

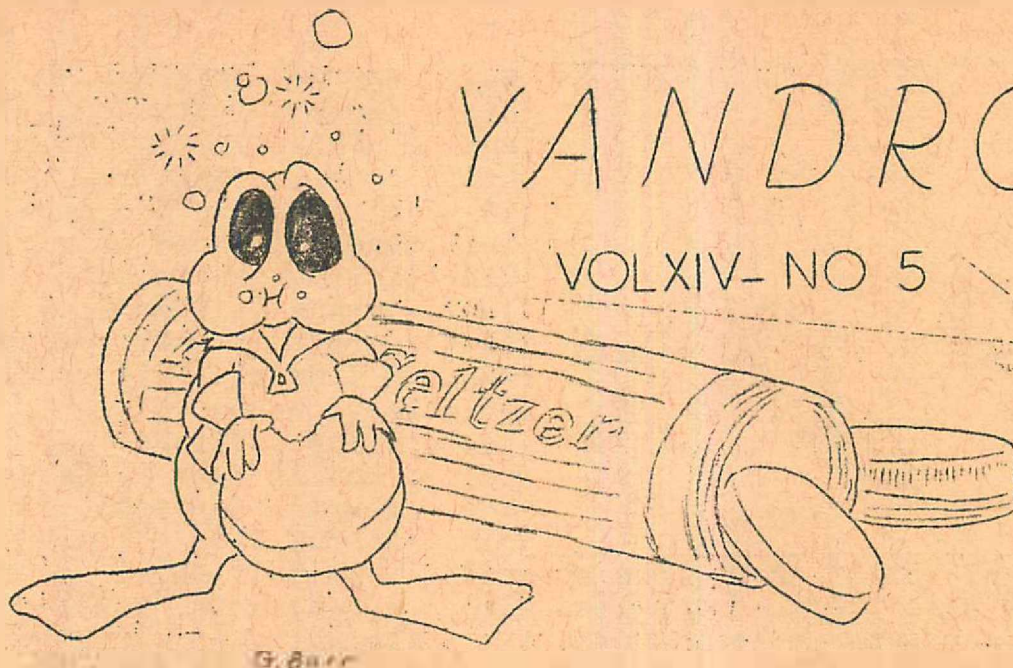
# YANDRO

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# YANDRO

159

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## ARTWORK

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## Stf-Initions

Draftsman	a brewer	Important	to bring in-
Template	moderately warm china		sects into the country
Blueprint	unhappy drawing	Importune	serious music





Well, our friendly out-of-state paper supplier goofed again. This time he got the stuff here in fine time, but it wasn't what we'd ordered: Twilltone. Instead we got Fibertint, which is either junior grade Twilltone or a better grade of Masterweave. Meaning I doubt if it would crumble to ashes in 4 - 5 years (like until an old pulp), but it lacks some of the endearing qualities of old faithful T-T.

For some reason, Fibretint seems less absorbent than T-T, which is both good and bad. It goes through with less slippage, stickage, static and whatnot, but it also sops up less of the ink while doing so -- in my estimation the pages of print and the illos look faint, and even then I was running more slowly than usual. Still, I had less double run - throughs than I usually do with T-T.

People who gripe about Twilltone yellow may be happier with this shade, but don't get too used to it. I think I'll be making some effort to straighten out the supplier (or switch suppliers if he won't listen to sweet reason) and get back to my old standard. At first I'd thought Fibretint had less offset, but it seems, on assembling and close looking, that it has about the same amount -- so the scales are weighted in favor of Twilltone.

Couple issues back I had a slippery little complaint: that Don Bensen didn't answer his mail. He does, and very nicely. So he's still a good editor and a nice guy and answers his mail.

Last issue of Double Bill included in the letter column a letter from Scott Kuttinga complaining about the dearth of intelligent beautiful girls....that if he found one intelligent, she was ugly - and presumably the beauties were dumb. My, but don't you young male fans display your own lack of maturity and intelligence - out of your own mouths, too. Ever struck you that it might be the same from the point of view of the opposite sex? To many an intelligent teenage girl it strikes the psyche that the Adonis-types are chowder heads and the brainy ones clods, IQ patters and general psychological scrambled eggs.

I find it interesting that when young men and women are independently surveyed on what they look and hope for in the opposite sex the males usually put "Beautiful" near the tops of their lists, while the girls select qualities like "Intelligence", "Sense of Humor", "Gentlemanly", etc.

Which one of the lists is more romantic? I suspect the women are more practical...they know their chances of attracting an Intelligent AND Handsome male are scarce, so they settle for the value that's easier to live with and more marketable.

Why? Because our culture is a masculine culture, and females, both dumb and bright, from the age of puberty realize (even if they don't always fully accept) the fact that it's they must do the studying of the opposite sex, it's they must compromise -- unless they're incredible lucky.

And also women accept very early a truism that seems to occur somewhat later to males: that people who are spectacularly beautiful are very rarely also spectacularly intelligent. They don't need to be. Intelligence is a survival device, and if a person gets along in the world easily because he/she's been admired, complimented and generally told he or she is gorgeous from (probably) childhood -- why try to exercise the brain any more than necessary? The incurably romantic high school girl goes into swoons over the Greek god senior football star or whatever. Her less impressionable and canny sisters are scanning the premed and science scholars for likely future husband material.

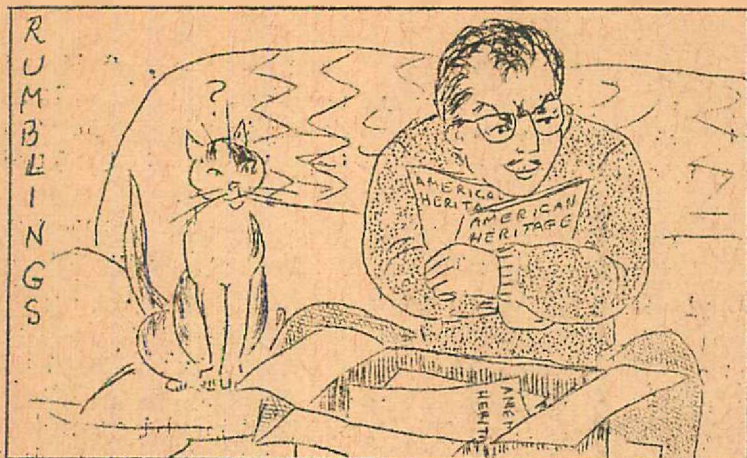
Oh, it'd be nice if all the people who could think could also look like movie stars - but it's rarely so. They look like people, with all the variety, oddity and humanity the breed allows. And women, living in a masculine culture, adjust to this. If they're dumb and not too pretty, they milk the cosmetic industry for all it's got, hoping to convince somebody they've got one asset, anyway. If they're well stacked and not bright, they muddle along happily, supported by the convictions of Hollywood and the television industry that Beautiful People always live Happily Ever After. If they're moderately good looking and intelligent girls usually try to enhance the first fact as best they can and play down the latter item. If they're not good looking and intelligent -- they become very mature very quickly, if they hope to stay sane; they use their one asset and hope that eventually they'll encounter a male who's mature enough to accept the fact - who prefers someone he can talk to as well as look at (because he's mature enough to have realize that Beautiful Women are selfish enough to look for Beautiful Men, and vice versa - and by this time he's decided they deserve each other).

Oddly enough, as Buck's expressed to me, I'm a White Northern Liberal Feminist: I champion the Rights of Women in the abstract and in general, but I find close up that most of them are clods. Still, the women I know and admire and like are important enough to compensate for the lack of admirable qualities on the part of the other 99%.

I've always been the Underdog rooter, the fighter for minorities, the cheerer-on of civil rights for down trodden groups, etc. But rather bitterly I submit that the last minority group to get its rights will be that of the intelligent working woman. And she is a minority, in the sense that her vote is cancelled out by her dumber sisters who let themselves be manipulated and ordered about by the dominating males in their lives. I'll take no bets, but I'll be watching to see how long it is after Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and Jews get their full rights that manufacturers comply right down the line and give a woman working on the same job the same hours the same pay, consistently, all through the industry. That the intelligent woman in industry will be promoted to positions of responsibility on her merit, not consistently overlooked or passed over because her father didn't supply the necessary Y chromosome.

Who's making book on this one? I'll put down a quarter or so.....JWC





Went up to North Manchester to-day to get my eyes checked (as I thought, I need a new pair of glasses). All sorts of inverted nostalgia connected with that town. The movie theater is now a variety store, the old drugstore where I used to pluck gaily-colored copies of PLANET STORIES and STARTLING STORIES off the wire (the place didn't have racks; pulp mags were hung from wires by large paper clips) is now a combination bakery and coffee shop. Makes me feel old.

I suppose everyone has nostalgia for the days when he first started reading stf (every stf fan, that is), but in a lot of ways the late 1940's were the best times to start. ASTOUNDING was fading but still good, mags like STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER STORIES were printing some remarkably good material. And then, just when the fan was thoroughly hooked, came the "boom" of the early 1950's and there was a new title out every week or so, and reader-collectors could dash madly from one newsstand to another, hoping (and quite often finding) some new treasure at each one. Over 50 different magazines being published in 1953! I think it would seem duller now, even if I wasn't An Old Fan And Tired. Of course, a lot of those mags of the 50's turned out to be pretty awful when we got them home, but one could not tell in advance -- and the good ones were frequent enough to keep our hopes up. (And of course the old-timers were already looking back to "the good old days", but then I wasn't an old-timer then -- and I was buying back issues of the mags of the earlier periods right along with the then-current stuff. Back issues didn't cost as much then.)

Reading De Camp's Spirits, Stars And Spells reminded me of a short story I read a long time ago, in the June 1943 ASTOUNDING. The story was "Pelagic Spark", by Anthony Boucher, and I don't believe that it's ever been reprinted. Anyone remember "Pelagic young spark of the East

Shall plot to subvert the Blue Beast,  
But he'll dangle on high  
When the Ram's in the sky,  
And the Cat shall throw dice at the feast!"

No takers? Well, this was a Nostradamus-type prophecy, supposedly (I have to take Boucher's word for this) made by De Camp as an example of the

meaninglessness of prophecy in general. Boucher took the verse and wrote a story about how it did come true, after all.

Does anyone have any information about a Crime Club book titled The Paper Dolls, by an author named Davies? Chester Smith, a local fan, read it recently. He says it's a sort of offbeat fantasy. Never having heard of either author or book before, he asked me if I knew anything. And I didn't. (Well, that's a sweeping statement; let's say I didn't know anything about book or author.)

A new mag is out; STARTLING MYSTERY, a companion to MAGAZINE OF HORROR, and the latest attempt to "sell" mystery addicts on fantasy. I don't suppose it will work any better than any of the others did, but in the meantime it seems to be publishing a lot of old WEIRD TALES stuff plus some new material. First issue contains Lovecraft, Poe, Bloch, Seabury Quinn and August Derleth, as well as ex-fan Jerry Page and somebody called S.B.H. Hurst. All nice and gory; Page's story is one of the best, though of course it's fresher than some of the others.



A. M. Lightner loaned me some of her books. Only one I've read so far is Farley Mowat's Never Cry Wolf, which has made me a Mowat fan. I've enjoyed Ivan Sanderson's nature writings because of his humor; Mowat manages more humor (this is the most hilarious natural history book I've ever encountered) and a large amount of solid facts about wolves, their family life, diet, hunting activities, etc. It's a great book.

Just got a batch of new Ace books. One of them is a "true weird" collection titled Beyond Human Understanding. I'll bet it is, too.

Some more Hugo information that I didn't get included with the rest; when sending the list, Jason included the number of items nominated in each category. There were 70 novels, 100 short stories, 16 magazines (16 magazines?! There aren't 16 stf magazines being published!), 35 artists, 34 dramatic presentations, 49 fanzines, and 61 "best all-time series". That just doesn't sound right, but it's what Ben's list included.

My current job seems to have its little side benefits. The other day I acquired 6 copies of the old paperbound AMERICAN HERITAGE from one of my fellow-workers. I may work up a complete collection of the mag yet; I only have one hardcover and a dozen or so (I'm not sure how many) of the paperbound issues to go. They're good reading, too; in fact, HERITAGE is probably the number one mag around the Coulson house. Juanita has been re-reading old issues for a week or two; they're the sort of mag one can re-read with pleasure.

I used to re-read my stf mags, but I seldom do any more. It depends on the issue, though; when I was searching my old ASTOUNDINGS for "Pelagic Spark" I was somewhat hampered by my tendency to re-read every issue I looked at. The only magazine published in the last half-dozen years that I re-read is the Carnell-edited SCIENCE FANTASY; there is one of the really great stf mags. I'm happy to see that Bonfiglioli has changed the name to IMPULSE; it preserves the grand old name from degradation. I only wish Moorcock would do the same for NEW WORLDS. (At the beginning of the new regime, I thought Moorcock was doing a better job than Bonfiglioli; currently I consider that IMPULSE is at least a mediocre publication, while NEW WORLDS seldom publishes anything worth reading. It's a little literary mag, full of symbolism and self-analysis, signifying nothing.)

Just received - simultaneously - two answers to the mutterings in YANDRO 158 about "another" chess story besides the ones mentioned therein. Don Franson and Gene DeWeese both came up with "The Immortal Game", by Poul Anderson, in the Feb. 1954 F&SF. According to Franson, "This can also be played on a chess board by following the story, although I have not tried it." Neither have I....has anyone? I got a chess set for my birthday this month - a copy of the fancy Ganine set that DeWeese has and that I've been drooling over for years. This is popularly known -- by Gene and I, at least -- as the Easter Island pattern, from a fancied resemblance of the pieces to the famous statues.

Doesn't look like we'll make the Midwestcon this time; no time and no money. It's a great convention for midwest fans, though; if you haven't attended, think about it. (Address was in YANDRO #158, and you do save your issues, don't you?) On the other hand, we will definitely be on hand at the World Convention at Cleveland, Sept. 2, 3, 4 and 5. For newcomers to fandom, this is the convention; speeches, books and artwork for sale, pro writers to gawk at and maybe even talk with; the works. To join, send \$2 to Chairman, 24th World Science-Fiction Convention, P.O. Box 1372, Cleveland, Ohio 44103. You'll be soaked another buck when you arrive, but \$2 will get you all the Progress Reports, listing what's going to be presented.

RSC

# A Vote For The

# Double Standard

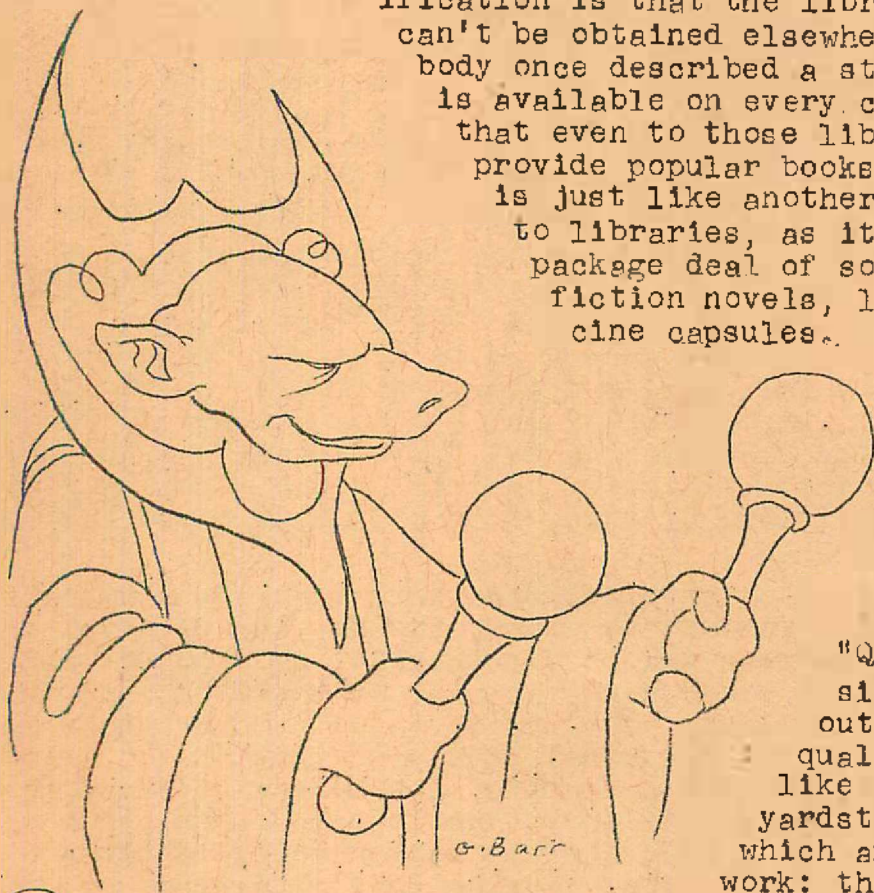
article by

ALEXEI PANSHIN

There is a continuing debate in library schools on the question of quality in the books libraries acquire. Libraries muddle along, deciding the questions on the pragmatic bases of money and space available, and the taste of the librarian - or, if the librarian has no taste, on the basis of the recommendations of the Virginia Kirkus Service. Library schools, however, are not particularly interested in what is, but rather in what ought to be. They want to know whether libraries ought to supply popular trash such as mysteries, best sellers - and science fiction. The question is seriously asked, and it strikes me as a quasi-rhetorical question at that because I've never heard it asked by anyone who didn't want at least a qualified "no" for an answer. They might let an occasional best seller in, but nothing more dubious than that.

They have their reasons, too. In the old days, moral reasons: the library has a responsibility to the public to save them from themselves. Moral argument is less popular today, so the new justification is that the library ought to provide what can't be obtained elsewhere, and trash (or, as somebody once described a story of mine, "trite tripe") is available on every corner. The result has been that even to those librarians who are willing to provide popular books one science fiction novel is just like another, and Doubleday can offer to libraries, as it is doing this year, a package deal of so many uniform-length science fiction novels, like so many identical medicine capsules.

There is a major point being overlooked here that viewed in just the proper way will yield a noxious little statement that is at least  $3/4$  true: "You can't judge science fiction in the same terms that you judge other writing." "Quality" in writing is not a simple, single yardstick. Without going into definitions of quality, a separate question, I'd like to discuss two different yardsticks of quality, both of which are pertinent to any piece of work: the level of intention, and



G. Barr

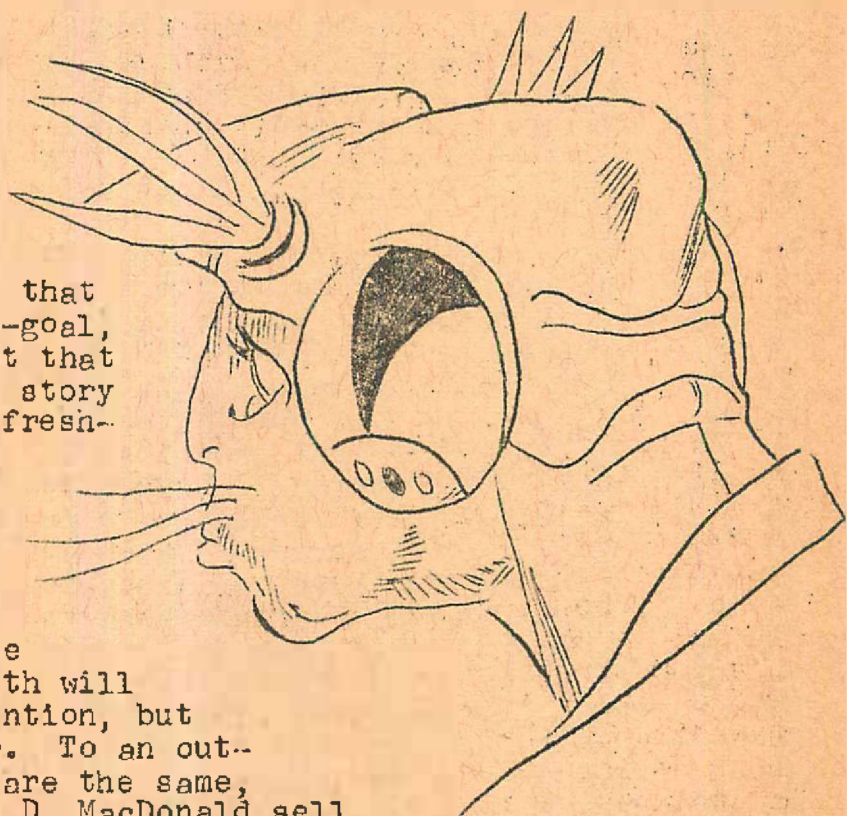


the level of execution.

John D. MacDonald was discussing this in an article on his fiction a few months ago. He said that of his approximately fifty novels all but about fifteen fall into the "ritual dance" category, that is, boy-gets-girl, boy-gains-goal, villain-gets-comeuppance, but that within the set limits of the story pattern he did his best for freshness of observation, delineation of character, and delineation of situation. If you will compare two standard Gold Medal novels, one by MacDonald and one by somebody else, the difference will usually be obvious. Both will be at the same level of intention, but the MacDonald is done better. To an outsider, all Gold Medal books are the same, but Donald Hamilton and John D. MacDonald sell better than other Gold Medal authors and obviously the people who buy Gold Medal books think they are better.

Or take two books by Stanley Ellin: THE KEY TO NICHOLAS STREET and THE EIGHTH CIRCLE. Both were packaged and sold as mystery novels, the first by Simon and Schuster, the second by Random House. One was 219 pages, the other 210 (slightly larger and more closely set) pages. Of THE KEY TO NICHOLAS STREET, the Atlantic Monthly said that it was "the best mystery, in simple truth, for some years past," while THE EIGHTH CIRCLE won the Mystery Writers of America award as the best mystery novel of its year. The truth is, however, that as comparable as the books may seem, they are not really comparable at all. Both are extremely well executed books, but the level of intention is completely different. THE KEY TO NICHOLAS STREET is a very good story - the situation is interesting and the characterization is excellent - but the murder is stage-center throughout and the mystery is the reason for the book's being, regardless of its peripheral excellences. On the other hand, while there is a murder in THE EIGHTH CIRCLE, it only comes to light six pages before the end of the book and it is only important because it offers an explanation of other things; the real point of the story is the main character's realization that he is slowly turning into a son-of-a-bitch and his attempt to do something about it. THE EIGHTH CIRCLE and THE KEY TO NICHOLAS STREET are equal by one yardstick; by the other, THE EIGHTH CIRCLE is a considerably greater achievement.

As a third example, take the "Analytical Laboratory" rankings in ASF. John Campbell regularly points out how much better long stories tend to rate than short ones, and this is obvious to anybody who follows the ratings. What is less obvious is that bad long stories tend to rank more highly than any shorter stories, regardless of their merit. Those tedious "Mark Phillips" novels of a few years ago were all rated at the top by ASF's readers, though they later made Pyramid books of only moderate merit. Short stories are judged on a different basis



than long ones. A short story ordinarily has room only to state a situation and resolve it. A novel can show the situation in development. The level of intention of any short story is determined in part simply because a short story is short. In most cases we prefer a THE DEMOLISHED MAN to a "5,271,009" -- both are excellent, but one is at a higher level of intention. It attempts more, and therefore we prefer it.

The point overlooked by the library schools with their ordinary notions of quality is that a story may attempt a great deal and fail miserably (as I take to be the case with a 1,198 page bomb that came out this summer entitled MISS MACINTOSH, MY DARLING) or it may attempt only a little and do quite well, it may attempt much and do this successfully or it may attempt nothing and achieve nothing. It seems to me that it is only this last case that should be arbitrarily barred from the library. The others all have some merit or much merit and there is a point in making them available to people.

In general, until recently science fiction, both good and bad, has been of a fairly low level of intention. It has been to a great extent a ritual dance, with the figures and ending ordained, and that is why to an outsider the differences between one science fiction book and another seem no more important than the differences between two Gold Medal books. Recall Damon Knight's unhappy question: "What can we say of a Kornbluth book which echoes, even by inadvertance, the plot of a Jerry Sohl epic?" The anguish of the question, it seems to me, arises simply out of the fear that there might be somebody to whom the obvious differences between the two are not obvious. That, I will admit, is a painful situation, but on the whole it is typical of science fiction.

Most science fiction, then, is of a low level of intention, some of it written well and deserving of attention, much of it not. I think it is undeniable to say that the ordinary Science Fiction Book Club selection, or even the extra-ordinary one, cannot be readily compared to ordinary fiction. As the short story has its virtues, so does science fiction, but the common short story or science fiction story has to be judged within its own frame of reference because it can't hold its own measured against mainstream literature. For now, I'm content with this. Science fiction has its virtues and deserves to be read even though it may have to be judged on its own terms. If it is going to be bought by libraries or by anybody else I don't want it to be on an arbitrary basis because "all that science fiction junk is just the same". It isn't all just the same, and if my local library is going to make a choice, I would prefer that they buy Kornbluth rather than Sohl.

On the other hand, there is the question of how long we are going to be the kid who can't keep up, the one who gets four strikes because the other kids are kind. How many novels of character are there in science fiction? Do you think as many as five? How many expositions of people in an ordinary living situation different from our own who don't invade or get invaded, don't join the underground and oppose the government, or who don't otherwise get thrown into high adventure? To quote Damon Knight again, "A rolling story gathers no meaning." How many science fiction novels are there that do more than ring changes on a familiar list of stock notions?

The answer, and it pleases me, is that we are starting to get them, the novels of high intention that can stand comparison to books from outside the field. Publishers, finding that serious science fiction will sell, are starting to let their writers have more than 70,000 words. Writers, now just a little bit bored, can write longer stories



(and length to move around in is a large part of what is necessary to serious work), write better stories than they ever thought they could, and find these stories have a pretty good chance of being published. The books may not always be published as science fiction, but they are being published.

THE WANDERER was a botch - but it attempted more than Leiber had ever tried before. STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND was a botch - but it attempted more than any Heinlein novel had before, and leaving the juveniles out of the question (Heinlein has said that one of the two main differences between his juveniles and his adult books is that the juveniles are more complex), it probably accomplished more than any Heinlein novel since BEYOND THIS HORIZON, a book that in its serious exposition of the question, "What happens when Utopia falls?", was of amazingly high intention for its day. DAVY was at least a semi-botch, but nonetheless is a considerable achievement. PLAYER PIANO, THE SIRENS OF TITAN, THE DRAGON IN THE SEA, DUNE, A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, and MORE THAN HUMAN, to name just the titles that come immediately to mind, are all books that can stand comparison without dispensation. There will be more simply because science fiction allows people the opportunity to say things that can't be said so easily in any other way. The Fates willing, I may write one.

[December 29, 1965]

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WANTED: Copies of any of the following fanzines. All issues wanted except where an issue number is indicated in brackets.  
Angbad, Barad-Dur, Brobdingnag, Costaguana, Coup, Die Wis (#12), Diplomacy, Diplomania, Double-Double, Fidgey, Fredonia, Gamesletter, Gamesman, Gazette d'Europe, Graustark, Knowable (#3), Lonely Mountain, Lusitania, Magazine, Marsovia, Massif, Mesklin Notes, Mutiny, Norstrillia, Norstrillia Notes, Orthanc, Ruritania, Safnoir (#3), Serendip, Sky On Fire, sTab, Thangorodrim, Toory Triennial Tortoise, Trantor, T.S., Tuppence-ha'penny, Vandy II, Wart Hog, Wereld Schemerling Weekly Wombat, Wild 'n Wolly, Witdip, WitDip Special, Worldip, WSFA Journal (#12, 13, 14).

J. A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada

/Ed. note; presumably the COUP wanted is a Diplomacy zine, as are all the others, and not the old genzine produced by some West Coast fan in the 50's. (Bill Courval? That doesn't seem quite right.) RSC/

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"Look, Robin, an all beef frankfurter."  
"Wholly cow, Batman!"

....perpetrated by Marty Helgesen

-----  
"Since the dawn of time men have competed with each other -- with clubs, crossbows or cannon, dollars, ballots and trading stamps. Much of mankind, of course, abhors competition, and these remain the acted upon, not the actors.  
Anyone who says there will be no competition in the future simply does not understand the nature of man."

.....from This Kind Of War, by T.R. Fehrenbach

-----  
YANDRO NEEDS FILLER ITEMS

-----  
The Hartford City outlet of Wearly Monuments (tombstones to you uneducated clods) is having a Memorial Day Special sale. You got to admit it's appropriate.....  
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# SON OF NUTCRACKER

by

ben solon

Willem van den Broek's letter in Yandro 156 raises yet another of Alex Eisenstein's hoary chestnuts: ~~that~~ THE WORLD OF NULL-A is anything more than a very muddled piece of Grade-C hack-work. He says of it: "...Null-A has its technical faults, and the plot is typically incomprehensible. But this is one time when I think the incomprehensibility came off just right; it's the things we can't understand about this book that make it so fascinating."

No.

Mr. van den Broek, I wasn't reading ASF back in 1945 either--mainly because I was little more than a gleam in my father's eye at the time. I do like to think, however, that I can tell a good story from a loser; and the only way I can account for Null-A's success is to attribute it

to Campbell's editorial boosting. Certainly the story has little enough to recommend it; if it wasn't for JWC's pushing Null-A, I'd be willing to bet there wouldn't be an even dozen people who would remember it today.

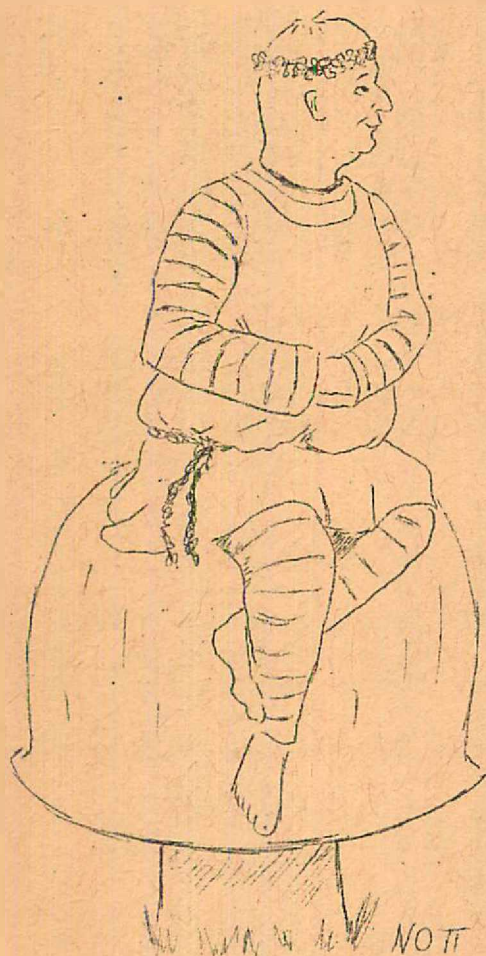
Surely, Mr. van den Broek, you wouldn't ask us to accept the alternative: that we proud and lonely ones are the only literate stf readers to be found anywhere.

Would you?

As far as I'm concerned, there is no such animal as a novel in which "the incomprehensibility comes off just right" -- a novel is either technically competent or it is not. And if it isn't, it has no business being professionally published; words are a writer's stock-in-trade -- if he can't handle them with a reasonable degree of proficiency, he should go back to tightening good ole bolt 69 on the old assembly line and leave writing to them as have talent for it. I might add (in fact, I will), that it's a pretty sorry state of affairs when a monumental muddle like Null-A can not only be published but can survive to voting age and be hailed as a classic.

You'll have to excuse me while I...

THE WORLD OF NULL-A not only has technical faults, it is incompetently written and plotted -- van Vogt was apparently unable to look





ahead to what he was going to write or of remembering what he had already written.

The story, for those of you who have had the good fortune to avoid it so far, goes something like this:

Some five hundred years before the events in the story proper occur, the original Gosseyn discovers a process by which he can duplicate himself; during the events which follow, one of these duplicates develops an extra brain; an organ which enables him to perform seeming miracles -- teleportation and the like. This Gosseyn then goes to Venus and discovers a race of human beings from beyond the solar system have established a base -- commercial rather than military,



but kept secret because its presence is a violation of agreements made by the Galactic League. Realizing that this base constitutes a menace to Earth, Gosseyn superintends the building of a Games Machine in an attempt to remake the population of Earth into a sane, altruistic race. He then visits some of the League's star systems.

When he returns, he finds a group headed by members of the alien staff on Venus is plotting to destroy the Games Machine and Null-A itself. (Why they waited five hundred years to do this when they apparently could have stepped in at any time is never explained.) This group has also, by means of an alien device called the Distorter, placed traitors in more than half the executive, judicial and police positions on Earth and Venus. The dominant Gosseyn is aware of this and yet makes no attempt to damage or destroy the Distorter.

"It's the things we can't understand about this book that make it so fascinating."

Instead, he plants two spies among the aliens: Patricia Hardie, President Hardie's daughter; and "X", a mutilated Gosseyn duplicate. He then brings another Gosseyn duplicate, Gosseyn I, into existence. The dominant Gosseyn, for no apparent reason other than to confound the reader -- a concern that could have hardly motivated him -- tampers with Gosseyn I's memory so that he is unaware of his true identity. He then manipulates Gosseyn I in such a manner that he comes to the attention of the alien ring leaders: Thorson, Crang and Prescott. For some obscure reason, they believe he is tremendously dangerous to them. Or do they:

"She hesitated. 'Your hope,' she said drably, 'is that Thorson remains uninterested. My father is trying to persuade him to examine you, but so far he regards you as unimportant.'" (Page 31, Ace edition)

If Thorson regards Gosseyn I as unimportant, why does he go to the trouble of having him kidnapped?

But I digress...Gosseyn is tortured and imprisoned; he escapes with Patricia Hardie's aid (why she first betrayed him to Thorson and then helps him escape is never brought to light. Her role is ambiguous from beginning to end; just whose side is she on?); and is subsequently killed.

The reasoning behind this is...ah...er...fuzzy to say the least. If it was Thorson's purpose to kill Gosseyn I outright, why didn't he have him shot, stabbed or poisoned and have an end to it instead of having him kidnapped and tortured? And if he wanted Gosseyn I alive, why didn't he have his underlings recapture him?

Approximately one month later, Gosseyn II comes to life on Venus. What transpl in the interval between Gosseyn I's death and Gosseyn II's awakening is never brought to the surface; apparently Thorson & Co. sat quietly and twiddled their thumbs for thirty days... Awfully sporting of them, eh? Gosseyn wanders into Prescott's home; overpowers him and his wife, and when they regain consciousness, questions them. Mrs. Prescott's reactions are...interesting as they illustrated van Vogt's realistic approach to sf writing; his actions upon regaining her senses are typical of a woman who finds herself at the mercy of a prowler: "Young man, I hope you realize I've got dinner on the stove." (Page 53).

After leaving the Prescotts, he encounters an agent of the Games Machine -- a roboplane -- which tells him to allow himself to be captured by a certain member of the gang, which he does. He is brought back to Earth, escapes, is recaptured; the aliens decide not to kill him again and release him. Why? Elementary my dear Jophan!

"Nothing you, with your underdeveloped brain can do, matters to us!" (Page 112)

Thereby reducing the gang's previous actions to complete and total nonsense.

After his release, Gosseyn goes to the Machine which tells him he must kill himself so that Gosseyn III whose extra brain is fully developed can come to life. The fact that Gosseyns I, II, & III are supposedly identical in every respect seems to have escaped it, and so has the consideration that if Gosseyn I had to die before Gosseyn II could exist, and Gosseyn II must suicide before Gosseyn III can enter this vale of tears, how was the original Gosseyn able to bring "X" and Gosseyn I to life without killing himself?

"It's the things we can't understand about this book that make it so fascinating."

Gosseyn II tries to kill himself via self-hypnosis, but while he's doing this, the Machine is attacked and destroyed as is the body of Gosseyn III. Gosseyn II's suicide attempt is frustrated by Dan Lyttle acting for the dominant Gosseyn. By the time he recovers his senses (ha!), Venus has been successfully invaded and the aliens are in command.

Previously, he had stolen the Distorter and sent it to the Machine. He now retrieves it, depresses one of its tubes and finds himself on Venus. (Deus ex machina, anyone?) The aliens capture him again, Thorson tells him he has paid a visit to the Semantics Institute and destroyed Gosseyn III's body and decides the Thing to Do is to help Gosseyn II develop his extra brain (...). He is kept under control by means of a Vibrator which alters the atomic structure of everything around him so he can't "memorize" the walls and teleport. They then discover that the Machine had intended for the Distorter to be sent to the Semantics Institute (yes, the very same Semantics Institute that...) and deduce that the dominant Gosseyn must also be there. The alien leaders descend on the place and are destroyed by the dominant Gosseyn



who unfortunately gets himself killed in the process. Null-A is saved and the war is over.

One minor cavil, however: Thorson had previously checked out the Semantics Institute, the place where the dominant Gosseyn made his headquarters; it is also clear that the threat to Null-A could be eliminated or at least reduced if Thorson were killed. Why, then, did the dominant Gosseyn not kill him when he paid the aforementioned visit to the Semantics Institute?

Yes indeed, "the incomprehensibility came off just right."

Nobody can make heads or tails of the book.

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HUGO AWARDS NEWS

The following items made the final ballot:

BEST NOVEL

AND CALL ME CONRAD, by Roger Zelazny

DUNE, by Frank Herbert

SKYLARK DUQUESNE, by E. E. Smith

THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, by Robert E. Heinlein

BEST SHORT FICTION

REPENT HARLEQUIN, SAID THE TICKTOCKMAN, by Harlan Ellison

DOORS OF HIS FACE, LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH, by Roger Zelazny

STAR DOCK, by Fritz Leiber

MARQUE AND REPRISAL, by Poul Anderson

DAY OF THE GREAT SHOUT, by Philip Jose Farmer

BEST ALL-TIME SERIES

LORD OF THE RINGS, by J.R.R. Tolkien

BARSOOM, by Edgar Rice Burroughs

FOUNDATION, by Isaac Asimov

LENSMAN, by E. E. Smith

FUTURE HISTORY, by Robert A. Heinlein

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE

IF

ANALOG

GALAXY

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION

AMAZING STORIES

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE

ERB-DOM (Cazedessus)

DOUBLE BILL (Mallardi, Bowers)

NIEKAS (Rolfe, Meskys)

YANDRO (Coulsons)

TRUMPET (Reamy)

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Frank Kelly Freas

Gray Morrow

Frank Frazetta

John Schoenherr

Jack Gaughan

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

Vote was "overwhelming" for  
NO AWARD.

A few notes supplied by Committee Chairman Ben Jason; a total of 6,000 ballots were distributed. A total of 160 ballots were returned. (Even assuming that there was a tremendous overlap in the distribution, this isn't good.) This comes to approximately a 2 1/2% return (about standard for mail order promotion, but the assumption is that fans are more interested in stf than that).

# Golden Minutes

SPIRITS, STARS AND SPELLS, by L. Sprague de Camp and Catherine C. de Camp (Canaveral Press, \$5.95) Well worth the money, too. This is a history (bordering on exposé) of magic and magicians. It traces magic from primitive times to today; from primitive to sophisticated peoples. Even in 300 pages it can't cover everything, but it hits the high spots of the sources of modern magic and concentrates on medieval and current magicians. (Unlike science, magic doesn't seem to have advanced much since the days of Nostradamus or Paracelsus.) Separate chapters are devoted to numerology, spiritualism, Theosophy (as Sprague mentioned in a card awhile back, in this book he gives Helena Blavatsky a real going-over), "Borderlands of Magic" such as ESP (where his conclusions would undoubtedly send JWCampbell into a snit), alchemy, witchcraft, and so on. Remember Campbell's editorial awhile back where he said that since Eusapia Palladino had convinced two investigating committees that she was genuine and was only caught in trickery by the third one, that this proved that she was genuine and only used tricks when her genuine powers failed her? De Camp's comment on Eusapia is: "Although Eusapia Palladino hoodwinked several psychic researchers, at a seance in New York in 1910, her method of levitating furniture was exposed...." Really, I suppose this is just as dogmatic an assertion as Campbell's, but it's one I appreciate more. (Of course, de Camp isn't attempting to goad writers into new approaches to stf, so he can afford to be less charitable to alleged possessors of super power.) The Theosophy chapter particularly enthralled me, mainly because Blavatsky is such a fascinating character. (The sort that is fun to read about but you wouldn't want to get too near in real life.) There are numerous illustrations, and the book even seems to be printed on a better grade of paper than is normal. A must for anyone with an interest in oddities.

THE SPACE PLAGUE, by A. M. Lightner (W W. Norton & Co., \$3.50) Although the publisher doesn't say so, this book seems designed for readers of the same age or slightly younger as the Andre Norton readership. The book is fairly short and the plot is reasonably simple and direct. (Any veteran reader will immediately spot the answer to the "problem" of the book; less experienced readers may be surprised by it.) In its way it is reminiscent of the early Heinlein juveniles, although again it's aimed at a younger market than anything of Heinlein's except possibly Rocket Ship Galileo. The background of lepidoptery is unique in stf, as far as I can recall. The problem of the young lepidopterists is to find out more about the "golden emperor" butterfly, and more about the minor epidemic on the planet Acoma. They do, naturally. They also discover an alien race, although this seems totally irrelevant and I can't think why it was included in the story. (The book has nothing to do with other space plagues in stf, of which I can think of two; Avon's retitling of George O. Smith's Highways In Hiding, and Harry Harrison's medical serial in the last 3 issues of SCIENCE FANTASY a few months back.) No great shakes as a novel for long-time readers, but it would seem an ideal way to introduce someone in his/her early teens to stf. The author has written a couple of other books I should investigate (one of them about folk-singers -- scientific folk-singers, maybe?)



THE FALLING TORCH, by Algis Budrys (Pyramid, 40¢) Pyramid seems to be circulating their '64 printing of this one again. It's still the best study of the politics of resistance movements written in the sf field -- and probably one of the best fictional examples in or out of sf. It isn't pleasant, but it's real. (Budrys, who I believe is a Latvian -- one of the Baltic republics which Russia swallowed up, at least, tho I'm not positive which one -- knows somewhat about resistance movements and governments in exile and suchlike. Further, he is an excellent writer.)

CLASH OF STAR-KINGS, by Avram Davidson/DANGER FROM VEGA, by John Rackham (Ace, 50¢) The Davidson half is doubly fascinating because the protagonists Jacob and Sarah Clay are thinly fictionalized versions of Avram and Grania Davidson. I didn't know them well enough to vouch for the mental attitudes displayed in the book, but they seem genuine, if a trifle bitter at times. (If Avram and Grania weren't already divorced, they would be after Grania read this.) However, the physical details -- the residence in Mexico and the reasons for it -- are almost pure fact. At least, up to the point where the old Mexican gods return and start re-asserting their rights to the land; I hope that part is pure fiction. And the Mexican background is undoubtedly genuine, tho I've never lived there and must take Avram's word for it. It's a short novel -- only 100 pages -- but it's quite good. The Rackham half is good rousing sf-adventure of the type long associated with Ace. Rackham has some peculiar ideas about people -- such as that a perfect mother is automatically beautiful, or that a planet of women who have hated men for generations will automatically fall all over the first real he-man Earthman who shows up -- but if you can swallow that last premise the rest of the book is quite consistent. Poul Anderson did better in Virgin Planet, but Rackham does quite well enough. (The evil aliens turn out to be pretty easy marks, too, but then, this is fantasy.) In any event, you should get the book for the Davidson story, and once you have it you might as well read the Rackham half as well. It will entertain you.

THE CROSSROADS OF TIME, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) This is a reprint of a Norton novel that Ace first published in 1956. It's average Norton (meaning good) and concerns a police action through alternate universes. I believe H. Beam Piper's "Paratime Police" series was superior (but I don't recall that any of those stories were paperbacked; certainly not as a series). This is well enough worked out, and it is an "adult" novel rather than a "juvenile" -- at least it's as adult as most sf of the time. Worth getting, if you don't have it already.

12 GREAT CLASSICS OF SCIENCE FICTION (Gold Medal, 50¢) Another reprint, although nothing has been changed except the book's number -- same cover, same price, etc. It's a good collection; well worth the price for beginning readers (especially when stacked against the quality of the average 50¢ magazine). Stories include "Due Process" by Algis Budrys (politics; good), "Earthmen Bearing Gifts" by Fredric Brown (vignette), "Things" by Zenna Henderson (alien contact; excellent), "The Top" by George Albee (business fable; fair), "My Object All Sublime..." by Poul Anderson (time travel; nasty but good), "Human Man's Burden" by Robert Sheckley (farce; nothing extra), "On The Fourth Planet" by J.F. Bone (aliens; good), "The Ballad Of Lost C'mell" by Cordwainer Smith (far future; good if you happen to like Smith, which I don't), "Thirty Days Had September" by Robert F. Young (frothy and SaturdayEveningPostish like all Young's stuff), "The Cage" by A. Bertram Chandler (alien contact; excellent), "Star-Crossed Lover" by William Stuart (light humor; good), and "Immortality....For Some" by J.T. McIntosh (rebirth and love

and humanity and all that glop; somewhat dull). In the entire book, two items particularly caught my attention. One was William Stuart's line, "A strong, light metallic alloy seems to make much better bones than can be made of calcium" (because it ain't so). The other was from Chandler's story, on how to define a rational being: "Only rational beings...put other beings in cages." (because it so obviously is not only true but a capsule commentary on humanity.)

THE LANGUAGES OF PAO, by Jack Vance (Ace, 40¢) I didn't much care for this when it first appeared in SATELLITE in '57, and it hasn't improved any with age. For one thing, it purports to tell how a society can be changed by changing its language, and then fails to deliver. Our hero is yanked off the planet early in the book, he stooges around doing nothing in particular until it's time for him to return. He returns, the society has changed (or so we are told) and the change has been caused by changes in the language (or so we are again told). We don't get a good look at either society, and we never get even a hint of how this change in language really works. The cover blurb quotes P. Schuyler Miller as calling it "a fascinating concept" -- it is that, but it isn't followed up. What we actually get is a second-rate adventure novel. I say it's a fraud and I say the hell with it.

BABEL-17, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace, 40¢) Here's another novel concerned with language. It's better than Vance's book, but it still has some flaws in it. For one thing, the author departs from the plot occasionally to smugly inform us of how great literature is written ("Every young writer who becomes a mature writer has to go through that." -- and how do you know, Mr. Delany?), or how wonderful nonconformity is, or some other topic beloved of young writers out to change the world in their image. Listing one of his own earlier book titles as a literary classic of the future is only a mild conceit added to the general smugness. However, even though its "message" is laughable, it succeeds pretty well as an adventure novel.

ANTON YORK, IMMORTAL, by Eando Binder (Belmont, 50¢) Belmont must be scraping the bottom of the barrel; this is bad even by 1930's standards. The "science" is best represented by the following quote: "His ship had already moved upward, at right angles to their position, presenting a target moving at a speed of ten thousand miles an hour. It was cruel for the men exposed to the air (emphasis mine) around the vitrolite gun ..." Not only cruel but damned near impossible, I'd say. How'd you like to be out in the open air on a platform moving at 10,000 mph? Binder's idea of great emotional writing is as follows: "It was a cross-section of the great drama of intelligence pitting itself against the blind, immutable forces of the Universe, to carve out for itself a lasting dominion. For the lone, fearful apeman, treading cautiously the threatening jungles of his origin to the bold daring man who placed foot on the last of nine far-flung worlds!" Don't buy this unless you're George Charters and enjoy bad writing.

SILVERLOCK, by John Myers Myers (Ace, 75¢) There was a big furor in fandom over Silverlock several years ago; Bruce Pelz set several of the verses to music (one of the few practical results) and numerous fans made noises about what a great novel it was. I hope Ace's reprint won't start things up again, because this simply isn't that good a book. It's a poor adventure story because it's simply one unrelated incident after another. In this case, it isn't a fault, since the book isn't really an adventure novel in the first place; it's a literary joke. The gimmick is that every character the protagonist meets and every place he visits



are taken from some other literary work. The major idea is to see how many of these characters and places you recognize. Now, if Myers had cribbed solely from the literary classics, I suppose the book could be used as a sort of test to see how erudite you are, but some of the references are pretty obscure. (Quite possibly Myers felt that a well-read individual should know them all, but then no two people agree on what a "well-read individual" is.) Some of them are also vague; "Pike County" could come from several sources, including the folksong, "Sweet Betsy From Pike". "The Vicar of Bray" is an old English folksong; it's a charming song but hardly required reading for intellectuals. A flaw here is that too many of the characters are doing the particular stunts associated with them just as our hero wanders by. It gives the impression that Beowulf spends his entire time in the Commonwealth tearing arms off monsters, or that if Horatius was to be interviewed by a census-taker, he would put down his occupation as "bridge-defender" -- in short, it destroys completely Myers' efforts to suspend disbelief in the plot. However, ignoring the plot (which is advised), it's still fun to see how many characters you can pick out. Actually, I don't do too well, though I think I did better on this reading than I did several years ago when we got our copy of the hardcover version. It's a book which has deserved paperbacking long since, and I'm glad Ace finally got it done.

THE QUEST OF THE SACRED SLIPPER, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) This is not a Fu Manchu novel, but it might as well be. Archaeologist robs tomb in middle east (Rohmer didn't think much of archaeologists, evidently; he makes them out as conceited grave-robbers) and the Assassin's Cult comes after the loot. Gets it, too. Actually, aside from lopping off a hand here and there, the Assassins are portrayed as fundamentally better people than the blue-blooded Englishmen they are pitted against.

THE DRUMS OF FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) In this one, The Evil Doctor is being a sort of militant pacifist, bent on preserving peace by assassinating anyone in the world who wants to start war. (In the late '30's, when this was written, this meant Hitler, Mussolini, and assorted Fascists in other countries.) Actually, Fu doesn't do a thing that James Bond didn't do -- apparently the nation's morals have changed enough in the intervening time so that while Fu was a villain, Bond, doing the same things, is a hero. (They've certainly changed enough so that the hero of Drums is now defending an untenable proposition -- the sacred right of European nations to make war any time they damned well want to.) Nevertheless, the hero wins (and World War II was the result?) It's a fascinating book, as an historical item.

WHAT BECAME OF GUNNER ASCH, by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Pyramid, 75¢) It used to be, when I wanted to read a story that I knew would be good before I started it, I read something by Heinlein. Now I read Kirst. This is not sf; it's a novel of what might be called "Reconstruction Germany". His theme -- the theme of all his books -- is that once petty tyrants have gained positions of power (anywhere, but primarily in the army), they can be dislodged only by someone willing to risk his own destruction in the process. And there aren't very many martyrs to honesty in today's world. A secondary theme is one that Eric Frank Russell uses to effect; that the petty tyrant, operating by the rulebook, can be circumvented, harassed, and generally made to look a fool by any intelligent person who first learns the book and thus knows exactly what he can get away with. It makes all of Kirst's books, including this one, comic-tragedies. Incidentally, although Herbert Asch appears in the book, it's closer to The Officer Factory than to the other Gunner Asch novels.



# GRUMBLINGS

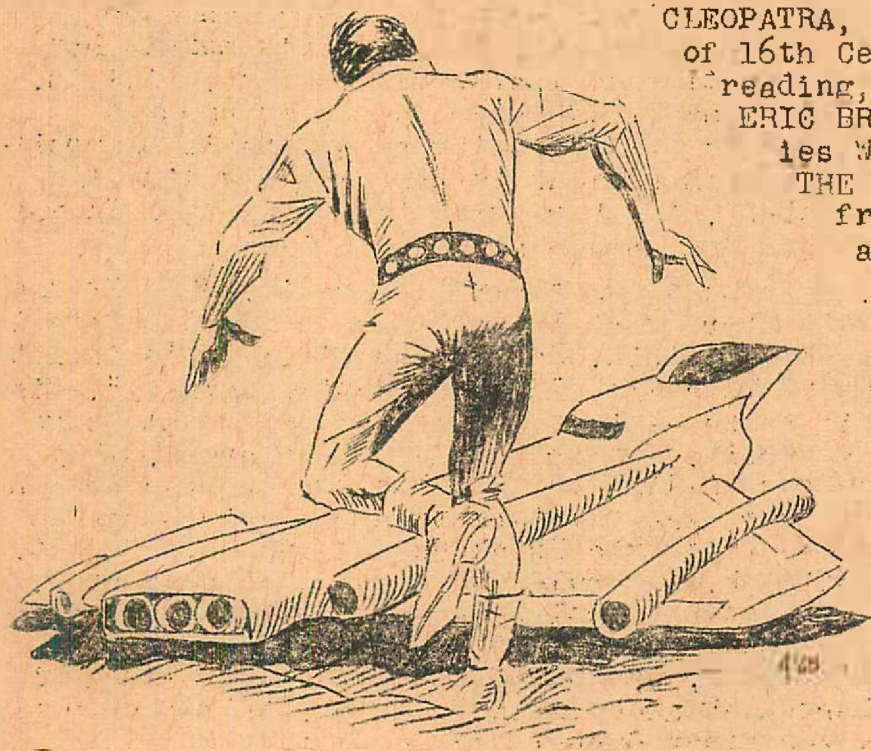
Bob Briney, 176 E. Stadium Drive, West Lafayette, Ind., 47906

Have also read Leiber's novelization of TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD, and was delighted with it. Not, I hasten to add, because of the ways in which it resembles ERB's books, or tries to, but in spite of them. I think the book is too much like ERB to please the anti-Tarzan faction, and not enough like the original books to please the die-hard ERB maniacs. It takes someone in the middle to enjoy it. As a matter of fact, I think Leiber has come closer than ERB ever did to suggesting the strange combination of civilization and savagery that a person like Tarzan would have to possess. Then there are the little touches like having Tarzan get mad at a German Panzer tank and start yelling at it...in German.

As usual, I take exception to your calling Haggard a "pulp hack". (Y157 editorial)) You're letting your personal tastes run away with you. Of course, the faults of Haggard's style are undeniable (prolixity, pomposity, and pedestrianism), but they are not omnipresent. Haggard was at his best when describing strange or exotic settings, and in battle scenes, and these passages in his books are among the most vivid and exciting in all of adventure fiction. It is in the pauses between action scenes, when the narrator stops to muse or moralize, that Haggard is at his worst. But these bad stretches can be skimmed or skipped, and the rest of the story is usually worth the trouble. Haggard's best work, both stylistically and otherwise, is probably found in his novels of Zulu life: NADA THE LILY, MARIE, CHILD OF STORM, and FINISHED. These four books, taken together, are essentially a "historical novel" telling of the rise and fall of the Zulu dynasty in South Africa, before the advent of "civilization". Some of

his other historical novels, such as CLEOPATRA, RED EVE, LYSBETH (a novel of 16th Century Holland), are worth reading, as is the Icelandic saga ERIC BRIGHTYES, and the fantasies WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK and THE VANDERER'S NECKLACE. Aside from KING SOLOMON'S MINES and SHE, the African romances on which Haggard's reputation and fame rest are among his lesser works.

Until I read the editorial in Y157, I was wondering if Don Howard Donnell had returned from his long absence from the fan world. It's been almost fifteen years since I saw any of his fiction in fanzines.





More on Wilson Wucker:  
a friend has suggested  
that, in view of the  
kind of typographical  
error this represents,  
it is fortunate that  
Tucker's first name is  
not Fred...

/Okay, I apologize,  
Haggard was not a pulp  
hack. He was a hard-  
cover hack. RSC7

Arnie Katz, UB Apts-  
479B Allenhurst Rd.,  
Eggertsville, NY 14226

I'm glad you liked  
issue #2 of QUIP bet-  
ter than you did #1.  
It didn't surprise me  
any, since #2 didn't  
have a single conrep-  
ort in it, but I was  
nevertheless pleased.

How come Buz's parody of Bob Newhart was in-group and the Willis' story was general fan humor? How do you make that distinction? I'm just curious, is all. It seemed to me that the Willis' piece called for considerably more faanish knowledge than Buz'.

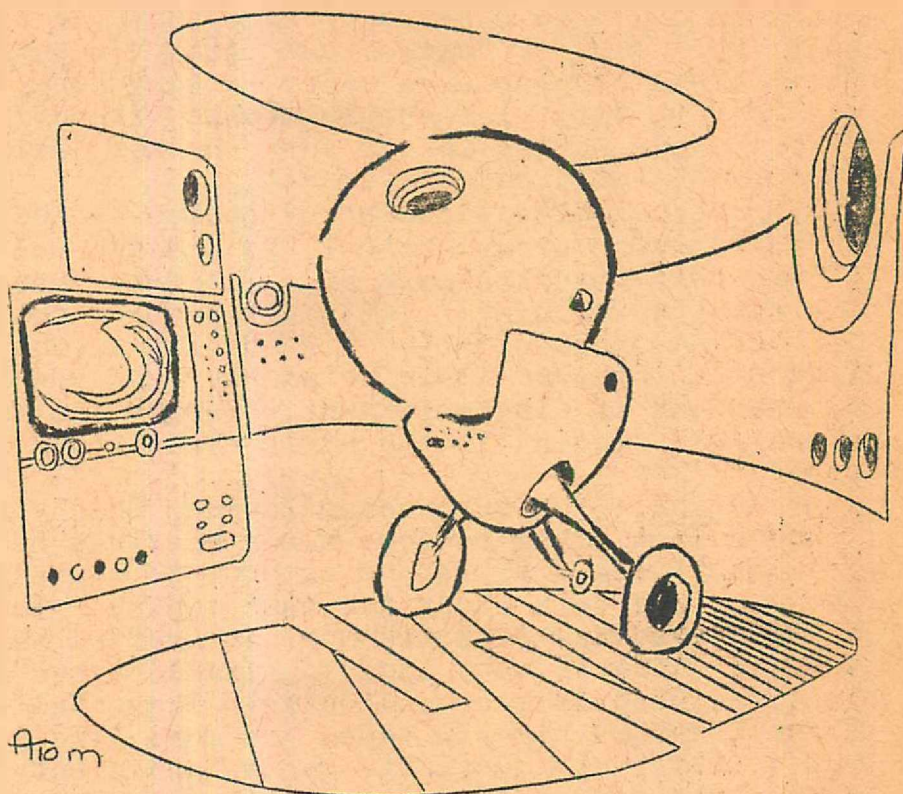
Hey, whatever happened to the article I tried to con you into writing about what exactly you dislike about "faanish" fanzines and why? As the premier complainer among respectable, intelligent fans, I think it would be peachy keen if you explained all your prejudices to us.

Another thing I meant to tell you, or rather ask you. Do you think you could keep from making silly comments on TAPSzines sent to you? I don't think the TAPSmembers who sent you copies did so in hopes that you would review them. TAPS, you see, is an apa. Instead of each member publishing his own apazine, there is one apazine published in rotation containing material from all the members, active wlers, associate member, and sometimes even inactive wlers. We aren't looking for more waitlisters, (having in one year accumulated a wl double the size of the membership (if one included the 4 awlers as being waitlisters)).

/At the time, my idea was that Willis would be funny whether one knew much about his subject or not. However, since at the moment I don't recall either article, I can't defend my viewpoint. How do you know why TAPS members send me the zines? To date, the editors haven't complained, and it is, after all, their business. RSC7

Rick Norwood, 111 Upperline, Franklin, Louisiana, 70538

Aside from the stupidity of film makers, who have s-f writers make good books from bad movies, instead of making the bad movies from the good books they have already written, Asimov's FANTASTIC VOYAGE at least proves he hasn't lost his touch for science fiction. It is just too bad that the Post is the only magazine which can pay him enough to make it worth his while. Does the Good Doctor get Yandro? If so, he



would no doubt be pleased to know that the book reviewer for the Denver Post, Olga Curtis, thinks that "Azimov deserves credit for making a white blood corpuscle as scary as King Kong, and then figuring out a way to foil this microscopic menace without faking his science," though Mrs. (Miss?) Curtis is not sure whether "Azimov" or the people who wrote the movie should get the credit.

I noticed quite a number of copies of the Bantam THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES floating around school, so I asked one of the English teachers if it was being used as part of a literature course. She explained that it was required reading. "It's always been one of my favorites," I chortled. She looked uncomfortable. "We use it in the remedial reading course for freshmen. Because it is so simple...on one level, of course." I must have showed my disappointment, because she tried to cheer me up. "Not one single student in the whole class liked it," she said encouragingly.

Lewis Grant, 5333 Dorchester Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60615

Have been going to some Mensa meetings here, and it suddenly struck me what it was - SF fandom without SF magazines. The same kind of people show up, and talk about the same topics. There are some differences. Mensa people are a little more sobersided and status-conscious. There are not quite as many individualistic types as SF fandom. This, in effect, is what Jackson and Getzels suggested in their book CREATIVITY AND INTELLIGENCE. High IQ types are more likely to live organized, structured lives, with definite goals, and plenty of planning. High-C types play it by ear, and don't worry so much about consequences. I would like to set up a survey of Mensa types who like SF, and Mensa types who loathe it, and see what the differences are.

The Chicago Mensa fanzine has an awareness test, to see whether you know it's raining out, or sump'n. The last sentence in the introduction says: "Finally, there are no trick questions..."

The first question is: "How many named planets exist in our solar system?" Well, ha, hm; you could either say "nine", or you could say "About a thousand, within an order of magnitude or so." Question no. 72 is "Current findings indicate that the chimpanzee is no longer next to man in intelligence. What mammal has been named in its stead?" I'd be inclined to answer "woman". Then, there's question no. 27: "The majority of ulcers occur in what specific part of the body?" I think we should throw in question no 27½ right behind it. "Is a canker sore an ulcer?" Question 41 says: "In what year was the first Earth satellite put into orbit?" Not the first artificial Earth satellite, you notice. Finally, the last question is: "How many millions make a billion?" Where? There's a slight difference of opinion on this touchy subject.

---

"I'm a geni, and I'll answer any three questions you want to ask."

"Who? Me?"

---

"Yes, you; now what's your third question?"

---

Derek Nelson's article was a good exposition of the problems of neo-colonialism, which is, in many cases, unconscious. The gringo merchant is accustomed to playing close to the line of the law, pushing for anything he thinks he can get, legally or semi-legally, and if another American gets in ahead of him he admits, with a wry smile, "they slipped us a fast ball that time." The problem is, people in other countries don't look at it this way. When we stomp on their corns they squeal or get mad instead of stomping back.

I think one of the problems is that the American comes from a country located in the best part of the temperate zone. He is healthy, long-lived and well-fed. His gonads are in good condition. The climate is extremely



stimulating, and not only that, he swills down tremendous doses of caffeine, nicotine, meat and other purine-containing foods, and salt, all of which are stimulants. He weighs fifty pounds more than a lot of other peoples, and stands six inches taller. He is, to a tropical denizen, a rampaging bull. When you see a bull with an H-bomb, you get nervous.

Hope my article, "Ghod & Topless Swim Suits" will be out soon. I gave it to Ben Solon, but, like me, he has lots of other things going, so hasn't put out the latest issue. In a week or so, I am going to tell him: "Solon, I'm going to lay down the law..." Just read an article in the LHJournal on the Birth Control Commission, and a day or so ago I heard that the commish was involved in a big power fight. They are having trouble with this bird, Cardinal Ottoviani, who seems to be down on BC. After thinking things over carefully, I give the IHRA& Catholic Church another 20 years. I have heard a number of things which make me think they are losing their grip. For instance, 50% of the "Catholic" students on the average midwest campus don't turn up for Mass. Also, the church has statistics on the number of young men entering seminaries, and the figures for 1965, based on the number of young men who entered in September 1965, and using the percentage of students who dropped out in 1964-65, shows that in Sep. 2014, 0 students will enter seminaries. Not only that, Domsday is steadily advancing. For September 1964, it was 2023. Another little problem is that a large majority of RC's are either using BC's, or think other people should. I also heard that the Newman clubs are referred to on a number of camps as the old man clubs.

Our morals are rapidly changing, so fast that you can see it from year to year. For instance, a young lady I know told me that she went to a launderette a few days ago, on one of our balmy days we had to interrupt the usual Chicago winter. She said that another slightly younger girl came in, dressed in black stretch leotards, a pale blue sweater, and bucks. It was quite obvious that she had only the leotards and the sweater on. My informant, being a woman, said that the first question she asked herself is why she didn't freeze her ing ass off, since the day, while relatively balmy, wasn't quite that balmy. The second question was, if this was all they are wearing in winter time, what are they going to wear in summer? She also said that here in Hyde Park quite a number of the young ladies parade around in their apartment building with their bras hanging out. After all, a bra is just a pink or white bikini top, and if they can walk around in a bikini at the beach, why can't they walk around in a skirt or shorts and a bra in their own building? She said that she is a little behind the times, since she went to a Catholic elementary school where the nuns don't like the girls to wear patent leather shoes, since boys might look at the reflection in the patent leather and see under the dress. However, she is wearing stretch pants to the office, and they are only slightly more opaque and less clinging than leotards (she's right, I checked), and last summer she didn't wear anything under them or a sweater, although she hoped her sweaters were slightly more opaque than the one the other girl was wearing. Of course, she said that even five years ago she wouldn't have dreamed of wearing stretch pants to an office, especially with no underwear. So this is how her views have changed in five years, and maybe she will be parading around in leotards and a semi-transparent sweater in another year or two.

I have a theory that terrene, and especially American morals will be changing fast for another 2½ years, and then will really go zilch. The reason is that starting in 1968, we will be bombarded with '69 jokes



At the way our moral climate has been changing for the last 2½ years, this will be quite risqué, for the first six months, and then people will accept it as normal human behavior. Been reading *The Name to Drop* this month, H. Marshall McLuhan. He is a sociologist and psychologist who is studying the effect of various media upon our psyches. There is an article on him in *Fortune*, one in *Newsweek*, and one in *Life*. What he says in effect is that the effect of the media on a person's brain is more important than the content. He defines a medium as anything that carries information through space and time. I bought his book *GUTENBERG GALAXY*, and got *UNDERSTANDING MEDIA* from the library. I want to buy a copy for my own personal self, but the publisher is all sold out and the book is going back on the press this week or next. After reading *UNDERSTANDING MEDIA* for the first time, I am convinced that the best seller of the year will be *UNDERSTANDING*

McLUHAN.

Of course, some of the things he says I agree with. For instance, he says that the television screen is not a miniature movie, but an entirely different sort of optical effect. This is easy to see, especially if you have a lousy tv like we do. I took umbrage at one statement he made, that teachers would be the only occupational group shortly. Well, if you define programmers as teachers of computers, and if you allow that a small remanaint of other occupations will remain for quite a while, like 10 or 15%, I am willing to accept this as a cheap, sensational way of making a point, which might be possibly right in another generation. Otherwise, he has quite a number of fascinating things to say.

I was writing about the Catholic Birth Control Commission, and the troubles they were having with Cardinal Ottoviani. Well, Otto just got appointed head of the Commish, and took the opportunity to come out with some choice remarks, like there is no population explosion, it's all an atheist catch-phrase. I called the Typical Catholic Housewife of Hyde Park, who was remarking on clothing of the future a while back, and she said that the reaction of her Catholic friends was one of dismay and horror. My own opinion is that 20 years may be a little too long for the RCC. I remember reading about the head of the Vatican demographic bureau reporting to the Council that in 2000 there would be 5 billion human type people, of which over 3 billion would be hungry. Moreover these 5 billion people would have been bombarded for 36 years with stories about the population explosion, and what BC pills could do, and why the RCC wouldn't allow their use, etc etc etc etc etc., by satellite radio, and TV, received on 50% solid state radios, etc. He said that no matter what the Church did now, there would still be five billion, of which about 3 billion would be hungry. So, he said that the church had to act now on some solution. (Now was 1964.) Otherwise they would have problems by 1999 plus.

Read another paper on Cyclert, otherwise known as magnesium pemoline. They are giving it to children in homes for the feeble-minded in Germany,



and it is working quite well in some cases. It seems that we will have to divide the "retarded" into mentally defective and mentally deficient. Cyclert doesn't do too much for people with brain damage, but it does seem to help those who are "dull".

Another thing that Cyclert may be able to do is cut down criminality. I have read several places that the main difference that psychologists have been able to discover between those of us who are in pokey and those who aren't is that criminal types (at least the ones who are picked up) are very difficult to condition. That is, it takes them several tries before they learn that hot stoves are painful, etc. They don't pick up the usual ethical conditioning which most of us get one way or other in our youth. The main reason that police departments have large modus operandi files is that they learn that criminals who pull a crime and are successful, have a tremendous compulsion to do the next job in exactly the same way. Moreover, criminals who fail are also likely to do the next job in much the same way, either figuring that some slight bit of bad luck wrecked their master plan, or changing the one detail they think was the defective one. They don't learn from experience well.

Psychologists have found that giving stimulants to persons helps to condition them, and in some places they are prescribing stimulants for parolees. The problem is that the traditional stimulant is not only a brain stimulant, but is also a body stimulant, and doses that will work will also cause jitters, etc. Cyclert is apparently a brain stimulant that is not a whole body stimulant, and it may be that giving Cyclert to parolees will help keep them out of trouble.

/Now if you changed that to "the Roman Catholic Church as we know it. . ." Very few religions have endured as many times of trial and change as the Catholic. I'd bet it would still be around -- maybe not as powerful (but maybe more so) when we finally get around to blowing ourselves up.

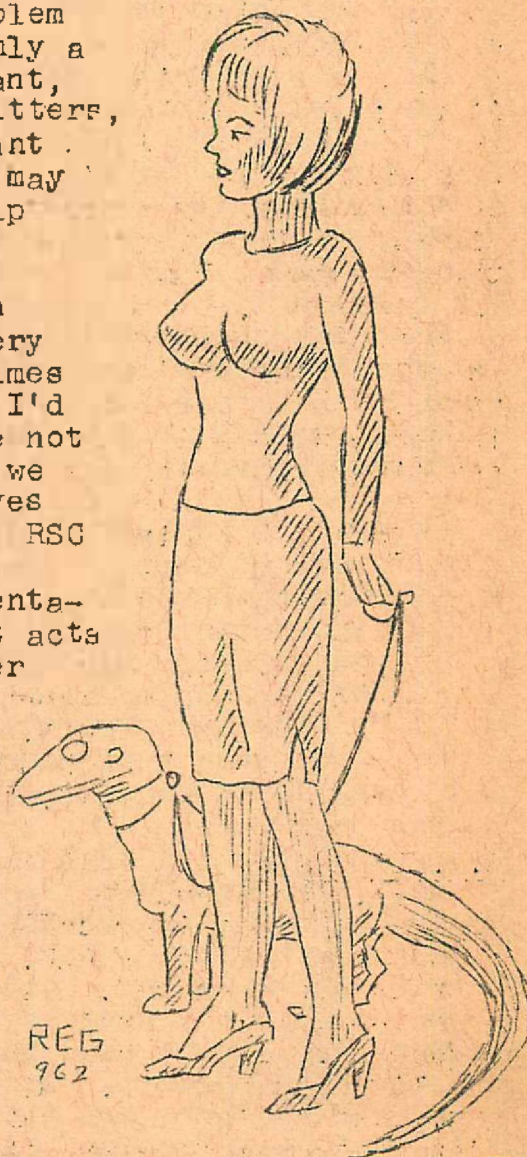
RSC

Hmm - the migrainetype headache preventative I take is called Sansert, and it acts alternately as a jitterfier or a super tranquilizer. . . apparently dependent on how much I need a headache prevented, or am likely to develop one. But the last diagnosis I would make for myself is that I am over-stimulated. . . I dunno. JWC/

Pete Weston, 9, Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom

Juanita has a point about marrying fandom. It seems that way in Britain, too, though not on quite the same scale, perhaps. But you can bet that the few attractive and eligible girls who get into fandom will be married or at least going

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steady with a fellow fan within a few years at most. And a lot of the male fans over here are very depressed with the prospects of marrying into mundania - at least one fan of my acquaintance has confessed that he has but three days per year (at the cons) of meeting a girl he really can get on with.

And of course, there's the Walshes, with Sarah (if she doesn't become a fan no one will), the Bennett's offspring, etc, and etc.

Dammit, I'm faced with the same problem you must have when valiantly ploughing through Zenith. I have enjoyed both the Vonnegut & Hubbard pieces, but find it hard to say anything about them.

I'll agree with Panshin about at least one aspect of Vonnegut's work. I always had an incredible feeling of futility come over me after reading both PLAYER PIANO and SIRENS OF TITAN. That was perhaps the only common factor between the novels, yet after reading either of them, I used to sit and mope about "what's it all about, and what is the point of doing anything."

Good old Roy Tackett! Off again about New Mexico's idiocy in planning, building and everything else. He is getting almost monominded, I do declare. But not to be outdone, Merrie England is able to field its own team of clods. Over here we have a brand new dual carriageway, just completed, which the Gas Board wanted to dig up, right down the middle of one lane, to lay some pipes for a new estate of houses. They had to apply for permission, and their appeal was refused. All over the papers, it was; the decision was that the Board should have done their work before the road was laid, and they'd just have to do without the projected pipe-route. Then again, it all brings to mind another housing project that was actually completed, and the first people moved in, before they discovered that there was no plumbing at all. It seems that the contractors had a bout of forgetfulness, and sort of forgot about sewers and like that. I bet the residents were disappointed!

Have been reading lots of things fannish of late - noticed your "Wheel of Fortune" or whatever, feature in Bane. Interesting, but I wish you'd been a bit more lengthy in places. You have a gift of stating conclusions in few words, which many of wordy wafflers envy, but sometimes expansion can be of value, I feel.

/Well, I admire people who can write long, penetrating analyses of books. (Especially if they can be reasonably entertaining about it.) I can do it, but spending long amounts of time at the typewriter, doing research, cudgeling my brain and uttering vast oaths, but my results are never enough better than my short reviews to justify all that expenditure of time and effort, and are generally inferior to the efforts of someone like Panshin or Richard Gordon. (So, since they can do it so well, I'll jolly well let them do it.) RSC7

A.M. Lightner, 136 West 16th St., New York, NY 10011

Well, two issues of Yandro have arrived, and I think I should write and tell you my impression. I must say I was quite floored at first. I am certainly not a FAN. Not to that extent, perhaps. But I find that it grows on you. Little bits of interesting lore turn up here and there -- like the article from Canada, and the news about roads in Albuguerque. I must send that to my brother, who used to live there, and now lives in Phoenix. Also, one gets a very cosy feeling about all of you, even if there are differences of opinion. I also get the impression that most fans are thinking people...and as such appreciative of that typographical error -- another prize item.



Most of all, however, I appreciate the reviews. Nobody seems to review S-F anymore. It seems to me that Anthony Boucher used to review infrequently for the Herald Trib's "Book Week" -- but now he only reviews mysteries. Why even the juvenile S-F gets more reviewing than the adult! Enclose copy of their recent page review (which ends up with my latest) just in case you don't see the Sun H-T. I note you do see the New Yorker, so perhaps this is redundant. Anyhow -- I had never heard of this book, DUNE. Will certainly get hold of it and read it. However allow me to take issue with your review of Sally Carrigher's ICEBOUND SUMMER. I can't understand how you formed such a low opinion. Shell is one of my favorites -- and a tope scientist. But then I'm something of a nut about nature writing and conservation. Perhaps her earlier DAY ON BEETLE ROCK and DAY IN TETON MARSH were more works of art. She also wrote 2 other good books about Alaska. One about her husky, and one about the Eskimos, which was especially good.

Derek Nelson, 502 5th Avenue, New Westminster, B.C., Canada

I might mention an interesting thing about the Canadian Criminal Code (Courtesy Financial Post). Under the fraud section it stipulates you can't go into business as a witch, sorcerer or conjurer, unless you can prove you're not a fraud -- in which case you're clear! As the Post comments "It goes to prove, once more, that Canada certainly does everything possible to protect its minority groups."

Have you ever noticed the US government position on cigarettes? They pass a law requiring fags to be labelled as a healthy hazard, hint the advertisers had better sponsor shows only after the kids are in bed, and have the Department of Health (or US equivalent - FDA?) regularly issue warnings against smoking. Then they pay subsidies to farmers who grow tobacco, subsidies for export, and (according to the paper a couple of days ago in a filler item) pay \$200,000 abroad for advertising for cigarettes containing American tobacco. Maybe the liberals can explain why the US does this -- I can't follow the reasoning.

/So many people object to our H-Bombs; lung cancer is just as final and carries less moral stigma. RSC/

George Scithers, Chief Planner and Finger Nail Chewer of the Costume Ball at the Tricon, is seeking discussions and suggestions on the Ball (Before, when they'll do some good, rather than the customary after-the-event gripes). As a start, he forwards a letter from John W. Campbell:

Dear George: I've never had to run a Convention---and I'm thankful that I probably never will have to. The ones who can give really useful information are, of course, the battle-scarred veterans---to the battle-scarred newcomers!

The only aspect I feel competent to speak on is the matter of photography. That's been a loused-up mess at every Masquerade I've ever attended.

There are four interested groups. 1. The Contestants---who not unnaturally want good shots of their costuming. 2. The still photogs, who want flash shots, and the (3) movie photogs who want high-intensity light shots. 4. The general audience, who want to get close and see the costumes and the costumed as closely as possible.

Group 4 louses up things for all three of the others. Ideally, the photogs should have their chance first. Because most of those costumes don't stand up well very long, and if the record shots aren't taken early, they'll be records of some sadly moth-eaten and raddled costumes.

This is unfair to both the costumed and the photogs.

The problems are two-fold. First, of course, is holding the audience back while the photogs get their shots. Second is that the still photogs use flash---and whether it's electronic or bulbs, the flashes louse up movie footage by whiteing out one or two frames, which makes an unsatisfactory show on the movie screen---or a grade A nuisance of editing out the ruined frames.

The still photogs could take pictures using the movie photogs' lights---if they could depend on the movie people to keep the lights on. Which they can't, of course. (And a lot of cheap color cameras can't take pictures except by flash anyway.) Moreover the still photogs want to pose the costumes; the movies want them moving, naturally.

I suggest that, immediately after the judging, a dual photography session be arranged.

(After rather than before because there'll be costumes that nobody will want to photograph---which can make for strained relations. If the judging has already been done, why it isn't Joe Zilch who's rejecting your beautiful costume you labored over so hard; it's the Judges, so Joe Zilch can still be a good guy.)

Allow so many minutes for the still photogs, and then the movie people have their cracks. And still photogs are to be absolutely forbidden to take any shots whatever by flash---or to get in the way of any movie photog---while the movie makers have their kicks. This should include flash shots of the audience--- because if I, for instance, should shoot off my Meteor Ultrablitz 50 feet from the stage, the light output of that thing is strong enough to burn out a frame of a movie.

After the movieites have had their so-many-minutes, they clear out, and from then on it's catch-as-catch-can, with fifty-eleven fen getting in the way in the normal fashion.

My main point: movie and still photogs can't work at the same time; movieites don't want subjects suddenly freezing for some still photog, and the stillites don't want their subjects constantly wandering around so they can't get proper focus, framing and pose. And the two different types of lighting are mutually lousing up.

George adds some pertinent Public Announcements to stimulate further ~~discussion~~ discussion:

There will be a popular vote award for best costume. High Teller will be Bob Briney. Volunteers are wanted to assist in conducting the vote, which will take place during the ball. It's possible a contestant could win both a judges' award and the Popular Award.

Six judges' awards are planned: Most Beautiful, Most Bemish, Most Authentic (the contestants for which must be able to cite a revelvant story), and three open awards.

There are plans to arrange things so that (a) there are opportunities for photographers to photograph and (b) the movie cameramen won't have the flash picture people spotting their film.

Finally, the Tricon committee are willing and able to arrange for special entrances, timing and the like for contestants PROVIDED you tell us in advance. Effective presentation and acting ability are factors which the judges may take into account in making awards.

The time to make your protests, approvals and nitpickings is NOW. If the committee is laying plans in which you see a big fat difficulty brewing, let's have it mentioned openly, not muttered about. They may have already forseen it, or you may save everyone, yourself included, a deal of grief. Put "I told you so" in the present tense, please.





FANZINE INDEX (Harold Palmer Fiser, 41-08 Parsons Blvd, Flushing, New York 11355 - \$2.50). This is a reprint of the 1952-53 Pavlat Index, which included as many of the fanzines published from the beginning of time up until 1952 as Pavlat could find any information on. The reprint is very neatly done, with stiff covers and index tabs, and I guess is just great if you happen to be doing research work among old fanzines. It lists title, editor, date when known, number of issues, number of pages per issue, and reproduction process. What anyone not engaged in fanzine research wants with one I couldn't say, but loads of fans seem to think it's just exactly what they want. The entire thing runs to something better than 140 pages; it's a nice solid publication, anyway.

THE 1966 DIRECTORY OF S.F. FANDOM (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Gt. Britain - USAgent, me - 50¢ if you're included in the Directory, \$1.00 if you aren't, and don't ask me how you tell in advance; I've got my own troubles) This is Ron's first Directory in several years; it contains over 470 names and addresses. This sort of thing is valuable to fanzine editors like me who occasionally forget to put down the address of contributors, and who get fairly regular inquiries as to whether or not they know so-and-so's address. What good it is to the average fan I couldn't say, but they're selling like hot cakes.

WIZARD #1 (Alma Hill, 463 Park Drive, Boston, Mass. 02215 - bi-monthly, maybe - 4 for \$1.00 or get a sample copy free) This is for budding authors. I won't review it because Alma doesn't like my reviews, but if you have a burning desire to get into a Writer's Group, here is one.

RECEIVED AND NOTED: INTERAPATHY #13 (Gem Carr), BJOTTINGS (personal-type thing from the Trimbles), BROODINGNAG #36 (postal Diplomacy thing from John McCallum), RATTYTOSK 2 and BOROGROVE 35 (one-pagers from Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640. Ask for one at your own risk.

UCHUJIN #100 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 o-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan) Price, schedule, and everything else except a few story titles are in Japanese, but it must be monthly. It looks quite professional, with 130 pages, reprinted fiction by William Morrison and Kurt Vonnegut, and what seems to be lots of stf articles. But I can't read Japanese.

ANABIS #16 and COEURL #3 (Contributions to Reinhard Hirschberger, 1 Berlin 12, Schlüterstr. 49, Germany; cash to Horst Christiani, 1 Berlin 41, Lefevrestr. 10, Germany) COEURL seems to be a small fannish fanzine, with letters and fanzine reviews taking up most of its 22 oversized pages. ANABIS is a huge (75 pages plus offset covers) serious fanzine, with mostly articles and fiction, and several good full-page illustrations. Unfortunately, I don't read German, either.

COSMOS STILETTO #10 (Gene Klein, 33-51 84 St, Jackson Heights, New York 11372 - bi-monthly - 25¢ - co-editors, Vin Mansfield & John Kusalavage) I suppose it wouldn't be fair to say I don't read comics, either, and thus skip reviewing this..... Anyway, it isn't all comics. There's an article on Laumer's "Retief" series, one on "The Magical World Of The Secret Agent", one on Tolkien, one on the use of electrostencils, mag reviews, fanzine reviews, and letters. Most of them seem fairly well done, as well as I could tell by skimming them. Unfortunately, the editors experimented with black ditto masters this issue, and the results are both dim and somewhat blurred. (Anyone with good eyesight could read them without much trouble, but I don't have good eyesight and I'm not about to put any strain on what I have by reading fanzines.) The letter column came out better and seemed pretty good. One rumor in there that I'd like to squash, though; a writer says "I hear Robert E. Gilbert has decided that fanzines aren't worth the trouble of drawing for". Robert E. Gilbert -- who used to patiently contribute to any fanzine editor who asked him, even the ones who butchered every piece of art he sent them -- isn't doing it any more because he has a bad nervous condition and is unable to draw at all, for anyone. YANDRO and probably a few other fanzines have Gilbert art in their files, but nothing new is appearing. (Another rumor, however, spread by editor Klein -- that YANDRO is "too stuck up" to trade -- is quite true. At least it's too stuck up to trade for fanzines I can't read.)

ATLANTA #2 (Michael Grayn, 28 rue du Curé, Moxhe-Ciplot (Liege), Belgium - bi-monthly? - \$1 per copy, I think) This seems to be a professional, or possibly semi-pro journal. There are reviews and verse, possibly some fiction. All in French, of course. (If you're training your kid to be a fan, for God's sake give him plenty of language courses.)

HAVERINGS #21 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - bi-monthly - 6 for 25¢ - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif.) An entire fanzine full of fanzine reviews. Some day I'm going to emulate Ethel, yank "Strange Fruit" out of YANDRO altogether, where it takes up altogether too much space, and publish it as a separate mag. Anyway, here we have 10 pages of very good reviews (quite a few of them of fanzines that I'd never heard of before).

NEWSLETTERS: The following fanzines are all small mags which concentrate on the news of the field; fan doings, new books, conventions, lawsuits, etc. Naturally there is some overlapping of material, but not as much as you might think.

FOCAL POINT #21 (Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th. St., Apt 5FW, New York, N.Y. - irregular - 3 for 25¢ - co-editor, Rich Brown) Fan and pro news.

RATATOSK #32 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles,



Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) Fan and pro news.

SKYRACK #87, 88, 89 (Ron Bennett, address given under FAN DIRECTORY - irregular; these issues dated April 9, 15 and 17 but it doesn't often come out that frequently - 6 for 35¢, or 6 for 70¢ if sent airmail) British fan and pro news.

EARLY BIRD #E2 (Michel Feron, 7 Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium - 12 for \$1 - more or less monthly) European news, mostly professional, written in English.

FANAC #32 (Carl J. Brandon, Jr., Sällskapsvägen 7, Stockholm 48, Sweden - 12 for 10 kronor) Swedish fan and pro news, written in Swedish. (Remember those language lessons!)

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #10 (John Boston, 816 So. First St, Mayfield, Ky. 42066 - somewhat monthly - 4 for 25¢) News and reviews of new books, both hardcover and paperback.

WSFA JOURNAL, #16, 17, 19, 21 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - biweekly - \$1 per year, or \$1.50 per year via first class mail) Primarily devoted to news of the Washington, D.C. club, but with some outside news, plus magazine and occasional book reviews.

STRAY NOTES #12 (Atlanta Folk Music Society, P.O. Box 7813, Atlanta, Georgia 30309 - monthly - \$3.50 per year) As with most "folk" music these days, the accent is on protest songs rather than folk songs. But there is some folk material, and even protest songs can be entertaining. They generally aren't, but sometimes you get an exception.

THE GAMESMAN #3 (Don Miller, address above - quarterly? - 30¢, or 4 for \$1) A fanzine devoted entirely to games, particularly board games. This issue has articles on "Go", "Diplomacy", "The War Game", "Von Neumann Games", and "Simulation Games", plus letters and filler items. Should be useful to games fans.

SENA #4 (Don Miller, address above - quarterly - 25¢) This is published for N'APA, so mailing comments predominate. Major non-club items are concerned with Indian legends (which happen to be one of the few facets of Indian lore that I'm not at all interested in). Probably a good mag for anyone who is interested in this sort of thing.

TWILIGHT ZINE #17 (Leslie Turek, 56 Linnaean St, Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - quarterly, it says here - 25¢ - co-editor, Cory Seidman) Both editors, it would seem from comments in the mag, are feminine (or anyways, female). Girls running an M.I.T. mag - what won't they think of next! Contents seem about as nutty as ever, though. The M.I.T. club reminds me somewhat of the various Indiana stf clubs I've belonged to, except that it hasn't - yet - broken up under a barrage of recriminations and bad feeling. (We can always hope, however....) This is still the prime US humor mag (except for STEFANTASY, and Denner doesn't send STEF to just anybody). I note with approval more general humor this time, and fewer items that can be understood only by M.I.T. students. By all means try a copy if you haven't already. Along with this came two issues of THE MITIGATOR, which is "to mitigate the spaces between TZ issues". (Well, actually, they didn't come with TZ 17; they came a couple of days ahead of it.) The quote seems to be correct, too; it seemed only a few days passed between receipt of THE MITIGATOR and receipt of the next TZ. Comment on the interlineation in MITIGATOR 2; I'm not the one who's insane, I'm one of the ones. Or in other words; "You're another, Ward." This is known as the pot calling the kettle (and I simply must go on a diet one of these days.)

(Apologies for some of the bad jokes there; a couple of hours of fanzine reviewing is apt to affect me adversely.)

STEFANTASY #59 (Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa. - more or less quarterly - sent to people Bill feels might be interesting) Fandom's small printed magazine of humor trundles merrily along, with contributions from R. M. Radl, John S. Carroll, and the editor. (I'm assuming that the editor isn't also Radl and Carroll, tho I couldn't prove it.) The postal department comes in for the usual invective, but Radl writes a feature article about how present teen-agers stand around being bored and don't go out and do things like his generation did. This is an irritating article, at least partly because when teen-agers do go out and do things similar to the ones he recounts, they're called juvenile delinquents and locked up. I'm afraid Radl is suffering from nostalgia idiotica. Despite this, STEFANTASY is one of the two or three best fanzines being published anywhere, and it's worth your while to try and convince Danner that you would be an interesting addition to his circulation. (One way would be to send him a good article about some facet of human foolishness.)

THE PULP ERA #62 (Lynn A. Hickman, 413 Ottokree St, Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - highly irregular - 5 for \$1.50) One of fandom's best mags has come out of hibernation once more. This is devoted to the pulp mags; not so much stf as the "borderline" mags of the era (DOC SAVAGE, ARGOSY, THE SPIDER, etc.) and completely unrelated pulps like SPICY WESTERN, SKY FIGHTERS, etc. In this issue, Terry Jeeves writes about SOCCPS, called by some Britain's first stf mag, Dean Grennell sheds light on THE SHADOW, and Maurice Gardner tells "Why I Wrote The Bantan Novels" (a good question, I might add). Lynn's artwork generally comes close to equalling that of AMRA; this time it isn't quite up to par, but Dave Prosser comes thru with good stuff and George Barr has a lovely cat illo (Bast, I presume?) By all means try a sub; you may be 5 years collecting, but it will come.

FANXIETY #3 (Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle Drive, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640 - bi-monthly (( who says my reviews aren't charitable?)) - 20¢) A rather dim dittoed mag -- and he doesn't even have black masters as an excuse -- but at least the lettering is sharp, which helps. Gregg has one lovely line in the editorial -- "If apas are rubbish I've been wasting my time for the last year." I hate to tell you this, Gregg, but.... Greg Shaw has a good article (or story?) about what happens to people who misuse telephones. Steve Pickering spends some time proving that he doesn't know what the word "privacy" means -- he seems to have it confused with the right to publish articles without having to accept criticism of his writing -- but after being sidetracked for 2 pages he finally gets to the point. Trouble is, after he gets there he doesn't say anything that isn't already a cliché. Don D'Amassa makes fun of Murray Leinster's monster novels. Leslie Reece manages to misunderstand fandom completely -- if he's a sociologist, God help the breed. He does recognize that fandom is a separate culture (most other writers on the subject and there have been many of them, call it a "sub-culture"). This may be true, but is hardly startling news. There are book reviews and a few letters. FANXIETY is a good, average-quality fanzine.

DOUBLE BILL #14 (Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave, Akron, Ohio 44313 - irregular - 30¢ - co-editors, Bill Bowers and E.E. Evers) Well, it's the only fanzine I know of with 3 editorials. Steve Pickering writes an extremely clever article about Heinlein; he spends 3 pages pointing out that Heinlein's critics have misunderstood Heinlein's central themes without once giving an example to back up his point of view. (An example, of course, would be subject to critical appraisal; generalities are safe.



And, he makes quite a good article out of it, especially for people who are pro-Heinlein anyway, like me. Lloyd Biggle continues his clinic to improve fan poetry. I don't always agree with him, but I've never studied enough poetry to argue. (And I won't, because I would be studying it only for the purpose of argument, which isn't a good enough reason to spend the time.) Ben Solon has a good column, and there are fanzine reviews, a piece of fiction, and letters. Good reproduction, good artwork; good mag.

ALGOL #11 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - irregular - 30¢) Every publisher of a dittoed fanzine should get a copy of ALGOL to see what their publications should look like. Not the use of color -- that's an asset but not a necessity -- but the sharp, clear reproduction. One of the major items here is Dick Lupoff's book reviews; he reviews books I'd never heard of (and while I don't own a large number of old hardcovers, I've perused enough book catalogs to be able to recognize most titles.) Banks Nebane writes about car fandom (a breed which eludes me utterly; as far as I'm concerned, a car is a functional device about as fanworthy as a central heating system or an indoor toilet), Bob Tucker discusses spies in fandom, Milt Stevens talks about fantasy classification, there are fanzine reviews and letters. And the editor plays a dirty trick on Steve Pickering by showing one of Steve's articles to Ted White and then publishing the article and Ted's rebuttal in the same issue. Ted has always had one of the nastier typewriters in fandom (and very little compunction about using it) plus an eagle eye for opponents' mistakes. He also exaggerates errors, but then we all do that in arguments. And the mistakes are there in plenty, including quite a few in plain English. (One sentence starts "We all agree that...." and goes on to say "...but others, less knowledgable..." leaving the reader wondering what "others" there can be besides "we all".)

HONQUE #4 (Norm Clarke, 9 Bancroft St, Aylmer E., Quebec, Canada - irregular - free to people Norm wants to send it to; sound interesting when you request a copy) Here is Canada's foremost serious constructive humor fanzine. Very little (like, nothing) of it concerns stf; quite a bit concerns odd people, odd events, odd music and so on. A good share of it is funny. I am incapable of describing it in the space I have, and unwilling to devote any more space to fanzine reviews, so you'll just have to get a copy yourself. It's worth every penny you pay for it, believe me. Clarke is an original wit.

NIEKAS #15 (Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301 - quarterly - 35¢ or 3 for \$1; send no more than \$1 at a time) You got a chicken bookkeeper, Felice; we're juggling things like 60-issue subscriptions. (And the money comes in handy, too.) This is the fanzine that is going to win the Hugo this year or there aint no justice. A huge thing, over 60 pages, with beautiful cover art (and lousy interior art) and material on Stnehenge, children's fantasy, secret societies, "The Function of Myth in the psychic Economy of Modern Man", Italian fandom, and Gnosticism, plus fanzine reviews, book reviews, and letters and more letters. In addition to the large number of pages, there is considerable use of micro-elite type, which gets many more words on each page. (While it is twice as large as YANDRC, it probably contains between 3 and 4 times the wordage.) The material is generally well-written, and there is so much of it that even if you don't happen to enjoy certain items you're still getting far more for your money than most fanzines give. Also -- a rare thing among large, well-written fanzines -- it deals primarily with science fiction and fantasy. It may not be the world's best fanzine -- but it's the best one on the Hugo ballot this year.



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