

# YANDRO

162

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We've raised the price again; renewals will remain good at the old price for an unspecified number of months (until 1967, at least).

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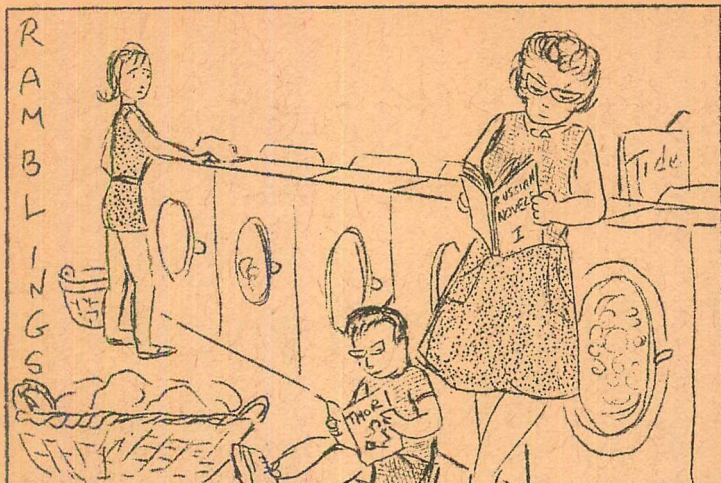
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THE VILLAGE IDIOT #2 is being distributed with YANDRO. (TVI #1 was sent with YANDRO #160.) You'll have to make your own arrangements for getting future issues, however. (I haven't kicked the publishers out, or anything; they just feel that in the future they'll distribute to fans who have responded to these issues.)





don't all the users of electric machines write in at once to cut me down). But I would, I confess, welcome the use of an electric for the pages of solid type -- I'm sure it's no news to older readers that I'm much more interested in the illustrations than in the pages of solid type.

Oh well. I decided long ago I had to be a masochist to have gotten in this business in the first place.

Part of the sweat is the fact that I'm trying to get this thing out all in one day - mimeoing, final touching on three or four stencils, assembling.... Come to think of it, maybe I'd better not try so hard; Buck might get the idea I've been loafing previously and insist I do this every month. Actually, so far things are fine - one of the main question points each month is the matter of electricity, static cling in the paper and whatnot (maybe I should run the paper through a washing machine with some fabric softener?); and now it's not quite eleven and I have most of the forward-run of the stencils run, with a very minimum of sideeffects (skip widdershins and knock wood).

And why am I trying to get this issue done all in one day? Well, because it's Friday and we have hopes of mailing this tomorrow morning in Marion, Indiana. We had been extremely unhappy with third class mail service from the Muncie, Indiana sectional center, which is where mail from Hartford City and Montpelier (our usual drop centers) goes. So in disgust and desperation we took the last issue of Yandro to Marion and mailed it, and found out it goes through the Kokomo, Indiana, sectional center. Whereas it had taken two to six weeks for previous issues to reach destinations, we had letters of comment on last issue within the week. We were pleased, to say the least, and we'll be making an effort to mail more issues from Marion.

I'm also tempted to write O'Brien and point out this difference in service and stomp my feet and tablepound, but then I think that maybe calling attention to anything like fanzines on the part of bureaucracy is Not a Good Idea. Mailing rates are high enough now, and I found out the hard way long ago that people In Authority have no appreciation of amateur magazines. The less attention, the better, probably.

After all, we are the Hidden Empire, or something.

Every month I buy two magazines in the supermarkets. It's a habit, like



eating. These magazines are Family Circle and Woman's Day, and both cost 15¢; try to find that price on other regular magazines nowadays. Recipes and food preparation are the main topics of both magazines, but they feature other articles, some of them worthwhile and/or humorous (Family Circle is much better in both departments, but everytime I'm about to give up on Woman's Day they come out with something that makes me keep buying it.) This month Family Circle has an article by Harriet van Horne on "How to Read Books When You Don't Have Time". My initial reaction to that title was a derisive snort, but when I found the time to read the material, I found myself much in agreement with Miss van Horne, who is obviously one of us; "Anyone who complains that house-keeping and baby tending leave no time for novels, poetry, and drama has never met a true reader. The need to read can be as strong a drive as sex or hunger." Oh, you have said it, lady, and how. 'Drive' is hardly a strong enough term - obsession is better.

Most fans would react to this sort of thing with "Of course; what a pointless thing to state - everyone knows that." But I assure male fans unacquainted with the daily doldrums world of the average housewife that such an article is indeed called for, and will probably elicit mostly disbelief and annoyance from large numbers of the women who take the time to read it. For Miss van Horne is not talking about reading Family Circle or Woman's Day (which is about the limit of reading for many - too many - women...and surprising numbers of them don't even expose themselves to this amount of stimulation); the author is talking about the kind of reading fans do: constant. "Always carry a book..." And yet when I regularly take a book or magazine to the laundromat, sit in the car waiting for Buck - reading to kill time, read when I stop to get a coke in a drugstore.....I am, if not stared at, at least glanced at nervously by other women. Occasionally someone will ask, "Taking a course?" or "catching up on your homework?" If, as usual, this elicits a non-committal nodding smile, I am usually treated to one of two responses: "I should do more reading, but I just can't seem to find the time" (this from someone who has been standing there for fifteen minutes while her wash dries - staring outside at the traffic); or "I just can't sit still long enough to finish a book" (these are the chain smokers).

I'd like to think Miss van Horne's article would do some good, shake up a little grey matter and point out to women that they can find the time to read (there isn't that much on television during the day - now really, is there?), I'd like to think so, but I don't, not really.

I notice a sudden spate of recipes, cook books, pamphlets and whatnot on shelves on newsstands and supermarkets on new and "different" ways to prepare three foods: ground beef, chicken and fish. If you're a male and don't do much shopping, you may not have noticed, but it's become a fact of life that these are the only meats the average wageearner can afford. Fortunately, we all like chicken, and Buck and Bruce like fish and hamburger (I'm pretty indifferent to those two, generally; but I can eat them). I am not going to tirade against the farmer and inflation and all that. I'm just going to say that there's a vicious pleasure in seeing people who always insisted - steak was the only thing worth eating finding out that fried chicken isn't such a bad dish after all (and the protein content is as high or higher - and you can stew the bones and skin and fat and get broth for noodle soup, dumplings and casseroles...try that with a scrap of steak fat.)

Yours for juicier Chicken Paprika, Meat Loaf and Fried Perch.

JWC





ping (actually the entire front page) from the Newport News, Va. Daily Press, with a story on a teen-ager named Charles Hopkins. (It contains cliches about job-hunting teen-agers; maybe someone thinks I am one? It didn't strike me as terribly humorous, or unusual. Shaggy dog clippings? I'm mystified.) Someone (Alan Dodd, I think) sent a clipping of an ad for two of the new (?) horror shows; "Billy The Kid Vs. Dracula" and "Jesse James Meets Frankenstein's Daughter". And Juanita's mother sends one about a local farmer named Faulty Yarling; there's a name for you.

After enthusing over a borrowed copy of Farley Mowat's Never Cry Wolf, we ran across a second-hand paperback copy; Dell put it out in 1963. If you see one, grab it; I guarantee it will be worth your while.

Part of our vacation (or my vacation; housewives don't get vacations) this year will be spent at the WorldCon, of course, but we spent part of it on a trip through southern Indiana. Well, a one-day trip. Went down thru Brown County, so Bruce could see some good-sized hills. Of course, southern Indiana isn't as rugged as the Appalachians, and probably not as much so as the Ozarks (I've never seen the Ozarks, so I can't say), but it has some fair-sized hills. I tried to take the one outside Bean Blossom (that's a town) in high gear and almost didn't make it. From there we went south (at about 30 mph a good share of the way) to Wyandotte Cave. This is in the limestone country, near the Ohio River. According to various encyclopedias and reference works we read after we got back, it's the third largest known cave in the world, and the largest privately owned one. (The two larger, Mammoth Cave in Kentucky and Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico, are national parks.) According to one authority, Wyandotte has more variety of natural formations than any other cave known. We had to look all this up, incidentally, because the owners seem to make no effort at all to publicize their property. I've found lots of people right here in Indiana who have never heard of it. In one way this is good; it's still a "natural" cave. It hasn't been prettied up for the tourists. You go in the cave in a party, with a guide (ours was a high school boy earning money on his summer vacation) and two or three gasoline lanterns. (Our party went in with two and came out with three.) I carried one of the lanterns, and with trying to listen to the guide, see everything I wanted to, and hold the lantern so the people around me could see, I didn't always watch where I was going. There is a state law against touching any of the formations, but since I only touched them with my head (3 times), I guess it doesn't count. I see the state is trying to buy the property for a state park; if it goes thru I shall have my representative insist that someone deepen some of those passageways. They have been enlarged enough so that Juanita could stand erect in them, but I was bent over a good part of the time. We took the 2-hour trip, nearly all of which is spent in walking over slippery limestone floors covered with

Larry Farsace asks me to announce the 9th annual World Poetry Day contest. Space themes preferred; \$25 cash prizes. Sponsored by Golden Atom Publications. Previously published verse acceptable, if you want to send your old YANDRO contributions. Closing date is Oct. 8. Send to Rochester World Poetry Day Committee, P.O. Box 1101, Rochester, N.Y. 14603.

People are still sending me things, including totally confusing items. Someone who didn't put a return address on his envelope sent a clip-



mud, or in climbing rocky slopes, wood stairways and occasional ladders. Up, down and around. Of course we didn't see all of it; 23 miles of passages have been explored. The guide kept referring to a "5-hour tour", but that may have been sheer sadism; I know I couldn't have taken a 5-hour tour. I came out with my knees shaking, and Juanita almost didn't make it up the last slope. It was certainly impressive, though. I suppose a hardened cave-crawler like Bruce Pelz might turn up his nose at this version of caving, but it was primitive enough for me. On the way back, we stopped at Corydon, Indiana's first state capitol. With this being the sesquicentennial of Hoosier statehood, Corydon is making it big. Where other towns have parking meters, Corydon has historical markers. We didn't try to see everything, just took in the old capitol building. Surprisingly, all the exhibits were "open"; Bruce got to sit in the governor's chair and pound the gavel a time or two, and the guide/caretaker pointed out some upstairs rooms to us and didn't even bother to follow us up to make sure we didn't pocket any of the exhibits. Not that we would have, but I'm used to places keeping their exhibits under lock, key and guard. There isn't really a lot there, but it's worth seeing if you enjoy actually getting the feel of ancient artifacts. (I can see my British readers snorting over the idea of something 150 years old being ancient; well, the US may be a little young yet, but we're trying.)

This is the time of year when the fields around the house are covered in white and blue; Queen Anne's lace and chicory. I didn't know what the blue flowers were at first; now that I know I think I'll have to dig up a few plants and try drying the root and seeing what it tastes like. Coffee lovers have always scorned chicory as an inadequate substitute, but since I don't like coffee in the first place I might not be so picky. Squirrel season is in, and I see I'll have to make a little less fun of the British writer who put monkeys, pythons and crocodiles in Indiana's "swamps"; a hunter over by Logansport shot at what he thought was a squirrel and got a monkey instead. "Authorities" are trying to find out where it came from.

I wonder if the change is in science fiction, or in me. When I began reading stf back in the late 1940's, I found that nearly all the best stories were novelettes, with short stories second and novels running a poor third. (In fact, the first novel I read -- Murray Leinster's The Black Galaxy -- almost put me off stf altogether.) Of course, the first hardcover stf I read was the Healy-McComas Adventures In Time And Space, still the best stf anthology ever compiled, and that raised the short story average. But ASTOUNDING was printing items like "Dreams Are Sacred" by Peter Phillips, Clarke's "Inheritance", "In Hiding", by Shiras, "The Love Of Heaven" by Sturgeon, "Throwback" by De Camp, "The Undecided" by Russell, "To Watch The Watchers" by W. Macfarlane (who was he/she?), and "The Witches Of Karras" by James Schmitz. (All from July '48 to Dec. '49.) And at the same time GALAXY was printing brilliant novelettes and F&SF had begun its reputation for short fiction. What were the novels then? ASF did have Clement's Needle, and Williamson's Seetee Shock, but it also had Dreadful Sanctuary, Russell's worst; The Players Of Null-A, which may well be van Vogt's worst, and De Camp's rather mediocre Queen Of Zamba (memorable more for the Rogers cover than for the story). GALAXY's first two or three serials were nothing extra, in sharp contrast to their shorter items. So I got the impression that stf was a field for short stories. But today all the emphasis is on novels; Dune, Squares of the City, ...And Call Me Conrad, Rogue Dragon, Lord Kalvan Of Otherwhen, etc. The only consistently excellent writer of shorter fiction in the past few years has been Thomas Burnett Swann, with people like Anderson, Zelazny, Davidson, Brunner and Bulmer doing it occasionally. What happened?

RSC



# With Jaundiced Eye

--a column from-- TED WHITE

It's been a while since the last instalment of this column, but, as years of experience have proven -- both to Buck and me -- my columns for Yandro seem to follow a cyclical pattern, which is, in turn, part of some larger fannish pattern the ramifications of which I have not yet fully plumbed.

Something else which may have something to do with it is Buck's patience...somewhere along about now, I can usually count on a card asking if I'd like to contribute another column, or whether he should stop sending me free copies. It hasn't happened yet, this time, but Juanita's sad plaint of the extra copies needed to satisfy new requests from If readers strikes me as a subtle hint...

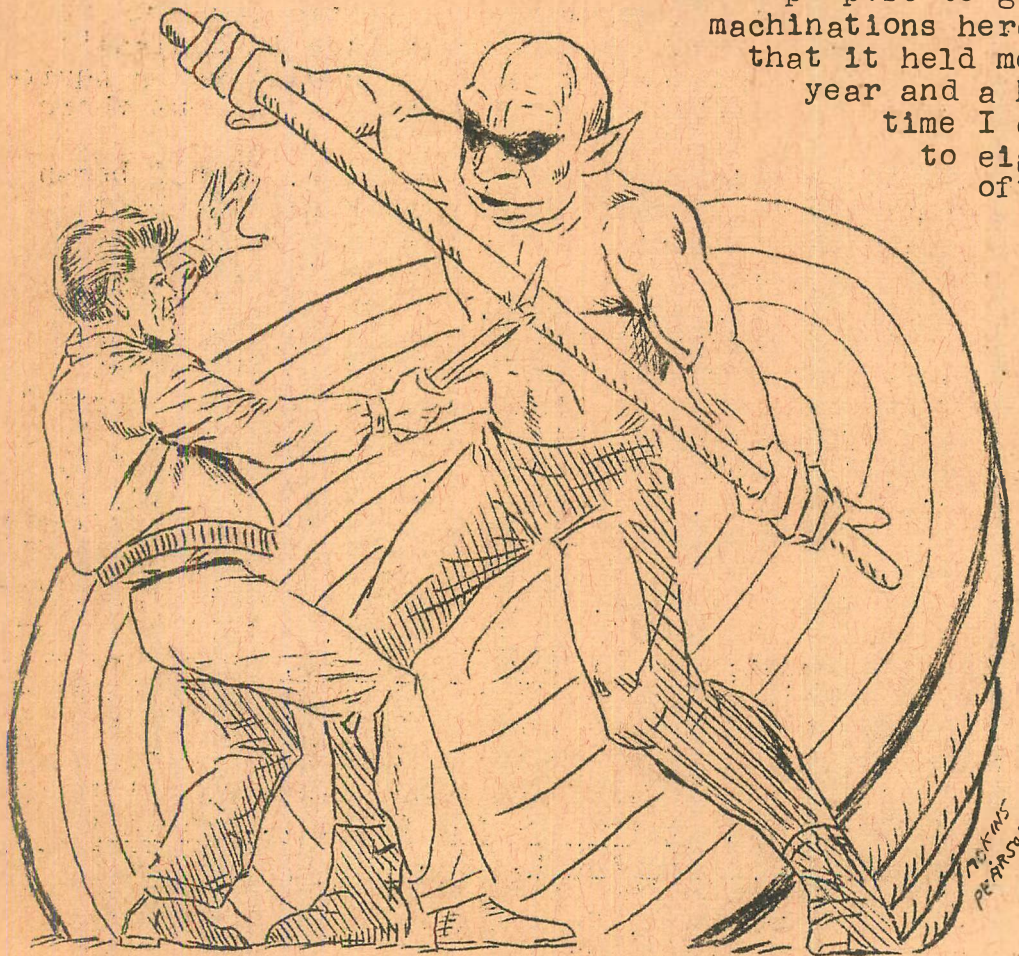
About a year and a half ago, I joined a weekly apa -- APA L, by name. This is an apa which puts out a mailing (or "distribution" as they insist upon calling it) every week at the Thursday night LASFS meeting. It was an offshoot of New York's APA F, and one which outlasted it (APA F folded after a year and a half with its 69th mlg). I don't propose to go into its inner machinations here, except to say that it held me entrapped for a year and a half, during which time I contributed four to eight pages a week, often sending them

out air mail and special delivery.

Finally I came to my senses, and shook free of the drug-like effects. I dropped out, and found myself with a pleasant surplus of time and money.

And things to say.

APA L siphoned off nearly everything I felt like saying during the period I was a member. I used it roughly like an journal, reporting some of the more interesting things



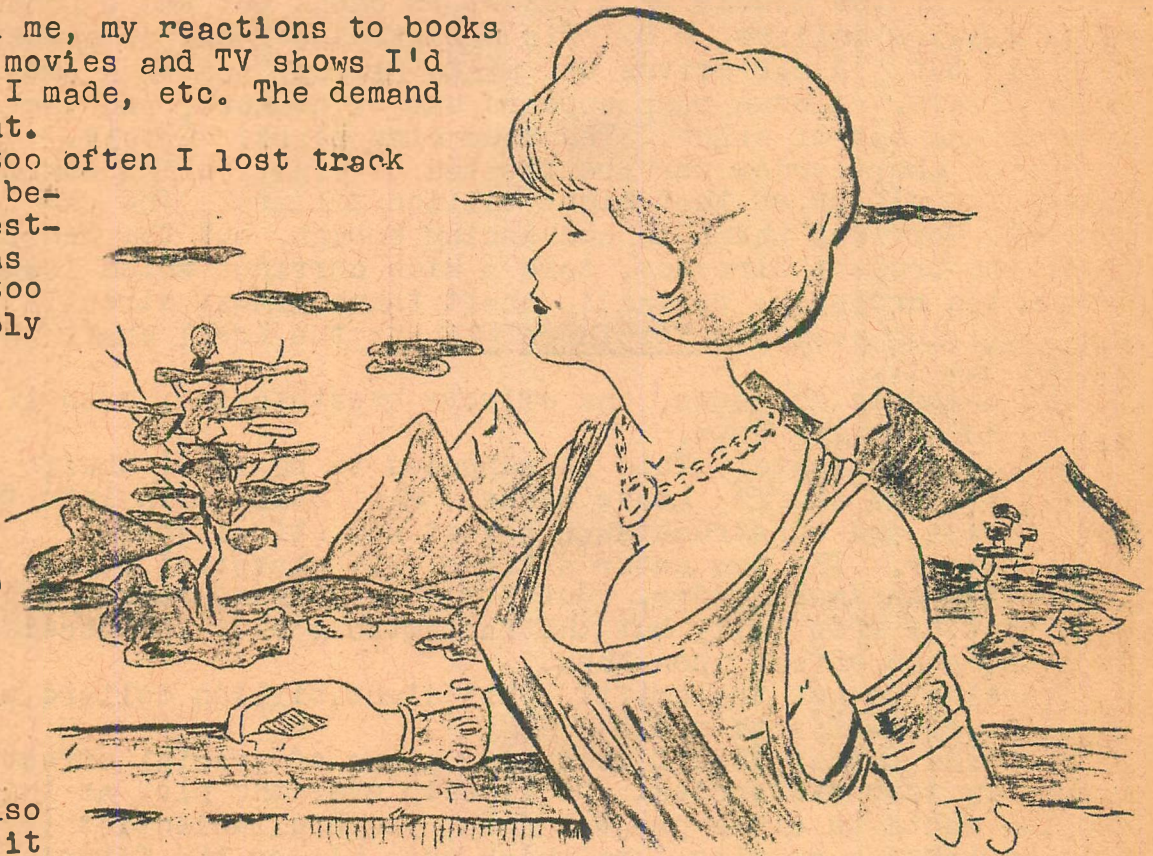


which befell me, my reactions to books I had read, movies and TV shows I'd seen, trips I made, etc. The demand was incessant.

And all too often I lost track of the line between interesting occasions and trivia; too often I simply reported My Week.

This is Bad, simply because it dulls the senses, and my own evaluation of the importance of my experiences became less certain.

It was also Bad because it left me with nothing to write in this column. And that situation is also remedied now.



**TIME TUNNEL:** This fall, if all goes well, ABC will be bringing out another pseudo-sf series, this one somewhat more novel than previous attempts on TV: "Time Tunnel". Produced by Irwin Allen, who gave us such unforgettable epics as "Lost in Space", and "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" (both movie and TV series), this series is yet another credit-line for a master of science fiction.

It says here.

Don't you believe it.

On Wednesday, the 18th of May, Robin and I joined Lester del Rey, John Campbell, and Bob Sheckley and wife in a private screening of the first instalment of the series at ABC's New York office. There had been a larger screening the previous Friday, at which star James Darren was present, we were told. "He got a number of really constructive suggestions," our host, from the publicity department, told us. I missed the Friday screening because that was the afternoon we drove down to the Disclave; I have no idea why the others missed it.

The basic idea was that after viewing the show we would write down our comments on cards passed out to us, and these comments might be used in publicity releases.

It didn't work out that way.

Oh, we wrote down our comments, but I don't think they'll be much value to the PR boys.

"Time Tunnel" is, as you might suspect, a series based on time-travel. And it betrays a comprehension of time-travel and attendant paradoxes more or less on the level of Superman comics.

The first story opens with a Senator being brought to "Project Tic-



Toc" base in the middle of a desert, to check out the expenditure of some eight billion dollars, U.S. His private jet lands on a desert flat and lets him out. A car drives up, picks him up, and then cuts across the empty desert. A down ramp appears out of nowhere, and the car shoots down it and out of sight. The ramp disappears. Lovely.

But in short order we are treated to sights which surely hint at the major disposition of that eight billion dollars. The car is left in a concrete corridor which is convincing enough, but the Senator and his host, the project director, take a side corridor which leads out to a ramp which crosses a fantastic shaft taken almost directly from the most awe-inspiring scene in Forbidden Planet: the Krell shaft to the center of the planet.

The color is gorgeous, the effects breathtaking, even if the view is a mere 800 storeys down.

But wait a minute! This is supposed to be 1968! Whuffo all this 2068 visual effects stuff? Leave alone, why build down into the earth some 800 storeys and construct such a vast and stfnal shaft?

No matter. The two enter a "free fall elevator". This drops them to the bottom in short order. But for some strange reason not only do they not float in free fall, but the fantastic g's of the deceleration have no noticeable effect upon them.

Starting to get the drift? That eight billion dollars went to half-baked special-effects men.

The time tunnel itself is a nice piece of special effect similarly flawed by inconsistencies. We'll skip over the plot at this point -- Senator wants to close project down, youthful scientist (?) sets up tunnel and takes a running jump which puts him on the Titanic one day before it sinks, everyone runs around in circles, machine performs perfectly deus ex machina -- and remark only that it's just as well none of the principal actors can act, since the script would give them nothing to work with in any case.

It's a boob-show, an idiot-plot. The pseudo-scientific double-talk is the most unconvincing I've heard in ages. The "scientists" act like twelve-year-olds. The suspense is phoney. All paradoxes are ignored. And, to put it bluntly, no one, on any level of production, seems to have thought through the most rudimentary bits. All is surface, all is contrived: dialogue, characterization, plotting, visual effects -- everything.

It's a stinker.

But if you have a color set, I recommend you catch at least the first show. Some of those effects are eyeball-wrenching.

I hope ABC wasn't too disappointed by the comments we gave them.

SIGNIFICANCE & SCIENCE FICTION: I remarked attending the Disclave this year. Actually, I've attended them all, since the Disclave was revived in 1958. This one was notable for the fact that it honored the man I think the most important writer to hit our field in this decade: Roger Zelazny.

At the Disclave a year ago, I touted Roger's "...And Call Me Conrad" as the best thing I'd seen by him, and an important novel. (It appeared as a serial in F&SF last fall, and will be out from Ace as THIS IMMORTAL by the time you read this.)

Since then Roger has won two SFWA awards for his work, and his "Conrad" is up for a Hugo.

I first had a chance to talk with Roger at the Midwestcon last year, often in the company of Alex Panshin, and I found myself almost as fascinated by Roger-the-man as I was by Roger-the-author. In our encounters



since then (such as the Eastercon this year), we've developed a friendship which I find myself valuing increasingly.

Friday night at the Disclave, I was sitting on a sofa next to Roger when Judy Merrill asked him, "Roger, what are your intentions as a writer?"

This is a loaded question, and especially so when Miss Merrill asks it. And it served as the opener for what I can only describe as "The Treatment".

Judy Merrill did not originate "The Treatment", but I think she's refined it. Basically, it is a method of backing a person up against a wall and pinning him there, solely by asking the right questions.

As Judy led the questioning, it evolved into, "Where are you going as a writer?" "Why?" "When are you going to realize your potential?" "When are you going to stop fooling around and Say Something?" "When are you going to stop being a craftsman and become an artist?"

"When are you going to be Significant?"

Roger was pleasantly stoned, and parrying most of the questions, but Judy probed mercilessly, occasionally egged on by a repulsive creature who calls himself Bill Butler, and writes "science fiction poetry". "Aha! You've hooked him now, Judy!" Butler shouted at one point. "You've got him wriggling!"

They both had me boiling. I kept my mouth shut (Terry Carr, sitting nearby, at one point said, quietly, "Nonsense, Nonsense. Nonsense. Nonsense. Nonsense.") until a lull occurred after Butler had likened writing to sexual ejaculation and Roger had commented, "a phallacy..." and several people began cross-conversations.

Then I turned to Roger and said rather quietly, "A little parable for you: There once was a young novelist who wrote a book. Everyone told him how important the book was and how important a writer he was. He's published several books since, but he hasn't written one yet...His initials are Norman Mailer..."

Earlier, months earlier, I had remarked to Robin, "You know, I just hope no one convinces Roger that he's the greatest thing ever to hit science fiction -- because when and if that happens, he'll cease to be."

That night at the Disclave, I saw someone trying to do just that -- and, with the same breath, trying to convince Roger that sf was beneath him.

I saw someone approach one of the most intuitive writers in the field (only Theodore Sturgeon outranks him in this respect), and try to tamper with his intuition, trying to bring conscious doubt to his unconscious motivations.

I know of no easier way to wreck a writer.

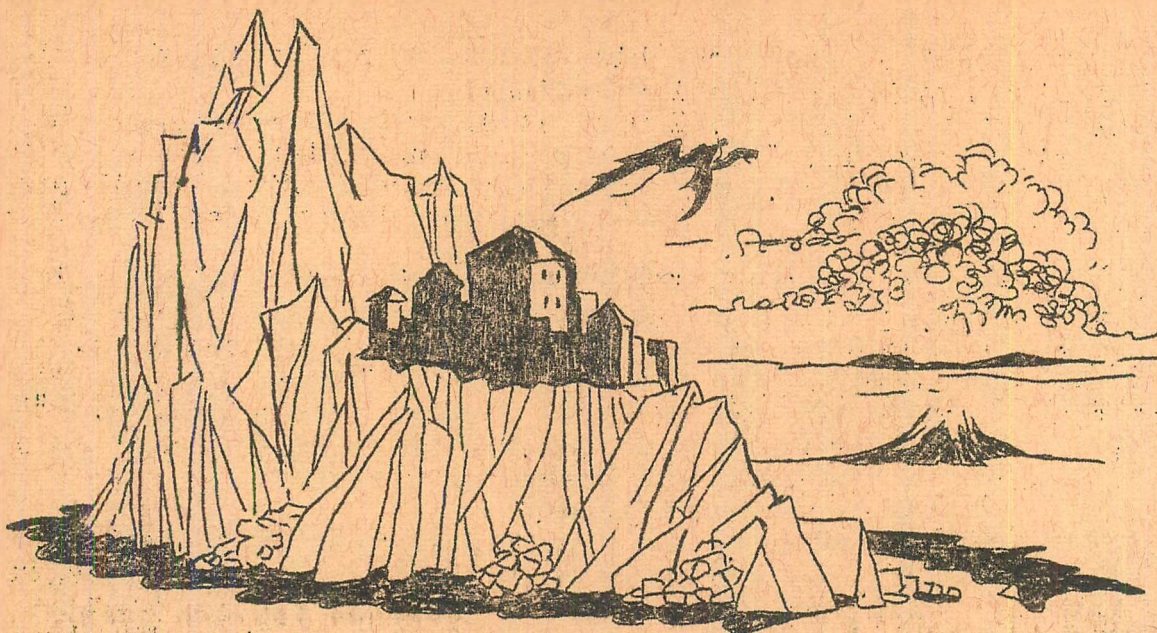
"Writer's block" is no joke. Sturgeon has made public his sufferings with it -- there was a time when he could not even write a letter, even if he knew it would bail him out of hock.

There are two basic types of writer: the writer with conscious control, and the writer with unconscious control. The former can tell you expressly what he is doing and how he is doing it. He is usually a good-to-excellent craftsman, and rarely more. He makes a good teacher.

The latter type, however, while often consciously aware of his techniques, his craft, leaves the basic structure and underlying content of his work to his unconscious. He is often as surprised by his stories as anyone. He is the one for whom, "the characters just took over and wrote the story."

Roger told me, "I never know how a story will come out. 'Conrad' was supposed to be a tragedy; I didn't expect him to save the whole damned world. When I hit a difficult spot, I'll get up, put on a record of the





sort of music that hits the mood I want to create, and maybe pace for an hour. Sometimes I just go to bed. I've dreamed about my characters. They're as real to me as you are."

Roger is a deliberate stylist, a writer who has deliberately set himself challenges with style and structure. He is a skilful craftsman. But, in a larger sense, his control is intuitive. He moves with his stories; they do not fit preconceived patterns.

Most of all, Roger Zelazny is a storyteller. This lies in his own motivation, his own respect for story content, his feeling for literature. All of his considerable talents are directed towards the telling of good stories.

Storytelling is an underrated value today. Among the mainstream critics and those, like Judy Merrill, who ape them, it is Out -- unfashionable. Indeed, the mid-twentieth-century marks the first time in the history of literature that story-telling has been of less than paramount importance.

Category fiction is perhaps the last bastion of story-telling -- the last bastion of "non-significant" fiction which is read solely for pleasure. Category fiction is quite often not nearly as well-written as mainstream fiction, but it is usually much more satisfying for the general reader, whose pleasures and interests in fiction are not esoteric.

In writing science-fiction -- category fiction -- Roger Zelazny is working in a field which still prizes storytelling. And in his own superior talents for writing, Roger is enriching the field.

Under the circumstances, I think I can be forgiven my selfishness in hoping that the mainstream-snobs do not succeed in diverting him, that he is not plumped full of the Significance of his work (as a far less talented writer, Tom Disch, has been), and spoiled for us and himself.

As we caught a little air on the balcony of the Disclave motel, I remarked to Roger, "Long after the Significant esotericists of today have been forgotten, they'll be reading WIND IN THE WILLOWS and the other great fantasy stories of the past. Don't let them tell you what to do -- don't let me tell you what to do. Just go on writing."

And then we fell to enthusing over the chapter from WIND IN THE WILLOWS called "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn"....



# THE WOMAN OF TREES

fiction by

ken fulton

Organizing themselves in an amorphous halo around the full moon, the clouds became prisoners of the wind, caused those scampered shadows that embraced the dry forest grass. The trees were pillars of dark, stately and black. Through them, beyond their fuzzy, undefined boundaries, beyond the reach of their rough wooden fingers, twinkled the cold stars. Every now and then, a falling leaf cut the lonely starlight; and the leaf absorbed its faint radiance, its life. The wind whipped the fallen leaves, rustled them along the dry earth, over the graves of snails and butterfly wings. Rotted limbs, freed by the hand of breeze, fell at frequent intervals, rattling on the flint and chalk rocks below. And the wind carried a moan; the harsh moan of an engine.

The car stopped, its tires crunching the dirt. Vicious beams from the two headlights penetrated the blackness. And as they struck the trees, bark quivered, seemed to turn inward and try to escape.

There was woman behind the steering wheel. The dim panel lights illuminated two quartz-like eyes, a thin nose, a curved line that was a mouth, coarse hair that was combed back and fused into a bun. Bony hands were





wrapped around the black steering wheel, grasping it hard. Her eyes moved slowly, staring at the hulks of trees and the shadows of limbs. The variable echo of the engine created a rhythm for the dancing shadows. Beside her, on the car seat, was a torch and some crumpled paper.

The wind moaned, Or was it the wind?

Her hand turned the key and cut the motor's roar. The trees seemed to shudder, leaves fell.

The woman smiled.

Her right hand brushed the upholstery, clasped the paper and torch. White knuckles and bluish fingers encompassed the obituaries of a hundred different newspapers. Outside the car, roots pulled as tree trunks leaned.

The woman laughed.

The yellow eyes that were her car lights stared into the forest. Clouds drifted across the moon, making the vigilant orb a misty glow in a shallow sky. A car door slammed.

She was a small woman. Her feet barely bent the groundling twigs; made only a faint rustle in the leaves. She stepped here and there, stopping every now and then to let the rough grass caress her ankles. At her side, still encompassed by white knuckles and bluish fingers, was the crumpled bundle of paper and the torch. Three matches were held by her thin lips.

The tree moaned, blending a gruesome, sad song with that of the wind. Their bark became soft and flowed like waves of sea in a vertical plane. The limbs became snake-like; writhing, grasping, appealing. Leaves fell to a whisper death.

And she sang.

The matches dropped. Her lips, that thin line of flesh, parted. The sound that came forth was mournful.

Don't burn us, they said.

Her song ceased, the echo faded in the wind.

Don't burn us, they said.

For the first time, The Woman of Trees spoke. "You shadowed, helpless fools. You ignorant hulks of the night. How can you plead with me, The Woman of Trees?"

Don't burn us, they said.

"You are of me, my children. Your limbs and roots are of me. If I say you die, you die. No amount of pleading can change this."

Don't burn us, they said.

"My trees!" she cried. "It is your turn to satisfy my yearning. Time has been long since my children gave to me their existence. It is time again; time for the yellow flames to lap at your bark and bake your roots." And there was a higher moan, one that drifted with the lower ones.

"Ah," she said. "But my children are not the only ones who must die. The poor, poor leaves. They, tonight, must turn to ashes."

The higher moan became louder.

"No, my small friends. Do not cry. Your death will be only a quick, small glow; whereas my children must suffer in their slow death."

Bark rippled.

Her hand retrieved one of the fallen matches, rustled the paper and fitted the wad under the radiating roots of a large oak. The bark convulsed.

Don't burn us, they said.

"Now, now. All of you knew the time would come. It is inevitable. You should have prepared."

Don't burn us, they said.

"I am disappointed in you, my children. Ah, but soon it will be over."



And the poor leaves..."

A flaming match lit the torch. The torchglow illumined her pitted face, looked like a shooting star as it sailed down to the paper. Soon the flame was large, and the oak was screaming.

"Sacrifice to me!" she cried. "Feel the pain. Yield unto me that which I need. Give me that hidden mystery of the wood. Sacrifice your very life while feeling the searing, blistering heat of my own fire. Yield unto me thy agony."

The tree was aflame, as was the dry grass around its base. And the fire was spreading to other mighty oaks and small cedars. It lapped at her feet, burning the little leaves, turning the grass blades to ashes in the time of a thought.

"I must go, my children."

But the forest was creeping. Amid its screaming agony, it was creeping. The leaves moved ever so slightly, the grass leaned toward her. All were weak and helpless.

But under the whipping ribbons of flame, under the red ash, there was the vine. It crept. Slowly, it swam for the white, wavering ankles, the agony of fire racing along its very lifeline. It pushed on ward. Closer.

"Suffer!" she screamed.

The vine touched her ankle, wrapped around it, and pulled tight.

The Woman of Trees felt its heat, felt her skin burn under its touch. She jerked and tried to pull free. Her face was locked in a horrid combination of fear, pain, and disbelief. She screamed and wrestled, but the vine held.

And the dying trees moaned. Burn with us, Woman of Trees. Burn with us.

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## THE SPACEMAN

by Raymond L. Clancy

Into the void and over,  
Away from the drifting sand,  
And the heart of me rise like a rover  
Leaving his native land.

Leaving the hearthstone and homethings  
For the call of the distant stars,  
Bored to the marrow with those things  
Which I love, but belong to Mars.

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### \*\*\* NOTICE \*\*\* ###

We are now offering for sale a NEW edition of that classic fan publication, THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM, written by Bob Tucker (with an assistant cast of thousands). Tucker has sent us the completed stencils, and we hope to have copies with us at the TriCon. If you don't attend the TriCon, send in your order. Price 25¢ (2/0 in the British Isles). We also have a few copies left of JACK VANCE: SCIENCE FICTION STYLIST, by Dick Tiedman, at the same price.

.....Robert Coulson



# A LOOK AT "MUHAMMAD SPEAKS"

REVIEW BY

MICHAEL VIGGIANO

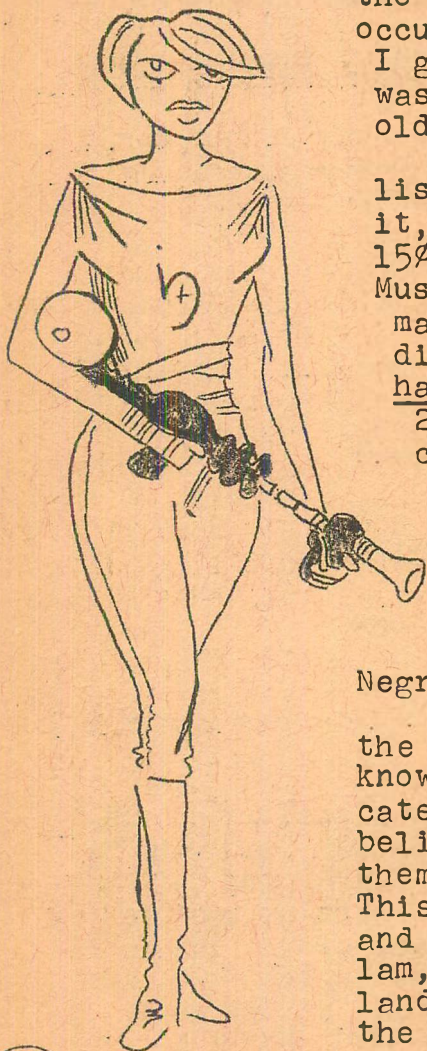
On any weekday, a visitor to New York can usually find someone selling copies of Muhammad Speaks on Fifth Avenue near Rockefeller Center. Recently I was stopped by a tall Negro wearing a dark suit, and I bought a copy of the newspaper for 20¢. The fellow was courteous, said "Thank you" when I handed him the money, and wished me a "pleasant day". I replied likewise, and glanced at the paper. It was dated December 10, 1965, which was about a week old from the time I bought it. Anyway, while reading the paper on the subway, I had the feeling that I was being watched...and I was; by curious passengers who were probably wondering what a white was doing with a copy of the official organ of the Black Muslims.

During this year's Easter vacation, I was once again approached by a Negro, who was selling Muhammad Speaks. This time I readily bought the newspaper to see if any new developments had occurred since December. After walking a few blocks I glanced at the paper, and noticed that its date was April 23, 1965. Oh well, it was only a year old.

Muhammad Speaks is tabloid size, and it is published weekly. As mentioned before, I paid 20¢ for it, but if you live in Illinois you can get it for 15¢. Chicago is the main headquarters of the Black Muslims, and its leader, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, lives there in an 18-room mansion. (And I didn't get that last piece of information from Muhammad Speaks). The newspaper generally runs from 20-30 pages, makes use of many photographs and cartoons, and on the whole is a pretty professional job.

On the first page, these two particular issues have a lead editorial by Elijah Muhammad. On the front page, it also states that the paper is "dedicated to freedom, justice, and equality, for the so-called Negro. The Earth belongs to Allah."

The last page of Muhammad Speaks always contains the Official Muslim Program. In short, as most of you know, the Muslims differ from most civil rights advocates in that they do not believe in integration. They believe that the white people are obligated to give them a tract of land "fertile and mineral rich". This territory would be separate from the United States and would be controlled by them. All Believers of Islam, Negroes, of course, are welcomed to inhabit this land. Negro prisoners in U.S. jails, even those under the death sentence, should be given the chance to move





to this new territory if they want to. There are ten of these points listed in Muhammad Speaks under the heading "What the Muslims Want."

Under the heading "What the Muslims Believe" are twelve more points. Most of these points correlate with the first ten. As to their religious principles, they believe in One God "Whose proper name is Allah", and that "Allah appeared in the person of Master W. Fard Muhammad, July 1930; the long awaited Messiah of the Christians and the Mahdi of the Muslims."

Most issues contain a lot of material devoted to Africa: news events in Ghana, Kenya and Liberia, etc. There is a section devoted to Muhammad Ali, better known as Cassius Clay. The Muslims have been depending heavily on Clay for propaganda moves, and there is also evidence that they are soaking him of his fight profits. Black Muslims are supposed to be against prize fighting, but in the case of Clay they will make an exception... who wants to lose all that money?

For two dollars you can join the Muhammad Ali International Fan Club, and receive a wallet sized identification card; and a Photo Album of the champ for only \$1.50 for (\$2 for non-members). Members are also eligible to enter the Predict the Round Contest. Contestants as Clay writes, "try to predict the round, minute, and second, in which I will knock out my boxing opponent."

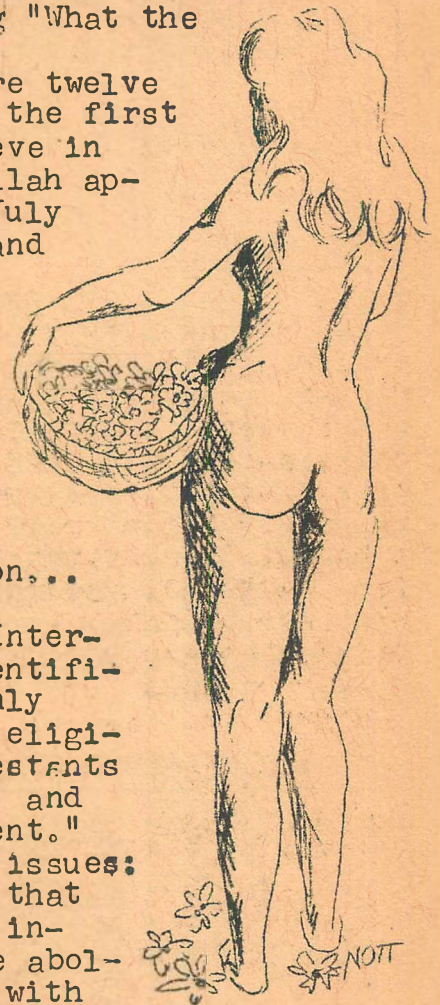
There are several columns which appear in both issues:

(a) a two-page spread on an educational center that they are seeking contributions for; (b) a sort of inquiring photographer - one question deals with the abolition of the death sentence, and the second deals with Medicare; (c) an advice column. Something on your mind?

Write and tell Dear Harriett Muhammad all about it; (d) listings of Muslim Mosques, and radio stations where you can hear Elijah Muhammad.

The April issue has an especially interesting article. Pointing to the increase in the number of Negro athletes, the author compares our civilization to that of the Roman Empire. In its declining days, he writes, the Romans had to import athletes from Ethiopia and Egypt; today the U.S. must depend on Negro athletes in the sports of track, baseball, football, and basketball. The author proudly points out that the top 15 Negro baseball players earn a combined salary of over one million bucks...which is pretty good pay for people who the Muslims say are being ill-treated by our society.

The Muslims also have an answer for the lack of educated Negroes in their organizations: "...as a rule, the better educated you become, the more indoctrinated you are with the white man's beliefs and ideas." They also have some arguments to support their claim. In most high schools emphasis is placed on American and European history. There are few, if any, courses on African culture; its art, rituals, languages and people. And this is one of the reasons for the existence of Muhammad Speaks. Besides its main aim of propagating the Muslim faith, Muhammad Speaks tries to fill this knowledge vacuum, and reawaken the American Negro to his ties with "the birthplace of his ancestors."





# A Checklist of Hugo Winners

compiled by BEN JASON

## BEST NOVEL:

Phila 1953 - THE DEMOLISHED MAN by Alfred Bester  
Cleve 1955 - THEY'D RATHER BE RIGHT by Mark Clifton & Frank Riley  
N.Y. 1956 - DOUBLE STAR by Robert A. Heinlein  
London 1957 - No Award  
L.A. 1958 - THE BIG TIME by Fritz Leiber  
Detroit 1959 - A CASE OF CONSCIENCE by James Blish  
Pitt 1960 - STARSHIP TROOPER by Robert A. Heinlein  
Seattle 1961 - A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ by Walter M. Miller, Jr.  
Chicago 1962 - A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND by Robert A. Heinlein  
D.C. 1963 - THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE by Phillip K. Dick  
Oakland 1964 - WAY STATION by Clifford Simak  
London 1965 - THE WANDERER by Fritz Leiber  
Cleve 1966 -

## BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE:

Phila 1953 - Galaxy and Astounding Science Fiction (A Tie)  
Frisco 1954 - No awards given this year  
Cleve 1955 - Astounding Science Fiction  
N.Y. 1956 - Astounding Science Fiction  
London 1957 - Astounding Science Fiction (American) and  
New Worlds Science Fiction (British)  
L.A. 1958 - Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction  
Detroit 1959 - Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction  
Pitt 1960 - Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction  
Seattle 1961 - Analog Science Fiction and Fact (formerly Astounding)  
Chicago 1962 - Analog Science Fiction and Fact  
D.C. 1963 - Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction  
Oakland 1964 - Analog Science Fiction and Fact  
London 1965 - Analog Science Fiction and Fact  
Cleve 1966 -

## BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE:

Phila 1953 - No award  
Frisco 1954 - No awards  
Cleve 1955 - Fantasy Times by James V. Taurasi  
N.Y. 1956 - Inside & Science Fiction Advertiser by Ron & Cindy Smith  
London 1957 - Science Fiction Times (formerly Fantasy Times) by James  
V. Taurasi  
L.A. 1958 - No award  
Detroit 1959 - Fanac by Ron Ellick & Terry Carr  
Pitt 1960 - Cry by Seattle club, "The Nameless Ones"  
Seattle 1961 - Who Killed Science Fiction? by Earl Kemp  
Chicago 1962 - Warhoon by Richard Bergeron  
D.C. 1963 - Xero by Dick & Pat Lupoff  
Oakland 1964 - Amra by George Scithers  
London 1965 - Yandro by Robert & Juanita Coulson  
Cleve 1966 -



### BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST:

Phila	1953	- Ed Emsh and Hannes Bok (tie)
Frisco	1954	- No awards
Cleve	1955	- Frank Kelly Freas
N.Y.	1956	- Frank Kelly Freas
London	1957	- No award
L.A.	1958	- Frank Kelly Freas
Detroit	1959	- Frank Kelly Freas
Pitt	1960	- Ed Emshwiller
Seattle	1961	- Ed Emshwiller
Chicago	1962	- Ed Emshwiller
D.C.	1963	- Roy Krenkel
Oakland	1964	- Ed Emshwiller
London	1965	- John Schoenherr
Cleve	1966	-

### BEST SHORT FICTION:

Phila	1953	- No award
Frisco	1954	- No awards
Cleve	1955	- "Allamagoosa" by Eric Frank Russell
N.Y.	1956	- "The Star" by Arthur C. Clarke
London	1957	- No award
L.A.	1958	- "Or All the Seas With Oysters" by Avram Davidson
Detroit	1959	- "The Hell-Bound Train" by Robert Bloch
Pitt	1960	- "Flowers for Algernon" by Daniel Keyes
Seattle	1961	- "The Longest Voyage" by Poul Anderson
Chicago	1962	- "The Hothouse Series" by Brian W. Aldiss
D.C.	1963	- "The Dragon Masters" by Jack Vance
Oakland	1964	- "No Truce With Kings" by Poul Anderson
London	1965	- "Soldier Ask Not" by Gordon Dickson
Cleve	1966	-

### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION:

Phila	1953	- No award
Frisco	1954	- No awards
Cleve	1955	- No award
N.Y.	1956	- No award
London	1957	- No award
L.A.	1958	- "The Incredible Shrinking Man" by Richard Matheson
Detroit	1959	- No award
Pitt	1960	- "The Twilight Zone" by Rod Serling
Seattle	1961	- "The Twilight Zone" by Rod Serling
Chicago	1962	- "The Twilight Zone" by Rod Serling
D.C.	1963	- No award
Oakland	1964	- No award
London	1965	- "Dr. Strangelove"
Cleve	1966	-



## BEST NOVELETTE:

Phila 1953 -- No award  
Frisco 1954 -- No awards  
Cleve 1955 -- "The Darfsteller" by Walter M. Miller, Jr.  
N.Y. 1956 -- "Exploration Team" by Murray Leinster  
London 1957 -- No award  
L.A. 1958 -- No award  
Detroit 1959 -- "The Big Front Yard" by Clifford D. Simak  
Pitt 1960 -- No award  
Seattle 1961 -- No award  
Chicago 1962 -- No award  
D.C. 1963 -- No award  
Oakland 1964 -- No award  
London 1965 -- No award  
Cleve 1966 --

## MISCELLANEOUS AWARDS:

Phila 1953 -- Best Interior Illustrator - Virgil Finlay  
Excellence in Fact Articles - Willy Ley  
New Science Fiction Author or Artist - Phillip Jose Farmer  
#1 Fan Personality - Forrest J Ackerman  
N.Y. 1956 -- Best Feature Writer - Willy Ley  
Most Promising New Author - Robert Silverberg  
Best Critic - Damon Knight  
L.A. 1958 -- Most Outstanding Actifan - Walter A. Willis  
Detroit 1959 -- Most Promising New Author - Brian W. Aldiss  
Pitt 1960 -- Special Award -- Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of  
Magazine Science Fiction"  
Wash D.C. 1963 -- Special Awards: P. Schuyler Miller (for Best Book Reviews)  
Isaac Asimov (distinguished service to  
the field)  
Oakland 1964 -- Best SF Book Publisher: Ace Books  
London 1965 -- Best SF Book Publisher: Ballantine Books

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NEW ADDRESS: Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Apt. 2, Norfolk, Virginia  
23509  
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NOTICE: Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi announce fulfillment of a promise  
made 2 years ago. The D:B SYMPOSIUM is now being bound up, for auctioning  
off to the highest bidder at the TriCon. Ed Wood will be auctioneer. All  
proceeds will go to T.A.F.F. SAVE AND BRING YOUR MONEY!  
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"If you live in New York City, you are officially violating regulations if  
you try to do any of the following without the proper license, permit, or  
certificate: Put a ping-pong table in your home, Plant a tree, Use a hose  
to water your lawn or garden.....engage in work at home. This will sur-  
prise some of my friends who are writers, but the following is officially  
required if they work at home in a rented apartment; they must obtain a  
certificate themselves, their employer must obtain a permit, and until re-  
cently their landlord was supposed to obtain a permit!"

.....Vance Packard, The Naked Society

And people wonder why I won't live in cities? It's a great book, inciden-  
tally; I heartily recommend it to all fans.



# GRUMBLINGS



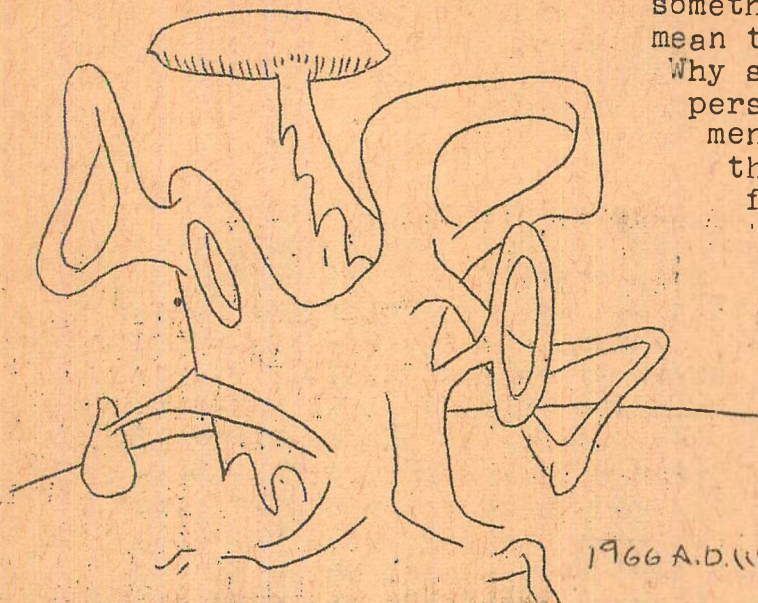
Willem Van den Broek, 1128 Birk, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103

Solon's article was a lot of fun, and I just wish I could keep it going in the proper spirit with a fiery retort a la Ted White. But as I said, I wasn't up to it. I fear that Ben may be a cleverer writer than I am, even if he is a little simple minded. (A distressing thought, in more ways than one.) Our little debate is representative, I think, of the fundamental problem for people who are trying to take stf seriously. The problem is that of reconciling the reality of the writing which we most fondly think of as science fiction with the theory that this writing is often, if not most often, not very good - by the accepted literary standards. I find it hard to believe that any fan, even Ben Solon, who has come this far, has not at least once read a book which he thought was very "good" but which by orthodox literary standards was very definitely in the "not good" class. Open almost any fairly serious fanzine; you will find many instances where fans are struggling with this problem. Panshin is groping for a solution with his "differing levels of intent". Your answer is that a successful novel doesn't have to be "good". This is fine as far as it goes, but what you're not dealing with when you say this, Buck, is the fact that we are all very much dedicated to the realization, consciously or unconsciously, that there very much is something "good" about stf; and even if it can't be expressed in literary terms, there ought to be some way of dealing with it in non-personal terms of some kind, terms which have some sort of universal validity and which we might be able to point to when we are trying to defend stf against its detractors. The vague phrase "sense of wonder" (usually capitalized, of all things!) is the watchword of all stf criticism, and seems to be one universally (in a fannish sense) way of dealing with the problem, but it is just a start even if it is as close as we have been able to come in talking in concrete terms of this "goodness" in stf. How often we see this phrase in stf criticism! It really is the crux of the matter. Now, personally, regarding van Vogt, I want only so far as to say that, without even attempting to understand how THE WORLD OF NULL-A can possibly be justified as being good, it is good in some way and it is good in this way without having any merit whatsoever by orthodox literary standards. I did suggested that personally it seemed to have something to do with not being able to understand the book, but it should have been clear that this was only a stab in the dark that was thrown out for possibly consideration by others before any wider validity might be attributed to it. But any of these approaches is miles closer to the mark than Ben Solon's stone age, although admittedly less strainful on the brain, solution of just saying, "If a stf book is Good by a certain set of standards (numbered 1,2,3, like a geometry text: just substitute the book into the equations and see if they're True) then the book is Good, and if it's Bad the book is Bad and never should have been written, and NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET!"

Enough. You see, though, that I do have some thoughts on the matter; it's just that they don't make good reading.

[Actually, reconciling "good" writing with stf is quite simple. Just admit that your literary taste isn't impeccable and that therefore the fact that you like





something doesn't necessarily mean that the material is good. Why should there be a "non-personal" term for it. Enjoyment is about as personal a thing as I can think of. The fact that several thousand people enjoy THE WORLD OF NULL-A has no more bearing on its literary merit than the fact that other thousands enjoy confessions magazines or nurse novels. RSC/

Mike Deckinger, Apt 12-J,  
25 Manor Drive, Newark,  
New Jersey, 07106

1966 A.D. (11).  
One of the reasons I read fanzines is to catch odd wordings like the last two lines of your editorial: "Face-cards are king, knave, and page; women don't seem to rate very highly in Spain. I think they're fascinating." Agreed, undeniably, but let's get back to the cards.

I might suggest, too, that if you are to condemn the author of SEEKERS OF TOMORROW for common typographical errors you are looking in the wrong direction. Try, perhaps, the World Publishing Company. If the author is to be blamed for anything, it's for faulty galley proof-reading.

/I'm glad somebody notices my innuendo...

RSC/

Ben Kiefer, 1440 Inglis Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, 43212

At the bottom of page 25 in Yandro 158 in your comments regarding Eric Blake's letter, you were trying to remember a short story based on a chess game. I believe the one you had in mind might have been Poul Anderson's story in F&SF of February 1954 titled "The Immortal Game". This is based on an actual game between Andersen (White) and Kieseritsky (Black) called "The Immortal Partie" in my copy of Lasker's "COMMON SENSE IN CHESS. For twenty moves Black mounts a brilliant attack only to collapse because of insufficient development and is checkmated by White at the twenty-third. This story has long been a favorite of mine because Anderson created a hauntingly beautiful mood, full of pageantry and high chivalry that one can associate with the medieval character of the pieces and the game of chess.

Randall Harris, 125 EL Monte Boulevard, San Antonio, Texas, 78212

I did enjoy Yandro. While that branch of fandom doesn't get much interest out of me, it's good to see a good stf zine once in a while. Artwork, interior and exterior, was good.

Which brings me to a point: If you have or know of any artists who'd like to send me a few doodles for Giallar, I could put them to good use. My biggest detriment has been the lack of interior art, and my cover men don't (or can't) handle spot illos. There must be someone who might be interested.

/Harris seems to be a Good Man, even if he is a horror fan. RSC/



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

Panshin cites Doubleday's sf package deal. He doesn't know the half of it. When I began work at the Mayfield library the only sf we were getting was the monthly selection from Avalon. At least Doubleday publishes some halfway decent books. Incidentally, the library finally got the two Dover omnibuses of H.G. Wells - SEVEN SF NOVELS and 28 SF STORIES -- after much lobbying on my part, and they are by far the most popular sf items we own.

Of course, there's a lot of excellent sf being made available to libraries now in new editions -- for example, the omnibuses of Bradbury, Heinlein, Clarke, Wyndham, and so forth -- and this time around they are getting the promotion that places books in libraries. Also, there's been a veritable spate of anthologies containing stories overfamiliar to every sf fan but probably new to the general library patron -- the first half-dozen anthologies to include them weren't touted highly enough for library purchase in most cases. (I just looked through three recent anthologies and found that out of fifty stories, I had previously read about forty.)

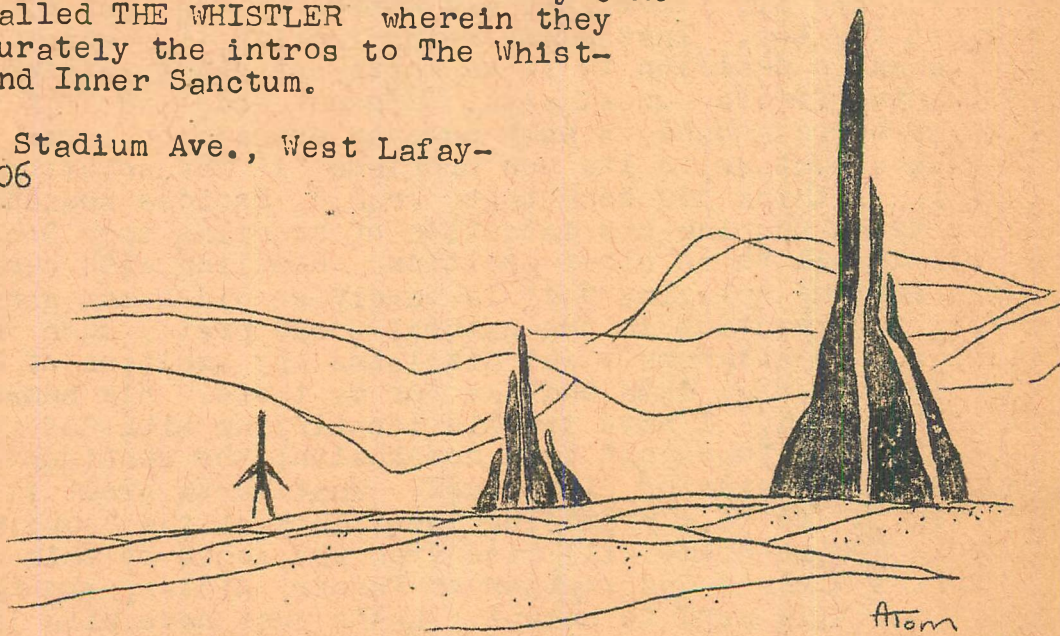
Solon's critique of THE WORLD OF NULL-A is perfectly correct as far as it goes. It has the same failings as most of van Vogt's work, and a greater amount of them; it also has van Vogt's main strength, a sort of mood of animal urgency (or something) that carries the reader -- this reader, at least -- over and through such inconsistencies. I can reread the Null-A novels, "Asylum", and some of his other rather incoherent stories, and pick out inconsistencies, scatterbrained dialogue, and general incomprehensibilities -- but the first time I read them the stories carried me right along and I never noticed such things. This, of course, is no substitute for competent plotting and craftsmanship; but it is not valueless.

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

Bob Briney: WONDER MOTHER is one of the selections from a record called SUNDAY MORNING WITH THE COMICS on a Reprise Label (6210), Jim Bowen Orchestra and Chorus. Basically, these are supposed to be reproductions of old Radio Programs, slightly hammed up, such as FBI IN PEACE AND WAR; JACK ARMSTRONG; TOM MIX; SUPERMAN; LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE and one or two others. They come closest in a bit called THE WHISTLER wherein they produce fairly accurately the intros to The Whistler, the Shadow, and Inner Sanctum.

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

While thumbing through some old pulp magazines recently, I came across an advertisement for Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules, which concluded: "Other symptoms of weak kidneys and irritated bladder may be backache, puffy eyes, shifting





pains, burning or scanty passage. Don't accept a substitute."

Lee Carson, 206 S. Case, East Lansing, Michigan

Thank you for Yandro 161 and your review of Chthon. Note well, (in proportion, that is, to the amount you care) that Chthon is spelled "chthon". "Cthon" is obviously meaningless. Whereas... Well, I'm hoping that it will improve and clarify and whatever in the future issues so that you can enjoy it.

Pickering's statement that religion is practically untouched by the stf field hardly bears consideration. A profusion of stf novels deal with some aspect or other of religion. Heinlein is constantly sticking in religious or moral touches: in fact, it is difficult to find any adult book of his that does not strive to score some moral point. Even HAVE SPACESUIT, WILL TRAVEL considers the problem of disposing with the manifestations of evil, be they Wormface or human. An interpretation of Asimov's Foundation trilogy as a religious allegory is defensible.

Now that I think about it, probably the vast majority of conflicts presented in stf plots have religious or moral overtones of some sort. Direct attacks upon the basic questions of religion are not easy tasks, to be lightly taken. One does not turn out a short novel for Ace that delves deeply into and solves the imponderables high on the Cosmic Scale of Things. At least I hope not. Such propositions are more than the average novel can successfully handle. That's why imponderables are what they are. It's not very likely that some unweaned college student (even with 6 years of sociological background) can come up with a concise and definitive statement on the human condition... Pickering does not seem to appreciate the fact that something on the order of C.S. Lewis's trilogy is a magnum opus. I don't think that Pickering will find more religious inquiry for relative volume than in the mainstream or any other field, if he sat down and read a decent amount of science fiction. Assuming, of course, that he could recognize religious and moral content if it neglected to bite him.

Book reviews: bighod, another religious novel: NIGHT OF LIGHT. They certainly seem to be proliferating, don't they. PHOENIX PRIME (& more religion): I thought it was pretty good, on the whole. My complaints lie along the line of White's characterization. The relationship between Max Quest and Fran seems a trifle unmotivated at times. The ending, for all its potential, was marred by the last bits of dialogue between the two. Instead of being implied, the moral imperatives behind Quest's decision to leave Earth are baldly stated: This has an unfortunate effect. Quest says: "I'm not God, and I'll not play God." Then he turns around, a half page of exposition later, and spouts: "Humanity must solve its own problems, if the solutions are to be meaningful. I think you know that, Fran." Besides sounding like Batman, Quest is announcing his intention of becoming more Godlike than before, by withdrawal to an aloof position. Meddling with human affairs is a human action; "playing God" is merely an old human game. The idea of divine intervention in the natural world pretty much went out with Puritanism. So although Quest disclaims any ambition of Divinity, he is sure acting awful damn Godlike for my taste. His human heritage is not evident enough. I have trouble identifying with God myself. The reader finds it hard to accept this conclusion; the sentiment is too much like the chest-thumping of "Invictus". What hurts about it is that the book started out to be a promising "new" look at the "superman". Perhaps the Phoenix Double-Prime will rise from the ashes of this one...

I find Blake's description of Farmer, Aldiss, and Leiber as a "disease" a little hard to accept. Let's just have nice little stories,



gingerbread nice, where everybody goes down to the seashore at the end. And "aimless" is the judgment of a very lazy reader here. And sure, violence and sex are unnecessary, if the author makes no attempt to say anything in a meaningful manner. Reality is nasty; let's put on our rose-colored glasses and see the world all candy-coated and maybe it won't be so bad. A little ways down, Blake spews out an interesting remark: "Unfortunately, there has not been a lack of Faulkners and Hemingways in contemporary science fiction." Thanks to the syntax, this can be interpreted in two ways. One, there have been Faulkners and Hemingways in the sf field and this is bad. Two, there have not been F's and H's in sf, and this is bad. The first is ridiculous. The second conflicts rather severely with Blake's happy views. Both Faulkner and Hemingway have been more successfully cynical and violent than anyone in sf has. When Hemingway began writing, his stories were not purchased (for nearly ten years, because they were plotless (supposedly)). These same stories were later snapped up by the same sources that had previously refused them. I suggest that what Blake views as "lack of plot" is more likely literary myopia.

And practically speaking, style is more important than plot. You'll never sell a story without style behind you. Plot is a skill-requiring pattern, true, but plots vary, up and down, in and out, and it's the style that makes all the difference. Both elements are essential for a good story, but the first thing ye Editor wull look for is the value of the style.

Dainis: D'Amassa has a copy of KING AND FOUR QUEENS - I'll kill him for you if the price is right. Unless, of course, you go to U of M.

I'm just going to have to read these fanzine titles more closely. (But don't expect me to worry about whether or not my interpretation makes sense, because most of the titles don't, anyway. RSC)

Rick Brooks, R.R.#1, Box 167, Fremont, Indiana, 46737

Right now, I'm reading THE IMPOSSIBLE MAN by Ballard. They keep telling me that Ballard has Literary Value, but most of his symbolism goes over my head and I'm left with the uncomfortable feeling one has when he misses the point of a joke.

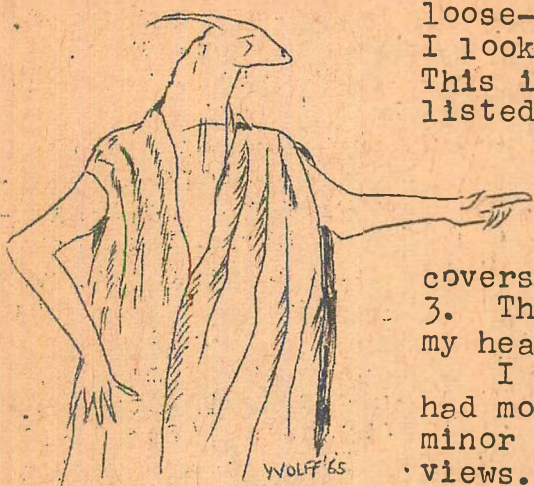
I liked the cover of Yandro #160. (See how fast my tastes have improved?) I also like your interior art, even when I don't mention it. Illo on page 11 by Randy Scott was good. Is there any truth to the rumor that Bruce Coulson's column on how it is to have fan parents has been brutally suppressed?

Steve Pickering had a fairly good review of CS Lewis's trilogy, tho he didn't say much. The first two of the series were some of the best sf I've ever read. Then, I'm a sucker for an author who can set up vivid scenery, and when he can do much more than that...well, I'm really impressed.

In your editorial, Buck, you ask how a person decides on his short story nominations. With me, I have a system. I need one since I have a lousy memory for titles. When I was much younger and wiser, I could rate stories against one another. So I set up a one-to-ten rating system with five being average. But somehow or other, most of the stories fell in the 7 range. After a while, 7 started to seem an "average" rating, and most of the stories began falling in the 8 range. So now I rate 10 plus, 10, 10 minus, 9 plus, 9, 9 minus, 8 plus, 8, 8 minus, and an occasional 7 or even a 5 or 6 once in a great while.

Anyway I keep track of all the 9 and 10 rated stories in a small





loose-leaf notebook. At Hugo nominating time, I look thru the notebook and pick out some. This isn't very difficult as I only had 15 items listed for '65 and one of these was non-fiction.

One of these items rated a 10 plus ("Stormbringer", the first 10 plus since '54), five rated 10, one 9 plus, and the rest 9. I had ten book or mag covers listed with Freas on 4 and Schoenherr on 3. The artists do tend to be more off the top of my head, tho.

I liked Diana Paxson's review. It could have had more conclusions drawn from it, but that's a minor quibble, especially considering my book reviews. (You know, Don't do as I do, Do as I say.)

Gene DeWeese's explanation of why we like THE

WORLD OF NULL-A is as good as any I've met. Van Vogt keeps one off-balance enough so that you rarely get on top of the novel long enough to criticize it.

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

My caption for the picture of the troubled gent on the front of 161 is: "On the other hand, maybe I'd better climb down."

UNDERSTANDING MEDIA is one big fat joke, like MEIN KAMPF, Trouble is, the joke's on us. I agree that McLuhan is a blowhard who likes to hear himself spout. He is also, in my opinion, a type who has the old think-works running three shifts. Some of his ideas are probably 100% wrong. Some are probably 100% right. (I wish I knew which was which.) Very few are in the mushy grey middle range. McLuhan's problem is that he is, like Einstein with relativity, contradicting the most basic assumptions of our culture. He is saying, "No, Virginia, those are not pink leotards the Emperor has on." This, like any statement which upsets us, meets with resistance, and, of course, in our culture, the first line of resistance is the statement: "You're kidding!" If, thereupon, the speaker swats us in the mush, we decide that he isn't kidding. McLuhan isn't physically present, so I gather he is trying to swat us verbally.

There was one sentence near the end of U MEDIA which really threw me. McL says, I paraphrase, "Teachers, who now constitute the largest job group in the country, will shortly be the only one." Well, teachers are the largest single occupation in the country, yes. I also will allow McL to exaggerate a little, say ten or twenty percent. Now, if we define a computer programmer as a teacher of a computer, which he is, then I can visualize a future fairly close, say another two or three generations, where 80 to 90% of the working population will either be teachers or computer programmers. I think that if people will go thru UNDERSTANDING MEDIA with this viewpoint, they will find a few worthwhile diamonds in all the blue mud.

Have been studying programming at night, while working on a talk to the Ethical Society on the problems of automation, so have been keeping up with computer progress even more than usual. People, even fan people, have no idea what computers are going to do to us. They have some cheap memories in the development stage which will make all present computers obsolete. In fact, I have heard the term "fourth generation" applied to some of the ideas. The big change is not going to be "automation". It is going to be basic changes caused by doing fancy things with a lot of information we have sitting around now, but can't really dig out. For in-



stance, there are fifty million medical case histories sitting out in the files. What happens when we turn them into useful information?

In this line, there is an article in Harpers that may cause a lot of problems. Not as much as ten years ago, because times have changed a lot already, but some. It is an article on the Dead Sea Scrolls, and why they have been the dead Dead Sea Scrolls for the last ten years. The problem is that Christian scholars have been translating them, and they don't like what they read. It seems that much of the New Testament is plagiarized from the Scrolls, and nobody can now tell which parts are fact and which fiction. Photoprints and computers are turning all sorts of people into experts on ancient manuscripts. Any second-rate scholar can have a bunch of microfilms with more codices than the Vatican had twenty years ago. A computer will arrange the manuscripts by reference to the Scrolls or a few other dated manuscripts.

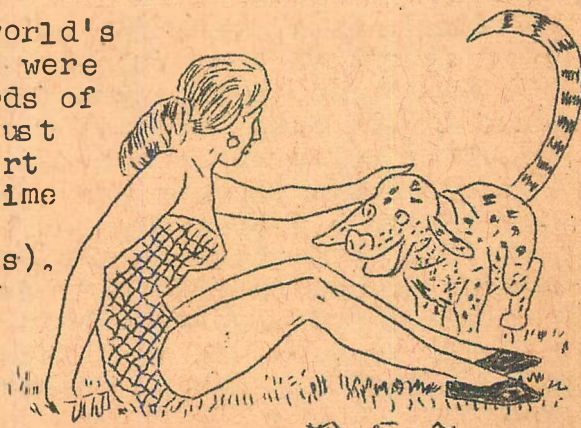
Eric Blake might check up on the comparative population of the colonies vs. England at the time of the Tea Party. We had about five million, a lot of them hunters, farmers and small-town dwellers accustomed to living, not too well, off the land, and getting their meat with a gun. Most of them were either emigrants, or the sons or grandsons of emigrants, and it has been demonstrated that emigrants are usually superior to their former neighbors, and their sons and grandsons, too. (I suggest Huntington's MAINSPRINGS OF CIVILIZATION; one of the better books I have read. It's in pb; Mentor, I believe.) The English had eleven million, a lot of whom were slum dwellers, tenant farmers, etc. The British Navy, being supplied by press gangs, was not the world's finest because of the sterling quality of its personnel. The British were also at the wrong end of a 3,000 miles sailing ship - ox cart supply line. You can find several other factors that helped too, like incompetence at the top.

For those who can't stomach UNDERSTANDING MEDIA, let me suggest that they pick up THE GUTENBERG GALAXY first. It is a much better book, even Fortune says so, and leads up to U MEDIA. (I wonder how soon McLuhan is coming out with UNDERSTANDING PERSIA?) Buck, you may remember you reviewed an issue of Zingaro with an article by me about the five twonkies. They shot out colored beams of light which warped your mind. Remember, I said it first; TV is a twonky.

Another interesting bit of lore about perception I came across is that you should close one eye when looking at a landscape painting. If you close one eye, the perspective, graying of distant objects and so on used by the artists to indicate distance work, and the painting looks three-dimensional. If you have both eyes open, your binocular vision tells you it's a panel about three feet away, and the other (fake) perspective clues cancel this out.

[Ah, but the British navy was the world's finest (partly because press gangs were no worse than other nations' methods of supplying military materiel). It just had bad luck while trying to support Cornwallis at Yorktown (the first time the French Navy had defeated the British is something like 100 years). I'm sure you'll be pleased to know that at least one historian has referred to the results of this naval engagement as "a coup De Grasse".

RSC7



RE 15



# GOLDEN MINUTES

JAN OF THE JUNGLE, by Otis Adelbert Kline (Ace, 40¢) One might say that Kline was aping Burroughs in this one (that is, if one didn't mind loud groans from the audience). However, as the blurb says, the work "is as original as Burroughs' own". The plot is idiotic, but it's original. Of course, Kline did start out with a problem; how to produce an ape-boy hero without copying Burroughs. He does it; lessee now.....There is this Evil Mad Scientist, who has been rejected by the Beautiful Woman (who very sensibly married a millionaire instead). Seeking revenge, he abducts the woman's baby son, and raises the tad in his cellar, along with a zoo of wild animals that he's acquired in his various travels. The boy is named Jan (according to the author, after Jan ibn Jan, the sultan of the evil jinn; according to me, because Kline wanted an alliterative title, and "Charley Of The Chimpanzees" wouldn't have been taken seriously even by his indiscriminating readers). Jan is lead to believe that a female chimp is his mother, and from her learns the language of the Jungle. One day the EMS lets Jan and his "mother" out for some exercise and they promptly escape over the stockade surrounding his Florida laboratory. After an interlude with a black bear, boy and chimp are picked up by a Venezuelan schooner before the EMS can recapture them. The schooner's captain plans to exhibit them when he gets home (why a Venezuelan schooner captain would desire a traveling sideshow is never explained). In any event, the schooner is sunk in a hurricane before it reaches land, and Jan, the chimp, and the second mate who has befriended them are washed ashore, where Jan is promptly captured by native tribesmen who plan to burn him at the stake as part of a sort of double feature with another wandering traveler they've caught. The flames are licking up when Jan and his stake-mate are rescued by the chimp and the schooner's mate. Jan and the chimp promptly wander off into the jungle and get lost, and the other two characters are never heard from again. After terrorizing a few natives, Jan saves the life of a rubber planter's daughter, who of course falls in love with him and teaches him to read. (Some things you don't have to be taught, I guess.) Meanwhile, back in Florida, the EMS has got in touch with the schooner captain, Cruelly Deceived the boy's parents, and all four of them set sail for South America. Jan now discovers a Hidden Valley, full of prehistoric animals and Muvian expatriates. The Muvians have two factions; Jan is captured by one of them, and after various harrowing experiences escapes, rescuing a prince of the other party along the way. (At the time I read this, I was under the impression that the prince's side were Aztecs and the others were possibly Egyptians, but apparently they're both Muvians.) After being recaptured (to date, most of his life has been spent behind bars; Kline evidently believes in heredity over environment) he fights his way into favor with the Emperor and learns that his girl-friend isn't really the daughter of a rubber planter but a Princess of Mu, thrown out as a baby (with the bathwater) by the Wicked High Priest and adopted by the planter. Here he learns to ride a triceratops, spear mylodons (not very well), gets lost again and wanders outside the valley. Here he escapes a trap set by the EMS, rescues his girl from the clutches of the schooner captain, and goes back to his Muvian friends. Here he defeats the WHP and then goes



back to look for his girl. This time the EMS captures him, drugs him, and inveigles him into attempting to kill his mother. His girl friend talks him out of this and into beating hell out of the EMS instead and the book closes with Jan and his girl going back for a royal wedding in Nu. All this in 170 pages -- you gotta admit it's fast-paced, if nothing else. And you don't hardly get Evil Mad Scientists and Wicked High Priests in the same book no more.

THE VAMPIRE AFFAIR, by David McDaniel (Ace, 50¢) This is the 6th. "Man From U.N.C.L.E." novel from Ace, and the third reasonably good one. It isn't as good as the earlier one by McDaniel (better known in fandom as Ted Johnstone) but it has its moments. A flaw is that too many characters don't have anything to do with the plot; it's amusing to fans to see Forry Ackerman pop up as an incidental character, but he doesn't advance the plot worth a damn. Also, I should think that any secret agent worth his salt would, after shooting an opponent at point-blank range with no effect, realize that said opponent was wearing a bullet-proof vest, and aim for the head the next time. This was Illya's stupidity, but Solo doesn't come out much better. In Figure Away, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor, a state trooper ridicules a theory that the murdered woman had thrown her only weapon (a pair of scissors) at the murderer instead of holding on to them and trying to stab him. Dr. Cummings replies "That's just my point! That's what a logical person would do. I agree. So does Asey. But you fail to take into consideration the fact that Eloise was not logical....of course the woman had many good points, but she was none the less a futile woman." So. Well, women do all sorts of crazy things. However, on page 48 of Vampire, Mr. Solo is in his hotel room with a girl when he sees what looks like a vampire peering in the window. Does he investigate? There is a silver pitcher on a stand; does he run over and try to brain the supernatural peeping Tom? No, he grabs the pitcher and throws it through the window. This is the sort of action one expects of a rattled teen-ager, not an international spy. Similarly, the solution is pretty tame stuff for a spy novel; no hidden plans or diabolical plots; just a treasure-hunting expedition. However, the dialogue is sharp and the characterization at least average; it's a fair book, but it has more flaws and fewer triumphs than Ted's first one did.

QUEST OF THE THREE WORLDS, by Cordwainer Smith (Ace, 40¢) These are the three "Casher O'Neill" stories, previously published in magazines. I do not like Cordwainer Smith's short stories, but they are very highly regarded in some circles. He has too much melodramatic self-analysis to suit me. ("Where do I go now, thought he. Where do I go when I've done everything I had to do? When I've loved everyone I have wanted to love, when I have been everything I have had to be?" And so on, and so forth.)

THIEF OF LLARN, by Gardner F. Fox (Ace, 40¢) This is an improvement over the first Llarn novel (it pretty much had to be) and fairly standard sword-and-sorcery fare. But the hero seems pretty finicky. Trapped on a polar icecap with a couple of friends and no food, he kills an animal. "The dead scargan was of little use to us without fire." And of course they had no fire, and not one of the three even considered eating raw meat. They just walked off and left it. As usual in this sort of book, the author has trouble remembering from one chapter to the next what he's previously said. On page 89, the lack of friendliness among the Llarn races is attributed to The War, because survivors had to fight to survive, and they simply kept on fighting. On page 104, the single language of Llarn is attributed to The War, because the survivors had to cooperate



and speak the same language in order to survive. This is the sort of sloppy writing that you get in paperbacks these days.

GUNFIGHT AT LARAMIE, by Lee Hoffman (Ace, 50¢) This is half of an Ace Double, but since the other half is by a non-fan, we won't go into it. Title is Wolf Pack, if you want to be able to recognize it. A vast improvement over Lee's first book, but still not too hot. The characters are not so much cardboard as wooden; they move and speak their lines, but they never give the impression that they feel anything. Any emotion shown is strictly synthetic. The plot is fairly standard; man is searching for the villain who lied about him and caused his disgrace. Background is Standard Western Boom-Town; if there was any local color in the manuscript, it was ruthlessly edited out -- frankly, I doubt if there was any. Oh yes, there's a railroad involved; strictly the Hollywood Western variety. It's the sort of story you used to see as half of a double feature on Saturday afternoon.

CRACKED AGAIN (Ace, 45¢) All it takes to make one feel a vast appreciation for MAD is to see a collection of material from one of MAD's imitators.

THE STAR MAGICIANS, by Lin Carter/THE OFF-WORLDBERS, by John Baxter (Ace, 50¢) After a bad start, with Baxter trying too hard to be dramatic and original in his description, TOW settles down into a fairly good novel, but fails again at the end, in which the hero becomes, symbolically, Christ, and the author apparently feels that this will solve all problems. (Sure, just like Christianity has solved all our problems today.) Actually, you read these 127 pages and discover at the end that nothing has been solved at all. Realism incarnate. If it actually taught anything about the nature of humanity I could accept it, but it's just an adventure novel with delusions of grandeur.

The Star Magicians isn't even that. Lin writes some exceptionally good short stories; I can't understand why his novels are so bad. This hero is completely inept; he is out to undermine the confidence of the Barbarians of the Rim, preliminary to chasing them back home, and his first act is to save the life of the one Barbarian leader who is willing to fight his way past every obstacle. (And he knows at the time that this is his major opponent; it's no chance meeting.) After this bit of incredible blundering, he muddles around for several chapters, until the villains are turned back by the Green Goddess, who uses her supernatural powers to crush them. (And I mean that "supernatural" bit literally.) No explanation of either the Goddess or her powers is ever attempted, except that she is "alien". Hoo, boy. Anyway, the alleged hero might as well have stayed in bed for all the good he does, the climax has no particular relationship to what's gone on before, the super-powers of the Goddess are dragged in in about the same manner that they would be in a cheap comic book (even Marvel Comics offers explanations, for God's sake), and as far as I can see the whole thing is a total loss. Lin's Lemuria books were better than this.

STRANGE GUESTS, by Brad Steiger, (Ace, 50¢) Ace seems to be having a lot of sloppy writing this month. Brad begins his accounts of poltergeists with the one involving fan Ted Pauls, and manages to put Baltimore in Ohio. I've always considered poltergeists the most plausible of ghosts; Steiger includes some very interesting accounts, although he also includes a lot that are not authenticated and quite a few that could be the result of a boy with his first set of magic apparatus from Johnson Smith. A fairly average sampling of the supernatural.



ANIMAL TREASURE, by Ivan T. Sanderson (Pyramid, 75¢) A new Sanderson book is a treat for anyone who enjoys natural history or books about travel in exotic lands. This actually isn't "new"; I believe it's Sanderson's first book, and was first published in 1937. But it's the latest of the Pyramid reprints of his work. It isn't as good as some of his later ones, but it is well worth the price. Sanderson writes more interestingly than most. When mentioning egrets, for example, most authors provide a sort of posed portrait, with the bird showing off its plumage and staring regally off into the distance. Sanderson gives a more candid picture, showing the bird bumbling about, flying into fences and falling off perches. Also, Sanderson generalizes less than most writers; instead of saying "animals behave in this manner", he states that "the animals we saw behaved thus-and-so". There's a refreshing difference. Some of the behaviour doesn't quite tally with the textbooks (tho these have been improved since 1937). One very minor flaw for American readers is that all of his comparisons are British. (One of them illustrates why animals have scientific names; he mentions a mosquito so large that "at home it would be called a daddy-long-legs". I think he's referring to what in the US midwest is commonly referred to as a "galley-nipper"; a "daddy-long-legs" refers to an arachnid that resembles a long-legged spider. "Common" names are apt to be misleading.)

EMPEROR FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) This time the Evil Doctor is out to overthrow Communism, with Sir Nayland Smith hot on his heels in attempts to intervene. Improbable, to say the least. Otherwise, it's not a bad novel; the writing is better than that of the average spy-novel that I've read. It is the 12th and apparently final book of the series (although Bob Briney and I believe Phil Harrell have mentioned a couple of obscure titles originally published as paperbacks by another firm.)

THE DREAM DETECTIVE, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) Only original hardcover publication is cited, but this collection of 10 short stories reads remarkably like a series culled from one of the detective, adventure, or possibly oriental pulp mags of the period. (Still, first hardcover publication was 1925, well before most of those pulps existed.) The detective, Moris Klaw, is the antithesis of Seabury Quinn's occult investigator, Jules de Grandin. Where de Grandin solved occult or supernatural crimes, often by fairly ordinary detective methods, Moris Klaw solves mundane crimes (locked room mysteries and the like) by occult methods. Occasionally his detection is conventional, but his standard gimmick is to sleep in the room in which the crime was committed, and thus absorb the mental impressions left by criminal, victim, or both. Rather well done, if you like this sort of unconventional detective story; personally I prefer my detective investigators and my supernatural events well separated.

THE PAN BOOK OF HORROR STORIES, ed. by Herbert van Thal (Gold Medal, 50¢) The title looks a bit odd on US newsstands, since Pan is a British publisher; it seems that Gold Medal reprinted a British collection. There are 21 stories, many of them not available in other US collections. Oh, I've seen Eliot's "The Copper Bowl" and Stoker's "The Squaw" before, but both can stand reprinting. Some of the stories are previously unknown for the good reason that they aren't very good stories, but items such as Muriel Spark's "The Portobello Road", A. L. Barker's "Submerged" and Jack Finney's "Contents of the Dead Man's Pocket" are well worth the price of the book. (Though I may be prejudiced in favor of the latter, since I combine a fear of height with a vast disinterest in becoming a rising young executive.)

CHECKPOINT LAMBDA, by Murray Leinster (Berkley, 50¢) The old master has



practically written a parody of himself here. All the characters are so typically Leinster characters; particularly the amazingly honorable young hero. Style is also typically Leinster; no description of emotion but lots of exclamation points, long descriptive passages broken up into short, choppy sentences, etc. It's a poor book for Leinster, who is usually one of our most entertaining writers, but it's a good way to kill a stray hour or so.

Pyramid has just published a new series, "Worlds of Discovery". I have the first 5 titles, but haven't had time to read them yet. They'll be reviewed in the next issue; in the meantime, if you're as interested in unusual lands as I am, you might want to be on the lookout for them. They are The Flame Trees of Thika, by Elspeth Huxley (science-fictiony sounding title, isn't it? actually it records pioneering days in East Africa); The Lost World Of The Kalahari, by Laurens van der Post (south African bushmen); People of the Reeds, by Gavin Maxwell (southern Iraq); The Cloud Forest, by Peter Matthiessen (South America); and The Realm of the Green Buddha, by Ludwig Koch-Isenburg (Thailand, Ceylon and Burma). All are photographically illustrated, and The Cloud Forest has an index. You can get all 5 titles in a boxed set, if you so desire. 75¢ each, or the entire set for \$3.75.

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN (35¢) and CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN ANNUAL (50¢). Actually we don't have a magazine review column, but I got these for review, so..... Actually, the contents page makes this look rather like a fanzine that made good; I recognize the names of Calvin T. Beck, Bhub Stewart, Lin Carter, Larry Ivie, Chris Steinbrunner, Ken Beale, Alan Dodd, Jim Harmon and Harry Nadler. It is, of course, an imitation of Forry Ackerman's FAMOUS MONSTERS. I recall the first issues as not being very good; currently it seems at least comparable to FM, and probably a lot of readers like it better. Not being much of a connoisseur of monster mags, I would hesitate to say which is the best of the breed. CF seems to segregate the bad puns in the letter column, which is an advantage (Ackerman's forced humor being one of the major bad points of his magazines) but replaces them with cartoons which are even worse. The layout seems imaginative; I sense Stewart's hand here, since his fanzine layouts were always striking in appearance and made for terribly hard reading, as these do. Mostly, of course, the mags are taken up by movie and tv reviews and still photos from tv and movies. The regular issue of the mag also contains an interview with Karloff, articles on Laird Cregar and Victor Buono, and fanzine and book reviews. Oddly, the fanzine reviews (by Mike McInerney) concentrate on stf fanzines instead of the horror-movie types; surely there are enough of the latter to sustain a small review column! The Annual has articles on Karloff, "Frankenstein", and the usual movie, tv, fanzine and book reviews, plus an article on the recent Comics Convention. (YANDRO is reviewed; maybe you meant well, Mike, but don't do it again. We don't want reviews in professional magazines; we have too many readers now.) The movie reviews seem fairly competent -- they usually rate the movies a bit higher than I would, but then the reviewer probably likes the stuff better than I do or he wouldn't be working for a mag devoted to it. Are the mags worth your money? I don't know. Can you find them on your local newsstand? If you can't, send \$3 for 6 issues to Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Box 43, Hudson Heights Station, North Bergen, New Jersey 07048. (But really, fellas; you of all people should know better than to refer to your Annual cover as including "Karloff as Frankenstein" -- even I know that the part he played was not Dr. Frankenstein but the monster.)