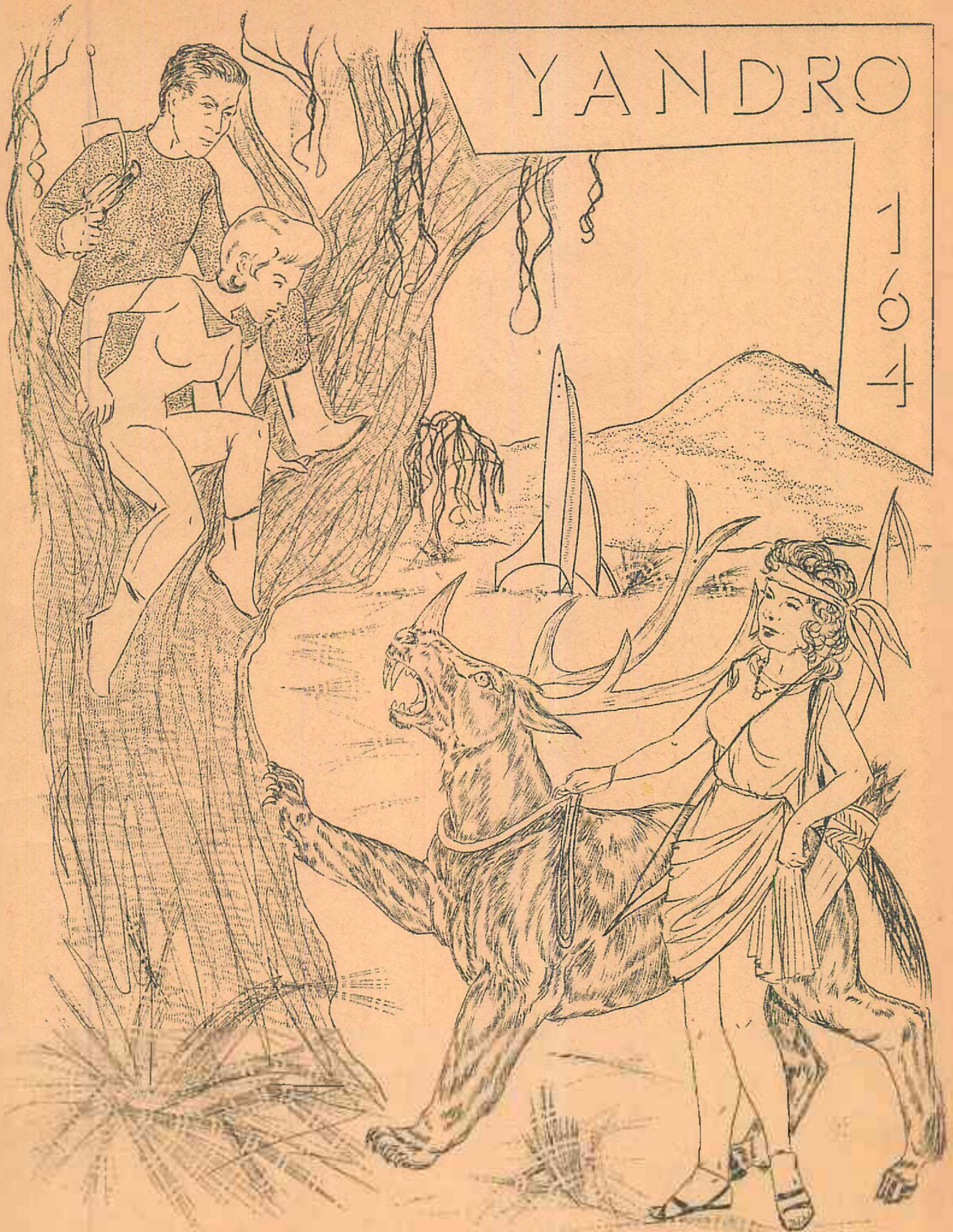


YANDRO

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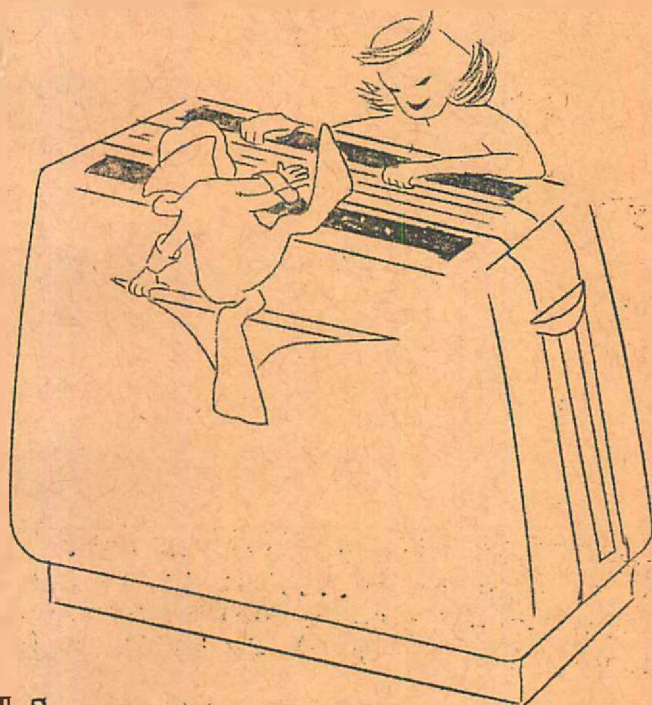


YANDRO 164

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SALES TO
SUSAN
JANUARY

ART WORK

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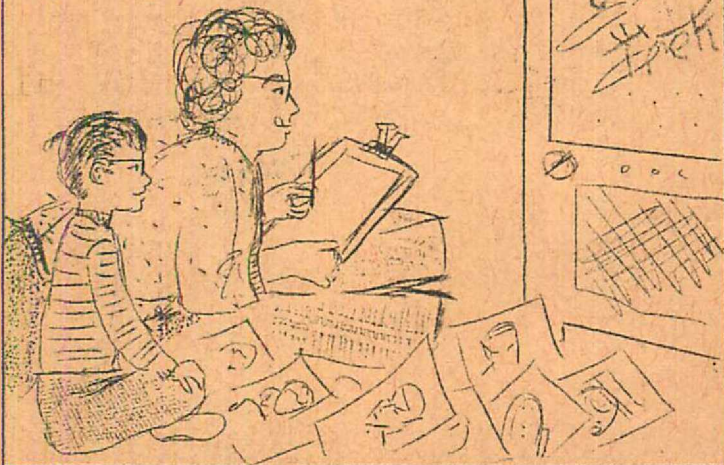
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FOR SALE: THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE, by Bob Tucker; JACK VANCE, SCIENCE
FICTION STYLIST, by Richard Tiedman. 25¢ or 2/0 each from Madman
Coulson or Honest Al Dodd. A real steal! (Take two, they're small.)

RAMBLINGS



A couple of months ago the roof antenna that came with this house we're renting blew down....well partway down. One of the guy wires broke and it sort of laid down on the job atop the ridgepole, flopping around and peeling shingles. Buck bravely climbed up, looked at the situation, climbed back down and we spent a Sunday afternoon digging a hole next to the porch, propping a pole (it says here it's aluminum - but I say cast iron at the very least) into the hole.... said pole having attached a pair of old television antennas we

brought along with us from Wabash. The reception on this hand-done dwarf is sort of eh....but it has enabled us to see such things as a talk-down-to-eight-year-olds version of "We Are Not Alone" and this last Wednesday (November 9) ABC'S Stage 67 play "The People Trap".

After seeing that, I felt like stomping out in the yard and yanking the antenna back down. I was dissuaded by the memory that Thursday would bring "Star Trek"; and hopefully a washing-out of the very bad taste left in my grey matter by "The People Trap". Admittedly I went into watching the thing suspiciously -- I always expect the worst of anything television chooses to call "science fiction" -- but "The People Trap" was some sort of nadir. I got the impression Sheckley wrote one of his anti-technology vignettes, Hamner scripted it, and some producer decided to do the cameo bit. Better they should have spent the money on a bit of thought instead of on so many high-priced stars. The dialogue was assinine, to say the politest thing about it. And with a premise of extreme overpopulation, no more land, etc., the hero is shown galloping through acres of sewer tile and massive auto junkyards -- which of course are left sprawling to occupy as much valuable space as possible. And the idea that one can climb up, over and down a two hundred storey apartment complex in less time than he can fight his way around the same building in "three or four hours" convinces me the writer has never actually done any climbing.

In short, yech!

After that, it was positively delightful to see a plausible, well-edited and non-bobbly "First Contact" story on "Star Trek". I can only hope the non-fan viewers who were oughed by "People Trap" stayed around the following night and got their impression of science fiction plumped back up to something approximating bearable.

I haven't been so enthusiastic about something on tv since "The Man From UNCLE" first appeared. I recommended that show with trepidation -- because my recommendations usually are the kissoff for favorite shows, books and whatnot: I'm somewhat of a jinx. But altho UNCLE did have some trouble surviving that first year, it seems close to the top of the heap now, and safely entrenched. So perhaps the curse has been broken and it will be possible for me to mention out loud that I enjoy a certain something, without that certain something promptly going bankrupt.

And as far as "Star Trek" is concerned, I am especially happy to see two of my familiar villain faces in continuing hero roles: DeForest Kelley and Leonard Nimoy. Of course, that has another side. The mood of the late 60's seems to be for villains to suddenly switch over to heroic roles (possibly because so many of the mannequin-faced hero types can't act); Neville Brand, Jack Elam, Martin Landau....where will it end? Soon we won't have any convincing villains left -- they'll all be busy saving the heroes.

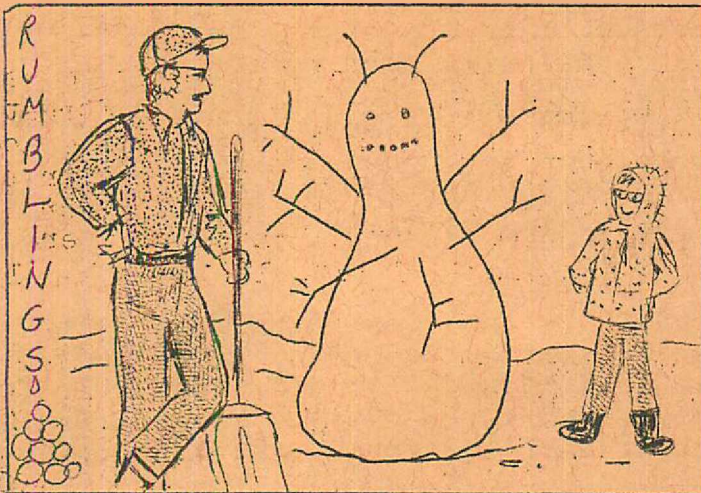
Incidentally, if there are fans out there who view "Star Trek" with anything approaching my enthusiasm (animated, souped-up Cap Future)... I suggest you do something to make sure it stays around. Write letters. Girl fans, for instance, can rush out and buy a playtex bra and enclose the wrapper with a letter to Playtex: tell 'em you bought it because of "Star Trek".

Piers Anthony was so touched by my moaning about the difficulties of calculating comparative prices whilst in a busy supermarket aisle that he sent me something called "The Dial & Save Price Comparator". And it really is. It even works for a mathematical screwloose like me. It's circular, involves a couple of wheels, price ratings from 1¢ to \$10, and measurements of ounces, pounds, and liquid volume. It does not tell you price per pound, which is too complicated even for me; but it does enable you to tell which of two items is the better buy -- which after all is what the poor suffering housewife wants. If all the prices are too high, she can picket, pound on the manager's door or step on his feet; but for right then she just about has to buy the oil to cook the meat in, the cereal to feed the kids....and this tells her which is the cheapest, while saving some of her hair.

I have no idea how much Dial & Save costs, but I intend to find out, because this one is a loaner from Piers, and I definitely intend to have one for myself. The address of the company is: Dial & Save, Inc., 8 West 40th Street, New York, 18, New York. All you economy-minded types out there might want to patronize the outfit -- do our little bit to fight back. I'm for cheaper packaging and lower prices; the packages are so fancy now you can't get into the things without a butcher knife, anyway.

If you complain of differences in paper this issue, I will sympathize. If you write in to say you like the new stuff better, I will send you an envelope full of tacks. Ever-lovin' Mishek-Walter's has been pulling the substitution bit again. It wasn't so bad when they substituted Fibre-Tint for Twill Tone; Fibre-Tint was less absorbent, but it built up less static and fed better, so things sort of evened out. But this stuff -- something called Twill-TeX -- slithers around, doesn't separate, offsets like mad, and feeds like you wouldn't believe. Or rather it doesn't feed at all. Or rather it feeds -- out of the machine and into a giddy glider flight all over the room. It and Speedoprint Gestetner ink just don't like each other....next batch of this stuff I get, Mishek's gets a package of old squeezings from my homemade wine, overripe and full of fruit flies (I've got to get rid of the beasts someway).

And considering my machine has been limping along with a half-busted side band for the last three weeks while the stupid dealer fiddled around ordering a replacement, you're lucky you're getting this issue at all -- late or otherwise. So there. Happy Thanksgiving. JWC



So, we're a little late again. Tomorrow is election day, and this is supposed to be the October issue of YANDRO. I really do worry about things like this -- I don't do anything practical, but I worry. Next issue in a week or two, maybe? (It may be sent sans envelopes, if the ones I ordered 5 weeks ago don't show up soon.)

I was complaining last issue about the 265 copies -- we ran out and had to run 10 more. (Art Hayes suggested that we set a maximum number of copies per issue and refuse new subscriptions after that number is reached.

In effect, we'd have our own private waiting list. However, while this is the only practical method to reduce circulation, it's precisely what I don't want to do. The most interesting part of fandom is the chance to meet new people -- suitably screened to eliminate those who have no common interest with me. There are still utter clods among the newcomers, but the percentage is lower than in most organizations, and there is always the chance that the kid with the sticky 35¢ may turn into another Grennell, Scithers, Thompson, Lupoff -- well, I can't list all the worthwhile people in fandom, tho I guess I'll add DeWeese, Dollens, and Briney. Anyway, the point is that limiting circulation also limits the possibility of finding more worthwhile fans among the newcomers. So I guess all I can do is continue to bitch about the circulation.)

Incidentally, our raise in price and complaints about too much work didn't cause anyone to drop off the list, but it did prod several readers into renewing their subscriptions early. There may be a moral there somewhere.....

Despite the lateness of the issue, it was tossed together rather hastily, so that I forgot to include the second of Norwood's planet poems. (I know it isn't an earth-shattering omission, but once started, I had intended to run thru the solar system, one planet per month. So much for good intentions.)

Last month we took a trip thru central Indiana -- Brown County and points south -- to enjoy the fall foliage. Naturally, that was the day it rained. I couldn't even buy any sorghum at a roadside stand; they were sold out. This was the first time I'd seen them making it tho -- a horse patiently tramping around and around, turning the stones of the grain crusher, and a wood fire blazing under the evaporating pans. I did pick up some persimmons; first I'd eaten in years. (I recall my first taste of persimmon; Dad drove out to a tree and allowed me to choose my own fruit. Naturally I picked a fine, plump, juicy specimen, bit into it, and then stood around gasping and spitting. After Dad finished laughing at me, he explained that with persimmons, one eats the wrinkled, rotten-looking ones; the plump ones being still green.) I didn't pull this trick on Bruce -- partly because the box I bought didn't have any green ones in it. The stuff is good, though, even if they are 90% seed.

The American Heritage Pictorial History Of World War II is an excellent book (even if they did send my copy at a time when I couldn't pay for it.) There are some beautifully quotable lines in it -- I was going to include a few in this YANDRO, but naturally when I looked for them I couldn't locate the ones I wanted. I don't suppose many of you are going to dash out and plunk down \$20 on my recommendation, but I thought I'd let you know..... Now I'm debating on whether or not to keep The American Heri-

tage Pictorial Atlas of United States History. It isn't as good as the former book -- but then, it isn't as expensive, either.

We had our first and second snows of the season last week. The first one really came on; a bit more and I wouldn't have made it to work. (As it was, I had to shovel out and still got there, a mere half-hour late. Quite a few employees didn't make it -- some of them assisted by the local radio station, which erroneously reported that Overhead Door was closed for the day. I'll just have to buy a radio with an FM band, I guess; then I can stay home, too.) It was too warm to last long, but we had some plain and fancy drifts for awhile.

Speaking of my employers, they've just pulled a new one. They're building a new factory in Covington, Ky, and we just discovered that the design of the building is such that we can't get overhead doors into the place. We have to buy a different type door from a west coast affiliate: Lovely publicity, what?

Earl Evers points out that fans don't have much influence with publishers. Now in the case of Ace Books, this is undoubtedly true; Ace could lose a couple of thousand buyers on every book they sell and not even notice the loss. But I'm not so sure it holds true for magazine publishers. AMAZING and FANTASTIC have only been selling about 40,000 copies (unless they had a sudden increase lately). Loss of a couple of thousand buyers there might not put them out of business, but it would be noticed. (Of course, this is assuming that all fandom could be organized into a boycott -- it can't be, and I doubt seriously that it should be, so the entire question is academic.) In fact, I can't see that a boycott of writers could materially affect Cohen, if he wanted to get hardnosed about it. He's running nearly all reprints now; there's nothing to prevent him from running 100% reprints and thumbing his nose at the SFWA. All he'd lose would be his new serial each month and whatever readers that brings in -- it would probably be more damaging than a fan boycott, but not a lot more. Incidentally, Piers Anthony informs me that Cohen is making a token payment for reprints; the SFWA doesn't think it's enough.

I have some more Ace books to report on next issue. However, I wanted to make one comment before I forgot it. Juanita -- the comics expert in the family -- reports that on Gray Morrow's cover for The Gates Of Creation, the girl is really "The Enchantress" from Marvel Comics. (She is, too, even to the polka-dot leggings.) I know Finlay draws from photographs, but drawing from a comic-book model? Shame!

We still get clippings. Marty Helgesen sends a newspaper review of the new sci tv shows which is one of the worst-researched and worst-written things I have ever read. People who complain about Moskowitz should read about how "Ben Jablonsky, chairman of the science fiction convention" and "his science fiction group" report that "so far, both Time Tunnel and Star Trek look very good". Or how Irwin Allen has the reputation of being the Jules Verne of television. (The Mort Weisinger of television, maybe.....) Dodd has been sending British stamp news and attacks on the Warren Report. (You think some of our stamps are bad, you should see the British Christmas stamp this year. Stamps, that is; there are two of them. Designed by a pair of precocious six-year-olds. Now, I'm all in favor of encouraging children in the arts, but there are limits. Tho I will admit that the stamp designs are as good as the work of some of our adult artists -- the ones who jabber about creativity and self-expression and who never learned how to draw.) Someone (Dodd?) sent a notice that a British film company has completed a deal with the estate of Arthur W. Upfield for film rights to "a series of his mystery novels". Hooray! Jim Goodrich sends a notice about the perfect book for fans, The Bluffer's Guide ("some expert tips for phonies"). British publication. Mike Symes sends clips on Asimov and Shatner, and Mark Kennedy sent some beautiful Canadian wildlife illustrations.

CONSTITUTION OF THE WM MCKINLEY FANCLUB

by secretary

DEREK NELSON

PREAMBLE: The members of the club shall incessantly strive for a return to the good old days, when there was laissez-faire capitalism, no government welfare or government control of our money. For the members realize that those were the days when capitalism worked. Man (and of course women and children) were then willing and able to work hard, and they realized that the only way to raise our standard of living and to make our nation strong and respected was by these means. The members of the club shall not rest till the powers of the central government have been lessened to a point where we no longer notice them. Those who wish to retain the powers of the Federal government we consider parasitic, lazy communistic fascist welfare state do-gooders.

AIMS: To this end we would repeal all social legislation in the United States from Roosevelt on (Teddy, that is). For as capitalists we realize that this artificial legislation interferes with the free workings of the market, and is therefore detrimental to us and our society. The members also feel it is undesirable from a philosophical viewpoint to have government regulate any facet of the individual's life except those specifically granted it by the original Constitution (and by necessity, morality). Hence we support the repeal of all the Amendments and the Supreme Court.

The members of the club commend the foreign policy of Roosevelt (Teddy of course), and recommend that the present government adopt a policy of shouting at the top of its lungs and of carrying a huge stick. This is a sure way of protecting American investment in the so-called non-aligned countries.

We believe the Monroe Doctrine should be the basis of our foreign policy, hence we support the dispatch of Marines to bring freedom to Latin America, whether they want it or not. However, the USA should adopt a policy of non-intervention in European affairs and the government of this nation should be advised to determine the feasibility of building a ten foot wall around the Americas. Still, we do urge all-out moral support for the cause of the King of France, and suggest prayers to aid His Royal Highness the Czar of Russia in crushing the revolutionaries in His Empire.

In addition the members urge that anyone with the name of Czolgosz be investigated as a Security Risk.

MEMBERSHIP: Anyone who accepts and adopts the above list of aims and principles can be a member. He must admit that there is no good whatsoever in the present system and must admit that things have never been the same since the days of Roosevelt (Teddy, naturally). Members must be willing to insist upon maintaining the status quo (once we attain it) at all costs. All change must be regarded as evil thereafter. Bankers must be regarded as the cornerstones of the community and wealth will be regarded as the measurement of all success.



EXECUTIVE: The powers of the President shall be exceedingly limited as the club realizes a president should be little more than a figurehead. The President shall be elected annually by members voting in direct proportion to how much they've contributed to the Treasury in the past year.

The Vice-President shall chair meetings when the President is absent. He shall also assume the powers of the President in case of the latter's assassination. And that is all.

The Secretary shall write, and nothing more.

The Treasurer shall, of course, be the most powerful member of the Executive. He shall have complete control over all activities by virtue of the fact that he controls all the money. He shall obtain new members, preferably by luring them from other clubs, by making fees lower, and activities better.

BY-LAWS: We recommend Ayn Rand for honorary President of both the club and the nation.

There shall be no impeachment of officers. No one can do anything except the Treasurer and he is too powerful to be impeached.

Amendments. Of course, we're joking.

SOCIAL ACTION: We urge every member to write to his Congressman concerning the true nature of Castro's beard. We are informed on the highest authority that such a creation is a perfect breeding ground for germs to be used against us in bacteriological warfare.

OPENING PRAYER: (Spoken at the beginning of every meeting in defiance of the Supreme Court ban on club-written prayers.)

Our Father who art in Phoenix,
Barry be thy name.
Thy Republic come.
Thy will be done in the US as in 1898.
Give us this day our Constitution.
And forgive us our Birchers, as we forgive the Liberals who trespass against us.
But lead us not into Socialism, and deliver us from Johnson:
For thine is the Republic, the Presidency, and Old Glory,
For ever and ever and ever and ever, AMEN.

Universe one stanza

NEW ADDRESS:

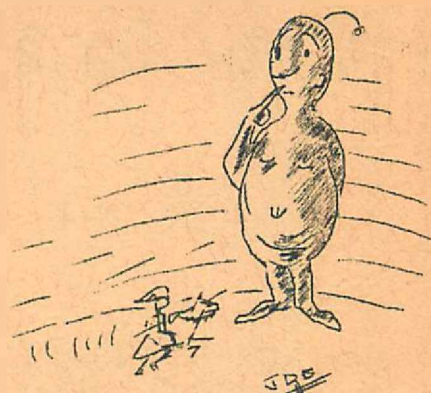
Hank Luttrell, Box 625, Thomas Jefferson Residence Hall, 202 West 18th St., Rolla, Missouri 65401

Andy Zerbe, General Delivery, University, Alabama 35486

Whatever happened to Richard Mann?

Convention items, or We Plan Ahead: there seems to be something called the Pan-Pacificcon Committee, which I assume is bidding for a worldcon in 1968. Hank Luttrell sent along a flyer boosting St. Louis in 1969, and Boston already has a bid in for 1970. Worldcons seem to be becoming well-planned big business.....

R3C



GORMANIA

—a column from— ed gorman

SHORT TAKE: MY FIRST MEETING WITH A WAR ON POVERTY WORKER He was, he said, an actor, writer, painter, philosopher, poet, and owner of the most fantastic sex drive in this part of the universe. We had met him by accident, his accident. Several friends and I had been getting waxed in the rear booth of a noisy college bar when this tall, confident-looking stranger and his nondescript date appeared. Excuse us, he said, he'd been sitting in the booth behind us. Listening, his girl offered, giggling. Yes, overhearing, he admitted coldly.

"But that isn't what matters," he said in a slightly Southern voice. "What matters is I've been looking all over this town for some real intellectuals and it sounds like I've finally run into some."

We didn't, we said, mind if he sat down. Or, at least, not exactly. It was then he listed his avocations; then he told us, in his best Jeffersonian voice, that he earned his bread as a worker in some aspect of the War on Poverty. Suffering as I do from Yankee jaundice, I was constantly more suspicious of what was obviously his Southern twang. Georgia, he explained, but that didn't mean he wasn't a liberal. He smiled, as if he had revealed something almost unspeakably intimate. Moments later, after someone present had informed him that it was longer popular to be a liberal, he frowned and went into his song of mankind. We listened. He touched on everything but "brotherly love". By the time he finished, in a keening, overly-dramatic voice, we searched in the darkness for the applause sign. His girl gave him a prefatory squeeze and looked at us as if to apologize.

So, we accepted his liberalism, and started to push on to more mundane topics, like who had enough for another pitcher. But our new friend, who was stoically silent throughout the search for money, returned with new adamance to the subject of his good-feeling for Negroes.

A bit bitterly, he informed us, "Y'know, there's Yankee prejudice, too."

Somewhat aghast at his information, I stumbled away for another pitcher. When I returned, one of my friends at the table was nodding in the direction of our monotone liberal.

He was saying, if I can recall, something like: "But, you know, there's a n. easy way to make money off n----- Just get a card and put Kennedy's picture on one side and something he said on the other and, shit, they'll pay three bucks for it, mani"

Someone, a bit unnecessarily, asked how he could justify passing on such hints in light of his job as a worker in a predominantly Negro neighborhood. He said something Jeffersonian again, but no one was listening very intently.

Sometime about, the time we left, the time when the Budwelaer clock seems to stand still, he asked me if I thought he had offended everyone. After twenty minute.s of no one's speaking to him, he was just now. inquiring.

"No,!!" said, in the most dead pan way I could.

"Fine," he said; "then you ask around and see if you can get a printer who'll go fifty-fifty with me on those cards."

SUGGESTED AD FOR A CIGARETTE COMMERCIAL

FADE IN:

(Medium Shot)

We see PAUL seated in a comfortable arm chair, taking a package of cigarettes from the end table at his elbow. He taps a cigarette, lights it, inhales, takes the cigarette from his mouth to roll it in his fingers as he looks it over. He exhales pleasurably, then suddenly leans excitedly into the camera.

PAUL

SONOFABITCH!!!!!!!!!!

FADE OUT

* * * * *

The above is much funnier if it's done aloud. "The "sonofabitch" of course must be wildly hysterical. But, in deference to ad-nuts, if it's enthusiasm for products you want that word can convey pure unadulterated...

* * * * *

Last spring at college one of my English professors asked me if I could help him select some science fiction writers to teach in a Contemporary Lit course. I obliged, giving him twenty paperbacks of what I felt was, if not the best, then at least the most representative of current science fiction.

Some of his comments (paraphrased): Arthur C. Clarke, the most interesting writer; Robert Heinlein, the most interesting politically; Harlan Ellison, the most entertaining and professional of all the sf writers he's read. (Yes, Buck?)

Paladin a friendly Arab

Jerry DeMuth, 3223 Ernst St, Franklin Park, Illinois 60131, is selling the following items; best offer accepted. (Good to new unless noted)
Books/ In Search Of Wonder (Knight), Modern Science Fiction (Brethor), Tales Of Terror (Karloff), Night's Yawning Peal (Derleth), Eric Brighteyes (Haggard, poor 1919 ed.), She (Haggard), Bring The Jubilee (Moore), When The World Shook (Haggard, poor), Hand of Fu Manchu (Rohmer, fair), Return of Fu Manchu (poor), Michael Strogoff (Verne), A Crystal Age (Hudson), The Purple Land (Hudson), Complete Book of Outer Space (stiff paper covers)

Fanstuff/1959 fan calendar by Atom, VOID #11, FOOP #1, PLOY #14, THE HARP STATESIDE, CRIFANAC #6, SATA ILLUSTRATED #5 thru 9, SPACESHIP #22, THE INCOMPLEAT WHIMPER (Solacon /1958/ oneshot), GRUE #23, TAKE-OFF #2, IS S-F IN A RUT (one-shot by Tucker and Bloch), plus "About one dozen articles by Bloch from various fanzines of the 1950s."

Remember, sale is to the highest bidder; Jerry wants to dispose of the stuff, but at a profit if possible.

Hobbit a small hobby

NEW ADDRESSES:

Alex Fanshin, 139 Joralemon St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

Ed Wood, 151 Calderon Ave, Apt. 341, Mountain View, Calif. 94040

Earl Evers, c/o Mike McInerney, Apt 5FE, 250 W. 16th, New York, N.Y. 10011

Don D'Amassa, B331 Bryan Hall, Mich. State Univ, East Lansing, Mich. 48823

Fan Boycotts & Forest Fires

article by

EARL EVERS

In the summer of 1960, I was working at the U. of Montana Biological Station on Flathead Lake. The Station is located on one corner of Yellow Bay State Park, and fine print in the contract between the University and the Park Commission states that "in time of extreme fire hazard" a certain number of Station Employees will be loaned to the Forest Service "for the suppression of forest fires."

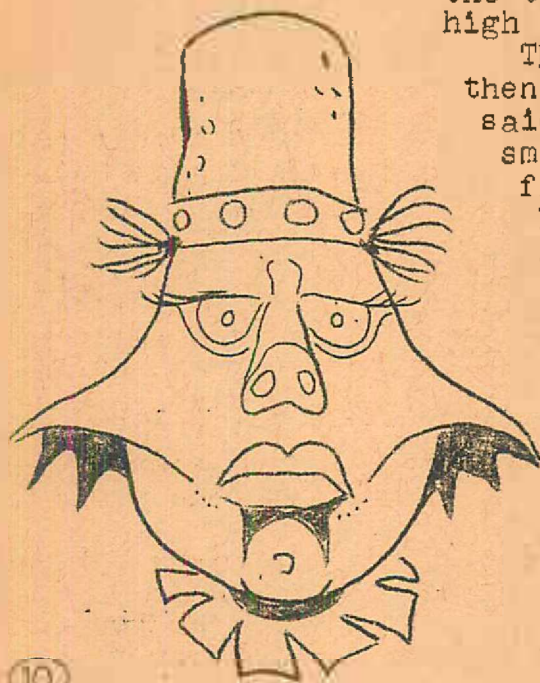
To the knowledge of anyone around the Station, this clause has never been invoked -- the Forest Service has a cadre of highly competent professional forest rangers who do nothing but sit in the ranger station drinking coffee and playing pinochle, and a gaggle of bums, winos, and undiscovered Allen Ginsburgs from skid rows on the Coast to do all the work.

In 1910, almost the whole forest cover of Western Montana burned off. I grew up hearing all the old stories of whole communities evacuated, rains of hot ashes and glowing pine-cone scales, the sun darkened at mid-day, etcetera. I think the fires of 1910 account for more of today's second-growth timber than all the logging before or since. But the 1960 fire season was called "the worst since 1910" till mid-July. After that, it became merely "the worst on record".

At eight-thirty one Wednesday the Forest Service came to the Station and got us. There were about two dozen of us all told -- all the high school students and undergrads who weren't actually enrolled in classes. We were issued fire-fighting equipment at the local ranger station and then trucked to the end of a road in the foothills of the Mission Mountains. (The Missions are a minor sub-range of the Rockies -- about half the total area of the Alps and roughly twice as high and rugged.)

The assistant ranger in charge of our convoy then pointed his finger straight in the air and said, "Just follow the trail till you see the smoke. You can't miss it." And departed to finish his pinochle game. It didn't take us long to discover his finger hadn't been exaggerating the slope of the trail more than a degree or two.

Eight hours and seventeen-odd miles later we "saw the smoke". We saw it all right, a solid yellow-white wall blocking out the whole panoply of mountain peaks and sky in front of us. The ranger had been right -- it was pretty hard to miss. The goddamn fire was about 450 acres. (A whole mile-square section is only 640 acres.) With the fifteen smoke-jumpers already there, this gave us approximately one man to every ten acres of fire.



The fire was burning on a front about two miles long up steep, deeply gullied slopes covered with a dense growth of Douglas fir that had been drying out in zero humidity for about three months. The fire boss, one of the fifteen smoke jumpers who had been watching the fire burn for two days, called us all together and gave us a very encouraging pep-talk.

His major theme was, "For God's sake stay away from the fire!" We were nothing more than a token force dispatched by the district ranger just so he could claim he'd done something. Our only function was to construct a drop area so supplies could be parachuted in to the thousand or so men who would eventually be scraped out of gutters as far away as San Francisco and New Orleans and sent in to put out the fire.

The fire boss ended his lecture with, "And when you take a leak, go over and piss in the fire. That's about the best we can do."

And that's the exact, total effect when fans decide to boycott a pro publisher. Like pissing on a forest fire, it relieves an urge to Do Something, it raises a big stink around the participants, and it accomplishes nothing at all toward the objective.

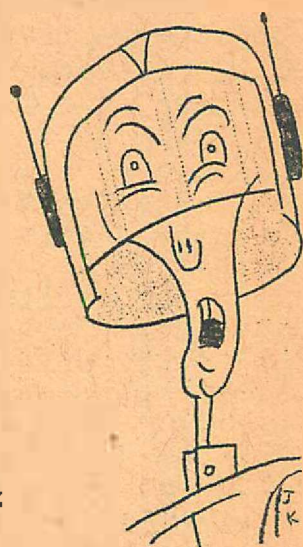
Various fans proposed boycotting the Ace edition of THE LORD OF THE RINGS because Tolkien wasn't receiving royalties, and I agree they were right in protesting. Ace was morally in the wrong, no matter what the law may say on the whole issue, and the protest was called for. In fact I think it was the unfavorable publicity Ace was starting to receive that prompted their decision to pay Tolkien royalties. But not publicity in Fandom; I mean the reviews in the New York Times and other newspapers combined with Tolkien's becoming a "campus literary sensation"? It's one thing to deal sharply with an obscure English professor; it's quite another to pull the same on a major literary figure.

And now a boycott has been proposed against Ultimate Publications because they aren't paying the authors of the material they reprint and still hold copyright on. I agree that Ultimate is morally wrong (and legally in the clear as always in such cases) and that Something Should Be Done. But why even bother to propose a boycott of Amazing and Fantastic on the newsstands?

A boycott is not a means of protest; it is a powerful economic and political weapon. It's not something you say, but something you do -- it's a way of using force to gain demands from a business. When you boycott a company, you are saying, "If you don't go along with us, we are going to refuse to give you our business until you go bankrupt." And Fandom is simply not in a position to say this to any publisher.

Not even a Degler or a Stephen Pickering would claim fans are any significant percentage of the total buyers of either Ace books or/and of the Ultimate Publications magazines. If all fans immediately stop buying anything at all from both publishers, do you honestly think the publishers would even be able to tell it from their sales records? Maybe you do, but I don't. I don't think fans have the economic power back of them to get away with a boycott.

If it were possible to reach the total readership of Ace or Ultimate, you just might manage to get an effective boycott if your case were strong enough, but so far no one has even tried to figure out how such an attempt might be started. So if we can't force a publisher to cater



to our interests with a boycott, why even mention the word?

I haven't bought a copy of Amazing or Fantastic since the change in publishers, and I buy very few Ace books. Because they're bad. Which has nothing to do with their ethics at all, or with any sort of boycott. I bought the Ballantine RING because it's by far the better edition and worth the extra twenty cents. Again, no boycott.

So what should be done when fans disapprove of the treatment authors receive from a publisher? I can't think of much. I can see writing and telling the publisher what you think about the whole deal -- it may not help, but it certainly won't do any harm. I can see publishing the details of the offense against the author or authors in fanzines. If you are a fan who submits manuscripts to pro publishers, I can see refusing to submit to such a publisher, just in the interests of self-preservation. But I can't see spreading word all over Fandom: "Let's boycott so-and-so!" It just won't do any good.

A boycott by pros against a certain publisher makes more sense -- it's quite possible for the people proposing the boycott to at least get in touch with all the present SF pros, or at least enough of them to accomplish a boycott within the true meaning of the term if the reason is strong enough. I can see a publisher driven out of business, or at least out of SF publishing because he couldn't get material from the pro specialists in that field. Oh, he could always get material, but there are aren't really that many pros who specialize in science fiction, and most of the material a publisher would get under the boycott would be by writers outside the field or by as-yet unpublished writers who didn't care about building up a reputation in the field. But I do think such a publisher's SF sales would suffer, especially since the authors that boycotted him would submit their material to his competitors.

So I can see where boycotting Ultimate Publications is the SFWA's business. But it's not Fandom's business. If you, as an individual, don't feel like adding even a fraction of a cent to the publisher's profit by buying his magazine or book, go ahead and conduct your own personal boycott. But I see little reason to urge the rest of Fandom to do so. Buying your prozines used at half-price is fine unless you review them or have some other reason for wanting them as soon as they come out, but I don't see what this has to do with a boycott or any other form of protest.

So I'd just as soon see a lot of fans take a hard look at the facts before they go around shouting "Boycott!" as if Fandom could boycott anyone. But I guess I'll just have to face a few facts myself -- altogether too many fans enjoy pissing on forest fires.

Ultimate the perfect spouse

A POEM
by Tom Dupree

A heritage and an old grudge,
A pistol and a whip,
A governor and a police chief
And law which begins to rip;
Then a thousand guns and billy-clubs
That are aimed and handled well --
Some call it Mississippi,
But others call it Hell.

(apologies to W. H. Carruth)

GOLDEN MINUTES



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER OF ADVENTURE, by Dick Lupoff (Canaveral, \$7.50) Rather surprisingly, I enjoyed this very much. (Or maybe not so surprisingly, since Burroughs fans don't seem to enjoy it much.) It's not the last word on Burroughs and doesn't pretend to be, but it's a good long description of Burroughs' fiction. It has received all sorts of criticism; only one point that I can recall seems at all valid. The book does concentrate on plot summaries at the expense of analysis and background information. The analysis and background is there; I just don't feel that there is enough of it. The book covers the plots of every book Burroughs wrote, and all the inter-relationships among the books. There is also some lovely sword-and-sorcery artwork (and some not so lovely, as Fra-zetta's depiction of David Innes poised coyly on one toe, which looks more like a third-rate ballet scene than an action picture.) I don't know that I would recommend that every reader dash out and pay \$7.50 for it, but I would recommend that you bug your friendly local librarian; as popular as Burroughs is, works about him should be made readily available. And this is a pretty good one.

THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD, by Jack Vance (Ace, 45¢) Theoretically, this is a sequel to the classic The Dying Earth. It doesn't compare at all favorably with the earlier book, but it's a fair fantasy novel. The chapters were published as individual stories in F&SF, where they suffered somewhat because they're not individual stories, they're parts of a novel. Read as such, it comes across much better. In one way, Vance has been too successful. The central character, Cugel the Clever, is very much a man of his time; a liar, scoundrel, cheat and petty thief. He is so well delineated, and stays so much in character, that he isn't very sympathetic -- "charming rogue" types in fiction must be less realistic if they are to gain approval. All in all, this is quite good sword and sorcery fiction -- with more sorcery than swords -- but it shouldn't be compared to The Dying Earth. (One might better compare it to novels set in medieval Italy.)

KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE, by H. Warner Munn (Ace, 45¢) Here's some vintage sword and sorcery for you; this originally appeared as a serial in WEIRD TALES in 1939. It's a wild and wooly adventure, with Merlin leading a group of Britons to the New World after the death of Arthur (who was fighting Saxons, of course). Here they help Hiawatha found the Iroquois, give a boost (and some weapons) to the Aztecs, and smash the empire of the Mound Builders. Never mind that there were two separate mound-building cultures in America and that the Iroquois came along "a thousand years too late" (Louis Brennan, No Stone Unturned) to have smashed the Ohio Valley one. Never mind that the Britons taught the Iroquois, who lived in dense forests and knew of copper mining, archery; while they taught the Aztecs, who lived in the open southwest and had no metals, swordsmanship. The historical facts are that the Aztecs had swords and the Iroquois didn't, and Munn had to account for it somehow. (Why he didn't let them develop their own weapons, as they did in actuality, I don't know.) Never mind that he shows Indians collecting scalps before the advent of white men. ("Scalping was apparently very limited in extent before the coming of Europeans; scalp bounties undoubtedly helped spread it." American Heritage Book of Indians.) The book is a rousing historical/fantasy/adventure novel that surmounts all its defects to provide rousing entertainment.

Just remember that it's far more fantasy than it is history, and enjoy it as one of the best reprints of the year.

THE DEFIANT AGENTS, by Andre Norton (Ace, 45¢) This is the third in the "Time Traders" series -- which is one of Norton's best series. Despite the back cover blurb, it isn't the best of the series, but the story of American-recruited Indians fighting Russian-recruited Tatars on an alien and primitive planet is a good one, and a fascinating idea.

THE SIOUX SPACEMAN, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) Intrigue on a primitive planet controlled by a star-empire. For once, there is a logical reaction to running up against an empire which is decadent but still far more powerful than Earth's; one walks with extreme care and bores from within. The gimmick is interesting, but introducing horses to aid the natives in combatting star-travelers reminds me a bit of the Polish cavalry vs. the German panzers. It might work, but I'm not convinced. Still, ignoring slight doubts, it's good entertainment.

QUEST CROSSTIME, by Andre Norton (Ace, 50¢) This is a sequel to The Crossroads of Time, a series based on the same "alternate worlds" premise as Piper's paratime series. In this one, Blake Walker helps quell a power seizure on the "paratimer's" home world, jumping from world to world on the way. The various alternate earths are well, but tantalizingly, described.

MANKIND UNDER THE LEASH, by Thomas M. Disch/Planet of Exile, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Ace, 50¢) The Disch half (or Disch 3/5, if you want to be technical) is an expanded -- and improved -- version of his IF novelet, "White Fang Goes Dingo". (The title has been improved, too.) The author has tried to come to grips with the old problem of the merits of freedom vs. slavery, possibly after becoming irritated with a Campbell editorial. Unfortunately, he doesn't quite make it; in the end, his arguments boil down to the idea that freedom is "right", even tho it is more uncomfortable than slavery. Unlike most authors, he didn't stack the deck on the side of freedom; his "pet" society (because they aren't really slaves; they are domestic animals) is far more pleasant and comfortable than freedom. But Man, he says, wasn't meant to be a domestic animal. Well, maybe not. (I shouldn't object, really, since I'm putting up with certain physical discomforts -- like a low salary -- in order to live in the way I want to.) However, I've heard the theory before, and Disch doesn't really say anything new about it. Written in a mildly -- but not very -- humorous style. Not a bad story, but nothing extra.

The LeGuin story is reminiscent of various feminine sword-and-sorcery authors -- Leigh Brackett, Marion Bradley, Andre Norton -- while maintaining its originality. Which is a compliment. The characters are people I can believe in, at least while reading the novel. (While Disch was entertaining, he never suspended my disbelief for an instant. LeGuin does.) Plot is fairly typical; humans and aliens, suspicious of one another but forced to stand together against the barbarian horde. (Or maybe savage horde, since humans and aliens are pretty barbaric to begin with.) But the rituals, the language, and the actions all have the ring of authenticity.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF #7, ed. by John Carnell (Corgi, 3/6) This is the poorest volume of the series so far -- remember that when and if Bantam gets around to reprinting it. Best item in the book is William F. Temple's humorous bit of diplomatic froth, "Coco-Talk". "Invader", by James White has the #2 spot; it's a new "Sector General" story. Three of the stories are mediocre. John Rankine's "Six Cubed Plus One" is a minor twist on the computer-which-becomes-Aware plot. Mackelworth's "A Touch Of Immor-

talities" grinds relentlessly towards the precise end you expected. Robert Presslie's "Night of the Seventh Finger" is another pathetic-monster story; Lennie from space. Then there is Douglas R. Mason's "Man Who Missed The Ferry", which is terribly lit'ry and sophisticated and symbolic and stupid. Keith Roberts' "Manscarer" is a well worked out story, as most of Roberts' are. The point is that artists and bohemians and beats and like that are the most important people in our culture. (I knew that most artists are conceited, but this hits a new high.)

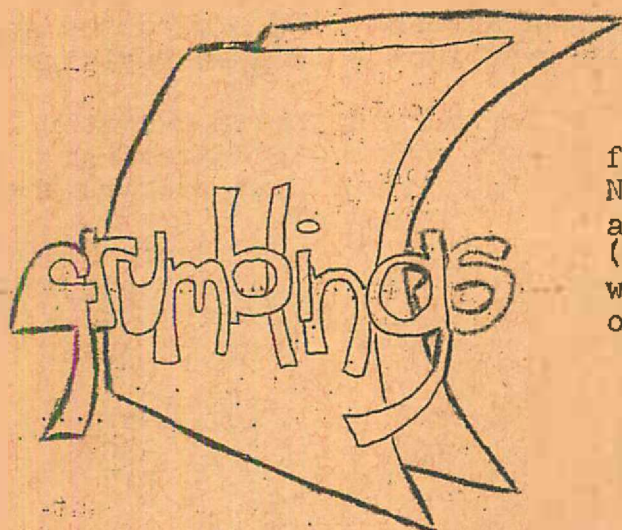
THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #7: The Radioactive Camel Affair, by Peter Leslie (Ace, 50¢) Seven seems to be a bad number for series books. I am getting used to spy-novel writers who don't know much about guns. ("the muzzle velocity of that gun...! To send a man crashing back all that way..." Illiya nodded. "I know," he said. It was probably a Mannlicher.") Yaas.... if it did what was described -- "Mahmoud was abruptly hurled backwards from his chair, crashing against the wall" -- it was probably a 75 mm recoilless rifle. However, Leslie sets his story in Africa, and apparently doesn't know much about Africa. ("But all these, my dear fellow, can be found in other parts of Africa -- rhinoceros, elephant, tigers; we have no monopoly on them, you know.") Unless you're desperate to read every story in the series, this is a good one to miss. A big disappointment after the last three.

Andre Norton fans might be interested in a copy of the September issue of GOLDEN MAGAZINE. It contains "a folktale based on original sources", "The Boy And The Ogre", written by Andre Norton and illustrated by Rod Ruth. Strictly juvenile, of course; this is one of Bruce's magazines. But I thought I'd let you know.

ORBIT 1, ed. by Damon Knight (Berkley, 50¢) An anthology of all-new fiction. It's a good collection, although I object somewhat to the introduction, in which Damon says "...you would have seen these stories in anthologies anyhow -- after magazine publication, in three or four years. But why should you have to wait?" As a ~~fantasy~~ fan who believes in reading science-fiction magazines, I object violently to the assumption that the only reason for producing sf short stories is to get them into a paperback anthology. However, aside from this and the terrible cover, I have no objections at all to the book. Two of the nine stories -- Poul Anderson's "The Disinherited" and Allison Rice's "The Loolies Are Here" -- are among the best short stories I've read all year. (Despite the fact that the Rice entry isn't really a story, but a sort of fictional imitation of a Peg Bracken column. It's almost as entertaining as the Bracken material it copies.) Virginia Kidd's "Kangaroo Court" is a wonderful story that desperately needs a decent ending. (After all the buildup of the insane villain, he caves in at an authorial fingersnap.) Sonya Dorman contributes a fine (and shudderingly nasty) story, James Blish and Thomas M. Disch have adequate items, Kate Wilhelm, Keith Roberts and Richard McKenna contribute beautifully worded and thoroughly implausible stories. It's not all science fiction -- McKenna in particular is writing pure fantasy -- but nobody but purists should quibble over that.

Dale R. Gowin, RFD #1, New Milford, Connecticut 06776, is selling books and magazines, apparently from a small personal collection. Write him for a printed list.

We got a throwaway from Ace Books, bragging about stories which they published receiving 7 major awards in 1966 (Hugos and Nebulas). All very well, and I'm sure it's a proud achievement, but the most interesting item to me was that Ace is going to publish Dune in January 1967.



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

The last double-feature at one of the local drive-ins before it closed for the season was THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTER (starring Mamie Van Doren) and WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET (starring Wendell Corey). I wonder whether Mamie Van Doren played the part of the Navy or the Night Monster...?

Stamp collectors are everywhere, even in the sf world. You undoubtedly know that Pastor Heins is a stamp collector, and has published a book on NUMERAL CANCELLATIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE; and I think I mentioned seeing an article in a stamp journal by L. Robert

Tschirky (designer of many Prime Press dust-jackets). Milton K. Ozaki, author of several paperback novels, is one of the best-known philatelic brokers in the country (though in some areas his knowledge and judgment could stand improvement...). And now I discover that Nelson Bond is also a philatelist. I just got a copy of his book THE POSTAL STATIONERY OF CANADA. This was published back in 1953, and the publisher is now disposing of his remaining stock.

If you can find a newsstand that carries the English-language Cahiers du Cinema, take a look through the current issue. Many scenes from the movie of FAHRENHEIT 451, plus interviews with the director and stars. (I assume you will be as reluctant as I was to plunk down \$1.25 to buy the magazine...)

More sf names turning up in stamp collecting: Sherwood Springer ("No Land of Nod") is the author of the HANDBOOK OF NORTH AMERICAN CINDERELLA STAMPS. No, a "cinderella stamp" is not a stamp picturing Cinderella... That is the name given to various unauthorized issues or outright fakes. Some people collect these as avidly as others go after the real thing.

Thanks to your review in Y, I recently read Norton's STAR GUARD. I was sure I had already read it, but your mention of the Lin Carter foreword in the new edition caused me to thumb through a copy on the newsstand, and I found that somehow or other I had skipped this title. I'm glad I caught up with it at last; very enjoyable. I also, finally, got around to reading YEAR OF THE UNICORN, which I think is the best of the Witch World stories since the first one. Hope there are more to come.

Have also read Laumer's CATASTROPHE PLANET, which I enjoyed, and Pangborn's THE JUDGMENT OF EVE, which was mildly interesting but inconsequential. (Very well written, of course, but it didn't go anywhere or say anything.)

According to a rather frenetic announcement on the radio, there is currently at a local drive-in a movie called FASTER PUSSYCAT, KILL, KILL! I don't really believe it.

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

The English overseas postal rates went up 50% last week, the surface mail letters are 9d apiece instead of 6d and so are the air mail forms; printed matter rate is also up 50% as well, from 1/0½d per pound to 1/6d a pound. I should think it means the death knell of fanzines because you can only charge so much for a fanzine and you can't get expenses back at today's inflated postal rates. They are also going to

start a "Zip" code as well here - would you say from the period the American one has been operating that there is any improvement in anything as a result of it? I doubt it, somehow.

Frederik Pohl was in London with his wife, putting their daughter into an English school because they said they couldn't stand American teenagers. You mean even Americans can't stand American teenagers these days?

I have ordered the first issue of Alien Worlds for you; Harry Nadler has been encountering harsh distributing facts from the newsstands which sell magazines -- namely that they want a 55% discount! Which means they would get less for the magazine than it actually costs to print it!

/I can't speak for other people, but I couldn't stand American teenagers when I was an American teenager. RSC/

Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, N.Y., 11565

The first Girl From Uncle book, which I glanced through at the stand, has an introductory passage which says that no one has ever discovered what the letters THRUSH stand for. Apparently not everyone welcomed the information.

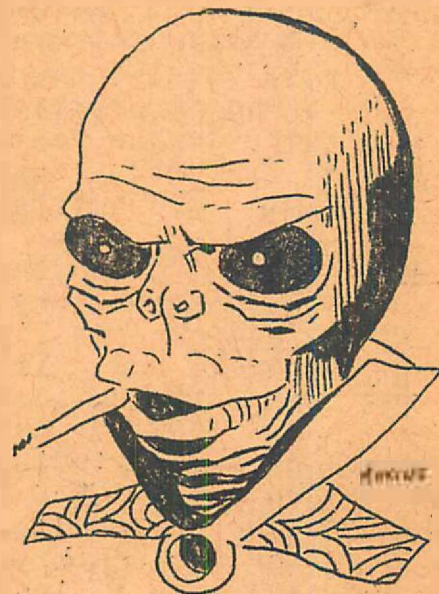
When I saw Jurgen Wolff's owl on p.25, I just looked at it and laughed for several minutes. Even now, everytime I look at it I start laughing.

Reg Smith, 1509 N. Mar-Les Dr., Santa Ana, Calif., 92706

Regarding Magazine of Horror, I have never subscribed for probably the same reason you haven't -- I keep expecting the magazine to fold. I have no trouble getting it locally -- a store in town carries everything from obscure high school journals to girlie magazines. It's strange that Lowndes' occult magazine, Exploring the Unknown, seems to get reasonable distribution; I've seen it in supermarkets & drugstores, but I don't buy the thing, of course. Lowndes tries very hard with Mag of Horror, and I always enjoy reading his comments, but I think he prints a lot of miserable fiction. I thought the earlier issues were much better, although I am a bit behind in my reading and haven't read the last couple of issues.

/Yes, when I first saw Magazine of Horror, I decided that it wouldn't last over 2 or 3 issues -- and every time I get up nerve to subscribe, it gets delayed again and I'm convinced that it's folded. And I cannot see why Exploring the Unknown is exhibited in every cruddy supermarket in the country while I can't find Magazine of Horror. (Presumably it's the same sort of reasoning that makes Don Wollheim reprint a natural history book originally titled COD-FISH, CATS & CIVILIZATION and change the title to read STRANGE BONDS BETWEEN ANIMALS AND MEN. There are a lot of nuts in the country, and presumably they have more money than stf fans do.)

Reg also sent along a clipping from Publishers' Weekly which mentioned a



new book by Jonathon Routh; THE BETTER JOHN GUIDE: WHERE TO GO IN NEW YORK. It lists and describes facilities in all the tolls of Manhattan, Bronx, Coney Island and the International Airport. Reg suggests that the Nyeon committee should publicize this item -- maybe it could even be included in the membership package. It has a Dewey Decimal System number of 917.471044 (which seems to provide it with an extra in-group joke for librarians). --RSC/

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53211

Speaking of TERRIBLE movies: We saw FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD last week. It's another of the 2-for-the-price-of-1 Japanese things. There are a couple lines that pretty well convey the picture: Near the beginning, there's this creature in Japan (around 1960) and they're not sure who or what it is. And ex-Japanese-submarine officer, however, has an idea. He recalls that "Near the end of the 2nd World War, the Third Reich sent us Frankenstein's heart. And we took it."

And a bit later, in an effort to determine whether or not this creature is really just a new body that the heart has grown around itself or in the intervening 15 years, a couple doctors go to Germany and speak to the original owner of the heart. "Is there any way," they ask, "to tell for sure if this is indeed Frankenstein that we have?"

"Well, yes," says the German, "the only sure way is to cut off an arm or leg. If it grows back, it's Frankenstein."

The rest is a complete mish-mash of visual and verbal non-sequiturs. And the star, an American doctor who wants to capture the creature alive so they can study it and find the secret of its immortal heart, is Nick Adams.

From the lip movements, I suspect this was one of those movies in which each actor speaks his lines in his own language. From the words we heard, I suspect also that the lines were written that way, with no script writer having any idea what the others were doing. (Y'know, some of the manuals we write at AC sound that way, too....)

As in the Japanese King Kong, Frankenstein redeems himself at the end of the movie by destroying the other monster that has been ravaging the countryside. The other monster is flopeared, has atomic breath (like Godzilla), has a rhinoceros-type horn that lights up, and burrows (?) underground from one end of Japan to the other. (You see, dinosaurs weren't really destroyed when the Earth turned colder several million years ago; they went underground and evolved into a race of super-moles and this one apparently got curious after all this time down there...)

It was a double feature with the new Tarzan movie. The new Tarzan, being an ex-football player, runs a lot -- as opposed to Weismuller, who swam a lot. His acting is on a par with Weismuller's.

Claude Hall, 3750 Hudson Manor Terrace, Riverdale, N.Y., 10463

As a suggestion, why don't you occasionally print a stf or fantasy song in Yandro? Not like the Protest Song (the tune of "Black Gal"), but with music and guitar chords. I'm sure many fans are capable. Bet Juanita has written some such. You see, I don't know "Black Gal", so how would I know the tune? Anyway, the lyrics were written by someone who was lazy...rhythming (or trying to) nevermore with doors. Four enders are "be". Etc. Of course, wasting a page to print a song might not be worthwhile...I don't have any idea about how many fans have guitar for a hobby. Maybe the percentage is small.

More and more I find myself reading -- and appreciating -- the book

reviews in Yandro. This was not previously the case. But I now depend on pocketbooks to make a tedious subway journey bearable. I'm against the camp bit, but I do long for the days of Planet Stories and Thrilling Wonder and Startling. Leigh Brackett, be her witch or not; Howard Browne; even Ray Palmer (I used to enjoy his fiction when I was young and, though I haven't tried rereading any of it, I'd like to find some writer I could enjoy now as much as I did him then.) Problem is, today, that few writers can create a sense of wonder. I guess that's why I find myself depending on Andre Norton. Sometimes, she's not that good; often she's superb. Too, her batting average for entertaining me is quite high. Higher, at the moment, than Heinlein. I find it difficult to forgive him GLORY ROAD, which I just got to read a month or so ago. What happened to the old taboos that used to protect us from such monstrosities?

/Mainly we don't print songs with notes and guitar chords because Juanita doesn't want to do all the stencilling involved. (And partly because she learns songs by ear rather than sight and transcribing them would involve a lot of work and muttering and tearing of the hair. RSC Though I would go to the trouble, if there were enough indication of reader interest to make it worth while. JWC/

Dick Beyfarth, 308 W. 30th St., Apt 7F, NY, NY., 10001

I'd also like to add my two bits worth about UNDERSTANDING MEDIA. I'm a graduate student (in Romance Philology, yet) and have a fair background in linguistics and communications, so I know a little bit about the field in which McLuhan wanders about. (If any of the following seems libelous, please feel free to excise it. I'm sure you would anyway, without my permission, but now your collective conscience won't bother you?). It is my carefully considered, albeit personal, opinion that M.M. is a wedge-head. He can't even seem to keep his definitions straight. Example: Read the book, and then try to figure out which media are "hot" and which are "cool" according to M.M. I tend to agree with you that UNDERSTANDING MEDIA is "all one big fat joke", but I'm pretty sure that such is unintentional on McLuhan's part. The biggest joke of all seems to me to be the fact that McLuhan, who pretends to expertise in communications, fails so miserably in his attempt to communicate his ideas on the subject. It seems interesting to me that a large number of the "hippies" here in NYC who have espoused McLuhan are also members of Dr. Timothy Leary's expand-your-consciousness-blow-your-mind-and-achieve-love-and-self-knowledge-thru-LSD cult. I'm sure some interesting conclusions could be arrived at if you were to work at it. Any comment?

By the way, will RAH's THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS be eligible for a Hugo next year if it doesn't win for 1965, because of the split-year publication? I think it's his best since STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND with the possible exception of GLORY ROAD. Anyway, he's the king, man.

/There are hard and fast rules on Hugo eligibility. Trouble is, everyone you ask presents a different set of them. So I haven't the vaguest idea about the eligibility of THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS. A rule was passed at the last convention which prevents double eligibility -- but does that rule apply to stories published before it was passed? I dunno. (To tell the truth, I don't really care, a whole lot; which is why I've never boned up on the subject. RSC/

Vic Ryan

Giving the last two issues a quick perusal, about the only thing which strikes my eye for comment is Lew Grant's letter, and that, I suppose, because it plays largely into my field and doesn't require the kind of acquaintance with fandom I simply -- regrettably? -- don't have anymore. Much of what Lew says about creativity and intelligence is probably right, but the implication is that the two are mutually exclusive. Quite the opposite appears to be the case; although the correlation is far from perfect, the best prediction of an individual's creative potential still is the I.Q. score.

Not all high-IQ people are organized, highly structured and definite goal-oriented; these characteristics seem to delineate the high-IQ student, but not necessarily the high-IQ individual. And even rigid people can be markedly creative; all they

need is some vehicle for junking their ordinary obsessive-compulsive style. (Alcohol is a noted vehicle.)

The literature about conditioning hardened criminals -- "sociopaths" -- is confusing as the devil; witness a recent article which shows precisely the opposite of that Grant is citing. There's a subtle distinction to be made, as well: it isn't that a sociopath doesn't learn the consequences of his deeds. He does that as well -- maybe better -- than most of us. It's just that he's never come to worry much about them. Where we all learn than doing such-and-such results in a stiff shock, for example, the sociopath remains unconcerned while you or I ruminate about the pain to come. While someone nags us about the inevitable pain, the sociopath remains blissfully unconcerned. It's a great way to lead a low-anxiety life, but not much good for staying out of trouble.

Don Martin, West Main Road, Little Compton, Rhode Island, 02837

One thing I did want to mention, the Barr illo on p. 19 of #155 (the critter eating his hand). This one literally turned my stomach -- ugh! It was certainly effective, but it was too much for me.

Ah yes, in my last letter, I said I thought the term should be "Britaphile" rather than "Anglophile". What I meant was that, while the English are the largest segment of the population of the U.K., the Scots, Welsh and N. Irish have made and are making highly important contributions to the nation. For this reason, I feel that Britaphile would be a better term, as it derives from (Great) Britain, a name for the entire nation.

John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York, 10708

I suggest, that you get more Stenfors and that you don't crowd it together so. The Nott/Barr bit is probably the silliest I've ever seen. Artwork thish was better executed than usual, with the single exception of Nott's pic on page 15, which can only be described as Gross. Perhaps realistic in some of its touches, but that only made it worse in this case. Down with The People's Realism!

By the way, thanks for serving as a vehicle for The Village Idiot; I probably would never have gotten it otherwise, and I've since sent material for the next ish.

Juanita: I've always had a particular loathing deep in my soul for

Family Circle, mainly since my first encounter with it was a comment by night-time radio personality Jean Shepherd, calling attention to a full-page ad about how FC wouldn't print the winning story in their short story contest. But they paid the winner and gave him credit; just that nobody but him and the staff ever saw the thing. I'm sure he wrote it just because he was desperately in need of spending money.

Glad to see Ted White's column revived, even though I've never read it before, since I wasn't reading Yandro then. I think Ted's evaluation of "Time Tunnel"'s understanding of time travel as being "more or less on the level of Superman comics" is quite accurate; Superman, too, treats the future or past as if it were on an alternate time track, one that sped along parallel to ours and at exactly the same speed. Vide, in the second episode, how everybody got so frantic about "bringing back in time" (the nick of, not through) Our Heroes before they loused up the whole Mars expedition and/or got themselves jettisoned as undesirable aliens.

Your fiction is always full of Meaning and seldom worth reading.

I appreciate Viggiano's article; it was, as far as I could tell, just about without bias, which is a good way to get introduced to something like Muhammad Speaks, which I'm not familiar with. Not top fannish writing, but good reporting.

The Checklist of Hugo Winners complements very well the checklist of Hugo nominees to appears in the latest TNFF's Information Col.

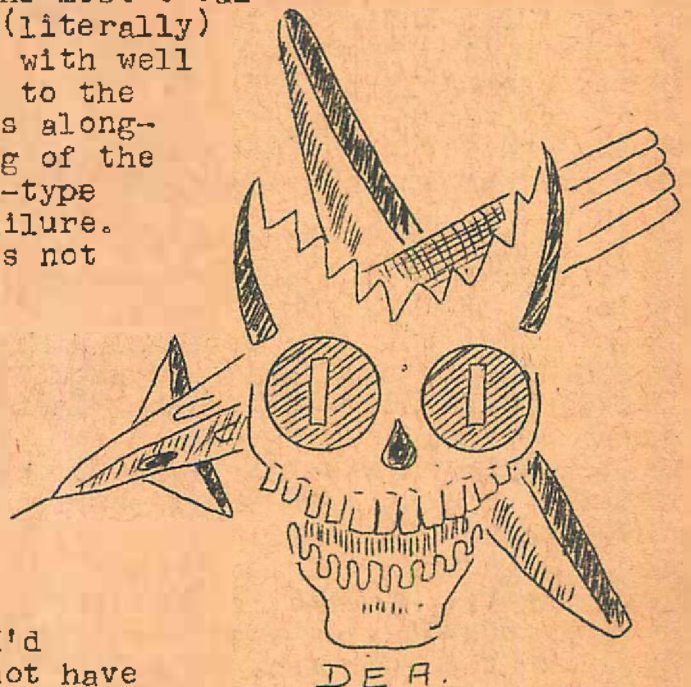
It amuses me to see how Monster Fandom is developing an outer crust of disdain for "ugh! sfandom" much like sfen's long-standing one for mo-fandom. It amazes me how many horror fen think they are the Chief Fandom, with a small group of rather nutty introverts calling themselves stf fans and pubbing weird zines off in a corner somewhere.

Now how, Lee Carson, do you make a religious allegory out of The Foundation trilogy?

I wonder if some fen will soon start substituting "Overworld eyes" for "rosy-colored glasses"?

I haven't read most of the book reviews, but I think you were too hard on Lin Carter. THE STAR MAGICIANS wasn't all that bad; when Lin wasn't creating the most totally unbelievable situations in Space (literally) he wrote s&s that you could identify with well enough. My only main objections are to the ineffectively explained Green Goddess alongside Super-Science, and the combining of the Youthful Hero image with the Gandalf-type Wise Wizard, which was a complete failure. The novel's weak all around, but it's not without merit.

As far as I'm concerned, THE STAR MAGICIANS was totally without merit. Well, while I wouldn't exactly condone the idea of not printing a "contest" story winner (it's sort of like changing the rules in the middle of the contest) I can think of worse things. If it was my story, I'd sooner collect the money and not have it printed than have it printed and not



get paid for it. Maybe he was desperate for money (and the egoboo of winning the contest) -- if he'd just wanted to see it in print he could have sent it to a fanzine. (You say there are people who have never heard of fanzines? Nonsense.) RSC7

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55417

Gee, it's nice of Roy Tackett to think that a woman with an invalid husband should work. However, if he is serious in listing married-woman-with-invalid husband as one of the "few cases where I go along with women working", then he has no business grotching about the single girls who go to work but spend most of their time on the job husband-hunting -- they're simply obeying Roy's wishes and trying to stop work as soon as possible. But then there are those reprehensible women who, though married, work "to get away from the kids or to buy that color tv set." So, nu? It would be different if we had a serious unemployment problem at present -- then two salaries to one household would mean no salary to some other household. There is, however, a fourth class -- although Roy Tackett, since he doesn't mention it, probably thinks it a null class. That is the group of single girls who go to work and do their husband-hunting, if any, off the job. There are more women than men anyway, and, with the Viet Nam invasion drawing off eligible young men, it's bound to be a fairly large class. Single women, husband-hunting or no, must work to live, unless they want to sponge off their fathers and brothers.

George Fergus is right in speculating that Ted Johnstone was in on the group who went to see Robert Vaughn wearing THRUSH badges. I think Ted organized the group. However, I'm pretty sure that they did not say, in their write-up for Apa-L, that they made up the phrase "Technological Hierarchy for the Removal of Undesirables and the Subjugation of Humanity." Of course, I'm equally sure that they did not mention who had. Dean Dickensheet, of San Francisco, constructed the phrase -- that's one of the reasons Ted dedicated THE DAGGER AFFAIR to Dean and his wife, Shirley.

And, speaking of "The Man from Uncle", I wonder if J.A. McCallum is any relation to David McCallum, alias Ilya Kuryakin? And, speaking of him, I was struck by a sentence in a book on epics which I'm reading as part of my job, FROM VIRGIL TO MILTON by C.M. Bowra: "Russian and Jugoslav lays have a strong element of playful mockery which is exerted at the expense even of such popular heroes as Ilya of Merom."

Don Franson, 6543 Babcock Avenue, North Hollywood, California, 91606

Does anyone in Yandro know the missing Hugo nominations in my TNFF article? Mostly 1960, Pittcon items. The ones I do have I got from Boggs' Discord. The official zines don't say a damn thing. Of course I didn't save the ballot, I used it for voting. I haven't voted recently on the Hugos, though. Ever since STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND won it...ech.

Or maybe it was later that I stopped voting. I seem to remember voting for Yandro in every year except the year it won. Wasn't that 1965?

/Yep; we only win when they take the Worldcon out of the country. There have been poorer winners than STRANGER; both THE BIG TIME and THE WANDERER were inferior to almost anything Heinlein has ever written. RSC7

Jerry Kaufman, 2769 Hampshire, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, 44106

I've never bought Amazing or Fantastic; they've never seemed to be worth the money.

Your announcement on the Octocon was really quite helpful -- the thing was on the 15th and I got Y163 on the 25th. Now I know what I missed. And say, I heard that the "Time Tunnel" people tried to get out a release that they, too, had received a plaque, but were stopped somehow. I seem to remember Fanshin getting a round of applause and the epithet "mild-mannered Alex did what?"

Does Solon mean people want to read Young and Hoyle? Or does he mean they ruin the magazines? Or what?

Your notes on Bruce's column are nearly as long as the column.

MINOTAUR is really great, but it didn't really begin moving until the 'Taur himself begins to narrate.

The way to work fair housing would be to make all house sales, rentals, etc., through a real estate office which would then judge buyers, tenants, etc., on money, antecedents (I mean references, I don't know that means references but it sounds good). Thus you get people who can pay and who won't (according to their records) let the neighborhood or apartment go to pot. This may sound radical. It is.

I see in the paper that STAR TREK is 10th in popularity among the new shows. Looks like it lives the year.

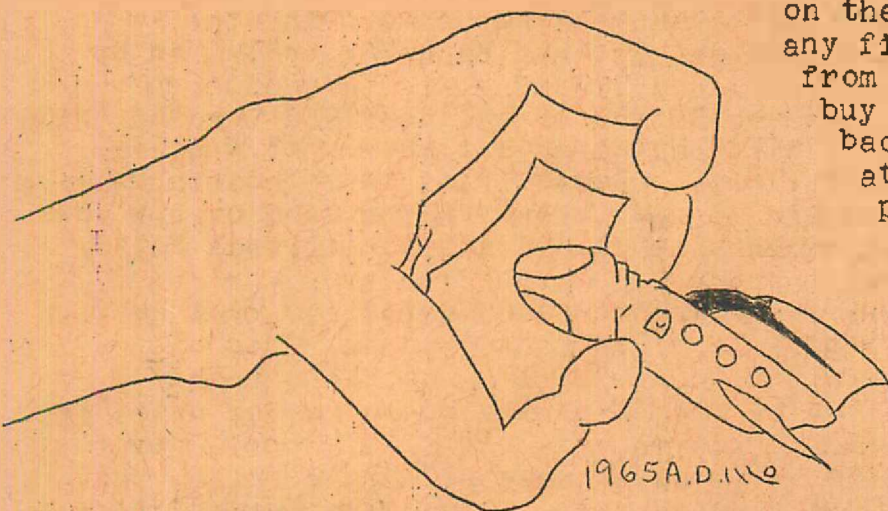
/No, it wouldn't be fair to force everyone to sell thru a real estate office, either. The rights of the individual extend to bigots as well as nice people. Making everyone go thru a specific ceremony in selling their property because some of them won't sell to Negroes is in the same category as making everyone take a loyalty oth because some people are spies. There should be a legal provision allowing a man to dispose of his property in any manner he chooses. However, this should be an adjunct to the law that forces any public seller (real estate agent, housing developer, etc.) to sell to anyone with the money. This is in the same category as other integration; a Negro has a right to be served in any place open to the public -- restaurants, theaters, and so on -- but nobody has a right to come into your house unless you've invited him. The distinction between public and private transactions should not be blurred

RSC/

Mike Symes, 26 Cedar Street, Mattapan, Massachusetts. 02126

You mention Michael Dunn of "Wild Wild West"; I don't recognize him by that name, but he probably is that Doctor ?Loveless? If anyone fits the definition of grotesque, he does -- real wild! The show itself is pure comic book, and I think it's funnier than "Batman". Yes, the girls on "Star Trek" are fun to look at, considering that they all wear super-abbreviated miniskirts; did you catch the girl android on last week's? I seem to identify with Mr. Spock, too. Maybe SFans like cold, emotionless types?

I'm one of those who have just discovered Thomas Burnett Swann. I've read his short novel in F&SF, and have his DAY OF THE MINOTAUR around somewhere, still unread, because of lack of time. He's pretty good, one of the few writers who hits me emotionally. Noticed the new headings in Yandro's departments; they liven up the mag (not that it was ever dull). THE COSMOZOIDS is a Belmont book; I didn't buy it, but remember seeing it



on the stands. (If I don't have any first impressions of a book from a review, I'll decide to buy it on a basis of cover, backcover advertising, glance at first original magazine publication, if any, and opening the book up and getting a sample of the author's style -- usually this works. Have you ever tried to do this in a small drug or variety store? Most of the time the clod behind the counter tells you to quit reading them or get out. Hell, does he

think I can read the whole thing in five minutes?) To my great delight Algis Budrys clobbers ~~James P. Ballard~~ Ballard in his Galaxy book reviews. In typical fashion, I had bought the new Amazing before I came home and read Yandro. Oh well, I bought the Ace editions of the LotR, too. I'm very interested in seeing the outcome of this; how much influence do the readers have on the magazine and all that.

/Yep, Dunn is "Loveless". The most engaging villain in the history of tv. RSC

"The girl with the straps" did indeed show up on Bob Bloch's "Star Trek" script -- and while it was indeed cute seeing that outfit again, I would have liked it better if the script had included a plausible reason for the girl android being in the story in the first place. JWC7

Claude Saxon, 679 Mosby Apt. #3, Memphis, Tennessee, 38105

I'll agree with you and Juanita that "Time Tunnel" is a disappointment. But, I would still like to see it continued for the following reasons.

First: I believe it is generally accepted that the people who watch television are, in general, the same types who used to read pulp magazines. Because this medium presents the basic story types (Western, detective, war, romance (soap operas), etc.) more crudely than did the better grade of pulps, the more knowledgeable readers have switched over to the paperbacks for entertainment, leaving television to those who would, thirty years ago, have been reading the cheaper magazines.

Previous tv offerings have been designed to meet the taste of these viewers. The old Buck Rogers and Captain Video TV series are good examples. Now we have new series being introduced which seem to be concerned with slightly more sophisticated ideas, though they are handicapped by the same old stereotypes as regards acting and scripting.

I believe that this is an encouraging sign. This may indicate the start of an evolutionary process in tv similar to that which went on in the SF pulps between 1928 and 1948. As the general tv-watching public becomes acclimated to the concepts we fans have been reading about for so long they will (I hope) accept our more advanced presentations. In time, with luck, we'll have our "real" SF series. I just hope it doesn't take another twenty years.

From what I've seen of "Time Tunnel", I don't think the idea is a bit more sophisticated than "Space Cadet". You get lots of fancy machinery and flashing lights and so on -- just like "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" and Lord knows how many others. (If anything, "Space Cadet" was more adult.) Certainly, time travel in itself is nothing new to the general public -- not to anyone who read or saw "The Time Machine" (how many millions there?) or reads "Alley Oop" (whatever happened to Brick Bradford?) or reads John Dickson Carr novels. And the presentation is geared to the same mental level as the "Captain Video" watchers.

RSC7

310840 Sgt. R.F. Smith, Moorebank Sub Area, Mil. P.O. Liverpool, New South Wales, Australia

By now, of course, the Tricon is over, and I hope you & Juanita had a reasonably good time there. (Was reading that column by Lin Carter in If recently, and got the impression he was over-simplifying his description of conventions... was that meant for eager young SF readers, in their teens? That's how it read to me, anyway.)

I must admit that the number of typos in Y do seem to have increased over recent issues...

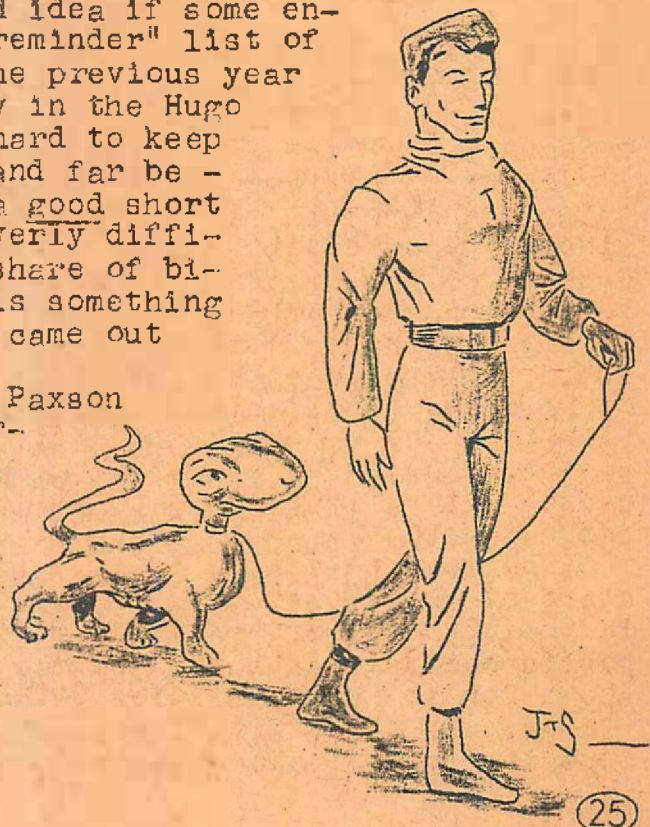
Juanita, I think this cents-off racket is reaching the ridiculous stage in this country now, and no doubt a walk thru one of our supermarkets would make you feel right at home. The number of prizes, cars, you-name-it, temptingly offered on some of the packages (and TV commercials) are quite enormous also. Seems to me you can't just plain buy a jar of coffee anymore; you gotta tear off the label, fill out the puzzle, send in those caps, in an all-out effort to be the lucky owner of...something or other. Bah.

I go along with your comments on individual correspondence versus apa's, Buck.

I was thinking: wouldn't it be a good idea if some enterprising fanzine editor published a "reminder" list of all the short SF stories published in the previous year to assist people in voting this category in the Hugo ballot? Outstanding novels are not so hard to keep track of, because they are usually few and far between; but it's so easy to forget even a good short yarn. I don't think this would be an overly difficult task; we appear to still have our share of bibliographers and indexers around. Now is something like Judith Merrill's THE YEAR'S BEST SF came out earlier it might help.

I'm a trifle surprised that Diana L. Paxson didn't mention Farmer's "religious" stories (remember that issue of Startling?), or Blish's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. Or the Lester del Rey novelette from STAR SHORT NOVELS...

Ah... the amount of enthusiasm in your review of Saki's INCREDIBLE TALES leads me to think you also dig this delightful writer's work... since 1954 I haven't gone anywhere without my copy of THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF...





MICROMEGA #4
(Carlo Bordonì,
Avenza, Italy -
quarterly - 5 for
\$2) A huge, thick
Italian fanzine,
which I'm sure
would be very in-
teresting if I
could read Ital-
ian.

LA CHAISE ELECT-
RIQUE #1 (Jean-
Marie Buchet, 26
Quai aux Briques,
Bruxelles I,
Belgium - no price
or schedule that
I could read)
Sorry, fellas; I
don't read French,
either.

WITZEND #1 (Wallace Wood, Box 882 Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023 - irregular - \$1.00) The price is justified if you're interested in comic or fantasy art. There are a couple of adventure strips by Wood; both featuring excellent artwork and idiot plots. There is some cartoon fantasy humor by Jack Gaughan, and some cartoon fantasy moralizing by someone who I guess is Archie Goodwin (the credits aren't too explicit, and it looks more like one of the old EC staff whose work I detested and whose name I don't recall). There is a back cover by Frank Frazetta, and various other odds and ends. And I see I made an error; there is one adventure strip by Wood and one by Al Williamson. Both have excellent art and lousy plots. Rush out and buy a copy and make sure a second issue appears.

THE BAUM BUGLE, Vol. 10 #2 (International Wizard of Oz Club, Box 95, Kinderhook, Illinois - \$2.00 per year - quadrimestrial) I'm still unable to see much point in entire fandoms devoted to one author, but the Baum fans certainly have an attractive magazine. This issue features a 4-color printed cover showing various Oz flags (an article inside explains what they all are). Material consists of little-known information about Baum's life, bibliographic references, a convention report, reprints of rare Baum material, etc. Like AMRA, much of the material is interesting even though I don't care two whoops about the author being discussed.

GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE #21 (Fred Clarke, 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Ill. 60635 - irregular - 40¢) There's a big difference here from the first few issues I got from Dave Keil several years ago. Size for one thing; this has 76 pages plus front and back covers. Material is primarily on horror movies -- one movie review even creeps into the book review column, where the reviewer spends one short paragraph on a Bloch short story collection and a page and a half on the movie made from one of the stories. If I counted right, there are reviews, of various lengths, of 47 movies, along with news items, publicity releases, and quite a few photographs. There are a few odds and ends such as a book review column, editorial, letter column, etc. Personally I am not at all that interested in movies, but for those of you who are, GGG gives you a lot for your money. The writing is not the best in the world, but it's adequate.

DEGLER! #150, 151, 152 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - weekly - 4 for 25¢) A newsletter which seems to be concentrating mostly on "fannish professional" news; which fans have sold novels to which publishers, etc. There is also the usual convention items, changes of address and stuff like that there. For fans who want to know what's going on; particularly what's going on in New York City and environs.

RATATOSK #40 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza; Los Angeles, California, 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) Another newsletter (an older one than Porter's, despite the numbering). #39 concentrates on the TriCon; #40 is back to general fan news. I suppose I would consider RAT slightly the best of the fan newsletters (except for SKYRACK, of course) but those interested in fan news should really get all of them.

Incidentally, Bruce; Juanita's photo of Dian in costume came out well and we'll send you a print realsoonnow.

EARLY BIRD #E3 and F6 (Michel Feron, 7 Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium - more or less monthly - 12 for \$1, or 12 for \$1.60 via airmail) European news. The "E" series is published in English, and the "F" series in French. Both are worthwhile; the F6 issue is much bigger than the E3, which doesn't help me a bit but might prove useful to French-reading fans.

WSFA JOURNAL #29, 31 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - bi-weekly - \$2 per year) News of the Washington club, some general east coast fan news, book and magazine reviews -- and you can't hardly get regular stf magazine reviews no more -- and con reports. #31 inaugurates a letter column. Worthwhile to the general fan for the reviews -- if you like reviews. (And here is #30, bound in the back of #29.)

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #15 (John Boston, Box 2841, Station B, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee 37203 - irregular - 25¢) Devoted entirely to books; reviews of current publications and news of forthcoming ones. Possibly the most useful of the newsletters.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation (for information on dues, etc, write Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 37754). I have two of their publications. THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol. 25 #4 is concerned with club activities; mainly with a forthcoming election, this time. Reports from various bureaus and this sort of thing. TIGHTBEAM #39 is devoted primarily to letters, but this time also contains Don Franson's excellent "Information Bureau" column, suitably disguised as a letter. (Any time you can't get it published in the N3F, Don, remember that I'm always willing to make space for it in YANDRO.....)

AUTOCHTHON (Lee H. Carson, B325 Bryan Hall, Michigan State, East Lansing, Mich. 48823 - one-shot - no price) Small, editor-written. Verse, humor, biography, cartoons.

CAVIL #1 (Phil Roberts, 3144 Parkwood Ave, Toledo, Ohio 43610 - quarterly - 25¢) This seems to be a throwback to the time, a few years ago, when there was a sudden -- and short -- outburst of satire fanzines. Phil was one of the Kurtzman Kids of those days, with a couple of dittoed fanzines. Now he's back with a combination of ditto and what looks like Xerox but may be multilith. Material is, as the editor notes, skimpy; presumably contributions of writing and art of a type generally and inaccurately referred to as "non-conformist" will be welcomed. While this issue may well have cost over 25¢ to produce, it wasn't worth anywhere near that amount to me. Future issues may be; I seem to recall Phil having one of the better satire mags in the old days (tho none of them were outstanding).

AMRA #42 (George H. Scithers, Box O, Eatontown, New Jersey 07724 - irregular - 35¢ or 8 for \$2) Major item here is a review/commentary by Fritz Leiber of a German trilogy I'd never heard of before. In fact, I never heard of the author, Hans Heinz Ewers. There's a long review of "Tarzan And The Valley of Gold" (the movie, not the book) by George Barr, and reviews of recent sword-and-sorcery novels by L. Sprague de Camp. Artwork features Roy Krenkel, George Barr and Domingo Orejudos. This is a must for sword-and-sorcery fans, and usually rewarding reading for others as well.

BOROGOVES #1 (B. Phillip Walker, 809 Romney Lane, Virginia Beach, Virginia 23455 - irregular - 20¢, but he would prefer contributions) A reasonably good first issue. Artwork by Stiles and Cameron is better than the written material, but the writing --- by Ned Brooks, Steve Pickering, Alma Hill, David Jodrey, Frank Dauer, William D. Wojek and the editor -- is adequate. Colored ditto is used with varying degrees of legibility, but mostly with good results. Next issue will mix ditto and mimeo, according to Phil. Along with this came MINAC-MANIA #1, a 40-page postage-stamp-sized fanzine, which he hopes is the smallest fanzine in history. (Presumably some reader more fanzine oriented than I am can tell him if it is or not; I wouldn't know.)

ZARATHUSTRA #6 (Joni Markwood, One Fonthill Park, Rochester, New York 14618 - monthly - 25¢ but again the editor would prefer contributions) This is a sort of skinny one; 12 pages and covers. Major item is "I Was A Teenage Sarah Lawrence Girl"; it's funny, but somehow I don't empathise too well with teenage college girls. Humor is stressed, though there is also a con report. Humor in fandom is getting rare; send Joni some examples for her next issue. (Me? I'll sit here and sneer at the results.)

G2 Vol. 5 #10 (Joe & Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave, El Sobrante, Calif. 94803 - monthly - 4 for 50¢) They seem to be enthusing over airplanes (?? altiplano??) airplanes and scientific extrapolation this round. Afraid Joe and I just don't have the same interests -- I never dug airplanes, and I have very little real interest in what the future will bring. (Things are bad enough now....) At least, not enough interest to indulge in lengthy bull-sessions over it. If you have, I'm sure you'll enjoy G2. Most fans do.

TWILIGHT ZINE #19 (Leslie Turek, 56 Linnaean St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - irregular - 25¢) A publication devoted to humor. I felt that the humor was stretched a bit far this time, but to each his own. It's the sort of fanzine that one should get used to a little bit at a time. Too much at one reading is unnerving, but once you get addicted, it's fun. Oh yes; co-editor is Cory Seidman. (Apologies, Cory; you're not the editor who keeps wandering all over the country so that I send out a YANDRO to three different addresses and it comes back -- with postage due, yet -- every time. You're a nice person who more or less stays put.)

STROON #3 (c/o M.I.T.S.F.S., Room W20-443, M.I.T., Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - quarterly? - free) Editor states he prefers contributions to cash. Contents are rather unusual, comprising such things as a list of the rapid transit systems in New York City, a list of the identifying letters of Federal reserve banks, a list of the stories of Cordwainer Smith which have been translated into Italian, etc. STROON, the listing fanzine. A few other things are covered, too. Try a copy; it's worth every penny it costs.

DYNATRON #29 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - quarterly - 20¢ in 4¢ and 5¢ stamps) Another fanzine asking for material. Well, this issue is only 20 pages, but every one of them is worth reading. An excellent fanzine. (And it discusses stf, too!)