

YANIPRO

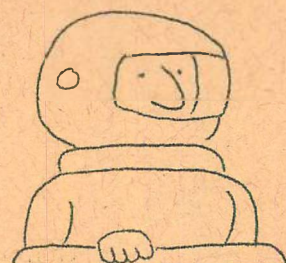
178



Jim. 67.

YANDRO 178

VOL. XVI - NO. 1



JK

This is what we laughingly call the January issue. (Today is Feb. 9.) Published at somewhat less than monthly intervals -- would you believe 11 times a year? -- by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348. British Agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts., U.K. Price US - 40¢ per copy, 4 for \$1.50, 12 for \$4.00
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*"Warriors" (c) Copyright 1968 by L. Sprague de Camp

ARTWORK

COVER by Jim Cawthorn stencilling also by Cawthorn

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" 11 - Bjo Trimble

This is YANDRO's Fifteenth Anniversary Issue

unpaid advertisement

We the undersigned believe that we do not give two hoots what a bunch of stfwriters do or do not think about the participation of the United States in the war in Viet Nam.

Don Thompson
Maggie Thompson
Buck Coulson
Juanita Coulson
Gene DeWeese
Bevorly DeWeese



The annish seems to take a month and a half minimum to produce any more. There are extra stencils, of course, and more time required to cut them. And more of you uncooperative sorts out there resubscribed despite our boost in price - curse you - so this issue we're running 290. And may I remind you this fanzine is put out on a Gestetner 120, which is a hand crank model....so cracks about how late we are will not be taken kindly. I am at this tag-end stage of the game racing the machine.....can I complete running all the stencils before the sideband cracks in one of three places where it's already split halfway across? If it will hold for five stencils more, this issue should go in the mail 2/11/68. If not, there will

be further delay. (Whichever, we will almost immediately start stencilling material for #179.)

Arrived too late for inclusion with this issue (and certainly for inclusion under the above mentioned conditions) - Hugo nomination ballot: We will in all likelihood distribute a Hugo nomination ballot with the next issue. And to help you, jog memories and so forth, we'll include some suggestions for your attention. (I call them suggestions; Buck calls them dictations.) There will be suggestions for written material... novel, novelette, short story, mag...probably in Rumblings next issue. And, as we did last year, Kay Anderson and I anticipate doing a survey of the STAR TREK episodes aired during the 1968 calendar year (realizing not all of you keep a file of dates and titles and so forth). This might be the time to be thinking about the matter of nomination. If you help nominate candidates for Hugo categories, you have a perfect right to gripe your head off about the final results....and perhaps if you do the nominating, you'll have a better chance of getting a result you won't need to gripe about. We'll offer our considered opinions for those of you who have trouble making up your minds....or can't wade thru everything and use us as your resident sifters of wheat from chaff.... or whatever. (I'm never quite sure why people not only take our advice but expect us to give it on such matters, but there it is.) The Hugo nomination ballot again includes the Fan Writer and Fan Artist category, so you might be thinking about those awards, too.

It's come to attention the painful way - in letters received - that some of you either don't pay attention or are confused by a certain signature gimmick of burs, and I'd like to clarify and explain at this time. Editorial comments in the Yandro lettercol are identified at the end of a comment, with either the initials "RSC" (Buck) or "JWC" (me). Thus: "I say it's broccoli and the hell with it. RSC" or "On the other hand I have six fingers. JWC". At the end of the statement....got that? Kindly do not castigate Buck for my assinine statements or vice versa. It destroys domestic tranquility and makes us annoyed with the writer.

It was last Saturday evening that we learned the unhappy news about the death of Ron Ellik. I hoped it might be a hoax, but such does not seem to be the case. We never knew Ron as well as we might, but our relations with him were always pleasant. I particularly remember that Ron seemed one of the most forgiving and understanding of persons, almost devoid of vengeful feelings, even when such were justified. At Discon his room was pilfered, and Ron had reason to believe he knew the thief....and he described the light fingered one as "an unfortunate man who just had too much temptation put in front of him". Not that he was not making efforts to right matters; he did not approve, but he understood. His death is the more painful because he was young, with a lot of life and possible happiness that he will now not grasp. We had a similar brush

with mortality when Buck was involved in a bad accident just a few months before we were married; we were lucky, the fates were kind, or whatever interpretation one wants to put on it, and I'm saddened that matters didn't end so well for Ron and Lois. Being sorry doesn't really help, but one wants to do something, even if only try to put regret into words.

Emotionally, matters became a bit hard to handle there for a while, because shortly after I learned of Ron's death, I was informed my father had died. I had not been close to him for some years, since I was fourteen, and his death was not unexpected; nevertheless, I am a somewhat emotional person and it seemed as though things were crowding in. Family protocol led me to attend the funeral, a ritualistic and to me meaningless occasion. The muted and artificial organ music and somber, occasionally hypocritical atmosphere appalled me. I believe the Irish have the right idea. I'd prefer something loud and joyous for my friends to remember me by....and if it must be Christian religious music, why not select one of the gladder choruses from Handel's "Messiah"?

Gun laws and comments thereon have been noticeable on television, particularly on THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS show, and leave me with rather mingled feelings. There is a tendency, as a member of a gun-owning family, to bristle at all such anti-gun skits, speeches, tirades, whathaveyou. But there is also the knowledge that some if not much of the criticism is valid. Psychotics and paranoiacs can buy guns with dismaying ease. (So can criminals, of course, and stiff gun laws would not, certainly, halt the use of guns by criminals....who steal them from police stations, among other places.) But Sydney Harris in one of his recent columns had the first intelligent "Yes, but..." statements I have ever read by a national figure. Harris mentioned that when he went into rural areas he was often taken to task by farmers and small town types for previous anti-gun stands; he was at pains to explain that it was almost impossible to communicate with both factions, urban and rural. Harris apparently quite sensibly believes that there is strong precedence for the use of guns (and ease of obtaining them) by rural people; the gun in the small town or on the farm is a tool for hunting and disposal of animals that would otherwise suffer for hours with painful injuries. (Even the most callous farmer is hardly likely to enjoy listening to a steer with a broken leg - broken in a groundhog hole, and farmers shoot groundhogs for precisely that reason - screaming in pain. And I assure you it takes an animal a long time to bleed to death; a bullet in the brain is quicker.) Rural types are widely separated from neighbors, conservative, taught at an early age respect for firearms and property, and in general are cautious and responsible possessors of firearms. I'm prepared to accept the argument that the reverse is often true for the big city purchaser of firearms....particularly during times of civil unrest. When one can shake out a dust mop into one's neighbor's kitchen, it becomes equally easy to blow your neighbor's head off. Many residents of urban areas might be very trustworthy gun owners, but I can see the nervousness of the non-gun owning type who knows some of his fly-off-the-handle neighbors can easily obtain a firearm.

The arguments are almost endless, and often emotional. I wanted to present a side of the picture that might not have occurred to some of our readers who've spent most of their lives in an urban situation.

One might suggest that the solution that would come closest to satisfying everyone would be to license the owner; that each potential gun owner would have to pass a test to ascertain if he knew safety rules and was reasonably stable emotionally before he'd be issued a license...after which his purchases would be relatively unrestricted.

It sounds like a good idea....but then a great deal would depend on the test and the people administrating it. May all your scores be what you wish...

JWC



Well, here we are with our ANNISH, late as usual, and no big letter column like I said we'd have. (Would you believe next issue? You wouldn't...well, you don't have to get nasty about it....)

I've received a couple of convention announcements. Marcon III will be held March 30 and 31, in Columbus, Ohio. Write Larry Smith, 216 E. Tibet Rd, Columbus, Ohio 43202 if you're interested and didn't get a circular. (Or you can have mine; we aren't going.) And the Thompsons sent a flier on the INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF COMIC ART, to be held July 4-7 in New York

City. Write SCARP, c/o Bill and Linda Parents, 15-D Arcadia Road, Hackensack, New Jersey, for information on membership. (Wouldn't you know that Hackensack wouldn't get around to Zip Codes when the rest of the country did?) This seems to be sponsored by the Society for Comic Art Research and Preservation, Inc., of which Phil Seuling is president -- which kills what little enthusiasm I had, right there.

Just got some advertisement for S&H Green Stamps, which says that they will give 100 stamps for five empty packages of Alpine, Galaxy, or Ambassador cigarettes. Does this classify S&H as a merchant of death?

Got a couple of news releases from Pyramid. One is that Norman Goldfind has been named vice-president of marketing, which I'm sure thrills everyone. The other is that Piers Anthony won the Irwin Allen/Pyramid/F&SF novel contest. (We also got the news from Piers, but it's more official this way.) Piers also said that Allen didn't think the book was suitable for filming, which I assume means he couldn't figure out a way to get a monster into it.

The new N3F Publicity Chairman, Mike Viggiano, reports that 1967 story contest winners were Doris Beetem (first), Evelyn Lief (second), and Chet Gottfried (third). Don Franson is the 1968 president, with Stan Woolston, Elaine Wojciechowski, Ned Brooks, Wally Weber, and Gary Labowitz as the board of directors. Mike asks why don't I rejoin? Because I can find more interesting things to do than I have time for without joining.

Someone at Lancer sent fliers on their new releases for March and April. March has some goodies, including Williamson's Seetee Ship and Seetee Shock (pure space opera, but I like them) and Witchcraft by William Seabrook. Lancer also seems to use the Goshwowboyoboy type of news release, but it takes more than bad blurbs to turn me off a Seabrook book. (Say "Seabrook book" three times rapidly....)

Lee Sapiro says he'd like for me to at least mention RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY in my next issue. Okay -- RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY exists. How's that? (It's a fairly thick multilithed fanzine, primarily of interest to serious fans. I would tell you how much it costs but my copy is out in the summerhouse with a pile of other fanzines -- some time ago Lee asked that I not review issues, so I haven't been. It was something like 75¢ per copy, though. Write Lee, at Box 40, University Station, Regina, Sask., Canada, and find out for sure. I would recommend it unreservedly to scholarly types who consider stf a serious art form. Old PLANET STORIES addicts like me are apt to get less out of RQ.)

The Thompsons also sent a newsletter published by their Senator, Stephen M. Young. He seems to be a fannish type. (He's been written up a few times in national magazines as the senator who tells his constituents to go to hell when they write him nasty letters.) In this newsletter he quotes what he claims are official efficiency reports from the time he was an army officer. Such as "His leadership is outstanding except for his lack of ability to get along with his subordinates." And my favorite: "Open to suggestions but never follows them." Now there is a man after my own heart, and completely

covers the way YANDRO is operated. Anyone is quite welcome to make suggestions for its improvement, but don't expect me to pay any attention to them. (I might even follow them, but it isn't terribly likely.)

Bah; here's a letter from Ron Miller, quibbling over my review of DAKKAR a couple of issues ago. Since he has some valid points, I meant to publish it. Oh well; next issue.

Next issue we do the letter column first.

This will be the last issue containing Rick Norwood's prozine review column. Rick wrote me that a year of reading everything and reviewing it had got him to the point where he didn't enjoy stf mags any more, so he was going back to reading for pleasure. He may have a synopsis of the past year in a future issue -- or he may not. I know what Rick means -- any more, when I want to relax and enjoy something, I pick something other than stf. I've read too much of it, I can still pick up a book by Brunner or Swann with the advance assurance that I'll enjoy it, but otherwise I'll pick Alan Moorhead, Hans Kirst, de Camp, or something in AMERICAN HERITAGE for relaxation. New stf books are approached with a certain wariness. (And sometimes, as in Mark Geston's recent Ace novel, Lords of the Starship, I get a welcome surprise.)

It is a fine and happy thing to have a friend who works for Bobbs-Merrill.

I mentioned de Camp's The Great Monkey Trial in the book review column; this was one of my Christmas presents this year. Others included Story of the Irish Race by Seumas MacManus, The Frontiersmen by Allan Eckert, and A History of Russia by George Vernadsky. (Names from memory; excuse errors.) A pretty good haul. Now if I can only get time to read them all....

A couple of new promags are out. Ted White is publishing and editing STELLAR, which he intends to circulate thru bookstores, not newsstands. I guess us people out in the sticks will have to order by mail. I'm not positive whether this is already out, or forthcoming; I gathered the latter. Once which has already has two issues (a fact I didn't know until I saw it on the Milwaukee news stands) is WORLD WIDE ADVENTURE, edited by Robert W. Lowndes (who is now the busiest editor in the field, with 4 titles). The first two issues reprint from ARGOSY and ACE-HIGH MAGAZINE, plus a couple from hardcover book collections. Authors include Wells, Kipling, Theodore Roscoe, Anthony M. Rud, Paul Annixter, and lesser lights. Most stories are from the 1930's, and should be a must for anyone who waxes nostalgic over the pulp era.

A few people have inquired, so here are some comments on What You Should Know About Receiving Fanzines. First, and most important: no matter what you are told by your local postal clerk, the post office will not forward third class mail. A YANDRO sent to a no longer current address will - usually - be returned to us. When this happens, I do not make any particular effort to find out where the recipient has gone; paying out 10¢ postage due is apt to ruin my disposition for weeks. If you move and want to keep on receiving YANDROS, let me know. (Do not count on my noticing a change of address in S F WEEKLY, either. We have over 250 subscribers, and while I may recognize your name in another fanzine, I just may not. Do not count on my noticing a new address on your letter, either; point it out to me.)

"Long-term" YANDRO subs are handled via an addressing tool (provided by George Scithers, who is a Good Man). This is sort of a primitive ditto process; name, address, and other information are included on a paper master, and the addresses run on the envelopes from these. The "other information" in this case is a number which represents the last issue you will receive on your current subscription. (If your number is 180, for example, you have 2 issues to go after this one.) You can keep track of your sub this way. The last issue of a sub is also rubber-stamped, "Your subscription expired" on the cover of the mag itself. (Thank Ed Wood for this innovation.) However, foreign subscribers in particular are advised to decide whether you want to resubscribe or not at least one issue before the sub expires. While that issue is sauntering across the Atlantic, we are preparing another one -- and we don't run many extras. A last-minute renewal could make you miss an issue. "Short-term" subs and single copies are hand addressed; for a few copies it's easier that way. They receive no expiration notice.

A Devastating Review

(OF THAT CLASSIC - "BLOOD FEAST")

by DENNIS LIEN

First of all, it's only a little over an hour long, and a great pity, too. It was double-featured with an LA travelogue entitled (really) BEAUTY AND THE BODY. Star of BLOOD FEAST-(female variety)-was Miss June or July (1964) of Playboy. She was an ugly blonde with large breasts and small talent. Her boyfriend was handsome dumb Detective-Inspector or some such (not Chief of Fuzz, though - said person being not-so-handsome or young, though just as dumb). Boy and girl converse in clichés and "uh"s. This is Realism.

A Fiend Is Loose.

The movie has opened with a female-type (beautiful, of course) getting ready for the tub. Enters tub. Enter villain, into apartment (picked lock?) and into bathroom. He has a cleaver.

Hear the screams. See the blood. See villain (but not his face). See villain cut off dead nude girl's leg in sight of camera (or damn near so). See villain put bloody leg into a "baggie" and toddle off (no "damn near" about it). See how red the bath water now is (linger on this).

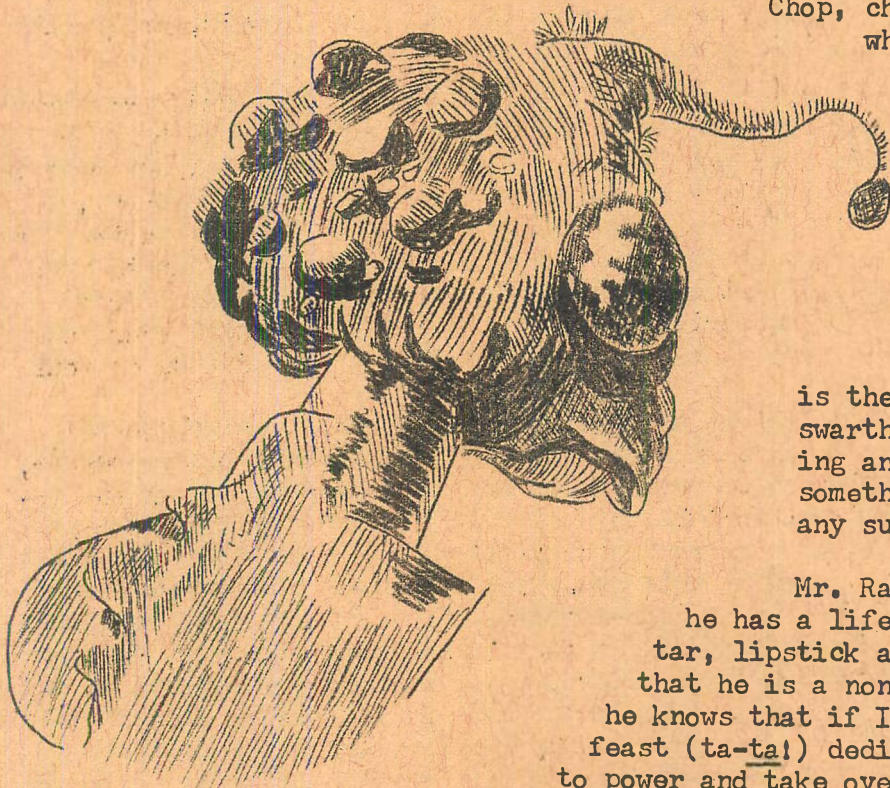
Other murders. One broad (beautiful, of course) has her tongue pulled out with a pliers or some-such (full view of the camera, but not of me, who couldn't take it and looked away, moaning softly). Another ditto (beautiful, ditto) has her heart cut out of her. One young ditto (ditto) is surprised on a deserted beach with her boy-friend, making out With Gusto (Gusto being an Italian friend...). Before the Beast With Two

Backs can rear its ugly head, enter fiend.

Chop, chop. Cut to fuzz station later, where j.d.-type boy-friend is sobbing in hysterics (he'd just seen the rushes). Fuzz vow to get this fiend. Unfortunately, no clues.

Meanwhile, stupid heroine is getting her upcoming birthday party catered by, of course, an Egyptologist (nothing like a swinging Egyptian party, is there?). Said Egyptologist is swarthy and sinister and foreign looking and has a sinister limp and a name something like "Mr. Rama". Do you have any suspicions?

All-seeing camera eye follows Mr. Rama into back of his shop, where he has a life-size statue of the goddess Ishtar, lipstick and all. He makes a Vow. Seems that he is a non-sectarian priest of Ishtar, and he knows that if Ishtar ever gets another blood-feast (ta-ta!) dedicated to her, she will come back to power and take over the world (shades of HPL!).



Recipe for a blood-feast: 1 arm of a recently-slaughtered female; 1 leg of a recently-slaughtered female; 1 tongue of a recently-slaughtered female; 1 heart.....you get the idea.

He's got 'em, too. In the 'fridge, I think.

Final ingredient for blood-feast: Everybody eats a few bites of a meat pie made from these spare parts, while Mr. Rama sacrifices a virgin (in Los Angeles, yet?) to Ishtar.

And Mr. Rama is going to cater a party. Ohyez ohyez.

Stupid heroine meets stupid police boyfriend. They're sitting in a parked car. They're - blush - talking.

(Talking. Nothing dirty about this movie - just good clean gore and blood and torture. Safe to bring the kiddies.)

Talking about how isn't it terrible about how a fiend is loose? And aren't fiends bad, though? And isn't bad evil, though? And are you coming to my party, stupid policeman-boyfriend? And I can't, stupid Miss June (or July) Playmate-girlfriend; I've got to work late trying to catch the Fiend.

Stupid cop and stupid blonde go out on a date (or is this where they met? I forget) to a lecture on Egyptology by Mr. Rama. He lectures about the cult of Ishtar and blood-feasts and pushes his book (about Ishtar and blood-feasts). No one is suspicious. (After all, this is Culture...)

Day of the party. Meat pie in the oven. Mr. Rama lures stupid blonde out into the kitchen, gets her alone, shuts the door, asks her to lie on his table and shut her eyes - it's a party game! Stupid blonde does it, and Mr. Rama tries to....

No, folks, he tries to kill her, is all. I told you this was a clean movie.

Stupid policeman finally gets a Bright Idea. Everything Is Clear To Him Now (he peeked ahead in the script). He makes tracks to the Egyptology Shop of Mr. Rama, breaks in the back, finds Ishtar and other mystic things, along with a few left-over spare parts (maybe for a midnight snack?). Stupid policeman rushes to Stupid Blonde's house.

They're still playing party game. Everytime Mr. Rama is about to come down with the knife, Miss June (or July) gets the giggles, or opens her eyes, or has to go potty, or what not. Finally the moment arrives. Knife up - ready -

Stupid policeman-boyfriend and assistant-stupid-policeman break in and Mr. Rama runs out. Blonde has hysterics. Blonde's mother is informed not to eat any of that meat - it's fried people. Blonde's mother's comment: "Oh dear - we'll have to make do with hamburger." (No, I am not making this up.)

O.K. Picture this. Mr. Rama is middle-aged and has a very bad limp. His pursuers are young and athletic. Mr. Rama has about a fifty-foot head start.

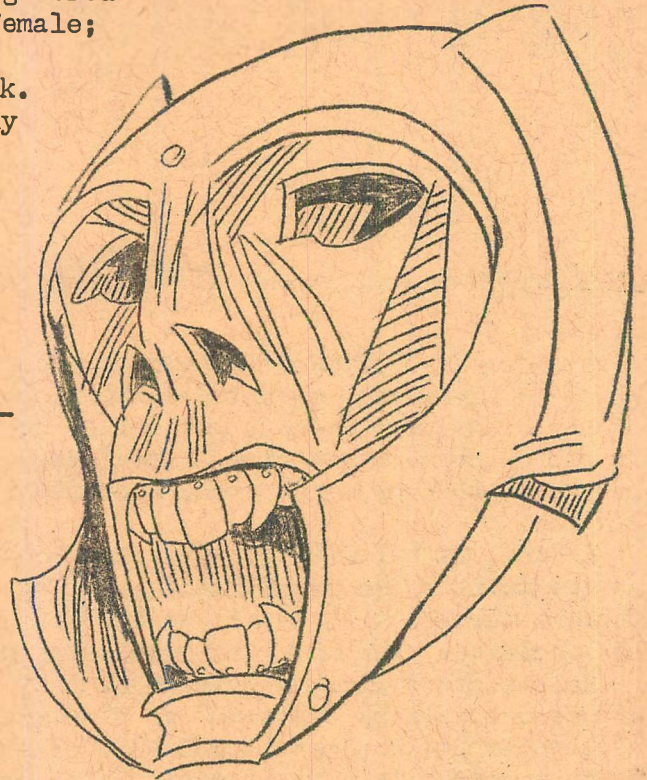
Three minutes later, Mr. Rama has lengthened the distance.

So much so that he has time to try to sneak a ride. He sees some kind of truck moving along, and overtakes it and hops in the back. Said truck is a mobile garbage - disposer and squasher. Squash.

Little red pieces of Mr. Rama leak out the seams of the truck. Policeman's comment: "A fitting way to die - like the garbage he was."

Bask at the Rama-cave, the statue of the goddess Ishtar starts shedding tears. She'll never get back the world back now. Drip, drip, drip. The End.

I'd be glad to hear from any Yandro reader who saw this flick, and can fill me in on some of the atrocities I've forgotten. Maybe we can start our own sub-fandom...



THE MAGUS

review by

MICHAEL VICCIANO

THE MAGUS by John Fowles (Dell 5162, 604 pp., 95¢)

It poured with rain the day I left. But I was filled with excitement, a strange exuberant sense of taking wing. I didn't need to know where I was going, but I knew what I needed. I needed a new land, a new race, a new language; and, although I couldn't have put it into words then, I needed a new mystery.

I think that I will get the same comments about John Fowles' new book (he also wrote the bestseller THE COLLECTOR) that I have gotten from my friends who saw the motion picture "Blow-Up": they all enjoyed it, but each had a different version of what happened in the movie. THE MAGUS is also being made into a movie with Anthony Quinn and Michael Caine, but to call it a science fantasy would be incorrect because to some readers the occurrences will be explained as simply as the way the Air Force explains UFOs.

Like Murray Douglas in THE PRODUCTIONS OF TIME by John Brunner, English born Nicholas Urfe is caught in a world manipulated by one man; in Urfe's case the mysterious Conchis who lives an isolated life away from the inhabitants of Bourani, a Greek island. Both Douglas and Urfe feel that they have mishandled their lives and Douglas is trying to overcome his escape to alcohol while Urfe is escaping from an unsuccessful love affair. The weaknesses of these two men are used against them: by the playwright Manuel Delgado in THE PRODUCTIONS OF TIME, and by Conchis in THE MAGUS. Physically Conchis "...was nearly completely bald, brown as old leather, short and spare, a man whose age was impossible to tell, perhaps sixty, perhaps seventy...the most striking thing about him was the intensity of his eyes; very dark brown, staring with a simian penetration emphasized by the remarkably clear whites; eyes that seemed not quite human."

As to the other characters, whereas in Brunner's book both the roles and the lives of the actors and actresses are stereotyped, in THE MAGUS the characterizations of the other participants, especially that of a girl known to Urfe by many names who torments, loves, and seemingly betrays him, are deep and confusing. And in THE MAGUS there is no artificial stage, yet a play is in a way being performed and both Urfe and the reader have a hard time distinguishing reality from unreality.

It is this appearance of a "sort of game inside a game inside a game", first between Urfe and Conchis, and second, between the reader and Fowles, which adds to the interest of the book. Urfe is the only Englishman teaching on the Greek island of Bourani, and he has been warned by his predecessor about the "waiting room"; a strange clue which, of course, entices Urfe's interest even more. The events which follow his meeting of Conchis are weird; they begin after Conchis has offered Urfe a test: to roll a die and if it is six Urfe must commit suicide; any other number would give Urfe "life" and a chance to learn more about Conchis. The odds seem to be in Urfe's favor, yet we find out that in reality they aren't. On this part of the island Conchis controls everything. Therefore he takes on the appearance of a god to Urfe, though in other ways he seems like a madman. Yet in another part of the book Conchis suggests to Urfe that his home is among the stars and that there is life on other worlds; this, of course, hints at his being an alien. Man, God, Alien? This is one of the puzzles Fowles offers the reader and Urfe.

On the whole, THE MAGUS is a slow moving book broken up with long, but interesting, stretches of monologue by Conchis. In a way, the "game" element of Urfe's plight detracts from the book. When Urfe appears in a situation which at first glance is dangerous, the reader self consciously asks himself the question: is Urfe actually in physical danger or

is this just another one of Conchis's tricks? Like the one he pulls when German soldiers, who are really actors, attack and capture Urfe on a lonely night. This emphasis that the characters are performing a play in a novel is illustrated by Fowles' style: as in a play every gesture of the actor is important. For instance, in just less than a hundred lines these typical passages appear:

"He was walking purposefully, almost in a hurry, as if he had wanted to be out of the way before I came."

"He reached out, as if he felt sorry for me, and grabbed my shoulder for a second. It was clear that he wanted to get on."

"I saw her slide a look at me, and then bite her lips to keep from smiling."

However, the real significance of the book lies in the short last section after the maze of events on/or near Bourani. Either by now the reader has been moved emotionally by the inner conflict of Urfe, or the book is a bore. Urfe and the reader have supposedly learned something from the random, apparently meaningless events Urfe has gone through. The last section can be titled the Redemption. Urfe can go back to the girl he was in love with, the girl who to him, but not to the outside world, died and came back to life; or perhaps his "redemption" can take place because he has solved the mystery of the "godgame" of Conchis and therefore if at least he hasn't received happiness he has received understanding. The mystery isn't revealed as easily as Brunner reveals to us the forces behind Delgado. Fowles offers many clues and the last chapter is vivid, moving. But in the end, the answers are left up to the reader.

PLANET POEMS: 10. THE TENTH PLANET

by - - - - - Rick Norwood

I am paradox: the cold rocks.
The flat slate tundra.
The rich deeps. The sky sweeps.
The distant thunder.
The ancient shells, on desert swells,
Of mighty, mystic towns
Whose time worn towers map the hours
On the sands around.
The damp earth, with death/birth
Beating;
The rearing feasts of mellow beasts
Eating.
The hills that bind the sun behind
So one lone red ridge rides
A twilight sea of mystery
In paradise.

Get out and split a rail to honor Lincoln's Birthday

CON NEWS: The 11th Lunacon will be held April 19 thru 21 at the Park Sheraton Hotel 56th St. and 7th. Ave, New York City. Guest of honor is Don Wollheim. The Lunacon Program Book is now accepting advertising, starting at \$5 for a half-page ad, which isn't too bad. For information, if you didn't get his advertising leaflet, write Andrew Porter, Associate Editor, Lancer Books, Inc., 1560 Broadway, New York, N. Y. (As Juanita commented, Andy now has "a foot in both pies"....she took it back, but I thought it was too good to waste. RSC)

THE SNOW WITCH

FICTION BY

raymond l. clancy

Late one night in early winter, the witch of our neighborhood built a fire in front of her hut on the hill so that all the countryside could see it.

In summer she used to do this so that people desirous of consulting her would know she was at home and in a mood to receive them. However, the ground was now covered with snow, and in our cottage there was a lot of speculation when my grandfather reported the fire.

There was a young man staying with us who loved my sister Nettie, and after the family had decided that the witch's signal meant no more or less than it did in summer, he announced that he was going up the hill to speak with her. My mother quickly tried to dissuade him, saying that the deep snow would prevent him from reaching the hilltop before daybreak. This was because she feared he was going to buy a love potion I realized years later, when I had grown wiser in the ways of men and women.

But Ajax was not to be convinced. Supper was over when my grandfather told us about the witch fire, and Ajax dressed warmly and left quickly after announcing his decision.

It was a night brilliant with moonshine, and we could see his figure crossing the snow-buried pasture, plodding along the road, and beginning the ascent of the hill.

Then it was time for bed, and Nettie blushed proudly when we all marvelled that Ajax had gotten so far in the short space during which we had been watching him.

Well, he never came back, and the next day was too stormy for us to follow. And the next and the next. Nettie was grieving for Ajax so that she wasn't much use about the house.

And she protested so much the first day of sunshine that we all bundled up except grandfather and myself. I was too young, they said.

And so grandfather and I sat below on a snow-bank near the house and watched the whole family toiling up the bright snowy hillside which Ajax had travelled three days and an evening before. The figures we were watching grew smaller and smaller as they made their way over the crusted snowy glaze of the witch's hill. We below could still make out the black patch in front of the witch's hut which showed where the fire had been that summoned Ajax some days before.

We saw their tiny forms way up there that evening when the sun went down in a blazing red sky. "Come in, sonny," my grandfather said, "it's time for bed. And they'll never be able to get back to-night."

I went with him on into the house, wishing for my mother and Nettie. George and the twins were far too old for me now. And my father was less fun every year.

I know now that life was hard where we lived, but some knowledge comes late, And some comes never.



We watched our family toiling downwards the next day, grandfather and I. There wasn't much work that could be done in winter, whether life was hard or not. So grandfather and I ate our meals quickly and after each meal we went back outside and watched patiently as the dark forms on the snow-covered hill moved slowly down toward us.

When the family got to our pasture they shouted all together, and grandfather went out over the fields to them. I tagged along, of course.

It was a shock to see Ajax. He was just like a man of ice. Father and George and the twins were carrying him, and he was stiff just like a statue made out of ice.

When the spring came, Ajax was standing out in the yard. He never melted.

And people came to us from all over the valley. They looked at Ajax and they talked with Father and Mother and with all the family - except myself, of course.

I can still remember the spring evening, warm and breezy, when they chased the witch down the hillside and into our pasture. But some things aren't good to remember. You'd better not hear about that.

I realize now that the place where I lived was a bit different from the rest of the world. But I wouldn't say that the people there weren't as smart as people elsewhere. They did something about things.

Of course, they never did get Ajax thawed out, although they used to build fires under him on the hottest summer days and throw all kinds of herbs in the fires. He's in a patch of woods behind the house now, and I sometimes go to say 'hello' to him after I've visited with the rest of the family when I have my vacations. Mother put him there so that Nettie would sort of forget, and she did in a way. Nettie married a boy from lower down in the valley, and they have three lovely children. I guess she loves her husband all right, but the kids have been to visit Ajax; who might have been their father if he hadn't been in such a hurry to get a love potion when it wasn't needed.

And as I say, the people where I come from are just as smart as the others.

I never did get anything in my chemistry course at college which could explain what happened to Ajax. And we have quite a college: best football team around.

May you avoid flying objects on Washington's birthday.

CON NEWS: A conference on science fiction, fantasy, "and recent developments in Literature, Film, Theatre, and Television," sponsored by U. of Wis.-Milwaukee Union Theatre-Literary Committee, will be held May 10 and 11 (Friday and Saturday) at the campus of the Univ. of Wisconsin at Milwaukee. Judith Merril, guest speaker. Conference "tentative schedule" includes discussions on Tolkien, Wells & Verne, "New Trends in Science Fiction and Fantasy", "18th and 19th Century Imaginative Literature", visual science fiction, literary criticism as related to sf, and various other materials. "Selected papers will be published sometime after the conference by Arts in Society. There is no registration fee; there is a possibility of screening of experimental films. "Housing information will be forwarded as soon as you register for the convention."

For registration or information, write: Ivor A. Rogers, Theatre Department, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201



WARRIORS

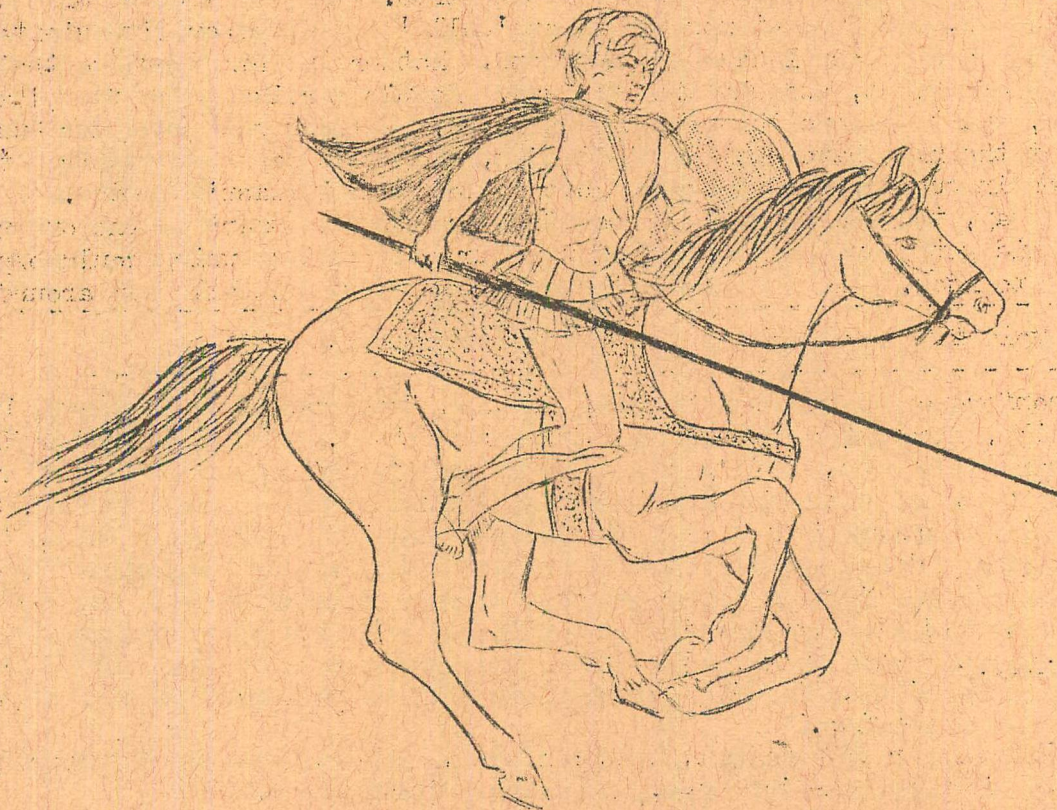
Charging at gallop, divine Alexander,
Leading his guards with audacity reckless,
Routing in panic the horde of the feckless
Monarch Darius, the Persian commander.

Richard the First at the head of his knights,
Whirling his brand on the plain of Arsûf,
Treading the Saracen under his hoof,
Driving old Saladin back to his heights.

Shamyl, the giant Caucasian Avar,
Leaping right over the Muscovite host,
Whirling his saber and then, like a ghost,
Vanishing out of the grip of the Tsar.

Mr. de Camp in his stripes of gold lace,
Studying specifications and charts,
Ordering tests upon aeroplane parts,
Sitting a desk at a nautical base.

————— L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP



Some Remarks On

by

ALEXIS

GILLILAND

The New Left

Let us consider Dr. Spock and Bull Connor. Surely no two individuals could be less similar than brutal, cattle-prodding, police-dogging Pull Connor and gentle, baby-doctoring, peace-loving Dr. Spock. The one an unreconstructed rebel and black (you should pardon the expression) reactionary, the other an heroic embattled liberal and man of good will. And yet, if you stop for a moment and think about it, both men are fighting against laws that are abhorrent to them. Connor, who of course was utterly wrong, fought integration; he wore a button that said NEVER, and because he stood up for what he believed on Nation-Wide TV he got mashed flat. Spock, who is, happily, utterly right, is opposed to the war in Vietnam. His button is HELL NO, WE WON'T GO!, and because he is virtuous, he goes on Nation-Wide TV and makes points.

Nevertheless, what is the essential difference between suppressing a lawful Negro demonstration by force (police dogs and cattle prods) and disrupting the lawful operation of a draft board by force (mobs)? Arguments about the relative merits of Integration and Vietnam are beside the point; is it proper to violate a law you believe is wrong to nullify its effect? The New Left, of which SNCC, CORE, SDS, The New York Review of Books, RAM, Ramparts, and the Peace Movement form a considerable part, answers yes, and furthermore acts on that belief. So they are a little inconsistent when they jeer at Connor. Consistency is the virtue of small minds, and besides, it makes all the difference in the world whether the issue is against Vietnam or against Integration. Just ask them. Also, Bull Connor was a sheriff, and a sheriff is supposed to keep enraged citizens from mauling demonstrators, not maul the demonstrators himself.

Let us next consider the incident that took place at Harvard October 25, 1967. A recruiter from Dow Chemical was blockaded by peacenik students for 7 hours because Dirty Dow makes Napalm for the Department of Defense (DOD). Napalm, as is well known, is a substance not dissimilar to the flame-thrower fuel the North Vietnamese sprayed over some hundred Montagnard women and children on December 4th. Napalm is an atrocity, (incidentally, in the New Left book, the US is responsible for the Montagnard incident; if we hadn't been there, it wouldn't have happened. The North Vietnamese were merely the morally innocent agents of the tragedy.) and Dirty Dow is an accessory before the fact. Therefore, it is right to disrupt Dow's recruiting, and if someone is inconvenienced, say a chem major seeking employment at Dow, well, you can't make an omelette without breaking a few eggs. And this will be a noble omelette; once Dow is forced to stop making Napalm DOD will be deprived of that frightful weapon. And when we are no longer using Napalm, the North Vietnamese will stop using flamethrowers, in all likelihood. Once Dirty Dow goes down, the domino theory says that a little pressure on Uniroyal(TNT), the Standard Oil Companies (gasoline, jet fuels), and the rest of the Merchants of Death will result in a wholesale boycott of DOD. To be sure, we may have to use cattleprods and police dogs, but our cause it is just! And the end justifies the means.

The end in mind is this: here is DOD with \$50,000,000,000 that it can't spend because no one will sell them anything. Either they take over the War on Poverty, the only war left them, or they have to give the money back to the Treasury Department.

For the immediate future, Dr. Spock's aims are more modest. He wants 100,000 peace marchers to demonstrate at the Democratic Convention this summer, and he wants both parties to nominate peace candidates. What do you suppose 100,000 peaceniks will do at the Democratic Convention this year? What do you suppose they would like to do?



BATTLE HYMN OF THE NEW LEFT
(sung to Horst Wessel song)

We do not bathe
Nor will we use a razor
Storm troopers march
For peace in Vietnam
Stop fast the mouths
Of those who speak against us
Kick the ass of Uncle Sam!

Let all condemn
The use of searing Napalm
And wildly cheer
Each knife that cuts a throat
Our navy jets
Cannot compete with gangsters
Knowing Mao's "Thought" by rote.

Nobody knows
Why we must fight in Asia
But peaceniks know
Why we should pull back out
Surrender is
Our Nation's better interest
Negotiationwise or rout!

So much for Dr. Spock and his Peaceniks. . . At a future time I may examine the Black Power segment of the New Left. After all, anyone who can conclude that the Arabs are being reasonable in the Arab-Israel dispute can't be all bad.

May you be protected from machine guns on St. Valentine's Day.

FILLER MATERIAL

On a small state-owned island in the middle of the sea lived a very observant monkey. It seems that the monkey had been watching a local school of porpoises for such a long time that he came to the conclusion that they were immortal. After watching them day after day he noticed that a favorite item in the porpoise diet was baby sea gulls. So he gathered a mess of them with the plan in mind of trading for the secret of porpoise longevity. Carrying the baby sea gulls, he was walking down a path thru the jungle toward the beach when he came upon a lion asleep in the middle of the narrow path. Instead of going around, he walked right over the lion. Infuriated, the lion turned the monkey in to the local police (in the person of an Irish wolfhound). The monkey was duly apprehended and informed that he was being held on charges of transporting young gulls across the state lion for immortal porpoises.

.....inflicted on your shuddering editors by SUE A. WARD

NEW MEXICO POLITICS: "Love our governor. Talk about dropping political shoes. They had his comments on the federal govt's cutback of highway funds. Johnson had said it was a modest cut. Cargo said it was about as modest as Gypsy Rose Lee and the govt was just trying to get the states to put pressure on their representatives to vote for that goddam tax increase."reported by Kay Anderson..reprinted as a public service, since our newspapers never seem to print that sort of comment.

OF CATS AND KINGS

magazine reviews by

RICK NORWOOD

NOVEMBER REVIEWS

Analog 5 stories

"Coup" is an entertaining western, with just enough other-world setting to give it a stfnal flavor. The action is as vivid and involving as a wide screen movie. The story has one outstanding departure from the typical adventure story. The hero is intelligent and acts it. Most s-f heroes are knowledgable. They often use their technical training to save the day. It is a rare hero who uses his native wit. John of the Hawks knows nothing of science but this doesn't keep him from using his head.

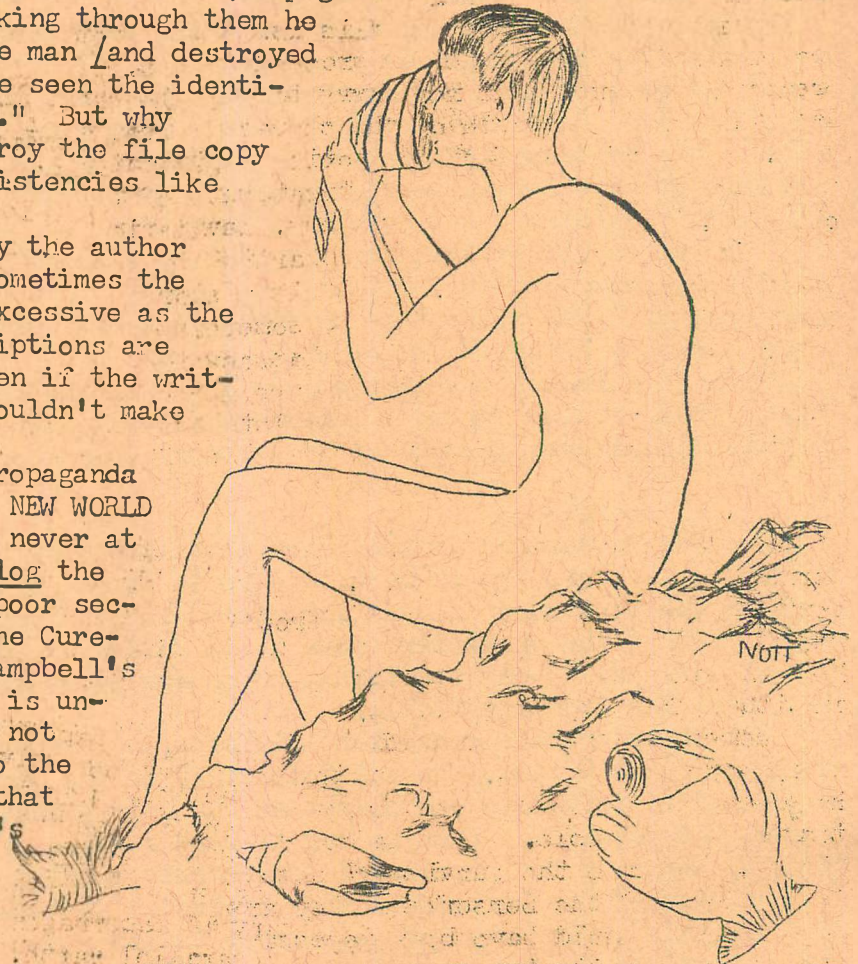
"Prostho Plus" is the first story in a series which continues with "In the Jaws of Danger" in this month's If. It is important that you read the Analog half first. Both stories are well worth reading.

"The Case of the Perjured Planet" is a very clumsy s-f detective story. For example, on page 88 Quisp thinks "There was a chance the person who had destroyed the identification tag had not remembered the copy in the files..." If he could find out the little man's name...." Never mind how you find an identification tag in a file if you don't know the owner's name. The quote implies that the person who destroyed the tag would want to destroy the file copy. But when Quisp gets to the files and sees Addison looking through them he reasons "If Addison had killed the man and destroyed his identification, he would have seen the identification tag and known who he was." But why couldn't Addison be there to destroy the file copy? The plot is full of inconsistencies like this.

Near the beginning of the story the author gives a parody of overwriting. Sometimes the prose of the story is almost as excessive as the parody. At other times the descriptions are clear and even memorable. But even if the writing were uniformly excellent it wouldn't make up for bad plotting.

It is possible to write good propaganda that is also a good story, BRAVE NEW WORLD has a high propaganda content but never at the expense of the story. In Analog the story and the reader often run a poor second and third to the Message. "The Cure-All Merchant" is selling one of Campbell's dearest doctrines. Therefore, it is unimportant that it is not a story, not science fiction, and not really to the point, since the fine print says that the character supporting Campbell's point of view can't be wrong, ever.

"Mission: Red Plague" is almost completely dehumanized.



Only a few descriptive phrases lighten the computer-like prose that describes the reactions of man and machine with the same detached authority. It does carry a certain conviction, as if it were coming in over the teletype.

Fantastic 1 new story

"The Housebreakers" by Ron Goulart is a humorous spy story. The hero, apparently a series character, is not really interested in spying. He takes his orders from an individual who worries about poetry being effeminate. A female contact does all of his ground work for him, so that all he has to do is confront the villain, who then kindly explains the entire plot.

You have just gotten two reviews for the price of one, because the same description applies word for word to "The Sword Swallow" by Ron Goulart in this month's F&SF. The two stories are not in the same series, or even set in the same universe. In fact, it is remarkable how much individuality Goulart manages to give his characters and setting, considering the similarities in plot, style and tone. Both stories have funny lines in them, but neither one strikes me as a very funny story as a whole. If you like Goulart's humor, you will like them.

F&SF 7 stories.

This is the poorest issue of F&SF in a long time. Except for the Goulart story, all of the stories are very much alike. They all have a commonplace non-technological background. All of the characters are unexceptional. Few of them are either likeable or interesting. There are no novel ideas or treatments. Three of the shorts in this issue I don't consider to be stories at all. To be a story, a work of fiction must have a character that the reader can be interested in. This character must be involved in some situation. And the character must take some action in an attempt to alter the situation. I believe these requirements are minimal. Reed, Saxton and Goligorsky fail to meet one or more of them.

In four of the pieces in this issue the protagonist is in a situation in which he can do nothing but die, which he proceeds to do. There is so little identification that the reader is neither glad nor sorry to see the character go. In no case does the story end abruptly with the death of the character from whose point of view the story is being told. Some science fiction stories legitimately replace characterization with novelty, but here we have conventional treatments of the zombie, the master plant, the mutated children, post-atomic war savagery, levitation and telepathy.

I did enjoy "A Message from Charity" by William M. Lee. It does not have any new or startling ideas to offer, but it is a story, and the characters are sympathetic, and most important the characters do something. I'm sick of "stories" in which the lead characters take no decisive action whatsoever.

There is a reason why stories are more interesting to read than non-stories. The things that require our most immediate attention are people, places and events. These are the minimal requirements for a story: character, setting and action.

If 7 stories

"Brother Berserker" is the third installment of the series about the time-traveling Berserkers. There may be more. There is still no explanation of the mysteries that surrounded the girl when she was introduced in the first episode. My main objection to this story is that the characters seem to be guided by the author's off-stage promptings in key situations. Their reactions, which are necessary if the story is to have a happy ending, seem far from inevitable.

The Berserkers are convenient villains, but Saberhagen doesn't have to use them in every story he writes. To set this story in the universe of the Berserker series Saberhagen had to postulate one planet as the only planet in all the galaxy on which time travel was possible. Then he had to send a space ship back in time, wreck it on this planet, and have the survivors' descendants parallel Earthly history very closely so that in the time of the Berserkers they arrive at just the right technology to combat them. None of this would have been necessary if Saberhagen had abandoned the Berserkers and set this story and its two prequels on a parallel Earth, with two human time-traveling factions in conflict.

"The Shadow of Space" reads like a rejected STAR TREK script. Just make the following changes: Grettir is Kirk; MacCool is Scotty; Dr. Wills is McCoy; Wang is Sulu; Darl is Uhura; Van Voorden (minus his outburst of emotionalism) is Spock; "photers" are phasers; the "matter, anti-matter and half-matter drive" is the good old "matter-anti-matter drive". Then eliminate the giant nude woman, whose relevance to the plot is only as an extraneous symbol. Take out this bit about the ~~thunderbolt~~ Sleipner being the first ship to go faster than light. The problem of the story is not precipitated by the ship going faster than light but by the ship passing the "edge" of the universe. Besides, does it seem reasonable that a Terran Space Navy cruiser based on the eighth planet of Altair would not have routine ftl travel? How did the Terran Space Navy get to Altair at sub-light speeds? Make these changes and you have a STAR TREK script....a botched STAR TREK script. The idea of a place where our physical laws don't hold is a good one, but even there the laws of characterization and plot logic ought to hold. Also, why are the laws of physics changed outside the space ship but not inside the space ship? The symbolism, which I guess is the real point of the story, is too contrived to be effective.

"Mail Drop" is very well written. "Dreamhouse" is drastically overwritten. Neither has anything new to offer. The Hal Clement serial is treading water. The ideas presented are intellectually interesting, but nothing much happens. Obviously Clement has some big surprise in store that we are supposed to guess, but in this chapter he is determined not to let the cat out of the bag.

The best story in this issue is by Piers Anthony. Dr. Dillingham, the dentist introduced in this month's Analog, finds a counterexample to JWC's dogma that all intelligent extraterrestrials must be humanoid, which may explain why this follow-up story is in If instead of Analog. Campbell claims to present both sides of a question but I've never caught him at it. This is a hard science story and the science involved is dentistry. The technical background is convincing. The excellent writing makes it entertaining as well. Most important, Dr. Dillingham acts and thinks like a dentist, not like a super-fan, every fan's idea of the perfect s-f hero. In a plot as far out as this one, you need a level headed hero to keep things under control.

DECEMBER REVIEWS

F&SF 8 stories

Man is evil; aliens are good. How many science fiction stories have been written on that premise? "Sundown" is a fairy tale with a sfnal setting. The good aliens want to kill the human for noble, fairy tale reasons. In effect, they want to keep the human from cutting down the littlest Christmas tree. That is what it amounts to. The human, on the other hand, kills the aliens for ignoble human reasons - greed and fear. Some sentimental value might be wrung out of this conflict if the aliens were harmless and helpless, but actually the aliens are vastly more powerful than their human antagonist. They want to kill him, they can kill him, they do kill him. End of story.

Wouldn't it be nice to be somebody special? It is not unusual in science fiction for the hero to be important, not because of anything he does, but for what he is, either the son of a nobleman or the person aliens chose to contact. The latter is the case in "Brain Wave". Naturally, nobody believes the hero, but that's ok too. He knows how important he is, and pretty soon the aliens will come and take him away to paradise in the sky and pay attention to him and admire his bad poetry. Surely Stuart and Jennifer Palmer realize that this is an infantile fantasy. The ending of the story is not a satisfactory conclusion to the plot, so it must have another level of meaning. Anyway, I'm willing to give the authors the benefit of the doubt.

"Cerberus" by Algis Budrys is that rarity, a completely original story. There is no absolute way of judging the effectiveness of a new technique. I can only say it works for me.

"To Behold the Sun" is so much Freudian balderdash. If human beings were as easy to understand as the character in this story, we could all be psychiatrists. Freudian fiction is one of the hardest kind to write, because the mechanisms of the mind

are subtle. Most Freudian stories, like this one, are about men with tinkertoy brains.

"The Power of the Mandarin" is amusing. Fu Manchu fans take note.

"The Cloud-Sculptors of Coral D" is typical Ballard. Ballard seems to have turned to crystal and, like a growing crystal, is endlessly repeating himself.

Amazing 4 new stories

SANTAROGA BARRIER is billed as Frank Herbert's "Outstanding great novel". I wonder what an ordinary great novel would be like? Actually, it's not so great. The technique of not leaving the hero's point of view for a minute is more interesting than effective. Not that much happens. I picked up installment three by mistake right after I finished installment one, and it was several pages before I realized I'd missed anything. The ending would have been the same if the hero had done absolutely nothing. And in spite of the superabundance of detail, the story is never really convincing.

"An Unusual Case" is another sentimental Russian robot story. I wonder if the translator put in the Western names, or if the story is intended as an attack on heartless capitalism?

"The Forest of Zil" is about an unbeatable antagonist. No, not just a powerful antagonist. Unbeatable. Absolutely.

Charles L. Harness has got to be kidding. No one could write a relativity story and really be as ignorant of relativity as "The Million Year Patent" makes him seem. Even granted that it is intended as a spoof, it is still a stupid story.

Beyond Infinity 12 stories

This column is the last set of magazine reviews I will write. I enjoy doing the column, but I will not put myself in the position of having to read all the way through a magazine like Beyond Infinity again.

All of the stories have "shocker" endings. They range from bland to dull. Sad to say, the ingroup authors don't do any better than the strangers to the field. Even the best stories, the bland ones, exist only for the endings, which means that once you have guessed the endings there is absolutely nothing to keep you reading but stubbornness. And it is entirely possible to guess some of the endings from the title and blurb. But in these the writing is as competent and the groundwork for the ending is laid. I won't mention the titles of the stories I do consider competent for fear you might mistake it for a recommendation. In the worst stories, "The 13th Chair" and "Upon Reflection", the endings do not follow from what lead up to them, and the characters are grotesque cartoons, types that have no existences outside of bad fiction. The worst thing about all of the stories is the numbing lack of incident or characterization. Except for the endings and preparations for the endings there is absolutely nothing there. And the endings aren't all that clever.

Christopher Anvil has one interesting idea. Why not put tv cameras in public parks where muggings are common, the way we do in banks? This is probably an accurate prediction, dependent only on tiny, cheap tv cameras.

John Christopher makes the worst scientific error in the issue. Most of the other stories have no scientific content whatsoever.

Christopher says that an object on a heavy gravity planet would sink in water, while it would float on a planet with a lower gravity. A floating object displaces its weight in water. If in one G an object displaces a volume of water weighing 10 tons, then in 2Gs the object would displace the same volume of water, but that volume would now weigh 20 tons. The object would float at the same level as before.

Galaxy 7 stories

Poul Anderson should know better. Poul Anderson does know better. His characters repeatedly apologize, i.e. "He hadn't meant to be pedantic; it was his professional habit." But they are pedantic, all of them. After the opening hook, we get a series of three lectures, each several pages long, and from then on the lectures and action are shuffled together without ever really mixing. The whole piece seems to be another allegory about the war in Vietnam, but everyone is so nice, never killing civilians, treating prisoners kindly, that the analogy is strained. As is so often in the case of allegories the author has made reality's honest deck analogous to his stacked deck.

Science fiction is full of testing situations. Typically, the hero is involved in a complicated but highly artificial test, usually some sort of maze. The story ends when he either passes or fails the test. One of the reasons a test situation is so entertaining is that there are no real emotions involved. Science fiction tends to shy away from emotional situations. Fritz Leiber has manufactured a pure and oddly compelling example of this limited genre.

"The Red-Euphoric Bands" has two things going for it. The science is "hard" and the lead character changes and grows in the course of the story. Unfortunately the author cannot overcome the limitations of the diary format he has chosen, and the story is dull.

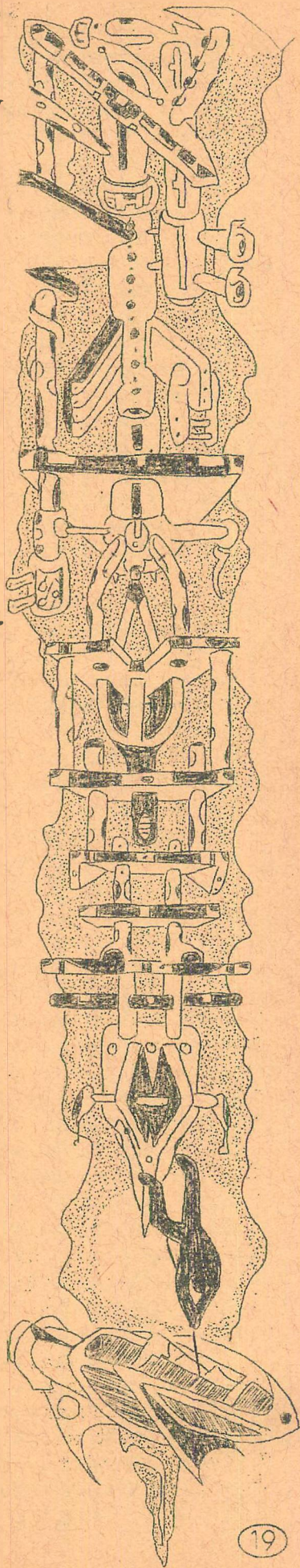
Richard Wilson and Robert Silverberg contribute two painfully obvious stories.

In "Handicap" Larry Niven does what he does best. Like Poul Anderson, Niven's characters give lectures. This is a real weakness, but it does not spoil the story. First, the story is about the same thing that the lecture is. The action and the ideas are not artificially combined. Next, Niven's lectures are original and speculative while Anderson's are not. And as a final point, Anderson is obviously not doing his best, while Niven puts everything he's got into a story. If you have read a fair sampling of Niven's work, you know the quality of his ideas. If not, this story is a good showcase for them.

"The Fairly Civil Service" falls into one of the categories I've mentioned above. I won't say which so as not to give away the plot, though I don't think this would spoil this fine short story. It is not in the little lecture category. Harry Harrison makes a couple of interesting and valid points, but always through the action, never with a lecture. He does exaggerate his character slightly, but not so much so that he becomes a stereotype. Howard's has both good and bad qualities.

Analog 6 stories

DRAGONRIDER is more of a conventional adventure story than "Weyr Search", but the memorable things are still the characters and the atmosphere. It is fantasy, because there is no interest in how things work, only in whether they work or not. Some of the props are science fictional, but the story is fantasy, just the reverse of TOO MANY MAGICIANS, which was clearly science fiction told in the jargon of fantasy. Labels aside, I'm glad to see a more liberal editorial policy in



Analog.

Humor mixed with a certain amount of pathos is a good formula, and the techniques of repetition and compounded confusion can make a story very funny, but they don't take the place of humorous action and humorous dialog. "Whosawhatsa" relies too heavily on confusion to make the problem appear more complicated than it is, and to hide the fact that the solution really isn't a very clever one.

Alexei Panshin has an amusing fable, Mack Reynolds provides a very minor episode in the United Planets series. Christopher Anvil writes about another testing situation, but here the menaces are commonplace - a snake, two bullies, and army ants - and at the end he has to tell you what point he was trying to make because he failed to adequately demonstrate it.

Every beginner's handbook of writing will tell you to use different, unusual characters. So how come so many s-f stories are about scientists, soldiers of fortune, or suburban housewives? Piers Anthony, who has written two stories about a dentist, has done another careful research job and come up with a story about a man who raises para-keets. The authentic detail lends the story the air of authority it needs. The lead character guesses a little more than is entirely believable, but his speculation remains a guess, as Anthony follows the trend toward explaining less. The assumption that the reader has caught on to what is happening is usually justified, and it's annoying to have an omniscient author intrude at the end of a short story that up to then has been told from a single point of view.

If 8 stories

Robert Heinlein has called science fiction "the most difficult of all prose forms," because it is so hard to integrate the background and the plot. Larry Niven and Poul Anderson have trouble with this problem, as I've mentioned, but you would not expect Hal Clement to fail to unite science and fiction. He is one of s-f's most accomplished story-tellers. In OCEAN ON TOP, Clement seems determined that he is not going to write another adventure story. The results are that after the action in the first installment OCEAN ON TOP falls apart. What remains is a sort of a love story. At best, a love story is a pure form. It cannot carry the freight of scientific ideas the way an adventure story can. Science can be important in advancing the action, but it has very little relevance to character conflict.

Still, OCEAN ON TOP is worth reading. Even bad Clement is better than no Clement at all. The ideas are still there and ideas are the very substance of science fiction. A story that is not novel can still be a very good story, but it cannot be good science fiction. The trouble with so many s-f stories by mainstream writers is that the mainstream writer is more concerned with how an idea is developed than with the idea itself. Mainstream writers almost always concentrate on style rather than on content. The result is a highly polished style. Because they are paid more, mainstream writers can afford to spend more time polishing. Also, mainstream writers work harder to create a complete work of art. They could not get away with the careless and hasty writing that pervades science fiction. But no matter how good the writing is, the beautiful concepts, that are rare enough in science fiction, are not there at all.

There is no need to review the work of some writers. It is, for example, enough to simply say that there is a C.C.MacApp story in this issue, and you know that the story will be entertaining but not worth going out of your way to read. There are any number of fairly good writers whose work blends into a uniform body. Only the greats like Asimov, Heinlein, Bester, Sturgeon, Clark....and Clement....write stories each of which stands out as distinct and individual. And because they do try something different every time, all of the above have written bombs at one time or another.

Margroff and Offutt must have written "Swordsman of the Stars" out of a misplaced sense of nostalgia. It is a perfect imitation of the lead novelette from Imagination circa 1955. The hero is incredibly stupid and insensitive. The action is full of ridiculous heroics and even more ridiculous coincidences. The romantic interest is as superficial as it was in Imagination at its worst, where by editorial fiat the hero had to get the girl at the end. The hero rises from servitude because he is "special", the implication being that a lowborn clod couldn't have made it. If you aren't star-begotten,

forget it! This is one of the worst stories published in a regular science fiction magazine in a long time.

All four short stories in this issue have "shocker" endings. This genre has produced some classics, "The Neckless" for example, but for this type of story to be good there must be more to it than just the ending. Klein and Deely fail to meet this criterion. Terry Carr does it a little better. His twist is unexpected and it does make a point. But it is Fritz Leiber who really shows the potential of this form in "Answering Service". The ending is contrived, but the ground work is laid so carefully and subtly that it doesn't seem to be. The characters are exaggerated, but only slightly. They are human enough for the reader to be interested in their problems. And the ending, while it is not particularly tricky, does come as a real shock.

ALL JUDGMENT FLED,,by James White, is a first contact novel, but in place of the cool, logical development of most first contact stories we have a more realistic near-panic, and rising pressure from all sides. It is a good novel with which to start 1968.

America's greatest axe-wielders: Abraham Lincoln and Lizzie Borden

GILDED MOMENTS

more book reviews by Robert Coulson

OM: THE SECRET OF ANBOR VALLEY, by Talbot Mundy (Avon, 75¢) Now I see why I developed a bad impression of Mundy. This chunk of windy mysticism was written in 1924, when it was the fashion to stop the action while the Wise Old Man delivered an epigram (or occasionally, a treatise). In addition, this isn't precisely an idiot plot - though the hero doesn't appear terribly bright, at that - but is caused entirely by the Wise Old Man (a lama, of course, since the setting is India) having a vast devotion to mystery for its own sake. If the philosophy was very profound, it would be a philosophical novel; as it is, it is a moderately good adventure story with far too much mysticism and a few penetrating comments. (And one startlingly penetrating one on atomic power - provided it was in the original novel and not added later.) It's not really bad, but it's not Kipling, either.

THE SEED, by Dan Thomas (Ballantine, 75¢) This chunk of windy mysticism, on the other hand, was written in 1967 (or at least, first published then). It is science fiction written for the astrology column readers. It is, in fact, the mystic's version of Sirens of Titan. (Though I admit the possibility that it may be a satire on mysticism; it makes the whole bit sound idiotic enough.) The sort of profound insight into humanity presented here can be judged by the following sample: "since all these religions taught by the messiahs are closely parallel, they must contain a divinely inspired, basic truth." One of the characters is described as "A full blooded Kiowa, with rich chestnut hair flowing nearly to her waist..." You know any red-headed Indians, Charlie? (I might accept a red-headed Mandan, except they're extinct.) It isn't an idiot plot, either; there isn't really that much plot there. It's a highly padded novelet, mostly. The book is set off by an atrocious cover, which is not only badly designed but does its best to give away the ending of the book. Ballantine can produce excellent stf; I'd like to see more books from them like Davy, Squares Of The City, and Chthon, and fewer like Dolphin Boy and this thing.

TERROR IN THE NAME OF GOD, by Simma Holt (Crown, price unknown) This was a Christmas gift to Juanita. It seems to be the definitive account of the Doukhobor settlements in Canada, and the Sons of Freedom, the Doukhobor terrorist society. Ironically, the sect is so "pacifist" that they are not allowed to own guns -- but they are quite willing to burn schoolhouses and dynamite bridges, homes, and power stations. (Sure, registering guns will curtail crime...just like the Comics Code stopped juvenile delinquency.) This is a fascinating account of religious mania and the gullibility of the uneducated. (The Doukhobors' leaders all seem to have been grasping Rasputin types - the current one is alive and well in Uruguay, and still raking it in.) (21)

GORMANIA

a column by

ED GORMAN

A few years ago, when I was writing regularly for a score or more of fanzines, I had great doubts about my abilities as a writer. A lot of these doubts stemmed from my enrollment in college, where I learned that quick writing was invariably bad writing, and that bad writing, in turn, was almost anything you "enjoyed".

You can usually shock an English prof by saying you "enjoyed" a given book; it's something like telling a priest in confession that you "enjoyed" copulation. Both reading and love-making, apparently, have Higher Purposes, and one of them Purposes sure ain't pleasure.

Anyway, nostalgia or egotism drove me back to rereading thirty or so of my fanzine things a few weeks ago and, I must admit, I got worse as I got "better".

Now, I don't mean to imply that care and precision aren't something to use when writing; or that certain simple literary tricks don't make your piece more intelligible and effective; all I'm saying is that I got too pedantic. Or, to put it another way, I was reviewing Robert Moore Williams books in a Saturday Review style.

I can hardly ask College to take that rap, but I sure as hell can waggle a finger at certain professors of mine. Since I'm now making my bread writing public relations copy, I've had to -- in one of Sinclair Lewis's few apt phrases -- "unlearn" a lot of what they taught me.

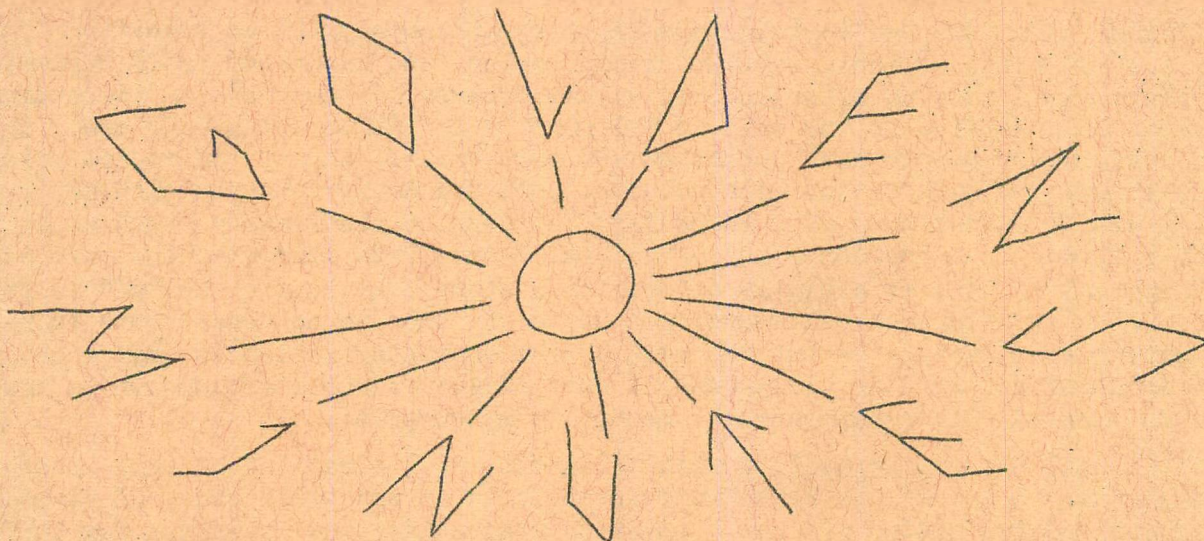
Ted White has somewhere remarked that his objection to college writing courses is that they (paraphrased) dry you out with technique before letting your creative instincts flow. More than one English major, after learning how to write a sentence of every conceivable kind and color, has found himself with nothing to say. Creative evaporation, along with low pay, is symptomatic of English major-ing.

If I have any potential as a writer, my current job is responsible for reviving and sustaining that potential. Two years ago I could hardly write a letter. Even while scribbling a note to a close friend I found consideration of form uppermost in my mind. Now, I can scarcely give "form" as such any thought. I write upwards of 6,000 words a week and, besides that this summer, I'm writing-compiling a book-length study of a Federal pilot project.

All I'm hoping to inspire here is a little confidence on the part of those people whose hang-up with all the lit'l goblins has stopped them from writing. Sturgeon has several times detailed the almost physical pains of writer's block. Perhaps a good way to blast open that block is to write as quickly and "unconsciously" as possible. Gore Vidal, a writer I greatly admire, has said he usually never reads any part of his work-in-progress; he irons out all the inconsistencies later on. A good idea for people like me who either become so depressed by what's gone before they stop writing; or who become infatuated with one of those little poetic independent clauses that popped out of their mind and onto the page back there in sentence one.

Make no mistake: I don't think fandom at large should use The Sick Elephant as the fannish MLA style-sheet. But I do think learning how to be precise while still writing quickly can make for the best sort of style, particularly in fannish writing. Take your pedants and your purists; for all the excitement they pack into their stuff, they may as well be writing phone directories.

In case anyone criticizes this, I've instructed Buck to tell them I wrote it in ten minutes.



WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN? by Clifford D. Simak (Ace, 60¢) The first of Ace's new "special" series, and a moderately good beginning. The plot revolves around shenanigans in the Forever Center -- it is, in fact, the well-worn "world taken over by the --" plot, but at least having the world taken over by the custodians of quick-frozen bodies is timely and intriguing. Writing and characterization is about average; maybe it was the effect of the plot, but the characters seemed more like Pohl's nonentities than like Simak's usual homey types. I had only one quibble on the science; where the hero is running away from the civilized cities into the abandoned Midwest in a car powered by "lifelong batteries". Even lifelong batteries have to be charged occasionally (if they don't need charging, they're fuel cells or something else, not batteries) and Our Hero doesn't have a credit to his name, so he obviously wasn't getting any charging done. And I suppose the encounter with the Loafers can be excused on the grounds of "color" (I say it's padding and I say the hell with it). On the whole, however, it's a very creditable book -- nothing I'd want to see on a Hugo ballot, but quite entertaining, and well worth your money.

THE END OF ETERNITY, by Isaac Asimov (Lancer, 60¢)

THE NAKED SUN, by Isaac Asimov (Lancer, 60¢)

THE CURRENTS OF SPACE, by Isaac Asimov (Lancer, 60¢)

THE STARS LIKE DUST, by Isaac Asimov (Lancer, 60¢)

Lancer has issued these 4 books as a set, with matching cover layout and a set of very good Freas covers. The books themselves are all between 10 and

20 years old and have been frequently reprinted, but if you don't already have copies, they're all well worth getting. END OF ETERNITY is the poorest of the lot; the concepts of extended life and time travel reduced to petty bickering among unsympathetic characters. THE NAKED SUN is the second of Asimov's well-publicized "scientific detective" novels, the sequel to THE CAVES OF STEEL (I wonder why the publisher didn't include CAVES in his set?). Well worked out as to science, detection, and characterization; an excellent book. THE CURRENTS OF SPACE just might be Asimov's best novel, and is certainly a stf classic. Suspense, adventure, interesting characters, fascinating background. This one is a must for all fans. THE STARS LIKE DUST is interesting right down to the conclusion -- which is thoroughly implausible. However, it's the one book of the four which includes Sam Moskowitz's biography of Asimov, so it may be worth while for you anyway. (And it's above average quality stf, despite the ending; it just isn't a very good sampling of Asimov's writing qualities.)

INTO THE NIGER BEND, by Jules Verne (Ace, 60¢)

THE CITY IN THE SAHARA, by Jules Verne (Ace, 60¢)

As these are labelled "The Fitzroy Edition of Jules Verne", I assume that Ace will ultimately reprint

all of the books from that edition. They have a good start, including the first two decent covers that Jerome Podwil has ever done for them. Despite publication in separate books, this is only one novel. Neither volume is complete, and I keep wondering

why publishers are addicted to this form of petty dishonesty. (I am specifically not blaming Ace for this, as their edition simply copies the hardcover one.) Presumably the publisher is afraid to offer one big volume because of the cost (an assumption which might be justified in the case of THE LORD OF THE RINGS but hardly seems to be in this case. Other people have published 400 page books.) Anyway, if you're going to read the story, you have to buy both volumes. Once you do, you may be pleasantly surprised. I was. I am not much of a Verne fan, but despite its flaws -- such as an almost complete reliance on coincidence and occasional lapses into idiocy on the part of various characters -- this is a highly entertaining story. The "comic relief" is pretty much of a flop -- despite a well-developed sense of humor Verne never seems able to create humorous characters -- but the rest of the characterization is well done, the plot is interesting, and the background of West Africa is still as unknown to most readers as Mars. Highly recommended, somewhat to my surprise.

5 UNEARTHLY VISIONS, ed. by Groff Conklin (Fawcett, 50¢) A reprint of this moderately good anthology. "Legwork", by Eric Frank Russell, is an enjoyable story of standard US police procedures pitted against a super-powered alien, and my choice for the best story in the book. "Conditionally Human" puts the question of "what is human?" into a weepy melodrama about Cruel Authority and was of course greeted with shouts of joy by everyone who would rather emote than think (which includes most of fandom, of course). It was one of the stories that made Walter H. Miller's reputation. "Stamped Caution" by Raymond Z. Gallun, is a more or less average "first contact" story. "Dio", by Damon Knight, delves into death and immortality -- like most writers, Knight stacks the deck by portraying all his immortal characters as jaded pleasure-seekers (since he is inferring that there is something noble and grand about dying). "Students" are referred to, but carefully not brought on stage. "Shadow World", by Simak, is another "first contact" story, this time treated lightly. Mild fun.

CYCLE OF NEMESIS, by Kenneth Bulmer (Ace, 50¢) Bulmer doesn't seem able to create characters that I give a damn about anymore. The idea is interesting enough, and there is plenty of action, but I wouldn't have cared in the slightest if all the major characters had been destroyed by Khamushkei The Undying somewhere in the middle of the book. In fact, I would have been mildly relieved. (One or two of them are destroyed; two weeks after reading the book I don't even recall how many, and I don't give a damn.) Action only becomes interesting when the reader cares what happens to the characters; this reader found this book inordinantly dull.

THE JUDGMENT OF EVE, by Edgar Pangborn (Dell, 50¢) Back when Frank Stockton wrote "The Lady or the Tiger", the idea itself was enough to assure the story status as a minor classic. By itself, however, the idea can only carry one story, and Stockton wrote it, so modern writers must pad it out with psychology, human insight, interesting backgrounds, etc. Pangborn has done a great job on all of them, and the result is a fine book. (I found it interesting that one of the recurring perils is an escaped tiger, or tigers -- Pangborn acknowledging his debt to Stockton?) The background is the hoary one of "post-atomic America", which only goes to prove that any idea can be made interesting by a good writer. This is one of the best of the year.

TWIN WORLDS, by Neil R. Jones (Ace, 50¢) This is the fourth of the Professor Jameson books, featuring characters who are so completely interchangeable that I have never been able to tell them apart (having them numbered instead of named doesn't help any) and fantastic backgrounds. I suppose if you can force yourself to care what happens next, these creaking antiquities might be interesting; Jones certainly had enough imagination regarding planets. Unfortunately, as far as personal characteristics go, the residents of any planet in any of the stories could be interchanged with those of any other planet without the reader being any the wiser. There are three stories here; "Twin Worlds", "On The Planet Fragment", and "The Music Monsters".

THE BIG JUMP, by Leigh Brackett (Ace, 50¢) Not one of Brackett's best, but a moderately entertaining adventure story. Mystery of what happened to the first interstellar expedition; hero sets out to solve it, ends up a member of the second expedition, and

is tempted by alien glamour. Despite the review quoted on the cover (from INSIDE?) the ending is not "a brilliant science fiction gimmick", but it's an adequately surprising conclusion to a moderately entertaining story. Worthwhile.

CITY OF THE CHASCH, by Jack Vance (Ace, 50¢) This seems to be the age of paperback series; this is labelled "Planet of Adventure #1". It's a good background for Vance; intrepid explorers crash-landing on an alien, barbarous planet, with a myriad different species and ways of life. (At least one of them sufficiently civilized to shoot down the exploration ship from Earth.) None of it is really believable when you stop to think about it, but with Vance writing you don't stop to think until you've finished the book. Excellent exotic adventure; not quite up to the quality of THE DYING EARTH but well above that of Vance's "Cugel" series.

TURNING ON, by Damon Knight (Ace, 50¢) A good variety of stories. I suppose my own favorite was "Eprimav", that cross between Robert Bloch and Ferdinand Feghoot. "Semper Fi" is a rather chilling little item, "Auto-Da-Fe" twists the tail of one of Simak's favorite yarns, "Don't Live In The Past" is instructive as an example of how a good writer can found his climax on pure blind coincidence and get away with it, and "A Likely Story", while overly cute, does say something about some professionals' opinions of fans. Rounding out the volume are "The Big Pat Boom", "Man In The Jar", "Tiary", "To The Pure" (a surprisingly ham-handed attack on segregation), "Backward, O Time", "The Night of Lies", "Paid To Measure" (more puns) and "Collector's Item". All published in the magazines between 1956 and 1965. Worth getting if you haven't read them. Knight has the ability to say absolutely nothing and make it entertaining (an ability he exercises more than once in this volume).

THE OUTLAW OF GOR, by John Norman (Ballantine, 75¢) The second in this imitation-Burroughs series. If you liked the first one, you'll probably like this one, too.

THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 60¢) Good sword-and-sorcery is hard to find; grab this while you can. Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser ride again, greedy for riches and reluctantly defending Lankhmar against the forces of evil. Leiber has utilized the fact that rats -- because people know their viciousness, occasionally from personal experience -- make better monsters than all the slimy concoctions of inventive horror-writers. Nobody can really imagine one of Lovecraft's inventions -- but almost anyone can picture a horde of rats, and shudder at it. About a third of this was published in FANTASTIC as "Scylla's Daughter"; the rest is new. It's all good, despite a little obvious patching where the new material has been grafted onto the old. Get it.

SCIENCE FICTION INVENTIONS, ed. by Damon Knight (Lancer, 60¢) Worthwhile, if only for the reprinting of Harry Harrison's "Rock Diver", an undeservedly little-known item originally published in WORLDS BEYOND. Equally memorable and little-known is "Employment", a De Camp reprint from 1939 that I don't recall ever seeing before. Other good ones are "Private Eye", by Kuttner and Moore, "The Snowball Effect", by Katherine MacLean, and "The Chromium Helmet" by Theodore Sturgeon (even though it's a little syrupy). Other stories included are "No, No, Not Rogov!" by Cordwainer Smith, "Dreaming Is A Private Thing" by Isaac Asimov, "Invariant" by John Pierce, "Hunting Machine" by Carol Emshwiller, and "Committee of the Whole", by Frank Herbert. 250 pages for your money.

EYE IN THE SKY, by Philip K. Dick (Ace, 60¢) A reprint of an earlier Ace release. The private universes of various more or less stock characters. It is at times amusing, and at times overly contrived, but mostly amusing. Good fun, if you're in a mood for light entertainment. I'm not a Dick fan, but I enjoyed this when I first read it, and it bears up reasonably well on re-reading. (It isn't particularly memorable, so I had to re-read it to find out what it was all about.) Recommended.

ANDROMEDA BREAKTHROUGH, by Fred Hoyle and John Elliot (Fawcett, 60¢) A sequel to A FOR ANDROMEDA. If anything, it's an improvement over the previous novel, which makes it almost worth reading. If Hoyle keeps on improving, he might even turn out some decent fiction one of these days. Super science, intrigue, and emotions splattering all over the place.

THE WRECKS OF TIME, by Michael Moorcock/TRANMONTANE, by Emil Petaja (Ace, 60¢) The Petaja half is the fourth (and final?) novel based on the Kalevala. It is also the first good one -- it's too bad Petaja had to learn to write while doing the series. If they had all been this good it could have been a memorable epic instead of something to read and forget as soon as possible. This one, at any rate, is quite good fantasy-adventure. The Moorcock half was originally published in NEW WORLDS (under the pseudonym of "James Colvin"). It seems to be sf-adventure with messages -- the messages that I got from it are that emotion is superior to logic, loving your enemies will reform them, and the Catholic Church is a breeder of evil, all of which I regard as obviously ridiculous. As in most of Moorcock's stories, the science is non-existent.

C.O.D. MARS, by E. C. Tubb/ Alien Sea, by John Rackham (Ace, 60¢) The Rackham half is more sf-adventure; a three-way power struggle among Earth, a Venus colony descended from deportees, and aliens. Surprisingly, logic wins out in the end; I'd begun to think that sf writers had abandoned science and logic for emotions and melodrama. Not terribly thrilling, and surely those last few lines could have been improved, but a good enough time-waster. Tubb produces a mystery which turns into a Menace partway through. Not as good as the Rackham half, since it's mostly chase and intrigue, and you can get you can get your fill of that in innumerable spy novels. Overall, though, a better book than the previous Ace Double, even though neither story by itself is quite as good as Petaja's.

THE ESKIMO INVASION, by Hayden Howard (Ballantine, 75¢) I read as much of this tripe as I could stand when it ran as a series of stories in GALAXY; I have no intention of subjecting myself to the entire thing in book form. For those of you who voted the novelet onto the Hugo ballot, here it is, and may you choke on it.

REST IN AGONY, by Paul W. Fairman (Lancer, 75¢) Originally published by Monarch, as by "Ivar Jorgenson". Surprise; I thought Silverberg was still doing the Jorgenson stuff then. I found the book fascinating, for various reasons -- it is so perfect an adaptation of the occult novel for the mentality of confessions magazine readers. Fairman did a meticulous job, and the results are at times screamingly if unintentionally funny. The whole thing is practically a parody of confessions writing. If you approach it as "camp" (or still better, as kitsch) you might even enjoy it.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST AND OTHER STORIES, by Rudyard Kipling (Signet, 50¢) Several of Kipling's fantasy stories are included -- the title story, "They", "The Brushwood Boy" (sticky, but marginal fantasy), ".007", "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes", and one of the best of the "lost civilization" stories, "The Man Who Would Be King". Nine other stories complete the volume; non-fantasy, but a majority (not all) are good reading. 350 pages for your money; a bargain.

THE ENIGMA OF THE UNKNOWN, by John Macklin (Ace, 50¢) More "true" strange tales. Macklin seems to be working "the long arm of coincidence" and calling it occult.

THE LIVELY GHOSTS OF IRELAND, by Hans Holzer (Ace, 50¢) If you must get an occult book this month, get the Macklin one. At least he's a competent writer.

EROS AND CAPRICORN, by John Warren Wells (Lancer, 95¢) A sort of "how-to" book on sex, with occasional historical, literary, and medical comments. If you have to learn how from a book, I suppose this is as good as any. I can think of better things to spend my money for, however.

U-505, by Daniel V. Gallery (Paperback Library, 75¢) Gallery is getting a lot of mileage out of his boarding and capture of a German submarine. Some of the material here was also in his CLEAR THE DECKS!, though this is a more extensive treatment of the anti-submarine warfare of World War II. One item I didn't know was that the captured sub is now in the Museum of Science And Industry in Chicago. (The account of getting it there is one of the book's funniest, including dragging it across the Outer Drive while signs warned motorists, "Drive Carefully - Submarine Crossing".) Not as good as CLEAR THE DECKS, but still interesting.

THE NUDE WORE BLACK, by Ted Mark (Lancer, 60¢) I am not a Ted Mark fan, but he's a far better writer than most of his compatriots in the pseudo-pornography line. He's funny, in spots -- he even comes on with social consciousness in this one. I suppose if you want to try the best of the sex books, this is it.

THE CLASSICS RECLASSIFIED, by Richard Armour (Bantam, 50¢) Armour gets carried away with his own brilliance at times, but in general this view of selected classics and their authors is a fine funny way to waste a couple of hours.

THE TRITONIAN RING, by L. Sprague de Camp (Paperback Library, 60¢) De Camp is the only sword-and-sorcery author I know who has to issue a disclaimer with his novels: "The story has nothing to do with my serious opinions on such subjects as lost continents, human prehistory, and the origins of civilization..." There is a lovely Frazetta cover, slightly marred by the fact that the character with the sword is obviously not the hero (meticulously described as being more the Mouser type) but someone like Conan or Fafhrd who has wandered in by mistake. The story was originally in TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE BOOKS, but has been changed so completely that the credits list "permission to quote from" the earlier version instead of the usual "this story appeared in shorter form in..." (For one thing, I don't recall all that sex in the mag version...) It may be too realistic for true-blue s&s fans -- only de Camp would have Our Hero step into the sands of the arena and immediately leap back, yelling "That's hot!" (And only someone who has tried to walk on sand on a sunny summer day can completely appreciate the incident.) I found it to be one of the best sword-and-sorcery novels I have ever read (I might even say one of the few good ones I have ever read.) The background isn't as bizarre as those in Vance's novels -- for one thing, de Camp sticks fairly close to actual human legend, which I have already read. But the characterization is better and the plotting is much tighter. Highly recommended.

QUICKSAND, by John Brunner (Doubleday Book Club, \$1.70) The bulk of the novel takes place in a British mental hospital. The background seems entirely authentic; I would guess that Brunner did quite a bit of research on it. I have but one quibble on the characterization; as the Mad Scientist with the Beautiful Daughter was a cliché of early-day stf, so the Hero With Marital Problems is a cliché of modern, sociological stf. At least Brunner avoids the pitfall of making the hero totally ineffectual, in the manner of so many British writers (no wonder the country has gone downhill, if that's a fair sample of their citizenry). He's no ball of fire, but he at least manages to struggle enough to earn some sympathy from the reader. (Not a whole lot, from me, but some.) Brunner doesn't quite make clear -- nobody in these Marital Problems stories ever does -- why the hero married the bitch in the first place (he hints at money, which is a logical if not too sympathetic motive), but from then on his troubles are pretty much beyond his control. His disaster is not, like those of Ballard, an immediate and overwhelming one at which he spinelessly sits and goggles; it creeps up gradually, and he rather ineffectually tries to fight it. Like the disaster, the science-fictional elements creep in gradually; it is only at the end that we are sure that Urchin is from a future world (tho as fans, we've suspected it all along.) Not Brunner's best, but well worth reading.

THE GREAT MONKEY TRIAL, by L. Sprague de Camp (Doubleday, \$6.95) For that price, they ought to furnish a better binding. This is the definitive -- 500+ pages -- study of the Scopes trial of 1925. Ever since it was first announced, I have been waiting eagerly to see what de Camp would do with the most notorious US assault on Fundamentalism, and I wasn't disappointed. The book is de Camp at his best. One minor quibble; he refers to the South as "a section where a legislator had once introduced a bill to make pi an even three", and that particular legislature was not southern -- it was in the grand state of Indiana. (There couldn't have been two such attempts; it boggles the mind.) De Camp traces the background of the case, the trial itself, and the subsequent course of Fundamentalist politics. (In New Mexico, biology texts are rubberstamped to assure the readers that evolution is "a theory only" and not fact. That's what you get in a state whose citizens don't believe in women reading and writing, eh Roy?) Don't wait for a paperback; read this one now.

SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE SALE
Phil Harrell, 3021 Tait Terrace, Norfolk, Virginia 23509

I am currently in what one might term an embarrassment of poverty. My outgo is exceeding my income to such a considerable degree that I must resort to these means to supplement my income to prevent a predictable outcome. I have then up for bids the following items. Books are in mint condition with d/j unless noted otherwise.

DEADLINE IS MARCH 1! Bidders will be informed of the next higher bid and offered the chance to bid higher or cancel out. Items purchased will be sent via insured mail; bids should include allowance for postage. While I'm fairly desperate, I'm not SO desperate that I will accept anything that comes along. Unreasonably low bids will be ignored.

Plus, if anyone is interested, I have for sale one Roneo 250 in top condition. Not for bids; price is \$150 plus freight.

FANZINES - much too numerous to list individually; they range from the 1940's to the early and middle 1960's - QUANDRY, LE ZOMBIE, VEGA, AXE, etc. All inquiries about specific items answered (some issues have already been sold).

BOOKS:

SOMEONE IN THE DARK, by August Derleth - autographed "To Robert Bloch, with all best wishes, cordially, August Derleth .. To Phil Harrell, cordially, August Derleth 20 years later" D/j slightly frayed but in good condition. Book at one time must have been sat on as cover has light break.

THE EYE AND THE FINGER, by Donald Wandrei - no d/j, very slight fraying of cover boards, otherwise almost mint.

JUMBEE AND OTHER UNCANNY TALES, by Henry S. Whitehead

SOMETHING NEAR, by August Derleth - autographed "to Phil Harrell, a feast of Ghost and Terror, August Derleth"

WITCH HOUSE, by Evangeline Walton

THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD, by H. P. Lovecraft & August Derleth - autographed by Derleth

THE HOUNDS OF TINDALOS, by Frank Belknap Long

THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND, by William Hope Hodgson - still in original mailing carton

DARK OF THE MOON poetry volumes edited by Derleth and

FIRE AND SLEET AND CANDLELIGHT signed by Derleth

ROADS, by Seabury Quinn (Finlay illos) One unopened duplicate and one with eyetracks

THE DOLL AND ONE OTHER, by Blackwood WEST INDIA LIGHTS, by Whitehead

FEARFUL PLEASURES, by Coppard THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE, by Wakefield

DARK CARNIVAL, by Bradbury NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS, by Leiber

REVELATIONS IN BLACK, by Jacobi WEB OF EASTER ISLAND, by Wandrei

THE FOURTH BOOK OF JORKENS, by Dunsany THE THRONE OF SATURN, by Wright

GENUS LOCI AND OTHER TALES, by C.A. Smith THE CURSE OF YIG, by Zealia Bishop

NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD, by Derleth - signed by Derleth

NIGHT'S YAWNING PEAL, edited by Derleth - signed by Derleth

THE SURVIVOR AND OTHERS, by Lovecraft and Derleth - signed by Derleth

ARKHAM HOUSE: THE FIRST 20 YEARS, a Chapbook prepared by August Derleth

THE FEASTING DEAD, by Metcalfe

ALWAYS COMES EVENING, by Robert E. Howard

SPELLS AND PHILTRES, poems by Clark Ashton Smith

One complete set; original galley proofs, manuscript (the typed Arkham House one), et cetera (including illustrations) of THE COLLECTED POEMS OF H. P. LOVECRAFT

Original manuscript: THE REPLICATORS, by A. E. van Vogt

MAGAZINES:

One run from Jan. 1951 until June 1953, FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES

One complete run of FANTASY FICTION, with signatures of both L. Sprague de Camp and Lester del Rey.

THRILLING WONDER STORIES. May 1950, Vol. 1 #2 (British edition)

WEIRD TALES Nov 42, Nov 44, Mar 46, Sept 46, Mar 47, July 48, Sept 48, Nov 48, July 49, Sept 49, Nov 50, Mar 52 (condition from excellent to mint)

AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY Spring and Fall, 1931 (condition excellent)

NEW WORLDS #1 (near mint) UNKNOWN Dec. '41 (near mint) CAPTAIN FUTURE #1,2,3 (excel.)

Complete run of INFINITY, (mint)

Inquire about others.

NOTE: This is PHIL HARRELL who is selling these, not the editors of YANDRO. Make your bids to him - bids sent here get you nothing but ill will. RSC

END OF SALE END OF SALE END OF SALE END OF SALE END OF SALE END OF SALE END OF

GRUMBLINGS

Dear Sir & Madam,

A copy of your publication, "Yandroe" has come into my possession and I note that it contains an erroneous statement to which your esteemed attention should be drawn forthwith.

A letter from a Mr. Dodd of Hoddesdon, Herts., reads as follows:

"England has always been the only country ever to not put the name of the country on it (sic) stamp."

Ignoring the pathetic syntax of this statement, I would like to make the following comments:

1. Until a few years ago England had never produced any stamps per se. Great Britain, now the United Kingdom, was the country which issued these stamps, as may be authenticated by references to Gibbons' or Scotts' catalogues. This territory includes as well as England countries such as Scotland and minor areas such as Wales, the Channel Islands, The Isle of Man and a barbaric land to the west of Liverpool which is known to give its inhabitants duodenal ulsters.

2. The country in question has issued more than one stamp.

3. A few years ago separate stamps were issued for Wales, Scotland, Northern Island, etc for certain denominations. As with the stamps which were produced primarily for use within England itself these separate issues do not bear the name of the issuing country. Accordingly, England alone is not the only country to have issued stamps which do not bear the name of the country of origin.

You will undoubtedly be hearing further on this matter from the Society's president, Miss Ethel Lindsay.

Yours sincerely,

J. Harpwith Snigglegrass
Secretary

The Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Scotswomen.

/There were three separate addresses on this, but the envelope and stamp came from Singapore, which pretty well narrows things down. RSC/

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois, 61745

Fifteenth Anniversary Issue? You people are out of your (otherwise admirable) minds! If you so much as make noises about going for a 30th anniversary, I'll cancel my subscription and your publishing empire will crumble into dust.

Not that there is anything wrong with Yandro, mind you---I'm still searching for the world's first best fanzine, without notable success, but after all this time isn't Juanita getting a little tired of chains and blacksnake whips? I carried #177 to work with me today, as often happens, because eleven times out of the year any issue of Yandro is better than the picture on the screen, and five or six shows a day rots the mind. Today was no exception. The picture is called "The Ambushers" and features that gifted actor, Mr. Dean Martin, who used to perform with Mr. Jerry Lewis. Two weeks of looking at Mr. Martin has made me realize what a great actor Mr. Lewis is.

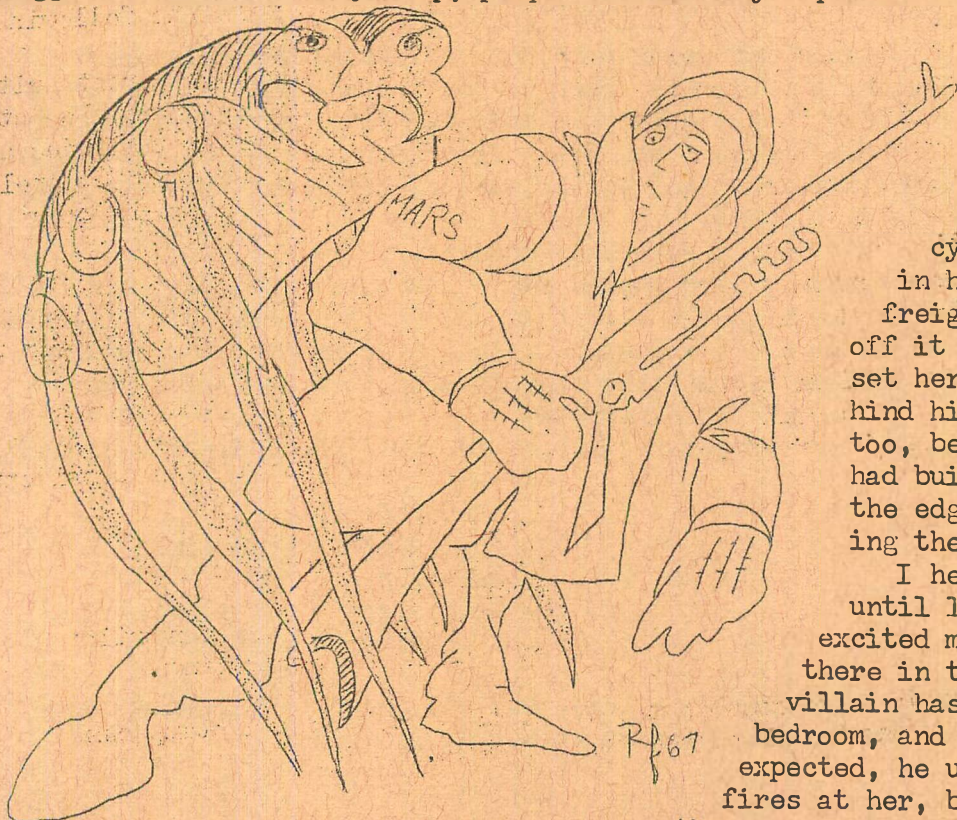
"Ambushers" might be described as pseudo-science fiction. That is, if you are charitable. It has to do with some scientist chaps from Washington who, together with some Air Force chaps from hunger, launch America's newest secret weapon: a flying saucer, piloted by The Heroine. The saucer drops out of sight before it manages to complete its first orbit. Please don't ask for an explanation of a saucer in orbit. The villain brought it down, of course, with his newest secret weapon: a tractor beam. This beam, which emits fiery sparks when it is in operation, is mounted on top of an armor-clad semi-trailer truck which prowls around the Central American jungles with its radar-like weapon pointed at the sky. That is, the radar-like dish emits the beam. Sparks and dotted lines fly upward, the saucer comes down, and The Heroine is trapped in the evil clutches of the villain, who does Horrible Things to her mind. Mr. Martin goes down there to rescue her, or find the saucer, or something; anyway, he is there. He is an Intelligence Agent with the perfect cover: he drinks, you know, and the villain just happens to own the biggest brewery in all Central America. Are you still charitable?

There's more. The villain possesses a remarkable handgun, the likes of which you old gun bugs have never fitted a hand to. This gun is a combination tractor-beam, anti-grav device, and a clothes-puller-offer. When the villain wants drinks from the bar, he unlimbers the gun, pulls the trigger, sparks fly from the barrel, and four glasses of Scotch are lifted from the bar and wafted across the room to waiting hands. The remarkable weapon will also pluck snipers from their hiding places and lift them into the air; when the trigger is released they drop, plopl like so many ripe tomatoes.

In the last reel, The Hero gains possession of the gun and uses it to great effect: he rescues The Heroine from a runaway freight car.

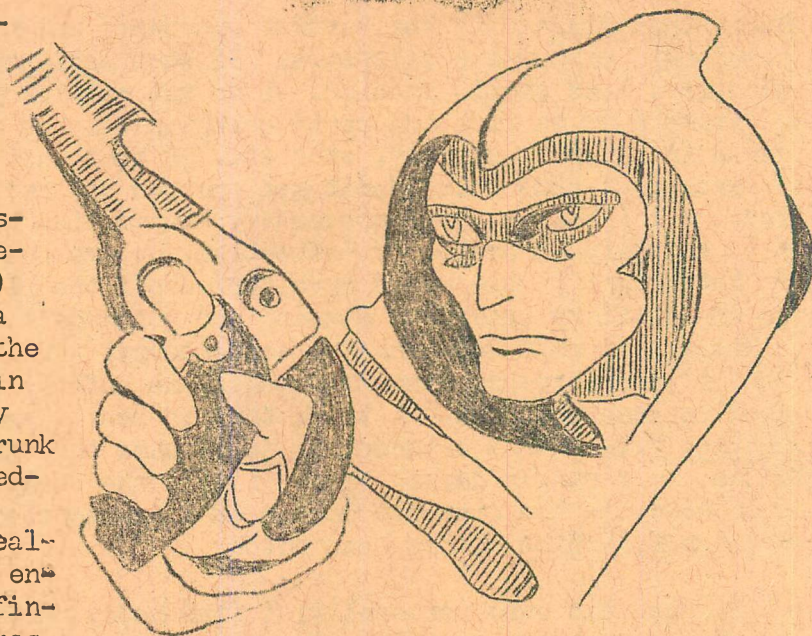
Mounted on his trusty motorcycle, he speeds down the track in hot pursuit, overtakes the freight car, and lifts the girl off it with the tractor beam, to set her gently down on the seat behind him. Just in the nick of time, too, because some stupid tracklayer had built that railroad right up to the edge of a steep cliff overlooking the sea.

I held back the two good parts until last, because they sort of excited my sense of wonder. Away back there in the middle of the picture, the villain has The Heroine trapped in his bedroom, and is leering at her. As to be expected, he unlimbers that gun again, and fires at her, but she doesn't float through the air, or disintegrate, or anything. She



just stands there, looking Terrified. The little sparks and dotted lines are tractor beams tugging at the zippers on her dress, and in two leers -- or maybe three -- that dastardly villain has her undressed. (I suspect the script writer did his research on Planet Stories covers.)

The other fantastic thing is a camper's dream. One night when the Hero and Heroine are caught out in the open with nary a place to lay their poor heads, he opens the trunk of the car and exposes a small bedroll, or what appears at first glance to be a bedroll, but is really an instant tent. It expands, enlarges, inflates itself, and is finally a huge tent two or three times the size of the car. When the couple enter the tent, it is complete with a double bed, a pair of bed lamps (lit), and a refrigerator. Now let's see George O. Smith equal that.



But as I said in the beginning, after two weeks of that I welcomed the arrival of Yandro. And I made a note for Mike Deckinger. Rog Ebert, the very same Rog Ebert who used to enliven the fannish scene, is now the film critic for the Chicago Sun-Times, so it is quite likely he did the interview of Warren Beatty. He lived in South Africa for a while, and then horsed around through several parts of Europe, before returning to the States.

Kevin Maul, 7688 Marine Drive, South Glens Falls, N.Y. 12801

Right away, let me come to John Hatch's aid, since he has not gotten a letter off to you himself. I don't know if he explained to you in his previous letter, but he has been connected with Yandro through me. (Since you talk about your overload of copies, we thought it wiser for two to make use of a single copy.) His opinion, and mine as well, of the present year of UNCLE was based on the first two or three episodes, which I thought were pretty fair "blood-and-guts" shows. But since then, the show has collapsed completely and we couldn't agree with you more. Your comment about sophisticated humor, though....The only episode from last year that sticks in my mind is the one about the atom bomb apples - and if that one was sophisticated comedy.... well. But it was pretty funny in its first and second years, and two or three of the third.

Howcum THE INVADERS gets Ed Begley and Roddy McDowall and Sue Lyon and Kevin McCarthy when the biggest names STAR TREK seems to be able to muster are Jane Wyatt, Keith Andes and Jeffrey Hunter? I'm not debating the acting quality of ST's guest stars but Quinn Martin's show seems to run off with so much pseudosophisticasism (that's a word, I hope). Is there no justice? Reckon not, son.

/I guess the difference is that Quinn Martin is looking for names and Gene Roddenberry is looking for actors. RSC/

Boyd Raeburn, 189 Maxome Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada

Not having Yandro at hand, I'm commenting on a couple of things by memory. Roddenberry apparently confused my comments on two ST episodes. I had complained about (a) The Spock Marooned with Shuttle Craft episode for the bad plotting, terrible writing, scientific stupidities, and internal inconsistencies, and (b) the Kirk-Lizard episode wherein we had both Kirk explaining into his log and Spock explaining

to McCoy that diamond is the hardest substance known to man and that gunpowder is made from sulphur, carbon and saltpetre. If such explanations are required, they can be handled in a less stupid fashion. I do not nitpick with ST. I don't make a big thing about items such as Kirk and party changing clothes while being beamed into the alternate universe in "Mirror, Mirror", etc. etc. I know that within the confines of a tv show there often are loose ends which don't get wrapped up, and so on. I bring to ST a suspension of belief. All I ask is that unnecessary stupidities be avoided, such as power being necessary to maintain an orbit, or "attention, we are now leaving the galaxy". Does Roddenberry think that people would have turned off the Kirk-Lizard episode if there hadn't been those explanations regarding diamond and gunpowder? That sort of thing is likely to make this Nielsen diarist (ahahaha Mr. Roddenberry) turn off his set.

One of your correspondents was asking me huffily how the character of McCoy has been changed in some episodes. I think this is best answered by quoting Geis in the latest Psychotic. "...in this episode Dr. McCoy came through again, as he has in some previous episodes, as a simple jerk." Yes. I wish the script writers would make up their minds whether McCoy is the Wise Old Doctor or a loudmouthed ass. But then, consistency is the last thing for which ST has been noted.

/To each his own; personally, I find McCoy the most believable character on the show. (Not the most likable, mind you, but the one who is most apt to react like people I know instead of fictional characters.) RSC ... I don't think you were reading Roddenberry any more carefully than you claim he was reading you; but instead of audiences - Nielsen diarists or otherwise - turning off "the Kirk-Lizard episode" from boredom over the explanation bits, Roddenberry stated that was one of the highest ratings among the season's offerings...which would seem to indicate that few people were indeed turning it off. He was being a bit apologetic to the fans, as opposed to the mass audience of great unwashed, recognizing the show's stfnal weak points but pointing out that as far as the network might be concerned, the Kirk-Lizard episode might be a whopping success and something to repeat. One more example of the disparity between us Old Fans and Tired (who are complacent and occasionally bored with standard stf gimmicks and conversant with a lot of science) and the mass audience, which could care a heck of a lot more about the things which matter terribly to fans. JWC/

James Suhrer Dorr, 824 East Cottage Grove, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401

Apologies for a late (& brief) reply. The Latin Braudensis is a noun in the genitive case (the nominative being Braude); not an adjective in any case. 'tho Mr. Brunner's suggestion may be for a more standard form (&would, at any rate, have avoided the confusion: my Latin may be lousy, but it is not that lousy). The title should read "...Braude's metaphysics" as opposed to "...Braudensian Metaphysics" -- a small point, but I was replying to a particular philosopher rather than to an established school of philosophy.

Otherwise, you have defended me quite adequately, Buck, and I thank you especially since I have a feeling your heart was not really in it.

Oh. One farther point. I am not convinced abt Mr. Brunner's argument that "the term soul is capable //or susceptible// only of the single classification 'it exists'," with the alternative, "it is imaginary!" Why? Can I not still assign properties to a thing which is imaginary (or the existence of which is uncertain)? Can I not, say, describe a dragon?

In other words, given a statement in "IF P, THEN Q" form, I fail to see the fundamental difference between "IF a soul, THEN it inhabits the fetus at such and such an age" and "IF a dragon, THEN it breathes fire."

Alexei Panshin, 139 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, NY, 11201

I saw the new Yandro and read Ted's article which previously I had only heard during a midnight phone call. Gee, it's nice to have friends who cuss people out in your name. Gee, it's nice to have friends who will tell everybody how little in the way of past accomplishments you have to show. Gee, it's nice to have friends who are responsible for the good things that you write. Gee, it's nice to have friends.

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom

I was a bit amused at John Brunner's letter where he starts to tell of the dreadful expenses he has to claim from the tax inspector. A tour of North Devon as a 'must' for a novel sounds like a very fine thing to me. And I can't even get tax relief for the duty shoes that I must buy!! I do think it is nice the way the STAR TREK people have taken a serious interest in the criticism that has come from fandom. I know that some folks have been cynical about it and said it's all good publicity... but by now they must be able to judge that fandom isn't a very powerful thing. No... it just seems as if they like the intelligent interest that has been shown. At that, it must be a nice change from the usual fan gush.

Which reminds me...I was amused to see Ruth Berman reading Screen mags because of her interest in ST. Recently I have been buying them too - mainly because I found a cheap source of supply. I get endless amusement out of them. The writers have my admiration too -- their ability to month after month spin a story out of nothing is truly amazing. My big trouble is what to do with them afterwards. I'd be ashamed to have them seen by the maids in my wastebasket! So I looked around for a femme to give 'em to...and picked on ATOM's wife Olive. According to Arthur they discovered the amusement that can be derived from reading them.

Now that is a real smart boy you have there....writing columns and making money already. Would I be correct in calling him a "real Hoosier"?

Isn't it odd about a University asking you for your collection of SF? Have you ever thought of what will happen to it all after you have gone? Grisly thought, I know, and less likely to occur to a married man. But it occurred to Ella and to me and I have followed her idea. That is to leave it all to the local library. Our libraries are free and deserve support. And I'd rather leave them all in one piece than have them scattered and sold for little to a dealer. Apart from my sf - I now have a large accumulation of Kennedy books...hold on....26 hardback and 35 paperback books. As I went on from JFK to RFK...it is a still growing collection. I've never counted how many books I have altogether though. For one thing there is the large tea chest full of Astounding in the attic!

Complaint coming up....Haver isn't irregular, dammit. I only once missed out in all 1967.

/Yes, one of the fringe benefits of writing is that I've always bought reference books of one sort or another, and now an amazing number are deductible! (I wish I'd been writing when we bought our encyclopedia, though...) RSC/

Noreen Shaw, 39 Russet Lane, Wantagh, N.Y.,

What drives me to write at last is the mention of Jim Harman's THE GREAT RADIO HEROES, which I loved. I'm delighted with the book on many counts. For one thing, old radio is my passion. For another, it's wonderful to see Jim Make It Big with something he really cares about. What better success story could there be? The book's got all kinds of national attention and rave reviews....even the local newspaper (Newsday) had a feature article and a picture of Jim. Fine all around.

Of course, to satisfy completely, it would take volumes and volumes; still, I'm grateful for what he did manage to get in. He did more than just tell what the shows were about. I think he successfully captured the flavor of those innocent days that are so long gone. Curling up with the radio while a storm howled outside, stuffing chocolate covered donuts down your throat while a voice said "This is Raymond...your host." Jim helped turn the clock back and for that I'm very grateful. Now, all of you out there in Radioland....who else remembers Latitude: Zero? I don't think the show had a sponsor and it didn't last long, but it had some wild adventures in a "lost" valley full of prehistoric monsters.

/ "Latitude:Zero" draws a blank here, I'm afraid. RSC/

Mike Horvat, P.O. Box 286, Tangent, Oregon, 97389

What you describe as empathy, I usually consider identifying with; I've yet to read a novel etc in which I've felt my personality being submerged under the onslaught of a character. I seriously doubt that Geis couldn't identify because the hero is a heroine; as far as I'm concerned there is no inherent obstacle to empathy merely in a difference of sex - in fact, I have found that often just the opposite is the case.

Although I'm much too timid to try to enumerate them, there most definitely are subtle differences between male and female thinking; following a heroine's plottings is most challenging and fascinating. I wonder if Geis would be troubled reading "the life and times of archie and mehitable"? (It must be farther from man to cockroach than from man to woman!) I wonder if an authoress has ever depicted a man-to-man combat with a paralyzed shemale standing within two feet of a pistol - and too frightened to pick it up and stop the fight in favor of her hero. (But then, perhaps she'd rather just stand there and enjoy being fought over?!)

Your thoughts on rural acceptance seem true to me, Buck. All of Tangent's 87 people are pretty much out of the mainstream of the protestatin' groups- and barely realize it. The only indication I've had so far of their conformity pressures (such as they are) has been the hesitation with which my wife and I have been accepted into the community (we're from the Univ of Cal - and the townspeople seem to have expected drug orgies and free love to move in with us - hmm, not a bad idea, but they're all soooo old.....)

I really liked have two opposing book reviews back to back! That's done more to interest me in reading Zelazny's book than two completely favorably reviews would have done. I have little but the highest praise for Zelazny's work - the idea behind "For a Beath I Tarry!.." is marvelous; the character in "Rose for Ecclesiastes" is terribly interesting; I must admit, though, that I sometimes suspect that there is more rambling verbiage than message in many of his passages (hope that doesn't mean that I'm a dummy). I'm a bit startled to see Zelazny so high on your poll; I think he's good, but I'd cast my vote for Heinlein or Asimov because they've managed to sustain their writing quality - Z. has hung in there well, but not for too long yet (only four years!?!). Come to think of it, I'd vote for Heinlein just for his STARSHIP TROOPERS. I am surprised to find that Ward Moore didn't show up in the tally; I'll always think highly of him, for his BRING THE JUBILEE if nothing else.

Felice Rolfe commented that the statement "science....does things to people without their consent," is absurd; I disagree. The first thing that occurs to me is the whole industrial revolution. After all, how many folks enjoy chewing IA's smog? There have been many with "the soul of a poet" who have felt that Mankind was going off the mainline of progress by fiddling with the machine--and he'll have to retrace his steps considerably before he can once again make real progress. Of course, though, #177 being the first copy I've received, I may have missed the point of Miss (?) Rolfe's opinion.

/BRING THE JUBILEE is indeed a classic, but Moore seems to have been pretty much a one book writer, not so apt to be remembered. One could say that things like the IA smog are not due to science, but to industry. Science could clear it up, if it was allowed to. RSC Speaking as a female who has been vastly annoyed by

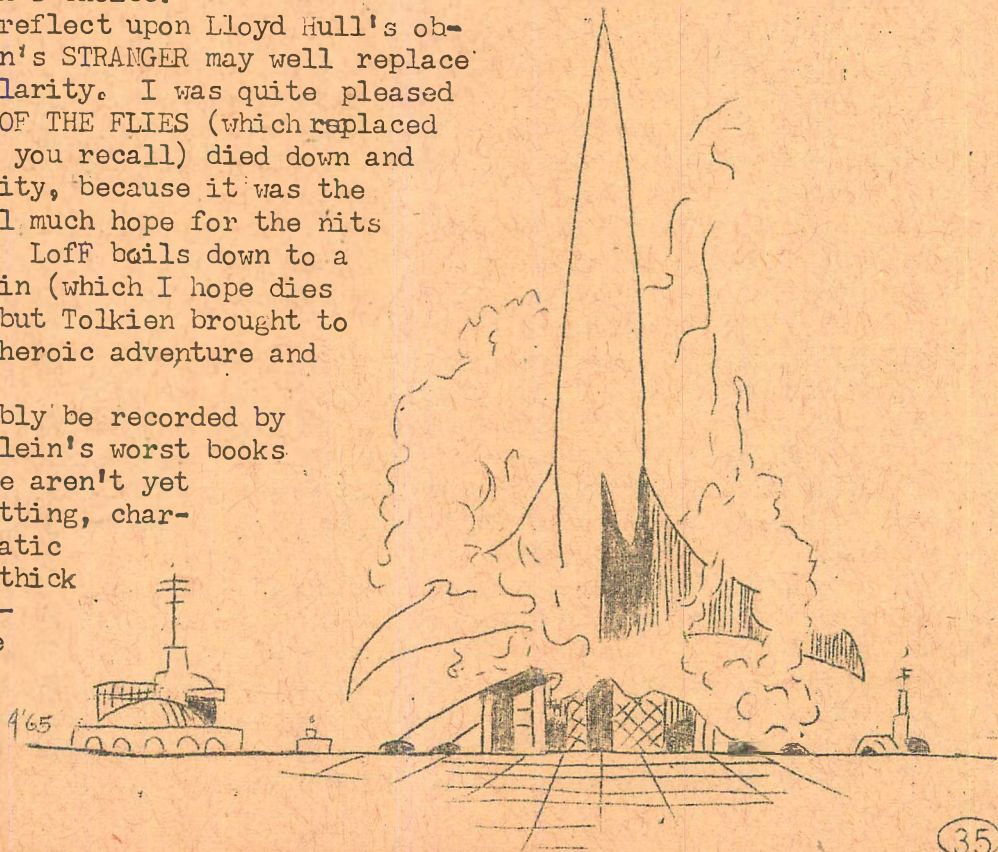
the behavior of female characters in books, tv and movie fiction, I applaud your first paragraph and its implications; Buck and I both approve of practical and intelligent heroines. Every time I see the heroine standing by during a fight (when her assistance could make a great deal of difference to her man) I grit my teeth in irritation; every time I see the bit of the heroine menacing the villain with a gun only to have him fast talk or fast snatch it out of her hands I forcibly restrain myself from sending the author a nasty letter; and every time I see the classic fight between two males that ends with the female castigating the big bully who wins and walking off arm in arm with the loser I wonder seriously about the masculinity and maturity of the male writing such tripe. Finally, I'd like to remind a lot of male readers who object to the behavior of certain female characters on the grounds that "it isn't the way women are" to be careful; sometimes the criticism is valid -- but sometimes it's dead wrong. Women are not cut out with a cookie cutter and while a certain emotional characterization may be fair for a large segment of the female population it does not represent the thinking of all of it by a long shot...any more than the Conan type represents the male readership in its entirety. JWC/

Ted White, 339 49th Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11220

A couple of years ago, Avram Davidson was voted "Best New Fan of the Year" in the leading fan poll of the time. At the same time, he qualified for membership in First Fandom. Jack Gaughan may well be the most prolific professional artist in the sf field right now, but he's been one hell of a lot more active in fandom than (to take your example) Sprague de Camp. His illos have been in countless fanzines over the last several years, and he's been to most of the recent east coast regionals and Worldcons. He's been a Fanoclast for several years, and his NyconComics was purely a labor of love. Jack won his two Hugos by overwhelming majorities---as you'll see when the final tallies are published---and had more nominations for the Fan Artist category than anyone else. The applause when we presented him his Fan Artist Hugo was overwhelming---and hardly let up before we gave him the second Hugo. You can object to this all you want, but belay the "So much for ethics" crap. This was clearly fandom's choice.

It makes me sad to reflect upon Lloyd Hull's observation that Heinlein's STRANGER may well replace Tolkien in campus popularity. I was quite pleased when the fad for LORD OF THE FLIES (which replaced CATCHER IN THE RYE, if you recall) died down and Tolkien gained popularity, because it was the first time I could feel much hope for the hits who follow these fads. Loff boils down to a treatise on Original Sin (which I hope dies out in this century), but Tolkien brought to the campus a sense of heroic adventure and romantic fantasy.

STRANGER will probably be recorded by history as one of Heinlein's worst books (assuming those to come aren't yet worse)--a botch in plotting, characterization, and thematic presentation. It's a thick stew of conflicting ingredients in which none manages to stay surfaced long. And, worst from my point of view, it somehow manages to put across



the most sophomoric form of mysticism imaginable. Next to Heinlein, Hubbard is sophisticated and reasonable.

Don't get me wrong: I favor mysticism. But not Heinlein's simplistic engineer's idea of mysticism. His ideas on sex, for example, are fully as daring as those advanced in the Flaming Twenties, full of "naughtiness" and faceless female temple prostitutes. But he ties it up with mysticism and coins a word---grok---supreme in its phonetic ugliness, and sends it out on a platter to all the teenyboppers looking for a new philosophical excuse to get laid.

Worst of all, the book is intellectually dishonest. It purports to be a scathing attack upon the idiocies of our civilization, but, aside from the segments laid in the broad slapstick of "Heaven", about all Heinlein manages to tell us is, "learn Martian." This is an answer? Why sure, if we could all become telepathic supermen we'd probably either clean things up or bring them to an end (one way or the other) pretty damned fast. But if college kids eager to form nests of water brotherhood and grok around the clock think they're any closer to the Solution For Our Times, I'm afraid their reawakening will be sad indeed.

Kay Anderson sent me a short note, challenging me to prove I SPY is sf. Since I don't think I SPY is sf, I never answered it. (I was also about to put on a con, come to think of it...) Now I see she's still begging for an answer. Sorry; I SPY isn't sf. I just think it satisfies certain sfnal urges. And I wish one sf tv show (I'm not particular about which one) had characterization half as engaging.

Kay also seems to be raising her eyebrow about the idea of my writing a Batman novel after what I've said about lousy tv. Sorry, Kay, but Batman was a comic book character for better than twenty-five years before he went on tv. Actually, my desire was to re-create the menacing Batman of the forties. Recently I met E. Nelson Bridwell at a party, and got to talking with him about my aborted Batman novel. Bridwell is now a junior editor at National Comics, and was an EC fan back in the fifties. "I planned to use all the good old villains," I told him. "The Joker, The Catwoman....I was going to have Two-Face, too, but with a twist: The Joker would hypnotize Batman into thinking himself Two-Face." (Two-Face was a deranged former DA, half his face scarred by acid. He'd flip a coin. If the scarred side came up, he'd commit a crime; if the clean side came up, he wouldn't. Eventually he was restored to sanity and his face cleaned up with plastic surgery. I doubt the Code would care too much for him, and he vanished with the inception of the Code. He was an intriguing character.) "How coincidental," Bridwell said. "We're going to be doing a story very much like that..."

For Kay's information, I didn't think much of the early Batman tv shows, and stopped watching them after a bit, but I followed the early ones because I felt obligated to. And yes, five minutes of interruptions to a half-hour show can pretty well gut it, especially, since that show only runs perhaps twenty minutes, minus commercials. As I recall, there was a nation-wide stink about that occasion.

Fever is a body reaction to a variety of shock stimuli. I've known people to get chilled and follow their exposure with a brief period of feverishness. Over-exhaustion can also bring on a variety of symptoms, including the chills to fever cycle, which I used. Geeze, what nit-picking!

FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD involved twins? Well, yes, Barbara has twins. But they are hardly involved to any degree in the story. They're just babies. The only books in which Heinlein used twins as protagonists or to any real extent were THE ROLLING STONES and TIME FOR THE STARS, to the best of my memory. If those two qualify as "some juveniles," well, I guess so. Otherwise, I'd say that two out of fifteen juveniles, plus all the rest of Heinlein's many books, is pretty thin to justify "so many of Heinlein's stories involve twins."

Garforth is a non-expert, trying to pass as an expert. I reviewed the first AVENGERS book for Andy Porter, who decided not to use the review after all. My conclusions were that he caught the characters well, but couldn't pace worth a bloody damn, and was awfully weak on his facts. As I recall, he, like Arthur Sellings, thinks LSD is an addictive narcotic. (It makes you wonder what the supposedly drug-enlightened British are being told these days.) If THE UNCENSORED MAN is any example of Sellings, by the way, I shan't bother reading anything else by the man. Gah.

/Anybody who couldn't "catch the characters" in THE AVENGERS would be a pretty lousy writer. There isn't all that much character to catch. Re STRANGER: Why is it intellectually dishonest? It purports to be an attack and it is an attack---nothing is purported about giving answers. (As a matter of fact, it does give an answer---"love everybody and try to understand them"---which is every bit as definite as the "answers" provided by other fictional assaults on the Establishment. RSC
Kay Anderson may have been the only one to write you, but she was far from the only one commenting in effect: "Howcum Ted White says ISPY is stf?" This even from people who dig I SPY and think it great. Refer back to the February 67 column in Yandro that started the whole schmeer, Ted, and we find you saying in your opening paragraphs as a prelude to ripping up STAR TREK that there are programs you watch -- like..THE ROGUES, I SPY, THE AVENGERS...followed immediately by: "I watch these programs because I like science fiction." Perhaps you are, in Tucker's term, a victim of "dig that crazy juxtaposition"? JWC/

Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio, 44060

I note Pres. Johnson was making statements about how he's going to Do Things to increase Drug Control (anti-LSD, etc). Wonder if that applies to nicotine--is he going to put a stop to circulation of hideously addictive tobacco?

Yeah, Geis' statement rather floored me---the business about not being able to identify with female protagonists, etc. I do suspect he meant empathize---and cannot figure out why he feels that way. Unless there is a threat felt to masculinity in even trying to empathize with a woman. I've never felt any particular threat to my womanhood when I read fiction with a masculine viewpoint. But there aren't huge numbers of female fans--or female readers, I suspect, of literature. Perhaps some female types do feel it's unnatural to read male-centered books. (While I remain nauseated by the majority of "female-centered" literature, perhaps because much of it is written by men who haven't the foggiest about What's Happening.) (I do like some of Heinlein's women---some of them. And Sturgeon's. I think the convincingness and empathy created in their women, though, has to do simply with their skill as writers...)

Re LOST IN SPACE review: What happened to Hoover? What happened to Johnson? I admit I'd like to forget him, but...

And Juanita, have you been watching the soap opera DARK SHADOWS at all? Kinda stonering, really. Most soaps run 3 months to get through a couple weeks of real time (and seem more drawn out than that); Friday, DS got the guy dead, secretly buried, and had the villainess ready to drive a stake through his heart. Monday, he comes to life, strangles the villainess, enlists the aid of a toady in hiding himself, discovers he can turn into a bat, and sucks the blood of his first victim. Gee whiz. And on daytime TV, at that. Lord knows it's more fun than the constant round of unwed mothers you find on other daytime programming...

/Next thing, we'll be having DARK SHADOWS on the Hugo ballot....RSC

A number of people nagged me about the show, so I watched it a few times; apparently the day I tuned in they were running too short and the director was off-camera making slow-down signs, because the "hero" took so long in his wind up before diving at his victim's - a too persistent tart's - neck that I was reminded of Lugosi in his worst moments of ham and ended up giggling too hysterically to pay much attention to the rest of that episode.. From what I've seen though, the "Reverend" would make a better vampire than the actor actually taking the role. JWC/

Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave., Charlotte, No. Carolina

Re your book column: "Hopefully," (you say) "Ballantine will also issue Sam's volume on earlier stf authors in due course." Probably not, as the pb arm of World, Meridian Books, has already issued it as a \$1.95 paperback. It's well worth the price, if you care anything about Cyrano de Bergerac, Mary Shelley, Olaf Stapledon, and several others.

I do with someone would publish (and SaM would revise and update) his history of fandom, THE IMMORTAL STORM.

I'd appreciate it if you told all your Va., N.C. and S.C. readers to please take note: I would like to form a loose confederation of fans from the three states, with the possibility of us forming a fan group, and someday a con.

Obviously you are not familiar with Simon & Garfunkel. In one song or another, at one time or other, they have sung songs applying to everyone, or anyone in different moods. They are not protest singers - most of their songs simply present things as they are, and let you decide what to do about it. "The Dangling Conversation" is a sketch of a typical lonely afternoon; it's about these two people who carry on a conversation, being indifferent all the time, and it makes no difference whatsoever whether they live in a city or in the middle of nowhere.

They have some very good satires, too. There's "The Big Bright Green Pleasure Machine" - supposedly a television or radio commercial advertising a machine to end all of our problems.

[Actually, I have 4 or 5 pages from Ed on Simon & Garfunkel, plus a letter from Bill Kunkel and some comments by Ted White. Ted even repeats Ed's comment that they aren't protest singers; they sing satire. What do you think satire is, people? Everyone, of course, accuses me of not being familiar with their work. True, I haven't listened joyously to every band on every one of their records, but I've heard them. Interestingly, so far all the protests about my comments have come from young urbanites. (Ted may be an evil old man, but he's young at heart.) // Harry Warner has updated SaM's fan history, and Advent is going to publish his opus, RealSoonNow. Advent could do fandom a favor by reprinting the original work in a legible typeface. // Xanadu Press had a very nice \$1.95 paperback edition of THE WCRM OUR-OBOROS, but that didn't stop Ballantine from putting out their own. RSC/

-Seth Johnson, 345 Yale Ave; Hillside, New Jersey 07205

Odd how you and Ted White get together, you being more or less conservative and he being out and out radical. In one issue of YANDRO he claimed there would be screams of anguish from Vaux Hall if F&SF won the Hugo. Fact of the matter is that this would be entirely different proposition with the thing being voted on by members of the worldcon and the case where he himself awards his co-editor first prize in some story contest or other. And incidentally I didn't bust into print over this but merely mentioned it to a few of the neofans who "lost" the contest. Evidently enough of them got into his hair to rouse his ire.

Sometimes I wish you would issue an annual oneshot with just the fanzine reviews of the year. Get something like that into the hands of the neo and all he would have to do is start writing to the faneds to find his own way around genfandom.

[Oh, Ted's a long way from being a radical. Bad-tempered, yes; a radical, no. (And who am I to complain about temper?) Catch me spending any extra time and effort over fanzine reviews! Over my dead body..... RSC/

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107

I'm not so sure whether letters to the networks do any good or not. You mention "The Avengers" but it was a foregone conclusion that it would return. The show was popular and ABC had 13 unbroadcast episodes in the vaults. I think it was simply a matter of holding something back to throw into the breach when one of their shows bombed. In this case they replaced Custer. I haven't seen them chasing any Indians, though.

[If Juanita counted correctly, this is the last page of the lettercolumn. Would you believe a continued Roy Tackett letter? Tune in next month...or whenever we get the next one of these things out. RSC/

STRANGE FRUIT

S F WEEKLY #208 thru 213 (Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - weekly - 12 for \$1 - British agent, Ethol Lindsay) The most regular of the fan newsletters, with fan news, professional news, reports from publishers, etc. A guide to what's going on and a record of past happenings. (At least, I'm sure it would be an excellent record if I ever got my fanzine file straightened out.) As riders with various of those issues came FIRST DRAFT #193 thru 196, a personal-type one-shooter from Dave van Arnam, and S F CRITIC #6, an assortment of book reviews by Porter. Generally worth your money.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #449, 450 (S F Times, P.O. Box 216, Syracuse, N.Y. 13209 - monthly - 30¢, or \$3 per year) A bigger fanzine, with articles as well as news. #450 is in the new lithographed format. Biggest news is that Ted White is launching the magazine/paper-back he discussed a couple of years ago, so we'll have a new promag, if we can find it. (He's planning bookstore rather than newsstand distribution.)

OOOF #9 $\frac{1}{2}$ (Michael Ward, c/o Koralek, P.O. Box 5486, Stanford, Calif. 94305 - irregular - \$1 for as many issues as he feels like sending you) This is mainly to notify people of his change of address, but there are a few little items in addition. Such as an attack on Ballard which is savage, prejudiced, intemperant, and right.

BROBDINGNAG #77, 78, 79 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - frequent - 10¢) A journal of Postal Diplomacy, which is a game. Write the editor if you're interested.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #50, 51 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - monthly or better - 25¢) Reviews -- books, magazines, fanzines -- club and East Coast fan news, occasional letters, some pro news, a con report in #51. Worthwhile primarily for Alexis Gilliland's book reviews, though some of the other material is pretty good.

THE GAMESLETTER Vol.3 #11 (Don Miller, address above, monthly, 10¢) News of the N3F Games Bureau; I can't really imagine non-members being interested.

THE GAMESMAN #4 (Don Miller, address above - irregular - 35¢) This, on the other hand, while still an N3F project, includes articles on medieval "Courier-Chess", a board-game mfg. company, handmade chess pieces and chess problems, plus the rules of "Go" and a few notes on the game. Any board-game enthusiast should appreciate a copy.

OSFAN #31, 32 (Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Mo. 65201 - monthly - 10¢) Midwest fan news, pro news, book and fanzine reviews, and letters. A good supplement to one of the other newsletters.

CINDER #04/JAN/68 (James Ashe, 305 Oak Ave, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850 - A one-sheeter of comments, reviews, and the announcement that Jim is to publish PHOENIX, a fanzine "for the general distribution of news and critical thinking" about stf. (I guess he's referring to stf when he says "the most meaningful literature of our time", but I wouldn't guarantee anything. Maybe he means hard-core pornography.)

PLAK-TCW #1, 2 (Shirley Neech, Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Road, Newark, Delaware 19711 - biweekly - 10 for \$1) A newsletter devoted to "Star Trek". All sorts of ST news, from Canadian TV ratings and appearance of various show-associated gimmicks (Nimoy's records, Star Trek toys, etc) to a rundown of every mention of the show or a character thereof in any magazine, tv appearance, etc. (I hate to say it, but this last reminds me of the McGeehans' breathless pursuit of "Tarzan" mentions a few years back.) "Star Trek" fans should be all means subscribe.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol.27 #1 (Don Miller, address above - for N3F members only) This is the official organ of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, the only nation-wide fan club. (Club as opposed to strictly publishing associations like FAPA.) This issue gives a rundown on the organization activities, and a summary of the new postal regu-

tations. (But you missed the one about switching from "Return Requested" back to "Return Postage Guaranteed"; the former stamp now gets you a form giving the recipient's new address -- at a cost to you of 15¢. Missing YANDRO subscribers are going to have to damned well inform me themselves of address changes, or they won't get any more issues.) Write to Don, or to Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee 37754, for information about joining.

THE COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #8 (Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News, Virginia 23605 - indexes, news about rare or unusual publications, etc. Not sure if you can get it except by belonging to the N3F or by occasionally contributing. (Yes, Ned; I'll have something for you RealSoonNow.) Worthwhile to those seriously interested in collecting, though personally I feel that all this indexing is getting out of hand. (Possibly because I almost never use indexes -- and when I do, it's to answer a question of someone else.)

THE BAUM BUGLE, Vol.11#3 (International Wizard of Oz club, Inc., Box 95, Kinderhook, Illinois - but I see you have to send subs to Fred Meyer, 1620 First Ave. South, Escanaba, Mich. 49829 - membership is \$2.50 per year - quadrimestrial) A 22-page large-sized magazine, lithographed, with colored covers. (But I do wish the club could afford a saddle stapler; I always have to struggle to get my copy stapled before I lose any of it.) A remarkably literate publication devoted to Oz (books, stage plays, movies, etc.), L. Frank Baum, W. W. Denslow, and any others associated with the Wizard. Even though I was never an Oz fan, I usually find at least some part of the BUGLE of interest; fans should by all means get it.

AMRA #45 (Amra, Box 0, Eatontown, New Jersey - irregular - 50¢, 10 for \$3.00 - Zip Code which I forgot is 07724) A scholarly but light-hearted compendium of swords, sorcery, torture, and related fantasy, including some of the best artwork currently being presented in either amateur or professional magazines. My choice for today's most entertaining fanzine.

SCOTTISHE #46 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom -- Great Britain to everybody but Scots -- quarterly - 4 for \$1 - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) Comments on books, Bonnie Prince Charlie, The American Indian Question (in which John Boardman has been accused of being more or less a White Supremacist; I can't get over that) and U.N.C.L.E. Most comments are light, humorous, and entertaining. One of my favorite fanzines.

HAVERINGS #30 (Ethel Lindsay, address and USAgent same as above, bimonthly - 6 for \$1) Six pages and a fraction devoted entirely to fanzine reviews -- or comments on fanzines, as Ethel prefers to call them. Either way, if you're looking for more fanzines to waste your money on, this is a mag to get. Ethel's comments are among the best available.

SELAKEJUHEUALEHEPAOTREUPAIR #1 - there are some accent marks in there somewhere, but the hell with them (Fred Patten, 1704-B South Flower St, Santa Ana, California 92707) This is the first publication of the Los Angeles In 1972 Fan Club. If you're interested in future worldcons (or in future fanzines from the club) contact Fred. This is not, he says, the Pan-Pacifcon Committee, but a group interested in working up a new IA bid and getting support well in advance.

VUKAT #5 (Fred Patten, address above) This is a FAPazine, and currently out of print, but Fred says "I can rerun the stencils if I get enough of a request for more copies." This is a commentary on why IA lost the bid for the '68 convention. A copy of a letter to the Statler-Hilton hotel chain, which Patten admits was exaggerated for effect, is remarkably funny in spots to the innocent bystander, though I can see that the events wouldn't have been terribly humorous to the IA fans at the time. There is also a more serious attempt to evaluate the loss, and a few book reviews are tossed in to round out the issue.

CINEFANTASTIQUE #5 (Fred Clarke, 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Illinois 60635 - 50¢ - irregular) Normally a newsletter, this issue has 90 pages, with articles on "Star Trek" and various movies. Good repro and art. Recommended to fans of visual stf.

ALGOL #13 (Andy Porter, address given previously - irregular - 75¢) This is a big thick one, with offset covers (fine two-color front cover by Chamberlain and back cover by Morrow) and a combination of mimeo and ditto on the interior. I could do without most of the interior art, but it's well enough done of its type, and very well reproduced. (Stiles, Cameron, Wilimszyk, Rotsler, and the editor, none of whose work I have ever liked very much, and Gaughan, who produces one of his excessively sketchy things full of lines, like a careless Gregg Trend, Flinchbaugh, Staton and Bjo I like better.)

Material, again, isn't precisely my type, but it's well done. Lupoff's book review column is fabulous (but he's slipping; this time I had actually heard of most of the books and even read one or two of them). Banks Mebane's commentary on Zelazny's prose, and Samuel R. Delany's short background for his "Towers" series are good. We also have Ted White (not as interesting as usual), Rich Brown, Robin Wood, Robin White, and a story by Delany, as well as editorial and letters. Generally very good.

PSYCHOTIC #22 (Richard E. Geis, 5 Westminster Ave, Venice, Calif. 90291 - monthly? - 25¢) With his second reactivated issue, Geis is back in form. There is a good editorial, an article by Ted White and one by Bob Tucker, a column by Harlan Ellison (this one more or less reprinted from SFWA BULLETIN, where it produced a fascinating response) and a good long lettercolumn. This fanzine looks like it's going to (again) be one of the good ones.

DYNATRON #34 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - 25¢) I don't know about the periodicity; since Roy seems to be sending issues through FAPA, N'APA, and Stobcler, I suspect him of putting an issue out whenever a deadline comes up. Don Franson contributes a con report (shame on you, Don). It's continued (shame on you, Roy; couldn't you publish it all at once and get it over with?) Len Moffatt has a column, Art Rapp has a faan story, and Bob Vardeman reviews old magazines. If all this sounds terribly dull, rest assured that it isn't. (Fooled you, didn't I?) This isn't one of DYNATRON's best issues by a long shot, but it's still worth the money.

FOOLSCAP #3 (John D. Berry, Box 6801, Stanford, Calif. 94305 - "bimonthly" - 25¢) A con report, fanzine reviews, and a very short letter column. Hmm. Well, it's usually a good fanzine; if you like con reports you might still consider it so. Fanzine reviews are also quite adequate, if you care for that sort of thing. (Ever consider, John, that if you insist on reviewing YANDRO, your sub might just not get renewed at all...?)

STARLIGHT #11 (Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Missouri 65201 - irregular? - 25¢ - co-editor, Lesleigh Couch) Lesleigh does another con report, which sounds much like one of hers I read previously. (At least the line about dirty buildings is familiar). Don D'Amassa provides fiction, James Dorr reviews "Fahrenheit 451", and Joe Sanders has his usual good book review column. (He even reviews a stf book this time...) Lettercolumn is mostly concerned with censorship. An entertaining mag, and some of the sharpest mimeo reproduction around.

SANDWORM #3 (Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112 - irregular - no price listed; you get it by proving to the editor that you're a worthy recipient) Humor reviews, letters, and the effects produced by H-bombs. The sort of fanzine I intend to comment on RealSoonNow. Recommended. With this came A REQUIEM FOR STAR TREK, 12 pages of editorial comment on the show. Vardeman is a Good Man even if he does unexplainable things like saying "Amok Time" was better than "Mirror, Mirror" (But then I guess he's too young to fully appreciate a show that turned out to be PLANET STORIES ILLUSTRATED.)

ALPHA #20 (Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave., Charlotte, No. Carolina 28203 - monthly - 20¢) A couple of items on Simon and Garfunkle (but however good a poet Simon is, those lines from "Scarborough Fair" were written a couple of hundred years ago), a con report that changes somehow into "Star Trek" commentary, reviews, letters, etc. Moderately good.

COSIGN #14 (Rod Goman, editor; subscription manager is Robert Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202 - bimonthly - 35¢) A long article and bibliography on SPIDER-

MAN, reviews (including a very good one of the movie "The War Game"), columns, fiction, letters. Nothing exciting, but reasonably good quality, well reproduced. A minimum of artwork, but what there is is good enough.

KAILIKANZAROS #2 (John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave, Columbus, Ohio 43224 - "hopefully quarterly" - 35¢) This is devoted to serious fiction. I do not care a lot for serious fiction in fanzines, therefore I have not read this one. Lead item is by Roger Zelazny, and the editor says it is the fourth story in the Dilvish cycle. I didn't like the Dilvish stories I read in FANTASTIC, so I saw no reason to read this one, but I mention it for the benefit of readers who have said they liked the series.

HYDRONICAL #2 (Terry Romine, 17455 Marygold #6, Bloomington, Calif. 92316 - no schedule listed - 25¢) The usual reviews, letters, editorial; fiction by the editor and an article on fandom of the late forties by Neal Clark Reynolds. Fairly typical of the beginning genzine; this issue isn't very good, but future ones will probably be better.

HOOP #2 (Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418 - no price or schedule) Poor reproduction in comparison to HYDRONICAL, but somewhat more lively copy. In addition to the fiction, reviews and alleged jokes, John Kusske gives a rundown on amateur publishing associations, for those interested. (There are only 27 people on the waiting list of SAPS? A mere handful. FAPA has 56 waitlisters....)

FANTASCIE #1 (Daniel Carr, 11 Colonial Drive, Snyder, N.Y. 14226 - 25¢ - irregular) Dittoed on only one side of the sheet, so it's smaller than it looks. Like most first issues, it has Problems, but since the better writing seems to come from the editor and Associate Editor Willem van den Broek, it also has Promise. (If the editor(s) can write well, there is less necessity for dependence on outside contributions, and acceptance standards can be higher.) This issue seems restricted to editorials and fiction; presumably future issues will be more varied.

OSFIC #? (Peter R. Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario, Canada - monthly - \$3.00 per year) This is the official publication of the Ontario Science-Fiction Club. 33 pages plus covers, mimeographed on one side only. You have to mail many of those, the postage will break you up. Mostly impressions of the NyCon, but with some fiction and book reviews, with a few letters that don't refer to New York and an anti-Star Trek article.

ODD #18 (Raymond Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108 - quarterly - 75¢) A huge thing; 120 pages, entirely multilithed, with all sorts of fancy layout and illustrations (including a few "psychedelic" headings that I could have done without). It's really more of a little literary magazine than what one normally considers a fanzine (except for the art, which is far superior to that in any little literary magazines I've seen.) Even Richard Gordon's fan column is mostly devoted to good liberal causes like police brutality and pop music. There seems to be an incredible amount of poetry present. In short, an outstanding fanzine which seldom publishes anything that interests me. You it may well interest, especially if you're turned on to the modern scene.

THONA #2 (Robert Gersman, c/o Argee Studio, 3135 Pennsylvania, St. Louis, Mo. 63118 - quarterly? - for comment or contribution) Largely - but not entirely - devoted to swords, sorcery, and Irish mythology. First appearance is pretty bad, largely due to perfectly awful illustrations. Once I got into it, the material wasn't as bad as I'd expected, except for the editor's relentless use of pseudo-Irish dialect. The fiction is at least as good as that found in most fanzines.

SF WEEKLY #214 just arrived, along with FIRST DRAFT #197 and 198. Same comments apply as to previous issues reviewed. Other recent arrivals include ETERNITY #3, copies of NO-EYED MONSTER, THE NEW UNKNOWN, SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER, and QUARK. They will have to wait until next issue, along with anything which arrives after today (Jan. 27). If I keep cutting down the length of the reviews -- and I intend to do so -- I may have to go back to numerical ratings in order to make much sense. (Or would even that help?)