

YANDRO



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We definitely aren't monthly this time, but we have a disgustingly thorough excuse, also. Juicy details inside.

CONTENTS

Ramblings - - - - -	(editorial) - - - JWC - - - - -	2
Rumblings - - - - -	-(editorial)- - - -RSC- - - - -	4
Golden Minutes - - - - -	(book reviews by RSC) - - - - -	6
Grumblings - - - - -	- letter column - - - - -	11
Strange Fruit - - - - -	-(fanzine reviews by RSC)- - - - -	27

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(And if I've forgotten anyone, apologies; this has been a lousy issue on the production end.)

Announcement from one of fandom's Cepheid Variables: Dick Geis announces that he's moving east somewhere (the US coast, not Vietnam, one hopes), and doesn't have an address yet so please hold mail. He will be leaving June 14th, which is today, so that fanzine you sent yesterday is going to come back. Sorry. He says Psychotic #26 will be late, but that the zine will continue.

Contributors of STAR TREK material: John & Bjo Trimble, Gary Mason, Don & Maggie Thompson, Ruth Berman, Richard Labonte, Derek Nelson, Dennis Lien, Kay Anderson, and Vera Heminger.

PLEASE Do Not Review Yandro - or We'll Zap You



This has not been the jolliest few weeks we've over trudged through - for details see Rumblings this issue. Or for one side of the details, I should say. I'm sure the asthmatic during a bad attack is the party most concerned, but it's no picnic being a spectator, either.

It's hard to imagine anything humorous about a violent asthma attack, but there were a few moments that stand out in my mind. This asthma attack that precipitated events - including the lateness of this issue - peaked Sunday morning, June 2. After discussion with the doctor, I called an ambulance to come out with an

oxygen unit. (We learned a lesson there; Buck found that oxygen doesn't help him all that much during an asthma attack.) The two attendants were a natty jaycee type and what looked like an apprentice jaycee. Trying to make polite conversation, the younger man gazed around the office at the typewriters, books, mimeo, etc., and asked casually, "What do you do - write?" I said yes and he looked rather boggle-eyed. He spent the rest of the few minutes he was in the room gazing around rather bemusedly and disbelievingly.

After we got to the hospital I had the strange experience of knowing more than the nurse's aide did about asthma attacks. I wasn't too happy with the situation, but I was considerably less rattled than she was. (She got considerably more rattled when an R... bustled in as the nurse's aide was helping Buck into bed; the RN had a loaded hypo of some type of cortisone, and the nurse's aide moved into the line of fire at the wrong time and got stabbed with the hypo. The RN berated her for spoiling the sterility of the needle and stomped off to get a fresh one, leaving the nurse's aide to whimper, clutch her wounded arm and pathetically ask anyone who might answer, "What was in that?") Another nurse's aide was quite alarmed at Buck's pulse, and the RN told her it was typical for a severe asthma attack and to listen carefully because this was a good chance to learn. I'm not sure what the pulse was doing; playing the Star Spangled Banner, maybe.

All in all, we have had more hilarious experiences, but nurse's aide types seem to be loaded with the galloping naiveties. I'm probably not being fair, and maybe these weren't typical - but you'd think they'd at least know enough to hand someone suffering from a severe asthma attack something to throw up in.

On top of everything else, the Gestetner is chewing up another sideband. I hope it will hold through the three stencils which remain to be run off for this issue. I had to do considerably more of the editing than I've done for years this issue, and I'm afraid the results will show it. If we all mind our manners, things may be back to the familiar routine by next issue.

I have fallen woefully behind in correspondence and a number of other things, but I'm now beginning to think about catching up. One spectacular piece of good timing - about a week before this roof fell in on us, Buck and I moved my mother up here from Anderson. She's going to stay with us for a while until she can locate an apartment suitable in this area. During these past two weeks she has been chief Bruce-sitter and entertainer, cook, dishwasher par excellence, and general mainstay who made it possible for me to do something like cut and run stencils, and so forth. Considering that she put up the money for the original Sears, Roebuck mimeo on which several years of Eisfa/Yandro were originally run and now this, I think she's really president emeritus of Coulson Publications.

On other matters, several people from around the country informed me that their local ABC outlets did not blink or blip the words "Volkswagen" from the documentary broadcast of The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. So I must blame my local station. Gee, I knew Evans' VW Sales in Ft. Wayne was a pretty big outfit, but I hadn't realized they had that much of a grab on Channel 21. Of course, 21 is the poorest and chiniest of the Ft. Wayne UHF channels and probably not about to antagonize a paying customer. Despite some pooh-poohing in a recent TVGuide, sponsors obviously occasionally exercise some censorship control. (I have heard the story, perhaps apocryphal, that when TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH was first seeking sponsors they ran the pilot film for a number of potential purchasers, one of which was Volkswaggn. Supposedly, the film showed, prominently, U.S. bombers blasting a large VW plant somewhere in Germany - and there went that potential sponsor.)

Local tv stations try pretty hard, but they are sometimes responsive to criticism and eager for your opinions. I haven't noticed that my opinions have very much affected their broadcasting procedures, but I keep trying. Last fall I wrote Channel 33, the NBC affiliate, to complain because they pre-empted STAR TREK for a Presidential speech when the Indianapolis NBC affiliate carried - I later learned - both LBJ's speech and STAR TREK. I got back a fairly long and slightly huffy letter saying in effect that very few people complained and a lot of fudgy-sounding blather about time delay and inconvenience of their sponsor and how they had to run the horse race game show at such and such a time. I responded that perhaps no more people protested because they assumed they would get one of their lengthy Thank You and Please Drop Dead Letters. After a short silence, I received a very polite letter from one of the higher mucky-mucks at the station, complete with a questionnaire form on viewing habits which they graciously asked me to fill out - which I did.

The CBS affiliate, Channel 15, also pulls some cuties. They seem to be charter members of the do-not-offend branch; not only do we have the usual network censorship - obviously film jerking or people's mouths moving but no words coming out, but we have the same business on local films. Lately they have been running a feature on Sunday nights called Meet The Manager. This seems to consist of one of the junior employees reading letters and the Manager - the jovial salesman type of the most obnoxious persuasion, captured so well by Jack Burns - reacting to the letters. (The only reason I had occasion to watch the program is that it comes on just before Buckley's FIRING LINE, a program I do enjoy watching. Formerly on Sunday evening very late, FL is apparently being moved to Saturday afternoon, and I intend to write a letter or two myself about that bit of numbskullity.) One week the junior employee read a letter from an irate fan of 21st CENTURY, protesting that they had pre-empted it for some cruddy local program concerning a would-be celebrity nobody but the guy's relatives cared about - and further that the 21st Century program was a conclusion of a two-parter. The manager acted quite shocked, as though this were all news to him. If he was being genuine, I can't imagine why he would be so dense as to not (a) read the protesting letters before he goes on the air and (b) know what his own station's schedule is and realize he was pre-empting a two-parter when he did so. Frankly, I think it was a stiff grade of fudge and a not very good performance - he replied with the usual brand of gee, sorry, and if we'd a-known we never woulda done that.

All in all, we are moderately well served by the 3 UHF channels broadcasting from Ft. Wayne, but it doesn't hurt to keep them on their toes. Or any station, I would feel. At least let them know we're out here.

We just got an ad from a would-be fanzine publisher in Dallas - hasn't published anything yet - who wants to trade for Yandro. Mm hm. Well, he has the excuse of being a newcomer. He must be a newcomer. Nobody else could be that deadly earnest and eager about publishing a fanzine. One is tempted to try to warn him off, but he'll have to learn for himself.

JWC



This one is being typed in the bowels of the Blackford County Hospital, on time I would probably be better off spending in playing with my lemon.

No, it isn't a mental hospital. I got in here early Sunday morning, June 2, in the throes of a bad asthma attack. Mainly I got here because doctors don't make house calls any more. If the patient can't drive to the office, then send out the emergency ambulance, drive him to the hospital, and send the bill to the insurance company. (Anyone still fighting socialized medicine is several years behind the times.)

Anyway, I got a shot of amynophyllin, a shot of intramuscular cortisone (that hurts - I'm still a little tender three days later) and a couple of shots of something else, and was packed off to bed. So far so good, and I expected to be out of it in a day or so.

Then they decided to make various tests (while I was in no condition to object) and my urine turned up with sugar in it. Yep, that's it; diabetes. I haven't got enough trouble with asthma and high blood pressure, I have to have diabetes, too. Yech. So now I'm in until the doctors can find out the correct amount of insulin to balance my deficiency, which may take a few days and may take two weeks.

And that, children, is why Yandro is a little late this time.

Oh yes, the lemon. It seems I'm too young to take the fancy new pills they have for diabetes (discrimination!) so I have to make do with the messy old insulin shots - which, adding insult to injury, I have to give myself. So I've been given an old needle and a lemon to practice injections on. (Small favors; at least I don't have to practice on me.) The doctor promised me he'd let me practice injecting gin into an orange and then let me eat the orange, but he didn't come thru; all I got was water and a lemon. The doctor wants me to be injecting myself by Friday; the nurse giving the injections says I can do it all by myself on Thursday if I'm a good boy.

Frankly, I'm happier working on the lemon.

Aside from the prospect of the needle, hospital routine doesn't seem too bad. (Aside from the heat, Hell has a favorable climate.) It's my first time in a hospital except as a visitor, and I fully intend to make it my last, but there are worse places. Everyone seems to take an intense personal interest in my bowels, which I find scatological and somewhat morbid, but the food is good and there aren't too many interruptions. (Despite what others have said, nobody has yet waked me up to give me a sleeping pill.) Meals, pills, a daily wash, what seems to be a daily backrub now that I've been here long enough to qualify (apparently patients in for a mere day or two don't have enough status for back rubs), changing the bed, and several anxious questions about the state of my bowels make up the breaks in the day.

Tomorrow, though, I start getting blood sugar tests twice a day. For which they have to have a blood sample. You know, removing something from one's body via needle hurts a lot worse than putting something in. I am not looking forward to that particular regimen.

I seem to be in a room for two patients - semi-private? About half the time it's been completely private, which is a relief, and the other half I shared with a very reticent man with some sort of gall bladder ailment, which was another relief. I can

just see myself after a few days cooped up in a room with some jabbering extrovert, or a tv fancier. (Tv can be rented, for extra cost; so far it's been kept out of this room.) Mostly, I've been sitting here reading; I believe I've gone thru 6 books in 4 days. (Less than that actually, since I didn't do anything Sunday except sleep.) Hopefully, I'll get this editorial and maybe even some pro writing done before I leave.

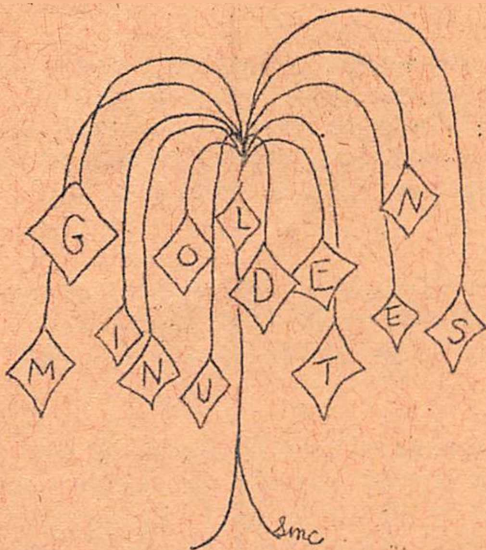
I had several items laid out to comment on in this editorial, but they're back at the house, and Juanita wouldn't recognize them even if she could find them. Next issue, maybe. I do recall one; a mail-order ad for a "Cash Burial System". I didn't know the banks were in that bad a shape.

Incidentally, though, have any of you noticed a certain public mistrust of our new paper-and-plastic currency? Like, the going rate for one of the old \$1 silver certificates is around \$1.75 now. (It varies; from \$1.50 to close to \$2.) My ex-boss, a coin collector, said that there was no point in saving silver certificates; there were so many of them in circulation that they would never be valuable. Ha! Then there was the recent offer to pay \$20 for a \$10 roll of genuine silver quarters. Uh-huh --- sure the new money is as good as the old. (Of course, Woolworth's in Ft. Wayne was recently advertising brand new pennies for 8¢ apiece, so I suppose the only moral is that coin collectors are weird people.)

I suppose I should make some comment on the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy, but there doesn't seem much to say except that it was a tragedy, and everyone already knows that. The emotionalists seem to be concentrating on two generalities, both more or less ridiculous. One comment is that this is an example of the sickness of current American society. First, I gather that the assassin was a citizen of Jordan; if his action is to be enlarged into a trend in modern society, the only possible answer would be further restrictions on immigration. (Which is ridiculous, but less so than blaming current American society for his act.) Second, assassination is a continuing political tradition. Youngsters seem to think that political assassination stopped in the Dark Ages with McKinley and was unheard of until its revival with the Kennedys. They seem to forget that Franklin D. Roosevelt had a very close call (between his election and inauguration, if I recall correctly, though I could be wrong about that), that Congressmen were fired on from the visitor's gallery even later than that, and that there were other such outbursts in some local governments. Today's society may be sicker than that of 40 or 50 years ago, but you won't prove it by assassinations. Then there will be a buildup in the furor for gun legislation, despite the fact that the assassination weapon was American-made, purchased across the counter, resold or given from person to person several times and finally "borrowed" for the assassination, therefore coming in a category which no gun law in the world can outlaw, short of forbidding the citizenry to buy any weapons whatsoever. (This will mean nothing to the emotionalists, who "know" that privately owned guns are bad and that any means of forbidding them is therefore just and righteous. There is no one more self-righteously smug in the world than a liberal with a holy cause.) The assassination weapon, in fact, is a throwback to the "suicide specials" used to kill Garfield and McKinley; certainly nobody with any knowledge of firearms would choose an Ivor Johnson .22 for an assassination --- or in all probability, for anything else. (And my own commentary on humanity in general; what do you bet that the company is right now sold out of that model and frantically manufacturing more for the benefit of souvenir collectors?)

See you all next issue, maybe.

RSC



IN SEARCH OF WONDER, by Damon Knight (Advent, \$2.45) This is the paperback version of the second edition of this classic of stf criticism. According to Bob Briney (who, being one of the members of Advent, should know) this is "at least 30% larger than the first edition. Chapters 13, 22, 23, 24 26 are new, and chapter 19 includes the old chapter 20 plus some new material ... I understand that there has been some rewriting and expansion in other chapters as well." The material, of course, has been previously published in one or another stf mag (with one exception), so veteran readers may remember even the sections which are new to the book version. But it is still well worth getting, even by owners of the first edition. Knight is the unparalleled critic of stf; beside him, Elish is a pale shadow, Amis an ignorant outsider, Merrill an ignorant insider, and Moskowitz out of the picture. (P.S. Miller, of course,

has never claimed critic status; he is strictly a reviewer - and a good one.) This is not only a good critical book, it is far more entertaining than most of the fiction it criticizes.

NOTE: Our regular typer cast a shoe; this is a machine on loan, and the "a" key seems to be misaligned. Bear with us; we'll get our own machine back, possibly in time for the letter column and editorials.

PSYCHOGEIST, by L. P. Davies (Doubleday book club, \$1.70) Davies is a master at breathing life into outre plots. This one includes mind-transfer, poltergeists, the achieving of independent existence by the sub-conscious mind of a paranoid, comic-book weapons which can be made real by mental power, and a secret government scientific laboratory. A ridiculous mish-mash - but Davies makes it seem quite real and believable while you're reading it. We've been getting a lot of "outsiders" in the stf field; Davies is one of the few who can use his materials properly. Most of his ideas are original, and when they aren't, the treatment is. If "merging stf with mainstream fiction" produced more works like this and fewer like Ballard's, I'd be all for it. Get it - in fact, get anything you see by Davies.

HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION, by Alexei Panshin (Advent, \$6.00) Whether you agree with Alex's conclusions or not (and I don't), if you want a book about Heinlein this is the only game in town - and likely to remain so for some time, considering Heinlein's reaction to books about him. (He caused postponement of its publication by threatening to sue Advent if they published it; they then turned it down, but some time later reconsidered and decided to go ahead with it. James Elish, in opening his introduction to the book, says "Criticizing Robert A. Heinlein, as I know from personal experience, can be a tricky business." Yes it can; Elish's criticism was in a professional journal not even circulated to fans, much less the general public, and Heinlein still got huffy.) I could spend the rest of the column nit-picking over Alex's opinions. He objects to graduate architects using words like "Euh? 'Ha' d'ju say?" (I have never met any graduate architects, but graduate engineers - and graduate English students - speak in precisely that manner.) He says STRANGER contains three sub-stories; the adventure, the satire, and the founding of the religion, ignoring the fact that the religion is as much satire as anything else in the book. He misses the point of GLORY ROAD completely; as George Scithers points out, "it's the story of the Hero who is called upon, does his heroic bit, wins the princess, and lives happily ever after". It is, in fact, a sort of reductio ad absurdum of the sword-and-sorcery story and should be classed with Vonnegut's SIRENS OF TITAN, if anywhere. (I once commented on this at a Chicago club meeting, and several Chicago fans immediately said - well then, it's a bad satire, because it's dull." Matter of fact, I think Alex was one of them. I didn't find it a bit dull, but then I latched

onto its satirical qualities early enough in the book to appreciate them.) Alex says there is no comedy in Heinlein's stories, and not much satire. (Well, when you miss the satire that is in one whole book...) I think Alex must be restricting his idea of "comedy" to situational comedy, since he has quoted numerous examples of Heinlein's verbal humor. (Or possibly repartee doesn't come under the classic definition of comedy - I say Heinlein has more humor in his books than most alleged stf humorists.) However, there is little point in continuing. I don't agree with many of Alex's opinions, but, unlike a lot of critics, he has been very careful to label them as opinions and to keep them separate from facts. He does not present them as the ultimate truth, and therefore one can disagree with them and still enjoy the book. I did enjoy it, I learned something about Heinlein, and I may even have learned something about the structure of a novel. It's a good book. It could be vastly improved from my point of view, but not necessarily from anyone else's. It also pointed up the idea that there may be a "Heinlein Syndrome" in fandom as well as a "Star Trek Syndrome"; Alex and I both like Heinlein, but for totally different reasons, and our ideas of his "best" books are also pretty much different.

FARJER IN THE SKY, by Robert A. Heinlein (Dell, 50¢) The second of Heinlein's books to appear in a Dell edition. A good book, but not one of Heinlein's best; the climax of the book is the earthquake, and the final two chapters concerning the alien artifacts appear to be padding. Heinlein is always interesting, however, and his poorer books are better than most stf writers' best.

THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY (Playboy Press, 95¢ each) And, at THE PLAYBOY BOOK OF HORROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL almost 400 pages per book, a bargain. The two books contain a total of 60 stories, most of them new to me. (I don't buy PLAYBOY.) I have no intention of reviewing each story separately as I have no intention of devoting 20 pages to a book review column. There are a few clinkers, like "The Fly" (which despite all the acclaim for it is a lousy fantasy and not science fiction at all), but in general the quality is high. If anything, the horror anthology is better written than the stf one; PLAYBOY uses a lot of mainstream writers, and fantasy is easier for the uninitiated to handle. All stories are slick and competent; a vast majority are entertaining.

SEETEE SHIP, by Jack Williamson (Lancer, 60¢) These two connected novels were first SEETEE SHOCK, by Jack Williamson (Lancer, 60¢) published almost 20 years ago. The science is somewhat dated; the characterization never was all that great. Nevertheless, for some reason I have always enjoyed them, and I found myself well entertained by re-reading these versions. The idea is standard enough; the brave asteroid miners attempting to work "seetee" (c.t., or contraterrene matter). The political situation is somewhat primitive, a sort of cross between Brave Revolutionaries Betrayed by Big Powers and Brave Miners Striking Against The Company. (Both of which really happened often enough, usually with more dramatics and bloodshed than that described in the books.) The solution is impossibly idealistic; the socialist/communist premise that letting the common man have an equal say in how things are run will solve all your problems. (He should have it, of course, but that won't reduce any problems.) But however impossibly romantic the books are, they sound right; if the world doesn't work that way, it should. Bob Briney objected to the "impossible conversations" but I didn't find them all that bad; I've read worse, in books by supposedly better writers than Williamson. Recommended.

CARPATHIAN CASTLE, by Jules Verne (Ace, 60¢) A Gothic novel by Verne, and a surprisingly readable one despite the awkward plot structure. It reads a little as though Verne wrote it over a period of weeks, changing his mind several times about who was to be the central character and what precisely was going on. But the characters and situations are all interesting enough, despite the fact that Verne's "surprise" scientific gadgets won't surprise any modern reader. Entertaining, even though technically flawed.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF-11 (Corgi, 3/6) Edited by John Carnell, this is the longest-lived series of original paperback anthologies. "The Wall To End The World", by Vincent King, is the sort of story that has contributed to two Hugos for IF; the well-written sf-adventure. Lee Harding's "Shock Treatment" is similar in content, if not style or plot. Jack "odhams" "The Helmet of Hades" is somewhat similar, but with a bitterly ironic finish. "J. T. Webb explores the nature of reality after the style of Philip K. Dick in "For What Purpose?". "Catharsis" by John Rackham and "Flight of a Plastic Bee" by John Rankine are both ANALOG-type problems-with-solutions. "Dead To The World", by H. A. Hargreaves, is one more epic about the problems created when "infallible" computers make a mistake. Believe it, folks, the future is going to be all mechanized and horrible. "Bright Are The Stars That Shine, Dark Is The Sky" is somewhat of imitation Bradbury - even to the title, I notice. And Douglas R. Mason's "There Was This Fella..." might well have appeared in NEW WORLDS if only it had a little less plot. All in all, an excellent collection. You won't be able to buy it in this country unless and until Bantam gets that far in their reprints of the series, so why not get the British edition from a specialist sf dealer?

A FISH DINNER IN MEMISON, by E. J. Eddison (Ballantine, 95¢) I don't know if this is a much poorer story than THE WORM OUROBOROS and MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES, but while I enjoyed both of the earlier works, I couldn't finish this one. Maybe I just was in a bad mood, but suddenly I simply couldn't take any more of Eddison's intricate, stylized prose. Enough is enough, and three Eddison books seem to be too much.

STAR HUNTER and VOODOO PLANET, by Andre Norton (Ace, 50¢) Neither of these really classifies as a novel; they are long novelets. Neither work is up to Norton's best, though both bring in interesting aliens and backgrounds. VOODOO PLANET is part of her "Dane Thorson" series. Lightweight entertainment.

SEVEN TRIPS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE, ed. by Groff Conklin (Gold Medal, 60¢) "Flatlander" is one of Larry Niven's "puppeteer" series; moderately good. "The Crime and the Glory of Commander Suzdal" is fine if you like Cordwainer Smith, moderately interesting even if you don't. "Overproof" by Johnathan Blake Mackenzie, goes into "what is a man?" but is mostly a "how-can-we-convince-the-idiot?" plot, which I don't find terribly thrilling. "Poor Planet", by McIntosh, is a detective story overlaid by what McIntosh fondly believes is emotion. "Shamar's War" is a fairly funny story of outwitting the stupes, of the sort that Eric Frank Russell used to do. Kris Neville isn't Russell, but he does a good job. "The Tactful Saboteur", by Frank Herbert, is a less successful example of the same thing. While H. Beam Piper's "Ministry of Disturbance" is a fine tale of an intelligent man trying to break a world loose from the mediocrity into which it has settled. Piper might be condemned for preferring courts and authoritarian governments, but he at least knew how to make them convincing. The book is recommended if you haven't previously read the stories; if you have read them, most of them won't repay rereading too highly.

SIDESLIP, by Ted White and Dave van Arnam (Pyramid, 60¢) I think Dave and Ted slipped on a common fan error here. Stories of alternate universes often aren't very logical, so the fan says "I'll give my hero a good reason for everything he does, and hold his exploits down to something he might reasonably accomplish". This Ted and Dave have done. In most cases it seems that they have gone to some trouble to consider what a New York private detective might reasonably do in a given situation. The results are quite believable and more than a little dull. Fiction simply can't afford to be too realistic, because fiction must be dramatic, and the average man simply isn't. There are a few minor errors the other way; Hitler & Co. were run out of Germany in the alternate universe, but there is no plausible explanation for them being in New York instead of Rio de Janeiro, since the worlds are similar and most escaped Nazis did end up in South America. They're in New York because it's dramatically nice to have them there. (And while I can poke holes in it, this part of the story is more interesting than the more logical parts.) Two women are described as having breasts "high on her chest" - I got the impression of them sprouting at about shoulder level. Mostly,

though, my objection is to the hero spending almost his entire time in the alternate universe being a captive of one party or another (all of whom are eager to explain the situation to him). It's logical; he doesn't know enough about things to survive on his own. But it gets monotonous. I never liked passive heroes.

THE LINCOLN HUNTERS, by Wilson Tucker (Ace, 60¢) This one isn't too logical; Tucker solves his time paradox by telling the reader that it happened this way because he said it happened this way and never mind that cancelling out the earlier personality means that the rest of the story couldn't have happened at all. But aside from the botched logic it's entertaining; Tucker has spent some time making both the Illinois of the Lincoln era and the super-state of the time travelers believable and interesting. It isn't his best book, by a long shot, but it's worth reading.

SURVIVAL MARGIN, by Charles Eric Maine (Gold Medal, 60¢) Another British disaster book, complete with a hero in marital difficulties. A completely standard example of its type; not up to Wyndham's disasters but the equal of anyone else's. If you aren't tired of the entire species by now, you'll probably enjoy it.

THE FINAL PROGRAMME, by Michael Moorcock (Avon, 60¢) You have to admire Moorcock's gall, at any rate. The first half of the book is simply a rewrite of the first "Elric" story, "The Dreaming City", with gangsters substituted for pirates. At least, he's stealing from himself. After that, the story gets murkier, with everyone performing actions which may be symbolic as all hell, but which make no sense whatsoever. Well worth avoiding.

THE WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1968, ed. by Vollheim & Carr (Ace, 75¢) Sixteen stories; not the world's best by any means, but generally good. My own favorites were "Driftglass" by Samuel R. Delany, "Ambassador To Verdammst" by Colin Kapp, "The Man Who Never Was" by R. A. Lafferty, "The Billiard Ball", by Isaac Asimov, and possibly "The Man Who Loved The Faoli" by Roger Zelazny. Still reasonably good were "See Me Not", by Richard Wilson (invisibility as a handicap has been done before), "The Sword Swallow" by Ron Goulart (run of the mill), "I Have No Mouth, And I Must Scream" by Ellison (as overwritten as the title), "Thus 'e Frustrate Charlemagne" by Lafferty (William Tenn did the same thing earlier and better), and "Handicap" by Larry Niven. The ones I could have done without reading at all were "Hawksbill Station" by Silverberg, "The Number You have Reached" by Thomas Disch, "Population Implosion" by Andrew Offutt, "Coranda" by Keith Roberts (well, maybe I should have rated that higher; it was ridiculous but interesting in spite of the fact), "Full Sun" by Brian Aldiss and "It's Smart To Have An English Address," by D. G. Compton. You get over 300 pages for your money, which might or might not be worth while; probably depends on how many of the stories you have read previously.

NEUTRON STAR, by Larry Niven (Ace, 75¢) Niven's "puppeteer" series; "Neutron Star", "A Relic of the Empire", "At the Core", "The Soft Weapon", "Flatlander", "The Ethics of Madness", "The Handicapped" and "Grendel". The book contains far more "hard science" (and less characterization) than most short stories do these days. Recommended especially to fans of science fiction.

THE TIME MERCENARIES, by Philip E. High/ANTHROPOL, by Louis Trimble (Ace, 60¢) The Trimble half is one more future-spy novel; readable, but if you don't read it you need not feel that you've missed much. The High half is a little better; the science and plot are both pretty ridiculous, but there is enough action to keep you interested in reading, and while the world-of-the-future-saved-by-man-of-the-present plot has been worked over at least as much as the future-spy one, it doesn't seem quite as stale, at least to me. Try this one; if you like it you might want to bother with the other half.

GREYLORN, by Keith Laumer (Berkley, 60¢) The title novelet (apparently original; at least no previous credits are given) and three short stories; "The Night of the Trolls," "The Other Sky" and "The King of the City". "Greylorn" is a sea story transported bodily

into space; intrepid captain prevents mutiny and saves mission. Nothing much. On the other hand, "The Night of the Trolls" is good adventure-stf, while the other two shorts are simply good science fiction.

THE FLYING NUN #2: THE LITTLEST REBELS, by M. Johnston (Ace, 50¢) Do any fans actually read these?

RE-ENTER FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 60¢) Lots of spying, adventure, and super science, but unlike most Fu Manchu books, the actions of the characters don't seem to make much sense at all. Faced by this bunch of stumblebums, Fu Manchu should have won control of the world by page 88.

THE FLYING SAUCER STORY, by Winsley Le Poer French (Ace, 60¢) Another one. French seems to be trying to start a pseudo-scientific religion based on the saucers (though he wanders about so much it's hard to tell, and I didn't read the book very carefully.) If you believe in saucers I'm sure you'll enjoy it, and there seem to be millions of people who believe in the saucers. (They seem to have replaced angels, which I suppose is a good enough reason for getting religious about them.) This is listed as "The Runaway Best Seller Abroad" - so much for the idea that Europeans are somehow culturally superior to Americans.

THE WIDE WORLD OF AARON BURR, by Helen Orlob (Westminster, \$3.75) This is a juvenile, but judging from the reactions when I took it to work one day, most adults could stand a little knowledge about Aaron Burr. The book does not, as I feared, make him into a hero; it presents him as the egotistical, impatient sort of man most historians seem to think he was.

REPORT OF THE NATIONAL ADVISORY COMMISSION ON CIVIL DISORDERS (Bantam, \$1.25) Should be must reading for every American, but unfortunately the people who need it most won't read it. It isn't easy reading, but it presents vital information. Skip some stf this month and read it.

DEAD MAN'S GOLD, by Lee Hoffman (Ace, 50¢ - a Double Novel with The Silver Concho by Don P. Jenison) This seems to be a fairly typical western novel, and my problem of not liking Lee Hoffman's books may simply be that I don't like typical western novels. And I have never liked books in which regional slang is overused -- "that ornery old golondrino steer" (this is not one of the characters speaking, but the author). It sounds every bit as stagey as Doc Smith's attempts at future slang.

BACKGROUND TO VIET NAM, by Bernard Newman (Signet, 75¢) Despite the fact that it's by a British author, most fans won't like this. The author not only seems to feel that we have an obligation to South Viet Nam but even that such universally damned systems as colonialism weren't all that bad. (I disagree with him there; colonial governments may have improved the lot of the natives by European standards, but the natives had not asked for and did not want such "improvements", and Europeans had no business forcing "civilization" on them.) However, the book presents a well-documented history of Viet Nam from 40 A.D. until 1965 A.D. Recommended, especially to conservatives.

THE REAL BONNIE & CLYDE, by Miriam Allen deFord (Ace, 60¢) This has all the earmarks of being thrown together hastily to catch the publicity generated by the movie. It is an honest book but not a very informative one. Miss deFord simply did not have time for the sort of exhaustive research that, say, de Camp put into THE GREAT MONKEY TRIAL. (And if the book was commissioned by Ace, she didn't have the same monetary prospects, either.) So she went to what sources she could find readily. They were biased and contradictory; in most cases she presents both answers, occasionally giving her opinion as to which one seems the most logical. Sometimes the sources are too sketchy to present the full story; when they are, she says so. The book would have read better if she had presented a coherent story, but to do that she would either have had to tamper with her materials or spend months and perhaps years doing research. I admire her for choosing to honestly present what was available, even though the results aren't entirely satisfactory. Presumably the gum-chewing crowd will find it adequate.

SECRET

Nan Braude, 2545 Regent St., Berkeley, California, 94704

Something curious and unexpected has happened. You will remember, perhaps, that in James Dorr's refutation of my "metaphysics," he stated that authority and tradition supported the assumption that soul and body are united at the moment of conception. I believed that he was right and made no attempt to argue the point; but lately, quite by coincidence while working on another subject, I have come across a number of statements by leading "authorities" that support my view:

1. Aristotle, De generatione et Corruptione Animalium; nous, the intellectual human soul, pre-exists before the body, is immortal, enters into the body, where it "requires a potential principle - a tabula rasa, on which it may imprint forms" (quoted in Copleston, A History of Philosophy, I.ii.70).

2. Commentary of Martianus Capella, fifth-century author extremely popular in the Middle Ages, on the myth of Psyche in the Golden Ass of Apuleius, that it is "known that the body is made first and then the soul is added" (quoted in Roche, The Kindly Flame, 126, citing also Williams, The Common Expositor, 76ff.).

3. St. Augustine, Commentary on Genesis, "maintained that in the first act of creation, the body of man and the bodies of all animals were created like grass antequam excrescerentur. But the soul of man was created apart, to be later joined to the body" (quoted in Ellrodt, Neoplatonism in the Poetry of Spenser, 77).

4. St. Thomas Aquinas, Summa Theologica, Q. 76, Art. 3, ad 3um: "The embryo has first of all a soul which is merely sensitive, and when this is removed, it is supplanted by a more perfect soul, which is both sensitive and intellectual, as will be shown further on" (i.e., Q. 118, Art. 3, ad 2um).

If we must argue this thing by the appeal to authority, I submit that this is a pretty classy assortment.

((You probably find this somewhat less than fascinating, but I hope you'll print it anyway, as I feel I'm entitled to equal time. I'm still trying unsuccessfully to remember the context in which I made my original remarks!))

Roy Tackett quotes a local TV station's slide asking "Do you know where your children are?" KPIX, our Group W channel, has one that says, "It is now 11 p.m. Do your children know where you are?"

Ted White's comments on "the true internal logic of the subconscious" imply a confidence in that portion of the mind that I think is unfounded. He leaves out of account two very important aspects of human behavior---perception and conditioning. The way we respond to a situation depends on how we perceive it, which in turn is based on how we have learned---both consciously and unconsciously---to interpret the factors involved. The problems involved will be familiar to anyone who has ever tried to deal "rationally" with a childhood fear----large dogs, darkness, insects, Negroes---which his adult conscious mind knows is no real threat. It is the conscious will which substitutes the consciously learned, intellectual appraisal of the situation for the unconsciously learned, emotional----and inappropriate---reaction. (Karen Horney is good on this.) What comes out at the end of the logical reasoning process is dependent on what goes in---if you put codfish into your meat grinder, you won't get hamburger just by grinding it. The important thing is to try to be aware of how your mind is working.

John Brunner's comparison of the role of the U.S. in Vietnam with a possible British intervention in the War between the States doesn't go as far as it could have---the British did intervene, after a fashion, by financing and building cruisers for the Confederacy, notably the Alabama, Florida, and Shenandoah. After the war, the U.S. sued Britain for damages, and the Geneva tribunal of 1871-72 awarded us damages of \$15,500,000. There seems to me an obvious moral here, but I shall refrain from drawing it, as I am curious to see what moral(s) your correspondents on either side of the issue will draw.

I can't understand why people like John Berry, who are interested in becoming profes-

sional writers, find the prospect of majoring in English literature so horrifying. I can see why they might object to majoring in English composition or creative writing, since the teaching of those courses is notoriously useless; but since writing is basically communication (or self-expression---which aspect you value more highly is a philosophical preference), how can you want to make it your life's work without caring to learn about the great writing that has been done in your own language at the very least, especially since that very language will be the tool you use? To try to avert irrelevant arguments as to what constitutes greatness, I will define "great writing" for my purposes as what is most generally believed to have spoken most meaningfully (and/or beautifully) to the most people. I can understand him feeling that he would be wasting his time on some of the minor or more "outdated" authors, like Dryden or Tennyson or even my own beloved Spenser, but how could he consider the study of Chaucer and Shakespeare, the greatest storytellers and perhaps the best psychologists in our language, as horrifying, unnecessary, and useless? I hope John will write and explain his feelings more fully, because I am going to be a teacher and I want to learn how to communicate my own enthusiasm for literature to people like him.

Arthur Hayes, Box 1030, South Porcupine, -Ontario, Canada

The remarks on Mumps and Mumps Vaccine, prompts me to comment briefly on the current epidemic of transplants, specially heart. I wonder about the correctness of the idea as it is practiced. My complaint lies this way. A person who has been told he has no hope, is suddenly given high hopes, when the medical team involved KNOW, or should know, that there is an extremely small chance of it being successful. There doesn't seem to be much publicity involving such operations being completely successful in animals, and until there is a record, a public record showing that the problems have been solved beyond doubt in animals, it should not be tried on humans yet.

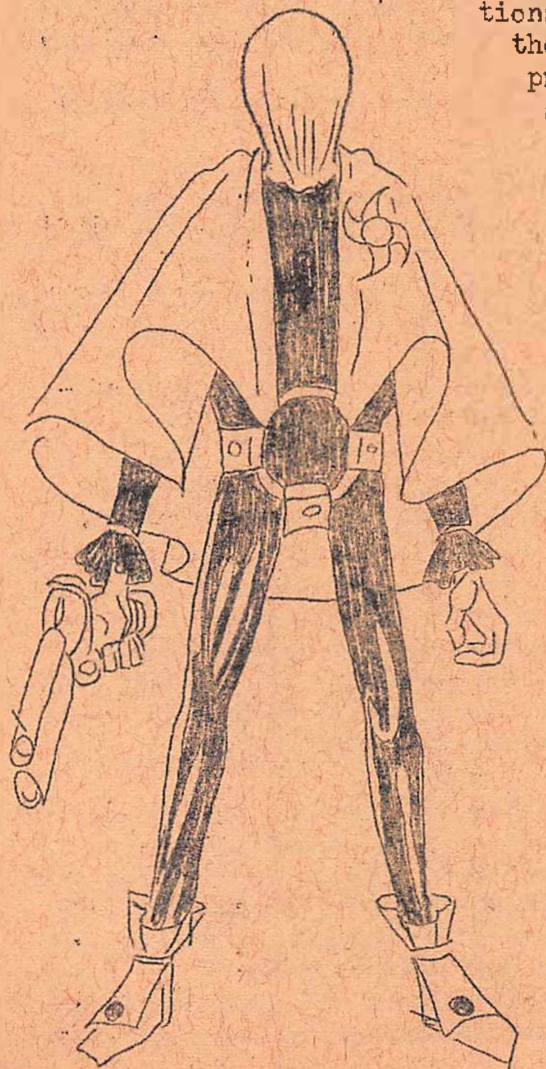
/I'll go along with the transplants now, if they can solve their legal problems. When the choice is between a slim chance for survival and no chance at all, I can't see objecting because the "slim chance" isn't greater. RSC

Most definitely the legal quibbles should be cleared up. There was some debate concerning the legality of a death certificate or some such in one case of a heart donor in Houston....and I halfway expected to hear that the doctors had gone into the room of the recipient and announced: "Sorry, Mac, but we gotta take it back out." JWC/

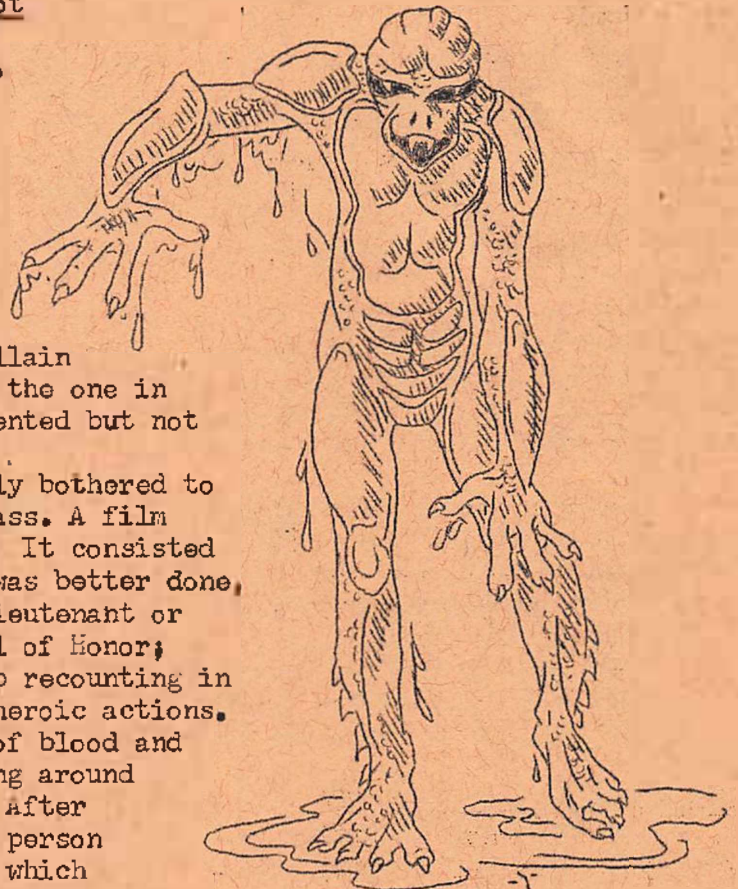
Mike Symes, 26 Cedar St., Mattapan, Mass. 02126

Thanx for having faith in me; I haven't ga-fiated and I'm still alive and active, at least in local fandom.

This Gold Key business is more likely a blunder by some ignorant colorist than planned discrimination. The charge of prejudice is generally false, as early in 1964, Gold Key, in Russ Manning's Magnus, Robot-Fighter, introduced a complement to the hero and juvenile interest, a multiracial group of boys called "The Outsiders", who have appeared fairly frequently since. Gold Key also publishes an adaptation of I-Spy, well drawn by Al McWilliams and with no coloring mistakes.



Another support for my ignorant colorist theory is that in the 9th issue of Marvel's Not Brand Ecch, Uhura is also whitewashed, but better known stars, Sammy Davis Jr. and Bill Cosby, weren't. (Hmm. Some issues back you mentioned your dislike of, well, lack of enthusiasm for, Simon & Garfunkle because their stuff was mostly city-oriented. Does the same apply to Bill Cosby's humor, most of which is also city-oriented?) Incidentally, Marvel's S.H.I.E.L.D. #2 has the first Negro villain I've seen in comics. But he's, as was the one in ST's computer replacement episode, demented but not evil.



Recently the U.S. Government actually bothered to propagandize our high school senior class. A film called "The Medal of Honor" was shown. It consisted of a newsreel type clip (actually, it was better done, with professional corniness) of some Lieutenant or other receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor; Spaced in the middle of this was a clip recounting in home movie fashion the medal winner's heroic actions. This section was notable for its lack of blood and Viet Cong, and featured soldiers running around shooting into clumps of jungle bushes. After the film, the medal winner himself, in person and like that there, gave us a speech, which was, in general, oversimplification and propaganda. Mild, but still actual tax-supported brainwashing, and it was impressive; I was just too prejudiced.

Hal Clement is a teacher-Chemistry, if not General Science, I'm not sure - at Milton Academy, where he claims there is always a fresh stock of his books at the school bookstore.

Mike Symes is alive and well in local fandom, eh? Very interesting... I like Cosby, but perhaps I'm a bit prejudiced, since he isn't my favorite monologist, by any means. (Of course my favorite is Shelley Berman, another city boy....but there aren't any good "country" humorists, with the possible exception of Herb Shriner. Or maybe Red Skelton would be allowed in the category, with his Indiana birth and occasional corn-fed skits.) RSC/

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, New York, 13212

Say - I brought up the Spock skin color with the Trimble's, and Bjo showed me an actual sample of what she says is the makeup: in a small glass vial it looks exactly the color of a nylon stocking - light brown! Could Bjo be wrong? Could my eyes be tuned to some strange wavelength?

Anyway, Bjo says Spock is not green! But he is some unearthly kind of color Bjo hesitated to describe, but she refused to account for his skin color when he blushes with green blood inside him. (Doesn't blush?)

At the Disclave last weekend, I gave a slide show. Also, I distributed my Convention Annual #4. Perhaps you would be kind enough to put a notice in Yandre.

/Okay; the CONVENTION ANNUAL #4, full of fabulous fan photos, fun fare for the fan family, is available from Jay at \$4.50 per copy. RSC/

Anne F. Dietz, Managing Editor, SF-TIMES, Box 559 Morrish Heights Sta., Bronx, NY, 10453

Apropos your comment on SFT in Yandro 179 -- we removed Jim's name from the masthead as soon as we were sure he was no longer going to do any work for the zine. With moving around the way he was, it was rather hard to get in touch with him. As for continuing the number system that Taurasi had, just because it changed editors, the magazine didn't fold. The corporation is still in existence and has been for many years, as it would probably continue to be if I gave up editing it. I understand more or less the same thing happened with Yandro -- it was a clubzine and you didn't start renumbering when you took it over.

At any rate, our Yandro sub is soon to expire and we were wondering if you would be interested in trading then for SFT. You've probably noticed that your mailing stencil reads P/461. After much soul searching and discussion, it was decided that due to increased costs we could no longer carry permanent subscriptions. They are therefore all being terminated with the December 1967 issue.

We never "took over" ELSFA/Yandro; I started the zine, paid for it out of my own pocket and it was a club zine only in the sense that initially most of the recipients were also club members. When the club folded, I went right ahead as I had been, publishing it through the time I married Duck and changed the title to something more appropriate - retaining custody from birth through the present. JWC and when we do "take over" anything, we take over the liabilities (like permanent subs) as well as the assets. I am not going to trade for SFT and I will be just as happy if I never see another copy. RSC/

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

As to the death of Martin Luther King and your comment that that might be an end to the last chance the country had --- sad agreement. However, there were a few cheering notes, among them the courageous actions of Mayor Stokes, who spent every night of tension in the ghetto going from trouble spot to trouble spot. He worked himself hard -- and successfully. If other areas can be given the same hopes that Stokes has given Cleveland, there may still be a chance. (The other hope is that people will recognize that to riot at the death of this great leader and to accept the violent life in reaction would be to negate everything King always stood for.)

But I wish they'd hurry up and catch the madman. We can't help feeling that that great organization the FBI is not one which will be working as hard as it could to find his killer....

My current reading project was MR. CLEMENS AND MARK TWAIN by Kaplan---excellent book, especially for a Twain buff, like myself. I finished that, though, and am casting around for what to read next, sating myself on comics in the meantime.

I like your hero's bogging down into inaction once he arrives on a strange world. I've always been slightly bugged by heroes who go blundering about on obviously strange and hostile territories. (Even more so by groups which promptly split up on such territories.)

Saw Jonathan Frid on the Dick Cavett show the other day. He says the vampire is his favorite part (and he has played some Shakespearean roles). He commented on his mail (which, he said, included one young lady's nude photos---another woman sent a letter of something around 100 pages). Frid, in civilian life, looks like Marvin Mild...(Did you hear that his vampire teeth have been stolen?)

Saw ~~Spill~~ Nimoy on the Pat Boone Show. 'Twas the first time I've ever seen him relatively relaxed (Nimoy, that is) and even a bit sharp. Seems Boone introduced him with remarks on Dumbo and Nimoy said "What the devil is that nonsense about Dumbo?" Boone hemmed and hawed and then asked Nimoy how it feels when he has to answer questions about himself. Nimoy said, "What do you mean, I have to answer questions? I don't have to do any such thing." Seems Nimoy was Boone's drama coach and they'd known each other before therefore. Nimoy mentioned a time in Sacramento when he'd been given no way to get offstage and was mobbed, unable to get to his car, 20 feet away (a cop assigned to guard him looked on with interest - and arms folded). Boone is the only interviewer I've

seen who apparently knows the show well, mentioning the bit about having to return to home base every seven years to get married. ("To mate," corrects Nimoy.)

/You may like a sensible hero, but I don't think Ace would. Currently we're trying to cut down his turtleish period and prod him into some action sooner. (He's resisting).....RSC/

Kevin Maul, 7688 Marine Drive, South Glen Falls, NY., 12801

I certainly hope that the Baycon Committee will excuse me. I wasn't under the impression that a fan wasn't a fan, and didn't have the heretofore "God-given" right to nominate for the Hugos, unless he paid his lousy two bucks. If anybody is going to complain about this new practice, let me be one of the group. Even tho I was about to send in money anyway, it is far from fair.

Did Blish really "combine" both the original and telecast versions of "City on the Edge of Forever"? If he did, there was no large or notable change in the form of the printed story from the telecast one. Aside from a few lines of dialog, there was no change. Or was the whole thing so bland that I overlooked it?

I saw THIRD REICH and they didn't beep out "Volkswagen" on this end. Maybe your local station knew what was coming and did it.

When ABC (or was it CBS) showed the film of the start of the Memphis riot a coupla weeks ago, was that a white fella I saw break the window that seemed to start it all? Nice.

OK. How many have seen LAUGH-IN out there? Being one of the Love Generation, teenyboppers (aaaunughhh), or whatever you like to call us - you may now insert the obscene word of your choice - I roar at it. Yes, I know that it's burlesque oriented; but they're doing things at 8:00 that even Carson can't. ("Support National Motherhood Week." "I gave at the office." Indeed.) Great step forward for TV, if the prudes don't kill it. They're killing those monster-cartoon shows on Saturday in a way, I assume, similar to the method by which EC met its demise in the comics' field.

SPACE GHOST and the like are a bit too much at times, but at least they are serious about death and destruction. ROAD RUNNER was one of the most brutal, and sadistically funny, cartoons to come out. It treated pain as a thing of humor. Every time I think of my spasms of laughter when the Coyote hits the ground, climbs painfully out, and then is hit on the head by the falling anvil, I cringe at my own ancestral brutishness. Krell.

/I suspect that a lot of the changes between versions of "City" were in dialog that got cut out of the book version along with most of the other things that make the show worthwhile. But Harlan made the mistake of getting part of his script published in a Writers' Yearbook in an article on how to write for TV. It was nothing like the final version, and it was awful. (This may have been an earlier version that Harlan himself later changed, but if so I don't see what he was bragging it up in Writers' Yearbook for.) RSC

We enjoy LAUGH-IN, but I can't help occasionally feeling the show is so drunk with its own power to make sexual jokes that the record's stuck. I like a bit more political humor and poking at other subjects to balance the program out. Interesting that the SMOTHERS BROS. "daring breakthru" was dropped by the British as pretty dull stuff, too.....JWC/

Don Lundry, 109 Roosevelt Avenue, Endicott, NY, 13760

My wife's been interested in the Doctor Dolittle seires herself and got the list of all the books currently in print. Apparently the original publisher is Lippincott, since the greatest number were published by them as far back as 1920. I broke her listing up by publisher and then sequenced it by publication date so I could get a better look at the sequence as it most likely originally was.

Lippincott:

Story of Dr. Dolittle	1920
Voyages of Doctor Dolittle	1922
Doctor Dolittle's Postoffice	1923
" " Circus	1924
" " Zoo	1925
" " Caravan	1926
" " Garden	1927
" " in the Moon	1928
" " Return	1933
Doctor Dolittle and the Secret Lake	1948
" " and the Green Canary	1950
Doctor Dolittle's Puddleby Adventure	1952

Golden Press: (juveniles)

Doctor Dolittle's Look-Inside Book	1967
Doctor Dolittle's Merry-Go-Round	1967

Random:

Doctor Dolittle and His Friends (adapted by Polly Berrien)	1967
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There are also the Dell books you listed in paperback.

Finally saw the "Don't let a Good Boy go bad" ad you mentioned. Ugh! Couldn't agree more. If a light-fingered j.d. wants my car he'll get it locked or not. In my case I have a beautiful choice because of my convertible. Either I leave it unlocked and risk it's being stolen, or I lock it and risk a slashed top from somebody who wants to get inside. Since I live in upstate N.Y. where people are (relatively) more honest, I leave it unlocked and the TV commercial be damned.

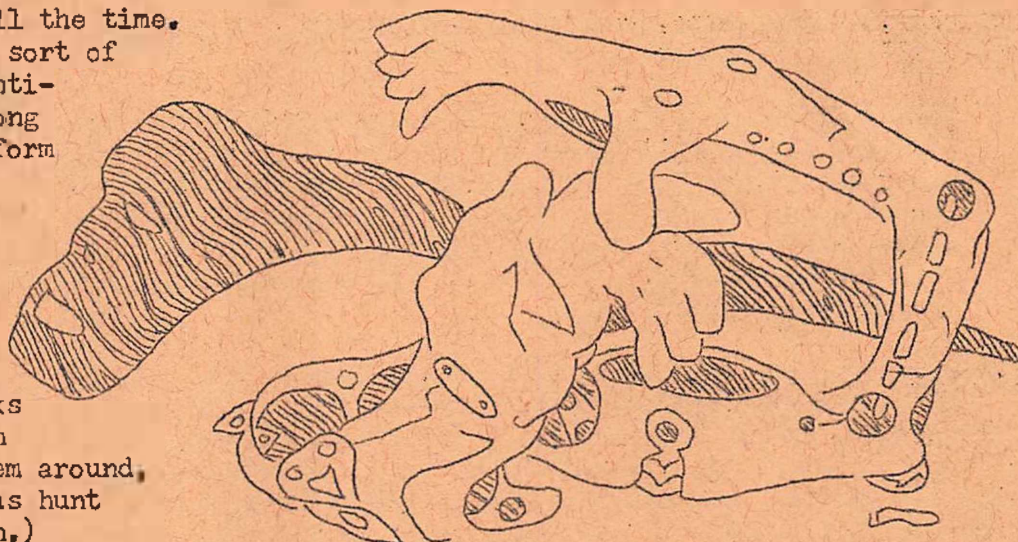
/Yes, I've heard about the problems with convertibles - one reason why I wouldn't own one if you paid me. We don't lock our cars always -- though we do in a strange city, or if we have to leave something valuable inside --- but we never leave the keys in the ignition. And it isn't to keep a good boy from going wrong, either. RSC/

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

Just saw PLANET OF THE APES last night, and there is only one good thing to say for it -- the colour photography of US National Parks. The basic premise of the story is unbelievable. That three astronauts return to Earth after 2000 (F-L equations, cold sleep, etc.) years and find the following: the continental outline altered beyond recognition, a race of intelligent apes has arisen in those years in what used to be North America, that these apes write and speak 20th century English (a manhose is called, if you can believe it, an apehose), that all the human survivors of the nuclear war are completely mute and unbelievably stupid. All this in just 2000 years?!

Then there's the ape society. It looks like a peasant-based Chaldean-type place except for the automatic rifles, 20th century furniture and fine clothing the apes wear. No industry visible, of course, or poor apes, and though they can conceive and build a fine automatic rifle they can't grasp the idea of flight

(till the hero shows it to them) and they ride horses all the time. (This, by the way, sort of hits the movie's anti-war message the wrong way--the highest form of ape technology we're shown is a weapon! And for a peaceful people, they have one hell of a lot of soldiers, and these guys get their kicks kicking shooting down humans, bashing them around, stringing them up as hunt trophies, and so on.)



This same remark applies to Boss Z, the number 1 ape, too. He is so appalled at the human capacity for rapine and slaughter that he wants to exterminate all humans. He is a truly peaceful ape, though.

Boss Z has the wildest motivation I've ever seen. He knows there was a pre-ape human culture but is scared to let the other apes know, yet at the same time he doesn't believe in space flight or that our hero was an astronaut. He wants to exterminate all humans, but when he gets numerous chances to bump off our hero he doesn't bother. He seems to fear humans because of their capacity to kill, a similar capacity to that shown by the apes when they attack a human tribe. He opposes progress (i.e. attainment of knowledge that might conflict with the Sacred Scrolls) except for brain surgery on humans.

I know the damn movie is supposed to be a satire. But it's also supposed to be an anti-war movie---and they don't mix. The use of one or the other alone might have made a more credible picture; mixing the two reduces the whole thing to idiocy.

There are other bugs about it, too. No one bothers to look at the astronauts' wrecked equipment (and could a primitive savage "wreck" a water bottle or a pistol in just a few minutes?). The Bible comes in for a lot of assault, but the attacks are so old hat as not even to be funny anymore. ("And the Creator made the Ape in His image"). The peace-loving good guy apes torment animals, throw things at them, try to ambush and double-cross the "bad guys" and in general act like humans--again a conflict between the satire and anti-war message. And then there's the scene where the apes enact the "see no evil, speak no evil, hear no evil" bit, which is pretty funny if you laugh at the movie rather than with it.

And the acting of course (with a few exceptions) is atrocious. The only really likeable creature in the whole show is the nephew of one of the good guy apes, even if his lines are a Bit Too Much.

FANTASTIC VOYAGE, even with its ludicrous plot, dialogue and acting, at least had (at first glance) reasonable scientific explanations and unbelievably good special effects.

Only as a travelogue does PLANET OF THE APES come anywhere close to it in any category.

Re: guns. Canada has extremely strict gun control laws, except for rifles, and to a large degree I agree with them. I don't really understand the American revulsion to licensing weapons (after all, that other deadly weapon - the car - is licensed). But assuming there are valid arguments against it---why not license the people instead; i.e. anyone (with the usual exceptions for age, sanity, criminal record, etc) can purchase a license that allows him/her to own any number of pistols, rifles and shotguns that they wish without having to register them. (No one can convince me that non-governmental forces require anything else - no sale of

bazookas, machine guns, cannon, etc.). Oh yeah, and make anything but over-the-counter sales illegal. Comment?

/That other weapon the car is licensed strictly for tax purposes and identification; if you kill somebody with a car, it's your driver's license that's revoked (if anything is), not the auto license. Sure; I'll go along with licensing gun owners, the same as car owners; one license covers the right to own guns--any number or type (with restrictions on machine guns, etc.). Considering the average clerk, do you really see any advantage in restricting sales to "over-the-counter"? RSC/

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

Many thanks for Yandro #180 and for the kind remarks on my little verse (p.27).

I have but little argument to pick with Mr. White's criticisms of Ayn Rand, but I can add a point or two. Miss Rand is of Russian-Jewish origin, and during the decades since her arrival here she has been overreacting against the paternal autocracy of the Tsars and their Communist successors. Talk of "rational emotions" is nonsense, since emotion is non-rational; as well argue over the color of algebra. For Miss Rand's "Objectivism" in practice, see Renaissance Italy, especially around the time of Cesare Borgia, when (as a character in a novel by John Dickson Carr put it) "Everybody can stab everybody."

When Mr. White calls Miss Rand a Fascist, however, he stretches "Fascist" to meaninglessness. If she is a Fascist, so were St. Paul, Muhammad, and Robespierre. The original Fascisti (from fascio, "bundle," e.g. the fascis of the ancient lictors) were the nationalistic, chauvinistic, militaristic, autocratic, histrionic, romantic, authoritarian political movement that under Mussolini seized the rule of Italy after the Kaiserian War, partly as a reaction against seizures of factories by Communist workers. The term was extended to similar movements elsewhere: Nazis, Falange, Mosley's Blackshirts, &c. But to call all totalitarians Fascists is to include in this term most of the leaders of mankind and their supporters, from Sargon to Mao, throughout history.

In his short letter, Mr. Reed speaks of a "moral war." But, anti-Vietnamese-War protesters to the contrary notwithstanding, wars are neither moral nor immoral. They are amoral, just as they are alegal. Morals are the code of proper behavior agreed upon by most of the members of one society or nation. They do not apply to relations with outsiders, who have their own - and usually different - codes of morals.

As for Mr. Reed's suggestion of economizing on armed forces and using the money for good works, it's an appealing idea. But the Byzantine Emperor Constantine X tried it with unfortunate results. He reduced the army and used the money to uplift the masses. When the Turks invaded Anatolia, Constantine's successor, Romanus Diogenes, met them with an inferior army, which was wiped out at Manzikert in 1071. This defeat began the downfall of the Empire, since the Byzantines lost most of Anatolia, which had been their best recruiting ground.

/I suspect the words "fascist" and "totalitarian" may eventually become synonymous. Changing language and all that. I got a jolt some time back from hearing some ancient ruler described as a "quisling"; King Herod, I believe. RSC/

John Brunner, 17-D Frognal, London NW 3, England

I only have to see the print on the outside of the big yellow envelope and my heart sinks... "Here's Yandro and another morning's work is shot to hell!" (Don't for Ghu's sake stop sending it to me, though!) This time - promise promise - I'll keep it short. I just want to do three things: (a) tell Alice Hopf she sounds like a great gal too, for those nice extravagant comments on my last published letter; (b) inform Roy Tackett that a letter like that one has a great deal to do with one of the most fundamental subjects in SF, to wit the recurrent question, "Where the hell are we going, anyway?"; and (c) react to the reactions of Claude Raye Hall, specifically to the suggestions he makes concerning eugenics and child-care.

These ideas I don't go along with, for a variety of reasons. In STAND ON ZANZIBAR (plug) due from Doubleday in September I have eugenic legislation in force in the advanced countries of the world, and before incorporating that element into the book I dug around quite extensively in the subject, coming to the conclusion that there are so many contradictory factors in the currently known canon of eugenic principles that we would be arrogant, to say the least, if we attempted to systematise any form of genetic screening on the basis of present information. To take a single example: it was long thought that "sickle-cell anaemia" was like any other kind of anaemia - biologically disadvantageous. Then someone discovered that it has a major side-effect: it confers relative immunity to the debilitating effects of endemic malaria.

Faced with a paradox of that order I feel I can't approve of any arbitrary limitation of the human gene-pool. You might say, in fact, that the one absolute claim we have to be boss species on this particular ball of mud is the degree to which we can out-cross our heredity; take an Eskimo and an Australian aboriginal, and their kids will still be human beings - they won't even be sterile, like mules or tigons.

Certainly there are a number of non-viable hereditary factors which at present appear to be unqualifiedly disadvantageous - haemophilia, for instance, which renders a childhood bruise extremely dangerous and turns such commonplace medical attention as the extraction of a decayed tooth into something of the same order as a heart - transplant owing to the risk of fatal haemorrhage. On the other hand, it's notorious that haemophilia has been rampant among the royal families of Europe over several generations, and in spite of that they've made out relatively well. (It wasn't haemophilia, for instance, which sent George III out of his mind, but an entirely different condition called porphyria.)

So the sterilisation of elements that are - I quote Mr Hall - "productive without responsibility" is in itself questionable, simply because we don't yet know what factors are at work in our germ-plasm with any degree of certitude. And there's another, very science-fictional but quite important, point to consider as well: just suppose that we are really on the verge of creating a totally affluent society where the person who wants to be productive is going to be a bloody nuisance? This may sound ridiculous, but there has been at least one totally affluent society in history already (Imperial Rome, where free food and free entertainment - "bread and circuses" - were the birthright of the citizen), so it's not an impossible vision.

This is not to suggest that reproduction with no sense of responsibility is a Good Thing; I'm sure it isn't. (I have no children of my own, largely because I signally failed to enjoy most of my own childhood, and I'd be afraid of passing that on to another generation.) I'm thinking more of the historical evidence for - shall we say? - the success of the recipe which resulted in the United States becoming the world's richest Great Power... which was, in the ultimate analysis, to collect the gutter-sweepings of its predecessors. Or consider Australia, which was literally colonised by criminals!

In short, we simply do not yet have - and perhaps may never have - adequate information to lay down genetic rules for future generations. The children now being raised on welfare, here and in America, may prove to be the heirs of the Earth in some sense we cannot guess at.

As for raising children away from their parents: well, I don't know what the recidivist rate in the American counterpart of "approved schools" (reform schools) may be, but in Britain right now it appears to be running at around twelve per cent - in other words, one out of eight of the kids who are currently being taken away from their parents and raised according to the socially determined principles of discipline and authority which are intended to make them good conforming citizens turn into overt criminals, a substantially higher rate than obtains among the general population where the kids are left to the - ah - tender mercies of their own families.

By this I am not impressed. To put it mildly.

Not, of course, that the foregoing really constitutes a valid argument, because you're starting with a biased sample, but I don't think it can be doubted that the reform system we have at present fails on the most important of all educational cri-

teria: it doesn't help people to enjoy their lives. People who are getting a hell of a lot of fun out of their daily existence are those least likely to interfere with other people's preferred habits...a sweeping generalisation based on my own fairly wide circle of acquaintances.

But I'm inclined to take

issue with this view of people "on welfare" on entirely different grounds and for a variety of interrelated reasons. The old Puritan ethic which regarded work as in itself virtuous is going to become obsolete in the age of automation, if indeed it isn't

already out of date. I know myself that if one of my Premium Bonds attracted one of the quarterly prizes of £25,000 which are now being offered here I wouldn't

give the money back - I will take any and every benefit my society offers me (recognising that I in my turn have a

responsibility towards the community) and I don't see why I should be considered more "worthy" of these benefits than anyone else. Because it seems to me that there is one paramount national resource that any country possesses, over and above any natural accident such as minerals or a favourable geographical location: its inhabitants. It is purely a matter of self-interest for a country that can afford to do so to rid its population of as many anxieties as possible, by ensuring that they are healthy, well-fed, well-housed, educated and informed (in roughly that order). Of course it's absurd if the use to which you put your citizen - healthy and expensively educated - is to send him out to kill foreigners and in his turn get killed. But this isn't the fault of the guy who gets shot! It's the fault of the people who sent him where he was likely to get shot.

It's much too easy to lay blame on a specific sub-group of a community who do not exert power or influence, like "people on relief" (or as we say here, National Assistance). And it serves no purpose to do so. I am, you are, all of us are, the products of the society in which we've been brought up. Some of us have enjoyed the best aspects of the environment and come out relatively independent, able to exercise judgment and initiative and make our private compromises with our fellow human beings so that we neither place excessive demands on them (as the mentally incompetent do) nor treat them as external objects (which is essentially what criminals do, behaving in a selfish, self-centred fashion that takes no account of other people's competing desires). Others, alas, have enjoyed the worst features of the social complex, and have turned out differently, being perhaps incapable of empathy or endowed with a concept of ambition which involves running counter to the public consensus - a gang-leader, for instance, fits this description, craving petty power above those alternative forms of satisfaction which the well-adjusted person is prepared to accept.

But I can envisage this kind of situation for myself: suppose I were to have a colossal best-seller which brought me hundreds of thousands of pounds, what with movie rights and book-club rights and newspaper serialisation and the rest of it, and I suddenly found myself so wealthy that I didn't have to settle down and write my next book at the time planned. If that book were (as it might well be) one by which I didn't set a great personal store, one which I had planned for no other purpose than to combine

amusing myself with taking care of next year's mortgage repayments, then I can imagine myself almost envying the people who can be satisfied to do nothing. It would take me a year or two, at least, to digest that kind of success, because it would transform my way of life out of recognition. (I think in the long term I would adjust, and would go back to writing at a lower pressure because my whole personality is centred not on financial security but whatever vanity it is that makes a man an author.) And in the meantime I'd be worried, perhaps even unhappy, because I've never learned to let things ride; I've always had a specific target to work towards. I'd have to invent new ones, and until I'd done so I'd be at a loss. I could then very well find myself envying people who don't continually set up for themselves new goals and evaluate their lives in terms of those which they do and those which they do not accomplish.

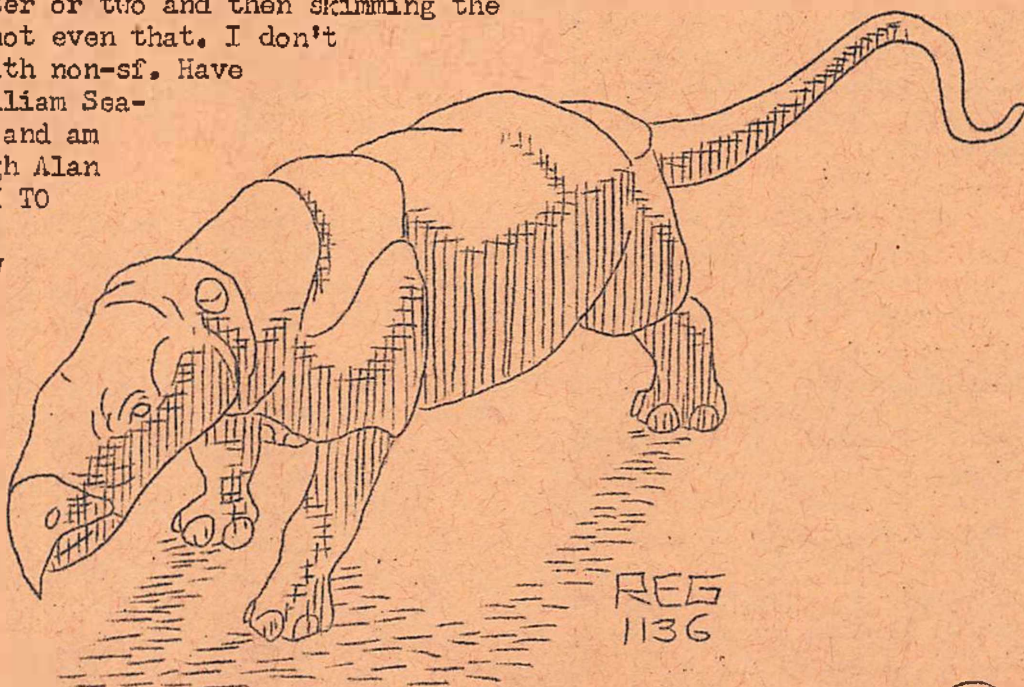
/I won't argue too much over your list of "rights" to which citizens may hope to be entitled some day, but I'd change the priority, putting education and information first. (However, no free society can force people to be either educated or informed, and the average American is shockingly ill-educated and ill-informed, despite a fine news system and many years of schooling. I suspect the average Briton is much the same.) However, I very much doubt that automation is just around the corner for everyone. In my own line, there have been such things as automatic drafting machines for years, but I've never seen one and never expect to. Hiring a draftsman is cheaper than buying a machine and keeping it in repair. And until there is some basic change in the world's fiscal system very few nations are going to be able to afford to keep their populations well-fed, well-housed, healthy, etc. The U.S. could, perhaps; Britain seems to be having a few problems; and when would you say that Nigeria would be able to do that sort of thing? RSC/

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

:Note the misstatement on the cover of the Lancer pb of Cody's THE WITCHING NIGHT. This is not its first appearance in pb; there was a Dell paperback edition several years ago. That's where I first read the book, in fact. Frank Robinson had read it, and recommended it so strongly that I went out of my way to get a copy.

Haven't had much luck in getting through the recent sf paperbacks. I mean, I have the time for reading, but with most of the books I find myself reading a chapter or two and then skimming the rest; or sometimes not even that. I don't have that trouble with non-sf. Have recently re-read William Sea-brook's WITCHCRAFT, and am about halfway through Alan Moorhead's THE MARCH TO TUNIS.

I suppose you know that most of your suggestions for this year's "best novel" Hugo are ineligible under the current rules: THE WEIRWOODS, MOON OF THREE RINGS, and THE PAPER DOLLS are all pre-1967 titles. I have a dreadful fear that



Zelazny's LORD OF LIGHT will get the award this year. I'm plugging for Sudrys' THE IRON THORN, myself. I couldn't decide on a novelette to nominate (I haven't read all that much of last year's crop of stories). For short story, I picked Delany's "Aye, and Gomorrah..." from DANGEROUS VISIONS.

It would be interesting if, out of all this discussion of women in books by men, and vice versa, someone would come up with one or two examples of believable female-viewpoint stories by men. There seems to be no lack of the opposite: male-viewpoint stories by women. I do not class Andre Norton's books in the latter category, since in her books it is the society, the alien life-forms, the exotic locales, and the adventures which are of primary interest; the characters usually go through more or less formal motions, and are seldom believable as individuals. But Leigh Brackett has written well from the male viewpoint (better in her suspense novels and westerns than in sf), as has Lee Hoffman. The latter's THE VALDEZ HORSES is one of the best westerns I have ever read, and a just plain damned good book. Other names that occur to me off-hand are Ellis Peters (Edith Pargeter) and Dell Shapnon/Lesley Egan (Elizabeth Linington); the latter's "police procedural" novels are definitely male-oriented -- in fact the women in them are much less believable than the men.

/The first year THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS appeared on the Hugo ballot it was ineligible because only one installment had appeared in the year being voted on. The second year it was ineligible because it had appeared on the ballot previously. If Committee Chairmen can break the rules then by God so can I. I'm opposed to making the Hugo a "prestige" award with inflexible rules, anyway. It's a fan award, dammit; fandom is neither prestigious nor inflexible. RSC/

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

I'm indebted to you for Yandro #179 and Yandro #180. Did you like the cover on #179. If so, I've been spending too much time on my drawings. I think I'm irritated as much as Juanita is by the "lock your car" campaign. Soon I expect to hear, "Don't put plate glass in your store windows. You may cause an innocent youth to riot." Roy Tackett's remarks on STAR TREK in #180 remind me that the most ridiculous STAR TREK story was the one in which the crew of the Enterprise discovered a planet exactly like Earth with even the continents the same. I forget the title. It was the story about the children two hundred years old, or something. There was a more recent STAR TREK program that I didn't like, but again the title whizzed by too fast for me to catch it. This was the story about the aliens, disguised as humans, who took over the Enterprise and attempted to return to the Andromeda Galaxy. The leader of the aliens ruthlessly reduced a woman in Kirk's crew to a pile of dust. Kirk didn't do anything about this murder, and by the end of the show, he was good buddies with the murderer.

/You aren't up with current thinking; it was all right for the alien to murder a crewwoman because he was doing it patriotically for his own people. Just like the Viet Cong can murder 4000 village headmen and still be good guys because they're only doing it for the villages' own good. RSC/

Richard Delap, 206 E. 10th Avenue, Apt. 8, Denver, Colorado, 80203

In my last letter to you, I made a few comments on Ted White's reactions to Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and its avid followers, and I feel I have the right to say a little more after his slightly nasty remarks in the letter column of Yandro #179. My knowledge of "Hinduism and Buddhism and suchlike" is not much more extensive than my knowledge of soil conservation in Tanganyika, but the satirical content of LORD OF LIGHT did not escape me completely...it just didn't impress me as being very amusing. I do wish I had discarded the "pseudo-Jesus" line, for the implications of satire in that remark seem to have been misinterpreted, especially haphazardly by Mr. White, as being literal. White makes light of the book's failings by calling them "more sins of omission" --- can omission of plot, characterization, and "suchlike" be

passed over so quickly? My "tin-ear" picks up Mr. White's remarks quite clearly but my brain refuses to heed the remarks of a supposed professional writer who makes categorical statements while in the same sentence professing to dislike them. I personally found Mr. White's remarks as tasteless as the humor of the book in question. And, to add another coal to the smoldering pile, I found McCartney's score for THE FAMILY WAY one of the year's best. Speaking of tin-ears....

Although I realize you didn't print a complete list of likely Hugo candidates, I was a bit disappointed to see not a single one of my choices in your column. You didn't mention Robert Silverberg's THORNS, (my choice for the year's best novel and Silverberg's best ever) or the recent Nebula Award winner, Samuel R. Delany's THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION (also very fine). Have you read these two? I also notice that your artist (professional) choices are all from the pro magazine field. How about the paperback cover artists such as Paul Lehr or Richard Powers?

I thought EINSTEIN INTERSECTION might be Hugo material when I first read it, but looking back over the year I decided I didn't like it that much. I probably should have mentioned it, though. THORNS I had trouble finishing. I have this prejudice that science-fiction books should not be anti-science. RSC/

Don Hutchison, 147 Leacrest Road, Toronto 17, Ontario, Canada

I've begun my own company specializing in motion picture production services and have had very little time for sf of late; but Yandro is still a welcome visitor and always read from cover to cover.

Sorry to hear that Rick Norwood is discontinuing his promag reviews. Maybe you could draft some other poor unfortunate to fill in. I know what you mean about personal reading tastes, though. We also enjoy de Camp, Kirst and Moorhead, and have had a subscription to American Heritage for several years now. Funny, although I may enjoy reading some other things better than I enjoy reading sf, the pleasure I receive in buying sf is certainly greater; the basic appeal of color and fantasy I suppose.

I think my problem is that I'm hooked on the magazines. If I miss getting a sf paperback that I know is out, I won't feel any worse than I would at missing a non-sf pb that I want. But missing an issue of a magazine is tragedy (even though after I get the stuff I read the paperbacks first). Totally illogical. RSC/

Kay Anderson, 4530 Hamilton Avenue, Oxnard, California, 93030

DARK SHADOWS yesterday was lovely. Somebody found a doctor's mirrored whatsit... thing on a circular headband. Liz Collins was looking at it and showed us a beautiful reflected view of the inside of the studio, lights hung from the ceiling, camera, cameraman and two camera-mounted lights, couple of people standing by the camera, all in the mirror. Barnabas looked much better now that he's getting transfusions and they quit putting green makeup on him. You know, the drapes in Collinwood haven't been changed in 175 years. Probably haven't been vacuumed in that time, either.

/from a later letter/ Yesterday we saw Rev. Trask reincarnated as Tony Something..., boyfriend of Carolyn. He made a better religious nut: he doesn't smile well. And they have found this incredible thing for Barnabas to wear. It's made of some shiny silver-blue material, with huge black chrysanthemums all over it, is fitted at the waist and comes to his ankles. Smoking jackets are the length of a suit coat, dressing gowns are knee-length. I guess this is a hostess gown. Wonder who decided that was what a vampire might wear around the house at midnight? I might believe it was a lousy old robe a Collins picked up in the Orient, but Barnabas wears a white shirt and tie under it, not rumpled pajamas.

Gee, when I want to know something about politics, I'll sure ask Ted White. He knows even more about it than a starlet with a 42" bust or an actor with pretty blue

eyes. I hardly think that altruistic-collectivistic-commurdistic villain is a catchphrase. Label, maybe, but a catchphrase is supposed to be brief and catchy. I can't even say that mammoth label in one breath. Now wait a minute. Ted says the state should protect us against Ayn Rand's peddling "shoddy goods for the mind". I believe a little catchphrase for that is censorship, and I'm agin it. The state might even decide to protect us against Ted White. Ah, god, the iceberg analogy again; maybe someone could protect us from cliches. I dunno about this business of functioning the best you can at that moment. That sounds like rationalization to me. I can think of times I have knowingly and premeditatedly done a half-baked job of something. For one reason or another I didn't give it my full attention. I suppose you could say that I was incapable of giving it my full attention, thus proving Maslow's maxim, but I could have organized things better and done more research and done a better job of it, I just didn't. And I do feel guilty when I goof it. Saying that no one should feel guilty or ashamed of a half-assed performance because at that moment he was incapable of doing better sounds to me like another version of "Don't help a good boy go wrong".

Who said 'Know thine enemy if thou would defeat him?' Ted, evidently...I can't find it in our King James version.

Went up to Flagstaff to hear Arthur C. Clarke speak. Clarke is bigger than I thought, and doesn't look appreciably older than he does in the photos on the backs of books over ten years old. Hair is darker and sparser, is all. He spoke for about an hour to a hundred or so people, on the importance of space exploration. Being very tired of the "Let's take the money we're spending on going to the Moon---where God doesn't want us to go---and give it to the poor people" crap, I was very interested in his talk. He doesn't seem to be optimistic about humanity going to the stars.

Before supper we drove up to Lowell Observatory, which was closed to the public. Saw Lowell's tomb is shaped like a miniature observatory, with blue glass bricks forming the dome. Thus he is still under the light of the stars, but it looks a bit like kids all over the country sent in milk of magnesia bottles to form the dome. Pretty, but odd.

Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, California, 94301

I've found most male-written female characters quite unbelievable, but then the most blatant examples that come to mind are those of the gals in "private eye" stories who are so willing to hop into bed. Heinlein's girl-brats are considerably more believable, including the use of engineering jargon, if they've had a chance to pick it up; my girl brat, age 11, loves to snow people with engineering vocabulary she's picked up from us. One of my main points of disbelief is the one where the heroine stands within two feet of a pistol and doesn't use it to stop a fight --- that sort of thing. It just ain't realistic. Not when you know about four of the tournament people stopping a kidnapping in San Francisco: Owen Hannifen with a spear held against the car's tire, Clint Bigglestone with a mucking big saber, Jerry Jacks with a pen& paper taking down the license number -- and Janet Bigglestone with a small, sharp knife held against the kidnapper's throat. Doubtless there do exist helpless women; however.....

Upon reading Mike Horvat's comment that science does too do things to people without their consent -- look at smog. I was inclined to cuss myself out for one-sided thinking again. I was thinking along the lines of "Guns don't kill people; people kill people". But on second thought, I stand by my....no, not guns....original opinion. Science has indeed given us the ability to create smog. It had also given us the ability to eliminate it, but we won't because it's "too expensive". But basically I agree that Man does misuse the machine, and we ought to know a good deal more about ourselves at this stage of the game. The scientific method is a great tool for learning about people, but it can't possibly be the only one --- people, after all, are basically and fundamentally non-logical, and if we rely only on logical methods we're going to be shutting ourselves away from an awful lot. I've been having some interesting experiences in this line, such as the rock 'n' roll dances that San Fran is so full of -- total environment, with noise, light and scent show strings your senses out in several dimensions because none of it is carrying information to narrow down your attention. Fascinating. Something like the difference between looking at a blank sheet of paper and at a paper with a dot on it, only n-dimensional.

Here is Ted White with almost two pages of very interesting letter in Yan 178, and 4 pages of equally or more interesting letter in Yan 179. Ted has contributed a lot of very good --- often controversial, but still very good -- material to fanzines in 1967, and in a year when he was also putting on a convention. I call that above and beyond fannish duty. I think Ted should get a Hugo as Best Fan Writer of 1967. Aw, hell, that has come out of the typer looking like a put-on. I mean it, people: Ted White has a Hugo coming for his fanac in 1967.

Incidentally, in line with the question of protagonists of one sex as written by the other -- I'd be interested in what men think of Mary Renault's male characters. (A gay guy I know says she does quite well with homosexual characters.)

On the one episode we've had where Spock was stripped to the waist (or perhaps beyond -- I don't think the camera went down any farther, which is one advantage/disadvantage of cameras), he was quite green. Green blood even. Other than then, his complexion has seemed only faintly tinged with space-sickness.

Richard Delap's review of the year's sf/fantasy films was just a listing with one or two cute phrases about each. I had to quit after the first page and a half, and what kept me going that long was simple inertia -- too much trouble to stop my eyeballs. I wish he had taken 5 or 6 of the very good ones or very bad ones and said something about them.

Nan Braude, address earlier

Y176: It was I, not Kay Anderson, who sent you the Arizona Republic clipping on the HEW grant to the University of Arizona to develop an instrument to measure the force of the urinary stream. And I have a couple of additional button suggestions, both of which I have made and worn: "Help Stamp Out the Dark Ages: Illuminate Manuscripts" and "God Is Alive and Teaching at Berkeley" (The Dalama of Inner Mongolia, a sort of lesser Dalai Lama and also a living Buddha, teaches in the Department of Oriental Languages here). I saw a delightful one in one of the hippie stores: "W.C. Fields Is Alive and Drunk in Oakland."

As for your review of Tournaments Illuminated: I trust you are aware that it is not the Society for Creative Anarchy, and what ever gave you the idea that medieval costumes are uncomfortable? After all, most of the improvised ones started out as bathrobes. And it's not entirely play-acting: most of the members have some interest in writing, particularly sword-and-sorcery fiction (Poul and Karen Anderson and Jon de Cles are regular participants, and Randall Garrett showed up at the last tourney), and regard this as research as well as fun. And our members have more than once won the gratitude of the local police by pursuing thuggish types down the street with battleaxe, morgenstern, etc. But at least you have given me an inspiration: I now yearn to write an article on how to make a coathanger out of an old tournament sword.

Y177: On female protagonists in books by male authors - one that I felt was well-drawn and believable in particular was Jane Struddock in C.S. Lewis' THAT IDEOUS STRENGTH, somewhat surprisingly in view of the fact that CSL was a lifelong bachelor at the time (his tragic, brief, and very happy marriage wasn't until 1957). Charles Williams also creates credible heroines and villainesses. The most incredibly unbelievable heroines I know of offhand appear in paperback gothics by female authors.

2178: I sympathize with Alexis Gilliland's remarks on the New Left. I remember an incident I heard about a couple of years ago, when the Vietnam Day Committee here was in its heyday - some Socratic inquirer tried to get their representative to explain precisely why lynching was a legitimate act of revolutionary violence when perpetrated by the MLF, but an atrocity when perpetrated by the NKK. His ultimate answer was that it is all right when done by the people we like, but wrong when done by people we don't like. So help me! One of the worst things about the radical New Left (as opposed to the moderate New Left?) is that it is beginning to destroy the accepted meanings of words like peace, freedom, fascist, racist, revolution, etc., making them essentially mere mouthed praises or condemnations of the person or issue under discussion. Awhile back somebody came out with a button reading, "The Vietnam Day Committee Has Forced Me to the Ultimate Absurdity: I Like War." A logical result of much language-bending. Next thing we know someone will go out and found the War and Slave-

ery Party. I will refrain from my usual interminable pointing of the moral of the age-old conflict between grammar and rhetoric, the pursuit of truth and the effort to persuade to action. But one must take care to remember that not everyone who strongly opposes the war is a foul-mouthed demagogue -- some are intelligent and concerned people who are able to discuss an issue rationally and without bias. I hope I may include myself among this group.

Greg Benford, 874 Juanita Drive, Walnut Creek, California, 94529

It's disturbing to see Seth Johnson, in Y178, resurrecting the charge he's made several times before about the F&SF "Unicorn and Univac" short-story contest in 1965. Johnson says Ted White (then my co-editor of Void) awarded me first prize. This is false. Ed Ferman had total control of the contest, he made the decisions, and Ted White didn't even read the submissions. (In fact, in 1966 when I mentioned it, he hadn't read it then, either. I don't think he's read any of my work, ever.) Johnson has said this several times in public and private places, and I wish he would stop; if he really felt White was handing me the prize (which was for second place, not first), why didn't he write to Ferman and protest? He would've found that White had nothing to do with it. Or maybe Johnson just thinks the short-short I wrote wasn't good enough to win. If so, I wish he'd say so, and stop implying that either Ted or I was dishonest. One really should be sure before "mentioning it to a few of the neofans who 'lost' the contest."

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

Juanita, you sum up my impressions of women perfectly in your answer to Ted White's letter. Most women that I've gotten to know fairly well seem to be less emotional than I am. I know of one in particular that would drive me to the point of distraction by her emotionalism. But she dropped all of it when serious matters were at hand. At first, it used to bug me that every woman I got to know turned out to be rather cold and calculating. Now I just accept that I'm looking at things from an overly emotional and romantic viewpoint.

With female authors, I consider that C.L. Moore's first two stories on Jirel of Joiry are as good as anything that I've ever read. Moore is a hair ahead of Andre Norton, who never wrote anything as good as Moore's best but wrote so much that she is at the top of my next to the top category. Leigh Brackett and Marion Zimmer Bradley aren't nearly that high, but I'd rate them above 75% of the male authors.

We the undersigned, joined NYCON 3. To date we have not received either a financial report or memory book. After sending two letters and getting no answer, we wonder if there really was a convention in New York last year. If there wasn't could you please tell us where to apply for a refund? Has anyone received the aforementioned article?

Thank you

Clara Griffis
George Young
Hal Shapiro
Bandy Shapiro

My God, how the fanzines roll in! Lessee; I have RAINY DAYS and DOL CIRITH UNGOL, neither of which seems to be general circulation, so no reviews. (Minimum reviews on everything else, due to the size of the stack.)

S F WEEKLY #218 thru 227 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - weekly - 12 for \$1.00 - co-publisher, Dave Van Arnam) Most if not all of the news of fandom in a 2-page newsletter. With one or another of these came S F CRITIC #7 (6 pages of book reviews) and FIRST DRAFT #202, Van Arnam's personal two-pager, as well as an ad for the Disclave. (For newcomers, these extra mags, known as "riders" come free with your sub to the basic fanzine.)

Rating....7

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #452, 453, 454 (S.F. Times, Inc., Box 216, Syracuse, New York 13209 - monthly - 30¢ or a year's worth for \$3.00) News coverage more "in depth", with reviews, checklists of new books; a calendar of coming events (there you are, Seth; tout your newcomers onto SF TIMES), etc.

Rating....6

THE WSFA JOURNAL #53, 54, 55 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - tri-weekly - 5 for \$1.25) More news, but the prime value here is the review columns; books, magazines, fanzines, and occasionally movies.

Rating...6

CINDER #5, 6, 7 (Jim Ashe, 301 Dryden Road, Ithaca, New York 14850 - monthly - 20¢) A strictly "personal" mag; some news, but mostly a sort of a general letter from the editor to fandom. Whether you like it or not will depend on whether or not you're interested in what the editor is talking about. I very seldom am.

OSFAN #34, 35 (Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Missouri 65201 - monthly - 20¢) News, fanzine and movie reviews. A good supplement to one of the other newsletters.

Rating....5

PLAK-TOM #4, 5, 6 (Shirley Meech, Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Road, Newark, Delaware 19711 - twice monthly - 5 for \$1.00) News about "Star Trek" and ST fandom.

I also have a couple of "Star Trek" bulletins from Bjo Trimble, but they're a bit dated by now. More important for ST fans; if you will write to Star Trek, P.O. Box 38429, Hollywood, California 90038 and ask for one, you will receive the "Official Star Trek Catalog" #1, chock full of goodies that you can buy at exorbitant prices. (No more exorbitant than most souvenirs, I hasten to add, or at least not in some cases. But \$1 for 20 sheets of ST letterhead paper? Gawd!) Considering what manuscripts sell for at stf auctions, I find \$5 for an original script quite moderate; I wouldn't buy one, but as manuscripts go, these are a bargain.

MAVERICK #5, 6 (John D. Berry, after June 12 at 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708 - frequent - 3 for 25¢) News, fanzine reviews, and personal comments, by one of the better younger fans.

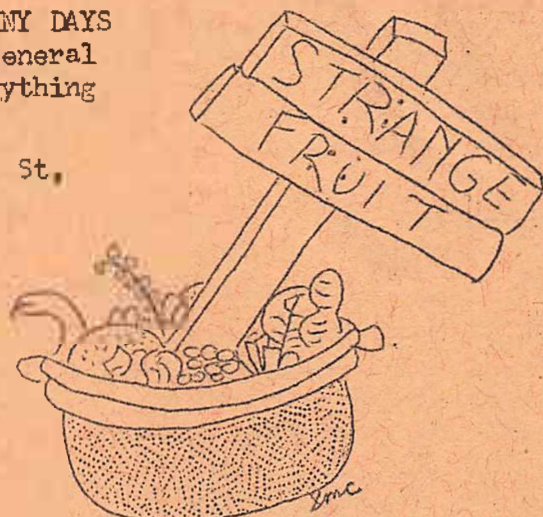
Rating.....4

SKYRACK #95 (Capt. R. M. Bennett (FARELF) 91 Hamly Ave., Shamrock Park, Singapore 10 - irregular - when was the last previous issue? - 6 for \$1.00 - I'm the US Agent) But for those of you wondering what happened to your subs, write Ron - if you should have had this issue and didn't get it, write a nasty letter. You're as close to him as I am. This is primarily British news, plus a notice that Ron is now a specialist stf dealer - the only specialist stf dealer in Singapore, probably.

Rating....6

EARLY BIRD #? (Michel Feron, 7 Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium - irregular - not quite so much so as SKYRACK but almost - 12 for \$1 - bills, money orders or international reply coupons only, no coins) News of the Belgian, French and Swiss fan and pro field. Published in English. For the cosmopolitan fan.

Rating.....4



Just got the final edition of Jeanne Burger's SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1967; see last issue's editorial for comments.

TRANSATLANTIC TRADER (Niels Augustin, Jac.Veltmanstr. 30, Postbus 9080, Amsterdam W3, Netherlands) A sale list; European stamps and coins, comics, pipes, etchings, arrow-heads, French slides (wheel!), European film magazines, etc. Anything you want, he's got or can get.

BROBDINGNAG 81 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 10¢) A Postal Diplomacy mag, including player ratings, comments on a game which has apparently just ended, etc. If you need to know what Postal Diplomacy is, ask McCallum, not me.

AEOLUS #3 (Monte Zelazny, P.O. Box 1062, Melbourne, Florida 32901 - no price or schedule listed; the editor complains a trifle bitterly about a lack of trades) This is another Postal Diplomacy mag, and I'm not about to trade YANDRO for it because I'm not interested in Postal Diplomacy.

Is the popularity of Diplomacy in fandom another symptom of lack of individuality? Chess is a solitary sort of game; Diplomacy requires players to make political alliances with one another, and a lot of fans seem to find this far more interesting. Sort of like the Coventry craze in California fandom, where everyone had the same dream world, instead of making up their own.

THE GREEN DRAGON 34 (Ed Meskys, Bellmap College, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226 - monthly? - 10¢) The newsletter of the Tolkien Society of America. Write Ed if you're interested in joining. This issue is mostly devoted to selling things, though the Tolkiens aren't quite as bad about this as the Star Treklers.

DEGLER 37 (Per Insulander, Midsommarvägen 33, Hågersten, Sweden) Another newsletter, this one published in Swedish. I didn't see anything that looked like a price.

A.R.A. BULLETIN 55 (American Reloaders Association, P.O. Box 341, Covina, Calif. 91722) This is Dean Grennell's new fanzine for gun bugs. I suppose the anti-gun fans wouldn't really be interested in ~~gun~~ Marlin reloading tests or the ballistics of Speer bullets, but I just thought I'd mention it for any old-timers who wonder what Dean is doing these days (besides making scads of money editing GUN WORLD).

RAKI (M. G. Zaharakis, 802 11th. Ave. NW, Minot, N.D. 58701 - quarterly - 50¢) This is subtitled "A Journal of Poetry", which gives you an idea. Poetry is mostly in the eye of the beholder, so I won't give this a rating; I will say that I wouldn't have published any of these except as a favor to the author (and maybe not then).

HOLLAND-SF (Leo Kindt, Heilostraat 206, 's Gravenhage, Netherlands - 30¢) Kindt is not, apparently, the editor, but is in charge of the Foreign Bureau. The fanzine is printed in Dutch; Kindt appends a sheet in English, explaining what the contents are about. (Which is at least an original method of attracting foreign readership.) The summing-up seems a trifle brief, however; I have a feeling that something was lost in the translation.

For those who wonder why I've been skipping rating numbers; I try to avoid rating specialist fanzines and anything which I can't read.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY Vol.3 #2 (Leland Sapiro, Box 40 University Station, Regina, Canada - 50¢) I wouldn't publish any of this poetry, either, and I'm sure it's literary as all hell. Full of limp-wristed feeling. The articles are literary, too, and extremely well-researched. They are also pretty dull; I am reminded of college literary theses. Jim Harmon and John W. Campbell are exceptions to all this; their material is interesting and entertaining, and the editor's own material is better than that of most of his contributors. The mag is multilithed, digest-sized, and fairly thick; you get a good quantity of words for your money. Artwork is mediocre; the fact that Poul Anderson draws at all is interesting, but he doesn't do it very well. Most fans seem to enjoy the magazine; the fact that I don't should not deter you from trying a sample.

SCOTTISHE #47 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - quarterly - 4 for \$1 - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) A small fanzine. Ethel discusses NEW WORLDS (which she seems to like better than I do), the joys of finding bargain books, and quotes a quite good poem. The letter column is largely but not entirely devoted to the plight of the American Indian. I can't give you a reason for liking this one as much as I do, except that Ethel manages to make the topics she chooses - any topics at all - interesting. Rating...8

HAVERINGS #31, 32 (Ethel Lindsay, address above - bi-monthly - 6 for \$1 - USAgent above) 9 pages in one, 12 in the other, devoted entirely to commentary on fanzines. If you want to know what fanzines are worth getting, HAVERINGS is a must. Rating...6

BADINAGE #4 (Rob F. Johnson, c/o 10 Lower Church Lane, Bristol 2, United Kingdom - no schedule listed - 20¢) But they'll send one free copy on request. This is the official publication of the Bristol & District S F Group. I'm not sure that I particularly liked the fanzine, but at least it seemed a bit different. Mediocre fiction, poetry, articles. The editors hope to make it a clearing house of international fan news, in addition. If they can concentrate on material they like and ignore letters from US fans telling them what they should be publishing, they could come up with a fine fanzine. Rating...4

ICENI #1 (Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Ind. 47130 - bimonthly - 25¢) A fairly average beginning. The usual assortment of reviews, with an article and a story. Nothing really bad; nothing outstanding. Perhaps the biggest improvement needed is better reproduction; some pages are pretty hard to read. Rating.....3

TANSTAAFL #2, 3 (John Godwin and Gary Grady, 2426 Belvedere Dr., Wilmington, N.C. 28401 - monthly - 20¢) Pretty much the same applies here. The editors write most of the material, which I think is generally the best idea for new fanzines. Nobody is going to get good outside contributions until they've published a few issues, and editorial writing imparts "personality". Rating....3

SIRRUISH #6 (Leigh Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010 - quarterly - 25¢) 60 pages for 25¢? I hope they get that Worldcon; then they can quit angling for votes, up the price of the mag, and quit making the rest of us look bad. I don't care much for fan fiction, but any story that opens with "beware of geeks bearing gifts" can't be all bad. A carnival of laughs, forsooth. Articles, reviews, and a huge long lettercolumn. Good artwork, good repro. Rating.....8

QUARK #6 (Lesleigh and Chris Couch, address above - quarterly - free for "a show of interest") Quite a bit on pop music, comments on private schools (fans are getting richer all the time), letters, etc. Also mailing comments, since this is an apa-mag, but you can skip those and have a lot left. Rating...5

SANDWORM #4 (Dob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112 - quarterly - 20¢ each or 4 for \$1 - there's a neat way to discourage subs) A lovely fanzine; humor, reviews, articles, fiction, letters, and humor. (Yes, Tucker, actually Van Arnham and White are actually Coulson & DeWeese behind the false whiskers...) Rating.....7

NOLAZINE #4 (John H. Guidry, 15 Finch St., New Orleans, La. - no price or schedule listed) Most of this material seems to be continued from issue #2. I didn't get issue #2, and I don't really think I missed too much. Rating...2

I have a couple of issues of Don Elyly's SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER, but I don't seem to have an address for it and I'm too lazy to look it up from previous reviews. This column takes too damned much time to do, anyway.

OS #2 (Carol M. Peters, Apt. 304, 5 Westminster Ave., Venice, Calif. 90291 - 6 for 50¢) Carol is fighting off rumors that she is a figment of Dick Geis' imagination. She says she's her. (I believe her, but then I don't really give a damn, so I'm easy to convince.) 30 quarter-sized pages; what's there is quite well done, but there really isn't much there. (And 8 full-size pages would be a lot easier to read.) I particularly enjoyed the incident at the pawn shop. Rating...3

GRANFALLOON #2 (Linda Eyster, Rm. 5B7, 1060 Morewood Ave, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213 - 30¢) Co-editor, Suzanne Tompkins. I'd swear I had a change of address for at least one of them, but I can't find it. Send anything via first class mail. General-type reviews and articles, with a large letter column. Well done. Rating...6

EM GARDE #3 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich. 48234 - irregular - 50¢ - co-editor, Gary Crowds) The leading "Avengers" fanzine. (The tv show, not the comic book.) Offset covers, about 50 pages of mimeographed interiors. A must if you're that fond of "The Avengers" (but I'm not).

PSYCHOTIC #24 (Richard E. Geis, 5 Westminster Ave., Venice, Calif. 90291 - 25¢) Another big one, with articles by Norman Spinrad, Earl Evers, and John D. Berry, letters by damned near everybody, and various items by the editor. I could do without Spinrad; he opens one article by saying "science fiction is destroying and castrating its best writers" and proceeds to provide extensive examples from his own work. Gee, Norm, if you hadn't told me, I would never have guessed you were one of stf's best writers; I certainly couldn't have told it from reading your books. Most of the other material, however, is excellent. Rating....8

SPECULATION #17 (Peter Weston, 81 Trescott Road, Northfield, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom - irregular - 30¢) HOWEVER, Pete now has on hand A SELECTION FROM SPECULATION, a sampler from past issues of his publication, which he will send free on request. On a deal like this, you can't lose. SPEC is one of the best of the "serious" fanzines; it is devoted strictly to science fiction. But it is serious without being pompous. I wish it came out oftener. Rating....8

INTERIM HANNES BOK ILLUSTRATION INDEX (Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605 - no price listed) This is just what it says; a lengthy but incomplete index of Bok's illustrations in professional and amateur magazines and books. Write Ned if you want a copy (don't know if any are left, but they might be) or want information on the complete index which will be published as soon as it is complete.

LORE #9 (Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle S.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30316 - irregular - 35¢ - co-editor, Jerry Page) A well-done multilithed fanzine for collectors. Reviews of new books, articles on old series, and a question-and-answer column for the things you need to know; anything from information on an author to "what was that story that started out with King Kong attacking Cerberus...?" Rating....6

NIEKAS #19 (Ed Neskys, Center Harbor, New Hampshire 03226 - irregular - 50¢ - co-editor, Felice Rolfe) This has too much in it to be reviewed properly in the space I have for reviewing. There's Felice Rolfe writing about friendship, and Poul Anderson writing about writing, and material on Tolkien and Ellison and mythology, book reviews, letters, and Ed Neskys editorializing, and about 70 pages in all. Getit. Rating..9

HUGIN AND MUNIN #3, 4 (Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa, Ont. Canada - 25¢ - bimonthly?) The official organ of the Carleton Univ. club. Good enough articles, though with the exception of Labonte's own they tend to be rather dry, and some rather bad fiction. Rating.....3

ETHERLINE II, #2, 3 (Leigh Edmonds, 175 Moray St., South Melbourne, Victoria 3205, Australia - 10¢) This is the fanzine of the Melbourne club. Articles, news, reviews, and quite a bit of material on the Melbourne convention, held over Easter this year. Neatly produced; not terribly interesting at present, but it's a good start. Rating..3½

LES SPINCE #20 (Darroll Pardoe, 95 E. 12th Ave, Columbus, Ohio 43201 - irregular - for trade or comment) I think this is the first time I've seen purple multilithing; it's an intriguing effect. A drawback is that the size has been reduced a bit too much; even tho the reproduction is crystal clear, the print is hard to read. Material is varied, from con reports to a fannish comic strip to Mike Moorcock going on about what great writers J. G. Ballard and William Burroughs are. (And insinuating that anyone who doesn't agree with him simply isn't widely enough read.) Rating...5

S F OPINION #7 (Dean R. Koontz, 528 Walnut St, Apt. 5, - Lemoyne, Pa. - irregular - 35¢)
The general appearance - mainly the Bode artwork - prejudiced me against this at the start, but it turned out to be quite readable. Even the Bode stuff wasn't so bad at second glance; sort of a poor man's Arthur Thomson. The material intended as humor tends to overdo the yocks, but the more serious criticisms are leavened by flashes of wit; it evens out. Rating.....6

NOUS #3 (Jean and Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn. 55417 - quarterly - 25¢) Some excellent material, from Jean's story, "The Wombat and the Wizard" to Len Bailes fan parody of Gilbert & Sullivan to Dave Hulan's dissertation on "The Hero in 20th Century Literature". Rating.....7

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #72 (Ken Rudolph, 735 North Sycamore Ave. #14, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038 - bimonthly - 35¢) Seems about the same sort of material SHAGGY was putting out 3 years ago; a little of everything. Quality from mediocre to good. Rating.....5

KALLIKANZAROS #4 (John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43224 - 35¢ - irregular) Another general-purpose type, more oriented toward serious fiction than SHAGGY. Main feature is a reprint of a speech by Kurt Vonnegut. (Hmm; can you "reprint" something which was originally spoken? Oh well...) Rating....5

BIAS #3,4 (Paul I. Lewis, P.O. Box 1048, Jamaica, New York 11431 - monthly - 40¢)
This is not a science fiction fanzine, it is a fanzine that is Against Things. It is also very well-written, tho the editor is beginning to mutter that either he gets more feedback from his efforts, or else. (The letter column has been sadly deficient in most issues.) The reporting of various little ironies in the American Way of Life is excellent. Rating.....7

COSIGN #15 (Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202 - bimonthly - 35¢)
General material, science-fictionally oriented. Top spot goes to Hank Davis' parody, "Voyage To The Bottom of the Brain". 50 pages of material. Rating...5

SANCTUM #1010 (Steve Johnson, 1018 No. 31st. St., Corvallis, Oregon 97330 - irregular - 25¢) Primarily light-hearted humor. You won't find any profound insights into stf, but things like "She reminded him of the Venus de Milo; beautiful, but not all there" are worth a quarter. Reviews, comments, lots of letters. Rating....5½

ALPHA #22 (Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave., Charlotte, No. Carolina 28203 - monthly - 20¢) The leading Simon & Garfunkel fanzine. (Stf is also considered) Rating...3½

EXILE #3 (Seth Dogramjian, 32-66 80th. St., Jackson Heights, New York, N.Y. 11370 - irregular - free for comment) General material, with emphasis on fan fiction. Good artwork, some of it badly reproduced and some done very well. Rating...2

And here we are, the one all Minnesota fandom has been waiting for:

CHEAP THRILLS (Fred Haskell, 3450 Zarthan Ave. So., St. Louis Park, Minnesota 55416 - 20¢ - irregular if a second issue appears) Primarily fan poetry and fiction. Fairly good; as such things go. Rating...2½

INCREDIBLE CRUD #1 (Fred Haskell, address above) Illegible, too.

FOOLSCAP #4 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708 - irregular - 25¢) Emphasis on fannishness rather than serious stf. Usually I like John's writing, but this particular issue seemed pretty flat. Rating..3

OCYNIET #3 (Charles Hutler, 9 Sheridan Ave., Kearny, New Jersey 07032 - bimonthly - 25¢) Outstanding artwork; about average written material. A "Star Trek" bit for you ST fans. Rating...4

Another lovely little trick of this typewriter is to not space when I hit the space bar. Some of the results I've left...oh well, one more stencil will do it for the fanzines.

POT POURRI #51, 52 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast BT4 3FL, Northern Ireland - quarterly - no price listed) #51 is devoted to Flying Saucers, and is one of the few rational accounts of the UFO that I have read. #52 is devoted to detection as she is done (tho I hope all the R.I.C. don't operate by luck). Rating....7

CRABAPPLE GAZETTE #1 (Martin M. Horvat, P.O. Box 286, Tangent, Oregon 97389 - no price or schedule listed) The material is the sort that might appear in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, except there isn't as much of it. Rating....2

THE PHOTOGENIC ONION #1 (George Foster, Jr., 7140 Linworth Road, Worthington, Ohio 43085 - 15¢ - monthly) A short issue, mostly to let the world know that he is publishing and could use material. Will be a general type mag.

ARICCHI #2 (Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio 45701 - irregular - 35¢) The fanzine with two back covers. General type; everything from hypnosis to where the stf magazines are heading (extinction). Everything readable; nothing fabulous. Rating..5

THE THIRD FOUNDATION #81 (The Third Foundation, c/o Lee Klingstein, 1435 So. Bundy Dr. #4, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 - bimonthly - 25¢) Mostly fiction. Rating..2

TRYPOD #2 (James F. Koval, 7626 Balfour St., Allen Park, Mich. 48101 - quarterly - 35¢) More fiction, though the quality here is a little higher. Solid pages of type tend to be discouraging to this reader, however. Rating....3

HECKHECK #16 (Mario Kwiat, 44 Münster/Westf., Stettiner Str. 38, West Germany - no price or schedule) Co-editor, Manfred Kage. German fan affairs, published in English. Occasional items of other European news, along with letters from all over the world, and reviews. Rating..3½

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #1 (Cory Seidman, 20 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - 25¢ - irregular) Material presented from a humorous viewpoint, from an enjoyable con report (amazing!) to a dialog between a fan and a psychiatric-programmed computer. Rating...7

LOVE # (Fred Haskell, I guess; address previously) This contains mailing comments, so I guess it's an apa-zine. APA 45, maybe; it's mentioned. Oh, here we go; the colophon is in the middle because I got another fanzine (THINGS THAT COME IN THE MAIL) stapled to the back of it, if this makes sense to anybody. There is also a new address; ignore the one given previously. It's now Fred Haskell, 4370 Brookside Court, Apt. 206, Edina, Minnesota. The mailing comments seem good enough, but there isn't much there for a non-member of the group.

HOOP #3 (Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418 - five times per year - 25¢) Mostly fannishness and humor. Not bad. Rating...4

NEIROD #10 (Dwain Kaiser, 1397 No. Second, Upland, Calif. 91786 - bimonthly - 35¢) Some rather weird subjects here; Ted Johnstone plugging "Dark Shadows" for a Hugo, the second part of a mescaline article by James Lanctot. Also fiction, reviews, columns, letters. Rating.....5

AVATAR #1 (I guess), 2, 3 (Avatar, 80 Wooster St., New York, N.Y. 10012 - biweekly - 25¢) Or maybe weekly, come to think of it; they don't say. Gee, my first tabloid-sized fanzine. I suppose it's technically an underground newspaper but it looks like a big skinny fanzine to me. I'm also not sure why I got it; I suppose because in #3 Paul Williams has a stf review column. The rest of the material is interesting, however. Most of it is crap, but it's interesting crap. (And it's improving; #1 was absolutely awful; some of the worst pseudo-poetic junk I've ever encountered. By #3, the material has improved a lot.)

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