractions. I think if I ever review the book, I'll just do a plot summary; it's funnier that way.

Went hunting last Saturday. For the first time in several years, I actually saw something to shoot at -- I was so astonished that in one case I failed to shoot at all. I just stood there and watched. (I might as well have done that all the time, since I didn't get anything. To add insult to injury, the dogs caught a rabbit the next day, all by themselves.)

Dig that crazy juxtaposition department: On Oct. 27, page 3 of the Fort Wayne paper featured two headlines -- "Rabble Rousers Seeking Publi-city: Ike" and "12 Methodist Ministers Plan Horseback Ride To Baltimore".

In THE MAGAZINE OF HORROR #9, Bill Danner had a story in which the hero discovers a huge air-valve on top of a butte; the earth, it seems, is a huge balloon. It was an interesting gimmick, but pretty far-out; nobody could really believe anything like that. However, a few days ago there was an article in the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette. Seems that a group of construction workers on the site of a future shopping center in Huntington, Ind. drove a stake into the ground and hit air. They tried several spots, each time getting a jet of air with considerable force behind it as their result. Naturally, they first thought they'd hit a gas line, but a gas company inspector showed that the escaping jet wasn't flammable, and therefore wasn't gas (or at least, not his brand of gas.) Apparently, it was simply plain old air under pressure -- like in a balloon. There was no explanation; the contractor was quoted as saying he was scared. There has been no follow-up. How long does it take the air to escape from a balloon 8000 miles in diameter, Bill?

Thanks to Don and Maggie Thompson, I'm aware of a new Tom Lehrer record. I didn't catch the exact title, but it's a record I intend to get. Other Lehrer fans keep your eyes open; goodies are in store.

If your copies of YANDRO are delayed, don't worry about it; they'll arrive eventually. The Hartford City post office seems inordinately slow on third class mail; a couple of copies sent to Milwaukee (less than 300 miles from here) took almost 5 weeks to arrive. I'm sorry, but there isn't much I can do about it, short of moving, and that is too drastic a solution.

Here are the ad rates for the Progress Reports and Program Book of the Tricon:

Full Page	(Prepared Copy Size 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 10)	- - - - -	\$8.00
Half Page	(" " " 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5)	- - - - -	5.00
Quarter Page	(" " " 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5)	- - - - -	2.50
Filler Copy	(" " " 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 6 lines)	- - -	1.00

Copy Deadline for Progress Report #1: Nov. 30 (you just missed it)
 " " " " " 2: March 1, 1966
 " " " " " 3: June 1, 1966
 " " " Program Book: July 15, 1966

There will be a \$2.00 extra charge for copy (except filler copy) not provided in the specified sizes. Rates are for one insertion only; specify which particular publication you want your ad in. All ads to: 24th World Science Fiction Convention, P.O. Box 1372, Cleveland, Ohio 44103.

Now that the Christmas Season has started (it isn't even Thanksgiving yet as I type this, but Christmas catalogs are flooding the mails and Santa Clauses have appeared in most of the stores) I'll put in another plug for one of our favorite charities. This is the St. Labre Indian School, Ashland, Montana 59003; it is on the reservation of the Northern Cheyenne. I look rather fishy-eyed at a lot of "charities" because I figure that with a little gumption the people receiving it could help themselves -- I don't quite go as far as John W. Campbell, but I think he has a point (even tho he overworks it). But the Indian is a special point; the only way they can better themselves is thru increased education, and the education provided by the average "government" reservation school is appalling. Therefore, any help is truly deserved. Let's spend less on destitute coal miners and Asians, and more on Indians, who have been getting a raw deal for over a century.

Doing all those stencils for Piser provided one extra benefit; the next time Ed Wood starts talking about how good the fanzines were in the old days I can give him a big hee-haw. My God, some of those titles! And from the few I've seen, I can imagine what the rest were like. There were undoubtedly half a dozen or so excellent fanzines published Way Back When; most of them seem to have lasted less than 20 issues. Then there were literally hundreds of crudzines -- just like today. (It's all right, Ed; we love you even if you do have an overabundance of nostalgia.)

One of the problems of having Bruce grow up is that he has been fighting me for possession of the living room couch in the evening. So last Saturday we attended a farm auction and I bought myself an overstuffed chair for \$2. This is one of those huge things that you can get lost in; for awhile I thought we couldn't get it in the house. Only one of our 3 outside doors is big enough to admit it. But once in, it's a lovely thing (now I have to fight Bruce for possession of it in the evenings, but I have a moral advantage here). Of course, we now have an orange chair, a rust-colored chair, and a green couch, but.....

One of my co-workers at present is named Dick Dando, which I feel is a name that should have been immortalized by Gilbert & Sullivan.....

With luck, we'll have another issue out in a couple of weeks. RSC

FROM PILLAR TO PIKESTAFF

by ----- BOB TUCKER

Theodore Whitely lost his temper -- a rare thing for him -- and brutally kicked at the door. It remained closed.

Whitely was a tall, sparse young man with close-cropped hair and a tenuous beard, which he wore in a sinister oriental fashion to suggest a latter-day Fu Manchu; he found it effective on women who yearned to be dominated. Now, Whiteley stood in the high corridor of a New York office building, vainly seeking entrance to a closed door. He had arrived there shortly after the lunch hour and at first had knocked politely, even timidly, to gain an audience with the elder gods inside. As time went by his rapping increased in vigor, until at last he was pounding on the door with his fists, and then -- in that unusual burst of temper -- he delivered a resounding kick. The door did not open to him.

There was a quick noise in the corridor behind, and Whitely spun to meet the new antagonist. It was only a mail girl. Her arms were loaded with parcels and her face was creased in wonder, but her pert little breasts stood proud and insolent beneath Whitely's penetrating stare.

"Whadd'ya doing?" the mail girl asked.

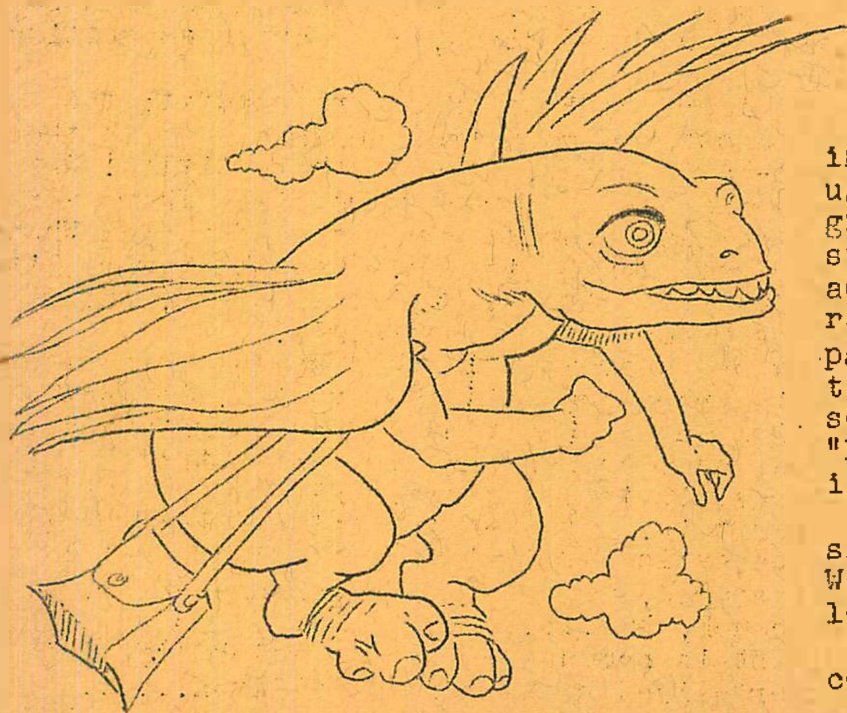
Whitely drew himself up. "I am an author," he announced. "I have come to meet the editor of Deuce Books."

"You won't find him in the broom closet," the girl said.

Whitely's lightning-fast reactions saved him from embarrassment. He tilted his head forward and his second brain slid into gear, analyzing the situation. The double brains grasped the scene in an instant, decided on a course of action, and sent a stinging rejoinder to the already parted lips. "I was merely testing your powers of observation," he snapped. "Please indicate the editorial offices."

"Sure you were," the girl said. "Which one you want? Western, private eye, sports, love stuff, sex...?"

"Science fiction, of course," Whitely said loftily.



The girl snickered. "Jeez! That crazy Buck Rogers stuff." But she led the way down the hall and around the corner, to a tiny office jammed in between the men's room and a freight elevator. Flinging open the door, she yelled at the man inside, "Hey, Perry! Another one of them writer-finks wants to see you."

There was scarcely room to move in the small office, but Theodore Whitely squeezed in and shook hands with Perry LaMarr.

"Ah, a writer chap!" Perry leaned over the desk and sized up the newcomer in a single, all-encompassing glance. "My beard is thicker than yours," he said suavely.

The author prudently held his silence, knowing the power of an editor and recognizing the ploy. He didn't want to spoil his chances of a sale by making a sharp riposte calculated to cut the fellow down to size, and he knew it would be impolite to point out that the thicker beard harbored a nesting sparrow.

"Well, now, old chap --" The editor squeezed down into his chair and waved the visiting writer to a seat on the radiator. "Business, eh? You have a book in the house, I suppose? Eager to know our decision, eh?"

"I just happened to be passing by," Whitely said humbly.

"Of course. We pride ourselves on our quick reports," Perry declared. "Which book is it?"

"TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC MURDER MACHINE," the author said with quiet pride. "I thought up the title on the subway."

"TOM SWIFT AND---" Perry rocked forward, banging his stomach and elbows on the desk. "What? An electric what?"

"An electric murder machine. A humanized robot. A man of steel, with flashing eyes and lightning-like responses."

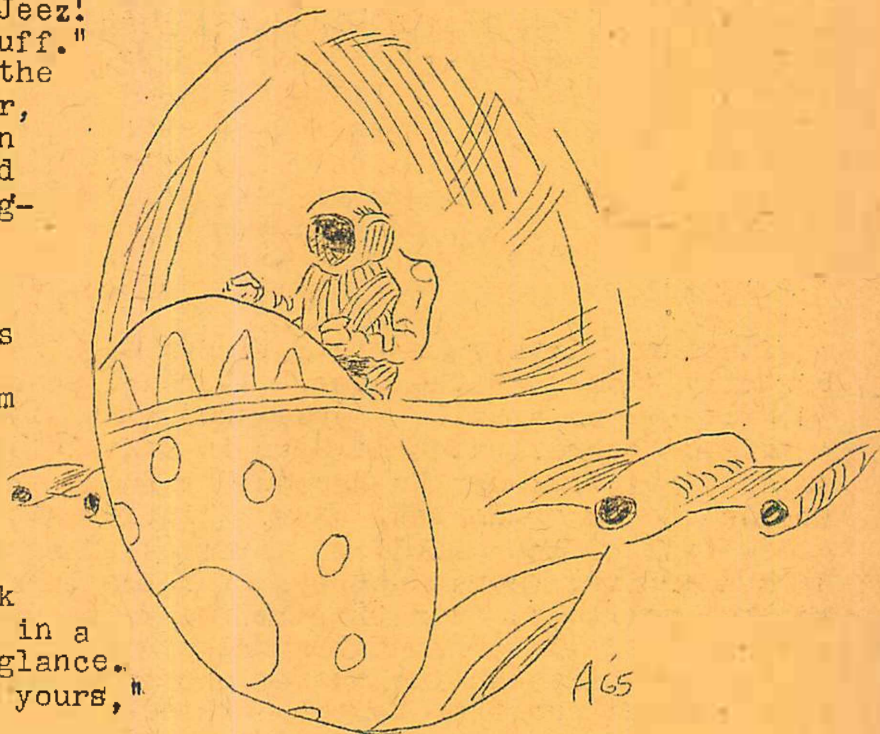
Perry LaMarr shook his head slowly, staring at the writer with pity and knowing him to be the greenest tyro. "It won't do," he declared dolorously. "It will never do. It simply isn't done."

"What's the matter?"

"We simply can't put 'Murder Machine' on a science fiction book, that's the matter. It isn't done. It will be confused for a detective story, and we don't do detective stories in this office." The editor waved a hand toward the adjoining men's room. "Charley Horne handles the detective stories down the hall."

"I'm sorry," Whitely mumbled. "I didn't know."

Perry shut his eyes as if in mental agony, and put his hands to his face in deep thought. He rocked in the chair, inwardly struggling to meet and conquer the crisis. Every fool knew (every fool except the green one perched on the radiator) that a science fiction book needed a good science fiction title to sell. The title had to reach out and grasp the newsstand browser, it had to pull the money from his pocket



before it could be thrown away on trifles like women, whiskey, or Chinese dinners. Books sold because of the rightness of the title, and catchy titles were becoming more scarce every day. Those old reliable words, Space, Future, Worlds, Orbit, Treasury, and the letter X, could only be used so many times and no more. "Murder Machine" was endsville.

Perry opened his eyes to pin down the miserable writer. "What is the story about? Give me an idea, briefly?"

"Well---" Whitely took a deep breath. He had dreamed up the plot while riding to work on his bicycle, and had subsequently memorized it. "A humanized robot named Tumithak Tanner falls in love with a beautiful girl named Honeydew Hoyden, and 270 days later they have a child out of wedlock. Please note the scientifically authentic detail. (Writer's Digest said a little dry sex often helped to sell a book.) In the meantime, the robot has been programmed to function as a murder machine, and so he alternates between bedroom bouts at night and dealing out death in the daytime. He has a laser beam hidden under his tongue, but he is careful to keep his mouth shut while in bed.

"The villain, an unwashed immortal named Gilgamesh, has directed him to assassinate all the members of The Riverside Rats, an evil club organized by Big Giles Habibula to corner the corflu market. In a flash -- back, we learn that Big Giles has stolen the club funds and laid the blame on the innocent treasurer, Walter Gleen. The club blackballs Gleen. Gilgamesh, who happens to be Gleen's grandfather many times removed, is enraged by the perfidy of builds a robot in the form of a man to hunt down the members. The robot murders them one by one; he fires the laser beam by sticking out his tongue.

"Meanwhile, the child is born, and the robot realizes he is more flesh than steel after all. Suffering pangs of conscience, the robot kills Gilgamesh and appropriates the club treasury for his newborn son. Gleen is given possession of the club charter, and sets about rebuilding the shattered organization. The robot and his beautiful wife (they were married by mail in the third chapter) release the bottled-up corflu so that all mankind may benefit from its wonders, and retire to a secret island off the California coast. On the final page, we see the robot building a bigger and better bedroom, while his manchild plays happily in the trees."

"Ah---" Perry said with growing satisfaction. "A tale of revenge."

"Yes, sir. And some other stuff."

"Revenge," the editor mused. "The robot is an instrument of revenge. A steel avenger -- a robot avenger. That's it! What a title. THE ROBOT AVENGER!" A sudden pause. "No, wait a moment. That would violate Asimov's Law. Robot -- android -- yes, yes! THE ANDROID AVENGER. Splendid!"

Theodore Whitely repeated it dubiously. "TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC ANDROID AVENGER..." He didn't care for the sound of it; it didn't ring true, it wasn't sense-of-wonderish. "TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC ANDROID AVENGER. I'm not sure---"

"Who is this Tom Swift?" the editor demanded with quick suspicion. "Somebody you know?"

"No sir, not really. Back when I was a youngster there was a young man who---"

"Out! Verboten!" Perry roared. "It isn't done! We don't use real names in this game; you had better learn that. You ought to know better than use real names in a book."

"But sir, Tom was---"

"I don't care who he was," Perry thundered. "He's out!"

"Yes, sir." The author knew humility and shame.

Catching his breath and a measure of self-control, Perry LaMarr offered the brash new author an explanation. "It's a two thousand year old tradition in the publishing game," he said a little more kindly. "We simply don't flout fine old traditions two thousand years old. Unwritten laws are written to be honored, you know. Let me tell you a little story, let me tell you how it all began."

"I'd be forever in your debt, sir."

"A long, long time ago," Perry said, "a new writer chap named Matthew wrote a little book and used real names, the actual names of people and real towns. He got away with it, sad to say, and other emboldened writers took up the idea. More new writers, Mark, Luke, and John, each wrote books of their own and they used real names just as Matthew had done -- the same real names of people and places!

"Luckily, their books weren't too popular at the time and they failed to gain a decent circulation until they were translated into Greek, and introduced to a whole new audience. But those old Greek publishers knew their business, all right! Do you know what they did, those old Greeks? They changed every name in the original books -- yessir, every one! They translated all those real names into Greek, and when they were done not even the original authors would have recognized them -- if they were still alive, which I doubt." Perry leaned back in his chair to fold his hands over his stomach. "That was business sense, young man. That was editorial acumen to the nth degree. Those Greek publishers eliminated every last possibility of legal embarrassment, you know what I mean?"

"Yes sir. They didn't have \$35,000 to spare."

"Correct! And that was the beginning of our fine old traditions, Mr. Whitely. We honor it today; we worship at the shrine of ancient custom. If you expect to sell here, don't use the name of anyone you know; don't use the names of friends, enemies, relatives, wives, mistresses, creditors, fans, or people in the publishing game. It may not be wise to use your own name."

"I'll remember, sir."

"Good. Now, what was your problem?"

"I stopped by to find out what happened to my manuscript. The one you just changed the title of. Do you intend to buy it?"

Perry LaMarr frowned, and then began a methodical search of the cramped office. He opened every drawer in the desk and then peered beneath it; he moved every manuscript on the surrounding shelves and re-read the notes attached to them; he searched behind the radiator and examined the manuscripts being used as a doorstop; he looked under the coffee pot and inspected the light fixture hanging from the ceiling.

"I can't seem to find it," he said at last and scratched his heavy beard. "Are you sure you didn't send it over to Pikestaff Books?"

Whitely's head came forward and his second brain teetered on the verge of meshing gears with the primary. "I sent it here. I thought only of Deuce Books. I wanted to be a Deuce Writer." His voice was quiet, dangerously quiet.

"To whom was it addressed? Maybe Charley Horne----"

"I addressed it to Mr. Don Daw."

"Daw isn't editing anymore," Perry announced. "Getting along in years, you know. Promoted."

Whitely betrayed surprise. "I didn't know that. Writers' Digest continues to list him as senior editor. What is he doing?"

"Running the freight elevator." Perry motioned toward the wall behind the author. "He was kicked upstairs, you might say." The heavy,



puzzled frown returned to the editorial face. "Look, Whitney, that manuscript isn't here. How long ago was it mailed in?"

"This morning," the author replied.

The door unceremoniously burst open and the mail girl ran in, laden with packages. Whitely stared at her pert little breasts, and then his eyes grew round with surprise as he discovered a familiar orange box among the many she carried.

"There it is!" he cried with anxious concern. "There's my precious manuscript. Where has it been all this time?"

The editor came out of his chair. "Whitney---"

Theodore Whitely snatched the tardy package from the mail girl's embrace and dropped it on the desk before Perry LaMarr. Removing the box lid, he exposed the

first priceless page to view. The title stood revealed in bold black letters an inch high, drawn by crayon: TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC MURDER MACHINE. Below that was the notation, approximately 62,144 words, and finally, the name of the author block-lettered in red crayon.

Whitely pulled a crayon from his pocket. "It will be but the work of a moment to change the title."

"Whitney---"

"Now, Mr. LaMarr, I would appreciate a quick decision on this. I need the check before five o'clock." The author finished the task of lettering the new title and stepped back to admire his work. "I'm leaving tonight with a group of fans for a science fiction convention, and we need the money. What do you say, sir?"

"Take that -- that maledictory, imprecative, and execratory book across the street, that's what I say, Whitney!" Leaping over his desk in anger, Perry shoved aside the mail girl (who had covered her ears) and strode into the corridor, seeking the nearest window. It was open to admit the summer breeze. Perry leaned out and shouted across the narrow street, shouted at a figure who labored in a similar office across the way. "Pikestaff, come and get him!"

Harry Straw, the editor of Pikestaff Books, looked up from his work and discovered the two men in the opposite window. He heard the derisive shout, recognized the familiar figure of an agitated author, and understood the situation at a glance. Harry deliberately drew a cutting finger across his throat, and turned his back. His secretary thoughtfully drew the blinds.

A sob was wrenched from Whitely's lips as his twin brains told him what had happened. Before anyone could stop him, he had hurled himself through the open window. The mail girl screamed, but Perry LaMarr craned his neck to follow the descent with clinical interest. A moment later a frown of disapproval crossed the editor's face. "Uncouth lout," he said witheringly. "Didn't have the grace to splash decently."

BRIEF BOOK REVIEW

by RSC

(Or: When you have this annoyingly little space to fill up.....) THE ZIMMERMANN TELEGRAM, by Barbara Tuchman (Dell, 60¢) is an outstanding historical book. It not only deals with the famous German telegram which helped get the US into World War I, but with other background events of the US drift toward war, with sharp commentary on the general diplomatic incompetence of the Kaiser and his aides and Wilson and his aides. Great stuff.

A DEFENSE:

article by

BUT NOT ALWAYS

ED GORMAN

Ted White's column on editors came along at just the right time for me. I had just finished writing a local children's radio show bid for by several sponsors. The show, as first drafted, was all but sold when the producer panicked, demanded a complete revamping of script and format, and in so doing, lost all of us a nice hunk of money.

Earlier in the year, when I was jobless and freelancing local and regional articles for a living, I encountered an editor who rewrote my stuff for kicks. As an editor he felt he should edit, even if editing proved detrimental.

But, in both instances, I was paid. Sometimes well, sometimes poorly. Sometimes I was rewritten or edited so poorly that eighty cents a word wouldn't have pacified me. Articles, especially the woodsy stuff I was selling, aren't art, but considering the research, the first-hand knowledge of the subject matter, and the slow process of boiling down complicated and dull facts to fluid copy, articles represent Work. So, naturally, I resented anyone who dealt frivolously with my stuff.

Then I had the opportunity to work as an editor for a regional publisher. I took the job without the slightest knowledge of its requirements. Both the publisher and I assumed that since I had sold the company several articles, I could salvage two of their worst stinkers. Both of us were quickly proved wrong.

I didn't last long, but I learned several things, things about "editors" not mentioned in Ted's article.

For one thing, editors work for publishers and sometimes this relationship can be five times the bitch the editor-writer relationship is. Publishers who don't know much often make merciless and stupid demands on an editor, who, bound by contract and salary and conscience, is forced to carry out these demands. Sometimes, editors are merely figureheads for publishers who seek scapegoats. I'm surprised that Ted makes no mention of this fact.

But this isn't the biggest hole in Ted's argument.

First, considering the number of years Ace has been around, neither publisher nor editor can be stupid or lacking in judgment. Ace's timely exit from the original mystery field, for example, showed sure and thorough knowledge of paperback trends and market potential. I have no sales records available but I imagine that Ace double mysteries were still selling well when they were discontinued. The company was simply bright enough to withdraw before getting hurt. Ted would also have to admit that Ace has been very successful in both science fiction and westerns. Sustained success indicates knowledge, flexibility, and accurate timing. This proves the worth of both publisher and editor.

Now we come to the editor-writer relationship, the



one aspect of publishing that no amount of house success can sometimes affect. Writers work hard and need and like many forms of affectionate imbursement. Ted feels that several types of imbursement were withheld from him.

Character names were deleted. A choice of title was not his. Terry Carr rewrote whole sections of the manuscript. Important considerations for a novelist, particularly a young novelist.

Who can fail to sympathize with Ted? Apparently, not even Don Wollheim himself.

Having never met, worked for, or even written to Donald Wollheim, I can't evaluate him as a human being. But, as a reader of Ace Books for more than ten years, I can evaluate him as an editor. Ace Books has been successful in a field notorious for its mortality rate. Ace Books has published the widest variety of writers, sf, detective, adventure, ever grouped into one house. Growing success and stability along bespeak Donald Wollheim's savvy and stature as an editor.

Despite the fact that Harlan Ellison, Ted White and, I imagine, a few other writers, dislike Ace/Wollheim policy, payment, and presentation, Ace remains solid and lively and wide-scoped. Wollheim, then, is in a safe and enviable position.

There is the ethical consideration of writer's rights, of course. But in Ted's case, at least, the consideration is pretty easily resolved. Wollheim has a duty to the publisher of Ace Books. That duty is to see that Ace Books make money. Wollheim has had many years of experience; has learned through time, through mistakes, through success. By this time, his approach seems standardized, formulized. Like any human concept, Don Wollheim's concept of successful book publishing has its quirks, its eccentricities, its prejudices. They are part of the whole, a necessary part if the whole is to function. So, if Wollheim feels that fannish names, references, and innuendo violate professionalism, taste, or marketability, this feeling must be related to the writer who, like Wollheim, is essentially working for the publisher.

Somerset Maugham, a not inexperienced writer, once expressed the belief that a manuscript was like any other piece of merchandise. Once it is sold, the buyer's discretion alone dictates its fate. Wollheim, a buyer/middleman like the buyer/middleman in any other business, buys novels wholesale to retail to the public. He buys the novels hoping to make profit on their resale. If his suppliers dislike his manner of resale they have but one choice, the choice Ted elected; to sell to a different wholesaler.

A few months ago I went to the State Capitol to work on a publicity assignment. While I was gone my wife wrote that she was nearly broke and that our son was sick and needed rather expensive medicine. I had no money to send, panicked, and phoned a publisher who, next to sex, liked rewriting my stuff more than anything in the world. Only occasionally did we agree on a given article's proper slant, length, tone, etc. But I was desperate. I explained my circumstances and tried to sell him on an article idea that both of us found dull and obnoxious. He bought the idea. He bought the idea for three times its normal worth. He also wrote the check to my wife while still on the phone and had it delivered to her personally within the hour. The idea revolved around a publicity project on which I was working and took less than an hour to write. By the time he finished "editing" it read as though it had taken me less than ten minutes.

I certainly couldn't complain. It would have required an ingratitude of which I like to think I'm incapable and, besides, it was his manuscript now, aimed at his magazine as he knew it need to be aimed.

The illness, as it turned out, was fairly serious and, consequently, I owe the fellow a big favor.

Wollheim, similarly, insists that he did Ted a favor by obtaining his publication check for him one month early. If Ted admits this, I can't say I understand his anger with Ace at all. Wollheim proved himself to be a sympathetic human being -- if not, at least to Ted's satisfaction, a sympathetic editor. The first consideration, Wollheim's favor as a human being, should influence Ted's general picture of Wollheim as both man and editor. It would certainly temper my anger toward someone.

Another point Ted fails to point up, it seems to me, is that all the title trouble, etc., was simply one set of values encountering another set of values. Each set was necessarily keyed to a different scale.

Certainly, Ted's frustration and heartbreak over his treatment at Ace was genuine. But so would Ace's frustration and heartbreak over a book that would have sold better had it been revamped been genuine.

Not having seen the original manuscript, I can't evaluate "Ted's" book. But I can Wollheim's. It was easy going, interestingly worked out, and sometimes even fresh. Wollheim, a bit defensively, I think, implied that he wasn't crazy about the book. If he wasn't nuts about AA, I'd be curious to find out what he thinks of the Gardner Fox epics Ace publishes. But whatever he thinks of Fox, he helped make Ted's book commercial -- in Ace terms. Since Ted states in his comments that he found writing surprisingly easy and "a form of income to be looked into", he should realize that Wollheim's fussings about titles, names, slants were educatedly aiding Ted's self-expressed interests.

Another local writer with whom I sometimes work sold his first television play to The Fugitive this past season. He rewrote the script at least seven times, flew twice to Hollywood at his own expense, suffered the ultimate humiliation of being deprived of final script credit (his credit was..."from a 'story' by John Eastman") and not knowing this until the night it was aired. The local newspaper insisted two weeks earlier that he had sold a script. His wife and he provided a lavish dinner for a score of guests. Then, after dinner, gathered with those same guests before the tube, he had to listen to lines he had not written, lines at which other friends before other tubes laughed, lines which, thankfully and ironically, did not carry his name. A winter before I had read the first draft. It was a serious and beautiful play then; far too good for its ultimate home. But still, left with nothing Eastman drunkenly admitted to the departing guests that what he had written, good or bad, was not what Quinn Martin needed. What Martin needed he got -- at the expense of a brilliant script.

Perhaps ANDROID AVENGER, in its original form, approached brilliance. It didn't approach what Ace needed; what Ace bought to overhaul.

Ted White has the makings of a solid craftsman. Donald Wollheim has proved himself to be a solid, craftsmanlike editor. Perhaps if Ted had played down the importance of the unimportant fannish names and references, and, perhaps, if Donald Wollheim had phrased the philosophy of commercial publishing in softer terms, a good stf writer would still be working for and learning from a good stf editor representing a good stf house. There aren't many of any of those around.

"Mention the name Batman, and immediately there springs to mind the picture of an elderly, bearded gentleman, one arm outflung, declaiming his now famous line, 'This will be the place for a future village'....
.....from the Australian magazine WALKABOUT (queer people, these Australians.....)

GRUMBLINGS

Don Martin, West Main Road, Little Compton, Rhode Island, 02837

Speaking of Skyrack, in your review of it this ish you confess to being an Anglophile. I say confess, since it is a confession in this neck of the woods. I might well have been a Tory myself, a couple hundred years ago, as I consider the U.K. to be the greatest nation on this earth, after the US ofA, of course. In fact, I would say that they are the most civilized nation in the world. They have governed themselves (and here I mean government) admirably for the last thousand years. True, they have had occasional idiots on the throne, or in later times as prime minister, but taking them all in all, their batting average is a high one. (Or do they have batting average in cricket?) Government scandals are rare, unlike some English-speaking nations. And before I drop the subject (was that a cheer?), shouldn't the term be Britophile? After all, the Scots, Welsh, and Ulstermen

Davenport 65

are an integral and highly important part of the U.K. At any rate, the only thing wrong with the British is that they are such cowards - look at the way the Luftwaffe broke their spirit.

The reviews of the two Wylie reprints gave me a thought (and thanks, I don't get many). I'll bet that Wylie would be highly insulted if any one ever called him a science fiction author, and yet the majority of his fiction is s.f.; a much higher percentage, I'll bet, than Will Jenkins, for example. Of course, Jenkins just writes stories, while Wylie's work always contains Great Thoughts. And of course you come away from a Wylie story with something you didn't have before - in my case sometimes an upset stomach and the wish that I'd never bought the book.

No doubt John Boland knows it by now, but if not you might pass on to him the fact that S.F. Review is now being published again, as a monthly. I was pretty shook up myself, as he had three bucks of my money, but now all is forgiven. (Though a postcard of explanation would have saved a lot of ill-will.)

Banks Mebane left out one letter in his LoC. Now I'm all confused, but to me it would be "the best of your writers." I certainly don't consider Aldiss, Vonnegut and C. Smith to be the best in the field, but then I'm terribly unsophisticated anyway! I read for the story, not for message or esoteric style. It's a wonder he didn't include Ballard. In most of Ballard's work, the story trips over his precious style and falls flat on its face. Simak and Brunner strike me as being about the best story-tellers today. Heinlein used to be tops, too, until his last few books. There was certainly a message in STARSHIP TROOPER, but it stayed out of the way of the story.

[Aside from the fact that "Anglophile" is the accepted term,

you should read some of the political comments of Scots and Welsh fans, particularly the Scots. If that's integration, the NAACP is on the wrong track. Nothing like a majority of Wyllie's fiction is stf. I don't know how many detective novels he wrote (I only own one), but he wrote dozens of stories in the "Crunch and Des" series for the Saturday Evening Post; those lightweight fishing/detective yarns probably equal the total wordage of his stf. And there were some spy novels as well, plus of course the militant philosophical books for which he gained his reputation. Mebane's letter was perfectly correct; "our" authors refers to members of the stf fraternity (to which you and Mebane belong, as well as the authors). "Your" would have implied that they were my authors, an implication that I might well have resented (and which the authors certainly would have resented). RSC/

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

The arrival of Yandro #151 reminds me that I have not commented on the zine recently -- an oversight which the current issue prompts me in no uncertain terms to correct.

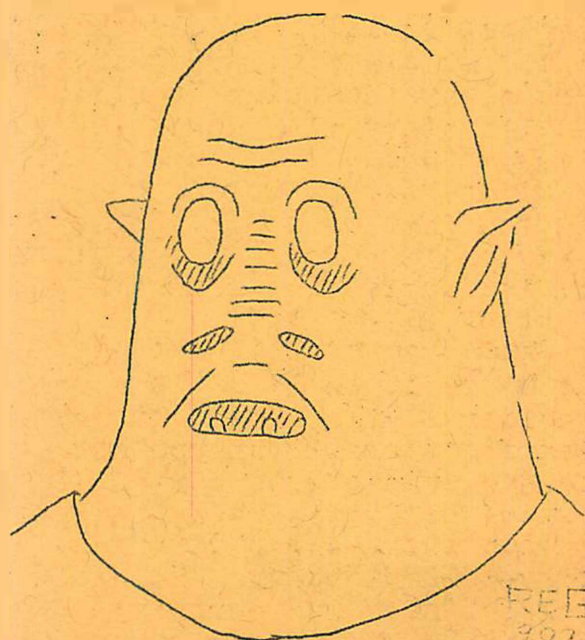
Going first to the lettercol, I feel I must answer Don Wollheim's letter. Good Old Don has added two and two and arrived at five, but to a large extent this isn't his fault -- he had no way of knowing the timing on various aspects of the situation. To take his points in order, however...

I fully credited Don for having allowed me to overstray my deadline and acknowledged my own culpability here. However, I maintain that much of Don's subsequent action has been motivated by a sort of spiteful desire to Put Me In My Place for that breach.

He's absolutely right -- I had forgotten other fannames in the book. Most of them are first-names only, and appear as walk-ons. In his enthusiasm to correct this grave error on my part, Don had names like "Ron Archer" (my own pseudonym), "Sylvie," "Miri," and "Francis L. Town-er" changed. "Miri" became "Marion," surely no improvement, from his anti-fannish point of view. Interestingly enough, "Ron Archer" had been "Bill Donaho" in an earlier draft; I'd made that change myself. I guess Big Bill still shown through too clearly for Don. A shame.

The reason why I did not mention having conned that last \$500 out of Don should've been obvious to you, Buck, if not to Don. The column which appeared in Yandro a few months ago was written back early last spring. Internal references might have pointed this out to Don -- like the mention of my unwittingly collaborating with copyeditor Terry Carr, who, as Don knows, and I found out later, was not the one to edit the book. That singular honor fell to Don's secretary of the time.

However, one day in June I was in Terry's office, and Terry handed me



a copy of ANDROID AVENGER. "It just came in," he said. "Wow," I said, and took it home to read. A few weeks later, my author's copies arrived in the mail. I called up Terry. "Now that the book's published, when do I get my check on it?" I asked him. "We pay out on the 21st," he said. "You'll get your check then." I asked if I could come in and pick it up, since that would be close to when I'd be leaving for the Midwestcon, and I could save the delay of the mail service. Terry said sure, and suggested I mention this to Don, because the checks came through Don. I did this.

The following week, Terry called me up and told me he'd made a bad mistake. It was then still June, and my book was officially a July release. "I never can keep these things straight," he said. "Oh," I said. "Pays on July 21st, huh?" "I'll see what I can do," he said. Later he called me back to say that although Don had started his vacation that Monday, he'd put through the necessary forms and the check had come through.

I'm grateful to Don for discombobulating half of Ace books on my behalf, but I should like to point out that I was not aware when I talked to him that I was asking for the check a month early.

Finally, my "Loud barking attack" on Ace at the Westercon was to request the membership not to buy the Tolkien books from Ace, but to wait for the authorized editions, for which I earned considerable applause. Was you dere, Don?

P.S. Sure, the ending of the book was as I wrote it. After Don insisted that Ace could not use the original ending. If Don wants to make a point of this, I have his original correspondence on the subject.

As long as I'm burning bridges, let us hop over to the Tolkien controversy. Ruth Berman brings up the fact that Ace/Don Wollheim has supposedly offered Tolkien an "honorarium." Bob Tucker sent me a clipping from a newspaper wherein Tolkien's British publisher states that Tolkien had not received any communication from Wollheim or Ace.

Tracking this down, I found that Don Wollheim mentioned in a letter to an American who had written Ace to complain about the situation, that he/Ace was willing to pay Tolkien an "honorarium", and that this American could tell Tolkien if he or she so wished. That appears to be the extent of it, and apparently Wollheim has never at any time made any attempt to contact Tolkien or his British representatives directly.

My own feeling, based on Don's defensive piece in Lighthouse, is that Don does not feel too awfully happy about the situation, is very sensitive to the criticism he's pulled down, but yet is too stubborn to back down. Of course in this case he's largely the front man for Ace Books; the decision to do the books was A.A. Wynn's.

I've written to Ed Gorman in reply to a personal letter from him wherein he switches attitudes on Don Westlake as a writer, but I'd like to mention the point here. My own feeling is that Westlake is becoming an increasingly important mystery writer, largely because he seems to be trying to find his own way in the field, rather'n trying for an older author's mantle. Gorman's criticisms that Westlake merely reversed Chandler are I think unfair -- I doubt there was any specific intention to do that--and when one is discussing Westlake's output one must include his Pocket Book series under the name of "Richard Stark". These have been of varying quality (the latest is quite minor), but one of them, THE SCORE, has been picked up by the movies. We both have the same agent now, and he loaned me a copy of Don's hardcover, THE FUGITIVE PIGEON, which I enjoyed very much. I'll be interested in Ed's reaction to it.

As for Hammett and Hemingway...Hammett brought the objective writing

style to its first peak of fruition, and in so doing paved the way for THE SUN ALSO RISES, and etc. Hammett was successfully using this style in the early teens, and had written all of his books by the late twenties. Hemingway has admitted to reading and admiring him, and I hardly think there need be much question of it.

Hammett hasn't the vivid quality of Chandler, but he was responsible for Chandler as well, and much more directly (so, oddly enough, was early Erle Stanley Gardner). The Hammett style consists of telling the story almost deadpan, but in such a fashion that one feels exactly as Hammett wishes the reader to. It's extremely difficult because he could not do as many writers do and say, "So & so felt thus and so;" he had to show it clearly enough and concisely enough that the reader himself picked this up without being told. Hammett was also a writer of great economy; his stories are finely crafted to use only the exactly right number of words; there is no wastage.

Alex Eisenstein argues a good case, but he made a mistake in trying to defend van Vogt's style. The passage he quotes is far from vV's worst, but he himself points out any number of stylistic inadequacies. The passage in general shares many of vV's characteristic clumsinesses, and I am unwilling to admit that it represents Good Writing in any respect. It seems to me that it approaches the goals Alex finds in it in a very unsubtle, and obvious fashion.

More important, what Alex finds to praise in the passage he quoted is simply vV's sense of pacing. This is not style, it is something else altogether, although it is usually interwoven with style.

Van Vogt was a pulp writer, and as such, he inherited a good sense of pacing. Most of the tricks and effects in his books, in fact, can be laid directly to the door of effective pacing. This, combined with his unorthodox imagination, is what made him an important writer in the field in the forties.

"But what is it about THE WORLD OF NULL-A that excited fans when it was serialized in Astounding? Certainly not the ideas; I think everyone is now convinced that there were no revolutionary ideas in WORLD OF NULL-A."

I wonder if Alex realizes the extent to which he has betrayed himself. The ideas in NULL-A may be old hat now, and perhaps "everyone is now convinced" of that, fact (although I doubt it), but that certainly wasn't true at the time, when the story caused quite a stir, and turned a number of fans on to General Semantics -- which was a mildly "revolutionary" set of ideas at the time...vV didn't really grapple with the heart of General Semantics, of course (just as he didn't come directly to grips with Dianetics in a later novel "based" on that "science"), but he threw out plenty of ideas, and certainly it was the imaginative ideational content of the novel which caused all the excitement.

Indeed, vV often managed to stir up his readers' emotions with the ideational content of his material. There is a strong paranoid streak that runs through much of his stuff -- including the passage Alex quoted here -- that rings bells with a science fiction reader. There was a time when "Fans are Slans" was quite a rallying cry.

But as a prose stylist, I repeat: van Vogt was pretty bad.

Alex brings up some other names in the field, and challenges me with them. Taking them in order:

I mentioned Bradbury as the only stylist (and he is pretty much all style and little else) who has found much recognition beyond the field. He is in school textbooks, and has been the subject of "mainstream" collections. I don't care for him that much myself, but he is our

only real claim to fame.

Sturgeon strikes me as prose stylist with a much more solid backing of content, but he has his fey moments. To best understand him as a stylist, one should read his non-stf, like KING AND FOUR QUEENS or SOME OF YOUR BLOOD. There his remarkable imagination is held more firmly in check, and his writing alone is on view.

Ayjay Budrys is probably the finest stf writer in the field today--except that he writing too little for me to say that he is in the field. He has the overall grasp of content, pacing and style, none of them obtrusive in themselves, all in good balance -- but he has never set himself to a successful major book.

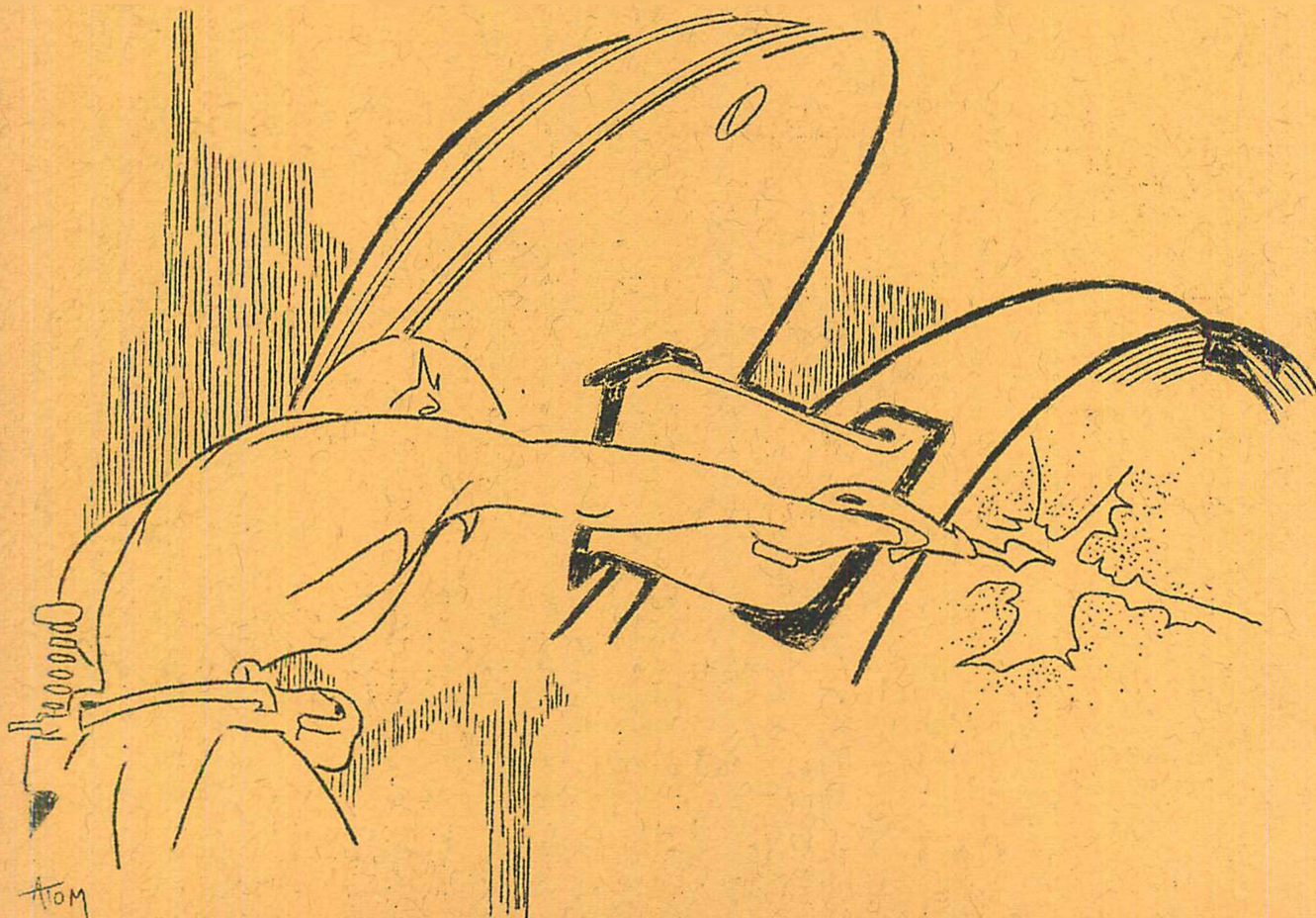
Alfred Bester delights in pyrotechnics, but is both too flashy and too uneven, for my taste. He is much smoother than van Vogt, but actually he comes from the same school.

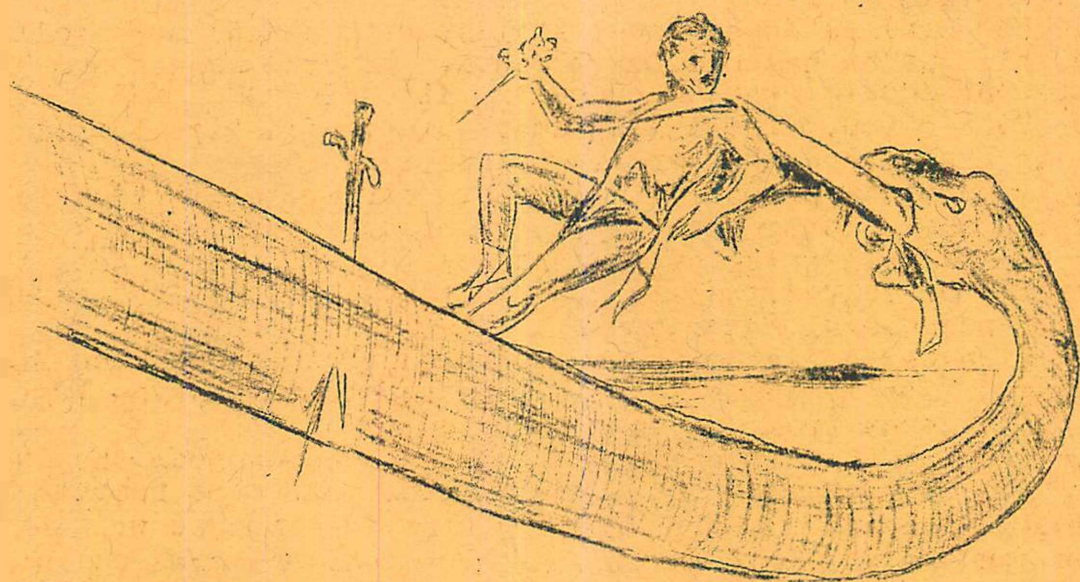
Charles Beaumont, like Richard Matheson, comes from the Bradbury school, and both seem to get more precious, and more removed from the field with each year. Like Bradbury, they've stopped writing stories.

John Wyndham and Brian Aldiss are English, and make use of English traditions. Both have been following the fine old H.G.Wells tradition of catastrophe stories too much for my taste, and Aldiss bores me.

Avram Davidson is potentially the finest writer of those Alex mentioned. His short stories show an exquisite sense of economy and a jeweled precision which is delightful to examine. His novels, as yet, have all been failures as novels, although I think this is only a matter of time; once he masters that form there'll be no stopping him.

Damon Knight irritates me as a writer. He writes coldly brilliant short stories, and his novels spell out no single pattern. THE PEOPLE





MAKER/A FOR ANYTHING is repulsive, while HELL'S PAVEMENT is patchwork. THE BARRIER OF TIME impressed me more than it did most people, and seems to me to point up his tremendous debt to van Vogt. His plotting in both that novel and HELL'S PAVEMENT is quite van Vogtian. But he seems always to want to end with his protagonist becoming unsympathetic, if not openly repulsive. I think this is his reflection of the Milford school's striving to become Respectable Literature.

Allen Kim Lang, I am not familiar with.

Among authors not named, I am impressed by some of James Gunn's work, and I am very impressed by Roger Zelazny, who I predict will be a top name by the end of the decade.

The line I quoted from the Chandler THE BIG SLEEP, "They always do sums up Carmen Sternwood, because it is a way of categorizing her type. Up till now she has been in the background, apparently a minor character. Then she tries to kill Marlowe, and, failing, announces that she has wet herself. Marlowe's observation, succinct and to the point, makes it obvious that he considers her insane...which it is now obvious she is.

Alex appears totally unaware that THE MALTESE FALCON was a book before it was a movie. If he ever reads the book, he will find the movie was perhaps the most faithful adaptation of a book ever made. The book was written by Dashiell Hammett. Ergo, he's proven my point.

As a final note, I would be the last to say that "s-f is the only field of fiction that can produce a sense of wonder." John Brunner's speech at the Loncon this year brilliantly pointed up parallel areas in which the same sense of wonder is stimulated. However, while making the disclaimer that a SoW is always subjective and personal, I think the stf field makes more use of it than any other, although my SoW is stimulated by westerns, mysteries, and historical to a lesser extent, and very much so by "mainstream" fantasies like WIND IN THE WILLOWS, et. al.

[Alex was quite aware that THE MALTESE FALCON was a book; he just hadn't read the book. (See, Alex, I told you...) How anyone's sense of wonder could be stimulated by WIND IN THE WILLOWS beats me; the writing is good technically but it's one of the most pedestrian "fantasies" I ever read. After your explana-

tion of Carmen Sternwood, I still tend to agree
with Alex. RSC7

Robert E. Briney, 176 E. Stadium Drive, West Lafayette, Ind., 47906
A name out of the past turned up in a stamp journal that came the other day: L. Robert Tschirky. He did the dust-jackets for several Prime Press books (THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER, VENUS EQUILATERAL), as well as the interiors for Sturgeon's WITHOUT SORCERY. Now he writes articles on "Spain's Beauty on It's Tourist Stamps."

Van Vogt is still busy cannibalizing his earlier stories. The book ROGUE SHIP was cobbled together out of the novelet of the same name, plus "Centaurus II" and "The Expendables." Pretty soon (one hopes) he will run out of material and be forced to do something new.

I read a book that you recommended (in Y.): Ross Santee's COWBOY. In view of the infrequency with which we agree on books, I thought I was taking quite a risk. However, it payed off. I enjoyed the book enormously, and have now started searching for earlier examples of Santee's writing and art.

I notice another book we agree on: Burgess' CLOCKWORK ORANGE. Us against Avram Davidson!

The feature of Burgess' book that you comment on -- the use of completely unfamiliar words which are fully understandable in context -- is one of things I always liked about another sf book which was published years back: Curme Gray's MURDER IN MILLENNIUM VI. Gray and Burgess were both doing the same thing: describing an alien society from the inside, and making it believable and comprehensible. This is a rare thing in sf.

/I'm not sure whether that 'It's' in the title in the first paragraph is strictly sic, by considering Briney's usually impeccable spelling, I let it stand as some sort of horrible example -- and determinedly muffled my desire to correct one of my pet peeves... JWC7

Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, California, 94301

Whoa now -- You can't class all liberals by saying "To a liberal, the will of the people is paramount unless it happens to go against one of... (his) friends." Some liberals aren't even loyal to their friends... Extremists of all kinds bug me, don't they you?

Can't say I agree with Eisenstein on what constitutes "good style". But then I think it's too much a matter of personal taste to offer much chance for an objective standard. Otherwise, a very interesting article.

Whatever direction, I see Shaw's Feemwlort (WL, but the official mispronunciation is LW) got exactly half. He's an interesting young 'un -- lives just north of here -- and is off to a better start than most. Entmoot #2 is interesting even to a medium-to-lukewarm Tolkien fan like myself. Tho most likely you wouldn't like it any more than the first issue... I must admit I intend to skip the lessons on writing Elvish, and such things, myself.

Watching White take on Ace and Wollheim, and Wollheim in turn get taken on by Tucker, is simply hilarious. Where will it end? Not soon, I hope. (Let's they and him fight?) The lettercol in general is very nicely edited.

/Of course I can class all liberals by saying what I did.

You just don't know me very well. I'm sure that as long as we can keep Ted interested in writing, we'll have controversy. RSC7

Ed Wood, 6553 Green Way, Apt #2, Greendale, Wisconsin, 53129

This letter is not for publication except for the following quote from the Chicago Daily News, October 9, 1965:

Joseph Haas' article, "War over Middle-Earth" has only just come to my attention. The story is substantially as he tells it, but there are one or two points where I think we should set the records straight.

As J.R.R. Tolkien's publishers, we of George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. must flatly contradict, and are authorized by Prof. Tolkien to contradict also on his behalf, the assertion by the editor of Ace Books that he wrote to Prof. Tolkien and tried to arrange with him for some kind of publishing agreement. This was never done at any time and even now no communication has passed directly from Ace Books either to the author or his publishers, and no honorarium has been paid or even offered.

Rayner Unwin

London, England

I venture to add that it could be that both Rayner Unwin & Wollheim could both be right in that Wollheim might have written Houghton Mifflin about the Tolkien books and that they didn't do anything about it. I admit that's reaching for a reason.

Joe Sarno, 4037 N. Kedvale Ave., Chicago, Illinois, 60641

Alex Eisenstein's article was "skimmed" with interest. I was humored by his choice of the word "mundane" when referring to certain types of literature. This is a much maligned word, and I suggest he look it up. He paid Bradbury an honor I'm sure he would be proud of. Speaking of Ray, the surprise of the year was picking up a copy of THE AUTUMN PEOPLE and finding it to be reproductions from the EC versions of his stories.

Encountered Frank Herbert's DUNE, and someday maybe... As to it being the most ambitious book to come out in the field as Bob Briney states I suggest that he amend that to say "In the SF field by an SF writer". Tolkien's trilogy is fantasy-fiction's finest example. But, the little known, and very fine ISLANDIA by Austin Tappan Wright is the epitome of published COMPLETE dream worlds (supplemented by AN INTRODUCTION TO ISLANDIA by Basil Davenport).

I've kinda taken a liking to the style and ways of ee evers.

Billy H. Pettit, c/o Control Data, 2109 W. Clinton Bldg., Huntsville, Alabama, 35805

Re: Boland's letter. Just received Science Fiction Review #39. After a long period of gaffiation it looks like Franson is going to try again. As for your ad, he wouldn't even take mine. I wanted to buy some Mad comic books. Got a short note back saying comic books have nothing to do with stf. I wonder why the difference in comic books and fanzines? The usefulness of SFR is nil with the current schedule. In the path toward total destruction lies fanzine reviews. When they show up you can officially scratch the zine.

Ben Solon: I have seen several proof sheets from the book in question. But until I'm certain that somebody else has a copy, I've no intention of buying. Come to think of it, the last ad on this I got had taken off the words Pre-Publication.

Yellow ink on Black paper. I like it. Why couldn't I think of something like that? Say on my copy of Enclave, it looked like you shuffled the pages after collating. What a mess. I finally disassembled and recollated. Glad to see that Joe is still putting out though. I would like to see a lot more of him and Tom Perry in print.

[On those scrambled pages -- sorry about that. RSC]

Dick Lupoff, Merry Hell, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12603

Y 150, the August issue, arrived here early in October, explaining why there's been something missing in my life lately. Are you going to skip a few months and put Yandro back on schedule by Coulson fiat, or are you going to publish every three weeks or so for a while, and catch up that way?

It's a good meaty issue, anyway, even though the only outside contributor is Ted White (plus the letteriters of crs). Ted writes interestingly, as usual, and although I think he is making a big fuss over a relatively trivial matter, as usual, he does make a pretty convincing case.

Vern Coriell's letter is, as you suggested in your pc, somewhat incoherent. But to my considerable surprise it isn't vicious -- just amusing. Maybe Vern lost all control. Maybe he should have turned the job over to one of his hatchet men. Ah, well.

According to Canaveral Press, EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER OF ADVENTURE is out at last. I haven't seen a copy yet; they came in from the bindery today, at long last.

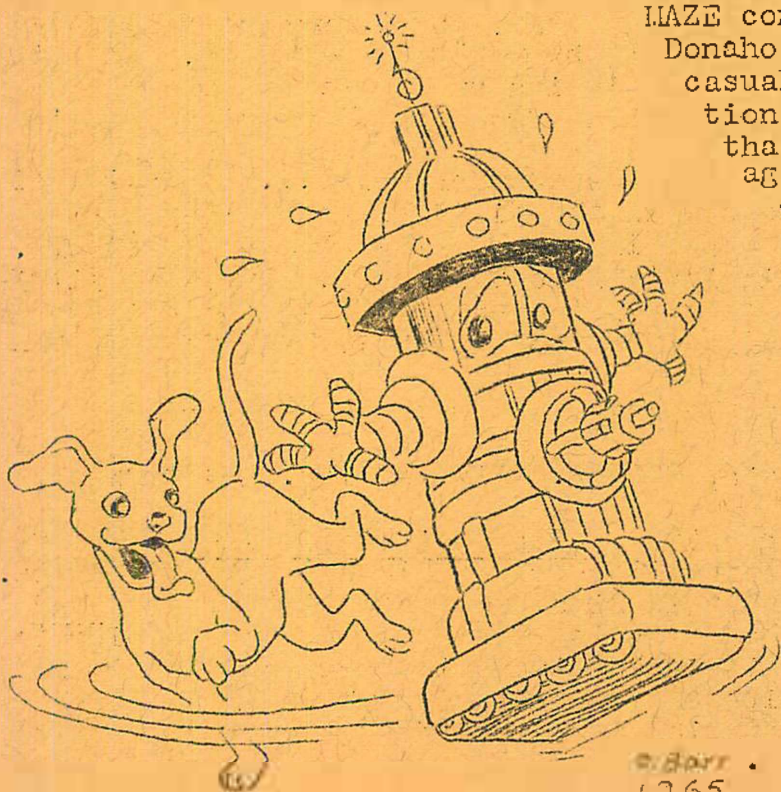
To jump back to Ted's discussion of fanisms in pro books...Avram

Davidson's excellent MASTERS OF THE MAZE contains a funny blast as Bill

Donaho anent the Boondoggle, and also casually interpolates a cartoon caption from a Bob Stewart cartoon

that appeared in Xero a few years ago. Well, maybe it isn't quite excellent, but it's good; it's a far more pleasing performance than Avram's disappointing MUTINY IN SPACE of some months ago. I also understand that ROGUE DRAGON is a good job (...this I know, Terry Carr tells me so) and RORK! looks amusing, but I haven't had a chance to read either yet.

And to jump back to the letter column again (talk about incoherent!), my greetings too to Dr. Dupla. And there is good old Andy Zerbe, ace correspondent, at the top of his form. Louis L'Amour author of Hopalong Cassidy novels? Masked Rider novels?



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1965

I thought that Clarence Mulford wrote the Hopalong Cassidy books. And I dunno who wrote about the Masked Rider, but it doesn't sound like L'Amour's stuff. I wish Pat were within earshot, she's the family western authority.

But I'm surezell that Mulford invented Hoppy. Unless Andy is subtly hinting that he knows something about pseudnyms that the rest of us don't know. Wah, Andy Zerbe never did anything subtle.

/You're getting bitter in your
old age. RSC/

Greg & Jim Benford, Seahorse Inn, Apt 141,
526 Grand Avenue, Del Mar, California,
92014

White's article on Chandler/stf is quite well put, and it's perhaps confirmation of at least part of his thesis that, after the conversation he reports, I did read mysteries (Chandler included) and have never gone back to stf reading as strongly as I did before. I've sold stories to the stf magazines, but now I am beginning to concentrate on mainstream writing, and even have a slight interest in trying to write a mystery-setting short-story.

I liked stf (still do) but, Alex Eisenstein notwithstanding, it simply has less style per average written page than several other fields (though more content). The passage he quotes I'll admit does handle the calm of the man vs the alien's uneasiness fairly well, but this type of ability is about the only asset van Vogt has. His prose is strictly utilitarian, it contains only faint traces of the qualities Eisenstein mentions: how often does vV use "irony and understatement for humor?" (when is he humorous at all?); his sound is neither rhythmic nor graceful.

But there are sfwriters with style; however, none of them climb to the heights attained by the best in other fields. Eisenstein's last point -- that mysteries are concerned with ideational content -- just like sf -- plainly isn't so. A few phrases and ideas turn up, yes -- did anyone claim that only stf has Sense of Wonder? -- but one only has to be passingly familiar with both fields to see the immense difference in the emphasis. And I can't help but remark that Eisenstein really should have read THE BIG SLEEP before he decided on the profundity of "They always do."

Strange...I thought Ted was purposefully leaving out elements he would've ordinarily included when he wrote ANDROID AVENGER, in order to stick closer to the standard Ace style (which I deplore).

Personally, I derive a great deal more pleasure from trying to write with style, to develop characters and create vivid and striking scenes. The plot content is important, but my most common complaint about sf writers is that they have never realized the added complexity a plot takes on, the real suspense created, when a set of valid characters are used. Trying to work out the intricacies of personality and predict the next move of principals is a fascinating game, and readers love to play it if they're given the chance. Most stf just doesn't -- that's why I don't read very much of it anymore.



I'm sometimes surprised at how quickly my ideas about sf have changed since I started trying to write it. By now I don't want to write stories that will be somewhat like the ones you already read in the magazines -- it seems a terrible waste of time. (This doesn't mean I don't end up doing that -- sometimes a treatment goes sour and falls into stereotype.) Ordinary sf isn't worth the time it takes to write it, even if it can be sold. I'd rather write 3 stories that had new ideas or treatments or characters in them, and have only one turn out salable, than write 3 ho-hum types that would have a reasonable chance of selling. Of course, I'm only beginning, and these Brave New Ideas of which I speak aren't Earth-shaking, but maybe things will get better. If not, I'll quit. It means as much to me -- and, perhaps, as little -- as that.

/I agree fully that a lot of stf in the magazines isn't worthwhile, but so far I haven't found very many "new" treatments that are any improvement. (Of course, the only one thatvseems to be catching on is the British "inner space" school, but that one turns out far worse crap than the US hacks do. It has the rare success, of course, but any type of writing has that.) I'm still hoping for brilliant new writers, however. RSC/

Pfc Earl E. Evers, US 51 333 159, 269 Sig Co (SVC) APO New York, NY, 09041
"Ramblings" - Britifien condemning US writers for excessive violence? What about Ian Fleming? The Spillane craze in mystery writing seemed to be dying down a little when along came James Bond and put the Sexy-Gory-Spy-Thriller into vogue to replace the Sexy-Gory-Crime-Thriller. Somehow I prefer Mike Hammer: I'm always exercising too much fannish imagination on Ian Fleming type plots and thinking of the social implications of "Satan Bug" type weapons. I've never heard of a Mickey Spillane character threatening the entire world to settle a personal grudge. Somehow I object to violence in mundane literature but not in SF, I don't know why. Maybe I just don't like it so close to home, it's too much like newspaper headlines.

"Rumblings" - I read an issue of Intrigue and it wasn't really too bad, almost like the old adventure pulps. Oldtime pulp readers might like it for nostalgic reasons. But I can't see anyone buying it regularly.

For once I enjoyed Ted White's column. What Ted ought to do is pub a fanzine supplement to ANDROID AVENGER (which was a miserable book I had a hell of a time reading through, by the way) showing the changes needed to transform it into his originally planned Bob Tucker novel. I don't see why Wollheim wanted the names changed, or why anyone would object to use of an Ace novel as an ingroup joke unless the joke spoils the story. The whole thing is about as thorough a condemnation of the policies of Ace anyone could write short of slander. Well if that's the way they treat their writers, I guess they deserve the crap the writers give them.

/I find both Spillane and Fleming nearly unreadable. I have read some of their stuff, and I suppose I would be able to struggle through all their output if I had a good reason for it, but with so many more entertaining books on the market I can easily dispense with them. RSC/

Bill Conner, Box 29, The Western Star, Lebanon, Ohio

I was surprised to see my long letter about the KKK meeting in the

lettercol of Landro 150. But I hadn't forgotten how bugged I was when I wrote the letter -- sometimes when I feel a masochistic mood coming on, I watch a Huntley-Brinkley news program.

When I watch the H&B show, a little red "tilt" sign comes on in my head every time opinion is substituted for the facts. Believe me, Chet and David do a lot of tilting.

There's an article in this week's TV Guide about "Television's Front Page" -- that's the title. It's all about how "a veteran reporter finds new enterprise and spirit in covering the news." Ha! If this boy is a newspaperman, he's a traitor to the profession.

He mentions that NBC never has editorials and does not allow its news reporters to express opinions unless these opinions are clearly labeled as such. As an example of how Chet Huntley "warned" his listeners that he was about to express an opinion, "the veteran reporter" said Huntley remarked that what he was about to say was "not hard news.

Hard News? Chet might as well save his breath as far as most of his audience was concerned. If Huntley was reporting on a sf con, and had used the word "gafia," it would made about as much impression on most of his listeners. "Hard News" is a journalistic trade term for news that is as free of any editorializing or opinion as possible -- it is the "who, what, when, where" of the news without embellishments.

So Huntley's warning would be lost on most tv viewers, and journalists don't need to be told what isn't hard news -- they should know. No, I'm afraid that Huntley and Brinkley just don't try hard enough to "warn" the average viewer that they are about to express an opinion.

One of these evenings, I'm going to make a scorecard on Huntley and Brinkley and try to see how many times I can catch them expressing an opinion and see just how strong their warnings about it are.

Despite my disturbing experience with NBC coverage of the local Klan meeting, I've regained my confidence in the national press somewhat. I was a bit shook up when I wrote the letter, I suppose. But I still wonder if the big shots in control of the flow of the news on a nationwide level are really able to control their temptation to monkey with the news. Especially suspect in my mind are the television big shots who are in charge of the news.

I have lately conjured up visions of a brave new world where tv news film is shot on sound stages with actors performing whatever action is necessary before a rear-projection screening of whatever background is necessary. This would be a perfect set-up for a totalitarian state. I hope we aren't headed in that direction in this country, but in the editorial pages of the daily newspapers, the syndicated pundits are warning that the two party system is sick -- because the Republican party is sick.

I hope the Republican Party recovers its presentvillness. If there's one thing ANY political party needs, it's OPPOSITION!

It's a shame Ted White's story with fan names for the characters wasn't published the way Ted wanted it published. Wollheim is a dirty ol' pro. I think Ted is a good writer -- when he is writing non-fiction that is. His fiction generally doesn't do anything for me. In fact, I just can't get interested enough in most of his fiction to read very far. As far as I'm concerned, Ted should stick to non-fiction.

Ted knows a lot about writing and is a good critic of science fiction, I find it a bit puzzling why his fiction doesn't appeal to me.

/I wish to hell the Republican Party, or the Democratic Party or some party would produce a political platform that I could support. It's been years since I voted

for anyone; I just try to pick the lesser of two evils. RSC7

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

Hate to destroy your fave illusions, but we liberals have as much relation to your concept of us as u do to the KKK. And furthermore, Barry - oops, Buck - liberals are morally superior to conservatives. Bobby told me so last Sunday. Whenever u are ready to lead the protest agin Red China's role in Vietnam, I'll follow u. Speaking of liberals (?) what has happened to Joe Pilati? Was Enclave 6 the last?/There is another xcint air pollution book that was pubbed about the same date as Carr's. Will check if u are interested. I contribbed a tiny bit to an educational film on smog back in '52./ Uncle Don Wollheim does get in some good licks at the xpense of lovable Ted, but neither comes away smelling like roses./ Agree with Briney on Candy; however, the 1st Passion Flower tome is pitiful. Haven't finished Ghouls in my Grave; yet so far either the translator or the author is sadly amiss./ Reilly & Lee is pubbing all the L. Frank Baum Oz titles in their original format & with the original illos - 14 @ \$3.95 ea./ This ought to grab u; currently playing in Ireland is a musical based on Dracula. Got a good review in Variety.

/Sure, I'm interested in other air pollution books. I doubt that any others will be as entertaining as Carr's, though.

Hmm..."I am the very model of a European vampire,

I learned the trade at night from my illustrious grandsire,

I am suave, sophisticated, and impeccable in attire..."

RSC7

George Barr, 2480 South Fifth East, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106

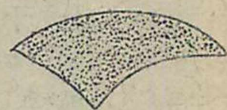
Is anyone else troubled by irrational guilt feelings? Nettie and I, apropos of nothing, were discussing our mutual aberrations. Specifically, those concerning breakfast cereals. I happen to like Alphabits and Frost-ed Flakes. Likewise Nettie enjoys Fruit Loops. I'd like those too, but the name scares me off. My supremely witty friends could never resist a straight line like, "I enjoy Fruit Loops." All of these cereals are for children. Everything says so: the shape, the colors, the fancy flavors, the glittery sugar coating, the darling boxes, and especially the commercials on t.v. That poor little rabbit who can't have any Trix because Trix are for kids, really has my sympathy. What is a poor adult to do when he's hooked on these toddlers' tidbits. How can any self respecting bachelor walk into the neighborhood grocery and justify buying Lucky Charms with Toasted Marshmallow Bits, Triple Snaks with Peanuts, Crispy Critters with Pink Elephants, Coco-Puffs, Coco-Crispies, and New Banana Whackies with banana flavored marshmallow pieces in the whack-whack-whackiest shapes; glotzes, zots, squiggles, etc? I like them. Nettie says she waits until the older kids are in school and the youngers napping and then sneaks a bowlful. But even when I'm alone I feel stupid. I like to eat them at night while watching Johnny Carson. My folks are in bed then, but they still know I eat them. I'm the only other one at home. I'm sure my father must tell the grocer they're for his grandkids. He's ashamed of me.

We wish to thank Banks Mebane for his compliment and suggestion. If anyone else has any suggestions for our little people, we welcome them. The well has about run dry.

/Fruit Loops are sort of habit-forming, aren't they? I took some of Bruce's once when there wasn't anything else around for breakfast, and I've been sneaking them now and then ever since.

RSC7

GOLDEN MINUTES



DAY OF THE STAR CITIES, by John Brunner (Ace, 40¢) Brunner here works the superior-and-incomprehensible-aliens plot, blending elements from William Tenn's "Firewater" and Daniel Galouye's Lords Of The Psychon with a very few ideas of his own and producing a much better story than either of the predecessors. (Fan writers trying desperately to uncover "new" ideas should contemplate this one.) The saucer fans may believe in super-Aryans who step out of flying saucers speaking perfect English, but I'll take Brunner's ideas of what an alien race would really be like. Read this one before the next Hugo balloting; you might want to vote for it. If a better novel has appeared this year, I don't recall it offhand.

PLANETARY AGENT X, by Mack Reynolds/BEHOLD THE STARS, by Ken Bulmer (Ace, 45¢) The Reynolds half originally appeared in ANALOG as two novelets; "Ultima Thule" and "Pistolero". (Or at least, that's what the book says; I'm not sure that "Pistolero" didn't appear somewhere else.) "Beehive", another story in the series, is in the just-published December ANALOG. The story is mediocre; the adventure is nothing outstanding, and most of the characters have been given flashy idiosyncrasies in lieu of personalities. (Except for Billy Antrim, who is lifted bodily from a biography of Billy The Kid.) Bulmer doesn't come off too well this time, either -- a surprise, since he's one of my favorite authors. The story plods, and the villain is never very convincing (which is bad; your hero can be pure cardboard, but if your villain is unconvincing the story flops.) I hate to say it, since I agree with the book's theme that peace at any price is fatal -- but I wish Bulmer had said it in more literary terms.

TANA OF THE LIGHT COUNTRY, by Ray Cummings (Ace, 40¢) This strikes me as one of Cummings' best stories -- meaning that I read all the way through it without once being nauseated. (Mildly disgusted at times, but no more extreme reaction.) The plot is standard Cummings -- beautiful alien princess being menaced by villainous scientist -- but it's fairly short, and the hero isn't quite as much of an ass as Cummings' heroes usually are. If you want to read some of the stf of the early days, this is as good a place to start as any. If you can stomach it, you're ready for more stf classics.

THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE, by John W. Campbell (Ace, 40¢) This is probably the ultimate of the sort of mechanical science fiction which presumably was inaugurated by Doc Smith and ended with George O. Smith. Paragraphs and pages are spent in describing the way the machinery works. And, being by Campbell, it's convincing. Doc Smith's tractor beams, Lens, defense screens and the lot were brilliant gimmicks, but they remained the gimmicks of an inventive author. Campbell's "sunbeam", disintegrator and the like are presented as though they might really work. Campbell's plot is terrible (experimental spaceship is thrown into another dimension, discovers warring aliens, helps the good guys, and comes home) but his mechanical descriptions have probably never been surpassed. If you like this sort of thing, here it is.

SECOND STAGE LENSMEN, by E. E. "Doc" Smith (Pyramid, 60¢) The next-to-last book in stf's most famous series. As a story, it's simply a repeat of Gray Lensman, not quite as well done. (Our hero discovers that he did

not, as he had thought, exterminate Boskone at the end of the last book, so the entire job has to be done over again.) Presumably the last book of the series will show more originality, as happened in his other series, where Skylark Three was a vast improvement over the dead loss of Skylark Of Valeron. But in this one, he's just marking time.

STRANGE DESTINIES, by John Macklin (Ace, 50¢) These true supernatural books must be selling like mad, the way Ace is bringing them out. Barnum's sucker still seems to be getting born every minute. Macklin writes a pretty good book, though I'd prefer it if he really did include "46 true, authenticated accounts" as it says on the cover. Actually, there are 48 accounts, most of them without any authentication except the author's word, and I wouldn't care to guess at the number which are true. A majority are interesting, however.

STRANGE POWERS OF UNUSUAL PEOPLE, ed. by Brant House (Ace, 50¢) And still another one. Being an anthology, the writing here varies considerably in quality; from the matter-of-fact believeability of William Seabrook to the dry pompousness of Eric Dingwall. As the title suggests, this book is not a compilation of unusual events, but a series of accounts of individuals who can -- or who are supposed to be able to -- perform "supernatural" feats. (Joseph of Copertino, who could fly, to Pearl Lenore Curran, who sold novels dictated to her over an Ouija board by a ghost named Patience Worth -- now there's an original way to go professional; some of you fan writers should get in touch with the spirit world.) About half of this one is interesting; one has to pick the articles by the good writers.

TALES OF HORROR, by Alan Riefe (Pocket Books, \$1.00) I'd seen this pulp-sized paperback on the stands and wondered if it was worth the money. Finally Juanita's mother got a copy and I read it and found out. It isn't. The book contains 49 one-page vignettes. I might consider all of them great if I saw them in a fanzine, but only a handful deserve professional publication. The illustrations, including a dozen full-pagers, by Irv Docktor are better, but I'll still take Finlay. If you can pick up a secondhand copy for 25¢ or 35¢ you might try this, but don't pay full price.

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WANTED: Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd, Scarborough, Ont. Canada, says he will pay cash (name the price) for YANDROS #123, 130 and 131.

FOR SALE: "Jack Vance: Science Fiction Stylist" - 25¢ from the Coulsons.

STRANGE FRUIT

Received and noted: YE OLDE OAKEN WINDMILL and DUESENBERG SPLENDOR from Scithers, and an appeal from Bergeron to save John Baxter's non-existent FAPA membership.

THE HOUSE OF THE GAMES #25, 26, ²⁴ (Dwain Kaiser, 1337 No. 2nd. Ave, Upland, Calif. - free, I guess) These are APA L publications, and there isn't a thing of interest to outsiders in them, but he requested a review, so..... if you're dying for sample of apa publications, here are some you can get.

CLUB DE FANTASIA CIENCIAFICCION BOLETIN #2 (Club de Fantasia etc., Calle 2 No. 270, La Plata (B.A.), Argentina - no price or schedule that I can see) Entirely in Spanish. I can't read it, and Juanita doesn't read many fanzines, so it's a dead loss to us. If you want to practice your Spanish, try one. (And a note in more or less English on the front informs me that unless I reply I won't get any more copies, so if you want one, order now; there won't be any future reviews in YANDRO.)

I also got an issue of PANTHEON from Burkhard Blum, but with no price, schedule or address. He's in West Germany somewhere; I'll look up the address he had on his last issue sometime and send him a copy of this review, but I'm not going to be in any hurry about it. When I get a fanzine for review, I expect to be able to find a price and address in it; other wise I figure the editor isn't really very interested, and if he isn't, why should I be? The writing itself is interesting enough; it's mostly political, but at least it's politics from a European view, which is less common than the US fan approach.

TALES OF TORMENT #4¹/₂ (John E. Stockman, 5553 Glenway Ave. (Lot 64), Cincinnati, Ohio 45238 - half issues given free, full issues 35¢) I don't know if that address means he lives on a vacant lot or not..... I'm not even sure if he's real, this being the sort of fanzine the Cincy group might put out as a joke. Assuming that it's real, however, the entire thing is devoted to a fan fiction story about a Burroughs fan convention. Aside from the fact that the editor doesn't know how to punctuate conversation, the story is no worse than most beginning efforts. (The artwork is among the worst I've ever seen.) He also tends to coin words like "collectordom", but I assume that he'll outgrow that in time. You might buy a copy to support young fans (but I won't -- I believe in helping new fans, but there are limits.) Rating...2

G2 Vol.5#1 (Joe & Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave, El Sobrante, Calif. 94803 - monthly - 4 for 50¢) Roy Tackett says this is a fun zine, and it certainly seems popular with knowledgeable fans. Personally, I think Joe's writing is far too close to the overly-homey approach of some used car salesmen. I associate it with phoneyys of all description, and I don't like it. (I am not saying that Joe is a phoney; as far as I know he's never said an insincere word in his life. But the commercial approach annoys me, even when it's just for fun. It isn't my kind of fun.) And, actually, he doesn't write all his stuff in this manner; it's just that he starts off this way, and puts me off immediately, and then drops back into the style often enough to keep me off. Material ranges from science to aviation to Joe's opinion of apas. Recommended if you're looking for something different in the fanzine line. Not sent for trade. Rating...5

ZENITH SPECULATION #10 (Peter R. Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, Great Britain - 30¢ - USAgent, Al Lewis, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif - quarterly) Despite rumors, it seems that ZENITH didn't fold after all; in fact, the editor is talking about a drive to increase circulation and garner enough income to pay for a multilithed mag. (I'm automatically suspicious of grandiose plans, but I wish him well. Everybody go out and buy an issue.) One of the best of the serious fan-zines; material consists of reviews, articles on writers, discussions of trends in science fiction, etc. I disagree with most of the comments -- they're made by the sort of readers who think Cordwainer Smith is great and who sneer at Eric Frank Russell -- but as a rule the material is well written. Similarly, the editorial is entertaining, but the digs at sf collectors are irrelevant, since they all apply equally to the millions of collectors of stamps, coins, comic books, first editions and everything else that people collect. (And 90% of the human race collects something; moss, if nothing else.) Rating....7

POT-POURRI #41 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - quarterly - no price listed) More or less factual humor -- which is the best kind -- plus a movie review, and comments on the last SAPS mailing (said comments including remarks about knocking people's bails off -- I never knew cricket was such a rowdy game.) Rating...7

ALGOL #10 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - irregular - 30¢) There are columns by Ted White, Lee Hoffman and Dick Lupoff (the latter doing an excellent job on book reviews), a story by Roger Zelazny (not pro caliber, but good fan fiction), a definition of the pulps by Bill Blackbeard, an article on book designing by Frank Wilimczyk, the usual letters, editorial, etc. There is also some pretty fine ditto work, which is a rarity these days. Rating....7

LORE #1, #2 (Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle SE, Atlanta, Georgia 30307 - 5 for 50¢ - irregular - co-editor, Jerry Page, ~~103/Palmer/Plaza/NE/ATL~~ ~~14426/14444/14444/30307~~) Money to Burge, comments and contributions to Page. (Hmm; here at the back of the first issue, Page requests that reviews not list his address. I don't intend to erase all this, but just imagine that the address isn't there. This is an entire fanzine (albeit a small one) devoted to the sort of questions on science fiction that Don Franson handles in his column for the N3F, plus checklists and author information. A must for collectors and serious bibliophiles. Rating....6

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #4 (John Boston, 816 South First St, Mayfield, Ky. 42066 - irregular - 4 for 25¢) The best reference for forthcoming books, both hardcover and paperback. There are also a couple of reviews in this issue. Rating....6

THE WSFA JOURNAL #11, 12 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Glenmont, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - bi-weekly - \$1.00 per year) News of the Washington club and East Coast fan doings. Rating.....5

RATATOSK #22 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) A newsletter; get it to keep up with what's going on in fandom (provided you really care). Rating....6

FOCAL POINT #14 (Rich Brown, 236 Mulberry St, Apt. 12, New York, N.Y. - irregular - 3 for 25¢) Another newsletter; complementary rather than competitive with RATATOSK. If you really care about fandom, get both. Rating.....5

SIRRUISH #6 (Hank Luttrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Station Rd, Kirkwood, Missouri) The official publication of the Ozark Science Fiction Ass'n.