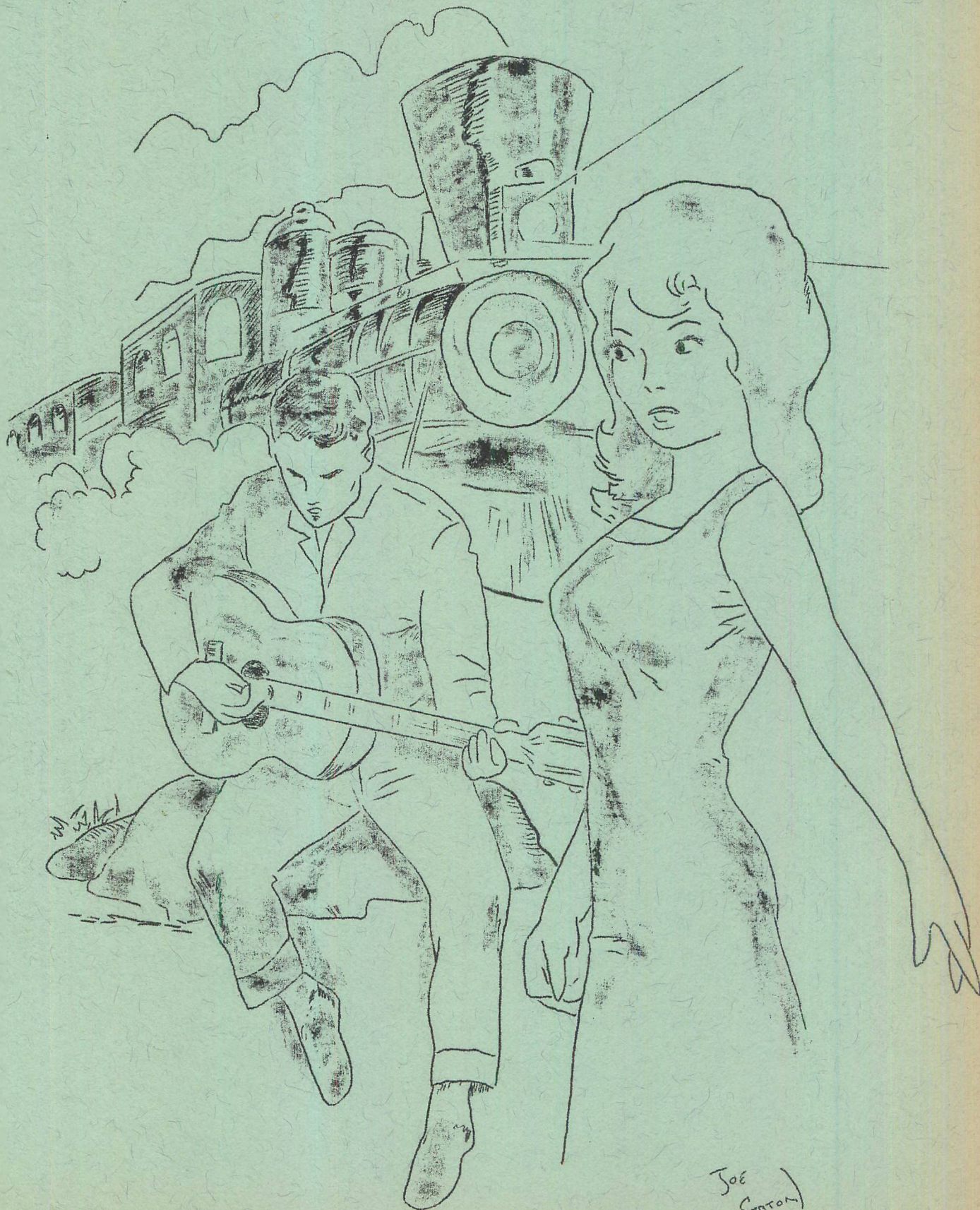


YANDRO

154



Joe
Sinton

YANDRO

VOL. XIII NO. 11

154

Intended to be published
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Cover by Joe Staton

Page 1 by Barr & Nott

Pages 2 & 4 by JWC

Page 6 by Dan Adkins

Page 7 by George Barr

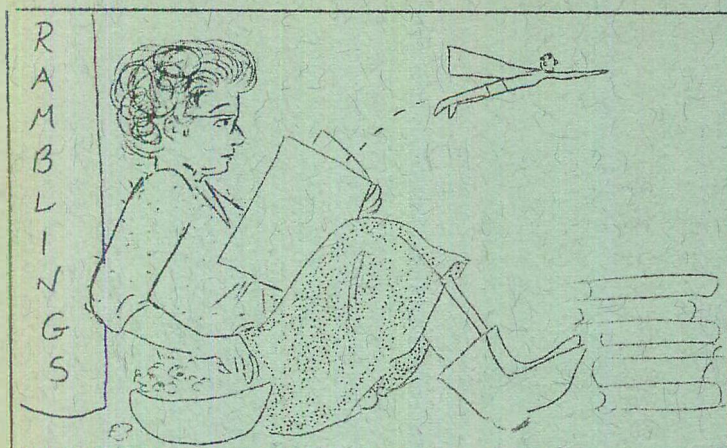
Pages 10 & 11 by Jim Cawthorn

Pages 18 & 25 by Jurgen Wolff

Page 23 by Robert Earnest Gilbert

Page 19 by Nott

Page 22 by DEA



Well, heh heh, folks, this is the December 1965 issue. Yes. It really and truly is - honest Amerind.

And we were going to be all cagey and catch up to schedule and be all relaxed come the new year and all... So Buck ordered paper for this (December) issue in the middle of November, and we set right to work cutting stencils, proofreading, cutting illos and for all practical purposes by

December 12 we were ready to go. Hmm. Still no paper. Aren't they a little late? Give them a bit more time. By Christmas the canceled check showed up from our bank -- but no paper.

We have sent off a request for the company to put a tracer on the shipment and if something isn't forthcoming real soon now (like it's January 7) we start getting real nasty and muttering about mail fraud.....

Sigh. As it is, two thirds of the annish is lying before me, already stencilled. We don't have any paper for that either, but until things get straightened out with that original order, we shall resort to the expensive local supplier (who rarely has the colors we want -- so you will have to struggle along without dog vomit yellow and pistachio lime for a while. Courage).

Otherwise, things aren't too bad (I say, rapping my knuckles soundly on my cranium). I actually won something in one of those myriad fill-out-this-blank-and-drop-in-the-box contests: a transistor radio, which oddly enough was exactly what I needed. Of course, the first prize of \$10,000 would have been even better, but after all.... It's very nice, and a good size, not one of the matchboxes, and so far the original batteries are still in it and performing nicely.

I wanted a battery radio because in the country one is liable to frequent power outages, and the next time a tornado comes through this area I want to know about it -- so I'll be able to be scared. I didn't know about the last one because the power was off; it didn't touch us, of course, but still, one likes to be all prepared to be noble and brave and what not, even if not required.

And my tv went floop (I say "my" because while Buck comes in and watches specials and UNCLE) he insists it's my set and he's only giving it house room to placate me).... a talkative but effecient repairman came out and fixed it without too much difficulty. (We've had it with yanking that thing out of the chassis -- it's worth the extra expense to have someone else get the slipped disk and broken fingers.) And he informs me a new picture tube, which we need, is not nearly so expensive as we'd feared. Expensive enough that Buck's not eager to have anything done until it goes completely, but not so bad that a new set is cheaper.

Christmas was bountiful, mild weathered and enjoyable all around. Bruce got a haul of books, and his requested Man From Uncle gun -- he doesn't Joe Staton's cover this issue illustrating "The Little Black Train", from Manly Wade Wellman's John the Minstrel stories.

play with it much, just takes it apart and puts it back together again. It's sort of a ballistic crossword puzzle.

Among the many fine gifts I received were two enjoyable books: Ever-son's THE BAD GUYS - A Pictorial History of the Movie Villain, and Feiffer's THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES. Both dripping with nostalgia and great fun. The main difficulty with both books is shortness; both need sequels, supplements, or something. And if there's anything to make one feel modern comic book art really might have possibilities as art, it's looking at the excruciatingly crude beginnings. I think that's one of the reasons I always liked Moulton's Wonder Woman; the drawing may have been different, and highly irritating to some people, but at least it lacked the pure sloppiness of many of its contemporaries.

But as Gene DeWeese agreed after we looked over the book (it was a gift from the DeWeeses); he didn't remember those earlier strips as being that bad. Neither did I. But then, as Campbell pointed out, the apples were bigger and the snows higher than, too.

THE BAD GUYS, while loaded with stills, is only an appetite whetter. I have always been attracted to the villains in drama -- the snake has all the lines and the meaty characterization. This book can only hit the highlights. I could quickly devour a whole small encyclopedia devoted to movie and tv villains. Ackerman's Screen Thrills is in the same department, but as regards this field only a canape. I want a banquet of leers, snarls, and "Now I have you in my power"s.

Over New Year's we jaunted northward for a visited with DeWeeses and Grennells -- and wonder of wonders we passed no nutty drivers, no wrecks, and I didn't miss the money basket at the toll booths once... I don't recall anyone doing anything particular on New Year's Eve, except staring in horror at a tv shot of Times Square full of milling idiots tooting whistles at one another. I remember being interested and excited about New Year's Eve as a kid; but once I'd stayed up that late, it rather lost its charm. So? Are all these people cases of arrested development?

Fort Wayne, like many other towns and cities in this area, has been having a garbage problem. After great difficulty they contracted a dealer to pick up the stuff, and then people began yanking their dumping yards and "sanitary landfills" out from under them with injunctions and so forth. I'm not sure whether the collectors brought the garbage back, took it home with them or what.

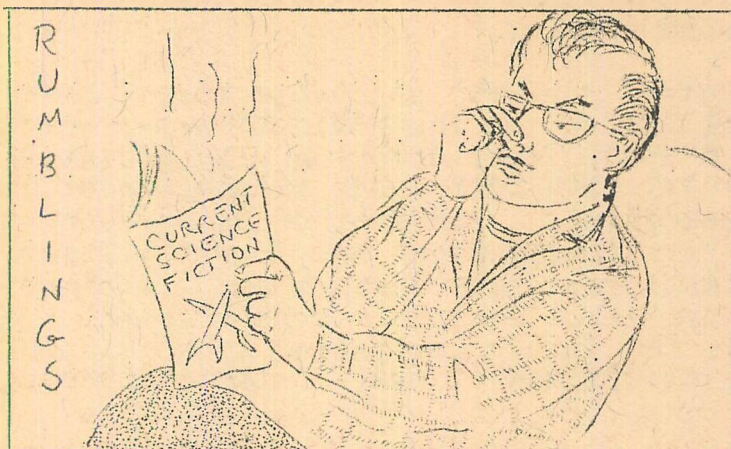
I recall at least one stf story where Terra's garbage became such a problem it was orbited out, and thrown back by ET's. I suspect that possibility is around the corner. We're making too many things that are all but indestructable and unreclaimable. There's just so much squashing and burying a culture can do with broken bottles, tin cans and aluminum foil.

The Fort Wayne garbage collection contractors came before the City Council at great inconvenience to explain their operation of compressing and burying the noncombustibles and how it was all sanitary and sightly and so forth. But still....

Maybe if Mohole fails, we could....do you suppose?

JWC

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Today is Monday, Dec. 13. YANDRO was supposed to be out today, but we are still waiting on a shipment of paper. With luck, this will be out before Christmas.

Carl J. Brandon, Jr., Sällskapsvägen 7, Stockholm 48, Sweden, is interested in obtaining any and all fanzines containing material on Ayn Rand and/or Objectivism -- reviews, articles, discussions, anything. Says he'll pay good money and for anyone interested in selling to list name and issue of fanzine, and the

name of the author of the Rand material therein. Another Swedish fan (or rather, a former Swedish fan), is interested in obtaining the name and address of any firm producing LSD commercially. Send any information to: fil.stud. Alvar Appeltofft, Box 3 074, Halmstad 3, Sweden. Ah, that liberal Swedish climate!

Marty Helgesen (who sounds as though he might have a drop or two of Scandinavian blood) enriched my life by sending along a clipping "from a City College student newspaper": ATTENTION! All Brooklyn girls interested in joining an Established House contact Linda....(with phone no. appended). Marty says this is for a cooperative rooming house or something of the sort, but we know better, don't we? (I'm sure Tucker knows better, at any rate; he knows all about this sort of thing.)

Bill Pettit stopped by a week ago, on his way between Huntsville and Minneapolis. The usual fan conversation, playing folk records, Tom Lehrer records, etc.

A couple of days ago, Juanita got a letter informing her that she had won a portable radio in a contest sponsored by a local packing company. It hasn't arrived yet, but we aren't impatient -- after all, the Hugo hasn't arrived yet, either. (We're still using a sort of commemorative or complimentary plaque that Pete Jackson sent us, in its place. Pettit remarked that this was the first technicolor Hugo he'd seen.)

The Christmas tree is up, most of the presents have been purchased, most of the cards mailed out and a trickle of cards is arriving -- but I still don't feel very Christmasy. I suppose part of it is the weather. I realize that there is a tradition of sunshine and sand at Christmas as well as one of crisp, clean snow -- but I don't associate clouds and drizzling rain with the season, and that's what we've had for the past week or better. Thoroughly unpleasant weather. But I seem to have less interest in Christmas than I did just a few years ago. A sign of old age, I suppose. (Or possibly a sign that I'm really going round the bend at last.)

Bill Bowers mentions a couple of possible Hugo candidates in his article, which reminds me that I ought to run down a list of possibles in the hope of refreshing the memories of the readers. This year there is the largest assortment of good novels that I can recall. Bill mentions Dune, which will probably be the favorite. It has competition, however. Ballantine just issued John Brunner's The Squares Of The City in their 75¢ prestige stf edition. This one should definitely be read before voting. It's borderline science fiction, but it's an excellent novel. The gimmick is that the actions are based on the moves in a chess game; an actual game, not just one Brunner made up. I hope to have an article in the next YANDRO, listing the moves and correlating them with the action of the story. However, the game aspect was overplayed in the novel's advertising; it can be read strictly as an adventure novel, paying no atten-

tion to the chess moves, and, read that way, it's an exciting book. The chess is simply an added attraction. One novel which deserves attention that it won't get is The Weirwoods, by Thomas Burnett Swann, serialized in SCIENCE FANTASY. (It's an awkward length, also; at 113 pb pages, it's on the borderline between novels and short fiction. Until someone corrects me, I'll class it as a novel.) I'm not sure if the pb publication makes Fellowship Of The Ring eligible this year or not; if it's eligible, of course, this is it. A title I'd like to see on the final ballot is H. Beam Piper's Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen. I don't suppose it's really Hugo-class material, but I got so blasted much enjoyment from it..... And I suppose some fans might want to vote for A Clockwork Orange, which might have stood a chance against the lesser competition of other years.

This hasn't been such a good year for short fiction. A lengthy riffling thru my stacks of magazines brings forth some good stories, but no outstanding ones. Best of the lot, in my estimation, are "What Size Are Giants", by Alex Panshin; "Greenslaves", by Frank Herbert; "High Eight", by David Stringer (from Carnell's New Writings In SF-4, another one that doesn't have much circulation in the US); "The Doors Of His Face, The Lamps Of His Mouth", by Roger Zelazny; and possibly "A Stick For Harry Eddington", by Chad Oliver.

Best magazine? A tossup. GALAXY, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, IF, ANALOG, F&SF. Pay your money and take your choice. They all printed good stories in 1965; they all printed stinkers. I'll probably pick one of the Galaxy trio, but right now I couldn't say which one.

Best artist? Kelly Freas or Gray Morrow.

Best dramatic presentation? I didn't see very many, and I can't recall any of them; let somebody else reminisce over these.

Best fanzine? Well, AMRA is still around. NIEKAS has been putting out large amounts of good stuff. STEFANTASY deserves more recognition than it gets. HYPHEN had an issue this year, and has deserved a Hugo for years. And the three that were on the ballot last year are still around, if you are too lazy to read something new.....

Then there's WORM RUNNER'S DIGEST.....

I don't know about you, but that last paragraph was a surprise to me. I didn't realize there were that many good fanzines published in this era of publishing associations and unintelligible mailing comments. Fans used to get into general fandom first, then -- sometimes -- join an apa for added enjoyment. Sometimes they eventually dropped general fandom altogether and crawled entirely into the ~~apa~~ apa. After all, it's a lot easier to dash off 3 pages of mailing comments every 3 or 6 or 12 months than it is to put out a general circulation fanzine. (I think I've done enough of both to know.) But even as lazy an individual as I am -- and I don't think they come any lazier -- can't quite see apa publishing as a way of life. Mailing comments are easy -- but they don't elicit any meaningful response, either. I can turn out 4 pages for FAPA easier than a two-page editorial -- but who the hell cares about them? Nobody -- including myself -- misses them if they aren't present in a mailing. (Whereas if YANDRO is overdue we get all sorts of letters from annoyed subscribers wanting to know what happened and when are we going to get the lead out?) A publishing association is the nearest thing to a mental vacuum that fandom possesses. Nevertheless, it seems to hold a fascination for today's young fans. Half of them seem to feel that the purpose of fandom is to get them into an apa, where they can pen-pal to their heart's content without having to worry about possibly meeting someone new and different. It's beyond me....I'm all in favor of lessening my editing chores, but there are, like, limits.....

And a Merry Christmas to all our non-apa readers, too.

RSC

CHIRPS OFF THE OLD BLOCH

by

JOHN BERRY

I've said often enough in my writings that the figure who inspired me most in fandom was Bob Bloch. He always said nice things about my humour in his Imagination column (it seems decades ago), which caused faneds to write to me asking for material, and it was this reason mostly that I had such a prolific period of producing stories between 1956 and 1959.

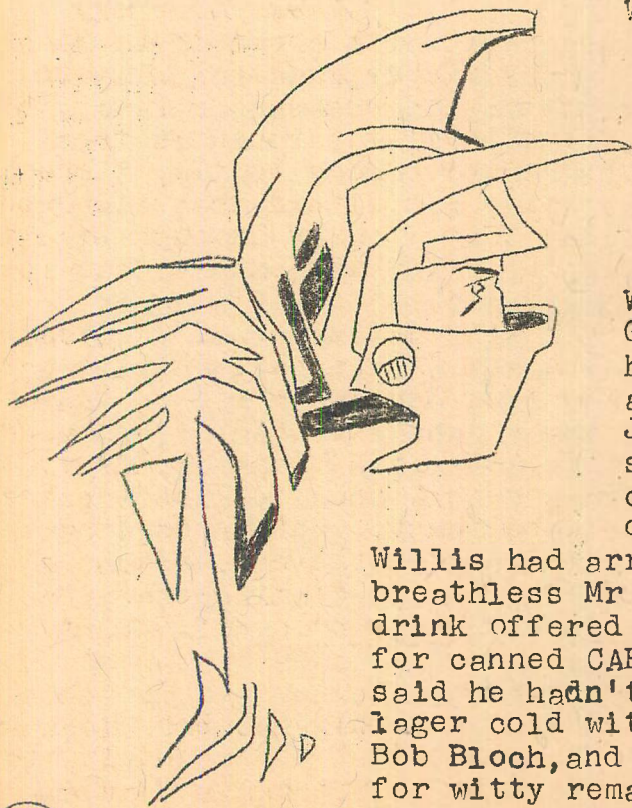
I met Bob Bloch in Detroit in 1959, and once again he was most kind to me. To demonstrate his kindness, without telling me, he wrote to my wife in Belfast saying I was getting on OK, etc. I always remembered this, and although Bob has drifted somewhat from fandom because of his pro commitments, he recently came to Great Britain, and attended the WorldCon in London. Just a couple of days ago he and his attractive wife flew into Northern Ireland for a short visit, and 'plans were made' for a party at James White's house last night, Saturday 18th September 1965. I was at that party, and after twelve hours of heavy slumber, and the rapid application of ice bags and alka seltza tablets, I feel that whilst all the rapid and clever humour still clings to my mind, I should write it out for posterity, so that other fans all over the world can read it and imagine they were there too. For besides Bob Bloch being in full flow, Walt Willis, Bob Shaw and James White (and their respective wives) were also in attendance, and with such an assembly of razor-sharp brains it was little wonder that my head ached in trying to keep up with the repartee.

I'll tell you as much as I can recall through the haze.....

*** **

I was the first arrival at James White's house at number 10, Riverdale Gardens, Belfast...a clean and tidy house, expansively decorated, as befits a pro of his calibre. I chatted to James and Peggy awhile until an agonised screech of brakes outside and a sort of creaking noise as a lamp standard veered over a few degrees denoted that Walt

Willis had arrived with, as it turned out, a rather breathless Mr and Mrs Bloch who gulped down the first drink offered to them. Bob Bloch and myself settled for canned CARLINGS lager, ice cold. James White said he hadn't got a 'fridge, but that he'd kept the lager cold with liquid oxygen. I chatted awhile to Bob Bloch, and at the same time kept my ears peeled for witty remarks which began to flow along too fast for me to comprehend or remember.



Walt Willis asked me to kneel on the carpet in front of Bob Bloch and press my head to the carpet. I was most certainly willing to do this, to show my appreciation to Bob Bloch, but Willis, grinning like mad, said it would be a false salaam.

Bob Shaw said he'd seen a newspaper clipping about a ghetto being founded in a Northern Mediterranean town. He observed that 'Many a Jew word is spoken in Trieste'.

Bob Bloch smirked at this, and attempted to start a sercon discussion about why vehicles drive on the left hand side of the road in the British Isles. Various theories were offered to explain this, the most original being by Madeleine Willis who suggested that it was so a lance could be carried in the right hand to combat an oncoming motorist. Bob Bloch, who it seemed had been hoping for an opening like this, leered at Bob Shaw and announced that "Many a true word is spoken in joust."

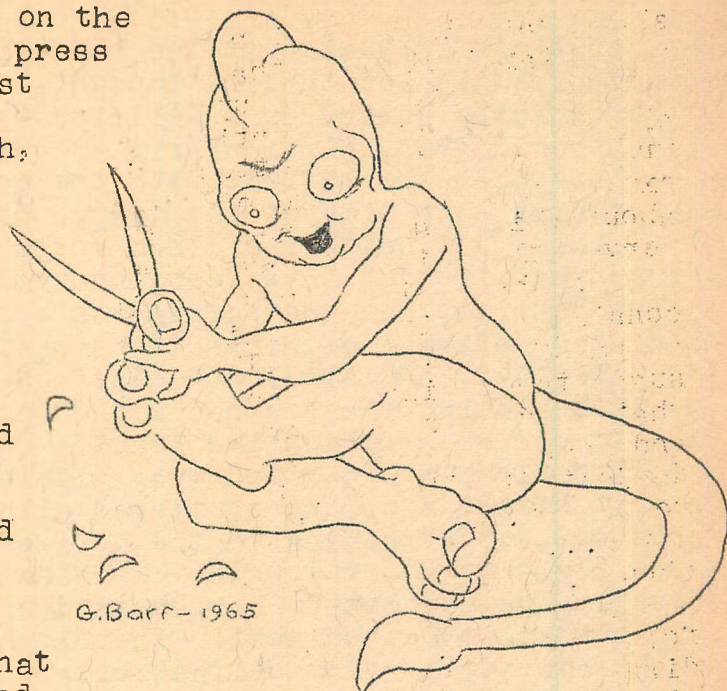
Someone observed that someone else had 'sniggered' at this clever pun, and White suggested that in deference to our American visitors we should show that we weren't in any way prejudiced, and henceforth we should use the expression 'snegroed'.

After an hour of this, and I've only been able to capture a few of the gems, the others commented on the fact that I'd been strangely quiet. Truth to tell, I felt that the standard of conversation was so high and incredible witty that it would be an impertinence for me to intrude. I looked around wildly for something to comment upon, anything at all...I was desperate, and then I spotted a little round leather stuffed seat, and, although it was a dead stupid thing to say, I enquired why was it called a pouffe? Secretly, I'd always wondered about this, and I realised it was a damned silly thing to say in such exalted company, but I had to say something, and I made the excuse that it would be a vehicle for them to pun away at.

From then on, the conversation got completely out of hand. I caught up at one time, when they had hit upon the word 'hassock'. Willis said no, that was a word which described a fighting Russian horseman from the steppes, Shaw said no, that was a word which described a test used by psychiatrists, showing you patterns of blots in a book. Suddenly, Bob Bloch said something. Before I tell you what he said I must point out that it isn't funny. To you it won't be funny. But to us it was sheer genius. We were stunned by it. It is a remark that, taken out of the exotic context of that treasured evening, is meaningless. But to me especially it summed up the brilliant understanding of Robert Bloch. What he said was:

"Pouffe is the French for the Ink Spots."

To me, that brief remark demonstrated that not only was Bob Bloch in complete rapport with these witticisms blasted out at top speed in, to him, a strange set of accents, but also that he had recognised my embarrassment in saying the idiotic thing about pouffe's, and wished to



show that his inclusion of the word in tying up that particular bout of word-play indicated that he thought I had contributed a little to it.

Peggy White served up a delicious trolley-full of eatables, which we all enthused over, particularly Mrs Bloch. The only thing slightly wrong was that the lettuce with the salad was a mite floppy, only to be expected at this time of the year. Bob Bloch quizzed James and Peggy about this, and neither of them would admit to obtaining it. Bloch observed that it must have been 'anonymous lettuce'.

Bob Shaw said he was working on a plot about a planet whose atmosphere consisted entirely of cigarette smoke. He wondered how he could include a sea of beer, and still get his facts technically right. James White suggested sowing the sea bed with hops, but was a little worried about what to use as a fermenting agent. Bob Bloch suggested the Yeast Wind. And then Bloch got carried away with enthusiasm about this original idea. He just didn't stop, he stuttered with impatience as he tried to get the words out...bottleships on the horizon...tankards rolling through the waves...and so on at length. I think Madeleine Willis's was the best, though. She suggested 'carousers down the river'.

Eleven pm came and went. The Blochs had a tight schedule for the following day, leaving Belfast by air for London at 9 am, and then flying directly to Chicago, where Bob had to make an hour-long speech the same night. During the last few moments of the party the talk came round to contraception, which Willis said was a labour-saving device. James White handed round a box of chocolates. Someone asked which were the hard centres, and White said the ones with the teeth marks in them. It was that sort of party.

I got a lift in the Willis car, carrying the Blochs back to Walt's house in Donaghadee for the night. Walt stopped outside my house, and I shook hands with Bob Bloch and his wife. I said that I hoped our paths would cross once again in the years to come.

In this hectic world, where nothing is certain, and incentives have shrunk to mercenary considerations, meeting a gentleman like Bob Bloch again will always be, for me, a shining prospect.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

by Stephen Barr

That good river that flowed backward
when it felt the danger of Babylon
taught the rest of us in the story how to be good
but my father said, "God, I used to love that fanzine."

Animals that knew the way to heaven
wagged at the back doors of every house
when I was young, and fans told neos
the story of fandom, and smelled of corflu.

These times tested the pre-war clocks, and
cold mornings they rang and rang. I haven't recently
seen rivers flow backwards or fans that remember.
The clocks tho, still pursue what they endlessly loved.

More About Space Stamps

from

ANTONIO DUPLA

The reasons for which to collect space stamps are so well and entirely exposed by John (Berry) that only one more can be said: they are easily bought and easily sold, they cover all the range of prices and can easily - and legally - be sent with a letter. Why not adopt them as the international currency of fandom? With the adequate value, everybody could ask for that fanzine that cost 2/6 or 35¢.

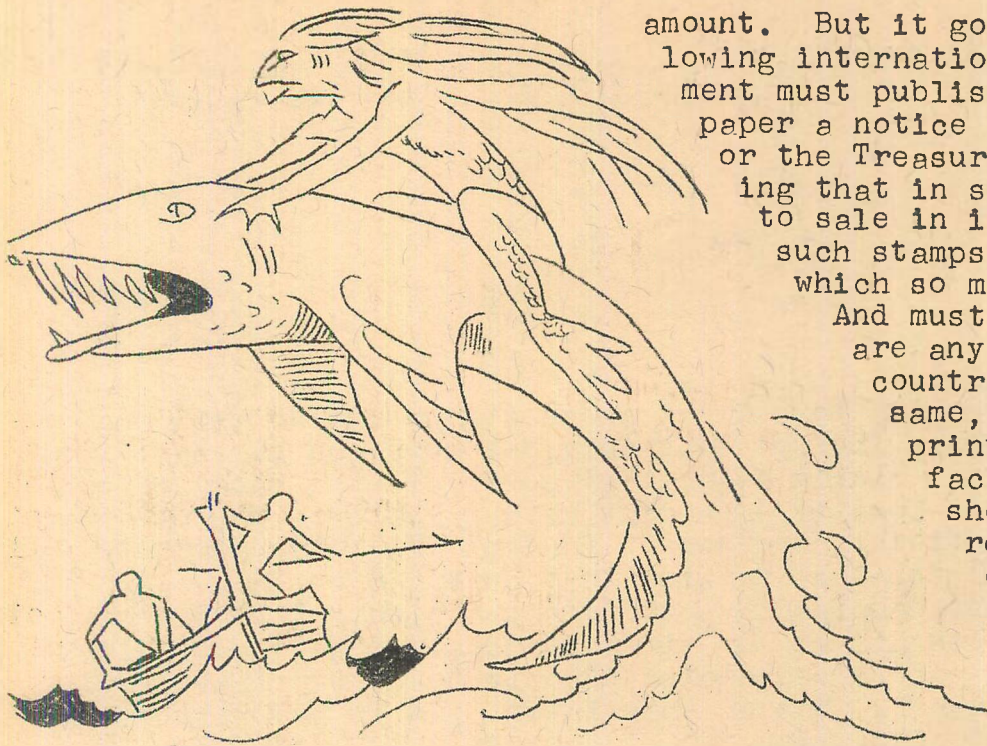
But, as different peoples have different customs, I find some points of difference between his and my circumstances. I have a catalogue - M.S. - published yearly and dedicated only to astrophilately with its associated branches. But of this later. In it are related all the stamps up to the past year and it appears about January. The stamps have their number of the Ivert International Catalogue, photography of the stamp, motive, date and its price (that generally steps up rather abruptly from a year to the other, specially in chosen items). It costs 50¢. And as for following the new issued stamps there is a choice of bulletins and magazines of which mine (choice) is one, monthly, that published exactly the same data, of all stamps of course, but that allows to know which ones are of interest, its price is 10¢.

With this stamps are known and, if there is someone interested in the data, in the catalogue of 1965 with all published in 1964 included there are exactly 1,103 stamps and 74 miniature sheets (of which I have 890 and 22 respectively).

Really the catalogue covers not only astrophilately but three branches: 1) Astrophilately, 2) Astronomy, and 3) Atomistics. And so the doubts of John are solved. The French stamps of Melies, Verne... the Russian and Albanian are 2; the Dominican is 1 and the Mexican is, effectively, of none of them.

Another thing, also cited by John and of real interest, is the matter of the series of "n" stamps of which only part is of the field. With an eye on the possible future rise in value it is better to get the whole series, but only the related ones must figure in the album. As it happens with a Russian series on 1951 whose stamps are of celebrities - it has 16 stamps and only one, that of Tsiolkowski, is of astrophilately. Or, recently, a series of Poland about the advances of the country; it has 10 stamps and only one depicts a nuclear reactor. There are plenty of examples: Hungary with the history of air travel, Monaco with the submarine exploration or that of the Hitlerian Germany, 14 stamps depicting all their branches of warfare with the last a pride of rockets in the air.

Astrophilately has had an explosive boom of which it seems to be growing out. So many people went to collect it that some countries began to publish stamps if not with the 16 varieties cited by John, very nearly, in order to collect foreign correnncy - and not a trifling



amount. But it goes farther. Following international norms a government must publish in its official paper a notice from the Post Office or the Treasury Department - saying that in such day shall be put to sale in its offices such and such stamps of such prices of which so many have been printed. And must be sold while there are any, if so. But some countries, near exactly the same, from time to time print stamps of a high facial value in very short numbers and to round it up, more than once have sold them, in toto, to some strong stamps dealer (mostly of U.S.). With these bullish measures the value skyrockets, so much

so that many people, weary of these abuses, have turned to other branches of philately. To such extent it arrived that a couple of years back the International Society of Philately condemned explicitly the conduct of Ghana, Guinea, Haiti, Mauritania and Togo and gave a stiff warning to Afghanistan, Albania, Dominican Republic, Liberia, Nigeria and Paraguay, ah, and Suriname. With which results is yet to be seen. But, as a measure against that speculation, here and there appears in the catalogue a notice: "There are also printed miniature sheets and/or undented stamps" without more details - as a warning that they are speculative, not deserving to be bought. Because miniature sheets are printed in all or nearly all the countries but sparingly, and only commemorating something special.

Panama and Paraguay have a good -- too much, perhaps -- roster of space stamps, but the prize goes undisputed to the countries beyond the Iron Curtain. Russia the first, but Hungary, Poland, Rumania and Albania not far behind. This is not a surprise as this is a magnificent vehicle of propaganda that moreover sells for a fair price; a view that John perfectly comments is strangely not shared by the U.S. But also appear at the table some strange guests; what have in common the satellites I am unable to see, but there are space stamps, and of the more showy and highly-prized, from Sharjah, Dubai, Yemen and Mongolia, not to speak of every new independent country of Africa.

One word about how to keep them. In a transparent cover upon black cardboard in three (for now) ordinary binders, classified alphabetically for countries and in each of those; searching a pleasant visual effect, but put as I get them. And, poor worker that I am, without any notes.

WANTED IN TRADE: The Tolkien Lord Of The Rings in paperback form. Will exchange mint hardcover Tales From Cavagan's Bar (de Camp & Pratt) plus TREASURY OF GREAT SCIENCE FICTION magazine.

Margaret Dominick, 55 Plum St, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08901

BEAUTY & THE BEAST

review by

stephen picking

King Kong by Delos Wheeler Lovelace, from an original idea by Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper; Bantam Books, 1 October 1965; 50¢; first hardcover edition appeared in 1932, and was published by Grosset and Dunlap.

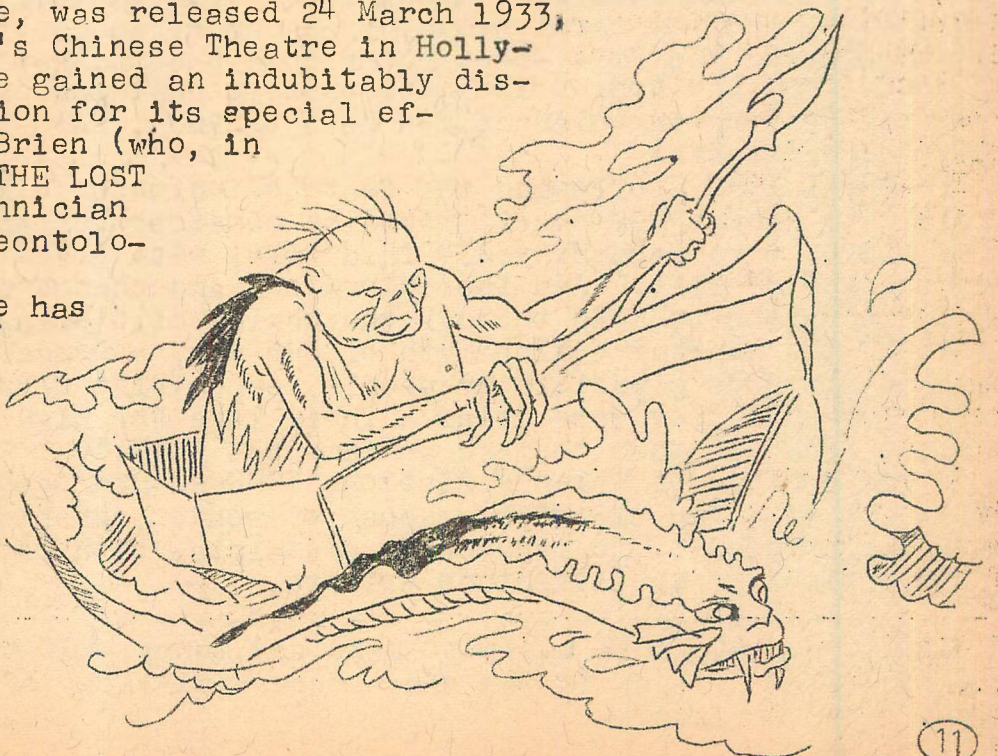
Thirty-three years ago, a rather inconspicuous book appeared from a New York publishing firm, noted for its adventure novels, westerns, mysteries, and general juveniles. The dust-jacket of this one important book read:

"This is the thrilling story of Beauty and the Beast...Beauty...a waif from the sidewalks of New York...the Beast...a monster from the dim dawn of Time itself. Against a background of steaming jungles, haunted by prehistoric terrors...dominated by the mighty "KONG"...Ann and her mate battle through dangers that Man can only dream about today. King Kong claims her as his bride, fights for her with man-eating dinosaurs...wades through the asphalt of primeval swamps to battle three-horned monsters who should have died ten million years ago...then in the man-made mountains that are New York...King Kong finds his dramatic end. Here is a story that has never been told before...a story to challenge all who admit imagination."

The book is an exact novelization of the original RKO screenplay by James Creelman and Ruth Berman, originally published by Grosset. The film, quite well-known for good reason as a science fantasy masterpiece, was released 24 March 1933, Friday, at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, and has since gained an indubitably distinguished reputation for its special effects by Willis O'Brien (who, in 1925, had made THE LOST WORLD), master technician and an amateur paleontologist.

Prehistoric life has long fascinated the imagination of science fiction writers.

Robert E. Howard's Conan stories reflected a yearning for by-gone days of stone-age man, of wild beasts in dark forests, of ad-



venture, and the sword-and-sorcery series of L. Sprague de Camp are other estimable examples.

However, the greatest of the prehistoric-adventure-stf novels was the aforementioned THE LOST WORLD, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (published in 1912 by Hodder & Stoughton, with magnificent illustrations). A tremendously exciting book, THE LOST WORLD is rich with some of science fiction's best characterizations -- Professor Challenger, Lord John Roxton, Professor Summerlee, and Edward Malone, are very likely examples of the more realistic characters ever to have emanated from a writer's mind! The the plot is marked with moving prose, good descriptions (although the paleontology of the method of walking with the dinosaurs is now out-dated.) Carnivorous dinosaurs, like the Allosaur, did not jump like kangaroos, a belief prevalent in Doyle's time, but walked, the tail acting as a balance). Without seeming to submit myself to banalities, I would say that THE LOST WORLD solicits well-earned Sense of Wonder. And this sense of wonder is no less restrained in the 1925, First National production of Doyle's novel (later viewed at Sam Moskowitz's First National Science Fiction Convention, in 1939), and the O'Brien animation, though limited by that time's filming techniques, presented the viewer with paleontologically correct dinosaurs--even down to the last detail of ginko trees--nearly forty animals in all. A most piquant film.

KING KONG, both film and book, has long deserved critical recognition with science fictioners--not only because of its excellent quality, but because of its influence on early fandom, and particularly upon later writers like Howard and de Camp, who, endeavored, with varying degrees of success, at capturing similar moods of adventure. The plot focalized upon Carl Denham, a quasi-soldier-of-fortune who has utilized his talents to produce moving pictures, and leads an expedition to Skull Island to investigate legends of a jungle god named "Kong". The island they discover is inhabited by natives of a once-mighty civilization who, in an effort to protect themselves from the dinosaurs and, particularly, from Kong, erected an enormous stone wall. Following well-written scenes of meetings with a styracosaur (a horned dinosaur, with an enormous frill emblazoned with smaller horns), the flying pteranodon, and the carnivorous tyrannosaur, among others, Denham and his crew bring the fifty-foot anthropoid back to New York...where it is shot from the top of the Empire State Building, after having escaped from the theatre in which he had been trained. And the film is inexorably indescribable.

In April 1963, following the death of animator O'Brien, Ray Bradbury wrote: "I cannot see how it would be possible for anyone to forget THE LOST WORLD, once encountered. This film, with a few others, colored and changed my life. And the coloration and change were completed by my introduction to KONG through the genius of O'Brien...I still believe it to be the supreme action myth of our day, a wonderful blend of the implausible made plausible by people, especially O'Brien, who obviously cared for what they were doing. Their love for high romance, grand adventure, enabled them to make an immortal film."

A masterpiece of science fiction, KONG should occupy each fan's shelf for all-time classics...sense of wonder, prehistoric dinosaurs, have the propensity to rejuvenate nostalgia, both of our childhoods, and of the height of the adventure writers.

"I didn't go into folk music to make any money, but because it was easy."
....Bob Dylan (And it was easy because millions of folkniks have no taste. Bob Coulson)

ON THE VAN WHERE I VOGT

alex eisenstein

I have often walked
Down this street before;
Street of supermen and lunar Nazi fleet before;
/It's gotta rhyme, don't it?/
I don't care if I---
Overburden psi---
That's dianetics...on the street...where I write!
* * *
People stop and stare---
They don't bother me;
'Cause I knew they're staring at my tendrils hanging free;
I don't care if I---
Do not comb them high---
In the style...of the slans...on my street!

/Now someone has to write the chorus./

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MAUD'DIB, OR KILLIKANZAROS?

— article by —

BILL BOWERS

I find myself faced with a most pleasant dilemma. It is the time of year to begin considering the Hugo awards, which--despite their faults--are the way we honor what we consider the best in science fiction. Many times in the past, unfortunately, the choice has had to be made between two second-rate entries. This situation has existed in all categories, but seemingly falls most frequently to the novels. In such instances a variety of circumstances have dictated the winner, not the least among them being the author's "name".

In the science fiction Year of 1965 however, I find a different problem. I have found not one, but two novels which to me exemplify the best qualities in modern science fiction. To someone who would question my addiction to the field; to one who would ask me where to start in fantastic literature; or to anyone who would enjoy a rousing-good story--to all of these I would not hesitate to insist that they read either of these stories. Preferably, of course, both.

I have found that a few of my deeply-rooted convictions are shaken. I believed that "hard-core" science fiction had reached its peak several years ago in Hal Clement's MISSION OF GRAVITY. Just as firm was my conviction that the ultimate in science fantasy had been achieved in Jack Vance's THE DYING EARTH, some fifteen years ago.

There is now a new candidate seriously contending for each of these honorable titles. Both deserve the highest award we can bestow on them. My pleasant but confusing problem?: "Which do I vote for when Hugo time comes 'round?"

* * *

Roger Zelazny has been writing his brand of science fiction for, at the most, four years; Frank Herbert has been around the field for a somewhat longer period. But up until a few months ago, I would wager that neither would have shown up on very many lists of the Top Ten Science Fiction Writers. But now?

That Herbert has put a vast amount of meticulous research into the writing of DUNE (Chilton) is obvious to the most superficial of readers. It is as plainly evident that...AND CALL ME CONRAD (F&SF, Oct/Nov 65) showcases Zelazny's deep knowledge of mythology and Things Strange.

But there is more than mere background and careful preparation that makes these two what they are: lasting literature and effective science fiction. There is--how can I describe it?--a Sense of History that lives within these stories. It is something that can only be achieved when complete unity exists between story and author--and--ideally--reader.

These stories happened to me. They are/were real because, as I read them, I lived them. ...The ultimate suspension of disbelief. It is a feeling that is at once frightening, and yet it is supremely exhilarating.

There is a "sameness" in the effect both authors have on me. Yet this is caused by two books which are outwardly at opposite ends of the science fiction spectrum. I find it strange, yet true, to point to DUNE and then

to ...AND CALL ME CONRAD and say: "I see that they are different, yet to me they are the same!" Before I become hopelessly involved in semantics, it might be wise to admit that despite suspicions, I do not yet know the cause for this frustrating effect. This much is certain however: both stories demand rereading, and not only to solve my puzzle. I believe that these two novels have the one quality necessary to make a work of literature endure. And that is that they have the depth necessary to reveal something completely new and totally important to the reader with each recurring journey through their pages.

* * *

In one way (other than the weight of sheer wordage) Herbert's story towers over that of Zelazny.

Conrad is a man, a freak if you will, who is--for all intents and purposes--seemingly immortal. A freak in his own way, Paul Atreides is probably a mortal being. Logically, the story of a mortal would pale by comparison with that of an immortal. But here the thin dividing line enters in and provides the subtle difference which permits one story to stand above the other.

...AND CALL ME CONRAD is a breathtakingly beautiful story. Zelazny's poetic descriptive powers are unsurpassed. But in the final analysis, it is not a novel. It is an incident--a few weeks in the life of a character unique in literature. Being an incident it does not qualify as a novel because--we are told--this is what a short story is. I cannot conceive of CONRAD as a padded short story, however. Perhaps this is a case where the elusive title of the short novel comes to bear. By whatever label we file it, though, I find it superb entertainment.

DUNE is a novel, a tremendous one, by whatever criteria you judge. Its scope is vast, even though in time it covers but a few years. In many ways it reminds me of Asimov's Foundation series, and yet that trilogy encompassed eras. Whereas Conrad dominates his Earth, Arrakis (Dune) dominates this book and--including Paul Atreides--everyone in it. Conrad was the end product of a race, and as such could have appeared anywhere. But only one world, Dune, could have produced such as Maud'Dib.

...AND CALL ME CONRAD is the saga of a man and his world. DUNE is the story of a world and its children. Inevitably, the story of a world dominates that of a single man, no matter how great he is.

* * *

Almost certainly, in the end, DUNE will endure popularly over CONRAD. It will do this in the same way ON THE BEACH endures popularly over EARTH ABIDES (although the analogy here is certainly not fair to DUNE). This is because reality--including imagined reality--always wins out over fantasy. So very few can comprehend the fantastic.

And therein lies my dilemma.

If awake, I'll vote for DUNE. When dreaming, I'd cast it for ... AND CALL ME CONRAD.

Who knows--least of all I--which state will exist when the Hugo ballots arrive?

"...mail for Mentone, Ind., first hits a sectional center at Rochester, Ind., a dozen miles southwest of Mentone. It travels 190 miles in four directions before covering the dozen miles and often takes four days. It goes to Kokomo, 50 miles south; then to South Bend, 30 miles north, passing Mentone; then 60 miles southeast to Warsaw, from where it goes to Mentone.Milwaukee Journal
(And you think you have troubles with mail delivery.....)

GOLDEN MINUTES

SPACE MERCENARIES, by A. Bertram Chandler/The Caves of Mars, by Emil Petaja (Ace, 45¢) Space Mercenaries is a sequel to Chandler's recent Empress of Outer Space, also published by Ace. Unlike its predecessor, it isn't particularly humorous, being a fairly light-hearted space-adventure story. I must say that the ex-empress Irene is one of the most interesting feminine characters I've run across in sf; one of the few who is capable of doing anything besides looking sexy and getting captured by the villains. (In fact, God help any villains who capture the ex-empress Irene!) Good for an enjoyable afternoon, and worth the price of the book, which is a good thing. I assume that Petaja dedicates his books to Wollheim because nobody else will publish them. Even for a review I couldn't finish this load of tripe. The Caves Of Mars is dull, chopply written, contains inadequate background information, and despite this defect is easily predictable. He has a heroine named Candi, who acts just as you'd expect a beautiful girl scientist to act in a grade B movie.

THE KING IN YELLOW, by Robert W. Chambers (Ace, 45¢) This reprint seems to have been taken from the original 1895 edition, and thus is complete. (Some of the later hardcover editions omitted "In The Court Of The Dragon", a fact which enabled me to get a free copy of MAGAZINE OF HORROR a few months ago.) According to the blurb, the cover painting is based on the cover of the first edition. Apparently my 1899 Chatto & Windus edition used the same cover; the resemblance between it and the Ace cover is striking. The first 5 stories in the book are fantasies; in quality they range from "The Mask", which I feel would be considered excellent if it was published today as a brand new story, to the oft-reprinted "In The Court Of The Dragon", which gave me an extremely low opinion of Chambers when I first read it years ago. There are 8 vignettes published in 5 pages under the general heading "The Prophets' Paradise", followed by 4 non-fantasy stories about art students in Paris. Devotees of Ambrose Bierce might be interested in the resemblance to his war stories in "The Street Of The First Shell", which presumably is set during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Four of the five fantasies are at least partially concerned with an evil playbook called "The King In Yellow", which has the power to cloud men's minds. "The Mask", and "The Repairer of Reputations" could be considered primitive science fiction, if you're that interested in dividing s-f from fantasy. If you haven't already read the fantasies in MAGAZINE OF HORROR, this book is well worth getting; despite one clunker, Chambers was a far-better fantasy writer than most of the pre-Campbell crowd. For that matter, the vignettes and non-fantasy stories are worth 45¢, so the book is a bargain anyway.

THE MAKER OF UNIVERSES, by Philip Jose Farmer (Ace, 40¢) This seems to be Farmer's version of Big Planet, with a brief touch of Kuttner thrown in at the beginning. Our hero is thrown into a strange universe (and a stranger planet -- which is in fact not only strange but impossible) and compelled to journey across vast lands inhabited by various peoples. Farmer handles the varient societies fairly well, but there are times when things are so because the author says so and not because there is any logical reason for them. And that planet not only failed utterly to

suspend my disbelief, but was totally unnecessary to the plot. And while the explanation was logical and had been tipped off a couple of chapters earlier, it wasn't altogether satisfying. It's an entertaining book, but it could have been better.

NIGHT OF MASKS, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) By this time, every fan either likes or dislikes Norton; all a reviewer needs to do is mention that a new book is out. (Not to mention that Richie Benyo reviewed this same book back in YANDRO #141, when it appeared in hardcover.) It's typical Norton; underprivileged hero must thwart villains on a planet with unusual flora and fauna. As usual, it's pretty well done (and for once there is a child in a major role who is neither an adult-minded superchild nor a snotty-nosed brat. Miss Norton seems to be one of the few stf writers capable of depicting real children.) The plot is stretched a bit thin in spots, but it manages to hold together. Entertaining, if not great literature.

THE LAST PLANET, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) Ace originally published this several years ago; it was their 15th stf release. It's one of Norton's better books, still. And those readers who object to her usual run of young, innocent heroes may take more kindly to Kartr, explorer sergeant in the Stellar Patrol of a dying empire. The story is much closer in plot to the typical stf adventure story, with norton-type background information added. This one is highly recommended.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #3: The Copenhagen Affair, by John Oram (Ace, 50¢) This is the best UNCLE book to date; with every book Ace gets closer to the essence of the show, and with another change of authors or so they might make it. The humor isn't up to the level of the show, but then translating the mugging of Vaughn and McCallum to print is a near-impossible task anyway. With a little imagination, the reader could be convinced that this is one of the actual shows -- one of the poorer ones, to be sure, but still authentic. (Bruce thinks all the UNCLE books are thrilling, but I don't think we have too many 8-year-olds in the audience.)

THE ADDAMS FAMILY STRIKES BACK, by W. F. Miksh (Pyramid, 50¢) This, on the other hand, gives exactly the air of the tv show; corny jokes and all. It's hardly adult humor, but the writing is far better than I expected when I got it, and I must confess that I enjoyed every bit of it, from Grandmama's sensational performance as a witch in "Macbeth" through Gomez' description of Benedict Arnold as "a poor, old, politically-unenlightened soldier" to the school board campaign -- "Our School Board Needs New Blood". If you like low-grade humor (and if you don't, why are you reading fanzines?) try a copy.

ICEBOUND SUMMER, by Sally Carrighar (Pyramid, 75¢) I suppose this could be technically classified as science fiction, being fictionalized natural history. However, despite all the blurbs about what great description of Alaskan wildlife the book contains, I didn't much appreciate it. The animals are humanized too much (except possibly for the lemming chapter.) It's too near to Felix Salten for adult reading, and doesn't seem quite thrilling enough for children. Possibly for someone in his or her early teens, or a slightly retarded adult.

CARIBBEAN TREASURE, by Ivan T. Sanderson (Pyramid, 75¢) This, on the other hand (I have 4 hands) is a book that Juenita and I took turns reading at one another. The accounts of animal-collecting in Trinidad, Haiti, and Surinam are witty, informative, charming, and the sort of reading that simply demands being read to an equally appreciative audience. If you have the slightest regard for animals or humor, by all means buy a copy.

GRUMBLINGS

L. Sprague de Camp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, Pa., 10985

Somebody recently sent me a copy of Yandro, XIII, 4. I was interested in Dick Lupoff's piece on pp. 22f, among other reasons because the questions Dick raises were answered - I think pretty definitely - on pp. 485f of INVENTIONS, PATENTS, & THEIR MANAGEMENT, by Alf K. Berle & L. Sprague de Camp, Princeton: Van Nostrand, 1959, being a rewrite of a textbook by Berle & me originally published in 1937. In fact, we discuss what remedies the Burroughs interests would have against a man who published a new novel called TARZAN THE EGREGIOUS, by "Edward Rich Burrows." (Not an advt., but of course if anybody is curious to the tune of \$12.50....) Kaor.

Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blyd, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada

You mentioned Pratt's ELEVEN GENERALS. If you ever hear of another copy let me know. And speaking of US military leaders in the Revolution I remember a book I once read that gave the honours for best US general to Benedict Arnold, who switched sides to the British, and the best British general as Sir Guy Carleton, who went home before the war properly started! It shows the leadership calibre, I must admit.

[Jim Goodrish was on the trail of one for me. Since I spent at least 10 years looking for a copy before I finally got one, I don't expect to locate another one very soon. RSC/

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

Channel 11, Chicago's educational network, recently had an hour and a half of solid commercials. The thing that bugged me, though, was that they talked about awarding a "Hugo" to the best commercial. Somebody look into this -- I swear he said "Hugo" (I only caught the last ten minutes of the show -- and I'm sorry I'm not able to report more).

Doc Savage is still going strong with Bantam; I wonder when someone will put Captain Future in pocketbooks.

Now that it's too late I would like to amend my letter to read: "...have hard-cover editions (period)..."

Long, and long ago; when I was just a fledgling to the in-happenings of fandom, Earl Kemp took me along with the Chi-group to Hamling's house to meet the then un-monstrous Ackerman, freshly back from a world-con in Great Britain. ol' Forry had many things with him of interest ...but of especial interest was a series of around 200 slides prepared by Los Angeles fans for a movie version of Tolkien's trilogy. These slides were split between excellent photos of scenic background shots which suggested the mood of the novel...and slides of various happenings in the book, carefully drawn (Geo Barr, maybe -- or Krenkle) and extremely delicate...and just a



faint, faint memory...

[If they do ever reissue Cap Future in pbs, I'll be a prime customer -- it'll save my battered pulp collection. My collection of Cap Futures is in sorrier shape than Buck's set of Unknowns. JWC]

Bob Briney, 176 E. Stadium Ave., West Lafayette, Indiana, 47906

I won't blame you if you don't believe this (I wouldn't have believed it myself if I hadn't seen it), but: there exists a new science fiction movie called SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS. I saw the preview for it a week or so ago at one of the local theaters. I almost regurgitated my popcorn.

There is also a movie called THE MONSTERS CRASH THE PYJAMA PARTY, which played locally for a day or two ("with Live Monsters in the audience!").

And pretty soon we get DR. GOLDFOOT AND THE BIKINI MACHINE, with Vincent Price (presumably play Goldfoot).

Most of the pastiches of Fleming are not very funny unless you've read several of the original books. However, you might get a few laughs out of Sol Weinstein's LOXFINGER (A Thrilling Adventure of Hebrew Secret Agent Oy-Oy-7, Israel Bond), just published by Pocket Books. (It originally appeared in Playboy.)

Banks Mebane's article in Y152 was enjoyable, though I disagree with some of his judgments. I find Dorothy Sayers' books unreadable, to the same degree and for the same reasons that I find S.S. Van Dine's "Phil Vance" books unreadable. And I know several people (myself included) who anticipated the solution of Agatha Christie's MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD before it was revealed. A somewhat similar gambit (which I didn't guess in advance) was given its definitive treatment by someone named Wilson Wucker, in THE CHINESE DOLL. I have had many hours of enjoyment from the books of Agatha Christie, Ngaio (pronounced "nigh-oh") Marsh, Josephine Tey, Margery Allingham, etc. The books of Tey and Allingham I can read over and over again, for their qualities as novels offset the disadvantage of knowing "whodunit". Another "deadly lady" whom Mebane neglects to mention is Charity Blackstock, who has done some really fine books, such as ALL MEN ARE MURDERERS, THE WOMAN IN THE WOODS (known in England as MISS FENNY), and others.

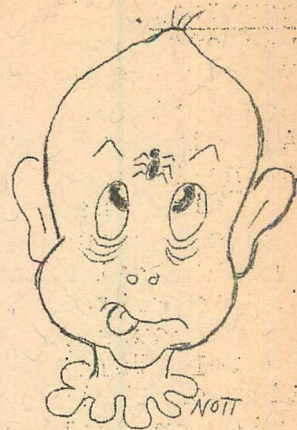
-Incidentally, Margery Allingham's latest "Albert Campion" novel is at least borderline sf or fantasy: it involves ESP.

The U.S. has its share of "deadly ladies", but few of them of stature comparable to that of their British counterparts. However, I find the books of "Leslie Ford" and Elizabeth Linington ("Dell Shannon," "Leslie Egan," "Anne Blaisdell") consistently enjoyable.

In a recent batch of stamps and stuff which I bought, I found an aerogramme sent from Jamaica to England; from someone names J.M. Nethersole to a correspondent named S.D. Barfoot.

Donald A. Wollheim, 66±17 Clyde Street, Rego Park, N.Y., 11374

The most astonishing feature about this Tolkien controversy is the curious nature of the actual protests emanating from the British parties most concerned. In quotes reported from Tolkien himself, his complaint never mentions money, but is always made on the basis of



courtesy. It is not that he stands to lose royalties, but that he was offended by our failure to tell him in advance of our intentions. No reference to money. And the Unwins (there are two of them who have written letters to U.S. newspapers) started with the same tack: Ace did not give the author or his British publishers the courtesy of notifying them in advance.

This apparently is a British upper class gimmick. It would be crude and rude to mention vulgar cash--you aim your published protest on the basis of what boors these Americans were, they lacked the breeding to write a polite letter telling them what they were going to do.

Of course, behind this scream of discourtesy lies the fact that had we told Tolkien in advance, they could have acted to rush out an edition of their own (presumably through Ballantine) a lot earlier and quite probably have beaten us to the draw with the second and third volumes (since we did not start production of those until a month after our first was on sale). This is where the canker gnaws.

Add to that the report that Tolkien, in a BBC interview early in August, said that he would not accept an honorarium or royalties from Ace (and how could he honorably have done so after having put his name to that statement on the BB editions?), then cunning old Unwin and his son write letters a couple months later "complaining" that regardless of what Ace had said of our desires, not a farthing had actually been received. But they took good care not to write a word or a request for same directly to Ace. Having made sure that any offer or check would be haughtily turned down by the duped author, they then sought to bludgeon us publicly for not opening ourselves to their insults.

I must give these British aristocrats credit--they know how to make themselves look like poor pitiful martyrs. It would all be very sad if I had not had a brief discussion with a certain well-known British writer while in London. He told me that when Tolkien submitted THE LORD OF THE RINGS to Allen & Unwin, they refused to publish it unless the author put up his own money to underwrite the publishing costs. In short, they had no faith in the work and they turned themselves into what the U.S. publishing trade regards as the lowest type of publishing, a vanity house. This contempt for Tolkien may well have been carried into the question of the American edition and probably accounts for the original indifference to protecting his rights over here.

I can honestly say that I am genuinely sorry for Tolkien. He is obviously a wonderful talent tucked away in an academic Ivory Tower. What he needed for contact with the commercial world was a tough American-type literary agent. What he got was the impeccably well-mannered modern equivalent of the old empire-builders, who could plunder a kingdom barren while making the dazzled natives think they were being done a favor.

John R. Isaac, 1636 Ferry St., Waukegan, Illinois, 60085

Buck, you are absolutely right on who it is that's buying Cummings' books. It's kids too young to have taste. For instance, my six-year-old son wanted to buy me a science fiction book for my birthday. So what does he select? He picks out THE EXILE OF TIME, because the cover reminds him of some monster or lost-in-space movie he has seen.

What's this that children won't or can't read WIND IN THE WILLOWS? I read it back when I was in third grade, if I remember correctly. And I liked it. The book was part of the third-grade class library, and it seems to me others read and enjoyed it.

Now on the other hand, along about that same third-to-fourth grade

time I tried to read TREASURE ISLAND. I was too young. I disliked the book intensely. As a result the book was spoiled for me. It was many years, until into my high school years, before my loathing for the story faded away and I could finally appreciate the book.

--- Your overall point, however, is well taken. Much of what the general public thinks of as children's fiction should be more specifically thought of as fiction for 6 to 9 year olds, 12 to 15 year olds, etc. Many publishers, of course, do so designate their books in their catalogs and other literature. How accurate this designation really is remains very much a moot point. And the problem is complicated by the wide variations among children.

It seems to me I recall seeing in a fanzine a few years ago that Don Wollheim had said that the reason Ace wasn't publishing Tolkien, even though he would like to, was that Tolkien wouldn't sell well enough to make it economically feasible.

/I can't recall exactly when I first read TREASURE ISLAND, but it must have been at about age 10 or 11, and I loved it. Depends on the child, of course --- but the more recent library surveys have shown a considerable discrepancy between what adults think of as "children's classics" and what the children like. RSC/

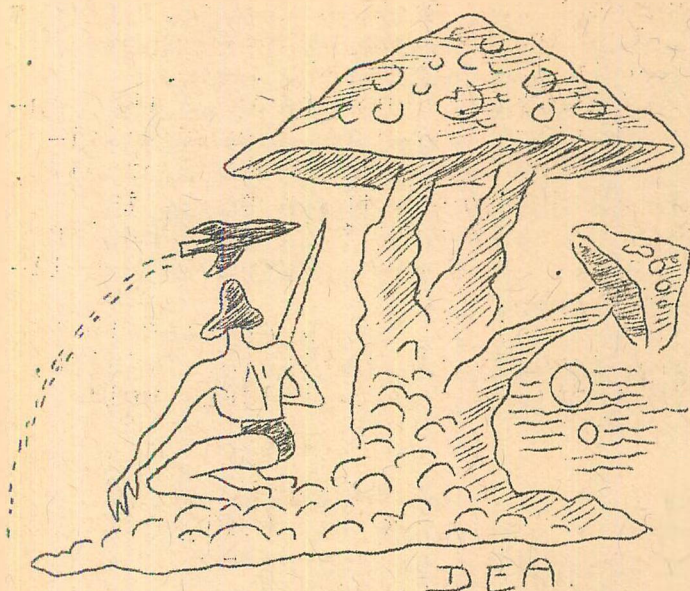
Rick Brooks, R. R. #1, Fremont, Indiana, 46737

Juanita: what is even worse about that Quaker that burned himself up is that he almost left two children fatherless instead of three. If he wants to burn himself up, that is his business. But almost taking his baby daughter into the bargain just about turns my stomach. I liked Banks Mebane's article. Out of the writers he mentions I rather lean to Josephine Tey (especially since she vindicated my namesake, Richard III), John Dickson Carr, and JJ Marric. Marric's Gideon books are very good. I wonder if any of our enlightened group has heard of THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY By A A Milne? Yes, the one that wrote Pooh Bear. It was recommended by Alexander Woolcott, and is a pretty good mystery.

Herb Beach, 315 East Common Street, Waterville, Minnesota, 56096

Second issue of the new Fantastic arrived in the mail yesterday, and all stories but the lead novel which is serialized (3 parts, no less--and in a bi-monthly mag!) by Keith Laumer. I don't think this policy will set too well with most hard-core fans and collectors (numbering, I suppose, around 700-1000), but the other 25,000-35,000 fans and collectors paying customers probably won't mind a bit. And, if this policy will result in a better publication in the near future, I guess I can stand it. Fact is, I don't find the time or inclination to read every story of every sf magazine now; and it's easy to skip the reprints unless it happens to be unusually good. I continue to get all the mags, however; habit is hard to break, and there's always the chance that the minute I'd let a sub go they'd publish something that I'd want to read very much.

I found Ted White's article in the current Yandro interesting to say the least. Here is a fellow with the ability to write good enough to be published; finally completes the story that he contracted for six months late, then, after he is paid for this story; complains bitterly that the mean old editor did him wrong. He's paid to edit books that'll sell; and he knows that the magic name "Frankenstein" in a



title will add extra purchasers to the book. (Even if the extra cash comes from Forry's little monster friends--and, who knows--maybe some of Forry's friends will enjoy the story enough to buy some of Ace's other sf books, looking for the same "new" type of story.

And, as for the Tolkien-Ace-Ballantine fuss, I've purchased the Ace volumes because they were there first. I'll probably purchase the Ballantine HOBBIT as soon as it appears, unless Ace shows up with one first. And, I feel that Wollheim has answered the criticism fairly well in his letter.

Naturally, I'm one of the fans who object to the reprints in Fantastic. Not only do I dislike them printing stories that I've already read, but these weren't very good the first time around. Cohen has a huge pile of crap from the old Ziff-Davis mags, but very few stories worth reprinting. RSC/

John Boland, 2328 47th Street, Moline, Illinois, 61265

Science Fiction Review is back in business. But I doubt that I'll ever renew my sub...not after two letters and many months without even a printed "SFR will be delayed" notice.

The Ballantine Tolkien edition (sorry, I skip around a bit) is almost as atrocious as Ace's. Smacking that ridiculous Houghton-Mifflin seal right in the center of the painting was very unaesthetic of them, say I. Almost as bad as that 007 some mis-begotten swing at NAL is putting on the Bond paperbacks.

There's a third UNCLE book out. I have not the slightest intention of buying it. I can't see what everyone finds so appealing in that idiocy. I like thrillers because they're exciting (and God but it's fun to identify with James Bond), but I don't care particularly for laughing at the whole idea. Now if someone really good (I can't think who, unfortunately) were to write literate (not, I add, Naturalistic) novels based on the CBS SECRET AGENT series, that would be another matter. Those shows were quite well done, and I'm glad CBS has continued their production.

I really got pretty excited while reading Bob Tucker's excerpt from that Goodrich novel. I thought, John, thou needest not fear going unpublished. Then I saw the name of the pubber...part of the Vanity Press Association, if I remember rightly.

Actually, I think "shag" must vary regionally within the old U.S. The way I hear it slung around (in mixed company--student-teacher type mixing, for that matter), I'm sure it can't mean to have sexual intercourse with. I mean, this is a progressive community and all, but...

For some reason--maybe the author's rather poor handling of the sex in book #1--I've never gotten too wrapped up with the WITCH WORLD

books.

Uncle books do not laugh at the whole idea. The authors of those have yet to get the idea. UNCLE as a program does indeed laugh at the whole James Bond mythos, and I quite agree laughter is called for. I do not identify with Bond, or "Miss Galore", as she's euphemistically referred to in the family press, and I find the entire spy-blood-guts-sex-gore escapism a cut below Faith Baldwin in entertainment value. But the International Spycum-Keystone Kops of UNCLE....funfunfun. JWC7

Ben Solon, 3933 N. Janssen, Chicago, Illinois, 60613

I found Sgt R.F. Smith's remarks re the Heinlein-Advent-Panshin fracas somewhat irritating. Heinlein (or any other pro) "owes" fandom nothing, something which a lot of fen apparently haven't learned. Why the devil should Heinlein care what the sf fan does? What has fandom ever done for him. If every fan stopped buying RAH's books--and sold every RAH book they already own--I doubt if he'd even miss the dough. maybe he'd have to stop smoking 50¢ cigars, and start smoking 45¢ers.

To Alex Eisanstein's "Nutcacker", I say "Nuts!". In the first place, Alex, you should know better than to make statements about a book you haven't read--especially about one like THE WORLD OF NULL-A. I could go on for pages about NULL-A (relax, I said could...), but I won't; instead, I'll refer you to the "Cosmic Jerrybuilder" chapter in IN SEARCH OF WONDER. Demon (the "D" is capitalized because it's the beginning of a sentence) knight says everything I would and says it far better than I ever could...I think THE WORLD OF NULL-A is a classic example of Campbell Pulling the Wool over everyone's eyes. Enough.

Secondly, there are damn few sf writers who possess anything even vaguely resembling stylistic mastery: Sturgeon, Bradbury (unfortunately), Avram Davidson, and the rest that Alex lists (although I'm inclined to disagree about damon knight) are about it as far as sf stylists go. Mystery writers, on the other hand, seem to be more polished: who shows more stylistic polish than Roald Dahl (although a lot of his stuff is border-line fantasy) or Dashiell Hammett? Even Ian Fleming has a certain polish about his writing, not to mention Donald Hamilton's Matt Helm--a realistic super-spy: he shoots people in the back...But, I don't entirely disagree with Alex: the mysteries of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler have as much of the Sense of Wonder as a good deal of the best of sf.

I suppose I should get my two cents into the Ace Books-Tolkien hassel: I can't really blame Wollheim for taking advantage of the public domain status of the Ring books, but if he's as interested in saving the Readers as much money as possible, why pray tell did the Ace editions cost 75¢ a head? And why also, are they so cheaply bound, and why don't the footnotes in



REG
904

the appendices (sp.?) match with the page numbers in the books? From all appearances, the appendices were copied directly from the hard-bound edition with no attempt to justify the discrepancy between the hardbound and paperback edition.

James Sieger: As far as I know Tolkien never Heinleined anyone -- not even Don Wollheim. All of Wollheim's dealings were with Houghton-Mifflin, not J.R.R. Tolkien. Furthermore, I doubt that JRRT is greatly disturbed by the loss of revenue from the Ace editions of the Ring books; the thing that is buggin' the Grand Old Man of Philology is the fact that Ace Books never asked him for his okay or offered him an honorarium until after their editions of the Ring books were safely in print. Let's face it, anyone who takes fifteen years to write a novel is not in it for the money...

As for "The Catalog of Collected Magazines" which I mentioned in my last letter, I wasn't dumb enough to lay out the long green, but I happen to know the dealer--one William Osfeld--All Too Well.

Before I forget, (this is a pretty disorganized LoC--par for the course) there's something I want to say about Vern Coriell's letter in #150: Mr. Coriell, I have only my memory to rely on, and as I remember the BOOK BEAT interview, it seems that Cromie made some rather cutting remarks about you; and was altogether somewhat snide--now it may well be that it was only my imagination, but then again...

/Personally, I think one of the troubles with stf is that too many new writers are worried about their style, or lack of it. They spend all their time working on their style, and forget that style is not an end in itself. (This was particularly noticeable in F&SF during Avram Davidson's editorship, and in the British magazines today.)

RSC7

Harry Cooper, 3506 W. Wilson, Chicago, Illinois 60625

I wonder when Mister Wollheim is going to reprint C. T. Stoneham's Kasper books?

I read Edgar Rice Burroughs: Master of Adventure. I think it was very good indeed -- so was Otis A. Kline's Tam, Son Of The Tiger. I saw nothing funny about it.

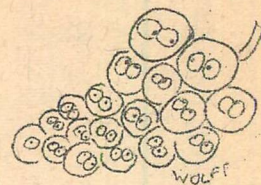
/Well, admittedly it wasn't as funny as it could have been. RSC7

Gene DeWeese, 2718 No. Prospect Ave, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

Why doesn't The Man get on the Hugo list? For one thing, it wasn't that good. It was, I suppose, "gripping", in that it held my interest. But it held me in spite of what was happening, not because of it. Which may not sound too clear -- let's try it another way. I stayed with it for fairly long stretches at a time, but every few pages would find myself thinking "Oh, really!" Not unlike Doc Smith books, in a way. It held my interest but not my belief. Coincidence and unexpected (and unjustifiable) changes of heart by key characters ran rampant. For instance, one of the President's bodyguards is being temporarily seduced to get him to call in sick and let an inexperienced agent take over his post so the organization the girl works for can get in to assassinate the President. In the process of the seduction, however, the agent launches into an impassioned bit of oratory about what a great person the President is, and the seductress has a change of heart and confesses what she is doing in time to allow the agent to dash full speed to the White House and save the President's life at the last second.

Not nearly as good as Davy.

Strange Fruit



TRANSATLANTIC TRADER # ? (Niels Augustin, Jac. Veltmanstr. 30'', Amsterdam-Slotervaart, Netherlands - no price or schedule) Niels is trading all sorts of things; coins, comic books, flints for flintlock guns, Roman pottery, stamps, science fiction, color slides; you name it. If you're at all interested in this sort of thing, get in touch with him. (I'm interested; I just haven't had the money this year.)

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #432 (S F Times, James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th. Ave, College Point, New York 11354 - somewhat monthly - 15¢) The best place to get news of the professional science fiction magazines. They don't get the news out first so much any more, but they usually have the biggest accounts. This issue contains an issue of BARSOOMIAN TIMES, with the latest on Burroughs publications, stapled to it. Rating...6

RATATOSK #23, 24 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) One of the best places to find out what's going on in fandom. RAT is usually a two-pager, covering fan changes of address, brief notices of fan parties and other doings, and occasional professional news. Rating....6

FOCAL POINT #15, 16 (Rich Brown, 236 Mulberry St, Apt. 12, New York, N.Y. - mostly bi-weekly - 3 for 25¢) #15 is mostly devoted to the FOCAL POINT Poll, which I mentioned in the last YANDRO. I don't know about you, but I derived considerable amusement from it. #16 is back to the usual fan news, address changes, etc. FOCAL POINT has of late been bigger than RATATOSK, but it doesn't seem to print any more news (or at least, no more news that interests me). Rating...6

FANXIETY #1 (Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640 - bi-monthly? - 25¢) Extremely light dittoing, which made the thing hard to read. Better stay away from those gray masters, Gregg; the purple came thru okay, and the cover, in purple and red, was not only the best item in the mag, but the most legible. (I may stick that cover up with my folk material, under the title "Froggy Went A-Courtin' ".) Contents include a checklist of Judy Merrill's "Best" anthologies, a review of RANCH ROMANCES by Rich Mann (who is trying to kill off the mag by letterhacking to it), an unmentionable story, and various other odds and ends which might have been interesting if I could have read them. There is also a FANXIETY Game, which I don't seem to understand very well, but then I'm not much of a games enthusiast. Rating...3

MANNDATE #6 (Rich Mann, 327-B Walsh Hall, Grand Forks, North Dakota 58201 irregular? - 10¢) Primarily concerned with the SFPA, but this time there are items of interest to outsiders. One of them is an article on the Flesch ~~Formula~~ Formula, which seems to be a variant of the Fog Index which made fannish discussions a few years back. (I gave up on the Fog Index when it gave results to the effect that I couldn't understand my own editorials.) Flesch seems more concerned with classifying styles of writing, rather than with the amount of education required to understand each style. Rich tells how he recruited a femmefan by a letter to RANCH ROMANCES and has several pages of mailing comments; interesting if viewed as a sort of long, disjointed editorial. Rating....3

THE EGOIST #1 (Carl J. Brandon, Jr., Sällskapsvägen 7, Stockholm 48, Sweden - irregular - for trade, contribution, or letters of comment) Main trouble with this, from my viewpoint, is that it's largely concerned with Ayn Rand's Objectivist philosophy. It's not that I have violent objections to Objectivism; it's just that I am totally uninterested in fannish bull-sessions on philosophy. (Or professional bull-sessions on philosophy, for that matter; the entire subject bores the hell out of me.) If you're interested, this is an excellent fanzine, well-written and well-produced. I can't rate it; sorry, Carl. It wouldn't be fair to give it a low rating, and I'm damned if I'll give a high one to a fanzine that doesn't interest me. I can certainly recommend it highly to philosophically-inclined fans.

ERGO SUM #38 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada quarterly - free) Which means, of course, free for comment. Paul mentions that trades will be accepted only if they contain comments on or reviews of ERGO SUM. The mag is an expanded version of DIFFERENTIAL; the same type of material, only more of it. I'm always fond of the newspaper headlines he runs across ("Judge Clears Pigeon of Indecent Assault" -- Raeburn and dogs, Wyszowski and pigeons.) There are a couple of little items that I shall have to disagree with in a letter if I can find the time, a story I actually enjoyed, and various editorial comments. Attached to it was an article of somewhat ghoulish nostalgia by someone named D.T.P. Sears -- everyone in Canada seems to have 4 or 5 names. Well-written, but I'm suspicious of it. DTPS probably stands for something humorous in Wyszowski's life.

Rating....6

FAN SLANT #1 (Paul E. Hemmes, 1358 Waukazoo Dr., Holland, Mich. 49423 - no schedule listed - 25¢) Elinor Poland has a poem made out of the titles of Asimov's books; an interesting idea, tho the meter is a little strained in the last verse. There's a rather odd article by Seth Johnson, fiction by Les Sample, and a long "interview" with Stan Woolston. The latter points up the weaknesses of all such interviews; the questions are so generalized that the answers must be too generalized to be of much value. (And even where the questions can be answered specifically, Stan is much too nice a guy to go around insulting people by listing them as horrible examples. I don't blame him; I probably wouldn't do it myself for an article for someone else's fanzine. If I'm going to insult people, I'll do it in YANDRO.) To get any value out of things like this, you must avoid interviewing a professional author (who is trying to produce a good image of himself so he can sell more books) or a fan like Woolston, who is out to promote good feelings toward the NSF. (You need someone like Ted White, who says what he thinks and damn the consequences.)

Rating...3½

THE SOLARITE #4 (John Boland, 2328 47th. St., Moline, Illinois 61265 - 25¢ - quarterly or irregular, take your choice) This is devoted primarily to fan fiction. If you don't like fan fiction, stay away from it; if you think more fan fiction should be published (don't laugh; there are such people), then this one is for you. In addition there are fantasy film reviews by Tom Dupree, and letters.

Rating...3

HYDRA #6 (Pete Campbell, 15 Wilson St., Workington, Cumberland, Great Britain - irregular - 5/0, or about 75¢, per year) Concerned with science, a review of Taylor Caldwell's Devil's Advocate which isn't as devastating as Damon Knight's was some years back but has its moments, an idea for a new stf plot, and international friendship.

Rating...5

"Expense incurred in development of an optimum malfunction isolation procedure will exceed the savings realized by application of the said procedure in light of the anticipated quantities of failures." (from a government technical publication, as reported by Gene DeWeese)

WENDIGO #2 (Gina Clarke, 9 Bancroft, Aylmer E, Quebec, Canada - irregular - for trade or comment) I keep wondering how jazz fans manage to put out such an interesting fanzine. Just luck, I guess. And the fact that Gina has as much of an addiction toward odd newspaper headlines, nutty radio and tv shows, and unusual books as we do, and considerably more ability to remember to quote them when cutting stencils. (Anyone writing in with the correct number of grammatical errors in that sentence will receive, free of charge, a rousing Bronx cheer.) Fanatical type fans should be warned that this has nothing to do with science fiction; it has everything to do with enjoyment.

Rating....8

QUIP #1 (Len Bailes, Box 14, Rieber Hall, UCLA, Los Angeles, Calif. - 30¢ - quarterly - co-editor, Arnie Katz) But they'd rather have letters of comment than money. The imitation-VOID cover is an extremely good imitation (or parody, if you prefer). Two con reports mar the contents; one of the DeepSouthCon and one on a two-week trip by New York fans which covered both the Midwestcon and Westercon. Judging from the way they flock to conventions and then relate their experiences to anyone who will sit still and read or listen, fans must be the loneliest creatures on Earth. (Con reports are the fannish equivalent of home movies, both as to quality and ubiquity.) John Berry wonders if all US kids are like some who visited him recently. Not all of them, John; just other people's. Ed Cox has a good column of general commentary, and Len Bailes writes a fascinating account of other fandoms. I guess I like the mag, even if it does seem to be trying awfully hard to be fannish.

Rating...5

THE ELEVENTH HOUR #1/TERREAN #10 (Dave van Arnem, 1730 Harrison Ave, Apt. 353, Bronx, New York 10453) This is apparently the official publication of the Terrean Amateur Press Society. I don't really know if there are any extra copies; Dave said to mention that the group is not particularly looking for recruits and if you get on the waiting list you may have to wait several years. Apparently the deal here is that everybody writes a letter to the publisher, who then publishes them. (Different publisher each issue.) I'm tempted to say "big deal", but there are people in fandom who really go for things like 50-page letter-columns, so I suppose it's a good idea. While there are some interesting ideas in here, I'm afraid that to an outsider it's too much like walking in in the middle of a conversation. (I know; frequently neofans tell me that fandom as a whole is like that -- but eventually they stay in until everything makes sense, more or less. As a casual observer of TAPS, I won't be around it that much.)

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #5 (John Boston, 816 So. First St, Mayfield, Ky 42066 - 4 for 25¢ - irregular) The best place to find out about forthcoming books and such stuff.

AI #1 (Jim Keith, 2834 Santee Dr, Pomona, Calif. 91766 - monthly - 50¢ per year) A small 4-pager. The editors (Jim Schumacher is co-editor) say that by keeping it small they can publish monthly. So that's how it's done.... Material consists of 1 article, one story, 1 verse, and 1 feghoot, plus some good artwork. You can't get much in four pages, but what is there seems adequate. In time, it might even be outstanding, but it isn't yet.

Rating.....3

THE WSFA JOURNAL #13 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Glenmont, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - bi-weekly - \$1.00 per year third class or \$1.50 via first class mail) Primarily devoted to Washington fan club news, but Don is expanding to include all sorts of fan news items just as fast as he can get items sent in. There are also book and magazine reviews.

Rating....4

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