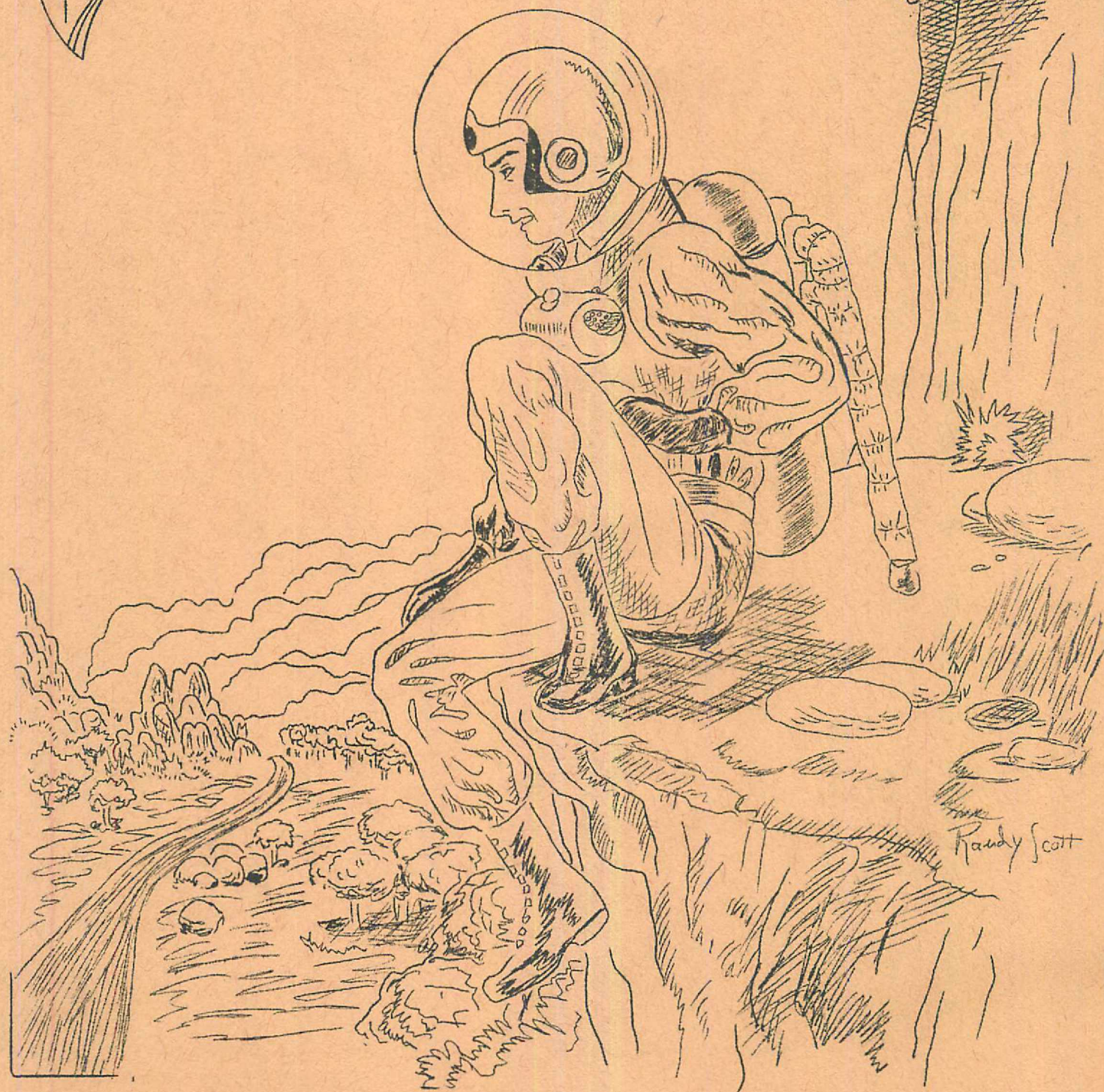
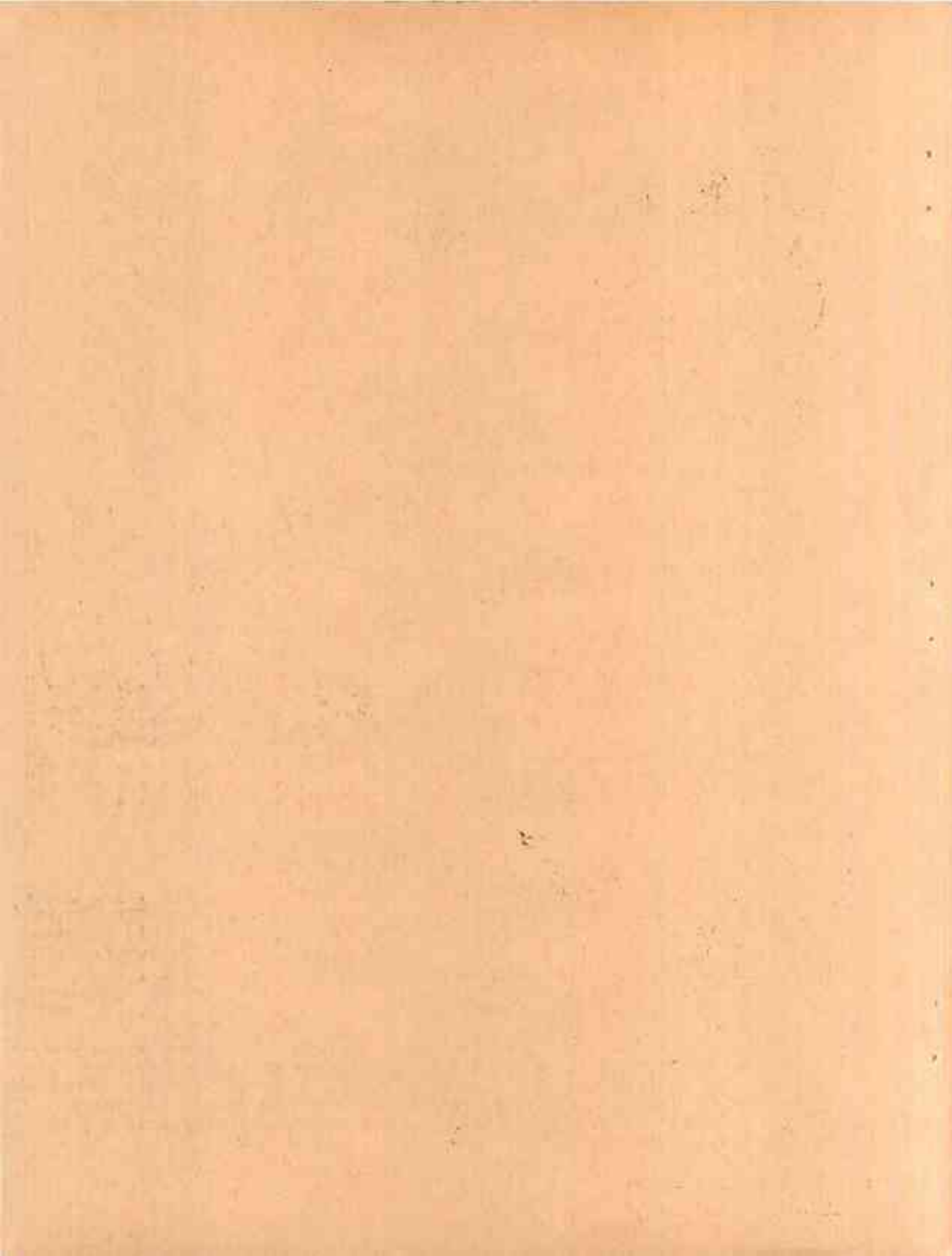


YANDRO

161





YANDRO #161

VOLUME XIV NO. 7

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And if anyone in Japan has a yen for us, we'll take it.



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From an ad for a fanzine: "Also in this issue was the celebrated 'New Trend in Fantasy Comics'; an article on A. Merritt's sequels by Walter Wentz." And here I've been trying to convince people for years that Merritt's novels were funny, and nobody would listen to me! It just goes to show you.



John Boston is suggesting (the game of taking exams? mint flavored test papers?....)

Apologies, and I'll try to do better next time. This is all first draft, after all.....so solly.

In this issue you will find a discussion on things upcoming at Tricon, among other items the business of lighting at the costume ball. Those banks of magnesium blinders the movie photogs use versus the right-in-your-face phooof of flashbulbs. I'm not fond of either one - not as a costume wearer, but as a simple audience-type; there seems to be an inordinate amount of panning across the audience or snapping shots of interested listeners to panels and speakers. So you're sitting or standing there minding your own business, being inconspicuous and comfortable, and you inadvertently turn your head and you spend the next ten minutes blind and the next twenty with watering eyes. Hasn't it occurred to some of these characters that a fair percentage of fans are both myopic and unusually light sensitive - I certainly am, and I know of a number of others who've commented on the same affliction. And the poor speakers and panelists - I wince everytime I watch some creep carefully run forward to flash them full face instead of having the courtesy to photograph the celebrity from the side. I was on the receiving end of that once, and if I'd had something to throw, the photog would have had a busted camera.

I hope those cameras that work indoors without flash (speed cameras?) become more popular and cheaper, or that the photographers stick to photographing the people who want to be photographed.

Roscoe Drummond's column in today's paper takes off on the "truth in packaging bill" -- he's against it. Among other things he comes up with this gem: "...it gives vast new powers to government regulatory agencies: ... To ban cents-off special sales which are an economy to the customer."

Huh? Oh, Mr. Drummond, you've got to be kidding! Either that or you've never done the family shopping. Doesn't your wife tell you the facts of the supermarket birds and bees? Haven't you ever picked up two identical packages of the same product, one loudly emblazoned "Special! Cents off this package...Umpty Umpty...You Save....", and both packages dis -

Somehow, looking over this issue (everything's done but the editorials and the cover), I get the feeling that I cut the stencils in too big a hurry. Not the art, the typing. There are a disgusting number of typos, and I can only give as my excuse nervous glances at the calendar and a frantic desire to get this show on the road.

But I'm sure Don & Maggie Thompson don't live in a "hourse".... (a hearse equipped with clocks?); and sure it's not an "examintion"

playing identical prices? And haven't you ever pointed this out to the supermarket manager, and hear him swear about the fact that five dozen products a week come out with this sort of thing and expect the retail grocer to juggle the different figures in his head - and the customer to cultivate a good memory when there are no packages with the earlier "higher" price in view (sometimes the cents-off deal is a higher price than normal, y'know)?

Mr. Drummond also mutters that what's needed is enforcement of existing regulations rather than a new bill. That's interesting. Why does Congress say the same thing, then annually cut the guts out of the FTC and FDA appropriations so they have nothing left to hire people to enforce with? Why when the FDA brings a case against a manufacturer for short weighting or adulterating food does the thing either drag through the courts so long the manufacturer's already made his pile, or does some wounded constituent business scream bloody murder to his Congressman, who obediently puts the screws on the FDA to drop the whole thing?

Mr. Drummond, forgive me for suspecting hanky panky, payola, or something equally unsavory under that pile of verbiage. As somebody who has to rattle weekly with figuring out whether 10 7/16ths ozs. at 28¢ is a better buy than One Pint, 6.563 fl. ozs. at 32¢. Perhaps the math majors and quick figure studys have no trouble with this sort of thing, but the average housewife is neither - she either consumes needless time, or says bah and takes a chance (and likely as not loses money) or she asks her husband, if he is conveniently along, to do this sort of thing. Constantly.

An economy to what customer? The manufacturer of the cents-off product who's taking a tour of his outlets to see how the product's moving? Oh, I'm sure he's pleased as punch.

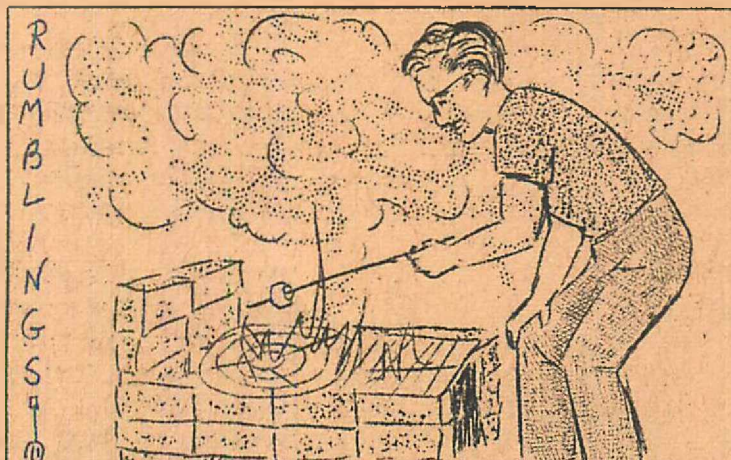
I'm just punchy, and tired of running out of fingers to count on.

I meant to comment when I was typing the letter column, but it slipped by, so I'll ask here: Does that interesting statement in Eric Blake's letter mean that the British are an alien race?

My reading since the last issue has included Michener's HAWAII and Günther Grass's TIN DRUM. Michener is rather frustrating; I enjoyed the book tremendously, but being a total ignoramus on the subject of Hawaii, and I kept wondering how much was whole literary cloth and how much thinly disguised fact. Since we have no Hawaiian fans, I'll probably just keep wondering.

And Grass's book is frustrating, but in a different way. As I read I kept getting snatches of pattern and symbolism - and I also kept getting a strong sensation that I was missing great big chunks of what I should be getting, such as the major significance of much of it. The psychological motivation is easy enough to follow, but the literary one becomes a bit more obscure.

Bruce is taking a larger and larger interest in Yandro....now he's become interested in shading plates and lettering guides, and even put in a few page numbers last issue. We'll get him trained yet. Wonder if his arm would stand up to cranking out 240 copies each month?.....JWC



In the latest QUIP (so late that it didn't get reviewed this time) Arnie Katz says "No longer do most fanzine fans maintain long detailed correspondence with upwards of 20 people." I see I'm behind the times, as usual -- I don't even remember how long it's been since I corresponded with as few as 20 people. He goes on to say how you can keep in touch with from 10 to 50 people in an apa, with less effort than writing individual letters, and with responses from people you haven't even written

to! Goshwow. Trouble is, I prefer to keep in touch with people I like, rather than any chance assortment of fans who happen to belong to an apa, and I don't really give a damn about responses from people I haven't written to. I guess I'm stuck with letter writing, and putting my more general ideas in YANDRO editorials. However, this is not to say that apas are all evil. I'm sure they're a good thing for fans who don't care who reads their correspondence, as long as it's a moderately large number of individuals. (Arnie is probably quite correct in saying that it's easier to get egoboo in an apa; it's not a particularly satisfying form of backpatting for me, but that's probably just one of my little quirks.)

I thought we'd get caught up with our letters of comment this time, but no such luck. In fact, Van Den Broek's letter was chopped off in the middle. Maybe you'll get the rest in the next issue. Next time we'll have fewer letters, fewer fanzine reviews (since a column for DOUBLE BILL is due next month), more articles and maybe even (joy!) a piece of fiction.

The last few days I've given up on stf and started re-reading Phoebe Atwood Taylor's detective stories. A pleasant change, even though they have aged since the last time I read them; they were written in the 30's and it shows. Still, if anyone knows where I can get copies of the following books (all by Phoebe Atwood Taylor) at reasonable prices, let me know: The Mystery Of The Cape Cod Players, Out Of Order, The Criminal C.O.D., Three Plots For Asey Mayo, and Asey Mayo Trio. I have the other 19 books in the series, though some of them are only in paperback and I would pay \$1 or so for a hardcover. (Paperbacks I'd like to replace include The Diplomatic Corpse, Spring Harrowing, Death Lights A Candle, The Cape Cod Mystery, Octagon House, and The Perennial Boarder.) Incidentally, does anyone know if Miss Taylor is still alive? Probably not, since she was at least middle-aged in the '30's, and since she hasn't had a book published for about 25 years. Still.....(I'll write to her publisher RealSoonNow, but while I'm thinking about it, I'll just note the question here, too.)

Indiana fan/pro Joe Hensley has a story in the latest MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. magazine; I haven't read it yet, but Joe is a pretty fair writer, at times.

I said I was behind the times; the Coulsons have finally succumbed to the great middle-class fad of Having Cook-Outs (several years after the fad has passed). We're a bit primitive, though; no fancy metal charcoal broiler with electric spit for us. Thing is, we had all these old bricks just lying around, and Bruce's grandfather presented him with a hand axe, and there are loads of dead limbs -- and a couple of dead trees -- out in the orchard, and..... anyway, it's turned out to be lots of fun. At least, it's fun for Bruce and I. Juanita is the one who has to struggle with cooking over a wood fire. And it hasn't cost us a dime.

Final Hugo ballot; there are a few changes from the list I gave previously. Squares Of The City wasn't on the list I got from Ben, and it was discovered later that TRUMPET hadn't published the minimum required number of issues in 1965, so ZENITH replaced it. (Which means that all 3 of the 1965 finalists - DOUBLE BILL, ZENITH, and YANDRO -- are also on the 1966 Ballot. First time that's happened, I believe.) My votes were for Squares of the City first, followed in order by Dune, And Call Me Conrad, Skylark Duquesne, and The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress. I hadn't really intended to vote Brunner first, but I decided when it came down to it that I'd enjoyed his novel more than any of the others, and the hell with the fact that it wasn't technically written as well as Zelazny's. Heinlein got last place because I don't think it should have been on this ballot at all; one installment of a serial appearing in the year being voted on should not be enough. Other voting, in order: "Doors Of His Face, Lamps Of His Mouth", "Marque And Reprisal", "Star Dock", "Day Of The Great Shout", and "Repent, Harlequin, Said The Ticktockman"; WORLDS OF IF, ANALOG, GALAXY, F&SF, and AMAZING; Freas, Gaughan, Schoenherr, Morrow, and Frazetta; YANDRO, NIEKAS, ZENITH, DOUBLE BILL, and ERB-DOM; Future History, Lord of the Rings, Foundation, Barsoom and Lensman. Future History gets first because that's the series that got me started in science fiction; I admit that nostalgia plays a big part, but I still consider it one of the greatest series ever written. I suppose, with the secret ballot and all, I shouldn't come out and say just who I voted for, but I'm sticking my neck out ahead of time. I'll even say who I think will win: Dune, "Repent, Harlequin, etc", ANALOG, Freas, NIEKAS, and Lord Of The Rings. There, now you can all get annoyed with me. At least, now I have a record of what the candidates were, and so on.

Sometimes I wonder how people decide on their nominations. Novels aren't so bad; I can see a reason for every one of these being on the ballot, at least. But short stories? There were hundreds of short stories published in 1965, all of them pretty much alike. I voted for the Zelazny story first because I could think back and remember what it was about, without having to re-read it. The rest are pretty vague (or were, before I checked on them), except for "Day Of The Great Shout" which I remembered because it seemed so utterly pointless. Anyway, "Doors Of His Face" made an impression on me, but the others? Bah.

Jim Goodrich sends a clipping informing us that 20th-Fox will film "Tom Swift" in 1967. The script is to be "based on the 41 Swift books (all of them?) written by Victor Appleton". Gak.

And Mark Kennedy sends some anti-American clippings; one on Canada's objections to our China policy and another -- which I guess he just mentioned, instead of sending -- about the salmon-fishing dispute between Alaska and British Columbia.

We should have another YANDRO out before the TriCon. I'd like to get 2 issues out, but I wouldn't bet on our doing it. If we get it out early enough, we'll mail it; if not, we'll distribute it at the con. I'd prefer to mail it; it will cost more, but it will be one less thing to bring along. Many of you will not receive another issue before the con, however, mail service being what it is. So I might mention now that we will not be staying at the con hotel, so don't try to find us by asking the room clerk. During the day, you will probably find me in the huckster's room, trying to make expenses by getting rid of a lot of duplicate stf mags and books. Juanita will probably divide her time among the art show, my table, and the official program. At night, we'll be somewhere among the party-goers. Look us up; you never get to say more than 5 words to any one person at a convention, but we'll try to manage that much.

THE VOCAL PRESENT -

A REVIEW OF A REVIEW

By DIANA L. PAXSON

I will agree with Stephen Pickering that "religious science fiction" is an interesting subject for investigation - when the investigator first establishes what he thinks "religious science fiction" is. It could mean sf dealing with organized religious groups, it could mean theological speculation or the formation of mythologies, or it could mean ethics and morality, which most people must deal with even if they are not interested in the other two.

Organized religion of the non-fictional variety includes the Christian churches, Islam, Druidism, etc. Writers of science fiction usually invent their own, as does Bob Silverberg in the "Vorsters" series, and Frank Herbert in DUNE. Theological speculation as such is rarer. The closest thing to a Supreme Being I can remember off-hand, though it's not very near, is the disembodied intelligence who (Who?) sets up the single combat which decides a war in Fredric Brown's "Arena". Writers seem to be more interested in Man's concepts of God rather than the

nature of God per se. The third category, moral questioning, is a common source of motivation. For instance when an Earthman has to decide whether or not the inhabitants of some planet should be destroyed, dealt with, or left alone, as Patrick does in Jon DeCies' "Forgive Us Our Debtors", he usually does so on moral grounds. In the DeCies story the decision is made because one of the native creatures has shown conscious gratitude and compassion. The plots of some of the stories in PILGRIMAGE by Zenna Henderson are based on the conflict arising from the adherence of the People to standards in which people say what they believe.

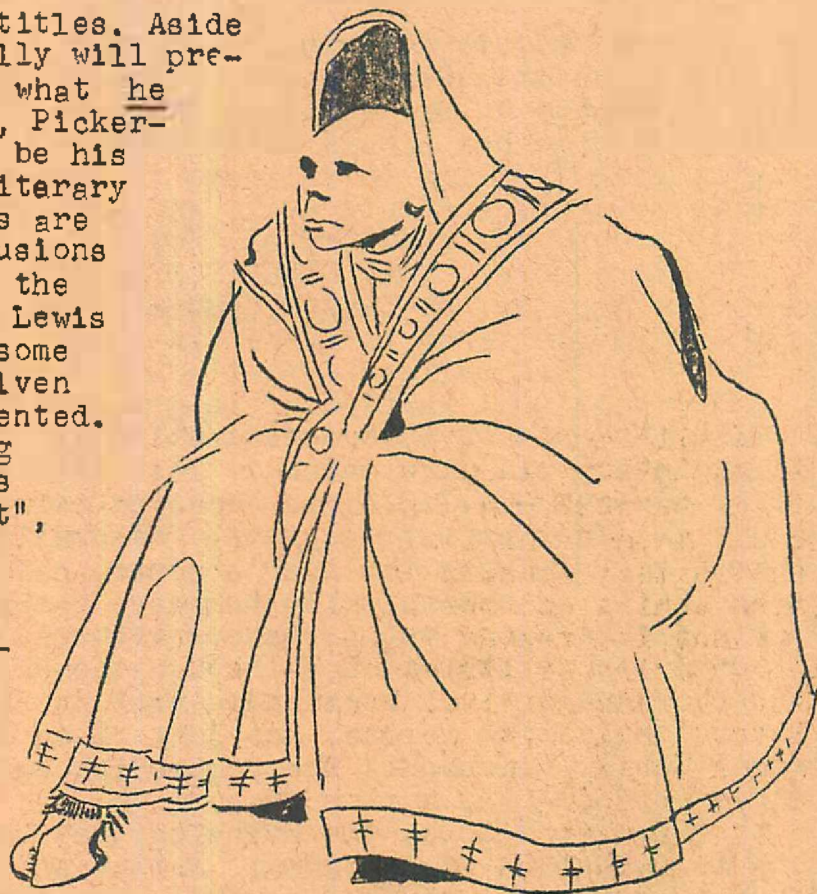
Now this introduction is intended to say what (as far as I can tell) Stephen Pickering started out to say in the first paragraph of his review of the C.S. Lewis trilogy. I had a certain difficulty with that review - the books described by Pickering bear only the slightest resemblance to the books I read,



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repeat read, under the same titles. Aside from his style, which hopefully will prevent anyone from discovering what he thought the books were about, Pickering's chief problem seems to be his ignorance of the fact that literary critics as well as scientists are supposed to draw their conclusions from first-hand knowledge of the facts. Being rather fond of Lewis myself, I felt that perhaps some correction of the facts as given in the review should be presented.

C.S. Lewis, far from being merely "a philosopher who has sensed man's religious spirit", was a devout Anglican and in many books an intentional Christian apologist, as well as being an important professor and critic of English literature. As Pickering does say, he was also "a long-time reader of science fiction." In the trilogy, OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET, PERELANDRA, and THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH, Lewis uses the techniques/machinery



of science fiction to present what is in varying degrees a religious theme. OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET (Mars) is the most strictly science fictional of the three. As Pickering states, there are three orders of intelligent life: the sorns, more or less humanoid, with thin, spidery limbs, who live in the mountains and are the intellectuals and scientists of the planet; the hrossa, rather like otters, the canyon dwelling artists; and the frog-like pfifltriggi, who are the technologists and craftsmen and live underground. These creatures are not themselves "fallen" - they have no concept of evil, but their planet has not been completely untouched. An attack by the spirit (Oyarsa) assigned to Earth has at some previous time changed the geography of the planet - blasted its highest areas and destroyed the bird-like fourth order which had lived there.

The plot of the book, which began with the hero Ransom's abduction to the planet, consists of his finally successful efforts to get off. In the process he learns about the planet and its history and gains an objectivity and understanding unique among the men of Earth, which prepares him for his task in the second book, PERELANDRA.

Lewis' cosmology, as suggested in the first book, has the planets being guided by Oyarsu - archangels under a supreme being, Maledil. There is one exception, the oyarsa of Earth, whose revolt has made Earth the cut off, silent planet. It is in this book that a resemblance to Christian mythology appears. In PERELANDRA the physicist Dr. Weston, having been possessed by the evil Oyarsa of Earth, brings his spacecraft to the unfallen world of Perelandra/Venus. Ransom is sent to its defense. It is a task to which he feels himself grossly inadequate. His problem is how to prevent what is in effect the Temptation and Fall of

Eve. Unlike its terrestrial counterpart, this temptation does not succeed. Ransom defeats the evil one by destroying its physical vehicle, the body of Dr. Weston. This use of physical means to solve a moral problem has always bothered me in this book. Evil's use of a physical body seems to validate violence as a means of opposition. This, is however, absolute Evil, and historically no one seems to have been able to destroy either all Evil or all Good.

The third novel, THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH, is set on Earth. The chief character here is not Ransom, but a young professor named Mark Studdock who is flattered into the "in-group" of the N.I.C.E. Institute at Belbury (no, not Belknap - that's where Ed Meskys teaches), only to discover that that particular in-group is not quite what he had in mind at all. The aim of this organization is in fact to dominate the world, exterminating all life which is less than human, including lesser humans, in the process - N.I.C.E. is Research corrupted into a hideous parody of all it might hope to achieve. Meanwhile, Mark's wife, Jane, who much against her will has the seer's power, has been attracted to St. Anne's on the hill, an estate which houses a rather odd little community headed by Dr. Fisher-King, who is Ransom returned from Perelandra. These are the only people able to see through the N.I.C.E. propaganda, and are of course, fighting it. Both sides want as an ally Merlin, who, disturbed by the conflicting forces, has just risen from his long sleep under the wood. Merlin represents the primordial earth magic, amoral rather than either good or bad.

In this third book, the mythology set up in the other two appears with the addition of Classical, Arthurian, and contemporary elements (even some references to Numenor). The fusion is not always a happy one, but Lewis' vivid writing is generally powerful enough to carry one through. The conclusion is all fantasy, a wild sort of Gotterdammerung in reverse, and although Lewis recognized that the triumph is not permanent, Good does win.

As a matter of fact, the Lewis trilogy does not exactly fit into any of the three categories I set up at the beginning. The first one, organized religion, does not appear in the first two books because in unfallen worlds it is unnecessary. Instead, a religious mythos (category 2) is set up. In OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET, ethics are observed, rather than dealt with. It is in PERELANDRA that Ransom is most actively involved. In THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH the good types are too busy for church-going of the usual sort. Formal Christianity is at most alluded to. The mythology previously established is assumed: In this last book the focus is on the choice which Mark Studdock is forced to make and the grounds on which he chooses, on the question, "By what values is a man, at the last resort, to live?"

FOR SALE OR TRADE: About 60 British magazines left. 5 issues for \$1.00. Seller's choice, or send your want list.

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

FOR SALE: Nate Bucklin, P.O. Box 4, Dockton, Washington 98018, is gaffing and selling his stf collection. "This will total something over 300 books and prozines, and 35 inches of fanzines -- the former two classes at an average of around 20 - 25¢ each."

Public Service Information

(Editor's note to Tackett: Buck may have 3 issues out between your letter and the con, but don't count on him wasting space publishing this sort of stuff. So far, the behind-the-scenes machinations of fandom strike me as being incredibly dull, and not even very worthwhile. Since you expected publication, I'm doing you and George a favor (in my usual gracious manner); otherwise I'd have chucked the whole lot in the nearest wastebasket.)

George Scithers: Amra, Box 9120 Chicago, Illinois, 60690

Roy ~~Tackett~~ just wrote, asking how he can introduce a motion at the TriCon Business meeting if he isn't there, to eliminate the provisions in the present rules which allow second eligibility for a novel or short story many years after first publication.

Now, it isn't the job of the con committee to introduce resolutions, it is their duty -- and mine in particular -- to make sure that all pertinent questions get a chance to be voted on, and that they get put into proper form beforehand. As for the motion -- I judge that what Roy wants is to amend the present rules to strike out paragraphs 2.02 and 2.03 and substitute therefor:

(new) 2.02 Best Novel: A science fiction or fantasy novel appearing as a book, magazine serial, or complete novel for the first time during the previous calendar year. Publication in the year immediately following the year of first appearance allows a second year of eligibility. Previous winners are not eligible. Publication date, or cover date in the case of a dated magazine, take precedence over copyright date.

(new) 2.03 Best Short Fiction: A science fiction or fantasy story of less than novel length published for the first time during the previous calendar year. Publication date, or cover date in the case of a dated magazine, takes precedence over copyright date. Individual stories appearing together as a series are eligible only as individual stories, and are not eligible taken together under the title of the series.

As I said, it isn't the job of the con committee to introduce motions -- but it is the job of the HUGO committee, Dick Lupoff, Chairman. So: I'd suggest you persuade him to put this (or something to the same effect) before the business meeting. Meanwhile, how about getting a discussion on this idea (and these wordings) going in the fanzines? If the details can be haggled out beforehand in fanzines, then the motions (one for each paragraph) can come up for a simple aye/nay vote with a minimum of discussion then.

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Well, yas, that's about what I had in mind, George. Background here, chaps, is that I was somewhat startled to learn that THE LORD OF THE RINGS, the Lens books, and a couple of others were eligible for the Hugo as the best novel of 1965, since they achieved first paperback publication last year. "Urk!" I said. Yes, really and truly, I said "Urk!" Now it isn't that I don't think -- or is it like it isn't that I think -- these to be unworthy of the Hugo. Ah, no. Nothing like that. It is just that they were all written years and years ago and I can't see them

being eligible for the Hugo as the best of 1965. So I wrote the con com about it and the letter was evidently passed along to George.

It seems to me, chaps, that the purpose of the Hugo is to recognize the best work that appeared originally in the previous year. And it doesn't seem fair to drag in something that was originally written or drawn or published umpteen years ago and declare it eligible simply because it was reprinted in hardcover or softcover or the Scandinavian last year. Or this year. If I get to Tricon -- an unlikely event -- I want to introduce a resolution in the business meeting to eliminate multiple eligibility. But, as I said, the possibility of my attending Tricon is remote so I would like to have someone who will be there introduce said resolution.

George's new paragraph 2.02: I would like to strike the sentence: "Publication in the year immediately following the year of first appearance allows a second year of eligibility." One year of eligibility seems quite enough. If a story isn't good enough to make it during the year in which it is first published I can see no reason for considering it the next year.

George's new paragraph 2.03: Fine. Ok. Good.

Fanzine discussion. OK. I'll get this into the next Dynatron but that won't appear until August which doesn't allow much time for discussion. But it will at least get it into fannish view. Buck probably will have three or four Yandros out between now and then. Dave Hulan, when is the next Auslander due? If there is time enough I'll write something up for Springboard.

Ben Jason, Chairman-Tricon, 3971 East 71st St. Cleveland, Ohio, 44105

Subject: Arrangements for Photographers at Tricon Costume Ball.

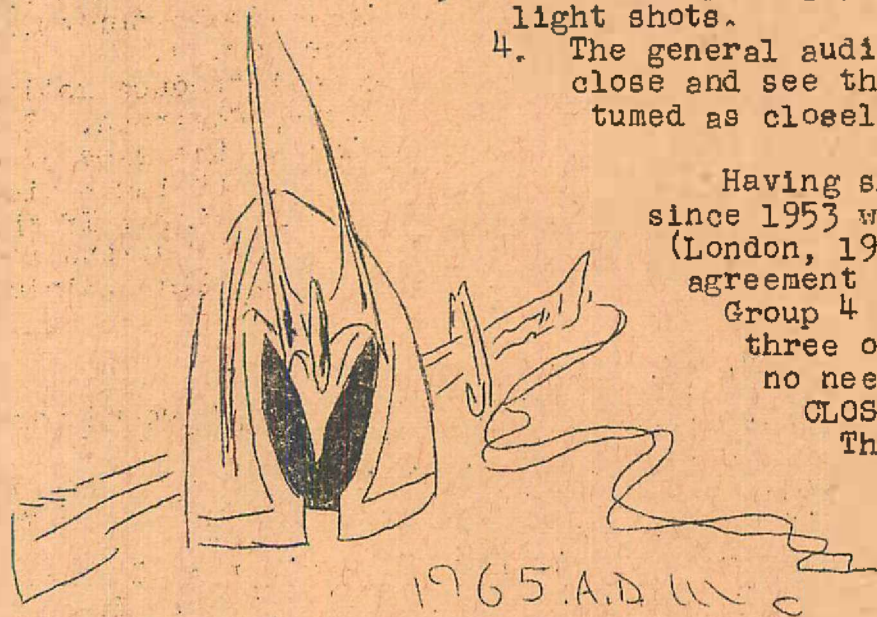
I liked John Campbell's breakdown of the photographer's problems, and, like John, feel that this is one department that I can speak on. To save you time referring to John's letter of 4/11/66, the breakdown is repeated below:

There are four interested groups:

1. The contestants...who naturally want good shots of their costuming.
2. The still photogs, who want flash shots.
3. The 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.

Having shot every costume ball since 1953 with the exception of one (London, 1957), I am in complete agreement with John's statement that Group 4 louses up things for all three of the others. There is no need for Group 4 to be THAT CLOSE to the contestants.

Therefore, along with Scithers, I will attempt to provide some barrier (such as a rope) to separate the audience from the contestants. This dis-



1965 A.D. W.C.

tance can be confined to a reasonable figure (6 to 10 feet maximum) and shouldn't prove a hardship on the audience.

Agreeing with John again, TWO SEPARATE PERIODS should be provided: One for the still photographers and another for the movie photographers. AND MOST IMPORTANT, it sounds redundant, I know, but neither group should be permitted to shoot while the other has its turn. Like John, I own a powerful Meteor Ultrablitz Strobe-flash gun and it would louse up several frames on the movie footage. I respect their problems, and hope that they respect mine.

John, how about that roped-off distance? It troubles me some. You can't be TOO close, since you would only get partial coverage of the contestants. TOO FAR, is no good either. However, I've shot the distances indicated in the past without trouble for myself, but would it suit the needs of the smaller cameras, less efficient in the area of aperture openings?

What I would REALLY like is to have the hotel provide enough light so that both the still and movie photogs could shoot without flash or light bars. I've often dreamed of this setup, but I guess that is all it ever will be. It would be nice to come down there, get a meter reading, announce to the photographers what they could shoot at and let them have a field day. But then again, I suppose some idiot would pop up with a film speed that we couldn't match and would raise hell. Oh well, I can dream, can't I?

So, what it boils down to is this: (1) provide a barrier to keep audience separated from the contestants and have the photogs in between to do their shooting and (2) provide X number of minutes for the still photogs and X number of minutes for the movie photogs. (3) before and after these periods, it's purely catch-as-catch-can.

Address Changes:

Fred Gottschalk, 205 South Case Hall, Michigan State Univ., East Lansing, Michigan 48823

Bill Roberts, c/o Martin Kearns, 1625 Howard Ave, Burlingame, Calif.

Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd, Scarborough, Ont. Canada.

Earl Evers, 223 Fairview Ave, Missoula, Montana 59801 (collecting mail at his home address while he goes through OCS, he says -- congratulations and all that. I don't know, but I somehow suspect that officers have a better time in service than enlisted men.)

Note: the following address changes were written on returned YANDROS by postal employees. Use them with caution (I got one that way for Fred Gottschalk which was entirely wrong).

Charles & Jane Wells, c/o Ely, 50 Lakes, Minnesota (that's an address?)

Greg Shaw, 2707-B McAllister, San Francisco, California 94121

Leslie Turek, 3113 Mylanta Pl., Louisville, Kentucky

For the record: FR 182, by George Scithers, was mailed out of Hartford City on July 25, 1966.



GOLDEN MINUTES

SOMEWHERE A VOICE, by Eric Frank Russell (Ace, 40¢) Seven stories by one of science fiction's better writers. One is a personal favorite of mine. I read "Displaced Person" when it first appeared in WEIRD TALES, and although I forgot the name of the story and the author in the ensuing years, I never forgot the story. It's a little gem (which cannot be described without giving it away) and in my opinion the 4 pages it takes up are well worth the price of the book. This collection contains another of Russell's best efforts, "Dear Devil" -- perhaps, as some have said, overly sentimental, but still an outstanding story. "Somewhere A Voice", "U-Turn", and "Seat of Oblivion" are fairly average stuff; worth reading, but nobody's choice for classic status. "Tieline" and "I Am Nothing" are slopping over with the maudlin sentimentality which occasionally bursts out of Russell. Both are closer kin to tv soap opera than to good science fiction. But there is enough good material in the collection to outweigh two stinkers. And, since they were published originally between 1941 and 1953, many of them will be new to the current generation of readers.

WARRIORS OF MARS, by Edward P. Bradbury (Lancer, 50¢) If you go for imitation Burroughs, here it is. In fact, it's rather an uncomfortably close imitation of the Martian novels of Burroughs and Kline. Bradbury isn't as windy as his predecessors, but otherwise there isn't much difference. His hero is just as muscular, and the plot just as unbelievable, as the more famous novels of this ilk. (It was originally published in England; I suspected when it first appeared that editor Mike Moorcock didn't have much respect for his readers' intelligence. It seems to have proved popular, so maybe he was right.)

THE POISON BELT, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Berkley, 50¢) Berkley is evidently out to reprint all of the Professor Challenger stories; a laudable ambition. This book contains the title novelet, the short stories "The Disintegration Machine" and "When The World Screamed", an article about Doyle by John Dickson Carr and -- easily the worst thing in the book -- an article on the "science" of the lead story by Harlow Shapley. Shapley comes across as somewhat of a pompous ass -- after noting that the "ether" mentioned by Doyle was the ether of physics and not of chemistry, he devotes several paragraphs to a description of chemical ether, and in his entire 6½ pages never says anything worthwhile about either Doyle's science or Doyle's story. However, the stories themselves are well worth reading. Despite the fact that "The Poison Belt" was written in 1912, it is far fresher and more entertaining than 99% of the new stories of 1966. Doyle's characters are real, and while the scientific theory behind the story has since been discarded, it has never really been disproved, and could conceivably be resurrected some day -- it's at least as respectable as psi power and time travel. In addition, there is a lovely cover by an uncredited artist. By all means get this one.

THE PLANETEERS/THE ULTIMATE WEAPON, by John W. Campbell (Ace, 50¢) THE PLANETEERS consists of 5 stories about space explorers Penton and Blake, all of which undoubtedly passed for hilarious fiction when they were first published in 1936, 37 and 38. The humor seems a trifle heavy-handed in

spots, but they are still acceptably funny stories, in a field not noted for humor. They are also heavy science -- a combination that I have not encountered anywhere else. THE ULTIMATE WEAPON is a minor affair, which is also funny in spots, but not as successfully as the flip side. It's hardly worth wasting time on, but THE PLANETEERS is one of the best of the ancient "classics" that Ace has revived. (I notice it isn't listed as a "classic", either, which is just as well. The stories are among the very few of that age which can successfully compete with modern stf.)

INCREDIBLE TALES, by Saki (Dell, 50¢) This contains 31 short stories of one of the most gruesomely funny writers the world has seen. Very few of them are fantasy, and none are science fiction, but most of them should be morbid enough to suit any fan's taste. Saki's style contains echoes of Ambrose Bierce and John Collier, but with a difference; Saki is original. Some of them you've undoubtedly already read -- "The Open Window" is one of the best-known (and best) short stories ever published. But others should be new to you. They consist of two types; the "kicker" ending, which depends on a startling punch-line (many of which are certainly startling), and the occasionally grimly humorous tale of somebody who goes around deflating pompous egos by saying the sort of things we'd like to say but that we either don't dare or can't think of quickly enough.

PHOENIX PRIME, by Ted White (Lancer, 60¢) A rather more acceptable sword-and-sorcery yarn, even if it is based on psi powers. Personally, I thought the gimmick used to transport our hero to his strange world was more than a trifle tedious, and the concluding episode not only an anti-climax but strongly reminiscent of several other stories I've read over the years. However, the description of the alien world, and the hero's adventures there, are in the best traditions of adventure fantasy. Lovely Frazetta cover, too. (I see Lancer agrees with me that it's better than Warriors of Mars, since they're charging 10¢ extra for it.) I think Ted will probably do much better books in the future, but this is a quite acceptable novel. (But next time, more aliens and less psi, huh?)

HAWK OF THE WILDERNESS, by William L. Chester (Ace, 50¢) Another Burroughs imitation. It's a long book, and I found it less dull than the works it copies. Terribly unbelievable, however; there simply isn't room in the arctic for the vast landmass Chester describes -- and there wasn't room for it in 1935 when he wrote the story, either. A "lost land" should be located in a spot where it might conceivably be lost. Neither is Chester's description of Indian tribes particularly convincing; there are too many tribal variations (including plains Indians with horses) to be encompassed in anything less than a full continent. Similarly, while his natural history is accurate enough when it describes animals, he has piled too many species into a small area. Wolves, tigers, bears, pumas....bah. Still, I've read worse adventure novels. (I've read some incredibly bad ones...)

STEP TO THE STARS, by Lester del Rey (Paperback Library, 50¢) This was originally a Winston juvenile, but it holds its own with a lot of adult stf. Setting is the first space station. The US is building it, and being sabotaged by the Enemy. The spy-suspense is predictable, but del Rey is convincing when he talks about construction problems (and I hope that's not just because I don't know anything about construction). The plot is fairly simple and straightforward, in keeping with a juvenile, but this is not necessarily a fault. Characters are somewhat two-dimensional, but pleasantly so; the author wasn't trying to write great literature, and he succeeded in producing a fairly entertaining novel.

SIEGE PERILOUS, by Lester del Rey (Lancer, 60¢) An "adult" novel about a

space station; on the whole, I don't think it's as good as the juvenile. It has more sex interest, but not much more. It may be supposed to have humor, but it's so underplayed as to be almost non-existent. The hero's ability to hide out in a space station that's been invaded by Martians -- even comic-opera Martians -- doesn't seem too credible. It isn't actually a bad novel, but it isn't a very good one.

NIGHT OF LIGHT, by Philip Jose Farmer (Berkley, 50¢) Approximately the first half of this book was published in the June 1957 F&SF under the same title. It was the third "Father Carmody" story to appear (and the first of them, in chronological order). The second half of the book is a sequel to the first story, and if it has appeared anywhere before, I missed it. The novel as a whole is another of Farmer's inquiries into religion. Specifically, what happens to our materialism when the religious devotees of an alien planet can produce real miracles? Do we continue in our luke-warm Christianity, or do we start worshipping the new religion? (Also, what of the few genuine Christian believers -- what do they do?) It's not Farmer's best book, but it's good entertainment.

WORLDS FOR THE TAKING, by Ken Bulmer (Ace, 40¢) A politico-economical novel transported to the future. Most sf political stories come under the category which I believe F. M. Busby called "overthrow-the-dictator" tales. Some of them are fun, but they have no more bearing on modern life than sword-and-sorcery. While Bulmer's story isn't exactly drawn from life, the tale of tension and cross-purposes in the Terran Survey Corps is far more realistic than most of its type. (You may consider this an advantage or a handicap, depending on how much reality you like in your fiction.) In this one, men make most of their own difficulties, and solve -- or fail to solve -- them according to their nature. The plot was probably borrowed from Cash McCall or some other mundane financial novel, but it makes for an agreeably "different" type of sf story. (With an agreeably different ending.)

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #5, The Mad Scientist Affair, by John Phillifent (Ace, 50¢) In quality, this one is better than the first 3, but not as good as Ted Johnstone's #4. It gives the flavor of the show in spots -- such as the exploding beer bottles -- but not constantly. As consolation, it provides a lovely picture of the Irish countryside. The ending seems particularly untypical; U.N.C.L.E. just doesn't go in for full-scale gun battles, it's a sneaky organization. Recommended to rabid U.N.C.L.E. fans, and others with time to kill.

ANATOMY OF A PHENOMENON, by Jacques Vallee (Ace, 60¢) One of the best of the flying saucer books. Vallee is obviously "pro-saucer", but he is willing to throw out the more sensational accounts as hoaxes and concentrate on the sightings which really have something to commend them. I don't agree with him, but he makes a far better case than most saucer enthusiasts.

THE COAST OF CORAL, by Arthur C. Clarke (Perennial Library, 75¢)

THE TREASURE OF THE REEF, by Arthur C. Clarke (Perennial Library, 85¢)

Two books on diving by one of the masters of science fiction. The first is concerned with an expedition to Australia's Great Barrier Reef; the second tells of the discovery of a sunken treasure off Ceylon. Both are recommended to anyone interested in diving, natural history, or Arthur C. Clarke. Originally both were published as hardcover books, at exorbitant prices, by Harper & Row. Since Perennial seems to be Harper's paperback house, I assume that the paperbacks are complete except possibly for color plates. I found both of them perfectly fascinating.

GRUMBLINGS

Don Bensen, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022

Your mention of the Rosemary Sutcliff book in #160 prompts me to mention a real swords-and-sorcery goody coming out this fall, KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE by H. Warner Munn. Ace is doing it, but Pyramid almost did --nobody could find the author, so we bought the rights from the next-nearest proprietor, then found that Munn had, on his own hook, got in touch with Ace, who signed him up, giving them a clear title to it. Shows the value of a firm's reputation--Munn sensibly figured that Ace was the most likely house for his stuff. I'm glad someone's doing it anyhow -- it's a grand story, which I had remembered vividly after one reading in 1939, when it ran as a serial in Weird Tales. Deals with a Roman-British soldier who escapes a dying Britain after Arthur's fall, and makes his way, with Merlin, to North America. There's some good magic, lots of action, and nice "mysteries-of-history" stuff; Hiawatha is one of the secondary characters. Historical fans and s-and-s buffs alike should look for it.

/Tch, and I wasted a perfectly good review of KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE on Dynatron a couple of years ago. Maybe I can dig it out and dust it off and nobody will know that it isn't new. RSC7

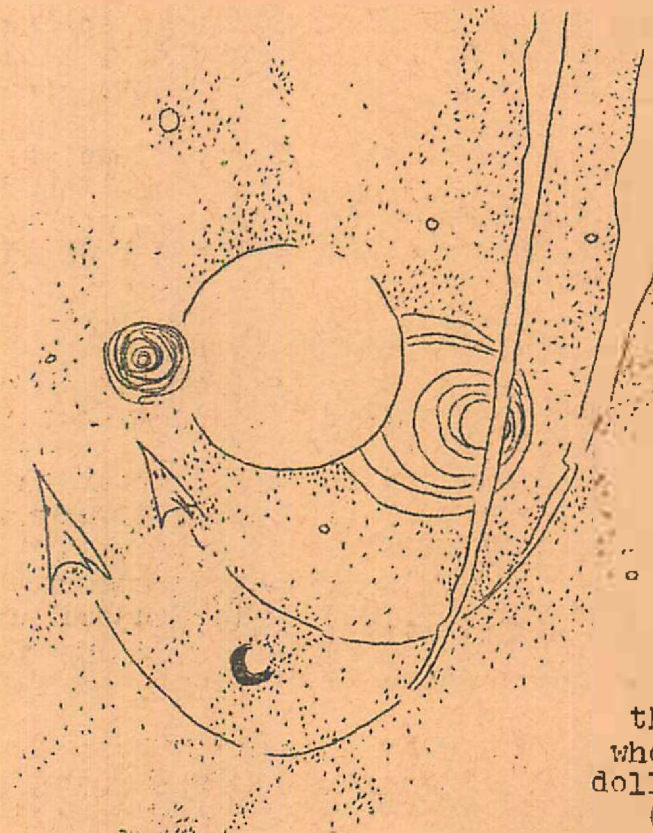
Don & Maggie Thompson, 8756 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio, 44060

The mayor of the city of Cleveland refuses to believe in pollution. He leans out of his window and apparently manages not to breathe and see. He must travel in air-conditioned cars, live in an air-conditioned home and work in an air-conditioned office is all we can figure. Municipal Light Plant belches out different colored smoke at different hours, Republic Steel specializes in pink, foul-smelling smoke (and dumps tons of poison into the Cuyahoga River), and incinerators stink up the air with burning garbage at all hours of the day and night. But Mayor Locher doesn't believe there is any pollution. (One of our friends has a buddy working at Republic Steel who tells of watching a worker switch off the filter on the water waste lines from the plant for the evening--when they're no longer being observed.)

Why do you think we moved out of Cleveland? (Where you can't leave a window open without collecting grit all over everything in front of the window...)

In response to complaints about pollution a couple of years ago (when it wasn't as bad as it is now, naturally), Mayor Locher uttered the deathless line, "You can't just go around indiscriminately enforcing all the laws, you know." (No, we didn't vote for Locher--who only got about a third of the vote in Cleveland, but who won because there were four candidates. He considered that vote a Mandate From the People, by the way, that his policies were Tops and he should continue as he had been.)

With reference to your crow jim editorialsnippet, Juanita, let me mention that in the deed to our house is the clause that the place may not be sold to anyone who is not Caucasian. (It's not legal, but it's there, just the same.) When we asked the State Title man about it, he said that you can say in the deed that the property may not be sold to anyone whose last name doesn't begin with "W", if you want. And any future buyer who



wants that clause removed will have to take the deed to court and pay costs and like that to have it taken out. We're not permitted to build even a temporary structure (like a tent) in our front yard, either. Nothing closer than 200', by golly. Someday, we'll have the clauses removed, if we can -- but we can't afford it at the moment.

And, damn it, I do think that once you've bought something (especially something as expensive as a house), it should be yours and not be tied up with the opinions and prejudices of someone who hasn't set foot on it or put a dollar in it for 30 plus years...

Couple of comments on the SEEKERS OF TOMORROW controversy--prefaced by the remark that we do not have a copy of the book, though we do have the magazine articles. First, galley proofs are usually sent to an author for proof-reading and other such corrections; if his eyesight is too bad for the job, he can find someone to do it for him. But the author must accept at least partial responsibility for errors in the book--factual or typographical. (I don't mean to carry this to extremes; it's possible for someone to miss a few typos. I gather, however, that in this case the number was excessive.) Second, the mistakes in fact in the book are attributable to Sam--if there are mistakes. And if there are mistakes, and very many of them, the work's use as a reference work is pretty poor. In the magazine articles, there were mistakes aplenty; we don't (as I said) know about the book.

This is the reason we never bought the Tuck checklists--hell, I (Maggie) found mistakes in that! And, let me clue you, if I find mistakes, there have got to be thousands of them. Don, of course, found many, many more. And we didn't dare buy the books; they would have been of no use as reference materials (which is the only use for them), for we had no way of knowing the accuracy of any piece of information in any of them with which we were not already familiar.

If there are as many gobs of misinformation in the SEEKERS OF TOMORROW book as there were in the articles, we'll make do with the articles--for fun, not for reference--and not shell out \$6 for the book. Could there be anyone who could discuss the factual errors of the text, if any, more thoroughly? Is the text the same as that of the magazine articles? (MT)

(Fault for sloppy sentence construction, typos, errors, etc., must go 90% upon the shoulders of World Publishing, a notoriously sloppy outfit. Some editor there should be canned....postscripts Don.)

John Boston, 816 South First, Mayfield, Kentucky, 42066

SEEKERS OF TOMORROW may not be worth your \$6.00 (I got a review copy):

World brought out a \$1.35 pb of EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE this spring (very well bound), and may do the same for SEEKERS OF TOMORROW. You'll see it in Speculative Bulletin if I run across a notice: if not, Richard Witter will probably stock it.

If Pickering thinks there is a lack of examination of religious sf, I refer him to Blish's THE ISSUE AT HAND. And why do we have all the folderol of the first page of his article leading up to a page of plot summary and a paragraph of evaluation? Pickering needs a good job of editing--or is this what remained after editing?

[Yes...RSC Including correction of some fascinating misspellings, such as describing Ransom as a 'philologist'.. I translated it as 'love student', which may or may not be, but wasn't what Lewis wrote...JWC]

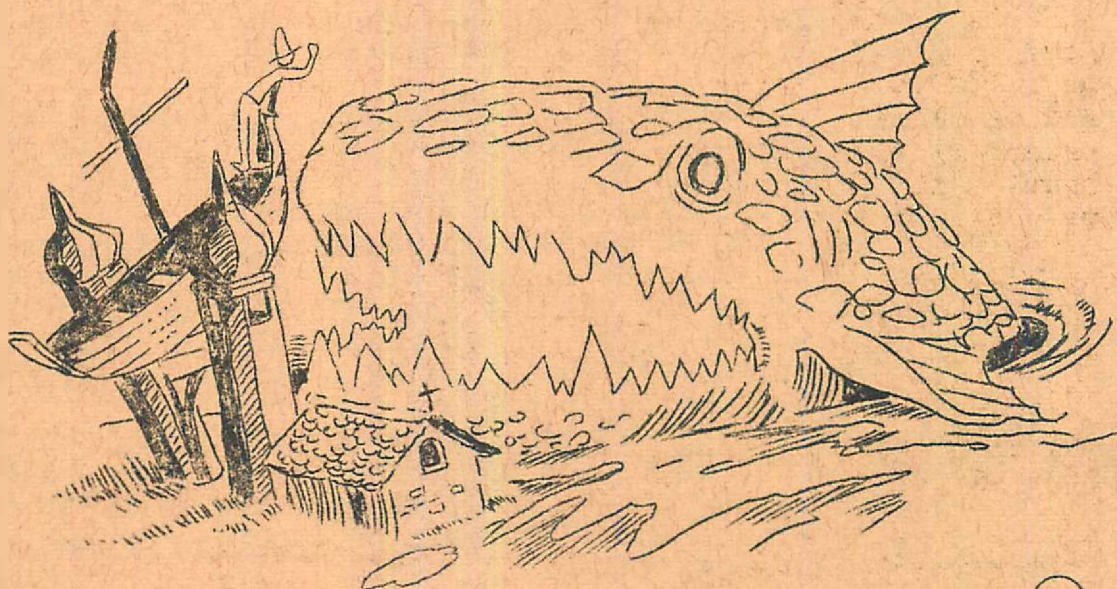
Bob Smith, 310840 Sgt? RF Smith, Moorebank Sub Area, Mil.PO. Liverpool, N.S.W., Australia.

I must be really out of fandom these days. I can't even remember "Big Sword", let alone the fuss it apparently kicked up in fandom! And I've not read Brunner's SQUARES OF THE CITY or realised it had anything to do with Chess. Boy! (Or maybe I just don't read my Yandro carefully enough?)

Batman(ia) goes on at local (Sydney) cinema this week, I understand. Rest assured that having screened the 40's effort less than a year ago for 15 Saturdays to two hundred wiggling kiddies this is one joker who will not attend the opening night. The earlier one was the highly-propaganda-loaded Batman, with J. Carroll Naish as the evil Dr. Dakar, and Columbia should have burnt it years ago.

If I might interfere with Gene DeWeese's bad movie section for a moment I'd like to tell you about the shocker (a William Castle production) I screened last night, called "The Night Walker", starring Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck (Jeez, they must be in a bad way!) and Lloyd Bochner (of "Hong Kong" fame). A Universal release -- for which they should be eternally ashamed -- it told the story (prefaced by weird camera-work on dreams) of a mad and jealous scientist-cum-husband (scarred face with a pair of sightless, pale immies that would send a tough Sergeant screaming into the night) who suspects his wife of having an affair with another man --in her dreams, mind you! Said

scientist then exits with a loud bang and a flash, apparently melted along with most of his laboratory (rest of the house is saved because the lab door was fire-proof); wife hears sounds in the night that indicate



hubby is dead but won't lay down, etc. The lover of her dreams visits her (in her dreams, she thinks), take her to an old broken-down church and marries her, with Preacher and witnesses appearing as evil-looking models; late hubby gate-crashes, face worse than ever, wife goes into magnificent screaming act guaranteed to send cold shivers up even Sergeant Zim's back, everything "whirls", she wakes up. Oh boy. Robert Taylor, suave Lawyer Friend of Family, gently hints she is minus a few marbles, but is really cause of it all, wearing hubby's face mask; in cahoots, and wishing he were back in Hong Kong, is Lloyd Bochner as "the Dream". Both battle furiously on edge of yawning pit (what's left of lab) and topple in with realistic screams and crashes. Wife is left, pretty much of a wreck, huddled against wall and sobbing bitterly (so was the projectionist at this stage, I might add); camera moves away and we mist in on "Pleasant Dreams!" as the end. Patrons crept out silently, hand in hand and glancing nervously about them; I shut down equipment, lit a smoke at the filter end, and strode confidently into the shadows and beddy bye. If it appears to you somewhat strange because I scattered crumpled newspaper and tacks all over the floor of my room, then just put it down to the well-known eccentric behaviour of sergeants...

"Danger Man" may not be quite as fantastic as UNCLE but it's a lot more believable. I usually manage to watch both, and enjoy them.

Heroes do go down well on television, of course, and for a while one of the most popular out here in Australia was "Shintaro" of "The Samurai" series. A pleasant and different (for Westerners, that is) blend of authentic Tokugawa Japan, a "Master Swordsman", individual baddies who were characters in their own right, a varying location showing some of Japan's lesser known but still beautiful scenery, and bands of "ninja" or assassins in black costume and a multitude of tricks. Much was, inevitably, lost because of the execrable English dubbing, but it caught on. The series ranged through various time spots on the TV channel, has settled down to about 50 minutes at lunch time on Sundays here in Sydney now. A lot of viewers obtained a fast education in Japanese history and pre-Meiji background fast!

Don Hutchinson's mention of Ceram's ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE CINEMA is of interest to me, naturally; publisher and price, please?

Rick Brooks: Every good sf enthusiast should read EARTH ABIDES!

[Bob also enclosed an account of the Australian sf con, done for a professional magazine by a non-fan and much less patronizing than most of the similar US efforts have been. RSC]

Jim Cawthorn, 4 Wolseley St., Gateshead 8, Co Durham, England

Thanks for Yandros 158/159. Wonder why SF fandom is still on the defensive? It only needs the emergence of someone like Kingsley Amis to induce shrieking hysteria and general upheaval. Could understand it some years ago, when SF clubs were practically undercover organizations, but why now, when even the with-it kids, the fashion photographers and the pop groups, drag the subject into their press interviews to show that they know what's what? Of course, there are times when I feel just a bit defensive over admitting my liking for a type of fiction that is read by fashion photographers and pop groups...

I'd like to see New Worlds feature more material on the order of, say, Miller's BLOOD BANK (for one thing, it would be easier to illustrate) but who writes it any more? As it is, the mag seems to sell well. Bonfiglioli has resigned the editorship of Impulse, probably because of the pressure of other activities.

[I hadn't noticed US stf being quite that popular with the in-groups, but then it isn't as experimental and mainstream as the British variety. (I always thought one did experiments on one's own time, and sold finished products. Oh well...)] RSC7

L. Sprague de Camp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, Pa., 19085

Thanks for Yandro XIV-6. As to JWC's question on p. 3 about the possessive form of names ending in s or a sibilant: Doubleday's style book, which I follow perforce, says they all form the possessive with 's except Classical (Graeco-Roman) names ending in s, which employ ' only. Hence Jones's, Moskowit's, Horace's, King Louis's, Carlos's, Jenghis's; Jesus', Nikias', Tiberius', &c.

Art Hayes, P.O. Box 135, Matatchewan, Ontario, Canada

Campbell's ideas of the Convention masquerade ball have some merit, but I don't think it would work as well as he seems to think. First of all, while the division of Still&Movie photography might work, I'd say that well over half of the attending fans are photographers of sorts. About all I can say is to have the fans register, at the registration desk, as photographers, whether stills or movie, the division, is made there or not & something on which I've no opinion. But, if, at either time, all are present, you're bound to have confusion, since there would be too many non-costumed fans present.

Preventing confusion during the ball will require some extra-bright thinking, something that hasn't been available at previous conventions, and which I doubt will be present for some years to come. The only idea that did have merit but which has never been adopted, is for the convention to provide the lighting, and announcing the light values, one type of lighting for the fans would have to have the right colour film, or the right conversion filter(s). Individual lighting, each photographer in a confusing panorama, could still be available, after the costumed and the genfans mix, but if the photographers had a period with convention provided lighting, then if they did have some film spoilage in the general mixup it would be a hazard that they'd have to accept. However, such convention lighting means additional expenses and if registration of the photographers took place, they could have a card for admittance to the special photography period, with a small charge sufficient to cover this additional expense. I'd be willing to pay a little extra for this special expense.

Jim Goodrich, 5 Brewster Drive. Middletown, New York, 10940

That AMORC ad certainly gets around; Dodd sent me a copy with the identical comment as Briney's. Re the Mounties vs FBI controversy raging in Yan, may I mention a new book "Neighbors taken for granted: Canada & the US" - ed. by Merchant, available soon at your friendly local library. Now that u have Spanish masculine playing cards, perhaps a Gypsy fan passing thru will donate a Tarot deck to your collection./ I assume San doesn't acknowledge pans, but it would be most entertaining to read his rebuttal to Alex's critique./ DeWeese better be careful or he'll replace Harlan out H'wood way. Hope Tucker doesn't see the "projector operator(the Cloddish Comic Relief)" bit./ Am most delited now that u printed the edifying comments that were intended for your eyes only re Dick Lupoff's "dismissal" of Kaspa. Didn't mean to upset Dick who usually pleases me greatly with his writings; however, if my remarks help bring Kaspa back into print, I will feel justified in incurring the "wrath" of Canaveral's editor. May I suggest that Uncle Don and Terry



Carr over to the 42nd St. Library (home of Kasper's lions?) where a cordial reference librarian will help him find the address of England's equivalent of our Explorer's Club. Stoneham may be reached thru such an organization. Even tho I'm a nudist, I wouldn't run thru the woods without something protecting my loins. While on the subject of Kasper, may I make an unsolicited testimonial in behalf of K'scope (v. 2: #2) which is devoted to Buster Crabbe who, as all Stoneham and EEB fans knows, portrayed both K & T in '33. K'scope is loaded with xcint stills reproed beautifully (2 Kasper, 1 Tarz) & offers the 1st Crabbe filmography I've ever seen - almost forgot the ever-popular Flash Gordon fotos. All for only 75¢ from Ray Cabana, Jr., 95 Dearborn St., East LongMeadow, Mass., 01028./ Imagine, Buck, that u dig Mae West (Aug.) & The Films of W.C. Fields by Deschner (Sept.). For our war on pollution - Poisons in the Air by Warshofsky, Pocket Books, \$1-. A mag called American History Illustrated came out last mo.; sounds like u might enjoy it.

/I'm trying to finagle a good tarot deck. We have an Italian playing card deck from Dodd; similar to the Spanish one, but apparently Italians can only count up to 7 before switching to face cards. (Spaniards count up to 9.) We have a tarot deck, for that matter, but it seems to be a Ray Palmer special, or something; only 56 cards instead of 72. RSC/

Eric Blake, P.O. Box 26, Jamaica, N.Y., 11431

Stephen Pickering's article on Kingsley Amis was most interesting. Amis's comparison of science-fiction and jazz is valid when some science fiction of the 1950's is considered as well as more recent works. Such writers as Philip Jose Farmer, Brian Aldiss and Fritz Leiber have brought to science fiction a disease which has affected "mainsteam" fiction for several decades.- the aimless, cynical story with non-heroes and anti-heroes, which ends not far from where it begins, and contains unnecessary infusions of violence and sex. This sort of fiction bears the same resemblance to good fiction as jazz does to good music.

Fortunately, this sort of thing seems to be on the decline. I think that the revival of the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs, and the Tolkien LORD OF THE RINGS were largely responsible for this. Instead of the faceless, raceless, character-less hero of this sort of fiction, real heroes have once more become popular. Unfortunately, there has not been a "lack of Faulkners and Hemingways in contemporary science fiction."

Avram Davidson is an example of an interesting transition in this regard, as is illustrated by "The Kar-Chee Reign" which you review in Yandro #158. He once wrote aimless little stories in which "style" counted for more than plot. Now, with the increased interest in real heroes in science-fiction, he has gone over to this much healthier sort of fiction. I see nothing wrong with assuming that an outnumbered and outgunned humanity can overcome an alien race. There are many examples in history, including our own War of Independence, in which the indomitable human will triumphed against great odds.

I don't see how Bob Tucker can characteris Look as "reactionary". Almost every issue has articles praising Negroes, Kennedys, or liberals, and sometimes all three.

Burroughs's CHESSMEN OF MARS is connected with chess. Burroughs in-

vented a Martian game called "jetan", which is played on a 10 by 10 board, and bears some resemblance to chess. The climax of the book comes when the hero and heroines are forced to fight on a living chess-board against the villains.

The deCamp limerick which is quoted in Yandro #159 was originally written as part of an article, in deCamp's usual cynical style, attacking prophecy. DeCamp said that he could prophesy just as well as Nostradamus, but in a more modern verse form. I believe this was part of an article by him, in either Astounding or Unknown in 1942 or 1943. If you have a copy of the Day Index you might be able to check this.

/Yeah, the indomitable human will and the French navy. Even so, the parallel doesn't hold. The colonists had weapons equal to those of the British (though perhaps not as many of them). We even had artillery and Henry Knox to handle it. We were not savages going up against a civilized army. The African tribes and the American Indians were the ones who tried that.

RSC7

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

You probably know that Greenleaf is also behind several of the series of old pulp-magazine reprints which are currently coming out under various imprints (Regendy and Corinth and possibly others); SECRET AGENT X, OPERATOR 5, DR. DEATH, and of course THE PHANTOM DETECTIVE. How seriously these things are taken by the publishers can be judged from the cover blurbs, which describe the title characters as "bounding (or stalking) out of the Thirties...."

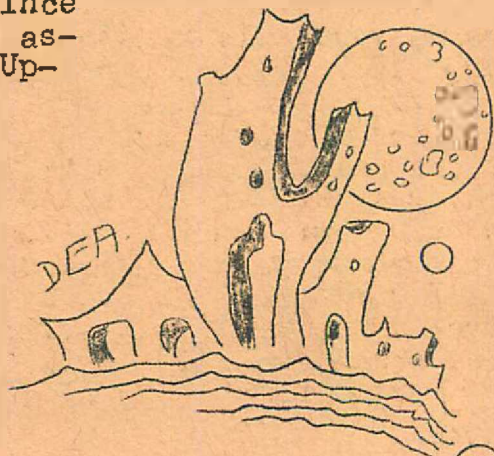
Just got my copy of the expanded SF Magazine Index 1961-65 by the MITSFS. In reduced size and photo-offset, the IBM typeface and the lack of ordinary punctuation isn't as obtrusive as it was in the mimeographed version. Now all we need is an appendix with information on pen-names...

In Y159 you mention a new magazine, Startling Mystery, a companion to Magazine of Horror. Does the latter still exist? I haven't seen any issue since the one with orange Gray Morrow cover (#127), which was quite a while ago. Of course the magazine was never distributed locally, so I used to get my copies on trips to Chicago, and I haven't been in Chicago for six months. That may explain why I haven't seen any issues recently.

A couple of months ago I got a copy of the latest Whittaker paperback catalog from Ken Slater. I was immensely pleased to note that the catalog listed many Arthur Upfield titles that I hadn't read, and I immediately ordered all of them from Slater. The first of them just arrived (THE SANDS OF WINDEE), so I can look forward to reading a good mystery novel for a change. (Since no new titles have appeared in many months, I assume that Berkley has ceased their series of Upfield books. Wonder why?)

And what ever happened to Pyramid's series of "Toff" books by John Creasey? There are still thirty or forty titles to go...

I see from the list of titles on the Hugo ballot that one of the things I was afraid of has happened: Heinlein's novel got on the list. However good it is (and it looks good from what little glancing through it I've done; I'm waiting for the hard cover -- book club edition -- before I read it), one pid-



dling little installment is not enough to justify its presence on the ballot. I'll undoubtedly vote for DUNE. I might be tempted to vote for Zelazny's novel, except for the fact that it will be eligible again next year, since it had just been published as an Ace paperback.

/I dunno, what did happen to the Pyramid series of "Toff" books, Don? Trust you have the latest -- I think -- Magazine of Horror now, #13, black cover with a bad drawing of a giant spider. I haven't seen anything of Bizarre Mystery since #3, however; has anyone else? RSC/

Jim Hall, 202 Taylor Avenue, Crystal City, Mo., 63019

Buck, my boy, if you will check up on the life story of James Norman Hall, you will find that for several years prior to the entry of the US into WW I, he was flying in France as a member of the famed Lafayette Escadrille. Now, it so happens that I was born on Feb. 1, 1917--so that if my name were James Norman Hall, Jr., the first name might well have been Fauxpas, for the same reason as Fauxpas de Nointel. (See James Branch Cabell's THE SILVER STALLION, of THE LINE OF LOVE, for a clarification of that reference--although I don't think any of your readers are so naive as to need any clarification.)

So, to answer your question once and for all, the N stands for Newell. And as long as I'm writing, I may as well comment on Yandro 160.

I always enjoy both editorials, and one of the things I like best are some of your comments on out-of-print gems that you pick up. Especially appreciated your comments on THE BLUE GROTTO TERROR. I become quite nostalgic about Claudy, since I was an ardent reader of American Boy back in the days he was writing for them. Incidentally, another series of stories from the same magazine that lingers in my memory were the tales of pearl diving in the South Pacific by my namesake and Charles Nordhoff.

Concerning Steve Pickering's writing, just for kicks I ran a Fog Count on a couple of paragraphs from his review. It came out at a neat 18.8, which means that a reasonably literate person with a Ph.D degree should be able to understand it. Unfortunately, I don't have a Ph.D., or even a Master's.

Furthermore, as you probably know, Fog Count is based on sentence length, and percentage of long words. Therefore it is only useful as an index to readability if the sentences are constructed logically and with some consideration for grammar, and if the long words are properly spelled and used in the proper context. This means that the Fog Count doesn't even begin to approximate the confusion in Pickering's work.

Now, I know that some people think I belabored this Fog Count bit a little too much. Maybe so, but I've found it necessary in my work to do quite a bit of technical writing, and have even been called on to instruct classes of engineers in this subject -- so I guess I am a bit of a purist. I believe that anyone can learn to express himself clearly and understandably, and, if he wants to have his work published in Hugo-winning zines, he owes that much to his (and fandom's) reading public.

/I lost most of my respect for the Fog Index when it showed that I couldn't understand my own editorials. (And I just know what numerous faithful readers will say to that...) I'm rather in favor of clarity myself, but there are a lot of purple prose fanciers lurking about. RSC/

Bill Conner, 877 E. McCreight Ave., Springfield, Ohio

In the last Yandro I received before the change of address, Thompson sort of takes back what he said to start off the feud in the first place. This was in Yandro 157.

To quote Don "I think a good reporter wouldn't hold a man to be a bad reporter because he had strong opinions and expressed them to friends unless these opinions showed up in published stories."

"My comments on the Klan were for Yandro, not the Cleveland Press. I have written many stories about persons I personally disgusted and was disgusted with; I defy anyone to find bias in them."

Now, sports fans (of the sport of fannish feuding) let's go back to Yandro 152 when Don Thompson first commented on my criticism of Huntley-Brinkley's coverage of the Ku Klux Klan meeting in Lebanon, Ohio back in May 1965. To quote Don again "I find it hard, even as a more-or-less dedicated reporter (mostly less) to object to biased reporting of KKK rallies. I have nothing but Kontempt for the Kreeps in the Klan."

Ok, Don, you would find it hard to object to biased reporting of KKK rallies. But would you consider the biased reporter a bad reporter? Apparently from your statement in Yandro 157, you would consider a reporter whose strong opinions showed up in his stories a bad reporter, even tho you would find it hard to object as your said in Yandro 152.

I object to any kind of biased reporting. I find it easy to object to biased reporting. I think the readers of a newspaper have a right to expect the news presented as truthfully as possible. I wish more newspapermen felt this way -- I'm sure that many of us do, but all too often those in control of some of the biggest and most influential newspapers have a sort of "party line" which they expect their reporters to follow.

The "party line" may not be posted on the office bulletin board, but if a new reporter is sharp, he soon senses how the big wheels of the news paper feel about certain subjects and writes his stories accordingly. Reporters who don't follow the unwritten party line usually don't last very long.

Well, that ought to teach you to avoid humorous exaggerations when writing in a serious constructive fanzine, Don.

RSC/

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

Buck, I think I said strongly enough that I wasn't happy with SILVER-LOCK. Right?

You're in the Directory 'cause you're a BNF.

I've just read, sort of, UNDERSTANDING MEDIA. I must conclude that McLuhan is either a genius or a crank. He makes no concessions to the reader, and he says everything with the same earnestness. Witness this paragraph: p. 183 - "Humpty-Dumpty is the familiar example of the clown unsuccessfully imitating the acrobat. Just because all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty together again, it doesn't follow that electromagnetic automation couldn't have put Humpty-Dumpty back together. The integral and unified egg had no business sitting on a wall, anyway. Walls are made of uniformly fragmented bricks that arise with specialisms and bureaucracies. They are the deadly enemies of integral beings like eggs. Humpty-Dumpty met the challenge of the wall with a spectacular collapse."

I would say, just offhand, that the man has made some shortcuts, or leaps, in his reasoning, and blandly expects us to follow him. Do you follow?

The book quoted by Stephen Pickering is not experiments but AN EXPERI-

MENT IN CRITICISM. To anybody bollixed by the blather of bladder-headed critics, I highly recommend it - and not just because it contains a few kind words about science fiction. It's available in paperback from Cambridge University Press, priced at 8 s. 6 d. I haven't inquired about American publication, but it's probably available.

If anybody wants a defense of SF that enlarges on the points raised by Lewis, I recommend "Science Fiction and Literature" by Robert Conquest in Critical Quarterly V.5, #4 (Winter 1963), pp. 355-367. Next time anybody mutters anything about Buckrogers stuff, point him to that.

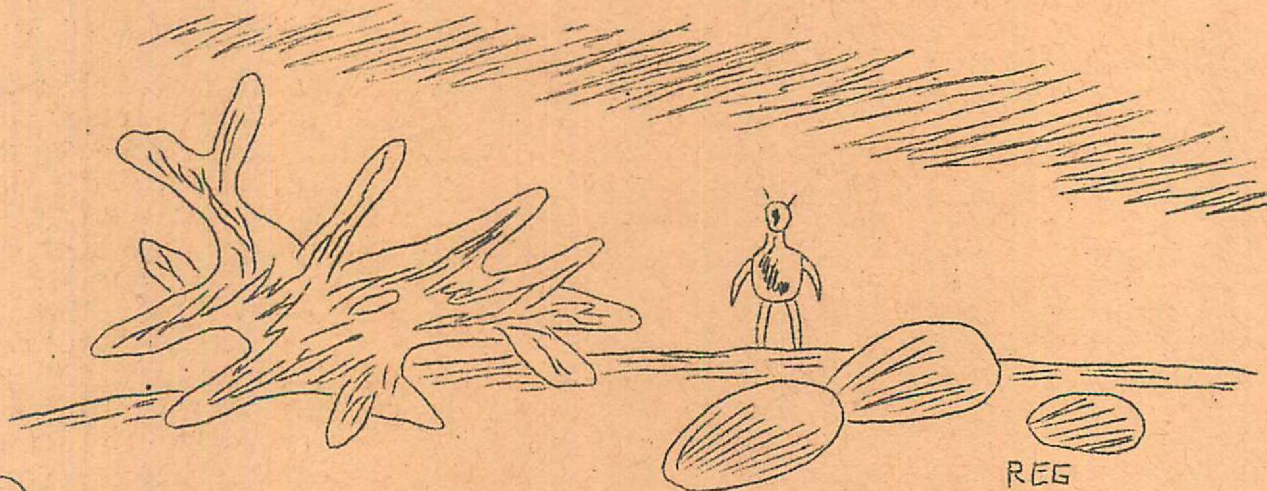
Can anybody tell me how, where I can get a copy of Sturgeon's KING AND FOUR QUEENS? Among tens of thousands of paperbacks that I've looked at in my career of book collecting, I haven't seen it once. Many other pb's seem easier to get...the Bart House pb's of Lovecraft, to name one example, or H.H.Holmes NINE TIMES NINE.

/You sure that UNDERSTANDING MEDIA isn't all one big fat joke?
RSC/

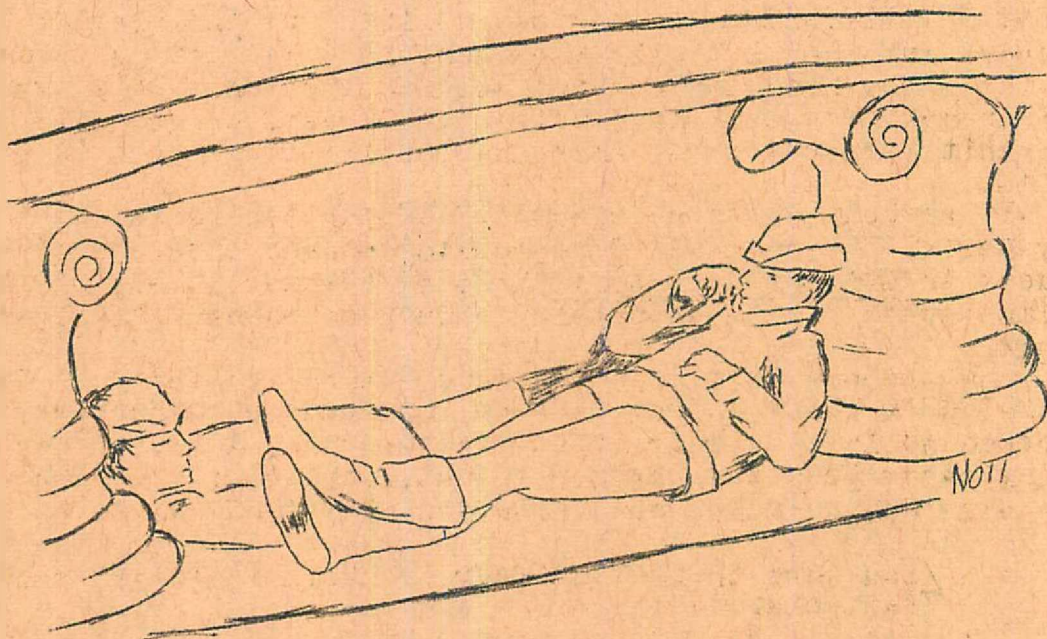
Willem Van den Broek, 1128 Birk, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103

This is the first time it has taken me four days to write a letter and I've somewhat lost my inspiration, but I'll try to continue with some of the things I had in mind to say. Working like this doesn't leave much time or energy for anything, which makes one begin to appreciate a little more some of the finer things in life (which I suppose was the reason for my not going to school this summer - for the first time in six years). The man whom I work under is a great-big cigar-chewing cuss, with a nasty disposition and a vile personality, whose highest form of recreation is reading a girlie magazine, and whose greatest expression of friendliness is to make a crass insult. The man who owns the place must surely be a millionaire, but he puts in the same 60 hour week I am right now, and I've yet to see his downward creased mouth bend upwards into a smile, and he gets mad at me everytime he sees me. These are the men our society calls successful! Can you imagine devoting your life to a furniture store? My god! That man will never enjoy his money. And the cigar chewing man has his wife and son working out there too. Some terrific family life that must make for!

Just saw the TV special on ESP. Mankind has always thought it had



truth pegged. It's the most natural thing in the world. But if you're willing to admit that the world is changing, that indeed reality is changing, and that it always has been changing and will continue to do so for some time to come, then it becomes very hard not to admit that there are many



things we don't understand and that there is much room for our concepts to be changed to fit them in. And necessity; rightness. I don't agree that psi must by its very nature be forever unrecconcilable with science, but the synthesis must be quite something from what we have now; and the greater the change the greater the resistance (and rightly so). Also saw the special about Wall Street and the stock market. There was one thing in it which gave me quite a reaction. It was really kind of weird and quite science fictional to see this man sitting back in his chair looking at the wall at the numbers going by! It's all so abstract, so divorced from reality! The man is working with pure numbers, and these numbers make a separate entity of their own. The dollars behind them, and the reasons for these dollars, is something apart and far back in the mind. It's sort of like the scene in CITY AND THE STARS where the person is looking at hundreds of decimals of pi going by, looking for patterns that are very abstract and unnoticed.

/Certainly your boss enjoys his money. "Successful" people get that way because they enjoy making money, not spending it. Just as Juanite gets fun out of publishing, not out of letters of comment and other such reactions to the publishing. RSC/

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

After reading Solon's article on WORLD OF A, I propose the following theory to account for my liking of the story. (I read it three times in high school, in the hardcover, and I never read a word that Campbell wrote about—at the time, I didn't even know who Campbell was, other than the author of THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE, another of my favorites at the time.)

Most sf stories suffer from, for lack of a better term, explanatory letdown. The explanation for the mysterious goings on throughout the story is never as interesting as the goings on themselves. In A, the explanation is equally as mysterious as the goings on that led up to it. Therefore, no let down. Simple? (Actually, the first time I read it, I came to the last line, "The face was his own.", and thot "Wow! How about that?" The fact that it cleared up absolutely nothing didn't bother me at all for quite some time. And by the time I realized there were lots of loose ends, I was ready to read it again anyway.

/Simple? Certainly.....RSC/

STRANGE FRUIT

Newsletters and stuff: I get tired of saying the same things about all these fanzines every month, so I'll just lump them together. They're all well enough done if you're interested in the particular facet of news that they cover. HAVERINGS #22 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701 - bi-monthly - 6 for 25¢) Devoted entirely to fanzine reviews; or, as Ethel prefers to call them, "comment upon fanzines received". (I say they're reviews and I say they're pretty good.) SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #13 (John Boston, 816 South First St, Mayfield, Ky. 42066 - monthly - 25¢ for 4 issues) News and reviews of professional science fiction. BROB-DINGNAG #39 (John A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 10¢) The bulletin of Postal Diplomacy game 1964C. RATATOSK #35, 36 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) General fan (and some pro) news. FOCAL POINT #23 (Mike McInerney, 250 W. 16th. St, Apt. 5FW, New York, N.Y. - frequent - 3 for 25¢) More fan and pro news. SKYRACK #90 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Gt. Britain - monthly - 6 for 35¢ - I'm the US agent) British fan and pro news, plus international items like US fan Betty Kujawa appearing on B.B.C. television. THE WSFA JOURNAL (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd. Wheaton, Md. 20906 - biweekly - "\$1.50 per year for Associate Members, via 1st-class mail") Official organ of the Washington, D.C. club; east coast fan news, book, magazine and movie reviews. RALLY! #4, 5, 6 (Lon Atkins, Box 660, Huntsville, Alabama 35804 - bi-weekly - 4 for 25¢ - co-editor, Al Andrews) Southern fan news. I'm not sure I was supposed to review this, but they mentioned needing money.... Al also sent a couple of copies of ABIMELECH, but that was because I'd made slighting remarks about ALA-apa and he didn't realize that I make the same sort of remarks about all apas; I'm pretty much impartial. K-a (Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060) This is the official publication of CAPA-alpha, the apa for comic book fans. I suppose if I was going to sneer at any particular apa, this would be it -- but then, there are otherwise intelligent people who enjoy old comic books. (Lessee, there's Dick Lupoff, and.....errrr....ahh...oh, surely there must be someone else.) Anyway, they say they're looking for new members -- they're so desperate that Maggie even asked me, though I bet she'd have collapsed of shock if I'd accepted. STRAY NOTES (Atlanta Folk Music Society, P.O. Box 7813, Atlanta, Georgia 30309) This issue is produced minus the regular editor; personally I like it better than the usual ones. BLITZ #1 (Lon Atkins, address above - irregular - 20¢ to non-N3F members) A fanzine devoted to chess. I see I missed sending my name in to the fannish chess tourney; maybe next time. Personally I'm mildly interested in chess, tho I'm not in Lon's category (He just won the Birmingham Open; my only foray into tournament chess came 10 years ago and ended with a 3 - 3 record -- and 25th place -- in the Indiana State Championship tournament.) BLITZ came stapled to THE GAMESLETTER, Vol. 2 #7 (Don Miller, address above) which is the official organ of the N3F Games Bureau and covers all sorts of games. (And I haven't forgotten to send you the rules of "Empire", Don; I just haven't put them on paper yet. We're still experimenting.) NOTEBOOK #2 (Steve Stiles, US51554738, HQ & HQ Co, T School Box 683, Ft. Eustis, Virginia 23604 - no price or schedule listed) A strictly personal-type, editor-written fanzine, pre-

sumably published to keep Steve relatively sane (or relatively unsane, however you define fandom) while enduring army life. An Outlet, it's called, and is often required by artists, creative individuals, and plumbers. It's sort of fun. With it comes a rider by Colin Cameron, also in service. // God, but there were a lot of those things this month.

FANXIETY #4 (Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640 - 20¢ - monthly, he says) In fact, he gets quite assertive about it (what'd I say? I didn't even snort at you.) David Bradley presents his ideas of Utopia (or at least a better world). Arnie Katz reviews an article by "Leslie Reece" in a previous issue, concluding with Norm Clarke's line that "Fandom needs new fuggheads". (Someone, in my presence, wondered audibly if Arnie was precisely the right individual to utter lines like that. I chuckled knowingly and said nothing.) There's an interesting lettercolumn. But can't you do something about that dim purple ditto, Gregg? I've seen office machines run by addleheaded highschool girls that produced better copy than that.

TRANSITRON #4 (Fred Gottschalk, 205 So. Case Hall, Michigan State Univ., East Lansing, Mich. 48823 - quarterly - 15¢) Steve Pickering writes about fandom and Lee Carson refutes him. (This is getting monotonous; why not have someone write an anti-Pickering article first, and then have Steve refute it? Fair's fair; he should get in the last word occasionally.) Oh yes; Syd Thomas also refutes Pickering. Two on one; tch. Don D'Amassa writes a sequel to an H.G. Wells story; quite well done. And Ray Nelson promotes LSD.

NYARLATHOTEP #3 (Ben Solon, 3933 N. Janssen, Chicago, Illinois 60613 - irregular - 30¢ - British Agent, Alan Dodd) Ben comments on Pickering in his editorial. One thing you have to say for Steve; he's become one of the most talked-about and written-about fans in the country. Alex Pan-shin reviews Donald Hamilton's work, George Price rails against misinterpreted texts that have become household phrases (such as "the exception proves the rule"), John Boardman says the Ku Klux Klan is nasty, Dean Natkin objects to "teach-ins", there is a short humorous item by Robert Bloch, and a long and good lettercolumn. Reproduction is excellent except for the parts where he let the stencil wrinkle; a few lines here and there are blotted out completely. Oh yes; there is verse by Phyllis Kleinstein and Roger Zelazny, and a story by Phyllis. One of the better of the new fanzines.

PULP ERA #63 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee Street, Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - bimonthly - 35¢) As the name suggests, it's devoted to the pulp mags. Lynn generally ignores the stf pulps (as having been examined by all the other fanzines) and concentrates on things like DOC SAVAGE, WINGS, etc. This issue includes a short article, plus complete index, of PIRATE STORIES and HIGH SEAS ADVENTURES, plus the first installment of an index to ARGOSY, a parody of Doc Savage, a rather superficial article on foreign interest in Tarzan, and Terry Jeeves' column on old British mags. Plus letters, of course. Since Lynn has his own multilith, the artwork is exceptional, featuring Dave Prosser and a beautiful portfolio of George Barr's work. Beautiful mag.

FAN-FIC #3 (David Dewsnap, 4 Eldredge St, Newton, Mass. 02158 - twice a year - 20¢) A half-sized multilithed mag. Feature item is a story by Eando Binder which was written originally for SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, accompanied by an article on Binder and an interview with Binder. There is also an article on Thorne Smith. A big improvement over the second issue, and well worth the time of a serious fan.

WEIRD TALES IN THE THIRTIES (Reginald Smith, 1509 No. Mar-Les, Santa Ana, Calif. 92706 - one-shot - 25¢) A 40-page essay on WEIRD. It reminded me some of Rogers' Requiem For Astounding (as much as a 40-page article can remind one of a 200-page book). There is a brief history of WEIRD, plus Smith's opinion and comment on the authors of the 1930's, which he considers to be WEIRD's best period. Rating...7

ZENITH SPECULATION #13 (Pete Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, Great Britain - quarterly - 30¢ - USAgent, A. J. Lewis, 4600 Kester Ave, Apt. D, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91405) Somewhat over 40 pages of comment on current science fiction; primarily book and magazine reviews, but some general criticism. A new feature is the continuation of F.M. Busby's "Flow" column from the old CRY. (What sort of persuasion did you use, Pete? He wouldn't do it for YANDRO when I asked.) Rating..8

PASTell, June '66 (Bjo Trimble, 12002 Lorna St., Garden Grove, Calif. 92641 - irregular - 5 for \$1.00) The fanzine for fan artists. There is news of various fan art shows; an article by Art Rapp on adding color to one's fanzine by use of rubber stamps (on a 250 copy run? He's out of his cotton-pickin' mind!), hektograph, and hand stencilling (offhand I would guess that all of these methods are more trouble than they're worth, but you might want to experiment); and an article on the sale of prints and copies of artwork, plus plugs for the Children's Art Show. For artists and fanzine editors interested in artwork.

STARLING #8 (Hank Luttrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Station Rd, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 - 25¢ - no schedule listed) A general-type fanzine which seems to be largely letter-column this round. There are reviews, by the editor, Joe Sanders, and Steve Pickering (who does very well except for indulging in his tendency to call everyone he doesn't like an "anti-intellectual", a tendency which has caused more than one fan recently to publicly wonder if he knows what the word means). The letters are good, and informative, particularly one from Jack Gaughan. Rating.....7

AMRA #40, 41 (Amra, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois 60690 - frequent - 35¢) More lovely artwork, particularly in the interiors of #40 and the cover of #41. This is the fanzine for sword-and-sorcery fans; it's so good that it's even enjoyed by a fan like me, who dislikes Burroughs, Howard, Merritt and most of the other writers discussed in its pages. These issues are multilithed, 3/4 size, 20 pages apiece. They include a review of a deCamp book by Lin Carter, a comment on the novels of Leslie Bar-ringer by deCamp, an article on Paracelsus by "C C Hebron", a short story by Carter, a poem by Carter, a review of a Mike Moorcock novel by deCamp, a short piece on the humor of Howard by Dave Hall, and an article on the "Cthulu Mythos" stories of Howard by Ben Solon. All are at least reasonably well-written, though some aren't as good as the accompanying artwork. Rating.....9

THE SCARR #102 (? WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THOSE ISSUES I NEVER GOT, CHART-ERS?!) (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - no price or schedule listed) I nearly always enjoy every bit of this one. George has the same ideas about stf that I do, including a dislike of J.G. Ballard and vast amusement over the idiotic errors in the average bad stf novel. (Not to mention puns like "allergy in a country church-yard".) In other words, we're both low-brows. James White describes his apprenticeship as a volunteer stagehand for Gilbert & Sullivan productions; remainder of the mag is editor-written comments on bad stf, occasional good stf, non-stf, autos, etc., plus a short letter column.

Robert M. Allen, 20 Gardiner Ave, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, sends a list of back-issue fanzines that he wants. I don't have any to sell, but if you do, contact Robert. (Note; there is no such fanzine as YANDRO #1; the first 35 issues of the mag were titled EISFA.)

AUSLANDER #3 (Dave Hulan, Box 422, Tarzana, Calif. 91356 - bimonthly - 20¢ - co-editor, Ed Cox --- gee, EdCo is a co-ed) A lot of this concerns the Hugo Awards; John Trimble, George Scithers, Roy Tackett and Don Wollhelm discuss them directly, while Cox uses them as a basis for a review of the short fiction in ANALOG during 1965. Cy Condra writes on one of the sources of Lovecraft (not demonology, but a voyage of exploration), the editor does reviews, and various people write letters. Rating...6

WEIRDOM #9 (Dennis Cunningham, 1572 Willowdale Drive, San Jose, Calif. 95118 - irregular - 25¢) Devoted to comics and horror movies. The editor says that "at heart" he's an EC fan -- that's something I can almost understand. Certainly the old EC line had far more to recommend it than any of the other comics did. The movie reviewer gives ratings somewhat higher than I would to the old movies he lists, but at least he does admit that they aren't the greatest things in the world. There is a long article by Bill Spicer on the Comics Code -- mainly on what it is, not on its value (or lack of same). Maybe comics and horror fandom has grown up a bit since I was deluged with samples of bad fanzines a couple or three years ago. WEIRDOM is certainly a lot better than the stuff being put out then (as are several other comics mags I've received recently.) It still isn't a subject that interests me greatly, however.

ZINGARO #7 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Drive, Highland Park, Illinois 60035 - quarterly - 25¢) Entirely editor-written except for an article by Neil Ruzic ("The Case For Going To The Moon", which I feel is completely wasted on fandom; we already want to go to the moon) and the lettercolumn. Editorial material is primarily reviews (books and fanzines). The lettercolumn is short but interesting. Rating....4

SATYR #2 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Rd, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708 - irregular - no price listed) A half-sized dittoed mag, 40 pages, good reproduction. There are two fanzine review columns, an article on the "Batman" tv show by Tom Dupree, some humor and letters. Not really a lot to comment on; a rather mild fanzine. Rating....4

A CAN OF PAINT, A POT OF GLUE, AND ... #2 (Katya Hulan, Box 422, Tarzana, Calif. - irregular? - 10¢) Another issue of the fanzine for interior decorators. Or, how to turn rubbish into useful articles. Worthwhile, presumably, for households trying to give a good appearance without spending too much money. (This household gives a sloppy appearance without spending any money, so there doesn't appear to be too much useful information in the fanzine for us.) Usually the advice seems good, but there was one item about an antiques kit "that will do a large chest or TV console". The idea of somebody trying to make a tv set look antique sends me into spasms.

ERGO SUM #40 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada - quarterly - free to people the editor finds interesting) If you want to get an issue, write him an interesting letter. There is considerable poetry, several comments by the editor on the nature of Man, LSD, the war on poverty, etc. This isn't a stf fanzine; it's a journal of personal interest. Presumably how well you like it will depend on how much interest you have in other people, and how close your interests coincide with those of the editor.

CTHON #1 (Lee Carson, 206 S. Case Hall, MSU, East Lansing, Mich. 48823

- no price or schedule listed) This reminds me of a Michigan version of the MIT fanzine; an intermingling of serious material, college jokes, and absolute nonsense. (If I ever figure out which is which, I think I'll enjoy it.) Rating...4

PHILE #1 (Graham Charnock, 1 Eden Close, Alperton, Wembley, Middx., Gt. Britain - irregular - for trade or letters of comment) Entirely editor-written this time. Fiction, reviews, and an article on brutality in stf. A small mag; not bad for a first issue. Rating...3½

DYNATRON #28 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - quarterly - for "four five-cent postage stamps" or because he likes you.) Roy herein nostalgizes about the dear dead days of his youth -- and makes it fairly interesting, too. Could be subtitled "How Fans Get That Way" -- and it's interesting to compare it with Wilkie Connor's saga as reported in PULP ERA. Fans are born, not made. John Boston tries to define science fiction. Art Rapp nostalgizes about fanclub fanzines; he thinks they were a lot better than I do. And there is a fabulous lettercolumn. Rating...5

NO-EYED MONSTER #7, 8, combined with MERK-MAG #3, 4 (Norman Masters, Box 79, Ortonville, Michigan 48462 - irregular - 25¢) These mags are stapled back-to-back, Ace Books style; editor of MERK-MAG is John Merkel. Both feature fan fiction. Merkel pads his out with excessively bad artwork and an equally bad "comic strip". Masters has a pretty good article on gothic novels in one issue and an article by Pickering on the social function of science fiction in the other. Primarily, however, the mags are for fiction lovers. I'm not one; however, I do believe that the contents have improved considerably since the first issues I saw. Certainly they should be enjoyed by the average follower of fan fiction. (If you are in fandom for humor, personalities, and/or studies in depth of professional stf, then these mags aren't intended for you and you probably won't enjoy them.) Rating...4

POT POURRI #41, 42, 43, 44, 45, and THE DAMNED PATROL #3 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - more or less quarterly - no price listed) DAMNED PATROL seems to be the more or less official organ of one of our newest splinter groups; airplane fandom. I don't seem to be much of an airplane fan. POT POURRI contains a variety of material; detective fiction, notes on archaeological expeditions to old houses, an explanation of cricket which I don't think I completely understand, humor, etc. The expedition, incidentally, was a sequel to that mentioned in POT POURRI #36, to the ruined home of the crackpot ("exotic personality", John calls him) Bishop Hervey. It also reveals a trophy-gathering method which I would be tempted to classify as Serious Constructive Vandalism. The issues are quite interesting, well reproduced, and with good tho infrequent artwork. A bargain at the price. Rating.....7

INVADER #11 (Joe Staton, Springer Hall, Murray State University, Murray, Kentucky 42072 - irregular -) And I note that this is for TAPS, with outside distribution "restricted to a closed mailing list". So there isn't much point in reviewing it. Might be well to note, however, that Joe's address from Aug. 5 to Sept. 12, Joe's address will be 469 Ennis St, Milan, Tennessee 38358, and that after Sept. 12 he will be back at Murray State, but at Richmond Hall instead of Springer.

from an advertisement for a fanzine: "...a serious fanzine.... xxxxxxxx has constantly aimed at such a magazine..." But it doesn't say which of the serious fanzines they're aiming at.