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YANDRO 180

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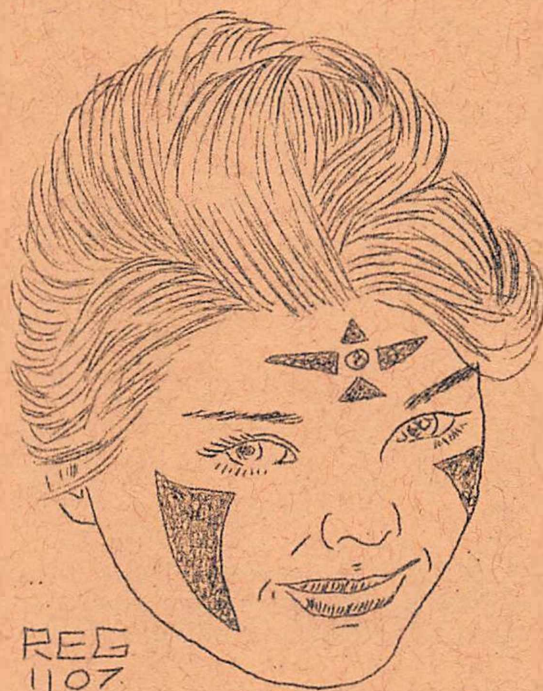
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succeeding lately.



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ARTWORK

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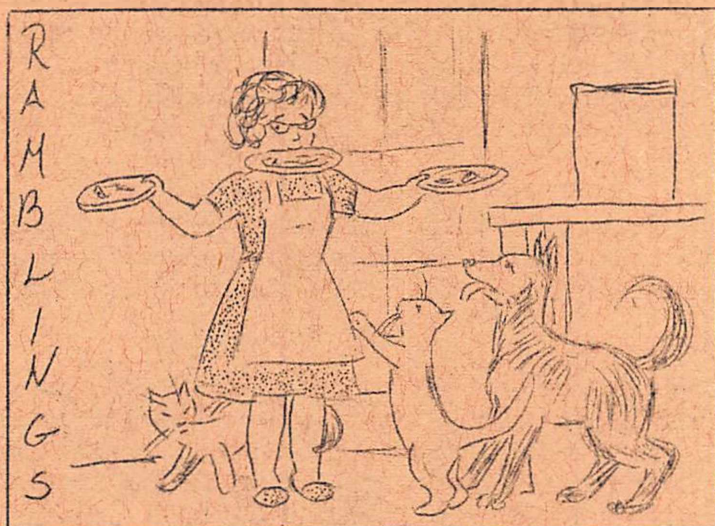
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Occasionally someone thinks to do us a favor by reviewing YANDRO in another fanzine. It isn't a favor and we would prefer that you didn't do it. We accept new subscribers when they appear, but we are not looking for them.

"Star Trek" contributors this month include Claude Hall (record), Hank Davis (comic), Don & Maggie Thompson, Dennis Lien, Dea, John McGeehan, Bill McDermit, Jim Goodrich, Joanne Burger, Piers Jacob, and Joe Kurnava (clippings).

Anyone who enjoyed Dean Grennell's articles on the old pulp mags in GRUE (or reprinted in PULP ERA) should get a copy of the June GUN WORLD, for Dean's article, "Shooting Down The Shadow". With photographs, even. I'm considering GUN WORLD for next year's fanzine Hugo.

RSC



One of the last things I feel inclined to do at the moment is write an editorial. I rarely feel inspired about these things, anyway, and this issue is no exception. (One of these issues I'm going to give up and fill up the two pages with artwork; I did that once before, and the vacation was most refreshing.) Buck generally writes his editorials over a period of several days, covering specific topics, and as a result I think his editorials sound most organized and coherent. Mine, due largely to my penchant for putting the writing off till the last possible moment (prime example before you) tend to be deadline produced messes that reek of chaos.

(Of course, sometimes I make notes in advance on topics I wish to cover - but the actual writing is nearly always rush-rush, and the end result is usually the same as those editorials in which I write off the top of my alleged head.)

Nostalgia is creeping in. The first week in April I went to a dinner and reception held at my alma mater for my former college employer, who is retiring this year. Much gawking around at the new buildings and changes since I last saw the old place, much shaking of hands and what-are-you-doing/where-are-you-living-now and Do You Remember.....? Possibly I felt the pangs of time less than some others; at least they seemed to be the ones who wanted to look backward and weep over the dear dead days.

My stint with that employer, Evelyn Hoke, was an interesting $3\frac{1}{2}$ years. I worked in a department referred to as Teaching Materials Service and was just that.....supplying often unusual and created-on-the-spot materials for teachers in training and on the job. Since I am a rapid but very inaccurate typist, most of my work was in the art department of TMS. We made models of things, painted posters, did a HUGE stylized model of the solar system, a recreation of the pioneer village at Indiana's Spring Mill State Park, a series of teaching boards (example: three cartoons on separate panels showing a dinosaur, dinosaur bones, and an archaeologist digging up the bones.....object being the child must arrange the panels in an order to tell a logical story), and many other things.

And one of those other things was most definitely not forgotten by my old cronies in TMS. In '53 or '54 TMS exhibited a rather large spread of materials covering space and rocketry and science fiction, most of it overseen by me. I dug books out of the library, pulled appropriate magazine articles for pamphlet binding, loaned a few fanzines, etc. Miss Hoke was the planner of the exhibit, the person to say go or no, and in my then neo-ish enthusiasm I did not realize just how much courage it took to push such an exhibit at a basically staid teachers' college in the Midwest. (Having been a lover of science since age 4 and a reader of science fiction since age 10, I was used to scorn and odd looks....nothing new.) The exhibit even gained the distinction of being ribbed mightily during the annual Seniors' night during the last semester of the regular school year. Not quite "If God had meant Man to fly, he'd have given him wings", but close.

I received my BA and left school in '54, with only a brief period back and no contact with all my TMS contemporaries.....until this April. '57, Sputnik, the US and Russian space programs and quite a few years have come between. Several of my old co-workers came up to me rather abashedly and mumbled: "Y'know, I guess maybe you and Miss Hoke were right about all that space stuff. I never would have thought all these things would have happened by now." All of which gave me an opportunity to look benignly smug, I suppose. Very few of the women I worked with were doing anything other than housewifing; a few

were teaching. I would have expected far more to have gone into creative fields, or be connected with publishing houses, etc....if only textbook producers. To the familiar question of What Are You Doing and my answer of some writing, there was a general reaction of rather nervous acceptance -- ranging between noncommittal "that's nice"s to "how does one get a book published?" At least, these people don't suspect me of lying; they've come to accept the fact that I may say any sort of nutty thing, and probably mean it.

Still, their almost grudging statements that maybe there was something to science fiction after all amused me. At least, they did not deny their vision had been a trifle limited 15 years ago. It was one more lesson for me in the narrow worlds most mundanes inhabit.

With luck, this issue will go in the mail tomorrow. I've already spotted a few typos during partial assembly, and I'm sure there are plenty more which I'd rather not notice because at this late date I can't do anything about them. Such as Richard Labonte pointing out I had the dates wrong on some of the items in the STAR TREK article last issue. Sigh. That was my fault, not Kay's. That's the devil of cutting the stencils and proofreading them myself.....I have no one else to blame.

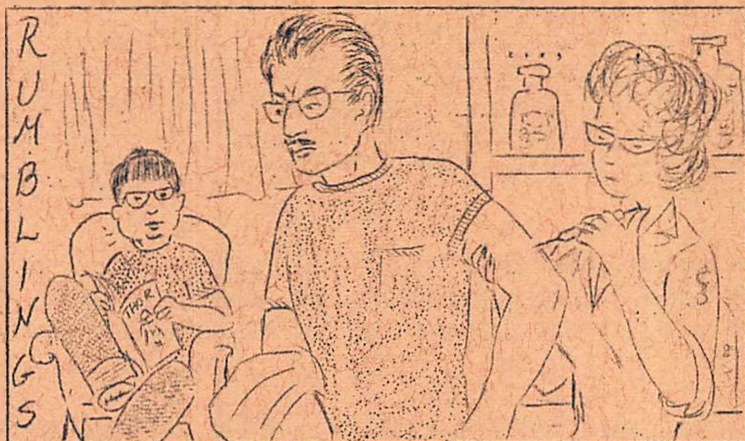
Up till now I've kept plugging away, trying to catch the typos as best I could. It's getting to be quite a chore, but there doesn't seem to be a great deal to do about it. Time is the large factor. I can't, or am not likely to share out the proofreading chores, because Buck would catch even fewer errors than I would. In the old days, I could stencil Yandro in at most two days, mimeo and assemble it in one and get it in the mail the next day. I suspect Buck's envelope addressing time may be not much longer than it used to be, thanks to the addressing machine George Scithers gifted us with. But now it takes a minimum of three days to stencil and proofread Yan, and another two and a half days to mimeo and assemble it. (Perhaps it wouldn't take so long if this were the only thing I had to do.....but I have a couple of males residing in the same house who insist on being fed, kept in clean clothes, listened to, etc.)

Of course, if George Scithers hadn't given us the Gestetner at DisCon, no telling how long it would take to put out an issue. I suspect I would have had a nervous breakdown long before this.....or thrown the sturdy but one-lung old Tower out a window.

But typos will continue to appear, I'm afraid. I opted for speed rather'n accuracy. (I'm sure the ideal is both, but I've never pretended to idealism.) Perhaps the readership has a different opinion, however? What say you out there? If we come out frequently I can almost guarantee a certain slung-together air will continue, but we can continue - I hope - to get Yan out approximately 11 times a year. We'll try to. (As long as we continue to be part-time writers, I can aim for that 11 issues a year. An embarrassment of contracts would be lovely, but..... Perhaps I could afford a cleaning woman to come in, and send the washing out, then. But, till that day.....)

I warned you this wouldn't be a very enthralling editorial. It hasn't been a very enthralling year so far, come to that. We are, hopefully, at the end of a long and very dreary winter. And for a while I despaired of spring's return. But this evening the farmers are plowing frantically in this sudden fine weather (and will continue to plow until 10 or 11 p.m., I suspect); and today I washed the kitchen windows and was positively shocked at the indecent amount of sunlight that came in thru the suddenly naked glass. Either the winters are getting longer or I'm getting older. Perhaps both. We can go into the ice age together.

JWC



No fanzine reviews this issue; we had all these letters to run, and ran short of space. (Fred Haskell will never forgive me.....) Bigger, if not better, **reviews** next time.

According to S F WEEKLY, the Bay-Con Committee has decreed that no professional artists can appear in the Fan Art Show. I've never entirely approved of having pro artists in the show myself (even though they were not eligible for prizes, and were merely exhibiting and/or trying to sell their work.) HOWEVER,

decisions on who shall and who shall not be eligible to exhibit work in the Fan Art Show are the responsibility of the director of the show, not the Convention Committee. The Committee has the right to accept or reject the Fan Art Show as a whole; it does not have the right to poke its fingers into the operation of the Show. If the facts are as stated (I have only heard one side and haven't even seen the original announcement, so I cannot guarantee the report), then I think the Fan Art Show should be withdrawn completely from the BayCon, and if I was running the show, it would be withdrawn so fast that Donaho's head would swim. The Fan Art Show has been a major attraction at conventions for years; if a Con Committee hasn't sense enough to encourage it rather than harass it, then let them put on a Con without it and see how well they do. I didn't think much of the preliminaries to the NyCon; I'm beginning to think even less of the way the BayCon is shaping up, and I'm beginning to be quite happy about my decision to not attend it.

Despite the lack of fanzine reviews, there are a couple of items I'd like to publicize. One is a progress report on the Gateway Con II, held in St. Louis on June 28, 29, and 30. Write Robert Schoenfeld, 9516 Minerva, St. Louis, Mo. 63114 for information. This is a comics con. Program includes panel discussions, a banquet, auction, etc. Guest of honor is Roy Thomas, who the report says "...along with Jerry Bails, formed the first all-comic oriented fanzine -- ALTER EGO -- in 1961." I know comics fans are mostly young kids, but you'd think they would know their own history; I've got copies of all-comics fanzines published 10 or 12 years before ALTER EGO.

For science fiction fans on June 28, 29 and 30, the Midwestcon is being held in Cincinnati on those dates. Lou Tabakow promised that information sheets would be distributed by the end of April. If you want to see Juanita or I at a convention this year, you'd better be at the Midwestcon, because that's the only con we'll make.

Another item of interest comes from Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas 77566. (Must have been named by a promoter; we all know there isn't any water in Texas; just oil.) She has published a checklist of all science fiction books published in 1967, in this country and Britain. Apparently I have a preliminary list, since in a letter she says "I am getting ready to start typing the masters of the final version" (this was written March 13). Send 25¢ in stamps if you want a copy. Books are indexed by author, and include author, name of book, publisher, price, and identifying number in the case of paperbacks.

Thanks to the generosity of Claude Hall, we have a copy of the record, "The Two Sides of Leonard Nimoy". It isn't a terribly good record, but Spock fans will want it anyway (we did). It does have the inducement of an intelligible version of "The Ballad of Bilbo Baggins"; we bought the 45 rpm single and discovered that the recording quality was so bad that we could barely make out the song. (That will teach me to buy a record aimed at the teeny-bopper market without listening to it first; the kids probably never realized that it was badly recorded.) Quality is much better on the lp. However, all the bands on the lp are terribly over-arranged. Arrangement credit is given to Charles R. Grean (he should only be buried alive in an operating Hammond organ). If you buy the record, everybody write Dot nasty letters about the arrangements.

Another less than valuable "Star Trek" gimmick is the second ST comic book. Among other annoyances, Uhura has been miraculously whitewashed. (I have been thinking of writing Gold Key a letter saying "If you don't start presenting Uhura as black we'll burn down your office. Black Power" But I suppose I won't.) Dammit, one of the major points of the show is that it presents an integrated crew. Someone should organize a boycott of Gold Key comics. (The comic courtesy of Hank Davis. It wasn't distributed here, which is probably a blessing.)

Just recently received several issues of NEW WORLDS from Ethel Lindsay, and a copy of the first (and only?) issue of ALIEN WORLDS from Fantast (Medway) Ltd. I dunno; I've heard fans talk about the great format of the new NEW WORLDS, and I just can't see it. The magazine's appearance is a cross between CONSUMER REPORTS and an undernourished British technical journal. Like, drab. (I'll admit it doesn't look like a science fiction magazine, if that was the idea, but it doesn't look like anything I'd pay 3/6 for on impulse, either.) Haven't sampled the contents yet. ALIEN WORLDS, on the other hand, is a beautiful mag -- Juanita's comment was that it looked like a lovely fanzine. Color covers and color interiors. Unfortunately, you only get 60 digest-size pages for your 2/6, which undoubtedly hurt sales. (Though I gather that bad distribution hurt even more.) Again, I haven't read the contents (about half of which seem to be articles about stf movies, which reinforces the fanzine image) but it was worth the price to me just for the Eddie Jones cover (garish but pretty) and the Jack Partington interior of the skull (one of the best fantasy illustrations I've seen in years).

We've been keeping track of our publishing expenses, for tax purposes. For a couple of years we showed a profit (mostly from mimeographing for other people; YANDRO broke about even). Last year, however, we lost over \$100 on our publishing -- so I guess that last raise in price wasn't exorbitant, after all. If we don't do better this year, I'll raise it again.

In case anyone is interested, the new address of the NAACP is 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Memberships can be had for as low as 50¢ (for those under 17 years of age), \$1.00 (age 17 to 20), or \$2.00 (adult). An extra \$1.50 entitles the member to the NAACP magazine, THE CRISIS. At the other extreme, you can buy a Life Membership for \$500.00. Since I put off joining for years because I didn't know where to send the money, I thought other isolated fans might be interested. (Now I have to put off joining at least until next payday because I don't have any money to send, but I'll get around to it.) I think this is the right group for me; I don't believe in the acts of the more militant groups, the Urban League is out because I'm not urban -- and as for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, I never saw so many words in one name that don't apply to me.

I wonder if I could organize The Muster of Militant Moderates?

No further word on the adventures of Thomas Stratton, boy writer, but I have been achieving minor success on my own as a writer of safety slogans. Overhead Door has been running these contests...so far I've won every time. (Big deal; the first time I got a book of green stamps, and this last one provided me with a double deck of cards. Still, I suppose every little bit helps. (Would you believe scripts for a kiddie show on tv?) The company taste is fascinating. I like safety slogans such as "Make doors, not accidents", but the company always picks something long-winded and inspiring. (So, hack that I am, I always include one or two of that kind.)

I think the latest medical development is unfair; Bruce got the mumps and I had to take the medicine. (Seems there is now a mumps vaccine, and since I'd never had the dread disease....) There is apparently still no cure, or even anything to alleviate the disease once you've contracted it. Poo.

There seems to be a magazine publishing boom here. I subscribed to MANKIND (history) and ATLAS (current events, reprinted from foreign sources), and looked at PSYCHOLOGY TODAY but didn't buy. The April issue of the latter, however, is devoted to the psychology of fantasy; possibly of interest to fans. Interview with Ray Bradbury included.

With Jaundiced Eye

a column by

TED WHITE

Tonight I watched Ayn Rand speak.

I was watching the Johnny Carson Show --- an occasional preoccupation of mine --- and while I'd debated not watching when Ayn Rand's name was announced, I finally decided I owed it to myself to watch and listen to this woman speak.

Well, I hardly learned anything new. Indeed, there was nothing in her latest pronouncements which had not been foreshadowed in her *THE FOUNTAINHEAD*, of some decades ago.

Speaking with what I diagnosed as an Austrian -- possibly Viennese, possibly Jewish -- accent, she stated first that man must realize that peace is not attainable by force, and that wars accomplish nothing constructive. Hmm, I thought. Here comes yet another Message on Vietnam.

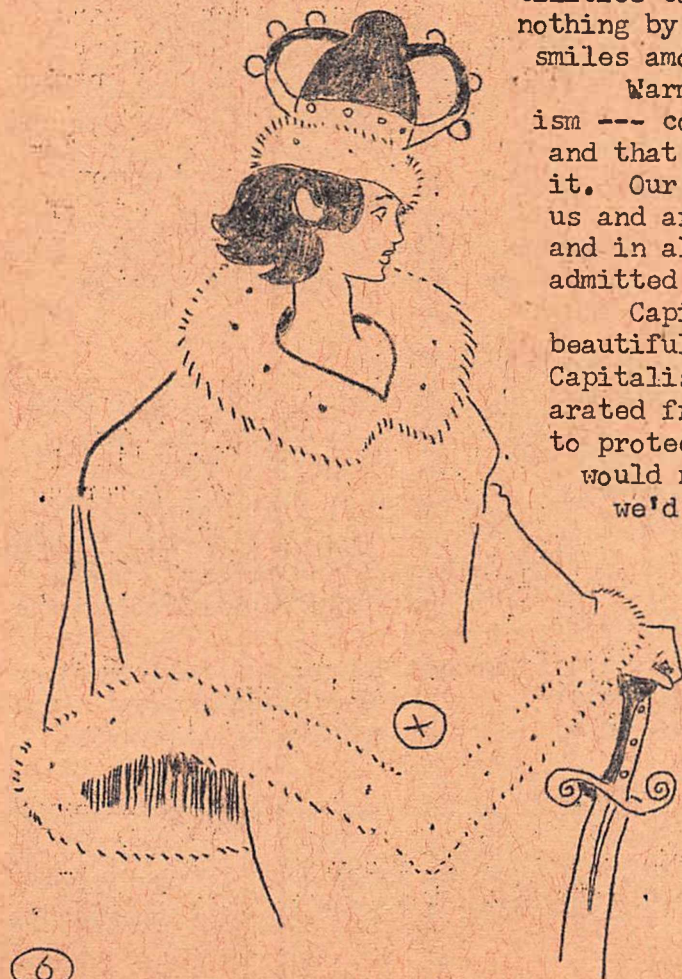
Only Capitalism, she went on, did not seek to force itself upon man. War, it developed, was and is created solely by totalitarian, dictatorial forces. World War I was a result of Czarist Russia and Monarchical Germany. World War II, Communist Russia and Nazi Germany. (She said nothing of any conflicts since except to condemn the Arab hostilities toward Israel.) Capitalism, she said, gained nothing by war. (This view may provoke a few bitter smiles among those who recall war profiteering.)

Warming up a bit, she went on to say that Communism --- collectivism, altruism, statism --- was Evil, and that only evil can befall us for "coexisting" with it. Our trade with Communist countries only drains us and arms them, they'd collapse without our trade, and in allowing Russia in the U.N. we've as much as admitted a mobster into an anti-crime commission.

Capitalism, she stressed, was and is good and beautiful; but unfortunately we don't have it yet. Capitalism is like religion: it should be firmly separated from the state. The state should exist only to protect the rights of the individual. Monopolies would never form under true unregulated capitalism; we'd have utopia.

She scored the Pope's encyclical on the Community of Man, stressing that it was anti-capitalism, anti-individual rights, and wanted to take our American Way of Life (her phrase) away from us. It would be taking the fruit of one man's labors away from him solely because another had a need --- "another way of saying 'I want'." It would be rewarding non-productivity and "deliberate stagnation."

But what about emotions, Carson wanted to know. "There are those who say you ignore



the emotional values and relationships in life."

Oh, not so! Miss Rand only condemns "irrational emotions!" She --- but I can't go on.

Right now, as I write this, there is a new Constitution up for vote for New York State. It is, in my belief, a bad constitution. It does not offer reforms where reforms were needed, it even preserves the party-crony system for the judiciary unchanged, and it will make legal for the first time state monies for parochial schools.

There is a strong movement afoot to force this constitution down the voters' throats. Although previous practice has been to offer a new state constitution for approval piecemeal, for each section to be approved or voted down, this year we must vote for or against the entire constitution as an entire package. The public money for parochial schools issue is very controversial. It would likely be defeated if it stood alone. But, having seen that it will not, the power interests behind it (largely the Roman Catholic church, which effectively killed abortion liberalization a year ago in this state) are now mounting a television campaign obnoxious in its appeal to the voters' emotions.

The campaign bears a startling resemblance to the one which helped defeat the Civilian Review Board the mayor had created, and which gave our Finest license to continue its war upon this city's population. (Millions were spent by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Ass'n on that campaign --- you may well ask where the cops on the beat came up with such money. Store owners who've seen their merchandise disappear after a robbery could tell you...) That campaign implied that unless we repealed the Review Board, our streets would be unsafe.

The new campaign shows us a minority child, usually Italian, Irish or Puerto Rican; excluded from such functions of the public school as the public school playground, while the narration tells us this child is disturbed, and cannot get the counseling to which all disturbed children in public schools are entitled. It is clear that he goes to a Catholic school, which, if it does not offer a counseling service, has no one to blame but itself -- Catholic schools are, as a rule, better funded than public schools. It is a tear-jerking appeal to Catholics and unthinking Protestants and Jews -- "Save Our Children!"

If you want to help this child get his just due, vote for the new State Constitution.

Sure.

In point of fact, that child could get complete public school services now simply by attending public schools. (The commercial mentions "Catholic, Protestant and Jewish children", but I doubt more than a handful of Protestant children attend parochial schools in New York state, and most Hebrew schools are intended to supplement



--- not replace --- public schooling. Only the Roman Catholic schools offer any real alternative to public schooling. And only the RC's could profit by any diversion of public funds.)

Mayor Lindsay dodged the religious issue, by opposing this plan on financial grounds. The public schools are presently starving for money, he pointed out. Any further diversion of funds could only hurt them more. (Well, that can't matter if your child goes to a Catholic school, eh?) And the Liberal Party has publicly condemned the advertising campaign as dishonest and shoddily emotional.

Getting back to Miss Rand, if the organizers of the above-mentioned campaign need any further lessons in the shoddy exploitation of emotionalism, they need go no further than the pious hypocrisy of Ayn Rand.

Touting "rational emotions" on the one hand, Miss Rand makes a blatant appeal to unthinking selfishness on the other --- and finds nothing amiss in her reasoning.

History only contradicts her -- look at nineteenth-century capitalism -- so she simplifies and ignores it. Simplifying every issue into black and white extremes, she finds no effort in the solution of the World's Problems. You just look for the white hats and shoot all the rest. For dogmatic evasion of reality, she has rarely had her equal among modern "philosophers". I'm not surprised she has her followers -- like the Roman Catholic church, she counsels that one need only cease thinking for oneself in order to follow her.

Back in THE FOUNTAINHEAD, her altruistic-collectivistic-communistic villain (note how everything is labeled with a catchphrase that immediately identifies it as wearing a white hat or a black hat) promoted (shudder!) Abstract Art, in an effort to destroy the values of beauty. Why? Well, he was a good Party Member, just doing His Bit to Undermine Capitalism and the American Way of Life. It's funny, how the Communists alone in the world, still reject abstract art...

No man should be compelled to surrender the fruits of his labors, she says, and I agree ---in principle.

But is that fruit solely the product of his labors? Not if you take notice of her artist heroes in ATLAS SHRUGGED. They capitalized on the fruits of others' labors --- they exploited their workers. How come? Well, if you can, it's your due.

Sure.

Right now, if I write a book, I can expect to be paid around \$1,500 for it, because I am a science fiction writer, and that is the going rate for science fiction books. I may put fully as much work into that book as Miss Rand has into her latest panegyric -- but she will make at least ten times, and maybe one hundred times what I make.

Why? Because her writing is designed to exploit gullible minds, and mine is only intended to entertain and amuse.

Obviously, Miss Rand favors a system which allows her this edge.

Oddly enough, so do I. Within limits.

There's a group of people known as the Williamson Clan. They are con artists. Numbering over a hundred, at last count, they range the country selling shoddy overpriced services to the unwary and the gullible.

Last year they sprayed my 81-year-old grandmother's roof with a silver paint that washed off in the first rain. It was supposed to be an aluminum-type sealer that would extend roof life for at least another five years. They suckered her into it. She didn't pay something for nothing, of course. They did what they were hired to do: they spent the morning on ladders, spraying paint all over the roof, and fairly neatly, as well. But their service provided no real benefit. It was only quasi-legal.

Elsewhere, they've "resurfaced" drives with a light petroleum oil that last only days before it can no longer even be seen. Another actual service, provided for the money, but one of no value to those who were conned into buying it.

By Miss Rand these parasites deserve no condemnation. Like she herself, they are laboring and what money they can realize is only just compensation. Like Miss Rand they

are conning gullible people into thinking they can help them, when, in truth, what they are peddling is worthless.

If our "state" truly protected us, it would protect us from both the Williamsons, who peddle shoddy merchandise for our drives and roofs, and Miss Rand, who peddles shoddy goods for the mind.

I'd like to stop right there --- it's a good closing line --- but I must deal with one other idea: that of "rational emotions."

When I joined the IASFS Apa L, a few years ago (1964? 1965? How times flies....), the raging discussion then current was Randism, or, as she calls it, Objectivism.

The major proponents of this curious non-philosophy at that time were a bunch of dunderheads. Without naming them (some may have grown up, since), I must say that they were a sorry advertisement for anything calling itself "objectivism." Not one could remain objective for the space of a single sentence. Not one could construct logic paragraphs. Not one could argue from objective logic. When pressed, each retreated behind question-begging quotes from The Master (or Mistress?), Miss Rand.

I tried debating a few points with them. It was hopeless. They couldn't debate. They knew their dogma, and they could not be shaken loose from it for a single objective moment.

One of the weirdest sidelights of this curious running dialogue was the argument over emotionalism and rationalism. The most irrational arguments were used to buttress rationalism. I don't believe I ever successfully got the point across to any of them that their own words betrayed them better than any argument from my quarters might have.

Let's look at the mind. Taking a simplified point of view, we can say that the mind is like an iceberg. The conscious portion "shows"; the unconscious remains submerged, "out of sight". Few will argue this point. (The arguments begin when we start specifying what lies in the unconscious!)

The conscious portion of our mind, like the above-water part of the iceberg, is only a fraction of the total mind. Yet, it is the part we know best, and tend to treat as the whole mind. Because of this misconception, we often let ourselves in for deep trouble.

Like the icing on the cake, our conscious mind is almost (but not quite) superfluous. We could, each of us, exist without it. If it was taken from us we could grow another. (This happens to total amnesiacs.) The conscious mind contains no permanent memories, no emotions, and does not motivate us. It is only the patina of "reason" we have developed over our primal selves.

We delude ourselves into believing that we are in conscious control -- that our motivations are conscious and rational and known easily to ourselves. *Sigh*

The human mind, it is true, works on a basis of logic. It learns, and it learns through employment of binary logic on an extremely complex basis. Thus, we might say everything we do is logical. And this is true. Given all factors, and the weight of all factors known to our total minds, we would be able to agree to the logic of what we do --- every moment of our total lives. But, in the view from the tip of the iceberg, with much of that internal logic hidden, what we do often seems (and, thus, is) irrational.

Maslow once stated (and it was a profound revelation to me at the time) that each of us is always functioning at the highest level of which he is capable at that moment. Which is to say, granted a sick mind, or one fed misinformation about reality, that irrational decision, or destructive action is the best the person could do with what he was and had to work with.

In other words, don't feel guilty when you goof it -- if you could've done the thing right, you would've.

The aim, of course, that each of us has and treasures deep within himself, is to improve our ability to do the right, or optimal thing in each circumstance. When we can't, we take the least of the bad choices.

The true internal logic of the human mind results in what we mislabel "intuition," a hunch, an intuitive knowledge of a thing, is simply a communication from our un-

conscious after it has mulled the problem and, computer-like, arrived at its answer. Because we have not consciously reasoned it out, we often distrust such intuitive knowledge---often without realizing that our eyes see more than we consciously see, our ears hear more than we consciously hear, and our mind has access to much more sensory information than we suspect. Our unconscious also has the incredible advantage of total recall---complete data on everything we've ever sensed, thought, dreamed or known.

Quite often we want to go one way consciously, and another way entirely unconsciously. Jung believed this to be the schizophrenic product of the "civilized" divorce between the conscious and unconscious. He felt the only answer was to reassert complete communication between the two levels of our mind.

Scientology, oddly enough, offers the same goal, although more simplistically: a clear is supposed to have made his unconscious mind fully "conscious"---a grandiose superman concept that ignores what the unconscious truly is.

Ayn Rand doesn't believe in the unconscious. She seems to feel that man would be better off using only his conscious mind to the exclusion of the unconscious. (But what dreams she must have---what nightmares!--if she is actually trying to do this herself.)

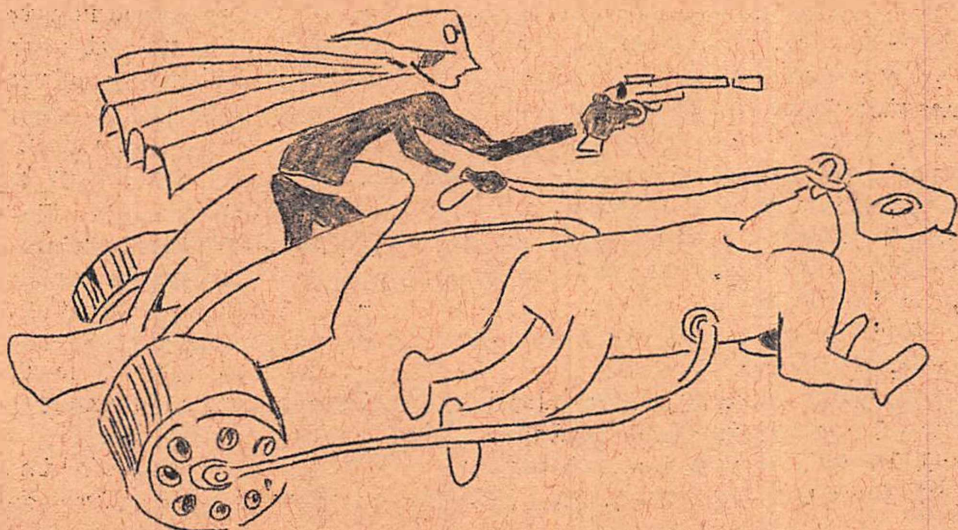
The emotions are all born of the unconscious mind. They appear to symbolize drives that exist in all of us---drives towards security (of place, of relationship, etc), which, when satisfied, produce happiness, and, when frustrated, anger and unhappiness. We have "emotional needs." That these needs are universal is echoed by the universal archetypes Jung discovered throughout the world.

The words "rational" and "irrational" have no meaning when applied to the emotions, unless one intends "rational" to be synonymous with "thinking" or "logically directed/regulated", as Miss Rand apparently does. In this case, to pretend that the emotions are or can be "rational" is merely to exhibit one's foolishness or ignorance.

Ideally, our emotional state is a barometer, and one which tells us of our internal weather, impending squalls or fine sailing. Depression, hostility, anger, all tell us we are being frustrated within ourselves---that our minds are not finding their proper outlets in order to interreact with reality. These emotions suggest we are deluding ourselves about something. They are a symptom of something wrong within us.

Joy, happiness, elation, ecstasy---all are rewards, long or short-term, telling us we are functioning properly. They come when we find bodily pleasure (sex), healthy exercise (games), or fulfill ourselves in our creative/productive specialties.

These emotions are beyond all but superficial control. They can be drug induced---thus suggesting their chemical nature and origin within the brain---but they cannot be "rationally controlled" by the conscious mind with any but deleterious effects in the long run. If one has a headache because a nail has been driven into the skull (and I recall just such a case, following WWII), aspirins won't help much. The symptoms can be driven away, but not the nail. Squelching one's emotions won't change the state of one's





mind, unless for the worse. When emotions are sat upon for much too long, the mind finds its own release---often in a psychotic blow-up.

This week a fine, upstanding, church-attending man in Pennsylvania ran amok after an argument in his car-pool, and shot and killed seven supposed friends. I wonder why.

"Rational emotions"? Perhaps. In a totalitarian state, where men are bred to be machines. But Not Here.

Ayn Rand isn't interested in my individual freedom -- just in hers. If my freedom required the curtailment of hers (most especially in the form of voluntary sacrifice), she'd say "Up yours, buddy," and steamroll right over me.

If my individual freedom included the freedom to be and act irrational, she would be for my elimination.

Ayn Rand is a Fascist. She is an intellectual totalitarian. She views the world as an abstraction, its realities have been replaced by ideals. In a world of complexities, of many possible answers, she has opted for the Aristotelian two-valued logic of absolutes, of Black and White, Good and Evil, Altruism and Egoism.

And she isn't honest enough with herself to recognize that last for what it is.

It was an experience to watch Ayn Rand tonight. Not a pleasant experience (it was slightly more annoying than watching STAR TREK, if much more brief), and one I debated avoiding.

But I felt I owed it to myself.

Know thine enemy if thou would defeat him.

ST. LOUIS IN '69

THE SOUTHWESTERCON 1968: "The third annual gathering of fans in the Texas-Louisiana-Oklahoma-Kansas area; all kinds of fans (ERB, s-f, movie, and a LOT of comics fans). The Con is set for June 21-23 at the Hotel Southland, and we have a program of movies, panels, a speech or two, an auction, and the other usual Con trimmings."

Further details available from Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas 75006. (Further details, now that I think of it, should include a mention of just what town this Hotel Southland is located in, unless it's such a famous hotel that everyone but Yankees like me know all about it.)

Sci news, of sorts: Second issue of INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION showed up here; editor listed as Lester del Rey. PLAYBOY has released a batch of paperback anthologies; reviews of a couple in the next YANDRO. Thomas Stratton has apparently sold the text for an art book (accompanying a set of color photos of the southwestern U.S.) and received another batch of photos to work up into another book in the series. (Anyone with any artistic talent whatever is entitled to shudder at the news.) As we fade into the mauve grandeur of the descending orb..

PLEASE DO NOT REVIEW YANDRO

GRAMBLINGS

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

Lock your car and the like---we have a juvenile court judge here, whose name I can't recall, who is one of those talk to them like a father types. He seems to believe that as long as the offender is under 18 he/she can do no wrong. It thoroughly upset him when the Supreme Court decreed that juveniles had to have lawyers and all the trimmings just like any other criminal.

One of the local elders with more money than anything else recently purchased advertising space on a dozen or so billboards in various parts of Albuquerque and had a poster put up showing a shaggy youth and the admonition: "Beautify America. Get a haircut." Came the dawn a few days later and they had all been changed by the neat application of paint over "a" and "cut" so that they read "get hair". The outdoor advertising company was busy repainting all during the day.

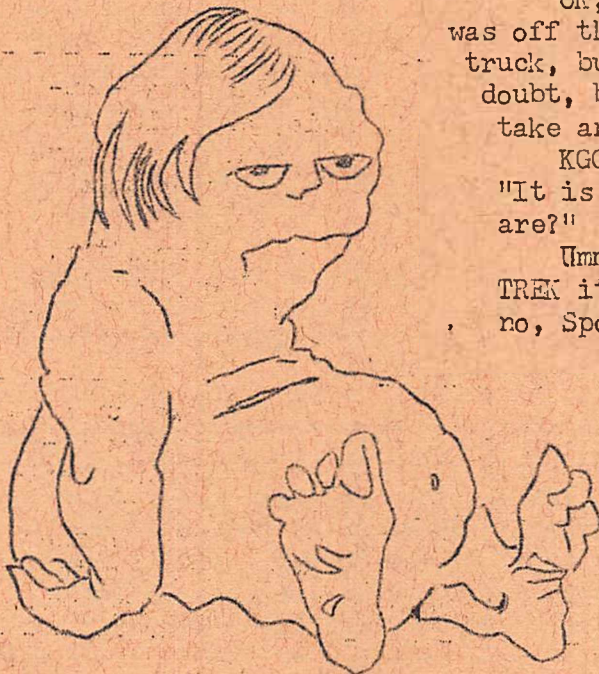
But I do think that parents are too slack for in their responsibility. Most tend to let the kids do whatever they want and the kids get the idea that they can get by with just about anything and that adults will do anything rather than wave a finger at them. We are located near a junior high school and this is probably one of the worst age groups to do anything with. The kids are just entering their teens and all the young studs feel studdish and the young girls do their best to attract them. A while back I arrived at the corner of Green Valley and Guadalupe shortly after school had let out. A group of youngsters were sauntering along Guadalupe spread out across the road. They successfully stopped one car before they slowly swaggered off the road to allow it to pass. They glanced back and saw me and quickly spread out across Guadalupe again, presumably figuring that what worked once would work twice. I revved up the engine, let out the clutch and jumped the pickup out into the middle of the road. The little darlings fell over themselves getting out of the way, losing not only their footing but much face in front of their girlfriends.

OK, I had no intention of hitting them and my foot was off the gas and on the brake as soon as I jumped the truck, but it scared hell out of them. A mean trick, no doubt, but then I'm a mean old dog and am not going to take any crap off of puppies.

KGGM-TV here puts up a slide at 2200 each evening, "It is 10:00 p.m. Do you know where your children are?"

Umm. Several checks throughout the zine on STAR TREK items. Will lump them all together, I guess. Oh, no, Spock is definitely not green ("My friend here is obviously Chinese!") and is only slightly less pink than Kirk or McCoy although one would expect that his copper-based blood would give a slight greenish hue to his complexion. As you say, any green tint comes from mis-adjustment either at the receiver or at the local studio -- probably the latter since most studio engineers are too lazy--or unconcerned--to make the necessary adjustments if color purity strays.

One would have expected that there would be fewer inconsistencies this past season



006.

what with Roddenberry, Fontana and company doing most of the work on the show, but they remain. You mention Spock being the target for all sorts of physical damage this season and I keep wondering what happened to his strength? A couple of times of late Spock and Kirk have been incarcerated in local jails that Spock should have been able to break out of without any trouble. (See "This Side of Paradise." Spock put his fist thru a steel bulkhead on the Enterprise.) That's a minor gripe.

A major gripe is that the galaxy is seemingly cluttered with twin Earths. Or triplets or quadruplets even. Seems like every time the Enterprise gets near a planet it turns out to be a version of Earth with a different historical development. The Romans and the Yanks and Congs and whatever. To go back to an old fannish phrase: Eccchi! In my view the show does quite well as long as the crew stays in space, but once they make a planetside landing it usually becomes incredibly bad. Personal favorites for the past season were "The Changeling", "The Trouble With Tribbles", and "I, Mudd." As for their being of Hugo quality, though...that will take some reflection. Fortunately---or perhaps not---the rerun season is already upon us, so we'll probably be able to see most of the likely candidates again before voting time.

I think that on the whole this past season's offerings were inferior to those of the first season. Next year I fully expect regular appearances from the Rutabaga.

I am happy to note, Buck, that you agree with me in your choices of Hugo nominees. Or potential same. I can't really make a judgment, thought, as I haven't read everything that was published last year. I would add THE TIME MACHINED SAGA to the list of novels, I think, but lean towards THE WEIRWOODS or LORD OF LIGHT.

It would seem to me that you record buyers would be screaming for a Congressional investigation of the decision of the record companies to quit making monaural records. Man, that smacks of price fixing and monopoly (or cartel) and all the rest of prohibited business practices. I don't buy that many records, that it bothers me, and I find that these stereo records play just fine on my hi-fi. Of course, I don't care for the extra price but I still don't buy that many records.

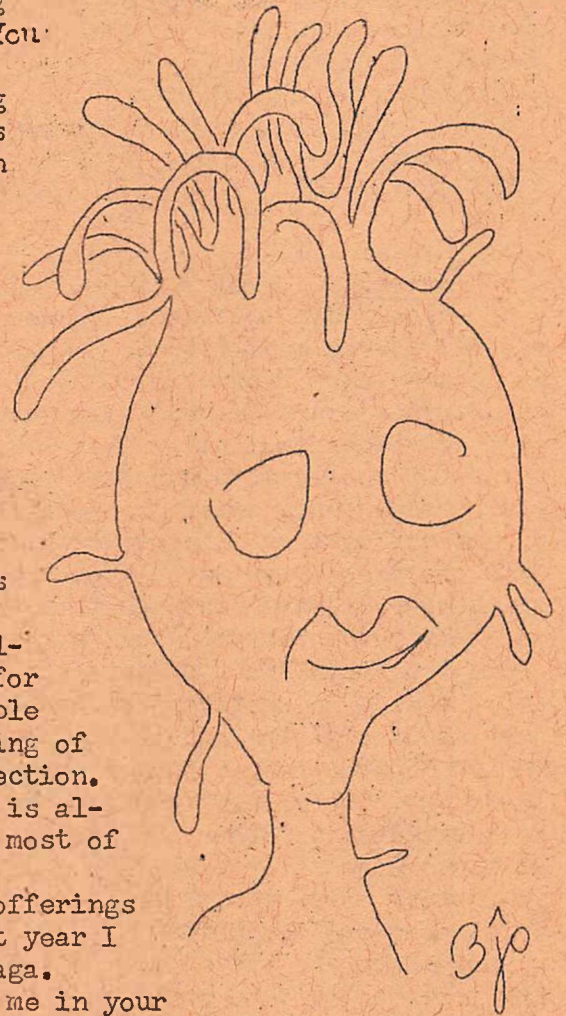
Delap's survey of "SF" on the silver screen shows that it didn't get any better during 1967. CASINO ROYALE did have a few touches, including some scenes out of THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI.

Norwood's survey of the magazines is valuable for the listing of various series. I hadn't realized there were so many.

I may have more to say on AFRICAN GENESIS later one if some research I'm doing pans out. I still think that whatever became Homo Saps Saps came out of Asia and there is apparently some quite interesting find in India or thereabouts. Info is quite sketchy, though.

Juanita, how many young readers did we confuse with "M'Intosh"? It has been a while since MacGregor dropped the apostrophe in favor of a c. I knew Brackett was a woman when I first read her stories, but not Moore.

Ted's comments on big city slums are interesting and the partial solutions he suggests might work, although I'm not at all sure. I don't think ownership of property in itself will solve anything unless there is a program of education and of community pride to go along with it. I have seen a couple of suburban residential areas, one family dwellings, lawns, gardens, shopping centers, the whole bit, turned



into slums when the racial makeup of the area changed. Why it should have happened I don't know. The new residents bought the houses and then simply let them decay. The lawns and gardens died, the streets became littered with trash and garbage. I'm afraid I'll never understand why.

Junk mail. Ah, well. Something has to be done to cut down on costs.

Oh yeah, a reminder---Dynatron is still a genzine even if it does go through FAPA. Available to all and sundry. That's Harry All and Tom Sundry who have subscriptions.

/Wonder how many letters we'll get saying you shouldn't use your car to scare teenagers because if you make the slightest error you might run over one of the little bastards? (I bet we don't get any saying that teenagers shouldn't be jackass enough to dispute the right-of-way with cars, being as most fans are young liberals.) // I don't mind all the twin Earths---after all, how many stf stories describe planets any different from Earth? (Aside from those by Hal Clement, that is.) What I did object to was all the twin plots; triplets, even. Bad as the time all the Galaxy authors were trying to imitate GRAVY PLANET. No, this season wasn't as good as the first, but I do think that the shows that were good were of Hugo caliber. // Actually, I don't think it makes all that much difference where man originated, but I like to see someone shake up the scientific establishment now and then. Does it good. (And I think that the theory that Man used weapons from the time he became Man and even before is logical, no matter where he came from originally.) RSC

Tsk, Roy---I recall the same sort of degeneration of a residential area in my home town from the time back when I was a li'l tad (the early dark ages). Paint was replaced with tar paper when replaced at all, junk cars were abandoned in the street, cans and garbage on the sidewalk, etc. A real don't-go-near-it section of town. Difference between your instance and mine is that the residents of this place were whites. I imagine the economic group would strike about the same level as the one you're thinking of, though. Not that there are not plenty of responsible sorts in the lower economic strata -- just as there are responsible and irresponsible sorts in all branches and hues of people. I just don't think either the settling of blame or the discovery of solutions is a simple matter lending itself to It's The _____ s Who Cause The Trouble formulas. JWC/

John Brunner, 17d Frogna, London NW3, Great Britain

Half an hour to kill before we eat dinner and go out to a BBC fancy-dress ball, to which we wangled invitations through a girl who lives in the basement here who's married to an actor currently playing Anthony in Anthony and Cleopatra at the Octagon Theatre, Bolton, and herself works in TV studio wardrobe and has a brother who designs costumes for TV and...well, it's terribly complicated, but that's the gist.

A good opportunity, anyhow, to comment on the last Yandro, with Roger Miller singing "Little Green Apples" on the radio. Now what was I going to say...? Ah, yes. Let's get the serious-and-constructive comment out of the way first. It's about the "unpaid advertisement" on the bottom of your contents page.

Friends, you had damned well better care about what the US is doing in Viet-Nam, or before you know it you'll have no friends left except the South Africans, the military dictatorship in Greece and maybe a few dictators south of Panama. I commend to you Hans Magnus Enzensberger's letter of resignation to the college he was working for in the States (recently published in the New York Review) for some insight into what's happening to your country in the eyes of the rest of the world....and I don't just mean the traditionally xenophobic areas of Southern Asia where the fighting is going on, but all over the place. Think I'm kidding? Try taking out an airmail subscription to the Manchester Guardian, the London Times, Le Monde of Paris, or some other reputable foreign newspaper. I think it will form a useful counterweight to what I'm told is published in most of the American press or relayed over TV.

When she was a kid at school my wife Marjorie made a trip to Germany and spent a couple of weeks among the Hitlerjugend and remembers that she thought the Nazis were wonderful. She grew out of it. I'm beginning to get the impression, when I try to

tell people how much I like America and how many good friends I have there, that I'm getting the same kind of reaction she did as a child.... No kidding.

End of sermon. But for Chrissake do something about it before it's too late for anyone to say good things about your country. Right now trying to claim that America is "containing communism" is pretty much like arguing that the Nazis are going to solve the Jewish problem. (Again: no kidding, and what's more in circles where you wouldn't ordinarily expect to find anti-American sentiment.)

Anyhow: I'm glad to find the problem of gun-sales in the States being ventilated here, and presumably in lots of other places. It always makes me sad to think that more people are shot to death in the States annually than we lose in road accidents here; there must always be a proportion of people in road smashes who die because of a tyre burst or a track-rod snapped or there was oil on the pavement or whatever, but I can't feel the same about someone who's been shot. That always seems to me avoidable and shocking. I don't own a gun; I don't know anyone who does, except my father who went to Africa shooting big game in his twenties and still has a couple of the arms he bought for the trip. (He gave me a .410-bore shotgun when I was twelve; I sold it when I was fourteen and spent the money on jazz records.)

I can use guns - while I was in the Air Force I got my first-class shot rating - but I neither need to nor want to; I'd have been ashamed not to get that next-to-top grading (you don't receive a Marksman certificate unless you're prepared to take it up as a full-scale pursuit) in the same way as I'd be ashamed not to be a good driver, a car being equally a lethal weapon. These things exist, so one ought to know how to cope with them, but the mere idea of a situation in which one practises to use them on fellow human beings makes me so nauseous I wonder how anyone can support living under those circumstances. I'm familiar with the feel and behaviour of a .22, a .303 service rifle, a .410 and a 12-bore shotgun, a Sten gun, a Bren gun and a Mauser automatic, and not one of them ever did anything for me beyond giving me a sore shoulder and a sense of satisfaction at counting the number of holes in the bull of a paper target. I guess I just don't dig people who use guns as virility-surrogates.

Mark you, it's very damned useful to know about such things when a character in a story gets into a fight...but that's where I prefer to keep guns: in fiction.

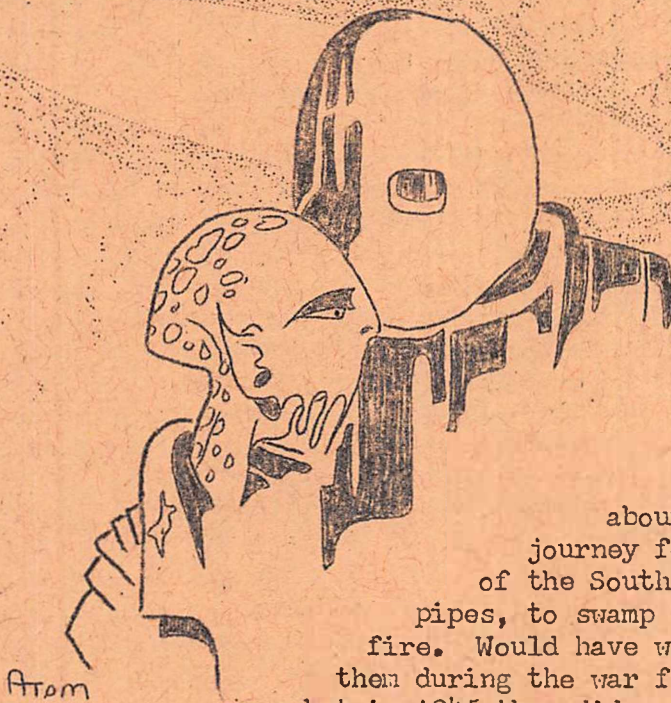
Nice of Michael Viggiano to include a plug for PRODUCTIONS OF TIME in his review of THE MAGUS! I'd take exception to one small point, though, where he says the characters in my book are "stereotyped"; I have the assurance of the actor aforementioned, the one who lives downstairs, that they are convincing as actor-type people. Which is nice to hear, since I not only never did anything in the theatre, like act or write a play, but don't even like the theatre very much. (I prefer the movies--it's seldom that I go to a play twice in the year.)

THE MAGUS itself, by the way, bothered me because it could and should have been a great book, and kept sidling away from the points which could have made it one. That won't be clear to anyone who hasn't read it and possibly to most people who have. Never mind. Have you read Gaddis' THE RECOGNITION?

You should.

Back to my sermonizing as I turn the page and find Alexis Gilliland on the New Left; not being a US citizen I will for the moment suppress some of my rather acerbic reactions and beg your indulgence to put one question to him which he invites by using the common American term "North Vietnamese". Said question being: who says there's such a thing as "North" and "South" Viet-Nam. I mean, if you were arbitrarily to cut across England, let's say along the line of the Wash (as was once done, if I recall aright, before the country was really united for the first time), you'd certainly cut my family in two unequal halves. And it would still be one country by virtue of "use and custom", a fine old legalistic phrase. (It gives a gloss of acceptability to the harsh fact of human existence that some things, once done, can't be undone, like the existence of Israel...)

For Alexis's consideration, and maybe other people's, a curious point which seems to get omitted in American discussions of the Viet-Nam war: since the French were kicked out there has been exactly one government in Viet-Nam with any pretensions to



legality at all, which was Ho Chi Minh's of 1945...and before any tops get blown, let me add that its legal status was exactly analogous to that of the Founding Fathers of the United States!

And I'm not impressed by any attempt to tabulate atrocities. You should have been taught, as I was when I was six years old, to prepare for a foreign invasion of your country (yes, in 1940 everyone was expecting the Germans to arrive by the next boat - forgotten about Britain, the next stop on the journey for Hitler's forces?); the beaches of the South Coast were planted with oil-pipes, to swamp the invasion barges with liquid fire. Would have worked, too - they didn't test them during the war for fear of giving the trap away, but in 1945 they did so before they dismantled them, and I remember seeing the newsreels of the test.

It's taken me a long time to come around to this standpoint, but I can't help it; I've been driven here by logic and reason as well as inescapable emotion. What the Vietnamese (North, South, VC, whatever you call them) do in their own country against foreign troops is to me more defensible than what the foreign troops do against the Vietnamese. Both groups of action may be disgusting, cruel, inhuman, or whatever; the fact stands that the foreign troops have no business attacking the citizens of another country. A North Vietnamese is as much a Vietnamese as someone from my father's birthplace in Cheshire is English like me; a Texan is as much a United States citizen as someone from New York or Chicago. The mere fact that his background and upbringing predispose him to different political and social views is an irrelevance. How would you have liked the British to intervene in the War between the States with the contemporary counterpart of helicopter gunships and aircraft carriers? We did have them, and you did not!

Well, that's what you're doing: intervening in the War Between the States...which you did more than anyone else to trigger off. (Nothing personal, Coulsons! I mean the USA.)

Sorry, Didn't mean to sound off. Couldn't help it! I mean there are like people dying out there!

And just to brush aside one further irrelevance: the Vietnamese tend to regard collaborators in the same way as the French did--except that they are apparently not satisfied to shave their heads and run them through the streets pelting them with dung. It's hardly surprising, in that they were under French colonial rule for so long!

(To explain something is not to defend it; it's merely to recognise that human beings are imperfect creatures.)

Christ! I never intended to write this long a letter! I should learn not to try and deal with arguments propounded by partisans of the American involvement in Viet-Nam; I have yet to find one (honestly) through whose statements you can't drive a coach and four--let alone a jeep. But one final promise-promise FINAL point on Alexis's item: as a long-time writer of song-parodies--I do a monthly column in the CND journal Sanity in which I regularly publish one or two of them---I feel compelled by this extraordinary and unsingable item of his to inquire whether it has never crossed his tiny mind to

wonder what else someone can do who's aware of the disastrous mistake his government has made, apart from making plain his rejection of official patterns of behaviour? Overthrow the government by force, maybe? It could happen, and what's more people in Europe are starting to lay bets on it. (Odds currently 100-1 against, but a year ago it was 500-1.)

Thanks for the review of QUICKSAND. Minor gloss on same: it is actually stated in the book how come the protagonist married the bastardly Iris, but you seem to have missed it. (Money was a side aspect--the chief element was his need to fulfil the pressure exerted on him by his parents by marrying up the social scale, which suited Iris who wanted someone who would feel inferior to her and thus be manageable, and establish some kind of solidity in his own life in the shadow of his breakdown.) It's a curious point, though, that you should say it's not my best, and this underlines a crucial difference between SF writers and SF readers in their judgment of a novel. I'm more pleased with QUICKSAND than with anything else of mine yet published--second place ahead, when Doubleday bring out STAND ON ZANZIBAR in September--precisely because it deals with a subject seldom handled by an SF writer, and never before by me personally. I think it is my best published book, better than THE WHOLE MAN and SQUARES OF THE CITY and the other contestants, because Paul Fidler is a more three-dimensional person than any other hero I ever created. (There are no heroes in ZANZIBAR; the guy who dominates the action is a "character" in the sense of a grand eccentric, Chad Mulligan.)

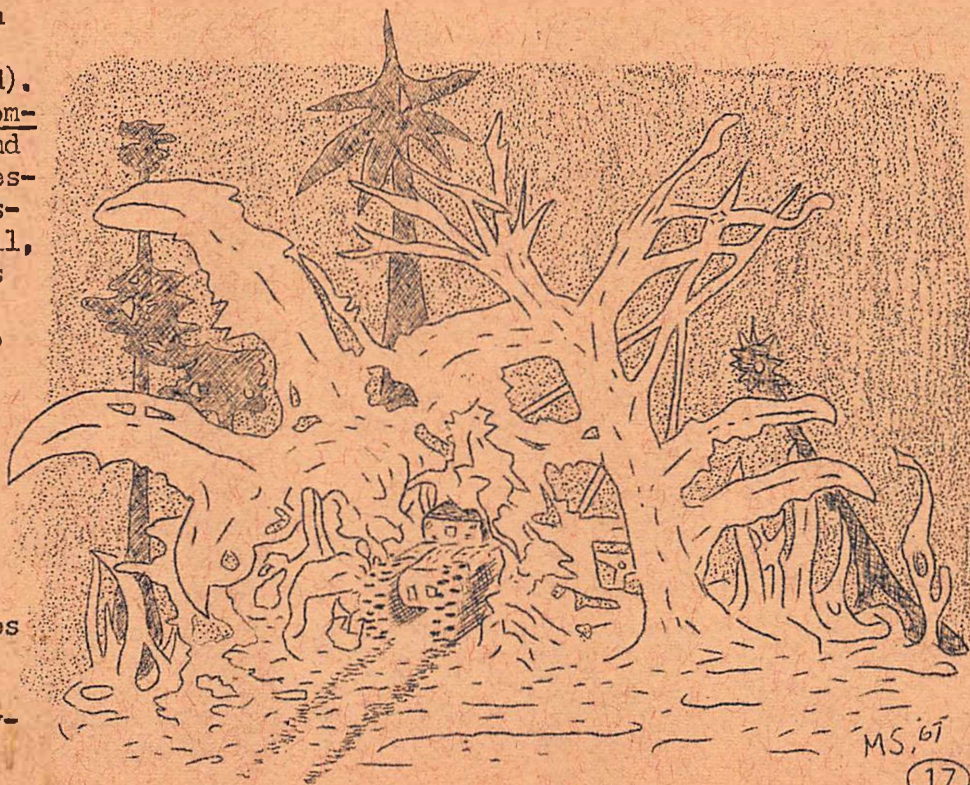
Fans appear not to realise just how easy it is to create an artificial world when one's had a bit of practise, as I have, and how hard to create a contemporary setting and contemporary personalities which are equally individual, equally private to the author concerned. Literally, I get bored with alien planets and races--I can just grab them out of a hat. But real people are there all around me and they're intractable; it must be the same for a sculptor, say, moving from clay to marble.

The research for the book, by the way, was done in three days, and most of it in one afternoon when a helpful consultant took us on a doctor's rounds of Shelton Hospital, outside Shrewsbury. There was a fire there the other day, and 24 poor bastards were killed because the ward was locked and they couldn't get out..

Thought you'd like to know...

Note to Ethel Lindsay, in passing: it wasn't North Devon but North Kent which was a must for DOUBLE, DOUBLE

(the title under which Ballantine will bring out the book concerned). But anyway, I wasn't com-
plaining about the kind of expense I find necessary to keep me in business as a writer--hell, if I didn't enjoy this job I'd damned soon find something else to earn a living by! All I meant to do was to illustrate the often overlooked point that a writer carries his own overheads, and whereas if someone earning (let's say) £3000 a year as a sales representative for a big corporation needs to go to the North Devon/Kent/wherever area,



MS. 67

he does it on an expenses-paid basis instead of taking it out of salary. Recently I've been comparing notes with people who nominally earn what I do, and come to the conclusion that my income as a writer is worth approximately two-thirds of what it would be worth in salaried employment, but correspondingly I'd have to work almost exactly fifty per cent more in terms of hours spent at my desk if I were in such a job. So on balance I come out even. Besides, who'd be such a fool as to hire a cantankerous, opinionated, ornery person like me?

/You'd better read that ad again; since your comments are totally irrelevant, I assume you read about half of it and jumped to conclusions. As for the reactions of Europeans, I don't think we need to worry too much about the opinions of countries that did business with Hitler right up to and past the time it became obvious that he was out to conquer Europe. They may bitch, but they'll sit on their fannies while they do it, as long as we don't touch their interests. (For fast readers, the above is not a statement that our involvement in Vietnam is right; it is a statement that governments are amoral. Any backing we get is not out of friendship but because it's profitable.) // I don't dig people who think the only use of a gun is as a virility-surrogate; as a matter of fact, I think they're narrow-minded, not to say bigoted.// North and South Viet Nam achieved union in 1802; England and Scotland have been united longer than that, and try telling me -- or better still, Ethel Lindsay -- that they are not separate entities. Anyway, Alexis's hypothesis was not that the Viet Nam involvement is right, but that leftists who use force are hypocrites when they complain about the use of force by their opponents. However, since you managed to drag in our Civil War, I might say that our intervention in Korea is at least as close a parallel. (It isn't an accurate analogy, but then neither is yours.)// Paul Fidler may be your most three-dimensional character, but if I can't sympathize with the central character I don't give a damn what happens to him and therefore I see no point in reading about his adventures. Fidler was not as repugnant as, say, the average John Christopher hero, but keeping interested in him took a lot of work. Sure, creating an artificial world may be easy (though it doesn't seem to be for me), but creating an interesting one is not so easy, or at least very few authors can do it consistently.// I'm sure Overhead Door would hire you; they hired me.... RSC/

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

Juanita had a good talking point about our reactions to books containing a protagonist created by an author of the opposite sex and what we thought of this. I tried to find a book on my shelf that gave a realistic portrait of female thinking. Only all the best ones were written by females! I'm stumped, in fact, to try to think of a male writer who really had done the trick. The females in sf books are quite hopeless, of course. I often find, too, the male attitudes to women in sf quite infuriating. Lots of times any self respecting woman would have sloshed the hero long before the villain had taken a swipe. I am always surprised to find that women like fantasy too---as fantasy females are usually a very wet lot. I consider that femmes put up with fantasy figures because they love to dress up---and you certainly get plenty of scope for that if you want a fantasy costume for the fancy dress do. Of course, there may be some femmes who relish the idea of sitting in a castle room waiting for the hero to take three quarters of the book to get to her---if not longer---but it's 'no' for me! I get the same sort of frustrated feeling when I have to watch on film or tv a fight between two men where the heroine stands around biting her nails---instead of grabbing something to hit the villain over the head with! Which may account for so many of we femmes liking Georgette Heyer. Her heroines are never meek and mild.

/Someone referred to Jane Austen heroines as good examples; yes and no. The milieu in which they lived made them pretty helpless, leaving me with the impression of basically likable lassies trapped in an absolutely terrible environment, and I felt sad about an otherwise romantic setting. JWC/

Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada

Did you know that the Bell Telephone company has gone over to Heinlein? All year they've been advertising on yellow buttons, with slogans such as "Sophocles is alive and hiding in the yellow pages" (also "Beethoven.." and "Cleopatra is...") and "I'm a white pages dropout." Their latest, though, is "I grok the yellow pages."

Bob Allen, 20 Gardiner Avenue, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

If it would be at all possible, I would very much appreciate it if you could find a free line or two in a future issue, as I have just gone off on a Robert A. Heinlein kick, and am looking to buy up anything containing his work, or criticism on it. (If you, personally, have anything by Mr. Heinlein for sale, name your price!) The same goes for Harlan Ellison. Also, if anybody in Yandroland is still looking for STAR TREK stuff, I have built a set of some 50 movie mags which feature articles on the show or the people in it.

Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87112

I read Richard Delap's review of LORD OF LIGHT and began to get the eerie feeling that I was the only person in fandom who actually thought it was a good book. Four others who had mentioned LORD OF LIGHT had all done so in a most slighting manner. Then I read your review, Buck, and was pleased to see that at least one other person has good taste. (By the way, did you catch the pun about running a body shop illegally? I thought it was almost as good as the fit hitting the shan.)

LORDS OF THE STARSHIP is so realistic it borders on the Machiavellian. I'd say that Geston will have a Hugo within three years if his future books improve over this one. He is so good it is almost frightening. Geston's killing off the main characters irked me for the first time or two, but then I found the book to be flowing almost like a movie; perhaps more like walking by a tapestry with the history of a world embroidered on it. The threads all tie together and form not only a consistent but a most beguiling picture.

Rick Norwood is wrong: I had no fun at all picking out the errors in van Vogt's "Enemy of the Silkies" because it was too easy. Anything that comes without even half trying becomes boring---and that is a pretty good description of the story itself.

I would like to have a bit of info on Hal Clement. Particularly, is he a hydraulics engineer? It seems that so many of his stories deal with ultra high pressures as in OCEAN ON TOP and MISSION OF GRAVITY (and in this latter story it took me one hell of a long time to figure out why Mesklin looked like a saucer to its inhabitants). He presents such concrete problems and such logical solutions that I'm certain he has more than just a passing interest in high pressure work.

George Heap has to be putting us on. Not even the rutabaga is more improbable than "shotting kumquats via arrow" to decoy away savage hordes of butterflies.

I wish I'd saved this little goodie from the small weather prediction column in the Albuquerque Tribune. It ran: "The sun will shine during the daylight hours". I was totally devastated and just went through the day in a most listless manner knowing that the sun wouldn't be shining that night. Took all the fun out of waiting to see what would happen when night came. But the weather reports that really get to me are the ones that the Las Vegas bookies make up. "20% chance of snow increasing to 40% by midnight." I don't know if other parts of the country get comparable ones or not. I was listening to the radio the other night and got a weather forecast from Minneapolis that ran, "It will begin to snow at 4AM and will stop at 8AM." Now that is what I call thinking positively. Whether or not it actually did start at 4 and stop exactly at 8 I'll never know, but being so self assured must count for something.

Your results in the author poll were quite interesting. Zelazny is indeed a nova among stars---just hope he doesn't suffer the fate so common to novas by burning out quickly. The nostalgia vote put van Vogt where he was and I can't help but wonder why Pangborn wasn't higher up the list. And it seems that fans actually do appreciate Ellison's great virtuosity with words by placing him so high in the standings.

Yes, indeed. We arrogant Yandre readers are very generous to Ellison - almost too generous. Some might say generous to a fault.

/Can't recall if Clement is a teacher or a tech writer, and I never did know his particular field. Help? RSC/

W.G.Bliss, 422 Wilmot, Chillocothe, Illinois, 61523

On the Alexis Gilliland article, Dr.

Spock is being entirely too exclusive in singling out napalm. He did make a good choice as napalm has had a very bad press. I wonder if there are any practical uses for napalm except the military? I suppose gasoline for making napalm could have extra tetrathylelead for added effectiveness as that is poisonous. Where Spock misses the boat is that any common material or artifact can be pressed into use as a weapon. Common phosphorous is far nastier than napalm as it is pyrogenic. The account of the burning of Hamburg, Germany, chronicles how two hundred (forget the exact number - it's been a while since I read it) people got phosphorous from the incendiaries on them and were keeping it from burning by standing in a canal with the phosphorous under water. Some of them went mad and finally they were all killed as a mercy. On nasty but effective weapons, I have wondered about strychnine grenades. They would be of shatterable plastic and the quick poison would be in small cells in the plastic.

/Cyanide produces a gas, but does strychnine? I thought you had to eat the stuff for it to be effective, in which case it wouldn't work as a grenade. RSC/

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend, Indiana

On trip in Florida, kiddies, we were driving in and about the Beach-Area of Fort Lauderdale...and some blocks south on A1A, south of Las

Olas, this is on a side street, I noted a wee little shoppe.....on its windows was this sign: The We Grok Shop.

Was always closed in the evenings when we were passing by so I dunno what they were selling....swimming-pools for water-brothers?

Last night on the telly we caught (and we should have dropped it hastily, but no matter) THE WIZARD OF MARS...was out getting milk and cookies during the credits, but when I returned to the bderoom Gene informed me that Forry Ackerman was its "technical advisor"....yukkk, after seeing the entire movie, I wonder what he advised them on?

Surely not that dialogue, nor the acting nor the plot. Asked Kuj if he caught who wrote this epic, but alas he didn't. The city-taken-out-of-time plot is familiar inna way.

This brings to mind Dennis Lien's review, in this issue, of BLOOD FEAST, which had me in chuckles. Remind me not to indulge in meat-pies at any Egyptian-type love-ins.

Glad to see this review of THE MAGUS by Michael Viggiano. Very glad. He shows remarkable restraint in being able to condense and tell of That Plot in such a clear and concise manner. Book's been haunting me for some time - have passed it on to others (non-fen), urging them to read it so I'll have someone to discuss it with. Know full well that others will read other things into it as compared to what I got out of it.

And the New Left article by Alexis Gilliland....this next summer in Chicago sure ain't gonna be dull! Seems like everybody but the N3F is threatening to march to Chi and demonstrate during the Democratic Convention, eh? (Don't write me back with the news that the N3F is gonna Do It too!!!)

Oh, thanks a lot for that Sue A. Ward goodie about the young gulls, the state lion and them immoral porpoises. That's all I needed.

Put me down as agreeing 104% with Juanita's comments and opinions at the top of page 3. Heroines standing about helplessly not DOING anything while the boys battle it out.....of course if I were standing there, with my usual cleverness I'd probably pick up a lamp or vase and bring it right smack down on the wrong guy's head. But I do think I could get in a bit of tripping and some good and nasty jabs where they'd help most.

Gotta big laff out of Boyd's comments, etc., as to Dr. McCoy....whether McCoy is the Wise Ole Doctor or a loudmouthed ass. Har! In fact, double-har. Doctors are invariably schizophrenics....they got to be. If they are not two people they'd crack before finishing internship.

Our beloved family doctor is a Wise Young Doctor and a soft-spoken ass. He is also, I've long maintained, a creature from another galaxy, a robot, a brilliant/moron or a genius/idiot, and quite a few other things, all unprintable.

So Dr. McCoy's being inconsistent characterwise see seems perfectly normal to me. Like find me a doctor who is just one personality. I don't know any off-hand myself.

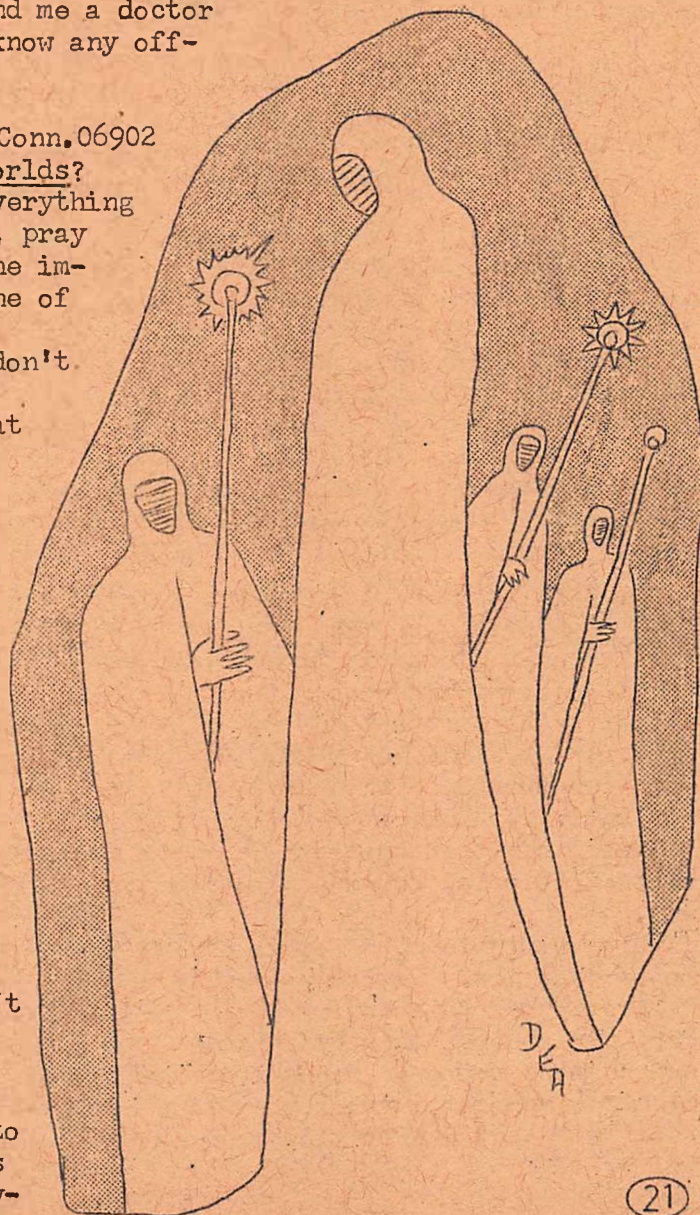
Edward Reed, 668 Westover Rd. Stamford, Conn. 06902

Why the hell don't you review New Worlds?

Judy Collins is also good at most everything except Lenny Cohen (my favorite). What, pray tell, is wrong with Seeger? You gave the impression that he's about the same as one of those 95 year old bastards.

Also, if we want to fight wars why don't we fight a moral war? De-escalate the army, escalate the peace corps and wheat shipments. Maybe we won't win but at least we can face ourselves.

/I don't review New Worlds because (a) I don't review magazines and (b) I don't read New Worlds. I couldn't say why Norwood didn't review it; presumably he didn't read it either. I saw somewhere that the magazine's circulation dropped from 25,000 when Moorcock took over to 8,000 today; if true, a lot of people must have done the same thing I did.//Pete Seeger is no better and no worse than about thirty other male folk-singers, and the rest of them don't insist on sing-alongs. (I quit this audience participation bit when I got out of Boy Scouts; I see no reason to pay good money to hear a couple of hundred amateurs singing, and if I want to sing my-



self I can do it on my own time; I don't need to be prodded into it by a folksinging scoutmaster.) RSC/

Irv Jacobs, P.O. Box 574, National City, California, 92050

New subject. Or maybe I should say Old Subject. Why, in a foolish moment, did I bring up the subject of Fans To End the War, etc? Possibly it goaded Gilliland into writing his little essay. Then again, maybe my point of view had nothing to do with your printing his "Some Remarks..." but let me comment here that Gilliland bores the hell out of me, and I can safely assume that my letter on the subject of FTETW bored both you and Gilliland. Therefore, let us return to neutral ground, please sir?

Meanwhile, I do want to thank Mr. Gilliland for apprising me of the fact that the North Vietnamese had been killing tribesmen with flame thrower fluid. I was blissfully unaware of this startling fact. I am really glad to find out about it, because it makes me feel much better about our use of napalm. Really it does. Now if we can just uncover one verified instance of a Red Chinese bomber being spotted by a UFO club member, flying over Cleveland, Ohio, what a morale booster that will be for those of us who occasionally suffer mild twinges of conscience.

And finally, if all of us bonified Peaceniks decided to shave, bathe regularly, and dress in proper Establishment-style, would Mr. Gilliland then share our viewpoint? Obviously not. Therefore his gratuitous reference to our personal habits, is illogical, as Mr. Spock might very well put it.

/Interesting that everyone who wrote in ignored Gilliland's central hypothesis, which was hypocrisy. (Not that I think the writers are hypocrites; just that those opposed to Viet Nam react automatically to comments about it. Conditioned reflex, sort of.) RSC/

John D. Berry, Box 6801, Stanford, California, 94305

I will keep in mind Ed Gorman's comments on writing ability, since I am currently in my first year of college. After exposure to college English courses, I find the idea of becoming an English major quite horrifying---not to mention unnecessary, since if I intend to make part or all of my living by writing, I won't pick up much useful information by taking literature courses. Perhaps my aversion to majoring in English is only a part of my distaste for the idea of living in the academic community for the rest of my life. There went any ideas I tossed around of being a teacher. Don't think I don't enjoy college---I do, and I consider Stanford one of the best places to go for a university education---but I can't see submerging myself in the halls of academe forever. I find it interesting that I'm encountering the same sort of problems Gorman talks about---learning how to write every kind of sentence and then not having anything to say---but in French. The French courses here (and many of the other language courses, I'm told) are organized like high school classes, and the urge to learn and use the language is very scarce.

My English teacher came up with an interesting bit of advice on writing recently: he said that writing "is something that comes to you; don't try to force yourself to write, but wait until you're in that mood and then go ahead." Which is in direct contradiction to what I've heard from professional writers, including you, Buck.

In reaction to Mike Horvat's letter: I have been especially conscious of the standard situation of Our Heroine standing idly by and shrieking or fainting or something while Our Hero does the dirty work, ever since reading Jack Finney's lovely twist on this subject in INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. He had Hero and Heroine being led down a few flights of stairs from the Hero's office (he's a doctor), guarded by four Badguys. BUT.. a few minutes before, while they were alone in the office waiting to be taken away, Our Hero and Heroine had made plans. Being a well-prepared doctor, Our Hero had just the drugs that would put the Badguys--or anyone else, for that matter--asleep in moments, plus all the handy economy-sized syringes he could use. What transpired was that as the six of them were parading down the stairs, Our Hero suddenly stopped and pulled two syringes full of whatever-it-was, plunging them into the asses (or whatever may have been convenient) of two of the Badguys. All four naturally jumped on him and commenced

beating him to a pulp. Now, what does the Heroine do at this point? Why, she is cowering helplessly against the wall, in true silent serial style. However, when the Badguys are thoroughly engrossed in taking Our Hero apart, she pulls two big syringes of her own and plunges them home in the other two Badguys. By this time the first two have collapsed helplessly to the floor, and the second two stand there too bemused for words at the uncalled-for adlibbing that the Heroine has just indulged in, until they too fall in a heap. Our Hero and his rather capable Heroine then proceed to make good their escape.

Shows what equality of the sexes can do to help You in the everyday tribulations of life!

I agree with Ted White about Jack Gaughan's winning the Best Fan Artist award---all the yelling about "Unfair!" is ridiculous--but I won't elaborate because I'm going to go into it at greater length somewhere else.

On the other hands, I don't know what to think about Ted's allegations about STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. I began reading science fiction in the 6th grade, with Heinlein juveniles plus some Norton, Nourse, and Asimov; I read STRANGER when I was in late junior high school, and thought it was one of the best books I'd ever read. Because of my emotional ties, I can't very well judge STRANGER or any of Heinlein's work on a purely literary level, but I've reread the book once entirely since, plus numerous delvings into random parts of it at odd times, and I still enjoy it thoroughly. For the same reasons I loved GLORY ROAD, and that too remains as one of my favorites. It seems to me that there are a lot of people who are automatically turned off by the kind of style affected by Heinlein in these two books---or sometimes by JWCampbell in his editorials, or by you in Yandro--while it's just the sort of thing which I find most enjoyable. I liked Heinlein's juveniles very much too, and they're good, solid stories, but most of them don't have anywhere near the amount of lovely digs at modern life, or the sheer entertainment value, of either STRANGER or GLORY ROAD. I would very much appreciate it if Ted would specifically outline just what he thought was wrong with STRANGER, and how he would have done it, and maybe try to figure out just why, with all these faults, it manages to make me so enthusiastic about it. I don't understand it myself.

No, Buck, satire is not the same as "protest". Not, at least, in the modern meaning, as when it's connected with "song". Simon and Garfunkel make all kinds of amusing, sometimes pathetic comments on the things they see--or maybe sometimes on things other people see---but they don't "protest" them in the sort of loud voice that tells you you're scum if you don't rise up and join us to change this now, by ghod. It's similar to the difference between an author who makes wry observations on his life and world, and the one who writes with the sole intent of impressing his point on you about What's Right and What's Wrong.

/Offhand, I'd say your English teacher had never had to make his living by writing. (And I can guarantee he never had to write a paperback novel in his spare time on a contract with a two-month deadline.) Waiting for inspiration is fine if you have the time for it. RSC

As far as protest songs go, one of the most effective I've heard in recent years has been "Coyote" by Pete Seeger; he wasn't leading a sing-along, and he wasn't yelling....and the material provided the most softly elequent plea for responsible conservation techniques I've ever heard in song. (See, we don't hate Seeger....we are simply not turned on by the vast majority of what he does and the way he does it.) Since I was active in civil rights protesting before a lot of our readers were born, most protest songs in that field hardly strike the urge to make me rise up and change things -- I've felt like that for 20 years. Some of them are good statements or summations of the cause, but too many are simply histrionics for the benefit of singer and audience. JWC/

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 West Main Street, Jonesboro, Tenn., 37659

No, I didn't see the article in Argosy that you mentioned, but a few years ago I read a book about abominable snowmen by Ivan T. Sanderson, and in it he told of snowmen in the western United States and in Canada. Willy Ley recently had an article in Family Weekly in which he explained that flying saucers are ball lightning. Perhaps some UFOs are ball lightning--if there is such a thing--but it's silly to suggest that all of them are. Many UFOs don't look anything like it.

A strange thing happened here on February 12. My mother and I took the dirty clothes to the Speed Wash coin-operated laundry and washed and dried them. Some dish cloths and towels were taken hot from the drier and put into a plastic bag. Over an hour later, when we reached home, Ma dumped the clothes out of the bag. They began to burn! She called me, and I threw the blazing rags into the yard and poured water on them. We were lucky it didn't set the house on fire. I never exactly believed in spontaneous combustion, but that must have been it. Somehow the hot rags grew hotter until they reached the kindling temperature. However, they had been handled the same way many times before without burning.

/Anyone want to explain this? I provided a possible explanation, but I wouldn't guarantee it. (The clothes were still damp when put into the bag, and the plastic kept out the oxygen after they had dried past the ignition point. Possible?) RSC/

Piers Anthony (Jacob), 800 75th Street North, St Petersburg, Fla., 33710

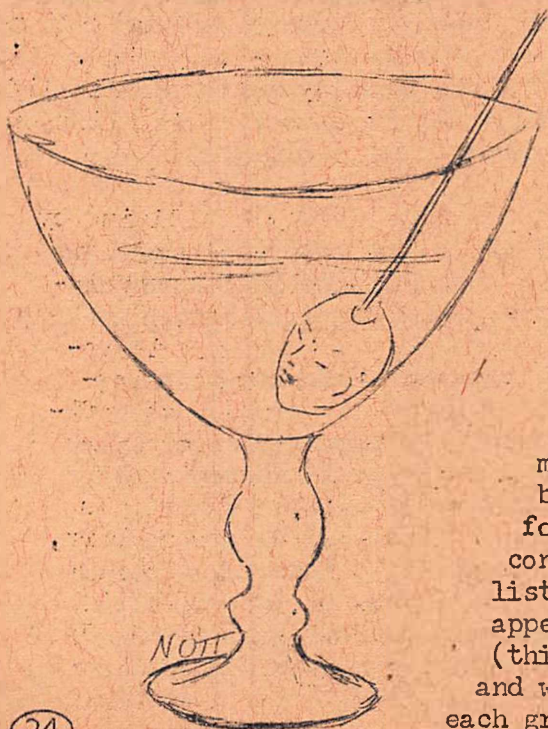
How do you manage to get both sets of letter replies on one stencil? I mean, surely the one doesn't read over the other's shoulder and take over the typing when he/she wants to make an additional comment, and you can't leave the thing blank in the hope that the other will fill in something appropriate. Or is this what you mean by "empathy". He says "I just know she has a female-type comment to add here, so I'll add it for her and sign her initials." Or vice versa. I'll bet if you happen to run this portion of this letter, there'll be an RSC comment explaining that JWC types the stencils and RSC tells her generally what he wants to say and she censors it into literacy and inserts it; and a followup by JWC, miffed, saying "the word is 'edit' not 'censor'!" Or maybe a joint note suggesting that I go back and read issue # such&such, where all this was plainly explained for illiterates like me.

Anyway, those checkmarks, such as are legible; re that statement of disinterest in writers' views of Vietnam: you will, ahem, note that my name appears in neither list.

The fact is that I was solicited by both groups, decided that I wanted to be known, if known at all, for my fictive writings rather than my political opinions, and that if by some ill-chance some stupid dope were to hang upon my political opinion, it would be wrong to encourage him to abdicate his own political thinking responsibility by parroting my stand.

(Can you make sense of that sentence? I can't.)

But since I did feel that the organizers of both groups were sincere, well-meaning people, the one very cute and the other very nice (descriptions not mutually exclusive, I'm sure) who, like as not, had better reason for their respective stands than I did for mine, I encouraged them both by shipping a token contribution to each while barring my name from either list. So now I can add your list to the ones I'm not appearing on. I refuse to commit myself on Vietnam (this covers up a profound confusion as to the rights and wrongs of that subject), but I did give two hoots to each group. I understand one other writer did likewise,



and I am disgustingly curious whom that other was, and probably shall never know.

Um, you know, it seems the one person Pyramid never got around to sending that contest-result notice to was me. If you still have the thing floating around and don't want it, ship it to me; I'm curious what they said. You know, they paid me the money---all of it---a full month before sending me a contract to sign? Try suggesting that to Ace!

I am sorry to see Rick Norwood's magazine review column go. No one will believe this, but I enjoyed it before he made those favorable comments on my own stories. I found that his opinions generally jibed with mine, and so began using his comments as an occasional guide to what items I should read in the magazines. Long ago I tried that bit of reading every part of every issue, and, like him, I got fed up in a year. I couldn't even remember most of the stories, and it seemed to me that if the time was gone and I had no pleasure in the reading and not even a memory, my time was wasted. So now I read what pleases me and no more. But the Norwood column, like the Coulson book reviews, was one of the things that justified that policy. Unlike that newsletter---I forget the title---that essayed to cover the magazines a few years back, Norwood has been covering them. So, my regrets, and I hope you find another fan willing to take on the chore.



I write my comments on the letters down ahead of time, while I am marking the portions of the letters that I want included in the column. Then Juanita adds her comments while typing stencils.//The pro- and anti-Viet Nam writers may have been cute and/or nice, but I can't see that they accomplished anything. (Or at least the "anti" group didn't; the "pro" group succeeded in negating the value of the other ad, which I understand is what they intended to do.) I was surprised to see Ted White's name on neither ad, though. (Even if you aren't overwhelmingly in agreement with either side, Ted, how could you bear to stay out of the argument? I'm not sure I could have, if I was a member of SFWA.) Note to Don Bensen: I sent Piers my copy of the contest results. (And shame on you...)//One reason the Norwood reviews probably won't be continued by another writer is that they took up so much space. I wasn't at all satisfied with the lack of variety in Yandro last year. RSC/

Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55418

Hoop is published on a schedule. A screwy schedule, but nevertheless, a schedule. (if you read all of Hoop, you would have seen that the zine is pubbed "five times a year". You didn't read all of Hoop. Aren't you ashamed?) Also, Hoop still costs 30¢ mailed flat.

One thing I would like to ask about, however, is "What happened to the review of Fred Haskell's Cheap-Thrills?

Fred is a real person, and he honestly did send you a copy of poor old Cheap Thrills. Can't you possibly review it? I mean, give the poor kid some notice before he completely folds up from lack of responsive peoples....

/Blame the post office; I can't review fanzines I don't receive. And honest, I review everything I get except when the editor asks me not to. Only thing I've ever refused to review was some comics mag with an editorial objecting to "The Black Panther" and talking about "n-----s". That one was returned to the editor along with a letter which I trust will keep him from

sending me anything else. Don't recall the name, and I wouldn't mention it in public if I did. (I think Geis blasted it in an issue of Psychotic, if you're curious.) RSC/

Leigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo., 63010

We are working hard on plans for Ozarkon III and Harlan Ellison has agreed to be GoH and also to speak for our bid at Baycon. We are very pleased about that. We have had tentative promises of attendance from some people that we personally like very much.

I was very intrigued by Juanita's comments re Geis. I don't think that women who read and enjoy science fiction are necessarily more masculine. Perhaps they just don't let their femininity color their every waking thought and action. Many women seem to me to let the fact of being a woman be the paramount thing in their life, and they never seem to function as just a person. The same thing can be said about certain men. I I'm one of those strange people who thinks it possible for a man and a woman to be just friends and not anything more. No, I don't think it is possible for one to ever exactly understand the opposite sex, unconscious masculine and feminine reactions are basically different.

I suppose I'm used to cardboard characters in SF. If the action or idea is good, I ignore the lack of characterization. To me, Carol Emshwiller has done some of the best writing from a feminine viewpoint. Dr. Asimov did a beautiful job with the maternal instinct in "The Ugly Little Boy".

Being of deep Ozark heritage, I can remember going to square dances where my grandfather played the fiddle and my uncle and my father played banjos. An old character named 'Uncle Billy Salveter' was always the caller and a good time was had by all. I didn't really mean to imply that they were the same (country-folk) but in reading over what I said, it does sound that way. We'll have to talk it all over some day. I share your enthusiasm for Buffy, the Clancy Brothers, and McCurdy, but I still like Bob Dylan for what he says, not for his voice, it's terrible! I do like a lot of the young music. It beats the hell out of Lawrence Welk or Dean Martin. Since I deal with middled sized city teenagers, I also appreciate what Simon & Co. mean to them (well, a little).

By the way, D'Arnot taught Tarzan French, not English. Don't recall where he learned that and Chris is away at art class, Chinese painting. Yes, Fr. Groppi said the word, I heard it. Around here he is called the first Roman Collar Hippie by conservative Catholic types, and worse things. Chekov looked like a cretin last night in "Gamesters".

/Saying that Harlan Ellison will be guest of honor is not a good way to attract me to a convention. (I don't exactly dislike Harlan; I'm just thoroughly tired of him and his bombast.) Agreed; I don't like the "young music" but if I have to make a choice I'll listen to any of the rock, psychedelic, or whatever groups gladly in preference to the Eddie Fisher/Dean Martin/Robert Goulet style (or styles; they all sound alike to me but they may not be). I do like Ed Ames' voice; I'm still looking for an lp by him that contains some decent songs. RSC

Strangely, I am one of the people who digs the "young music"...very much so. I spend more time listening to am radio than watching tv. Which is why it's funny to me that the young readers jumped up with wrath and screaming when we dared to utter a word of faint damn re Simon & Co. We may not have phrased our put-down well, but I still tend to find they wear boring after a short while; I don't object to a distinctive style, but that one tends to prove soporific. Otherwise, I'm a candidate for the oldest teenybopper in the country, almost..... JWC/

Charles Hutlor, 9 Shoridan Ave, Kearney, New Jersey 07032

Can you offer a little help to a fellow fanzine editor? I would like to know where I can get heavier white paper to print OCYMET on and how much it might cost. It would be a big help.

/I mentioned Vari-Color, but does anyone know a firm closer to New Jersey? RSC/

Rick Brooks, RR #1, Fremont, Indiana 46737

I've finally found what kind of clods work for the infamous Nielson rating bunch. We got a little thingee in the mail from them last week. There are three of us who watch tv, and only my mother and I watch STAR TREK (and thank God that it is on this week). I had thought of recruiting Fanny and Daisy, but they don't even have enough feeling for their own kind to watch LASSIE, let alone the other fuggheads on tv.

DeCamp's "Warriors" was pretty good.

Alexis Gilliland's "Some Remarks on the New Left" was damn good. He says what I'd like to say on the subject, only much better organized and concise than I could. I frankly detest the end-justifies-the-means crowd in any form, hard core segregationists or violent peace demonstrators, fanatic Commies or Nazis.

John Brunner has a rather poor novel in the latest IF. I saw the snapper in the ending after a couple of pages. In fact, Brunner spells out for you in one scene that the principal female character is a robot in all but physical makeup. They are on this planet disguised as a giant native life form to better study the natives and I felt sure from the build-up that the leading lady would turn out to be a disguised alien studying us. But the snapper was not there. Instead we got a half-baked ending involving an almost flat impossibility (the leading lady is pictured as an outstanding expert in ex-toc biology, yet she is so hung up about sex that she forgets that the animals they are studying may have mating urges in the 'spring.) John, how could you?

Brunner's QUICKSAND rather depressed me. About half way thru I identified enough with the main character to start noticing fannish characteristics in him. And the poorer fannish characteristics at that. From then on, I watched him hit the skids with the crawly feeling that I'd probably do the same in his shoes. The ending was quite painful. It may be a good book, but I doubt that I'll re-read it.

Your remark on people emoting in preference to thinking hit a responsive chord. Right now I'm writing a paper on Charles Dickens (Mainly on DAVID COPPERFIELD) and I blast hell out of him for his emphasis on emoting over reasoning. The first draft has been re-edited to save my grade as I had Dickens (who the instructor loves) as a spiritual ancestor of the Nazis. I've toned it down a little but I still refuse to strike the line (after quoting a Dickens quote on how even the love of a lower animal far outstrips the highest intellect) on how I'm horrified by a man who would rate the love of a dog higher than the brain of an Einstein. Phooey on Dickens.

So Ted White thinks that STRANGER is Heinlein's worst book. Tsk, tsk. I never met anybody that valued FARNHAM'S FUNNY FARM that highly before.

/I certainly hope that De Camp's "Warriors" is pretty good. It's probably the best poem we've ever published; if it isn't pretty good, the rest of our verse is even worse than I've suspected. // I wonder how many letters we'll get saying the Nazis were logical rather than emotional? They weren't, of course, but defenders of emotion can hardly be expected to make logical rebuttals. (Like the fan who said LORD OF THE RINGS was science fiction because he liked it and he didn't like fantasy.) I'd say that QUICKSAND was a complete success, from your reaction. I didn't identify with the hero (and if you ever get in a situation like that, don't expect sympathy from me.) RC/

Thomas Burnett Swann

Your magazine continues to delight me with its variety and vitality. For one thing, it was good to see Richard Delap praising "More Than A Miracle", which most critics ignored or dismissed as a meaningless trifle.

ST. LOUIS IN '69

THE ART SHOW FOR ARTISTS ---- CON COMMITTEE GO HOME

HARTFORD CITY IN 47348 (courtesy of the Eisensteins)



GOLDEN MINUTES

PRISONERS OF SPACE, by Lester del Rey (Westminster, \$3.75) A well-done juvenile with two rather startling exceptions. First and most irritating to me is that the author uses the term "laser" when he means flashlight or light fixture; I know lasers are "in", but the entire principle of the laser is oppos-

ed to the principles you need for general illumination. The other drawback is that the ending is not only in the worst pulp tradition, but gives the impression of being crowded, as though del Rey had originally written a longer story and had his last three chapters condensed into one. The characterization and atmosphere in the first part of the book are quite good. Publisher says ages 12 to 15. Maybe, if they are unsophisticated.

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN, by L. P. Davies (Book Club, \$1.49 or whatever their new price is) A good one. The author attempted to show the gradual change from man to superman, but the mystery-type plot used made him conceal a lot to be produced as last-chapter surprises, which makes the transition seem too abrupt. Nevertheless, it's a good book, with a fascinating beginning, a slightly dissapointing "secret-agenty" middle, and a reasonably good conclusion. Not up to his previous PAPER DOLLS, but worth your money.

THE SPACE ARK, by A. M. Lightner (Putnam, \$3.50) The major drawback of Lightner's books as science fiction is that they are too obviously contemporary juvenile novels translated into space. This one concerns the problems of saving some unique animals from a planet doomed by a nova; could have been a condemned national park (foreign, of course; we wouldn't condemn any of our national parks, would we?) just as easy. A minor drawback is that this is apparently the third book in a series; if it's the first one you read, some of the relationships among the characters are a trifle hard to work out. (But at least there aren't any of those stupid little footnotes referring to the previous books which used to stud juvenile series; better a little obscurity than a complete recapitulation of the entire series to date.) There is plenty of action, characterization is average or better - the Rock-Queen in particular is one of the most engaging aliens in stf - and in general the book seems a fine introduction to stf for anyone not used to our microcosm, though it may seem a bit elementary to regular stf readers.

ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN, by Alexander Key (Westminster, \$3.75) An excellently written juvenile, though if I was Zenna Henderson I would contemplate suing, since the idea is identical to her "People" series. (I know, you can't copyright ideas.) Anyone who has read Henderson knows from the first chapter exactly how the book is going to turn out, but the author handles his materials well and the results are good. Recommended as a gift for a young relative - and if you're a Henderson fan you might want to read it yourself; it's a very good imitation.

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW, by Jules Verne (Ace, 60¢) Eight of Verne's short items; "The Eternal Adam", "The Fate of Jean Morenas", "An Ideal City", "Ten Hours Hunting", "Gil Braltar", "Frritt-Flacc", "In The Twentieth Century", and "Mr. Ray Sharp and Miss Me Flat". The stories show a fairly wide assortment of Verne ideas. However, I found them of more interest as historical documents than as entertainment.

ARMY OF THE UNDEAD, by Rafe Bernard - THE INVADERS #3 (Pyramid, 50¢) This one should give anyone an appreciation of the talents of Keith Laumer, who wrote the previous books in the series. He isn't helped much by an idiot plot, but the actual writing isn't too hot, either. For dedicated "Invaders" fans, if there are any.

VICTORY ON JANUS, by Andre Norton (Ace, 50¢) A sequel to the previous JUDGMENT ON JANUS. Early parts are somewhat irritatingly similar to the middle parts of the first book, but overall it's good enough. (I have trouble being objective here, since the ending is the precise same one that capped a novel that "Thomas Stratton" struggled with all last summer. On the whole, though, I think Norton did a better job than we would have..ours eventually got changed out of recognition, and anyway hasn't been sold yet.) Anyway,

when JUDGMENT appeared I made noises about wanting to know more of the background. So now I do, and it's quite satisfactory. One of the better books of the month.

WALDO and MAGIC, INC. by Robert A. Heinlein (Pyramid, 60¢) Pyramid's third printing of these classics; if you don't have previous editions, you should get this. "Magic, Inc." has always been one of my favorites, from its lovely first line ("Whose spells are you using, buddy?") to its conclusion. I never liked "Waldo" as well, but it's good enough, and it is one of the few examples of science following science fiction more or less exactly; the "waldos" in current use were named after the ones in the story.

THE JEWELS OF APTOR, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace, 50¢) In an introduction, the editors state that this is the complete version of the novel; in the previous publication it was "cut by a third". The restoration definitely improves the book, largely in the justification of what seemed arbitrary actions. Even if you have read the previous edition, it might pay you to get this one.

GALACTIC SIBYL SUE BLUE, by Rosel George Brown (Berkley, 60¢) Juanita commented on this previously; the heroine is too emotional to seem very real. "As long as she was in love with him, she wasn't capable of knowing anything about him." (And she wasn't in love with him, anyway; she was in lust with him. Or "infatuated", if you want a more dignified term.) I suppose the idea that 40-year-old women can still be interested in sex is a novel one for our current juvenile-dominated society, but it's hardly enough to carry the book, and otherwise it's an idiot plot. There are good points; when Sibyl isn't acting like a moronic teen-ager at a Beatles concert, she's a far more interesting character than most women in stf, and the future world seems quite nauseatingly authentic. If not a wholly successful novel, it's at least a different one.

CROWN OF INFINITY, by John M. Faucette/THE PRISM, by Emil Petaja (Ace, 60¢) The Petaja half is a good sword-and sorcery novel, if you like that type. No science, but lots of action, and the writing is well above the s&s average (and well above most of Petaja's earlier books, as well.) Which is a good thing, because CROWN OF INFINITY is awful. It is apparently an attempt to condense the entire Lensman series into half of an Ace Double. (I know Ballard made some comment about his short stories being actually condensed novels or something like that, but this is ridiculous.) There is no characterization because there are no characters, or at least no major ones. An epic struggle over the course of millions of years is presented in little scenes snipped from the whole and bearing no apparent relationship to each other. The background is as ridiculous as Smith's, without the explanations which gave Smith's books some semblance of plausibility. In short, it's a story that would be rejected by the better fanzines, and why Ace published it is beyond me. If you like swords and sorcery, the Petaja half will be worth your money. If you dislike s&s, skip this one altogether.

CHOCKY, by John Wyndham (Ballantine, 75¢) Is this an expanded short story? I know I've read it - or something awfully similar - before, but I don't recall if the previous story was by Wyndham or another author. The earlier one was a short story or novelet, though; not a novel. Anyway, whether it's original or not, it's quite satisfactory. Wyndham has never excelled in gadgets or plotting; the plot here is quite simple, and I recall no gadgets at all. A little boy is mentally contacted by an alien; all else follows more or less naturally. Wyndham's strong point is people; his characters are believable, and what happens to them becomes important. (Unlike some of the newer writers, who seem to believe that everyone is or should be as overemotional as themselves, Wyndham's characters are the sort of people you feel you would enjoy knowing, and Menaces are that much more effective. Who gives a damn about a Menace to someone you don't like anyway?) Highly recommended; probably the best book of the month.

PAST MASTER, by R. A. Lafferty (Ace, 60¢) Highly literate, but not terribly entertaining. On the back cover are praises from Delany, Zelazny, and Ellison; quite appropriate, inasmuch as the book reads like something that Delany might have written. It's good, and I think it will be remembered long after most current stf is forgotten. It should be must reading for fans. (But I still didn't like it very much.)

THE BUTTERFLY KID, by Chester Anderson (Pyramid, 60¢) Anderson's previous novel from Pyramid, co-authored by Michael Kurland, would be a candidate for a list of ten worst science-fiction novels ever published, so I started this one with some reluctance. The picture of the author and back-cover blurb didn't help much. But the book itself turned out to be a surprising improvement over the earlier effort. It reads much like the material in the better "fannish" fanzines. Not similar to the writings of any professional author that I can think of, it does bear a resemblance to the fan writing of people like Greg Benford, Calvin Demmon, George Metzger, etc. Nothing great, but I'm sure it's unusual enough to attract favorable attention from non-fan readers. (I never particularly liked the fan writings of Benford, Demmon, et al, but I found the book moderately entertaining.) The plot is alien invasion; the gimmick is that both protagonists and the villainous collaborator are hippies, and the background is Greenwich Village. Not the "same old thing" that we complain about in many books, at any rate.

BEDLAM PLANET, by John Brunner (Ace, 50¢) Disappointing. A fine idea - planetary colonization menaced not by aliens or monsters but by scurvy and dissension - and a good beginning. Unfortunately, Brunner uses it to push the currently "in" propaganda that man should depend on emotions and "feelings" rather than reason and logic. Unfortunate mainly because while the author is having his characters say one thing, their actions are proving the precise opposite. Hercine says the colonists are "so attached to the rational approach that they wouldn't listen" to efforts to save them. However, when you are dying of scurvy and are unable to help matters by conventional methods, the "rational approach" is to try anything, since you obviously don't have anything to lose. What the colonists had was not an overabundance of rationality but an emotional attachment to the status quo. (One of the colonists refers to the possibility of insanity in the treatment as "worse than death", an obviously emotional statement.) Also, when the "rescuers" try the emotional approach - acting "on the spur of the moment", their only result is to foul things up worse; the usual result of actions taken on the basis of emotion. Also, Brunner uses the terms "logic" and "reason" as synonyms, and his "solution" is that the "cellular memory" of a human body can judge what's safe and what isn't (foodwise) on an alien planet. (It's possible, I suppose; after all, we've never tried it on an alien planet - but I don't believe it.) Not recommended.

ON EARTH AND IN THE SKY, by Willy Ley (Ace, 60¢) A collection of Willy's "For Your Information" columns from GALAXY. Their presentation is abominable. There have been enough of the columns by now so that one book could have been made out of astronomical observations, another of zoological ones, etc. Instead, they have been deliberately jumbled. Even worse, there is no index. However, despite his treatment by his publishers (this is a reprint of a Doubleday hardcover) Willy's writing is worth the price of the book. If you don't have all of the magazines they originally appeared in, you should get the book. (If you do have the magazines, though, the book offers no improvement in arrangement or indexing.)

GRAFFITI, by Bill Adler (Pyramid, 50¢) A steep price for 54 pages of text, but it is funny. (And it is not, despite the cover, particularly "racy"). Again, fandom pioneered this sort of literary art as the interlineation, so the idea isn't as new to us as it is to the general populace. But I still enjoy things like "Death is nature's way of telling you to slow down", "My country, right or left", and "Support our boys in Canada".

WHO IS RONALD REAGAN?, by George H. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) Know thy enemy; buy the book. Reagan is apparently not going to be the Republican candidate this time (which may be why Rockefeller and Romney dropped out; Smith comments that if a deadlock had developed in the convention, the delegates might well have gone for Reagan. And while Nixon may not be the ideal candidate, I suspect that Republican moderates would prefer him to Ronald. I certainly would.) However, he is still politically strong, and the book presents lots of good reasons why he should be prevented from getting any stronger. (Some of them, of course, I already knew.) He is, according to various authoritative sources, "Goldwater with charm" - a nasty combination.

AMERICA'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS, by Allan R. Bosworth (Bantam, 95¢) Judging from the reaction of my co-workers, a majority of contemporary Americans don't even know we had concentration camps here during World War II. We did. They were, as such things go, quite well-run camps; the inmates weren't starved or tortured. They were "merely" deprived of their right to earn a living, and had most of their property confiscated without compensation. And of course, they were no more "guilty" of anything than the occupants of the Nazi camps - less guilty, in some cases, since the original inhabitants of the Nazi camps were opponents of the regime. Their only "crime" was that they had Japanese ancestors. (Americans of German and Italian ancestry were not interned, for some reason - guess why.) It might be of interest to a lot of young liberals that one of the most vocal supporters of the camps was the then attorney general of California, Earl Warren, and one of the most vocal opponents of this destruction of liberty was that anathema of current liberals, J. Edgar Hoover. Bosworth does an excellent job of writing, which is a bonus. (The essential point being that Americans should know their history.)

DEATH IN ROME, by Robert Katz (Pyramid, 75¢) A nonfictional account of the German massacre of Italian resistance fighters in the Ardeatine Caves. A minor incident in the war; not especially horrifying or shocking (despite the blurb) to anyone who has read much about war, but unpleasant enough. There are sidelights; the reactions of various well-known personages (leading to Katz's apparently well-documented insinuations -- he never comes right out and says it -- that Pope Pius XII was a fascist). A definitive account; Katz if anything tells us more about the Rome of March 1944 than we really need to know. But, if not as well-told as the Bosworth book, it's still good.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH, by William L. Shirer (Crest, \$1.90) Our edition only cost \$1.65; we got it in 1966 and just got around to reading it after the presentation on tv. (Juanita had read it previously.) But I note there is a new edition on the stands, with an increased price and a red cover instead of the black one on ours. This is one of those historical classics that everyone should read. It isn't easy going; there are 1500 pages of text (and another 100 of bibliography and index) and it is very fine print. It took me two weeks of noon-hour, evening, and week-end reading to get thru it. (In contrast, I went all the way thru PRISONERS OF SPACE during one noon hour.) But it's worth while. If you have only one book on Nazi Germany, this is it. It isn't a book about World War II; military ventures are treated only as they affected political matters. But as the German military movements did affect political matters, most of them are at least outlined. The account is dry; Shirer is a reporter, not an entertainment writer like Bosworth. But it is certainly complete.

THE REST OF THE ROBOTS, by Isaac Asimov (Pyramid, 50¢) The second printing of the pb, which contains 8 stories from the hardcover edition; "Robot AL-76 Goes Astray", "Victory Unintentional", "First Law", "Let's Get Together", "Satisfaction Guaranteed", "Risk", "Lonny", and "Galley Slave". "Asimov's laws of robotics" are one of the basic elements in science fiction; if you haven't read the stories in which they were postulated, you should. In addition, I have a particularly fond regard for "Victory Unintentional", one of the few genuinely funny stories in science fiction.

THE REVOLVING BOY, by Gertrude Friedberg (Ace, 60¢) Incredible. A story with an extremely simple scientific gimmick, with a background no more futuristic than Project OZMA, no melodramatics, no detailed trips through what the author fondly imagines is his psyche. And the result is not only unqualified science fiction, but an outstanding story. By all means get this one.

SOLAR LOTTERY, by Philip K. Dick (Ace, 50¢) Odd; since it's a reprint I must have read it before, but I didn't remember a word of it. About average stuff. Lots of action, a new twist on the overthrow-the-dictator plot, physical science not too badly mangled, characterization, what there is of it, not bad. Probably why I didn't remember it. You remember the really bad stuff (I'm sure I'll recall Treasure of the Black Falcon to my dying day) and the really good stuff. The mediocre gets forgotten. (I would not call Dick, normally, a mediocre writer, but this time he was).

VENUS PLUS X, by Theodore Sturgeon (Pyramid, 60¢) Blurbed as "The strangest science-fiction novel Theodore Sturgeon has ever written". Well, maybe; Sturgeon has written some pretty nutty books. But this is definitely one of his best. It's not new; originally published by Pyramid in 1960. But if you haven't read it, you should. (And if you have, try it again.) One of the few examples of the legitimate use of sex in science fiction, among other things. (Legitimate as opposed to authors shoveling the sex in to get readers, or to prove that now they can get away with it, or to show what knowledgeable, worldly people they are.)

DOOMSDAY ON AJIAT, by Neil R. Jones (Ace, 50¢) Another in the Zorome series, this one containing two never-before-published stories in addition to reprints of the title story and "The Metal Moon". This is also the 5th book in the series, which wore out for me at the 3rd book (if not before then). Jones has an active imagination in describing physical characteristics. Unfortunately he is totally inept at characterization, and since all the Zorome lead characters look alike it is virtually impossible for the reader to tell one from another. He is also one of the few authors who can describe a nova and make it sound dull.

THEY WALK BY MIGHT, by Michael Hervey (Ace, 50¢) Another in Ace's supernatural series. Major interest for me is that while Ace has included a variety of authors in the series, they all -- or nearly all -- sound alike. Which might not be so bad if they had not apparently taken such a dull model. Frank Edwards, for all his inaccuracy, was at least somewhat entertaining.

SPACE CHANTEY, by R. A. Lafferty/PITY ABOUT EARTH, by Ernest Hill (Ace, 60¢) Sooner or later somebody was bound to write a parody of the Odyssey; now Lafferty has. Not my type of humor; I seldom laugh at things unless they are unexpected. But good enough writing if you like farce. Personally I liked Hill's side much better; the humor there is tied in to more normal events. (I never could understand why people enjoy tall tales; anybody can make up stories if they don't have to be internally consistent.) Anyway, Hill has -- sort of -- done a parody of Gravy Planet. The universe is run by advertising. He has occasional problems in deciding over whether to be humorous or serious, but in general he does a pretty fair job. (A more major flaw is that the ending is predictable, but you can't have everything -- not often, anyway.) And Hill has one lovely sequence:

"We are the editors," they said. "We control the machines. Machines do not think."

"Do you?" he asked.

"We are here," they pointed out. "We are here to think whatever you tell us to think. Machines cannot do that. Machines are programmed. Tell us what we have to do." I suspect the author may work on a newspaper, since much of his acidity, while more or less universally applicable, is specifically directed at newspapers.

RENDEZVOUS IN BLACK, by Cornell Woolrich (Ace, 60¢) A book where the mechanism of the plot is all-important. The central character is injured, badly enough so that he wants revenge at all costs. The rest of the book shows him getting it, working things out like a crossword puzzle, so everything fits just so. Totally unrealistic -- there is no explanation of how revenge can turn an average red-blooded American boy into a great lover; or how his other tricks are worked; they simply are. There is no probing into his mental state; it's that way because the author says it is. But there is action, and a morbid fascination in seeing him triumph. Occasionally the descriptions intrude. Woolrich does not, at least in this book, have the easily flowing prose of someone like Zelazny. He is trying so damned hard to be original and striking that the reader can see him sweating over it. "Men leaped up from everywhere, where there hadn't been any a moment before. They were like dark raisins in the white crust of a pudding, suddenly popping to the top." (There are worse examples, but that was handy.)

Incidentally, I turned our juvenile expert loose on the three hardcover juveniles I reviewed back there. (ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN, THE SPACE ARK, PRISONERS OF SPACE) Bruce's considered judgment is that all of them are great. When pressed as to which was best, he said it was hard to decide, but he liked ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN the most.