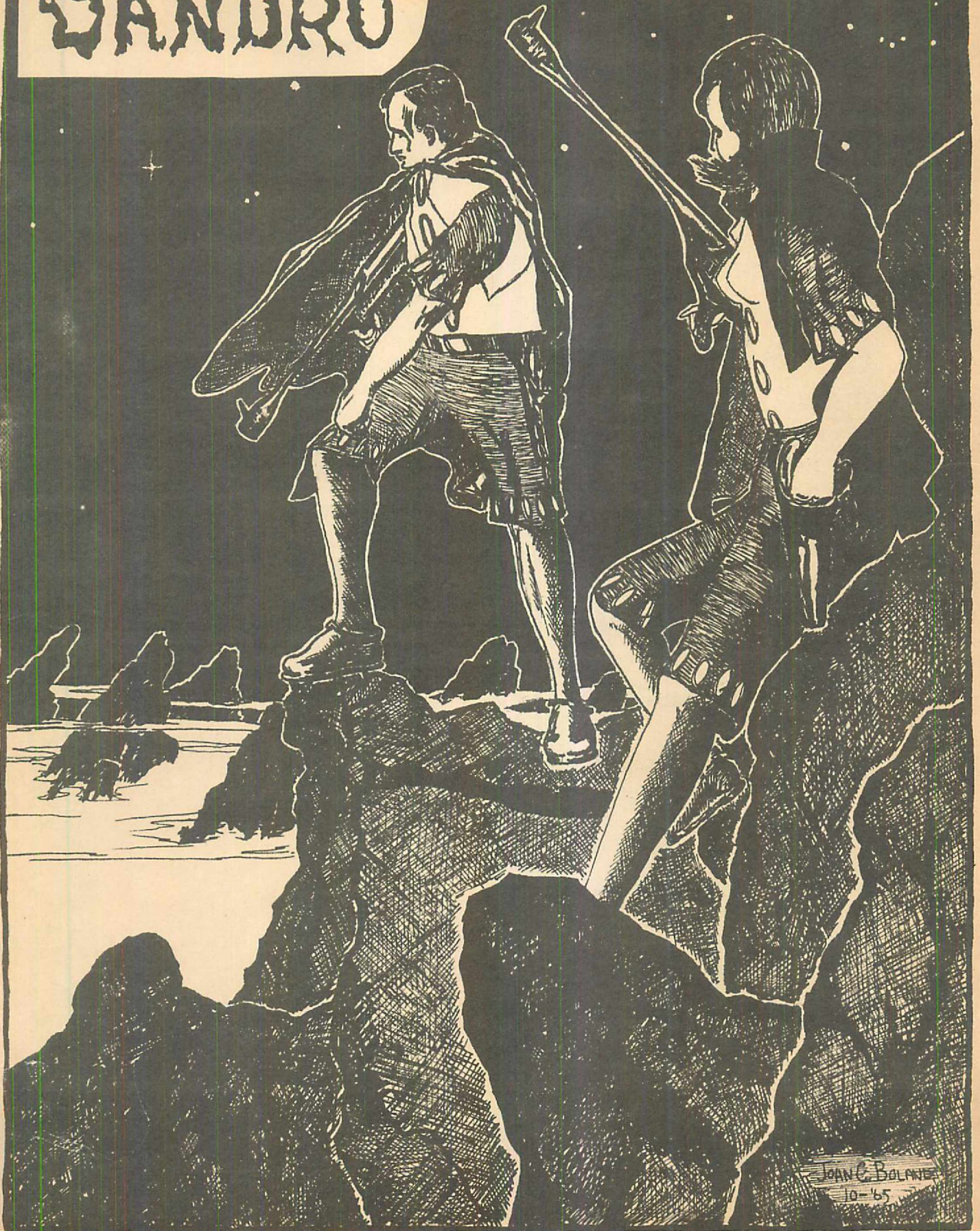
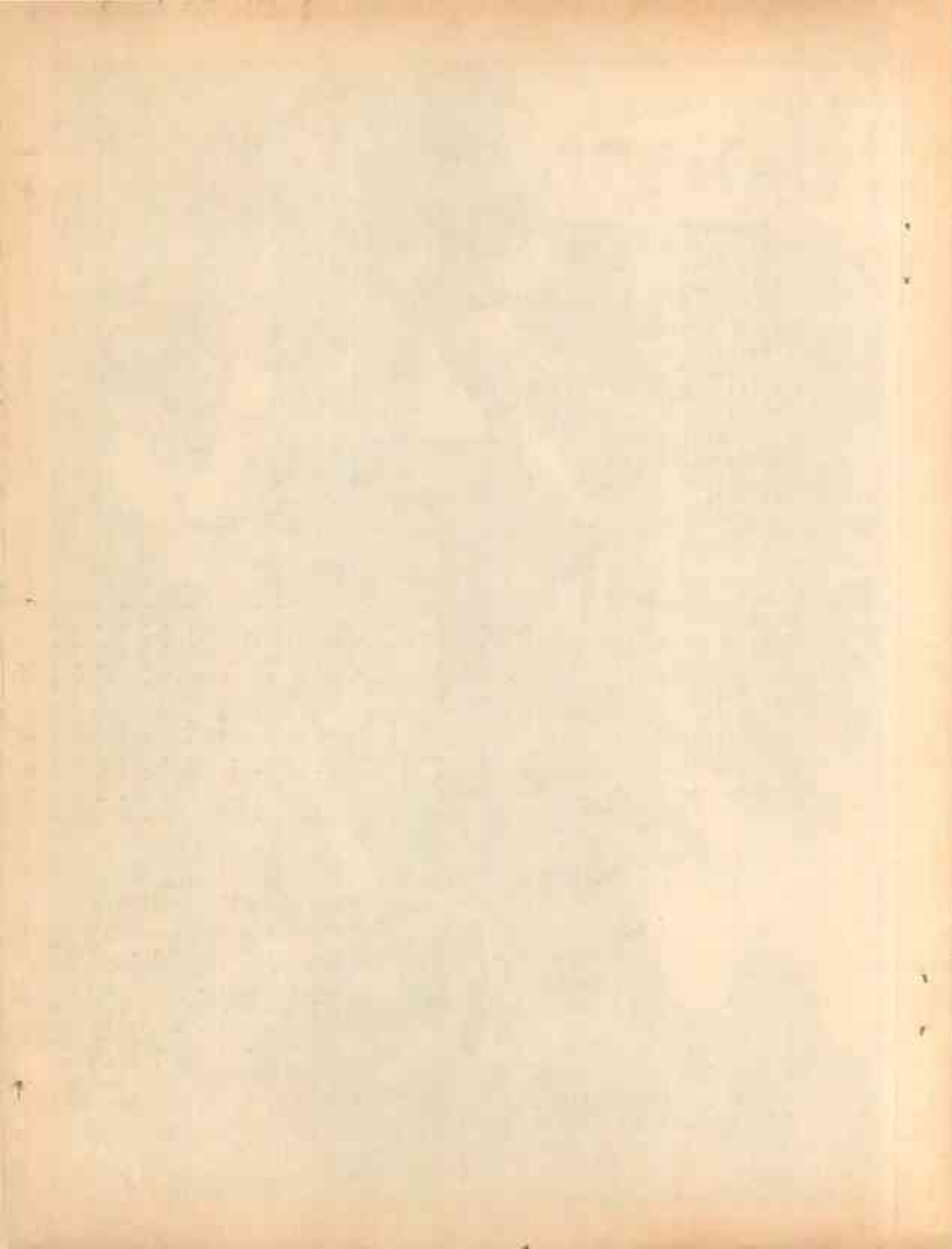


YANDRO



JOAN C. BOLANDE
10-65



YANDRO

155

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watchers?)

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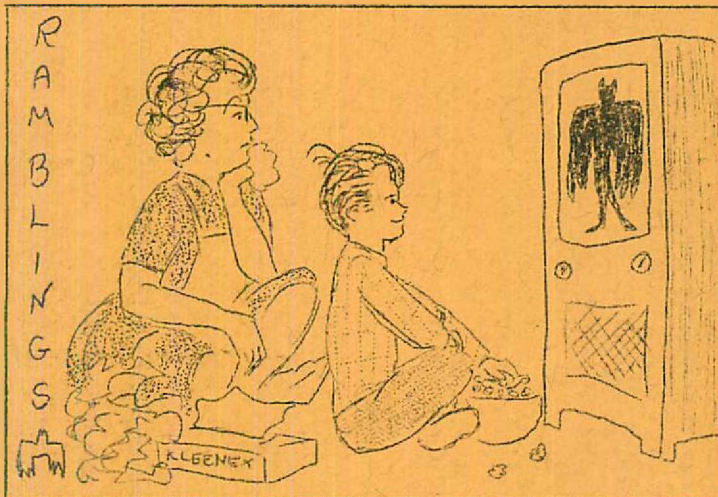
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Back Cover by Jerry Burge, lithographed by Billy Pettit

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Let's see, where were we the last time we left our intrepid heroes hanging from the cliff with the villain stomping on their fingers? Oh yes...the paper hadn't arrived.

Now the paper has arrived, after your heroes hauled themselves off the cliff and 30-40 miles to get a stop-gap supply of paper during the famine period.

Ah then, all is fine. No, all is not fine. That was just the prelude before the roof fell in. At

the moment we're down to brushing a few scraps of plaster off our shoulders, but don't relax yet. Several of the overhead beams are creaking and who knows what evil lurks in the....

Let's see....Bruce brought home a cold from school, the type that starts out small, erupts (literally) in the night and keeps him sniffing, coughing and sneezing for several days. By the time he was ready to go back to school, I'd caught the cold. Or should that be the other way around? It ended up in my sinuses as usual - but with considerable more nastiness than usual. I spent one day and night banging my head on the wall and clawing at my face (the day was a Wednesday, and like many another state, the saying in Indiana is 'don't get sick on Wednesday - because there isn't a doctor around').

By the time I got to the doctor's the next morning I was sleepwalking, with the exception that I couldn't get to sleep because I hurt so much. After a dose of penicillin and a treatment of cortisone, things began looking up, slightly. I still didn't dare bend forward or move my head too vigorously, so the annish stencils just lay there glaring reproachfully at me.

But by last Saturday I was beginning to feel human. We risked a trip to Anderson - to get out of the house, buy a few things not available here and give Bruce a chance to see Granma. I managed to get through the bitter weather without too much trauma and congratulated myself that I had it on the run.

Fortunately, because of the bitter weather and our pets, we didn't stay overnight. Fortunately, because Sunday morning Buck discovered the well pump running full blast and a basement several inches deep in water. Obviously there was trouble underfoot - like a broken pipe. We filled every container available, including the bathtub, and shut off the pump.

When we called our landlord, we discovered he was in the same boat, with four or five dozen animals without water to boot - he was sympathetic, but temporarily at a loss.

So while we were waiting, Buck went out to repair the mailbox. Oh, I didn't tell you about the mailbox? Our mail carrier knocked it down. He was honest enough to tell us so, but not generous enough to offer to stand there and hold it up from now on. This isn't very good weather to be digging postholes, so Buck rigged a fascinating cross between a

pig sty and an overgrown saw horse to prop the thing up. After all, a fan has to have a mailbox...

Things come in threes, but what possibly could be the third? The weather seemed to be breaking and I was getting over the cold...until I blew my nose. It started dripping bright red all over everything and continued to do so at great length from my nose and mouth. It was the first nosebleed I'd ever had in my life and I must say I prefer sinus pain to the horror of watching yourself dripping away into a dishpan. Buck was impressed enough that I was able to talk him into a nighttime ride to a local eye-ear-nose-throat specialist....I should have been less panicky. The unimpressed doc had me blow my nose and mouth hard, poked around for fifteen or twenty minutes disgustedly, all without being able to stimulate any more bleeding. The carminous flood stopped the instant I got to the doctor, and hasn't started since knock wood.

Buck is going to be referring to me as his wife the car -- the one that stops falling apart the minute it's taken to a garage.

I prefer to credit it to the immense faith I have in the medical profession, sniff sniff.

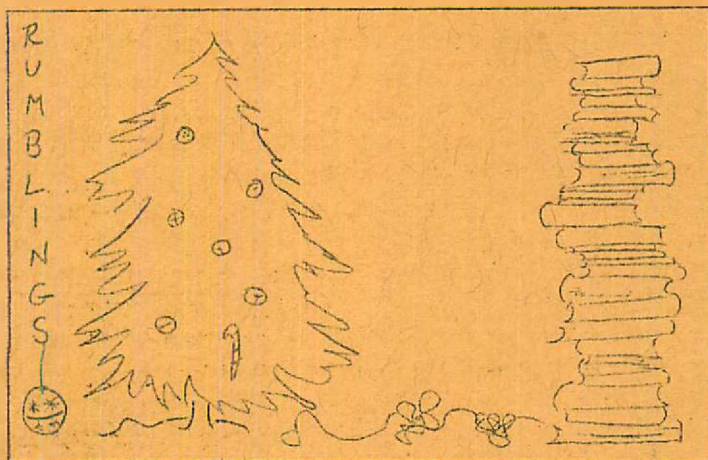
I've still got some of the sinus headache, but I am not going to blow my nose again, believe me.

Now and then somebody crops up with speculations on what "Number" fandom this is, as opposed to first, fifth, seventh, whatnot. I don't know whether it has a number, but I think it can be identified. It's Marrying Fandom. When I got in fandom twelve-thirteen years ago, the majority of fans were single or married to non-fan spice. Now it seems they're either single or married to fans. When it's mentioned that a fan's spouse is a non-fan and doesn't dig fandom, it's no longer only occasion for sympathy, but for surprise. Quite frankly, I wonder if this might not be something new in the world of Little Worlds. Do old car buffs marry other old car buffs? Stamp collectors stamp collectors and so forth? I very seriously doubt it. But it's getting so if a girl gets in fandom it's anticipated that with four or five years at the least, she will be married to a fan. And then they will have lil fans of their own.

Tucker's Fan Hotel may have been a great gag, but do you realize that here is actually the nucleus of an entire new society? The complexion of fandom is changing....we've all been worrying how the field was going to perpetuate itself when the magazines might all be gone and there were no more fan columns to bring in the new blood for fandom.

Well, you have your answer. Now all you have to do is recruit more girl fans to keep the ball rolling, eh, fellas?

And now I'll sink into the sunset saying the February issue will be out in March (and maybe that way I can fool that devil Fate into sleeping on the job long enough for me to get something accomplished without catastrophe plus complications setting in). JWC



I didn't see it myself, but Juanita mentioned seeing a newspaper account of a mail truck carrying incoming mail for this district being in a highway wreck and burning. So if I haven't answered that last letter of yours, it's quite possible that it's because I didn't get it. (I'm going to try to catch up on my correspondence this weekend -- Jan. 22-23; so that letters which have been received will all have been answered before this YANDRO goes out. (But this time we do have ink and

paper on hand, so the YANDRO should go in the mail before the end of January.)

Since doing the book reviews, I've read Sheckley's The 10th Victim. As the New York reviewer said about the new "Batman" tv show, "It is hardly to be taken seriously", but it's quite enjoyable if you enjoy novels where the author doesn't seem to give a damn what's going on. (I particularly enjoy little bits like "a drug designed to alleviate drug reactions" and "a clever little one-shot derringer with a total length of 1.2 inches, perfect for concealment and reasonably accurate at distances up to three feet".) On the strength of this, I picked up Sheckley's The Game of X, billed as a funny spy novel, when I was in the Montpelier library this afternoon. I may or may not comment on it next issue.

This was an exceedingly bookish Christmas for me, inasmuch as I received several packages of non-Christmas books during the "season", as well as the usual gifts. Some time ago, one of our readers remarked that his favorite Heritage book was The American Heritage Book Of Great Historic Places. I got this as a bonus for resubscribing for 3 years (\$30 - oy!) and I would like to remark that while it's a quite interesting book I'm glad I didn't pay money for it. Two good histories which I picked up from Publisher's Central's list of remaindered items are The Potemkin Mutiny by Richard Hough and The Fate Of Admiral Kolchak by Peter Fleming. At this rate, I may know a fair amount of Russian history in a few more years. To anyone interested in folk music and/or ballad-type poetry, I can recommend The Penguin Book of Australian Ballads, at 6/-. I couldn't tell you the US price, but presumably you could get it at a good paperback book store. This contains almost 300 pages of verse, background, etc. - including a glossary which will undoubtedly be needed by newcomers to Australian slang.

("Oh! we started out from Roto, when the sheds had all cut out;

We'd whips and whips of rhino, as we meant to push about.

So we humped our blues serenely, and made for Sydney town,

With a three-spot check between us, as wanted knocking down.")

If anyone really wants a translation, I'll provide it. I got interested in this sort of thing from the Australian folk-song recordings of A. L. Lloyd and John Greenway.

Bantam has published Stephen Potter's Theory And Practice of Gamesmanship. Personally I never thought Potter was as funny as some fans make him out to be, but he's worth 75%. And Will Cuppy is definitely worth the \$1.00 that the Dover edition of How To Attract A Wombat costs. Also, any Arthur W. Upfield fans in the audience might note that Man Of Two Tribes and The Battling Prophet are available in Penguin editions from British dealers. ("Not for sale in the U.S.A.") I don't think these have been paperbacked in this country.

Bruce's chief Christmas present was a toy "Man From Uncle" gun, which he spent days in assembling and disassembling. This has since been eclipsed by a typewriter, however. This is an ancient Corona portable which I picked up for \$5 (I'm getting on to the knack of it, Danner) and the 1st fruits of the purchase are in this YANDRO. I might note that I typed his column exactly as written, except for the addition of one clearly-marked word. Bruce is no prodigy, but I don't think he does too bad for his age.

We get all kinds in Indiana. Last week the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette published an account of a citizen of Chrisney, Ind. (which I never heard of before, so don't ask me where it is) who pulled his 14-year-old daughter out of school because Walt Disney's "Vanishing Prairie" was shown to mixed classes. (There must be something in these Disney films that I'm missing.....) He also quite going to church because the word "circumcision" was mentioned, according to the account.

The same paper had an account of the trials of Indiana's new voter-registration law. The old law allowed door-to-door voter registration in 81 of the state's 92 counties, but made it illegal in the 11 counties with the heaviest population. This was amended to make it legal in all counties, and now Republicans are getting out court orders saying that this new law favors the Democrats and is unconstitutional. (I'm not sure just why being a Democrat in Indiana is unconstitutional, but I'm only a bystander; the courts granted a restraining order against the law.) Sometimes I get the feeling that politicians aren't entirely honest.....

On the other hand, Indiana appears to be one of the few states where the revived Ku Klux Klan is getting absolutely nowhere, so we have some points in our favor.

I see our new Postmaster General has announced that he hopes to have the postoffice completely automated within 6 months. HA! Our latest foul-up consists of an order for 1000 of the 9x12 envelopes that we mail out YANDROs in. The paper company shipped them in two boxes. One box arrived Thursday, looking rather like it had been run over by a train; the other box hasn't arrived yet (today is Saturday). You'd think that two identical boxes, mailed at the same time, from the same place, to the same address, would arrive at the same time, wouldn't you? I guess the only solution is to request that all shipments be made via United Parcel. (And to people who say that private mail delivery would be impractical; UP delivers packages at the same speed or faster, at approximately the same cost, and makes a profit on the deal. How about lobbying to the effect that the next postmaster general be selected from the ranks of UP executives, instead of the ranks of deserving political hacks?) There are a few bright spots in the postal service. Mabash was one of them. Hartford City is not one of them. (For all I know, that other box of envelopes was delivered to somebody else; about once a week we receive mail addressed to another party on our route.)

Along with this issue of YANDRO should be a questionnaire for the second edition of WHO'S WHO IN FANDOM. The first one was published several years back by Lloyd Broyles in a neat and expensive multilithed format. This one is being published by Rich Mann, in a sloppy and cheap mimeographed format, but the information should be similar. The usefulness of this project is in direct proportion to the number of fans who send in the forms (so, since it won't be terribly useful at best, don't handicap it any further by tossing your questionnaire in the wastebasket. Send it in.) This questionnaire was supposed to be in the last YANDRO, but we forgot it. I hope to remember to include it this time.

A phone call from Ed Gorman last week included the information that Mike Domina has discovered girls and is dropping fandom. INTROSPECTION is dead; if you want sub money back, better write Mike about it. /RSC/

FINAL WASHOUT

review by

REGINALD SMITH

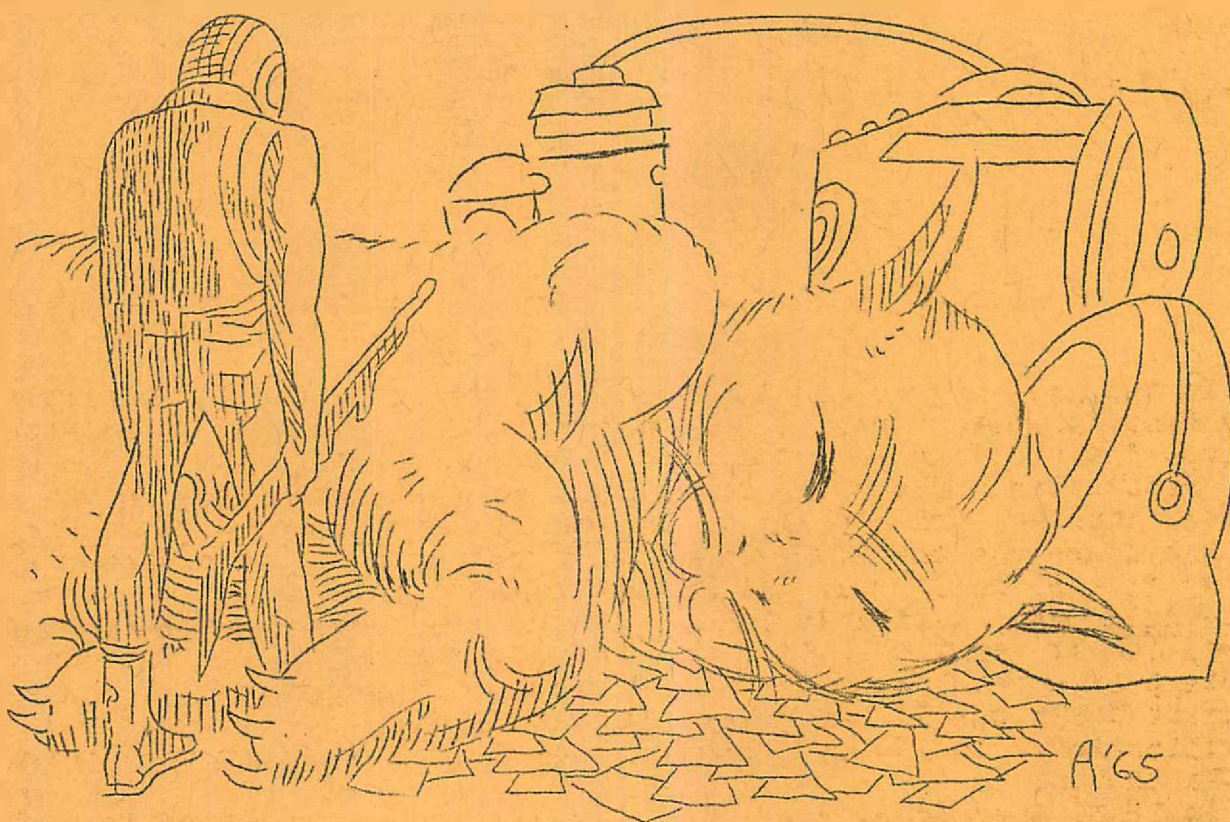
In the late 1930's and 1940's, one of the better science fiction and fantasy writers was L. Ron Hubbard. If he had written nothing except the excellent short novels "Fear" and "Typewriter in the Sky", his reputation would still be secure. He also had several other worthy stories, principally in Unknown and Astounding Science Fiction.

But there was one novel by Hubbard that seemed to overshadow everything else he did. This was FINAL BLACKOUT, which first appeared in Astounding as a serial in 1940. The readers raved about it at that time, and it seems even to have stood the test of time. This is important in a novel such as this, because it was written at the beginning of World War II and dealt with an unending war that destroyed civilization. In 1940, no one knew whether or not that very thing would happen.

In 1948, the Hadley Publishing Company issued the story in hard covers. By this time everyone knew that the real war had been quite different from Hubbard's version, but the reviews at the time still highly praised FINAL BLACKOUT as an outstanding story which still might come true with the next global war.



Atom



Even today occasionally one sees letters in fan magazines wishing that it would appear in paperback, but at the present time only in the original serial in Astounding or in the scarce hard-cover edition can a person find what Donald Tuck in his HANDBOOK calls "H.'s masterpiece" and a "classic"; and what Alva Rogers in A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING terms "an outstanding work of science fiction". Not wanting to miss any longer this outstanding classic, I purchased the Hadley edition. FINAL BLACKOUT turns out to be something less than mediocre.

Some of the things in addition to the story itself in the Hadley book hurt Hubbard's tale. The Hadley people decided to put some illustrations throughout the story, probably following the old idea that a picture is equal to a thousand words. They apparently didn't realize that if one uses this logic, then it follows that a thousand and one words are worth more than a picture. The illustrations in this book, however, are worth only a very few words - mostly four-letter ones. The "artist" who drew these apparently suffered even more than usual from illiteracy, the ancient bane of illustrators.

Then there is Hubbard's foreword to the Hadley book, which first appears to be somewhat apologetic. Hubbard states that "its author was very young"; "the author was no critic"; "the author was inexperienced in international affairs". He also, however, adds: "I cannot bring myself to believe that FINAL BLACKOUT, as so many polls and such insist, is one of the ten greatest stories ever published." I cannot bring myself to believe this either. Some people might have said that it was one of the ten greatest science fiction stories ever published, or one of the ten greatest stories published in the April, 1940 issue of Astounding. What Hubbard is saying, in effect, is that he isn't really as great as everyone thinks he is, and that is merely a clever way of bragging on himself while appearing to be humble.

Also at the end of the foreword, Hubbard has his name and puts

"Hollywood" below it. If he had been a knowledgeable writer, he would 've avoided that word like the plague, but he apparently felt it added some glamour to his name.

However, it is not these things that determine the merits or lack of them in FINAL BLACKOUT. The story must be judged on its own.

Oddly enough, it was a completely different type of story by a different writer that I happened to read the day after finishing Hubbard's tale that supplied the basic clue to what is really wrong with FINAL BLACKOUT. This story was "The Other Passenger" by John Keir Cross, which was the title story to a collection issued in paperback a few years ago by Ballantine but which I happened to read in a recent anthology from England called THE FIFTH PAN BOOK OF HORROR STORIES. In this story there is an incident only indirectly related to the plot that is quite intriguing. It concerns a vindictive boy who hated his math teacher. The boy, in a bizarre form of revenge, heated pieces of metal and held them in his hands until he was able to touch metal almost red hot. One day at school he put a poker in the schoolroom fireplace just before math class. When the bell rang, he lifted it out and put in on the teacher's desk. He then went to his seat. The teacher came into the room, saw the poker lying in his desk, thought it to be misplaced, and picked it up and severely burned his hand. The teacher seemed to be as nutty as the student, for he gave no sign of anything being wrong but carried to poker back to the fireplace, then faced the class, "desperately white", and cried "'You've burned my hand!'"

After reading this intriguing little scene, I began thinking about the boy. There must have been an easier way for him to get this same revenge. Then the obvious solution became clear. He should have worn gloves! He would have been proven guilty of the crime far easier by the welts that must have resulted on his toughened hands than by a disposable pair of gloves.

There are no teachers or students or even schools in FINAL BLACKOUT. Only scattered groups of soldiers and civilians are left in Europe. The first six pages of the story, describing the conditions that exist and the main character in the story, the lieutenant, contain some very fine descriptive writing. Also the first two chapters seem to promise an outstanding story. The soldiers in the lieutenant's regiment are almost unkillable because they have survived so long. They have unique talents. Bulger "could hear a potato growing at the distance of four kilometers and could smell a can of beef at five". Weasel could hear gun wheels groaning or shells coming well in advance of anyone else. The lieutenant's brigade is down to a little over one hundred and fifty of these tough and talented men, and they are not allowed to get back to England because they may be carrying the "soldier's sickness", the result of bacteriological warfare.

It is an incident regarding this soldier's sickness that reveals the first of Hubbard's blunders in this story. Much is made of the fact that the lieutenant's men worship him almost like a god. And yet the talented men of the lieutenant's brigade, who are so skillful at protecting themselves and their leader, suffer an "unholy shock" when they see "a man who had passed through the sentries and was approaching the lieutenant with every evidence of accosting him. Several snatched at the fellow, but, imperiously he swept on." The man begs for help for his town. The lieutenant sees he has the soldier's sickness and quickly shoots him. So apparently, despite Hubbard's careful buildup of the skilled talents of the brigade, any stranger can merely come into camp and walk up to the leader and all that these veteran sentries and guards will do is ineffectively "snatch" at him.

The lieutenant and his men, returning to the English military headquarters on the continent, cleverly spy an underground village of civilians by observing faint traces of smoke coming out of the ground. They put handfuls of green leaves down the camouflaged chimneys, and out come the coughing inhabitants. It seems to me that any civilians clever enough to build living space for seven hundred people underground and use captured soldiers to plow hidden fields would be smart enough to figure out some way of getting rid of that smoke. Such things as these tend to destroy the credibility of Hubbard's story. Still, the first one-third of FINAL BLACKOUT has some effective scenes and is much better than the remainder of the book.

The middle section of the story takes place in the headquarters, which is a fortress run by staff officers afraid and distrustful of field officers. When the lieutenant arrives to talk to General Victor and his high ranking staff, he is relieved of his command. The lieutenant, separated from his troops, goes to his quarters to ponder his predicament. He is later rescued when his troops find out that their leader has been taken away from them and forcibly take over the fortress. And what was the lieutenant doing while this was going on? Most of the time he seems to have been cleaning his muddy boots.

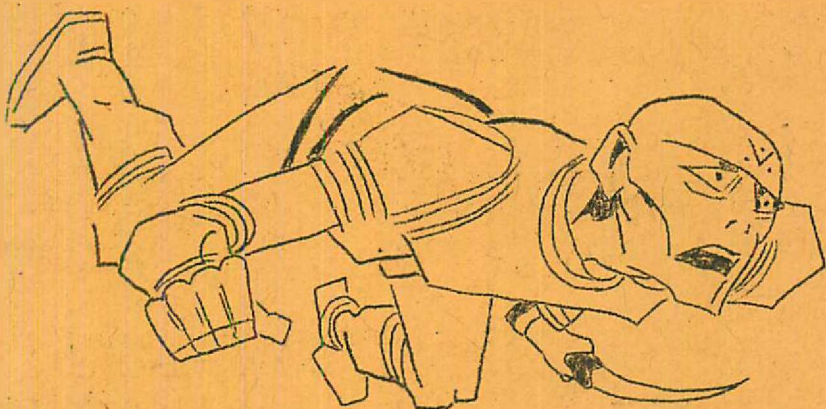
One of the things that hurts this section of the story is the ridiculous characters Hubbard makes of General Victor and his staff. When the general found out about the uprising, he "frothed and spluttered". "'Mutiny and murder!' howled Victor." After the rebellion has succeeded, an orderly is sent to tell them to surrender or the lieutenant's men will come down and get them. One of the officers, Colonel Smythe, reacts this way: "'Come down - How perfectly ghastly!'" Hubbard could have shown the stupidity and ineffectiveness of the officers of the headquarters without resorting to such exaggerated and absurd characters.

The Lieutenant (Hubbard now spells it with a capital "L") and his men, reinforced by numbers of experienced soldiers who are happy to join him, decide to head for England. He floats his armed flotilla up the Thames and succeeds in conquering England, mainly because the defenders act like a bunch of Keystone cops. The Lieutenant sets up "an aristocracy...founded on the basis of skill and leadership" which works well and seems to make everyone happy.

Meanwhile, back across the Atlantic Ocean, General Victor and Colonel Smythe have somehow managed to sail to Florida and have told stories to the powerful and over-populated United States that the Lieutenant and his men have starved children and pillaged England. Two senators and a navy captain arrive in England in a battleship while an airplane, an amazing sight to the Lieutenant and everyone else in London, zooms overhead. Senator Frisman, a sputtering stereotype of a senator, demands Victor and Smythe be named the supreme heads of the English government.

The Lieutenant agrees, but he has a plan. He realizes that his country is defenseless against modern weapons, so he turns over the government to General Victor. He states, as part of the agreement, that "in case anything happens to him (General Victor), he is to be succeeded by Colonel Smythe...In case anything should happen to Smythe, the country is to be governed by its officers' corps, who will recognize Swinburne as their chairman." Swinburne, of course, is one of the Lieutenant's men. The senator, Victor, and Smythe agree, too stupid to see through this arrangement.

Then the Lieutenant gives an effective little speech regarding an officer's duty to his command, pulls out a gun and shoots Victor and



Smythe. "Victor, half his head blown off, reeled and slumped." "Smythe tried to cover the hole in his chest with his hands. He sought to scream, but only blood came. He tripped over Victor and thudded down, writhing."

The Lieutenant is gunned down, of course, and several of his soldiers from the days on the continent are killed trying to aid him.

The book ends on a sentimental note. It would make a good ending for a movie. Perhaps Hubbard put "Hollywood" under his name in the foreword for this reason. But Hubbard doesn't really tell whether the Lieutenant's plan to save England worked or not. It undoubtedly wouldn't. But then, anything can happen in a book like this.

So I happened to read the story containing the boy with the absurdly toughened hands the day after finishing FINAL BLACKOUT. And thinking back to Hubbard's story, I realized that the nutty boy and Hubbard had something in common.

The basic fault of FINAL BLACKOUT is that it was written too fast. Fast writing is not in itself bad, but when the speed is glaringly evident, as in the case of Hubbard's story, it is definitely a detriment. If Hubbard had taken the time to correct the various absurdities in the story, he would perhaps have really had a "classic" on his hands.

It has been stated several times that Hubbard used an electric typewriter with special keys for such words as "the" and "it" so that his fingers could keep up with his racing thoughts. He may or may not have had this special electric typewriter back in late 1939, but I can imagine him sitting there typing FINAL BLACKOUT as fast as he could while his thoughts raced on and on. I can imagine his fingers flying across the keyboard with incredible speed.

He should have worn gloves! He should have worn gloves!

Hartford City newspaper headline: MAIL HITS PEEK HERE

A COLUMN

by Bruce E. Coulson (age 8)

first, you should know the name of my typewriter it's corona. it works perfectly (though it's old) and i'm using is. You may get VANDY and if you do one of the back covers is made by me(if you got evry one of those mags until now). Now if you ask me what do you do to help your mom and dad? you'll get a nasty letter from me. I help lick stamps and other things /like/ that.

I trid to get reorganize in my room. Well, so far so good and I just hope it stays that way

I've been along in school all right.

Mom has to fight me off her comick books about BATMAN ever since the show about him started; but they had to put the second half of BATMAN the same time DANIEL BOONE was on (those crummy TV men) so I'll haved to pick my choise evry week BATMAN or DANIEL BOONE.

PROCRASTINATOR'S PLANET

ROBERT E. GILBERT

Tedy 1322J slithered through the madding millions who packed the slidewalks of Megamegalopolis, the enclosed plastic city that covered Kaus Australia Planet Four. "Woe is me!" Tedy moaned. "I'm too bashful to go out with girls! I may as well turn myself in for dissolution! What's left in life if you can't go out with girls? I'm doomed!"

Tedy forced his way across the moving strips to the slow lane and got off before a warped plastic ruin. Over the disjointed entrance, a flickering sign announced, "Willie 6798's Hideaway." Tedy burst through the swinging doors into a dim, grimy room filled with beings of a dozen species. Multiformed creatures drank uhrp, slogagh, cauf, and nesuluni. Some hardy individuals even drank sesc. Smoke from uncanny cigars fogged the fetid air. Spilled liquor and vomit glistened on the cracked floor. Grease dripped from the buckling walls, staining the posters showing the head of the Fomalhautian Overlord and the slogan, "Rqohzbm Sees You."

Crossing over prone bodies and avoiding entanglement in two orgies, Tedy reached a filthy booth where a robot sat pouring slogagh into its fuel tank. Tedy slumped into the empty seat and held his head in his hands.

"Why are you sad?" asked the robot in ringing metallic tones.

"I'm going to turn myself in for dissolution!" Tedy blurted. "I'm too bashful to go out with girls."

"That seems a simple problem," trilled the robot as it capped its tank. "Surely girls don't repulse such a handsome being when you speak to them."

Tedy said, "I don't speak to them. I'm too bashful."

"Then the solution to your problem is to speak to a girl," explained the robot.

"You think so?" asked Tedy. "I never thought of that."

"What about the girl alone there? Do you like her?" The robot pointed with one of its forty-three fingers at a distended green-haired girl attractively attired in costume jewelry. She sat on a stool and casually poured sesc from a surrealist flask into her luscious mouth.

"She's lovely!" Tedy gasped and blushed bright red.

"Then go speak to her," said the robot.

"I couldn't! What would I say?" Tedy whined.

The robot suggested, "Say, 'What is a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?' That will flatter her, and you can continue from there."

Tedy said hopefully, "I'll try it this one last time. If it doesn't work --- dissolution!"

Shoving aside an intoxicated slugman, Tedy placed himself in front of the green-haired girl. He smiled sweetly and said, "What is a girl like you doing in a nice place like this?"



WILL THE REAL DIANA MOON GLAMPERS

PLEASE STAND UP?

by alexei panshin

Kurt Vonnegut writes the saddest, bitterest, and perhaps even the funniest books of anybody I know! They are filled with love and hate, with both nakedly exposed and hidden dry wit. There isn't one of them that ends in a conventionally happy manner. There isn't one of them that could even be called conventional.

There was a history of Cornell University published in 1962, for some obscure reason entitled A HISTORY OF CORNELL, and the third appendix was a list of Cornell graduates who have made good in the world of arts and letters. The list of authors rings with names like Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor and Elsie Singmaster, and included on it is the name of Kurt Vonnegut. For all of this, however, it seems to me that Vonnegut remains curiously anonymous. His best novel appeared (and disappeared) as a paperback original. He has not been recognized widely as a popular author, and though at least half his work is clearly science fiction, he does not seem to have attracted admirers in the same way that Anderson and Sturgeon and Heinlein have.

General recognition seems to be coming slowly. Graham Green and Terry Southern and Jules Feiffer like Vonnegut, and his most recent novel, GOD BLESS YOU, MR ROSEWATER, OR PEARLS BEFORE SWING, was endorsed by a lead review in the Saturday Review of Literature a few weeks ago. Some time back, the Saturday Review was entertaining reader nominations for the best novels in English in recent years, and a New York professor (Hunter College, if I remember, and I'm not sure that I do) included Vonnegut's MOTHER NIGHT, so it may even be that there is a granfalloon (a Vonnegut neologism from CAT'S CRADLE defined as a group of people who seem to have something in common, but don't) of Vonnegut readers. It may even be that given time Vonnegut will become in as Southern and Heller and Condon have before him, and his books will suddenly start selling wildly and widely. I think it is a distinct possibility, and I think, too, that if it does happen those new book buyers will be in for a shock, because Vonnegut is far nastier than Southern or Heller or Condon have ever been.

Vonnegut's non-recognition in science fiction circles is a different sort of thing. It can be argued that because so much of Vonnegut's work has appeared in the high-paying but little-regarded and readily-forgotten slick magazines rather than in the homier microcosm of the sf pulps and because none of his novels have been serialized he simply hadn't been read by sf people. I don't think that's true. I think that people are aware of him and I think that he is read - it is simply that he is not discussed, and this because he strikes such bare nerves in his writing that discussing him becomes painful. Sturgeon wrote about CAT'S CRADLE that "you better take it lightly, because if you don't you'll go off weeping and shoot yourself." Whether you laugh and dismiss or weep and contemplate suicide (the people who actually dispose of themselves we won't count) you aren't likely to talk about Vonnegut.

Vonnegut was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, a place that keeps crop-

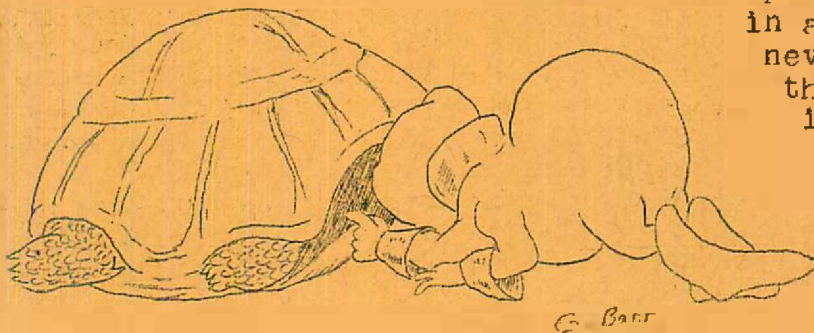
ping up peripherally in his stories, in 1922. Vonnegut's father was an architect and his older brother Bernard is a well-known physicist. Vonnegut studied biochemistry at Cornell and then joined the Army. His unit was captured by the Germans, a thing he once described in Accent on Living section of the Atlantic. After the war he studied anthropology at the University of Chicago, and then, I believe, worked for General Electric for a time.

In the late 40's Vonnegut began sell to the slick magazines, first to Collier's and then to The Saturday Evening Post. Besides these, which account for the bulk of his short stories, he has appeared in Esquire, Cosmopolitan, and Ladies' Home Journal. It is a fact that Vonnegut has had far more science fiction stories in the slicks (mainly Collier's) than Robert Heinlein - it may be that they were submitted there rather than to the sf magazines because Kenneth Littauer, Vonnegut's agent, had formerly been fiction editor at Collier's and recognized a market. A good share of Vonnegut's short story work, never his novels, has been much more conventional. He had a series of stories in The Saturday Evening Post, for instance, that was about a fat, middle-aged, high school band director. A year or two ago, I made it a point to look up all of Vonnegut's old slick stories and for all the uniform nature of the places they originally appeared, they have an unusual bite, a tartness, and a concern for human problems. There's hardly a standard boy-meets-girl piece among them. The problems are more original than that - a boy rejected by his father's old school; an anonymous fellow who only takes on personality when he is acting on stage.

Vonnegut's introduction to the science fiction audience came in 1952 when his first novel, PLAYER PIANO, was published and one of his early short stories, "Report on the Barnhouse Effect", was included in an anthology edited by Robert Heinlein. "Report on the Barnhouse Effect" is more of a gently wry essay than a story, but it has a continuing popularity and readability - most recently it has been reprinted in a high school textbook. The story tells of a man who mentally explodes the bombs of the world as fast as their location is pointed out to him. I suspect that it is less melodramatic, and hence more effective, in the documentary form that Vonnegut chose than it would have been in more ordinary form. The story shares with PLAYER PIANO a concern with man as a whole - and I suspect that Vonnegut has more sympathy for man as a whole than he does for individuals. PLAYER PIANO is the one modern science fiction novel that seriously deals with the problems of automation. It is cool, bitter, and pessimistic, as well as frequently funny, and it seriously inquires what the hell automation is for. What point is there in living for people whose lives have no purpose?

THE SIRENS OF TITAN, Vonnegut's second novel, has had a back-to-front publishing history. That is, it was originally published in soft covers in 1959 by Dell, and then reprinted in 1961 in hardcovers (using the original Dell plates) by Houghton Mifflin. It is a lovely book, and perhaps because of this Life, in its enthusiastic review of GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSEWATER, has taken the trouble to inform us that, as it is good, we are thoroughly mistaken in thinking it science fiction. Well, I will admit that it isn't scientific, but that has never seemed to make any difference to sf readers.

THE SIRENS OF TITAN resembles PLAYER PIANO in being ironic, bitter and funny, but all stylistic resemblance stops there. PLAYER PIANO is cohesive, direct, controlled and takes place in a recognizable version of tomorrow. THE SIRENS OF TITAN is loose, indirect, a series of wild



improvisations, and takes place in a world that never was and never could be (yet a world that was startlingly immediate). The central question is an extension of the question of PLAYER PIANO, however. If PLAYER PIANO asks what point there is in living for people whose lives have no purpose, THE SIRENS OF TITAN asks, What is the

purpose of life? What point is there in living? All human history turns out to have been for the purpose of getting a small repair part to a robot traveling from one end of the universe to the other to deliver a message that reads, in its entirety: "Greetings". That, if you like it, is a purpose.

In September, 1961, coincident with the publication of an excellent Vonnegut story in F&SF, Gold Medal issued a collection of twelve Vonnegut stories under the title CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE. The collection was moderately uneven - there were a couple of clinkers - but it does serve as a good introduction to Vonnegut's short work. Among the pieces are "Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog", a very funny and very short little story, and "Deer in the Works", the sharpest commentary on the abrading effects of monolithic business that I have ever read.

The story in F&SF was a short little satire on egalitarianism entitled "Harrison Bergeron". It is mordant and funny. It tells how Diana Moon Glampers, the United States Handicapper General, puts down the ultimate threat to the Constitution in its 211th, 212th, and 213th Amendments.

Gold Medal also published Vonnegut's next novel, MOTHER NIGHT, early in 1962. I have admiration for most of Vonnegut's work, but I think I would pick this as his best novel in spite of the fact that I disliked it intensely the first time that I read it, perhaps because it hurt too much. I hope the time will come that some publisher has the good sense to put it in hard covers.

Vonnegut's two previous novels were far-ranging things that described events and people without being limited to the viewpoint of any single character. MOTHER NIGHT is still far-ranging, but it is a personal narrative told in the first person. The narrator, Howard W. Campbell, Jr., is an American who made hate broadcasts for the Nazis during World War II, disguised in which were coded messages for the Allies. Both sorts of communication were successful, but because of the secret coded messages, Campbell does not have to answer for what he has said overtly. Nonetheless, he feels guilty, as he puts it, for crimes against himself. When no one else will punish him, he eventually determines to hang himself. This is, in a sense, a happy ending since Campbell finally achieves what he most strongly desires. It also may be read as an attempt on Vonnegut's part to supply consequences for a world in which consequences don't seem to clearly exist any more. Campbell says, and I think he speaks for Vonnegut, though it is difficult to know, "I admire form. I admire things with a beginning, a middle, an end - and, whenever possible, a moral, too."

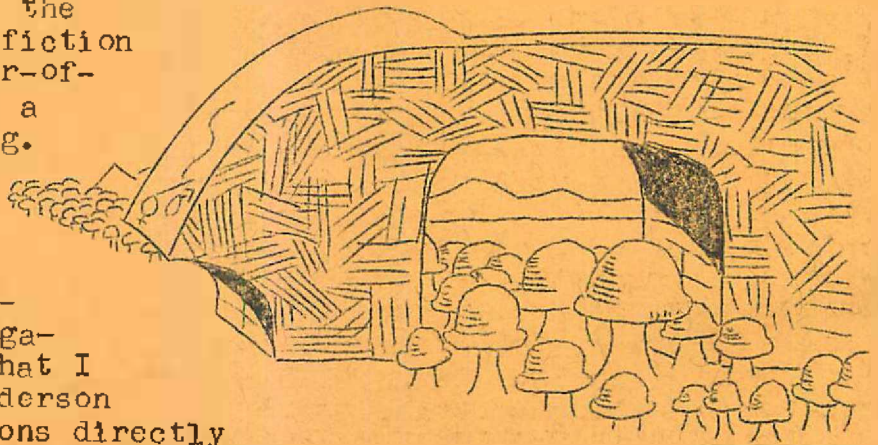
I found CAT'S CRADLE, Vonnegut's next novel, published in 1963,

something of a disappointment, this in spite of its humor and needling of a number of prominent targets. Though it does not repeat any situations, in many ways it seems both an extension of THE SIRENS OF TITAN and pale in comparison. As with MOTHER NIGHT, it is told in the first person but this time by a narrator who, though he takes part in the action, remains anonymous throughout. The question again is, What is the point in living?, and if the answer of MOTHER NIGHT was suicide, in CAT'S CRADLE Vonnegut knocks off the entire world. Vonnegut's answers are never particularly happy ones, and CAT'S CRADLE is about as ultimately unhappy as one can get. It is also about as far as one can carry the question CAT'S CRADLE asks, at least in that particular form.

In Vonnegut's most recent novel, GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSEWATER, OR PEARLS BEFORE SWINE, he hearkens all the way back to PLAYER PIANO for his theme, although the style and tone have more in common with his later novels. The question, posed explicitly, is: "How to love people who have no use? In time, almost all men and women will become worthless as producers of goods, food, services, and more machines, as sources of practical ideas in the areas of economics, engineering, and probably medicine, too. So - if we can't find reasons and methods for treasuring human beings because they are human beings, then we might as well, as has so often been suggested, rub them out." The question, you see, is in essence the same one that Ayn Rand and, to a lesser extent, Robert Heinlein have concerned themselves with, but the answer, as much as Vonnegut is able to supply an answer, is an exactly opposite one. Rand and Heinlein take an elitist point of view - survival of the fittest - while Vonnegut takes the view of acceptance of the least common denominator, the totally useless individual, since the machines that men have invented have eliminated the ordinary ways in which a man can demonstrate his fitness to survive.

As usual with Vonnegut, GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSEWATER is inventive, humorous and satiric. It isn't an optimistic book, but it isn't as bleak as some of his earlier thoughts. It also manages to bring in the Milford Science Fiction Writers Convention and another character named Diana Moon Glampers.

In basic attitude, I think Vonnegut's nearest relative in the science fiction field is Poul Anderson. They share a common concern with the troublesome business of being alive and how to live with it, as well as a common basic pessimism. Their modes of dealing with their visions are completely different, however. Anderson finds his solution in action and enjoying life as thoroughly as possible before the final end. Vonnegut finds his solution in bitter laughter. Anderson treats wildly unusual and improbable situations (from the ordinary point of view, not the point of view of a science fiction reader) in a mundane, matter-of-fact manner. There remains a romantic tone to his writing. Vonnegut treats mundane situations in a wildly improbable manner, and produces a realistic tone. I'm not using either "romantic" or "realistic" in a negative sense here. Perhaps what I mean to point to is that Anderson puts his pessimistic questions directly



in the mouths and minds of his characters, but they always act effectively in spite - like James Bond, they may be scarred and crippled, but they aren't slowed down by it. On the other hand, Vonnegut's characters are not generally pessimistic at all - funny, nasty things just keep rendering their actions futile.

In spite of the inventive nature of Vonnegut's stories, certain things keep cropping up again and again: Diana Moon Glampers, Indianapolis, the Illium Works, Tralfamadore, and the Rumfoords of Rhode Island. The Rumfoords, for instance, show up in GOD BLESS YOU, MR. ROSEWATER, THE SIRENS OF TITAN, and CAT'S CRADLE, while it would seem the events of one of these stories would exclude the events of the others, including the Rumfoords and their estate, I don't see this as a failure. I see it as a deliberate reminder that no matter how wild any particular story is, Vonnegut is writing about only one world and that is the peculiarly odd one in which we live.

There are times in which I find Vonnegut very painful to read, almost more than I can stand, but I'm glad he is around.

- April 8, 1965



Population Problem

fiction by

JAY L. GERST

Once firmly anchored to the slideway, Mort noticed the glow in the east and a vague uneasiness grew in his mind. He couldn't explain the feeling, but it was related in some obscure way to the Mars Project.

To his conscious mind the Mars Project meant a new hope for an overcrowded Earth in the year 2077. But to that dark section of his mentality, his subconscious, the glow seemed to emanate from the very fires of hell.

The slideway was steadily moving him closer to the eastern glow.

Closer to hope! argued one-half of his mind. Closer to hell! screamed the other. His mind was riven by the silent struggle.

Then he noticed that people were looking strangely at him and realized he was trembling violently. Quickly he stepped from the slideway and turned away from the fluctuating glow.

The debarkation sign announced that this was exit 88.

"Damn! I've missed my sector."

He slammed his way back through the mass of humanity leaving the slideway, took an elbow in the stomach, delivered one in the ribs; and finally managed to drag himself aboard the westbound express strip, which ground along at all of four kilometers an hour faster than the local.

He cursed himself, the government, and the world in general.

"Why, O WHY can't they do something about this situation?" he muttered in anguish. The answer lay all around; buffeting, crowding, suffocating him - too many people.

Due to the usual heavy overload of swarming masses on the transportation system, the trip seemed to take forever.

When he reached exit 87, after what felt like an interminable wait, he again had to push his way through the crowd. It had always been that way with him. He was invariably going in the wrong direction, counter to the human tide that ebbed and flowed in the streets.

"Finally," he wheezed, exhausted from the struggle to reach his doorway. There he paused to rest before going into the small simulated version of the street throng that was the ten by twelve foot cubicle he shared with three other people.

He lingered in the alcove for several more minutes. The feeling of being at least partially alone -- for no one in the scurrying street crowd would notice him -- acted as a soothing balm for his tortured nerves. This was one of his few luxuries; and as small as it was, many people would envy him for it. It was almost a status symbol. Most others had long since had theirs moved up to make more space in the already bulging interiors.

As he stood there, letting his breathing and heart slow to a more restful pace, he visualized what the world would be like in another few years with the population continuing to soar at its present rate.

Contemplating the picture his mind had painted for him, he shuddered and appreciated the deadly seriousness of the predicament the government

was in.... No, not "serious," that adjective could not begin to convey the state of the problem. The standard language lacked the words necessary to adequately describe the cataclysmic condition in which one could almost hear Mother Earth groaning under the sheer weight of flesh so tightly packed that it could practically be considered another stratum of the planet.

There were only two choices, birth control or the Mars Project. While birth control was obviously the better solution, the masses rejected it under the guise of religion. The truth was that they were too selfish to forego their so-called "God Given Rights."

The previous administration had tried birth control, and had quickly toppled. The present government would not make the same mistake. So they backed their only other choice, the very poor alternate, the Mars Project.

And still the masses griped. They used taxes as the excuse. But they actually complained because, for the majority of them, it was the natural thing to do.

People have always griped at authority. But since, under the overload of students, the educational system had broken down, many of the populace were ignorant in the extreme and grumbled at any authority. They didn't need a reason.

"What a foul mess," said Mort bitterly, condemned to a life he despised. "I wish..." He trailed off and mused philosophically for a moment. "Well," he sighed, "there's nothing I can do about it." Then, from a small corner of his mind a faint thought drifted forth, only half noticed, "...or is there?"

With that parting idea Mort stepped into what was officially known as c35-s87. But he had his own private name for it -- an appellation that would be extremely annoying to certain dignitaries.

Inside he was met by the concerted attack of the televue; a visiphone conversation, carried on in voices appropriate for public speaking without amplifiers; and the scratchy music from an ancient phonograph.

As the registered tenant he immediately put a stop to this state of affairs.

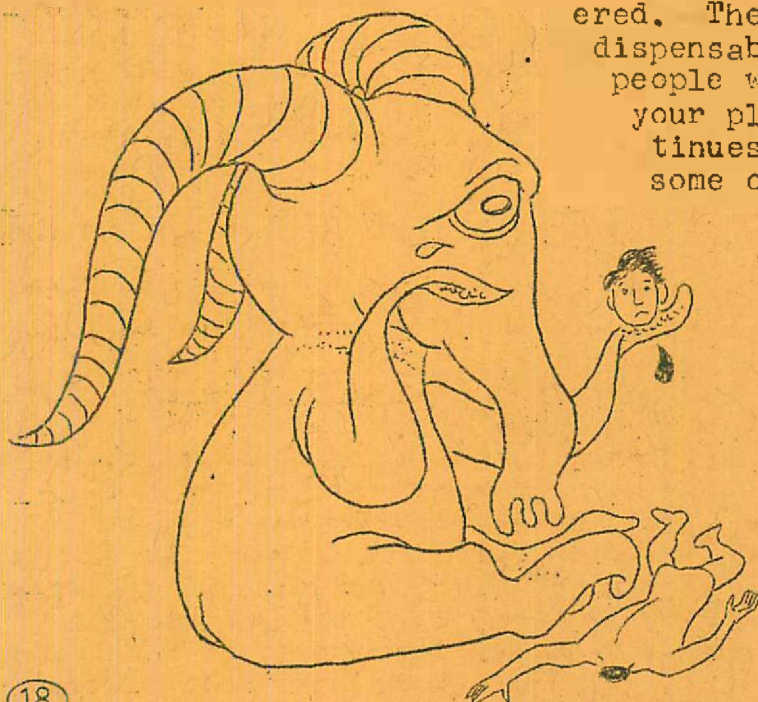
"Turn those things off!!" he ordered. Then, quietly, "You're not indispensable, you know. There are many people who would just lo-o-ove to get your places. And if this racket continues I may get acquainted with some of them," he finished caustically.

A sudden quiet fell over the room as the televue and the phonograph were switched off, and the visiphone conversation fell to a murmur.

"That's better. I suppose you know you are paying for that visiphone call, Jarn," groused Mort irritably.

Jarn nodded silent acknowledgment.

As Mort walked over to the relaxachair (a thermomassage therapeutic unit mass-produced



by the government to moderate hostile feelings and psychological stress), Jarn finished his visiphone call and turned.

"I've found an individual's room, the luck of a lifetime. It's eight by ten and all mine. And-and," he stuttered with excitement, "and its ceiling height is a full six feet."

"My God, man! That's a veritable palace. How much will it cost you?"

"I wouldn't want to say, but I'll tell you what it's worth." At this point Jarn went off into his peculiar form of poetry. "It's worth the sun and the moon, the planets too./

The Morning Star, The Evening Star are only a drop,/ in the bucket of..."

"Enough! Enough of your execrable poetry," Mort cut in; bringing Jarn out of his cloud of ecstasy. "You owe me a week's rent."

Flashing Mort a hurt look, Jarn complied, "Coming right up."

"What! No argument? You really did get a good deal for that room," said Mort.

Recovering his good spirits quickly, Jarn continued to brag. "Fabulous. It even has soundproofing with Heezleman filters. And...Oh, yes. Here's your money, you blood sucker," Jarn said needlingly in a tone he would have never dared to use a half-hour earlier. But now his mind was only half present. The other half was already in his new apartment and his eyes were glazed with prospective bliss. "I'll be out of here in a minute," resumed Jarn abruptly. He was anxious to leave. He no longer needed Mort, and he wanted to remove himself from Mort's now distasteful presence. Jarn was following, to the letter, the old maxim "Do unto others, as long as they're useful, as you would have them do unto you."

"Why the rush?" inquired Mort.

"I've only got a thirty-minute option on the place, and beta-class citizen Droon, he's the owner, might cut that a little if he gets a higher bid."

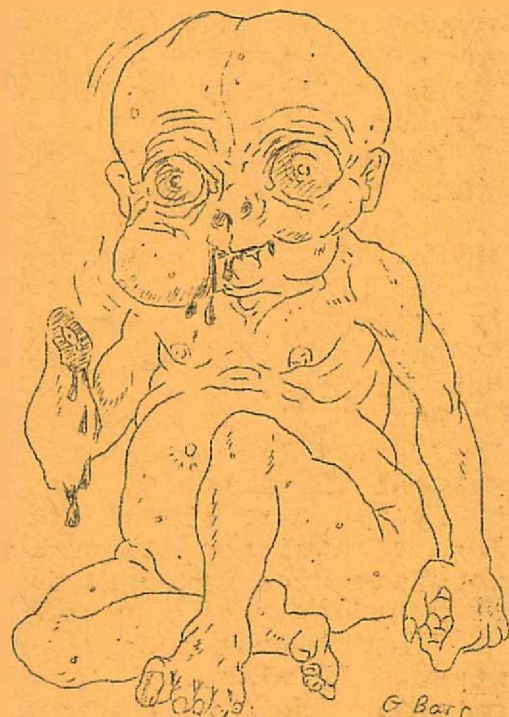
"The Control Board still has a little power; you could object to them if he did."

"I could, but I won't. It would only cause trouble, which I'm not looking for. Any delay and I'd lose the room. I wouldn't like that at all," completely Jarn in a faintly ominous tone.

"OK then," said Mort with just a faint note of disappointment. "Take your time packing and I'll secure the room for you."

"Thanks, but no thanks," Jarn said with almost haughty bearing, as the full import of possession of a private room struck his ego. "I couldn't let you do that. You see, it's a cash in advance deal and I don't want to let these hard-earned credits out of my sight. No insult intended, but I just don't trust you," he finished arrogantly, speaking now as to a social inferior. And with those parting words Jarn went rushing out of the room with his hastily-packed transcase.

"Now just a min..." He was cut off as Jarn closed the door in his face.



"The lucky ----. Well you two had better find someone to take his place, or we may be moved into a government dormitory."

"God no!" blurted Grath before he could stop himself; for a standard Government-Issue dormitory was a fiendishly cramped pit, straight out of the lower regions of Hell. It contained within its 75' by 150' dimensions the stifling number of 400 persons, stacked in tiered layers like corpses in a giant meat bin.

"I think I know a possibility," said Grath, having regained some of his composure. "He's rather dull; but makes fair wages, and I think we could even raise the rent ten credits," concluded Grath, his voice brightening.

"He sounds like exactly what this place needs, a nice QUIET dumb guy that will pay and keep his mouth shut," Mort said with emphasis; rebuking Grath for his noisiness, but in his off-beat way praising him by separating him from the "dumb". Mort was like that, his mind always seeming to run in two different directions, resulting in a perpetually improbable mind that darted hither and yonder; a typical example of a generation of confusion, mired in the quicksand of a crumbling society.

"Well," barked Mort "what are you waiting for?" Then before they could reply, he continued sharply. "Get going!" Mort needed to separate himself from everyone for a while. His nerves had just about reached their breaking point. They had stretched tighter and tighter still all day, until they were fairly singing with the strain.

"We're on our way. But I was just thinking; With the extra ten credits maybe we could afford a larger place."

"Fine. If you can locate one, I'll take it," Mort said, his voice edged with sarcasm, knowing full well that the odds against the sub-tenants' finding another room were a million to one, and that Jarn's unbelievable fortune had been that one chance in a million, thus, as far as Mort was concerned, leaving no chance at all.

"Good! After I bring in our savior," said Grath sourly, at the hard irony of having to pull up someone below them in order to avoid being pulled down themselves. "I'll see what I can dig up. Of course, don't expect miracles."

"Don't worry, I won't," Mort thought cynically, but with justification. He had tried many times to obtain another residence, and had never even come close.

"Wish us luck."

Mort didn't answer. He had already sunk deep into his inner thoughts.

At Mort's continued silence the sub-tenants slowly left. Grath closed the door hard, a last jangling interruption before Mort could withdraw to peace and quiet.

Alone at last, he sprawled comfortably into the relaxachair and let the unit begin the slow massage cycle. It was a very rare occasion when he got to be truly alone in the swarming madhouse of the overcrowded world, and he intended to take full advantage of this unexpected solitude. But today the unit did not relax him. Each motion seemed to prod him, to intrude into his privacy, to be a reminder that in only a short time insanity would rush back, in the personages of the sub-tenants. Soon the teeming world would reinvade this pocket of peace.

Oh, how he envied Jarn. What I would give, he thought, to have a private dwelling. But he had never been very lucky and there was no reason why anything should change now, for the better. Things could always change for the worse. He had not yet hit the bottom. He could sink still lower, and be put into one of the G.I. dormitories, to be racked with the rest of the corpse-like, vegetative lumps of clay, to live out his life in a semi-somnolent daze to deaden reality.

A most apt description, whispered one part of his mind to another. They are walking, talking corpses, living the life of the damned.

He drew a ragged breath. Under that hard crust he showed to the world, he was actually very tired and frustrated. He had been subjected to the immense strain of "living," if you could call it that, for so long that it was breaking him. His shell, the only defense he had against the teeming population, was beginning to show dangerous signs of wear.

Suddenly, he thought, join the Mars Project. It would not be an easy life, struggling to survive on that arid little planet. But it would get him away from the despicable crawling billions. Besides, on Mars he might have a chance of getting somewhere in life. It was an open planet, with vast areas untrodden by man's corrupting feet. Mort's longing was so great he could almost see the clean sweep of the ageless desert, unblemished by the structures of the so-called "thinking animal", homo sapiens. On Mars he could breathe again. He imagined himself tasting the clean tang of the bottled and filtered air, with only the smell of machinery in it; as compared with the filthy mixture of Earth's atmosphere, which reeked of sweaty bodies in too great a profusion. On Mars... On Mars he could live again!

Round and round, up and down, back and forth went the thoughts, each time magnified more than the last. They swirled around him, dove at him, hammered themselves into his mind, twisted, cut, tore their ways through his brain until he was mentally reeling.

After a pause he once more planted his mental feet with seeming solidarity. He would have to go. There was no other choice. To stay meant madness -- and worse. This was not his home, this nauseating pest-hole with people like maggots, like fat white maggots jammed together.

Mort had once possessed an old book that had shown open fields, verdant green with young spring grasses and brightly decorated with blossoming trees. But he had never seen a single growing plant in person except one sickly weed which had once struggled vainly with life in the accumulated dirt on the doorstep. God only knew how it had gotten there. Mort had taken the utmost care of that sickly symbol of nature, and for a brief while it flourished. But care was not enough; and the pitiful thing had died in the poisonous city atmosphere, its leaves coated blackly with the characteristic airborne filth.

I WILL go, he thought fervently, reaffirming his decision, and saying softly as he did a few lines of ancient poetry.

"My home is where my heart is.

My life is where my love is.

Then why O Lord must this be?"

The answer came roaring back on the crest of a triumphant wave. IT MUST NOT.

Always given to quick judgments, he rapidly gathered his portable belongings. It was the first time he could remember feeling consummately happy.

Closing his transcase, Mort stepped to the door and out into the street, leaving no communication to notify the others where he had gone.

Burdened with his possessions, he made headway slowly against the crowd. But eventually he reached the temporary shelter of the slideway and spying an empty chair, his first good luck in what seemed ages, settled into it. It was small and hard, but to him it was heaven; and he bathed in the envious glances thrown him by many of the not-so-fortunate passengers who were standing.

Headed once more toward the glow of the Project, he again experienced the strange thoughts that had plagued him earlier in the evening.

He let them mull around in his mind and tried to fathom their depths, but could make no sense from their devious paths. They appeared to be totally irrational. However, as they swam through the murky canyons of his mind, they seemed to foretell of something that... The thoughts slipped away and back into the maelstrom of inner conflict that went round and round and...

* * *

He was roused from the phantasmagoria of his subconscious by the violent shuffle for the few seats vacated at the Project terminus.

Fighting the mob, as usual, he moved cross-stream in the crowd until he reached the safety of the cool, crisp lobby where the applicants for the Mars Project were processed.

The lobby had an expensive air about it, and Mort wondered briefly why they had so much money to throw around when every spare credit was supposed to be used for procuring more transport ships.

There was a small group of applicants ahead of him, so he sank into one of the opulent lounges and waited.

Finally his turn came. "May I help you, sir?" inquired the receptionist.

"Yes, I would like to enlist in the Mars Project."

"You mean the T.F.P.A.P.P., the Terran Federation Project for the Alleviation of the Population Problem," she corrected automatically.

"Yes," he said promptly, eager to get on with the application proceedings. Now that he was here and looking at the pleasant receptionist, he felt more sure of his decision.

"Any dependants?"

"No."

"Any relatives or close friends that would be disturbed by your absence?"

"No." He wondered at that question. Why should they care about my relations? They should be glad of getting me. But it is rather nice of them to think of the feelings of the applicants. It adds that personal touch that attracts so many who would not normally come in this impersonal world.

The receptionist glanced at an instrument panel and then said, "Very well, sir. You may go right in, through the door to your left, please."

"Thank you."

She nodded, and beckoned to the next in line.

As Mort walked toward the door indicated, he once more was disturbed by the strange uneasiness that had upset him all day. But he passed over the odd emotions, considering the elusive things to be a peculiar quirk of his subconscious.

As he went through the plain, unmarked door a young attendant rose to meet him.

"A volunteer?"

"Yes, sir. I've decided that it's time to leave this over crowded mudball. I cannot endure it any longer. The living conditions, the mental strain, those..." He cut the last bitter phrase off and then continued. "And-and everything else. I've got to get away."

"How true. Please leave your luggage here. It will be picked up later."

After Mort had disentangled himself from the transcase, the man said, "This way, please," and gestured at a door on the far side of the small



office.

As they passed through that portal, he glanced back and saw another attendant already seated at the desk, ready to receive the next applicant.

When Mort looked forward again he was confronted with a long corridor whose shining length penetrated deep into the building. Again he noticed the luxuriant air of the building and shivered nervously.

In a short time they reached the end of the passageway and stood before another door, this one was opened from the inside. Quickly they passed into a small cubicle.

The room was bare of any furnishings and had a spartan, utilitarian appearance. Flanking the door were two chairs in which sat more Project personnel.

As Mort looked around, the two men who'd been seated came up behind him. Each of them took one of his arms.

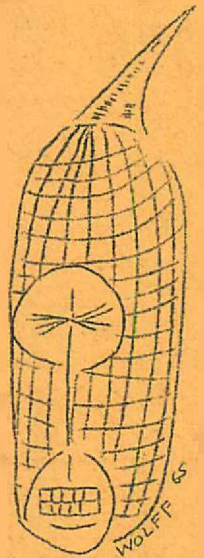
"Wha-what is the meaning of this?" he said, half in anger, half in fear.

Then he felt a prick in his arm. The attendant was withdrawing a syringe.

As his legs gave way, they picked him up and carried his limp form to a dura-steel panel set in the far wall. It slowly swung open, unveiling a huge pit furnace beyond.

Just before he passed out, he realized what Project Mars was, behind all its camouflage. Beneath its deceptions it was simply the easiest, the least complicated, and the most practical method to relieve the population pressure.

And a few seconds later he knew, intimately, the source of that glow in the sky.



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GOLDEN MINUTES

THE SWORD OF LANKOR, by Howard L. Cory (Ace, 40¢) This is a better example of the sword and sorcery novel than I really expected. It contains, however, one glaring fault. On page 109, our hero has been defeated by pirates and had his magic sword taken away from him -- he spends some time speculating on where it is now and which villain possesses it. On page 122 he runs across a group of Amazons, and in order to impress them he whips out his magic sword and chops up a few handy rocks with it. On page 131, he is informed that his magic sword has been delivered by the pirates to the evil high priest and now adorns the Temple. I have a nasty suspicion that somebody didn't proof-read this very well. Oh yes; on page 156 it is stated that a stationary orbit is impossible "on a high-G world like yours". However, there are large numbers of sword-and-sorcery fans who couldn't care less about scientific (or literary) plausibility, and I'm sure they'll be thrilled by this book. In any event, it's better than Lin Carter's recent novel and some of Howard's stuff.

SPACE CAPTAIN, by Murray Leinster/THE MAD METROPOLIS by Philip E. High (Ace, 45¢) The Leinster half is typical; a competent, readable, and forgettable adventure story. Leinster rarely writes great fiction and even more rarely writes anything that fails to entertain. Captain Trent can be depended upon to succeed equally well in his assaults on space piracy and his bumbling courtship. Sometimes I wish there were more run-of-the-mill sf stories like this and fewer unsuccessful attempts at experimental writing. The High story is somewhat of a British equivalent of Leinster. Civilization is going to hell in a handbasket, and nothing is quite what it seems, including Mother, the dictatorial computer. Not to be taken seriously, but fun to read.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: Eleventh Series, ed. by Robert P. Mills (Ace, 45¢) This collection comes from one of F&SF's poorer eras, but it still has some good stories. Avram Davidson's "Sources Of The Nile" is one of the proofs that he is perhaps today's best writer of short fantasy stories. "Shotgun Cure", by Clifford Simak, "Somebody To Play With", by Jay Williams, "The Machine That Won The War"; by Isaac Asimov, and "The Captivity", by Charles G. Finney, are all good. Cordwainer Smith's "Alpha Ralpa Boulevard" is rated one of his best by those people who like Cordwainer Smith. The remaining stories are totally unmemorable, but most are worth reading at least once.

SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC, by E. E. Smith (Ace, 40¢) One of Doc Smith's earliest and poorest novels. If you're a Smith fan, or are desperate for space opera, I suppose you'll enjoy it. Frankly, there was so much gay 90's slang and so many utterly ridiculous characters that I gave up on it. I don't know if Percival and Nadia ever got off Ganymede, but I sincerely hope they were both eaten by the natives.

THE MYSTERY MONSTERS, by Gardner Soule (Ace, 60¢) Another in Ace's "true mystery" series -- although why, I'm not sure. Despite the title, the book is mostly a second-rate natural history, concerned with such exotica as the Tasmanian tiger, Australian earthworms, the electric eel, the African hunting dog, etc. -- all related in a particularly annoying goshwow style. A few real "mysteries" are included, but none that haven't been done be-

fore -- and better -- in other books. The cover blurbs make much of the "new, up-to-the-minute" and "authenticated" photographs. Yaas... an article on the Flathead Lake Monster is illustrated by a photograph of Loch Ness. (Not even the Loch Ness Monster, mind you; just a photo of a glop of water stretching out behind a castle and labelled "Loch Ness".) The account of giant Australian worms includes photos of a platypus, and a lyrebird's nest. The chapter on the African hunting dog has photos of a timber wolf and an okapi. The chapter on whales has photos of a porpoise and the Sandy Hook Marine Laboratory research ship. Et cetera, ad nauseum. I guess the moral is that people who buy this sort of thing can be suckered into anything. (Or maybe Wollheim's secretary goofed and included the photos for an entirely different book.....)

PAINGOD, by Harlan Ellison (Pyramid, 50¢) I think I would like this better if it didn't include Harlan's own forewords to each story, dripping with eagerness to let everyone know what a big shot he is these days. As a writer, I suppose he's good, but I can't take his fiction seriously, and personally he is working his way up from a minor irritant to a major nuisance. Go buy the book and read it yourself; people who haven't encountered him personally or who can overlook his personality will probably find the contents highly enjoyable. I'm too prejudiced to review it honestly, and I don't see any point in reviewing it dishonestly.

THE GENOCIDES, by Thomas M. Disch (Berkley) Behind one of the worst covers ever to appear on a science fiction book lurks a reasonably good story. Nothing new about it; it's a rehash of all the novels where plants suddenly start taking over the world. (These plants are being cultivated by aliens, but the fact makes no real difference to the plot.) However, after a slow start the story picks up and provides a good assortment of reactions to disaster. And for once, the characters are normal, believable people, totally unlike the neurotics who populate the worlds of Ballard, Cooper and other "modern" writers.

THE CLONE, by Theodore L. Thomas and Kate Wilhelm (Berkley, 50¢ -- THE GENOCIDES was also 50¢) The basic plot is quite similar; this time a glop of animated sewage tries to take over Chicago. The characters aren't quite as well-drawn, but it's a good rousing adventure story. Ignore the cover; the book is much better than it looks. (It couldn't be much worse than that cover looks, of course.....)

A MAN OF DOUBLE DEED, by Leonard Davenport (Book Club, \$1.25) Another of Doubleday's luke-warm sf novels. This one is much closer to magazine sf than most Doubleday entries and is probably considered pretty wild by the casual reader. The hero, a telepath, is attempting to affect a political decision regarding the bands of juvenile murderers who are terrorizing the world. He is accompanied by his wives, and must overcome other telepaths, killers, corrupt police, etc. It's not a bad book, though there are too many vague references which are never explained; presumably they are tossed in to provide a "mood".

ANCIENT RUINS AND ARCHAEOLOGY, by L. Sprague deCamp and Catherine G. deCamp (Doubleday, \$5.95) But it's better if you can talk someone into giving it to you for a Christmas present, as I did. I didn't expect to learn anything new about archaeology from the book -- and I was wrong, since the chapter on the ruins of Nan Matol provided quite a bit of information that I hadn't previously known, and the one on Stonehenge added a few more. (I hadn't encountered any mention of Avebury in previous accounts, many of which try to deal with Stonehenge as though it was unique.) However, I wanted the book because I like deCamp's acid-tipped pen, and he

didn't disappoint me, even though a few chapters seemed to be merely updated revisions. I've always regarded his comment on the Mayan "elephants" ("feathered elephants, as you know, are extremely rare") as a lovely put-down -- though Juanita commented this time that feathered serpents aren't too terribly common, either. As usual, he gets in a few good bashes at Helena Blavatsky -- I believe the only non-fiction work of his that I've read that doesn't include a few nasty digs at the good Helena was his book on elephants, and I was somewhat disappointed to find her excluded from that one. At any rate, where he has revised old articles instead of writing brand new ones, they were good articles to begin with. The 12 archaeological sites covered here are Atlantis (and you don't hardly ever find that in archaeology books no more), the pyramids, Stonehenge, Troy, the Ma'rib dam, Zimbabwe, Tintagel Castle (largely as a pretext for a chapter on King Arthur), Angkor, Tikal, Machu Picchu, Nan Motol, and Rapa Nui (or Easter Island, to you uneducated slobs out there). Mostly, the book deals less with actual archaeological facts than it does with the nutty theories that have been formed to account for these places. And since the theories covered have been used as the basis for innumerable science fiction stories, it should be of interest to fans to contrast them with the facts of the case, insofar as the facts have come to light. And besides, it's probably the only archaeology book with chapter headings and quotes from Lovecraft, Howard, Lin Carter and Clark Ashton Smith.

THE MOON OF GOMRATH, by Alan Garner (Puffin, 3/6) You'll have to get this from a British dealer such as Ken Slater or some other foreign source: "for copyright reasons this edition is not for sale in the U.S.A.". This is a sequel to The Weirdstone Of Brisinghamen. It's less obviously inspired by Tolkien than the earlier book was, and draws more on the main body of British and Scandanavian legend. (I was a little jolted to find the Einheriar running around in Britain, but I suppose it's no more illogical than most legendary material.) While theoretically a juvenile, it should be of interest to fantasy-oriented adults.

THE HORSE AND HIS BOY, by C. S. Lewis (Puffin, 3/6) This is the last of the Narnia series to be published in paperback; chronologically it is the third in the series, and the one with the least relationship to the other books. It's also, in my opinion at least, one of the best of the lot. Reading it right after The Moon of Gomrath, as I did, provides an interesting contrast. Garner's magic is utterly serious; there is not so much as a single lighthearted moment in the entire book. Lewis, on the other hand, takes nothing seriously, and continually pokes sly fun at all of his principal characters. The rather pompous Talking Horse, Bree, is one of the most engaging characters in fantasy. There is a minor Narnia Cult in fandom; if you want to know what it's all about, this is a good place to start. If you like it, you'll want the rest of the series; if you don't like it you can forget the remainder of the books with a clear conscience.

HOW TO ATTRACT THE WOMBAT, by Will Cuppy (Dover, \$1.00) Natural history with a difference. Cuppy has always been one of my favorite humorists; in addition, he was a studious researcher. He presents his facts in a manner best calculated to wring humor from them; but the facts themselves are quite authentic. Besides, he is a cheerful cynic. "Frogs are lower vertebrates, so they go right on making the same old mistakes over and over, regardless of all the trouble it brings them. Higher vertebrates check on their actions most carefully and profit by experience. Now you tell one."

"A decapitated Frog responds less readily to external stimuli."- Walbridge
(via Will Cuppy)

THE FURIES, by Keith Roberts (Berkley, 50¢) "First Publication Anywhere" states the cover blurb, which is a flat lie. The novel was serialized in SCIENCE FANTASY, #74-76, beginning last July. (Great Britain, according to Berkley Books, is nowhere.) It is, however, a pretty good disaster story. The villains this time are giant wasps -- the science is as ridiculous as in most novels of the type, but the characters are a little better drawn than in most new British novels and the action is far more convincing. (If there is one thing I detest, it's a novel where everyone stands around analyzing each other -- and generally coming to perfectly idiotic conclusions.) The book is worth buying, even if it isn't a first publication.

WALDC and MAGIC, INC., by Robert A. Heinlein (Pyramid, 60¢) This is the second Pyramid and third paperback printing of this classic, but if you don't have either of the earlier editions, by all means get this one. This is "golden age" science fiction and fantasy (back in the days when they wrote stories instead of self-analysis). And that first line from "Magic, Inc." ("Whose spells are you using, buddy?") is one of the best opening lines in fantasy. Great stuff.

EIGHT STORIES FROM THE REST OF THE ROBOTS, by Isaac Asimov (Pyramid, 50¢) More classic science fiction. The stories included are "Robot AL-76 Goes Astray", "Victory Unintentional", "First Law", "Let's Get Together", "Satisfaction Guaranteed", "Risk", "Lenny", and "Galley Slave". While this isn't the super-book that the hardcover REST OF THE ROBOTS was, it's a good bargain for your money. I never liked Asimov as well as I did Heinlein, de Camp, Sturgeon or del Rey, but compared with some of today's newcomers he was a giant. And even if you've read the stories already, it's worth the price of the book just to get his various introductions to the material. I think my favorite story of the lot (and definitely Juanita's favorite) is "Victory Unintentional"; the bumbling, good-natured super-robots and the arrogant Jovians.

THE WANTING SEED, by Anthony Burgess (Ballantine, 60¢) After the excellence of Burgess' earlier novel, A Clockwork Orange, I was somewhat horrified to discover that this one bears more than a casual resemblance to Taylor Caldwell's well-known stinker, Your Sins And Mine. Burgess is a better writer than Caldwell, of course (who isn't?), but both the plot and the philosophy strike well-remembered chords. (I think there's something wrong with that line, but let it go.) For a review of the Caldwell book, I recommend Damon Knight's In Search Of Wonder, which I think is back in print from Advent. As in his preceding book, Burgess' characters are all too real and all too repellent. His governments are equally repellent but not equally convincing -- exaggeration is fine in a satire, but let's not lay it on with a shovel, eh? For a change, Burgess' "hero" this time is not too offensive, tho his heroine is a revolting bitch and the rest of the characters are even less likable. However, this is standard for Burgess. My objection is to things like all the food plants and animals on earth dying because mankind uses contraceptives (this is a major part of the plot, and it's bloody nonsense). Things like the author stating that the only "real" love is that which produces children (when his characters say it, it's to be expected as part of their nature; when the author says it, it becomes idiot propaganda.) The whole book left a bad taste in my mouth.

Recently acquired: THE DUPLICATED MAN, by Blish & Lowndes (Airmont, 40¢). THE GREAT TIME MACHINE HOAX, by Keith Laumer (Pocket Books, 50¢). THE TENTH VICTIM, by Robert Sheckley (Ballantine, 60¢)

YANKEE GO HOME

article by

DEREK NELSON

The slogan is daubed on walls in half the nations of the world, and men as politically diverse as Mao Tse'ung, Duvalier, Ayub Khan and Castro can use it to elicit support, usually violent and emotional, from the populace of their respective countries. Why people can gleefully form these mobs, or, for that matter, why anyone (myself included) should be anti-American, has always been a source of fascination for me. Read the newspapers, and there is scarce a land where Uncle Sam has not been vilified, where Information Agencies have not been sacked, the Stars and Stripes not desecrated, and US nationals not insulted and assaulted. Yet these same people accept American money in lumps as large as they can make it, perhaps work for American companies and receive American surplus food to eat, are kept free and/or independent by American military might and encourage American tourists to visit their fair lands.

This striking inconsistency is the most obvious form that anti-Americanism takes.

I cannot comment from experience on the lands of Asia and Africa, but anti-Americanism is a virulent and potent force in the country that straddles the northern, and famous "undefended" border of the United States: Canada.

This opinion is contrary to the conclusion reached in articles in the Saturday Evening Post, Readers' Digest, Look, and so on, all of which maintain Canadians in general like the United States. Granted, the individual Yank is well-received by the majority of the populace, but this has nothing to do with anti-Americanism as a sentiment. First, we need your tourist dollars, and of greater importance, the Canadian is naturally conservative and temperate in his outlook, he is rarely susceptible to personal radicalism in any form, hence the low (but not non-existent) number of flag-burnings and riots and picketing up here against your "evil deeds".

Yet in 1963 Canada endured a wild election campaign, partially caused by the USA indirectly toppling our government, where one of the three primary issues was, in fact if not in name--anti-Americanism. The question was nuclear arms (acceptance or rejection), our lack of support during the Cuba crisis, etc., but it all boiled down to--are you with or against the United States? John Diefenbaker saved his party from annihilation on the issue (he called it pro-Canadianism), and Douglas of the NDP ranted at length at our, as he put it, "best friends", offering neutralism and socialism and raising his popular vote. And infamous Real Caouette of Social Credit, in a bitter speech, blamed his decline in seats in Quebec on American Big Money interests. Only Pearson was pro-American as he felt close relations allow some influence over American foreign policy, something we had in the early 50's. Yet even he promised action to return control of American owned resources and factories back to Canada.

But there are other groups outside the politicians. For example, the intellectual periodically sobs about the submergence of Canada as a nation (politically, economically, and militarily), and most important, as a culture, under the wing of the American eagle; the nationalist wants Canada to be a Big Power and he sees the USA as a major obstacle (with England a close second); the royalist sees the republican threat to the south and remembers his history of Yankee aggression; the soldier has acquired a distaste for American dress, drill, training and corp system, all of which he considers mutated abortions of the real thing; and then there is the politician, who supports anti-Americanism because it is profitable in votes, particularly in rural areas.

But all these are specialized groupings, what of the "average" Canuck? Why does he dislike the USA so?

I somehow doubt that the answer lies in the reasons given by the writers of American magazines like The Saturday Evening Post who pinpoint the pet peeves of the intelligentsia (who think in terms of percentage ownership of controlling stock in Canadian companies, etc.) as general Canadian attitudes. Besides, if he was really worried about the fact we are becoming a little USA, he would vote for the party that promises to, in effect, eradicate Americanism in Canada -- the NDP. Yet they obtained only 18% of the vote last election.

Hence I cannot see how economic domination and so on would affect the opinion of the average Canadian regarding Americans. Granted, he may feel vague discomfort over living in a nation so under the shadow of its neighbour, a restless irritation he cannot explain, but he does realize that this has produced the second highest standard of living in the world for Canadians. And I doubt whether he is particularly worried about cultural inferiority, since he prefers American TV to our own, American books and magazines, and even American advice columnists like Ann Landers.

No. It is quite obvious the average Canadian gets his latent, and usually suppressed hostility to the United States somewhere else, although the above "special interest" factors must contribute some.

It is partly historical tradition. The French Quebecois, who form over one-quarter of our people, shudder at the thought of Anglization, and from the Revolution of '74 till today they believe they would be wholly absorbed in the swarming masses south of the border. The descendants, perhaps four million in number, of persecuted Tory Loyalists who fled before Revolutionary tyranny have no reason to feel joy at the American presence, with their British and royalist traditions and sympathies. They also remember Suez. Manifest Destiny is an affront to both these groups and the nationalist as well, and all remember the military attempts at occupation by American or American-supported arms, such as the War of 1812 (which the United States lost, contrary to US history books, movies and records) and the Fenian invasions of the late '60's. The blatant robbery of the Ohio Valley, the Columbia River and the Alaska Panhandle are not forgotten either. And Canadians bitterly comment that in two world wars the USA sat on the sidelines and made money while we did the fighting, and then took the glory when it was all over."

Here in history certainly lies one of the most important and everlasting reasons for hatred of the USA. To the Loyalist and nationalist the United States is a threat to everything he is for, and to the average Canuck years of indoctrination through the mouths of parents, his history teachers and textbooks, and the very excitable news media (at least insofar as the USA is concerned) have produced at best a distrust of America, and at worst, a virulent hatred of that country.

Actually, the first political concept the Canadian child acquires is not "Up Canada!" but either "Down with England!" or "Yankee Go Home!" or some combination thereof.

I've tried to pin down the supporters (in deed if not in word) of the latter slogan for their reasons and the two most common answers are that Americans are either imperialists or arrogant boors or both. The second explanation is summed up nicely by the words of an Ottawa waitress who was commenting on US tourists, "They think they're God, and act like it."

The former reason, imperialism, is a catch-all phrase for the many manifestations of American influence in Canada. Ban-the-Bomb and Peace groups and the NDP, to all of whom Americanseems (though they'll deny it) a greater world threat than the Soviets. Economic and political nationalists resent American control of our destiny; they daub Americans as immature and extreme in their temperament, in contrast to Canadian conservative maturity. Invariably the most violent anti-Americans are of the Left, but many political neuters or rightists sympathize to some degree of the other with their beliefs. The political centre keeps its antipathy toward America with the aid of our nationalist press, which gleefully prints on the front page stories that are guaranteed to make Canadians angry, like the kangaroo courts for Canadian traffic violators in New York State.

But most of all there is a violent reaction against the ignorance shown by Americans of their next door neighbour. And this ignorance extends through all classes of society up to and including the President of the United States!

In 1959 Dwight D. Eisenhower, at a banquet in honour of the visiting Prime Minister of Canada, not once, but twice in a speech referred to the "Republic of Canada" which, to say the least, left the Canadian officials present highly embarrassed. And when the account was published in the papers up here American stock took another dip.

Even just across the border in Buffalo a woman commenting to the Tv station there complained about the ancient movies Buffalo screens and added, "even that little place up in Canada has movies of just a few years release". Yet Toronto is three times as large as that grimy dump on the Niagara. A minor irritation perhaps, but when only one of many, it tends to grow on Canadians.



Then there's the story given of Americans who come up here in the summer with skis on their cars expecting snow and all the deprivations of a frontier outpost. And uncommon occurrence nowadays, but one which every Canadian throws in a Yank's face when in the mood to defame the United States. There are a thousand other examples (supplied upon request) that range the gamut from the credit line to the North

West Mounted Police in the movie "The Canadians" to the inability of Canadian tourists to change our money (even in many banks) while US currency circulates freely up here. Periodic surveys, especially by newspapers, give us a

chance to feel both smug and exasperated at your ignorance of Canada.

Your fourth estate pours out material on us that carries a "daddy superior" tone that is dutifully reprinted by our newspapers to rile and dismay. Time magazine always conveys a wise-old-unclish attitude to many who read its Canadian edition, while all the Chicago papers are constantly tearing into us for failing to act like junior Americans on everything from trade with the Communist Bloc to pumping water from Lake Michigan. Naturally our press retaliates in kind.

Other papers, from the sensationalist Hearst Press to the Portland Press Herald have condemned us on matters as unrelated as the Columbia River Project to our "money grubbing" attitude toward Red trade. These editorial attacks irk Canadians more by the fact that we are ignored except to be condemned, than by the condemnation itself.

Then the Milwaukee Journal, supported later by US News and World Reports, really stoked the fires by blandly stating that "there is talk once more on both sides of the border of integrating the economies of the United States and Canada". Economic union is the foretaste of political union, and Canadians know it. Twice in our history political parties have won elections with the slogan "No truck or trade with the Yankees!" A few more deals like the Canada-US Auto Pact and the cry, barely discernable now, will ring forth with renewed fervor.

Here lies a deep Canadian contradiction. We want little to do with the United States, yet when our southern neighbour ignores us, as he is prone to do except during a crisis, then we damn him for it. We don't like being taken for granted, yet we resent being attacked when we act out of the ordinary. In reaction to being treated as a tolerated junior partner, the Canadians sneer at everything American and contrast it with the Canadian equivalent which is "so obviously superior", and this includes the range from beer to universities. The Detroit Times has neatly labelled such an attitude as nothing more or less than jealousy of American wealth, power, and importance in the world of today. Naturally we resent the dissection as well.

Canadian history books, politicians, and newspapers have told the Canadian public that we are a big middle power and are growing into one of the mightiest nations on Earth. False, maybe, but it's been shouted so long and so often that it has become accepted by the public and failure to implement it has produced what The Detroit Times has called frustration among Canadians. We want to be nationalists and internationalists at the same time, respected and ignored simultaneously, and so on. When frustrated, people lash out wildly, so does a nation. Only the USA is so close we can't miss when we swing.

The disease is probably incurable, but these I see as the causes: our historical traditions, our petty nationalism, the press of both nations, American ignorance and Big Power mentality, Canadian frustration, irritation and jealousy.

These are the causes. They manifest themselves through emotional rhetoric or writing in most cases, and they often ignore the facts.

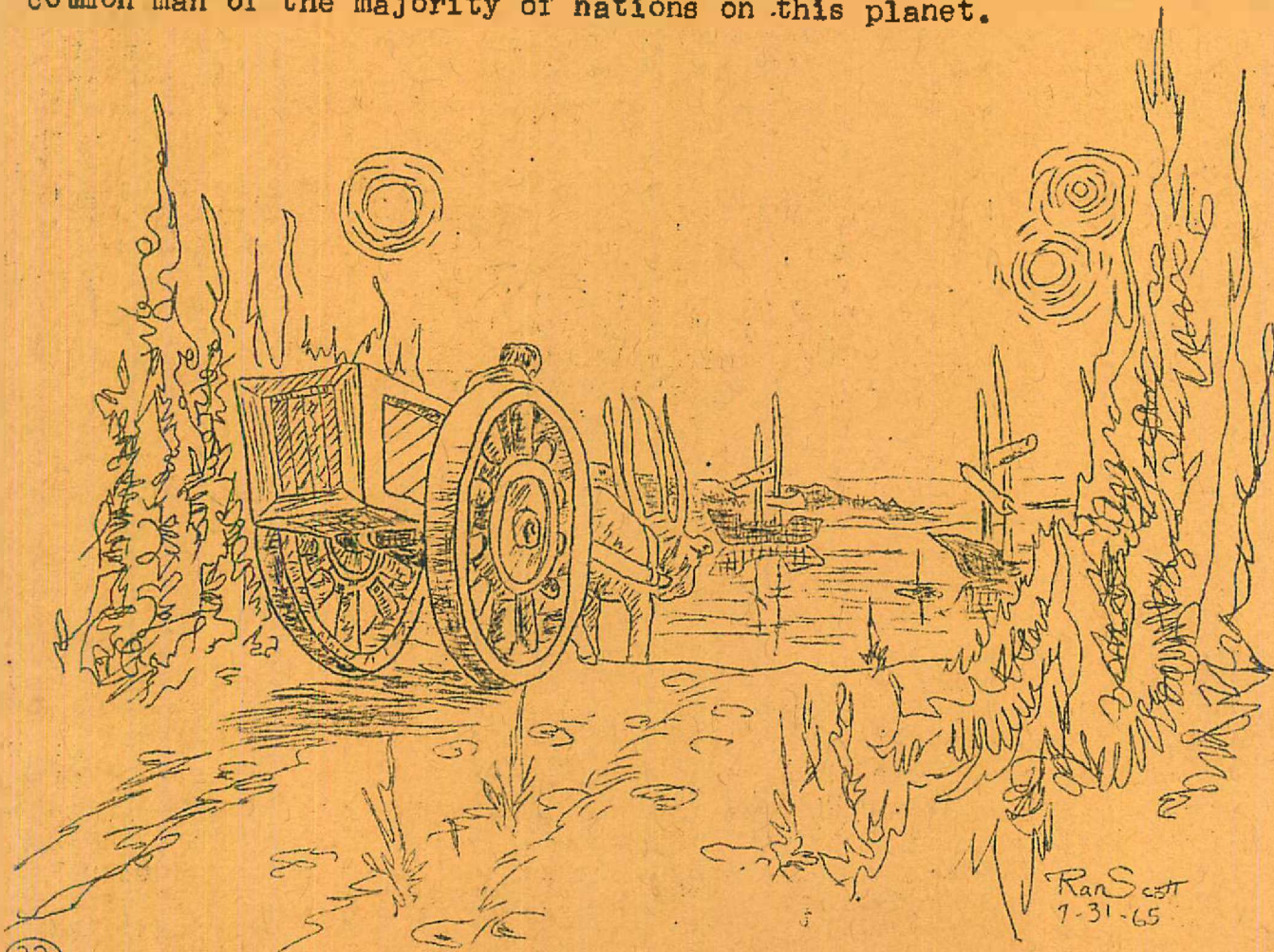


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Take for example the argument-discussion at a school history club meeting a few years past in which I debated in favour of union with the United States on a strictly practical basis. The vote taken at the meeting's end on those who supported union from a realistic viewpoint showed seven for, three against, and two abstentions. Yet when I asked how each would vote personally the final score was twelve against union, and nobody supporting it. Arguing politics is akin to arguing religion when one talks about the degree of rationality involved.

Although American observers in Canada state we have some resentments, they believe we're pro-American at heart. It would be more truthful to say we were basically anti-American, but that when Canadians chose a priority of values (ex: economic independence or a high standard of living) America generally scores high on the scale.

At the time of the Cuba crisis, three-quarters of our people stood with the United States, (we prefer the Eagle to the Bear), though our leaders did not, and perhaps this would be true of the world at large. The inferiority complex of Canadians to the USA, the richest, most powerful and most generous of nations, is undoubtedly duplicated on the world scene. Dislike is an inevitable reaction of the less-rich to the rich, and anti-Americanism is the modern variety. A century ago one twisted the Lion's Tail, today one pulls Uncle Sam's whiskers. But as the missile crisis in Cuba proved, Canadians have, in the final analysis, made a choice. However distasteful we find it, however we squirm and squawk against it, we acknowledge our fiefdom to the American Empire. I would not be surprised to find a similar outlook in the common man of the majority of nations on this planet.



Strange Fruit

NEWSLETTERS: All of the following fanzines are small (2 - 10 pages) and concerned either with general news of fans and pros (who's living with who and where, conventions, parties, feuds, etc.) or with a specialized branch of news as stated. All are quite interesting if you happen to be interested in the subjects they cover.

RATATOSK #25, 26, 27 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) General fan and pro news.

FOCAL POINT #17, 17.5 (Mike McInerney, 326 E. 13th. St., Apt. 7, New York, N.Y. 10003 - somewhat biweekly - 3 for 25¢ - co-editor, Rich Brown) Similar to RATATOSK.

SKYRACK #35 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Great Britain - monthly - 6 for 35¢, or 6 for 70¢ if airmailed - USAgent, me) British news (naturally).

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #6 (John Boston, 816 So. First St, Mayfield, Ky. 42066 - irregular - 4 for 25¢) Book reviews and info on new books.

FANAC #31 (Carl J. Brandon, Jr., Skilskapsvägen 7, Stockholm 48, Sweden - monthly? - 12:for 10:- ((whatever that is))) Swedish fan news, or possibly international fan news, printed in Swedish.

STUNK #14 (Dieter Braeg, Wien III, Invalidenstr. 5, Postf. 151, West Germany) German news; my German isn't as good as my Swedish, so I can't list price or schedule.

N3F TAPE BUREAU NEWSLETTER (Ann F. Ashe, R.D. 1, Freeville, N.Y. 13068 - no schedule listed - free to members of the N3F Tape Bureau and possibly to interested outsiders) Reports on the Bureau activities and general articles on tape recording.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #14 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - bi-weekly - \$1 per year, or \$1.50 per year sent first class) Washington club, general east coast news, plus book reviews.

BULLZINE #51 (Art Hayes, P.O. Box 189, Matachewan, Ont., Canada - irregular - free to N3F members) Dunno if non-members can get copies or not; I was a member when it arrived back in December. There is some brief fan history here that would be of service to newcomers.

YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLD MINE #7 (Rich Mann, 327-B Walsh Hall, Grand Forks, No. Dakota 58201 - irregular - 25¢) 43 pages of mailing comments; you don't hardly see that sort of thing no more. This is destined primarily for SAPS, and while some of Rich's comments are also interesting to an outsider (I fully intend to send him a letter of comment realsoonnow) it depends on whether you enjoy long and necessarily disjointed editorials that much. However, anybody who dislikes Bob Dylan can't be all bad.

MARNDERINGS #1 (Rich Mann, address above - 30¢) This is a fanzine that was planned in early 1964. However, Rich made the mistake of sending it to Redd Boggs for mimeographing, and Redd was too busy writing pornography to attend to mere fannish obligations, so Bruce Pelz finally ran it off 18 months later. John Boardman contributes a good article on Rus-

sian history, though he does have a tendency to insist that the Russian city-states served as models for various sf writers, when there are dozens of better-known city-states which could have served equally well. Charles Platt has a humorous account of mimeograph salesman (which reminds me; we're going to have a mimeo up for sale at the Tricon; nice, simple hand-crank model, no fancy gadgets, nothing to go wrong....) There are book reviews, an article on Doc Smith, and "A Defense of Fandom" by various writers which might come in handy for other young fans whose parents want to know why they spend so much time on that crazy junk. This could well have become an interesting genzine, but since Rich has become involved so heavily with apas in the interval between editing and publication, I suspect it is in effect a one-shot. Rating...5

I have here a whole glop of stuff from Dwain Kaiser, 1397 No. 2nd. Ave., Upland, Calif. 91786

GO WESTERCON YOUNG MAN - A one-shot produced entirely about, and apparently at, the 1965 Westercon. No price listed. 18 pp. If you go for that sort of thing.....

JACKING TOP #3 - Produced for Apa 45; "A copy will go out to people who request them if I feel like it." Tch, Dwain; your subject and prepositional phrase should agree in number. An editorial and 5 pages of mailing comments. Interesting art by Lynn Pederson.

THE N3F WANTS YOU - For N'APA. A lot of discussion in N'APA recently is about a proposal to break away from the parent organization, the N3F. Of course, there are about 17 other apas available for fans who don't want to belong to the N3F, but you can't expect fans to be logical. 8 pages of somewhat better mailing comments than above, plus a 2-page cover.

IT'S INTERAPA TIME #3 - Produced, logically enough, for Interapa. (Membership: 17 US, 2 Canada, 1 Sweden, and 1 Swedish fan temporarily residing in Italy -- somehow I get the impression that European fans just aren't much interested in publishing associations.) Dwain has some very sensible comments about the NeoFund -- mainly that fans with any sort of common sense don't need it. (Of course, how many fans with any sort of common sense are there, when you come right down to it?)

FANTASTICAL #1 (35¢ - no schedule listed) Perhaps the best part of this fanzine is the artwork by Lynn Pederson, particularly his "John Kaiser of Mars" feature. There is a reprint of a 1933 fanzine (SCIENCE FICTION, Vol. 1 #4), or at least of parts of same. Not having seen the original, I can't tell if the bad reproduction here is Dwain's fault or an authentic recapturing of the essence of 1933 fanzines. There is a fairly long letter column, a reasonably good editorial, and other minor items. While I'm thinking of it, what does the post office have against spirit duplicated fanzines? I notice it in Dwain's mags in particular, but other dittoed zines frequently arrive looking like they'd been run over by a train. Occasionally a mimeographed fanzine will also be torn apart in the mails, but not nearly as often as dittoed mags. Is the slick paper used in ditto more brittle, or does the alcohol in the spirit fluid send postal employees into a mad frenzy? Rating 5

CHAMELEON'S DISH #1 (Joe Steton, 469 Ennis St, Milan. Tennessee 38358 - no price or schedule - published for TAPS) Two items here; an article on Unitarianism and a sword-and-sorcery comic strip based on a story by Arnie Katz. Joe has good artwork, as usual. Rating 3

SCIENCE FICTION TITLE CHANGES (Donald L. Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave, North

Hollywood, Calif. 91606 - one-shot - \$1.00 - co-editor, Michael Viggiano) This is for collectors primarily, though it might be of some help to readers who are annoyed by purchasing a "new" stf book which turns out to be an old story with a new title. (Though I can't quite see sticking this booklet in your pocket every time you wander down to the news stand to paw over the new titles.) Anyway, it contains 47 digest-size, offset-printed pages containing various title changes of stf stories. It's a handy size for a reference file, and to serious collectors is undoubtedly worth the price.

KALKI #2 (James N. Hall, 202 Taylor Ave, Crystal City, Missouri 63019 - irregular - available for "any sincere indication of interest") Aside from the fact that it is devoted to the works of James Branch Cabell -- none of which I've read -- my only objection to this fanzine is that I wish the editor would buy a typewriter that would cut decent stencils. The mag is readable, but not easy reading by any means. However, the material is literate and presumably interesting to Cabell fans. (It's interesting to me as information on a subject I knew nothing about, but since it's designed for Cabell enthusiasts, it isn't always comprehensible to an outsider.) However, if you like Cabell or want to learn more about Cabell this is a fanzine you should have. Rating..6

GRIMOIRE #1 (David Hall, 104A Cramer Hall, Pershing Group, University of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri 65202 - irregular - 20¢) This seems to be largely devoted to swords and sorcery; an editorial on the possibilities of a movie Conan, articles on the Trojan War, a minor Howard character, Tolkien, Conan's largely non-existent sense of humor, and a couple of poems. (A request is made for articles on any branch of fantasy, but no science fiction material, and no fan-fiction, unless it's humorous.) As a sucker who forked over for Tolkien's Tree And Leaf, I appreciate Dave's comments on it (but at that, it was better than Tom Bombadil.) And our yellow paper, Dave, was officially christened "dog-vomit yellow" by Marion Zimmer Bradley, and we're rather proud of the adjective. Rating..4

TALES OF TORMENT #4 (John Stockman, 5553 Glenway Ave (Lot 64), Cincinnati, Ohio 45238 - irregular? - 35¢) Reading the editorial of this gave me the impression that somebody was in an alternate universe -- John mentions such fanzines as Charles Kindt's ULSIO, Roger Male's JACKAL, Norman Laird's MILSTAL and Hyman Gnnaberg's WEASEL. Can someone tell me if this is a tentacle from comics fandom, or is the entire thing a hoax by the Cincy Fantasy Group? Or maybe it's Burroughs fandom; there seem to be a lot of ads for Burroughs material in the back. The major part of the issue consists of a single 20-page story, enhanced by immaculate reproduction, abominable illustrations, excruciating spelling ("obstical" for "obstacle", "gambeling", etc.), inaccurate punctuation, and a ridiculous plot. (Actually, the plot could be the beginning of an extremely funny "tall tale", but John appears to be playing it straight.) However, John seems to have his regular readers; if you enjoy kitsch, you might want to become one of them. Rating...1

NO-EYED MONSTER #5/MERK-MAG #1 (Norman Masters, Box 79, Ortonville, Mich. 48462 - 25¢ -co-editor, John Merkel) Devoted to bad fan fiction and poetry. This sort of fanzine fulfills a definite need. (As proved by the fact that there are always one or two of them around.) There are fans who want to see their names in print, yet who can't write well enough to make the grade in even the average fanzine. Most of them are young, and with encouragement a few of them might well develop into good writers in time. If you want to do a good deed, buy a copy of the mag and

write a nice letter of constructive criticism.

Rating...2

TRUMPET #3 (Tom Reamy, 1709 Debbie Drive, Plano, Texas 75074 - irregular - 50¢) Today's flashiest fanzine; quite possibly the most impressive-looking fanzine of all time. Lithography, slick paper, photographs, and gorgeous front and back covers by George Barr. If you haven't seen a copy, get one. Material includes a humorous article by Ray Nelson (reprinted from some west coast fanzine - can't recall which one - without credit), an article on Ray Bradbury's off-Broadway play written by Ray Bradbury, an article -- an excellent article -- on politics and education by Jerry Pournelle, old fanzine reviews by Kent Moomaw (contrary to the editor's blurb, I certainly do not agree that "Kent's talent is one that fandom could ill afford to lose. He had as much talent as the average well-known fan of his day, no more -- and less common sense to go with it), a long column by Andy Offutt on the Italian "Maciste" movies which would read better if Andy wasn't showing off his independence of conventional punctuation and capitalization, old movie reviews by the editor, a long sort-of-editorial about fans and conventions and trips and stuff, new fanzine reviews by Alex Eisenstein, an article on horror movies by Dan Bates, and a good letter column. (Tho I see Leland Sapiro is up to his old tricks; he defends the N3F by calling it "the only large collection of s.f. oriented fans in the U.S.", neglecting to add that it's the only large collection of any sort of fans in the U.S. and going on for a paragraph of irrelevant statistics.) E. E. Evers calls TRUMPET "a quarterly super YANDRO" -- maybe it will drain off some of our surplus readers, eh? With that printing setup, Reamy undoubtedly wants new readers, so give him a try.

Rating.....9

SOL #12 (Tom Schlück, 3 Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, West Germany - no price or schedule listed) A must for fans who want to know what other fans look like. There are two pages of photos on the fannish career of Mario Kwiat, two more on the 1965 Frankfurt convention, and one on the last Worldcon. Then there are articles, fiction, and letters from various people; a total of 37 pages of them, plus the photos and a 6-page Kwiat artfolio. Well worth the price (whatever it is).

Rating...7

LORE #3 (Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle SE, Atlanta 30316 - irregular - 50¢ for 5 issues) Jerry Page is editor, but Burge handles subscriptions. A fanzine devoted to questions about science fiction, plus an occasional book review. Questions under discussion this issue include things like "what were the pen-names of Hannes Bok?", "who was the 'Briggs' who did artwork for AMAZING around 1932?" (I'd like to know that myself; he was the only halfway decent illustrator in the field at that time) and "how many issues of SOUTH SEA STORIES and AIR ADVENTURES were there?". A fanzine for collectors.

Rating....6

STEFANTASY #58 (Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa. - irregular - free but circulated only to people Bill considers interesting) Which reminds me, I'll do that article for you realsoonnow -- honestly! This seems to be the issue that is Against Things. The editor is against roadside spraying (I'm with him all the way), the U.S. post office (only partial agreement; Wabash had a very efficient post office once I straightened them out on a few little details), and the space program; Richard Starnes is against the post office; Roy Tackett is against the space program (shame on you, Roy); Ernie Pittaro is against noise; Dick Radl is against labor unions; and Norm Clarke is against toilet paper. (Err...ads for it, that is.) It isn't one of STEF's better issues; too many of the writers are simply bitter, in place of the mag's usual bitter humor. Not that some of them don't have a right to be bitter, but it doesn't make for as

interesting reading as STEF usually has.

Rating.....7

AUSLANDER #1 (David G. Hulan, P.O. Box 422, Tarzana, Calif. 91356 - bi-monthly - 20¢ - co-editor, Ed Cox) This issue is largely reviews -- by Hulan, Cox, myself, Ron Ellik and a couple of pseudonyms -- plus editorials, but presumably more variety will be forthcoming in future issues. As for this issue, both Hulan and Cox are good entertaining writers and the mag comes off reasonably well.

Rating.....5

G2, Vol. 5 #3 (Joe and Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave, El Sobrante, Calif. 94803 - monthly - 4 for 50¢ - no trades) This just isn't my cup of tea, largely because I don't seem to have many common interests with the editors. (For example, they give a recipe for "duplicating" the taste of Canadian whiskey by the use of cheap blended whiskey and port wine. All well and good, except that I don't like Canadian whiskey much better than I do the cheap blended variety. Now if they had told how to turn gin into a reasonable facsimile of rye or rum, I'd have been all ears.) Most of this issue is devoted to a long humorous article on holidaying (recipes, housecleaning, etc.) made up of quotes from various books. Now there were some absolute gems in here, but a majority of the quotes left me feeling, "So?". Presumably, if you have a slightly altered sense of humor from mine, you will appreciate the mag more.

Rating...4

FEEMWLORT #4 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Calif. 94066 - irregular - 25¢) The sort of genzine, with articles, reviews, poetry and letters, that you can't hardly find no more. The mag deals with stf and fantasy, not with any particular segment of the field. Material could improve, but it's all readable and contains some new information. (New to me, anyway.) A good, solid fanzine.

Rating....5½

KRONOS #3 (Paul A. Gilster, 42 Godwin Lane, St. Louis, Missouri 63124 - irregular - 20¢) Primarily devoted to fan fiction, tho articles and even verse are included. Standards are somewhat higher than the usual neo-fannish fiction mag presents, but one can't set too high a standard for fiction publishing if one wants to receive any fiction to publish. So the over-all effect is still slightly below those fanzines which concentrate on articles.

Rating...4

SAFNCIR (Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd, Scarboro, Ont., Canada - no price or schedule listed) I don't even know if any issues are available, but I enjoyed Derek's article on SCRAM -- Society (Canada) for the Restoration of Absolute Monarchy -- so well that I wanted to mention it to a wider audience, and some YANDRO readers are pretty wide. Even if I find his treatise on motorcycling a trifle ridiculous, the SCRAM article makes it a good mag.

BREINSCHLUSS #6 (Ken and Irene Potter, 4 Hartington St, Lancaster, Gt. Britain - irregular - no price listed) While this is only the 6th issue, it is the 13th year of publication. While YANDRO put out 154 issues in 13 years, the Potters went in for quality rather than quantity. This is one of the great humor fanzines; not as celebrated as HYPHEN, but just as good. Unfortunately, quality material is pretty scarce in fandom, so it will probably be another 2 or 3 years before the next issue appears. Get this one while you can.

Rating...9

Robert M. Allen, 20 Gardiner Ave, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, is interested in purchasing back issues of fanzines such as CRY OF THE NAMELESS, LE ZOMBIE, PEON, SCIENCE FICTION 50 YEARLY -- or even of YANDRO, if you have nothing better to offer.

GRUMBLINGS

James Sieger, S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 2, Muskego, Wis., 53150

A footnote on the Tolkien affair: I was browsing through my old Variety's today and came across an early 1964 interview with the man who filmed Scott O'Dell's ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS: in which it was remarked that because of the book's immense popularity, its publisher (Houghton Mifflin) consistently refused to allow paperback editions.

It looks like it's Houghton Mifflin's policy to keep all profits to itself, even though a pb edition of a popular book might bring much profit to its author. Make their protestations about Tolkien being "robbed" fishy, don't it? Deliberately forbidding an author access to additional profits doesn't strike me as any more honest.

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois, 61745

I remember Will Cuppy, and I was prejudiced against him because he panned my very first mystery novel, CHINESE DOLL. Everybody but him (including Boucher) praised it, but he had to pan it. I think he reviewed for the NYTimes or the NYTribune at that time (1946).

I used to think you got peachy keen service from the Wabash postoffice. Remember when my Yandros would arrive in about three days? First class mail from New York takes that long to here. Sometimes four.



[I don't know how much of an expert Cuppy was on mysteries, but he edited a fascinating anthology--MURDER WITHOUT TEARS (Sheridan House, 1946). Still, you can't win 'em all; he obviously erred in panning CHINESE DOLL. RSC/

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

If F&SF can have a Bradbury issue and Fantastic can have a Leiber issue, I guess Yandro can have a Ted White issue. I don't think Ted,

as a cause celebre, measures up to the Breendoggle or the Rotation Plan, though. But I'll go along with Felice Rolfe: let's they and him fight. It

was a funsy issue. Bob Tucker's piece should be the hilarious last word on it: I don't see how Bob can cut so hard while applying so much soothing syrup at the same time.

Oops, Buck, you goofed. Despite its title, SKYLARK THREE is the second book in the series, and SKYLARK OF VALERON is the third.

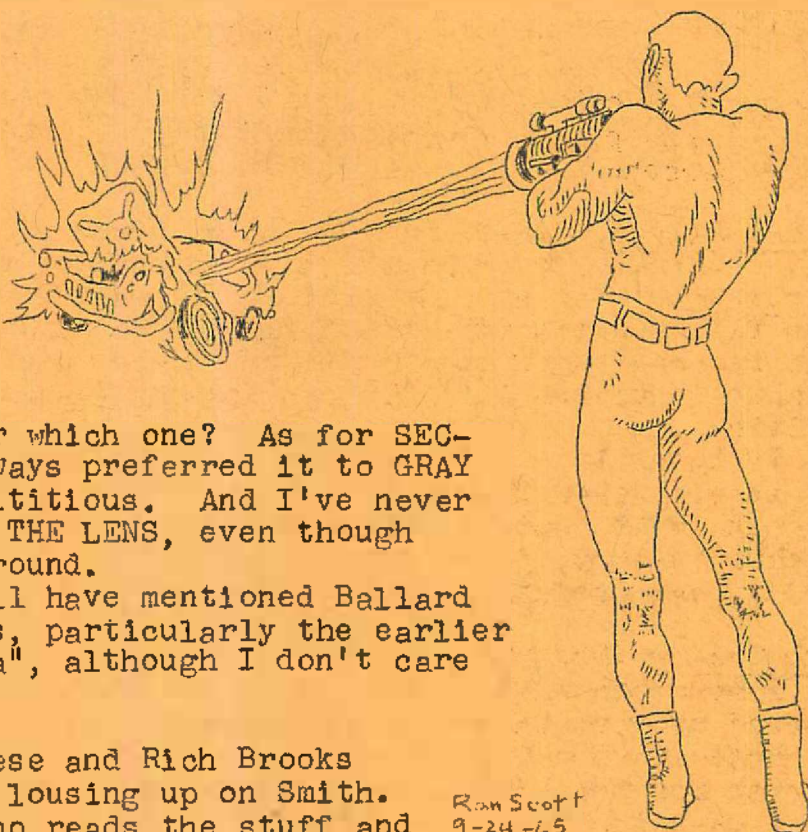
Now which one did you mean was a vast improvement over which one? As for SECOND STAGE LENSMAN, I've always preferred it to GRAY LENSMAN, even if it is repititious. And I've never cared much for CHILDREN OF THE LENS, even though that one breaks some new ground.

Don Martin: I might well have mentioned Ballard -- I like his short stories, particularly the earlier ones like "Prima Belladonna", although I don't care much for his novels.

Ed Wood, Gene DeWeese and Rich Brooks also jumped me for lousing up on Smith. (Now we all know who reads the stuff and who are fakefans - why didn't the rest of you spot that?) Anyway, I meant to say that the middle book of the "Skylark" series, by old Whatsizname, is the poorest one, whatever its title is.

Ran Scott
9-24-65

RSC/



Robert E. Briney, 176 E. Stadium Ave., West Lafayette, Ind., 47906

First it was SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS. Now it gives PIN- OCCIO IN OUTER SPACE. Bleeah!

I did talk myself into seeing DR. GOLDFOOT AND THE BIKINI MACHINE, and enjoyed it. Vincent Price had a ball kidding himself and his previous horror roles, and Jack Mullaney as the inept assistant, Igor, was marvellous. Next week it gives THE FACE OF FU MANCHU. From the previews it looks awful, but maybe it will be bearable. Christopher Lee does not look or sound in the least bit Chinese, and he is about as insidious as Danny Thomas...However.

Speaking of stamp frauds and independent principalities, and all that, the prize in this area probably should go to Leicester Hemingway (younger brother of Ernest), the "president" of New Atlantis, "the world's newest and smallest republic." New Atlantis consists entirely of one raft, anchored to a submerged sandbank off Luana Point, southwest of Jamaica... Nonetheless, New Atlantis issues its own stamps; there have been issues honoring LBJ ("protector of the entire free world"), Hubert Humphrey, and Winston Churchill.

Arthur W. Upfield. I agree that his books are re-readable, both for their qualities as novels and for their fascinating pictures of the Australian outback.

Joe Sarno is good at delivering round-house punches to straw men. (Page 21) I said "in the field," I meant "in the field." Austin Tappan Wright's ISLANDIA was not a product of our little magazine or paperback universe; it was not even written for publication, but for

the author's own entertainment. Equally, the Tolkien books are not the product or the literary descendant of anything in the specialist magazines or books; they stem from a far older literary tradition. Herbert's DUNE, on the other hand, is a direct and recognizable product of the magazine and paperback science fiction field of the past twenty or thirty years; personally, I think it is one of the finest of such products.

Mike Deckinger, Apartment 12-J, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, NJ, 07106

I feel like I've stepped into a vacuum, after reading the added letter supplement in Y#152, concerning the guilt, or lack of guilt, of Ace books for publishing the Ring trilogy. I didn't get #149 or #150 but the eruptions following this event haven't been confined to Yandro, so my background on the matter isn't altogether vacant. My own feelings on the subject are this; as editor of Ace Books, it is Don Wollheim's task, nay duty, to secure the most saleable and desired items for Mr. Wyn, and eventually the reading public. Don would have been neglecting his job if he had decided not to publish the Ring books, with or without Professor Tolkien's permission, or awareness.

It's not quite as cold-hearted as it sounds. Tolkien misses out on the royalties the books sales would bring him, but the publisher, consequently, is not hindered by the payment and can publish a larger edition, thus insuring the author of greater recognition than a smaller one would. True, recognition and fame do not pay bills, but they do satisfy a compulsion to establish oneself as a unique individual within contemporary living. I don't pretend to understand Tolkien's desires or motivations, but I do feel, that with the resultant royalties, the author is being rewarded by the public. In what form he prefers his reward is of course up to him.

Some of the titles Ace uses annoy me too. DR. BLOODMONEY is too phony an attempt to cash in on the lucrative appeal of the Kubrick film, and one by Emil Petaja sounds as if it was created for transplanted Cubans. But in the overall analysis, the title is the least significant part of a good story. I would be glad to put up with the esthetic discomfiture of a poor title, if it meant a Hugo-calibre story.

/Amen! (But it would be nice if the story and title and cover illo and layout and everything else about it were all good.RSC7

Bill Conner, Box 29, THE WESTERN STAR, Lebanon, Ohio, 45036.

Apparently someone at WKYC-TV in Cleveland feels the same way Don Thompson does about the Klan or someone at NBC-TV in New York feels the same way. Either way, I'm more certain than ever that the NBC-TV news film on the Warren County Klan rally was doctored up a bit.

Certainly Don Thompson's attitude does nothing to ease my fears that too many people are fooling around with the news these days. There is too much misunderstanding and confusion in the world -- newsmen shouldn't add to it by telling the people what they want to hear or worse, what the newsman wants the people to hear. A straight news story should be just that -- just the facts, mam..

If I were Don Thompson's boss, I wouldn't send him out on any story dealing with the Klan or race relations in general; for that matter. I think a good reporter can, to a reasonable extent, set his own emotions aside in order to record a news event as factually as possible.

A couple of weeks ago I happened to have a brief opportunity to talk to a former NBC newsman -- John Chancellor, former NBC White House correspondent, who is now the director of the Voice of America.

Chancellor visited the Voice of America transmitting station near Lebanon and held a press conference for local newsmen. When I had a chance to talk with him briefly after the conference, I told him about how I felt the NBC coverage of the Warren County Klan rally was rigged.

Chancellor was somewhat at loss to explain the incident. He said he couldn't understand why anyone would want to change the audio portion of the news film and said he didn't think it could have happened at NBC in New York.

I agreed with him on one thing -- I can't see why anyone would want to change a tv news film about a Klan rally. I believe the Ku Klux Klan is its own worst enemy when it is exposed to the revealing eye of the tv news camera and the microphone. Left to themselves, Klansmen project a shoddy image on the tv screen and their words reflect blind hate and ignorant stupidity.

So what if most of the crowd at the rally who reacted at all to the speech of the Imperial Wizard reacted favorably? The camera can reveal their moronic faces filled with hate -- it can also reveal the grim, disapproving faces of others in the crowd who wisely chose to keep their silence.

Perhaps I should mention that in researching for an article about the new Voice of America director I found that the U.S. Information Agency has been in a turmoil this year because of the issue of truth vs. propaganda in the news. It sort of fits in with Klan rally incident.

The former director of the Voice of America quit last spring because he claimed that the LBJ administration had pressured the Voice into flavoring its news broadcasts with sugar-coated propaganda pills. But when Chancellor filled the post of VOA director after it had been vacant for five months, he said that the Voice's broadcasts must be "credible and truthful." This sentiment was repeated by the President.

Did LBJ try to have the news managed on the Voice only to discover that it just didn't work? After Loomis resigned, the job of directing the Voice went begging for a while. Maybe LBJ discovered that propaganda is no good for the Voice. Or will he slowly turn the screws on Chancellor?

I'm not exactly sure why Carl Rowan quit as director of the U.S. Information Agency, but it could have something to do with LBJ's meddling with the agency. I'll be frank -- I think that's the very reason why Rowan quit.

The new director of the Voice of America claims that propaganda falls flat on its face on the VOA. He said the Voice's listeners in foreign countries can easily detect pro-American propaganda merely by making a comparison with the wire services which supply their local newspapers (those outside of the Iron Curtain, that is), or by comparing the VOA's news with that of its chief competitor -- the British Broadcasting Company.

/I don't think Don gets many race relations assignments.
Canine relations, maybe... RSC/

Dainis Bisenieks, 1033 Pomona, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103

See? Now you have two readers for the price of one. Yandro has been getting interesting lately. I see where the WSFA are going to play a Diplomacy game in their journal -- but it is much more exciting to know that this one is for real. Only trouble is, when do the players count up the points and figure out who's won? Don't expect me to

take sides seriously. I have been unable to do this ever since I came to America and the kids at school (Bay Shore, L.I. NY) asked me, Who are you for, Yankees or Dodgers? So help me, I still don't even know what league any team is in! I usually declare myself for the underdog (don't tell JWC), so don't mind if I declare a "wild, heraldic preference" (J.R.R.T's phrase) for Wollheim. At least until he gets his licks in.

David Hall, 202 Taylor, Crystal City, Mo., 63019

Thought you might be interested to know that Don Wollheim now says THE HOBBIT is in the public domain. My copy, the first American edition, has a very clear copyright notice, but if subsequent editions were published without the notice, it would void the copyright. It seems most likely, therefore, that they didn't apply for a new copyright after printing the revised edition, which is the one Ballantine used for the paperback. Therefore it seems likely that the original version is not p.d., but that Ballantine's version is. What a mad tea party!

Don and Margaret Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio, 44060

Playing on our sympathies with that "always a bridesmaid" jazz all these years when I see now by Sky Miller's column in Anal SF that Yandro has won "its second, or maybe third" Hugo.

Catch us feeling sorry for you again.

HA!

There's a great deal of schlock fallout at the newsstands these days in the form of crappy detective magazines. You've already noticed BIZARRE, INTRIGUE and THE MAN FROM UNCLE MAGAZINE, but have you seen SHELL SCOTT MYSTERY MAGAZINE (like UNCLE a Leo Margulies publication) or the newest and easily the worst, EDGAR WALLACE MYSTERY MAGAZINE.

This one is bad enough to stagger the imagination. The cover is a patchy job and indicates that the magazine is subtitled "Author of King Kong." If Edgar Wallace needs to be identified, why name a mag for him?

The paper in EWMM is the same type that Jim Warren uses on his monster mags, which means it smells as though it's made of ground fish.

The drawings look as if they were made with a broken popsicle stick dipped in shoe polish. The stories are either poor or reprinted or both.

But what really bugs me is:

Of Roger Elwood, author, the editor says: "We are proud to publish the following story and we predict big things for this writer in the future." The editor: Roger Elwood.

Of Craig Rice's classic "His Heart Could Break," (which has been published in THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER MAGAZINE, THE SAINT MYSTERY MAGAZINE, ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE and in Miss Rice's collection, "The Name is Malone") Elwood says it was written "especially for 'Edgar Wallace's /sic/ Mystery Magazine.'" Besides being an outright lie (a 1953 copyright is given on the first page of the story) it is in bad taste -- Miss Rice has been dead for two or three years.

In addition, it has the usual errors of schlock



publications -- misspelling Fredric Brown's name, getting its own name wrong (EDGAR WALLACE MYSTERY MAGAZINE, EDGAR WALLACE'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE), and calling short stories novelets.

I heartily recommend that you do not buy EWM. The sooner it folds, the better.

The same publisher puts out a wretched imitation of Warren's Creepy, called Weird and edited by Carl Burgos, creator of the original Human Torch. The first issue was #10, an ingenious, albeit shabby way of trying to make Creepy seem the imitator. Avoid this thing at all costs; words can't describe the badness of this.

Dammit, we haven't even received one Hugo yet! Better watch those remarks, Miller, or I'll start reading up on your old stories for the "SF Potboiler" panel at the Worldcon.

RSC/

Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England

Thoroughly enjoyed, of course, the latest Yandros, particularly the Briney letter on the Westcon, the White article on his Ace dealings and the letters on Tolkien. I wonder what the Professor himself thinks of all this shrieking "pirate"? Possibly what I enjoyed most was being able to read both sides of the questions at the same time and I must say I admire Ted's inclusion of Wollheim's argument in his article. Good reading all round. May I suggest a group of fans who form a personal Ted White Bodyguard, thereby ensuring his continued contributions to Yandro?

Just had a story in New Worlds. I've two fans' names mentioned therein. Got almost twice as much as expected for the story. And have just been reviewed. Opinion is that the story stank. Oh well...

Jim Goodrich, 5 Brewster Drive, Middletown, NY, 10940

Re #152: the monstermag pubbers (with exception of my boy Phil) must be envious of the REG cover. Have never, unfortunately, heard any Kabuki music; remember a Jap pop (or light classic) tune entitled "Moon Over the Yangtze" (?) that I dug tremendously. Ah, nostalgia for Mount Fuji, the temples, the girls, etc., grips me./ Most pleased to see Banks' piece, tho I've read little by the distaff mystery authors. Coming up in this series on non-sf writers: Georges Simenon; report from your German contact on Karl May; Thorne Smith, as I remember him, by Seth Johnson?/ Dian draws fab nudes./ Surprised to view D. West's letter which is quite humorous to those of us descended from the Picts. Has West ever told u what happened to his ill-fated Lost Worlds mag?/ Derek Nelson has never heard of Chandler (Ray)? Anyone who lives Conan couldn't be all bad, tho./ Ace losing money on its S/F; wolves howling at the door? Only wolves at the door are spirits of deceased authors demanding money for their estates.

Cover on 153, which is quite humorous, reminds me of Joe Pilati's zine. Still haven't heard from Kim, tho I wrote weeks ago & he lives about 35 miles down the turnpike./ Enjoyed Tucker's burlesque up to the climax where Pikestaff gets into the act; then my knowledge of the actual events failed me./ If u don't watch out, u are going to read the Big Sleep 1 of these days just to learn what all the discussion in Y's pages



is about. Chandler won't push us into the arms of Morpheus./ Damn, forgot again to check on the other air pollution work. Ed Meskys should be pleased to see your G&S lyric parody. What Bram Stoker would think is something else./ Barr is a terrific artist - but Fruit Loops & Banana Wackies for an intelligent adult?? As an amateur nutritionist, am horrified. Only in America do we permit men to make a profit from producing dental caries in children, & their parents. My lecture for today.

My Japanese agent, Hiro Endo, reports that the Sogen Shinsha Pub. Co. is pubbing the following in pb form: ERB's Mars & Venus series (Hiro sent me Princess of Mars which has a belle cover of a buxom Dejah & some unusual b&w illos) the Lensman series in 6 vols. & Ike's Galactic Empire series in 3 vols. He is desirous of acquiring a couple pb's I haven't been able to pick up: Merrill's Year's Best S/F #5 & Star Science Fiction #5. Pardon the spelling on those 2; don't look at non-fantasy. Could u place me in line for a free filler ad in his behalf?/ Do u know of a fan in Scotland that Helen could corry with?

/You mean you considered West an old stick-in-the-mud
before reading this last letter? RSC/

Andy Zerbe, P.O. Box 6206, Montgomery, Alabama, 36106

Louis L'Amour wrote four Hopalong Cassidy stories at least. Sometime in 1950 Thrilling Publications acquired the right to continue the Hopalong Cassidy series by writing new and original stories from both Clarence E. Mulford and William Boyd who controlled the rights to Hopalong Cassidy. They published these stories in Hopalong Cassidy's Western Magazine. All of this is explained in the Winter 1951 issue. This magazine lasted at least four issues and after the stories appeared in it they were published by Doubleday in hardcovers. The stories are credited to Tex Burns but a reliable source has told me that this is Louis L'Amour.

Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Glemont, Wheaton, Md., 20906

All you club secretaries, con publicity men, etc., out there -- how about letting me know about your club meetings, con plans, etc., in advance, for publication in the WSFA Journal? And you, Ben Jason, in particular, -- how about some details re Tricon that the Journal hasn't had to "borrow" from some other 'zine? We offer you people with events to publicize free publicity -- so how about taking advantage of it??

/Don also explained (anent my review of YE FAERIE CHESSMAN #2) why a maxi-move chess game is unplayable. He's right, and I should have thought of it myself, but I'm not going to print two paragraphs of explanation. RSC/

Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, California, 90295

What has become of Yandro? Last time I looked it was about as good a focal point of fandom as anyone could want -- now it appears to be a battleground for those fans who are involved in the paperback publishing companies (in general) and for Ted White and Don Wollheim (in particular). However, I am not complaining; disagreements are bound to occur in fanzines, and a battle of giants is always more fun to watch than a feud between neofans.

It does occur to me, though, that on the question of using fannish or real names of any kind in books there is a definite middle ground you have to meet on. I can see Wollheim's point: you can't have a character in a book, for example, named Big Bill, who performs murders by ingeniously hurling black balls at his victims; this is bringing a

personal disagreement into a novel which is not only a sign of disrespect to the publisher and to literature itself, but it could conceivably result in a libel case.

But then on the other hand Ted has some justification also. There is nothing at all wrong with naming characters with the first names of friends; it is a common literary occurrence, even in the upper strata of literature. And, come to think of it, if you were forced to avoid every name that someone in fandom has, naming your characters is going to be a terribly laborious process, and in many cases you will be forced to seek out obscure names.

I notice someone mentions Herbert's DUNE. I just happened to be at a club meeting a few weeks ago where he was giving a talk on the book, and just for kicks I bought it there and had it autographed. The discussion brought out some very interesting points about the book, many of which I would never have thought of if I had read the book first. Many people have mentioned to me that the appendices and map are pretty much unnecessary; Herbert agrees, he was forced to include them. However I found the glossary of terms extremely helpful. Another thing one might wonder about is exactly when is the story supposed to take place. The answer is approximately 100,000 AD. I was particularly intrigued to find out that the main idea of the book was to show how a religion and set of legends can develop from scratch and completely overshadow its central figure (in this case Paul). Herbert went on to compare this to certain figures in our times -- notably JFK, who, what with all the books and articles and plaster busts and what not, is taking on the aspect of the usual Savior-Martyr-God. I agree with this, but with this idea as a basis, I think the book (DUNE) is a failure. Even though I was looking for it, it seemed phony when Paul came out and commented that this was happening to him. And of course the major objection is that the religion did not grow up around him, based on him. It had been planted there centuries before, and when Paul showed up they just plugged him into the slot and went on with their religion. This "Bene Gesserit conditioning" seems like a cheap cop out. But though I think it fails in this, I think it is an excellent novel taken as a science fiction story describing an original idea for a world.

Hmmm, I never could read Fleming or Spillane either. I've read a few spy mysteries and seen a couple of Bond movies, but the only development of this spy theme that I've really enjoyed is the TV series'. I still enjoy MAN FROM UNCLE altho I think its humor element is losing a little of its satiric novelty, and the other shows, especially I SPY, are among the few things I watch on TV. I've not read any of the UNCLE books, because everyone seems to think they're bad, but it is said that Ted Johnstone will be the author of one of the upcoming books in the series, and it should be interesting to see what he can do with the situation.

Dennis Lien, Lake Park, Minnesota

What ever happened to the Lancer Conan reprints?

I'm an Anglophile, too...largely because of the influence of English lit upon me, conditioning me to the English way of life as the Good Life. By English lit I don't mean, say, Dickens & Thackeray, or Amis and Snow -- certainly not Spenser & Milton -- possibly Waugh & Powell, they being more fannish. No, English lit for most of my mispent childhood meant Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers, J.D. Carr, J.J. Marric... still does, too. I've read seven books by the above four in the last ten days, (also read Byron, Goethe, Voltaire, O'Neill, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Swift, Shakespeare -- pretty good, yes, but they can't hold a

candle to my little tin gods).

- What I need is a mystery fandom, devoted 90% to ten or twelve Big Names, which somehow gets very Fannish without giving away the solution to any works that I happen to have missed. I read Chandler & Hammet too (and prefer Spillane to Fleming, if you want to approach sub-subliterature) but must otherwise agree with Banks Mebane in #152.

But the detective story writer most likely to interest sf readers would seem to be John Dickson Carr. He's written one fantasy (THE BURNING COURT), several novels that are "science fiction" in a strict sense - time travel, et al, bringing a detective into the past and solve a mystery, (THE DEVIL IN VELVET, FIRE, BURN, FEAR IS THE SAME) and most of his book involve an apparently supernatural crime, situation, or setting ... always alas, explained away at the end. This is especially true of the Bencolin stories of his early days (somewhat cruder than the later, funnier and more famous H.M. and Dr. Gideon Fell cases); IT WALKS BY NIGHT (an invisible fiend-murderer), THE LOST GALLONS (a "lost street" in the middle of London), CASTLE SKULL (one of its chapter titles: "For Fear of the Werewolf") and THE CORPSE IN THE WAXWORKS (the figures prowl, and kill again...).

In the Dr. Fell cases, we seem to have in THE THREE COFFINS an invisible, long-dead murderer - and we do have burial alive; in BELOW SUSPICION there is a devil-worship cult, the murders in HE WHO WHISPERS point to a vampire, THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SHUDDER takes place in a haunted house.

As "Carter Dickson", Carr gives us a legend of an avenging unicorn in THE UNICORN MURDERS (invisible to boot...presumably he could only be seen, or caught, by a virgin, and the story takes place in France ...), a curse in CURSE OF THE BRONZE LAMP, telepathy in THE READER IS WARNED (which shouldn't have been explained away, and needn't have been).

Rather kinder to the supernatural is ROBERT VAN GULIK, each of whose JUDGE DEE books are full of supernatural portents, which are explained away, all but one...the four major books (THE CHINESE - ((GOLD, LAKE, BELL, NAIL)) MURDERS) containing three very real ghosts and one real if not over-evil werewolf. One - GOLD as I remember - ends in very much the classic chiller tradition: Dee professes admiration for the wiles of the man who has once imitated the "ghost" walking the house, and thanks him for saving his life on his second appearance. "But I made no second appearance" - and in the puzzled silence with which this is received, a door in the empty house closes with a sharp click of farewell.

The Saint, brainchild of Leslie Charteris, encounters the Loch Ness monster in a recent F&SF. In earlier stories he destroyed a giant ant and had an adventure in the dream of a dying man ("The Darker Drink").

Hake Talbot's RIM OF THE PIT and S.S. Van Dine's THE DRAGON MURDER CASE are fakery again. Enough, though; with the likes of van Gulik writing I always feel a kinship between the literature of blood and fingerprints and the literature of blood and wolfbane...as far back as the Rue Morgue's ape first stuffed a bloody body upside down up a chimney. And fantasy-fan completists (if there can be such things) who do not know of some of these borderline cases are missing much.

No, I can't agree with you on WIND IN THE WILLOWS, it's surely a notch below WINNIE-THE-POOH (which is a notch below ALICE) and a notch above DR. DOOLITTLE (in turn a notch above OZ) in my scale of "fondly remembered" (but I'll admit WIND, alone among the above, is not a "fondly remembered", I read it for the first time a year ago and en-

joyed it greatly. Pooh I also re-read then, Alice I re-read every year. Oz, no, I wish I'd left it as a pleasant memory...when I read it a few years ago I winced every now and again; not what I remembered from 2nd & 3rd grade. But I faithfully watch the movie every year.

Joe Sarno: I don't think (not offhand sure) that the stories in THE AUTUMN PEOPLE were EC reprints but were done by the EC artists especially for the book.

My favorite Chandler line is from FAREWELL, MY LOVELY: "He was as inconspicuous as a tarantula on a slice of angel food."

'Tis sad what happened to Amaz & Fant - I smell the end in sight (smell? sight? let it stand). Any 40 year old mag, having had its ups and downs (mostly downs) should raise a tear at its death - and Amazing seems to be at least 80% dead. If Fantastic passes, will F&SF print Leiber's future Fafhrd & Gray Mouser stories? Will Leiber still write them. I've got and read all 16 (count from memory - may be wrong) and if the series folds will be forced to re-read, which I've done with most of them anyway. Or shift to Conan.

If VALLEY OF THE FLAME, WELL OF THE WORLDS, add THE TIME AXIS are all poor Kuttner novels, what are good Kuttner novels (I mean of the TWS-Startling brand, natch). THE DARK WORLD, yes, what else? Or is Ace going after the dogs deliberately?

The Chandlers duo sounds like prime fun, but then I always was a sort of half-hearted Burroughs Bibliophile anyway...the Devout may well cry "Sacrilege!"

Re the Thompsons in #152: I get rather shook myself when, in say, Christie's books, any white-haired spinster type is referred to as a "pussy". Shades of Goldfinger...

Speaking of GOLDFINGER, try LOXFINGER. I've read worse parodies (also better). Best moments are the heroine's name (Poontang Plenty) and that immortal line: "Ah, Captain Queeg. Playing with your balls again, I see."

Wonder if the above two paragraphs are publishable in a family-type fanzine? Presumably depends on the family.

George Wells: Having always hoped that James Bond would die in a book, the idea that even that wouldn't have stopped the series frightens me...so Fleming had to die himself, and still it might not be accomplished. I hear rumors that Fleming's heirs are screening ghost writers to Carry On. I druther Bond be Carried Out...the only things I enjoy about the books is the fact that they get made into movies, and there's enough movies yet to come to get us all sicked up on it in future years... Wonder how Sean Connery would do as star of a Beautiful Joe series?

Speaking of movies, I recommend HELP! to all and sundry (Irving Sundry) as the most fannish non-gome movie, non-Marx Bros. movie I can remember seeing. Whatever one thinks of the Beatles as singers...and I've made my separate peace...their comic acting talents (slapstick) seem beyond dispute (well, sort of beyond dispute)...hell, See it. If you depend on sf element, it's got several - like Paul shrinking to two inches high; Caption: "The Exciting Adventures of Paul on the Floor." See it. (Come to think of it, I may vote for it for a Hugo ...)

/Good Kuttner novels of the TWS variety? THE PORTAL IN THE PICTURE (reprinted in an early Ace Double as BEYOND EARTH'S GATES), LANDS OF THE EARTHQUAKE (as yet un-novelized) and, best of the lot, EARTH'S LAST CITY-ADEL, which Ace brought out a year or so back. RSC/

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107
Cartoon cover. Heh. Sort of chuckly. Who's Bill Scott? Coulson comes up with more people I never heard of. Like here on the contents page. Bob Tucker. That's obviously a pseudonym. Cover lettering by Petjak. Gawd.

I feel better knowing that New Mexico isn't the only state with fuggheaded highway engineers. A stretch of highway was just completed north of here and the contractor was busy patching it before it opened. Said a federal highway inspector: "It won't last a week if they open it to traffic." And Albuquerque has trouble with its streets. Something to do with "compaction" whatever that is. The pavement is always sinking. A couple of days ago a .20 inch water main broke and washed out a section of the east-west freeway (it isn't completed yet either). Dunno why the water main was running under the freeway that way either but it did.

And our prize is the (fanfare) Rio Grande Gorge Bridge. Up in the northern part of the state the Rio Grande has carved itself a canyon. Sort of a miniature version of the Grand Canyon but it is like 500 or more feet deep and several miles in length and effectively blocked east-west traffic in that particular area. Our governor promised that if he was elected he'd build a highway bridge across that canyon and he was and did. Never mind that there isn't any place to go once you cross the bridge -- there'll be a highway on the west side of the gorge one of these days Real Soon Now -- but there is, by ghod, a bridge across that canyon.

It seems, however, that there's a few minor flaws. There's no drainage on the bridge for one thing. "Well," said one of the Highway Engineers. "We intend to use salt to melt the ice on the bridge in the winter and you wouldn't want that saltwater draining off the side of the bridge and all like that." The way he tells it the bridge was supposed to have a slight slope to it so that the water would all drain off one end -- presumably to eventually wash out the supports on the low end (but we never thought of that, you see). Well the bridge slopes all right. Yes sir, it sure does. Pardon me, Juanita; Yes, Ma'm it sure does. From both ends into the middle. And once it gets there there isn't any place for the water to go.

Which is probably all right, too, since, as I said the bridge doesn't lead anywhere anyway and who's going to use it?

Actually I don't think anyone but an old fan like Wollheim would take exception to fannish references and names in a story. Most editors wouldn't recognize them and would let them pass so long as they didn't detract from the story. I don't think Don should have objected either. If they don't detract from the story leave them in. It provides the in-group with a laugh even if it doesn't promote any more sales and the non-fan reader isn't going to recognize any of it so what's the harm?

Other than it serves as another example, as one author put it, of sci-fi's lamentable habit of feeding upon itself.

Hey, Joe Sarno, you lose. My edition of The Lord Of The Rings is the 75¢ Ace edition. You better believe it.

Delightful line in Bill Conner's letter although I suspect a typo, no? "I hope the Republican Party recovers its presentvillness." Yes indeed. It do need to recover its presentvillness and quit living in the 19th century.

/Typo is all our fault. What's so great about living in the present, though -- answer me that. Bill Scott is Randy Scott's father; a sort of second generation fan in reverse. RSC/

