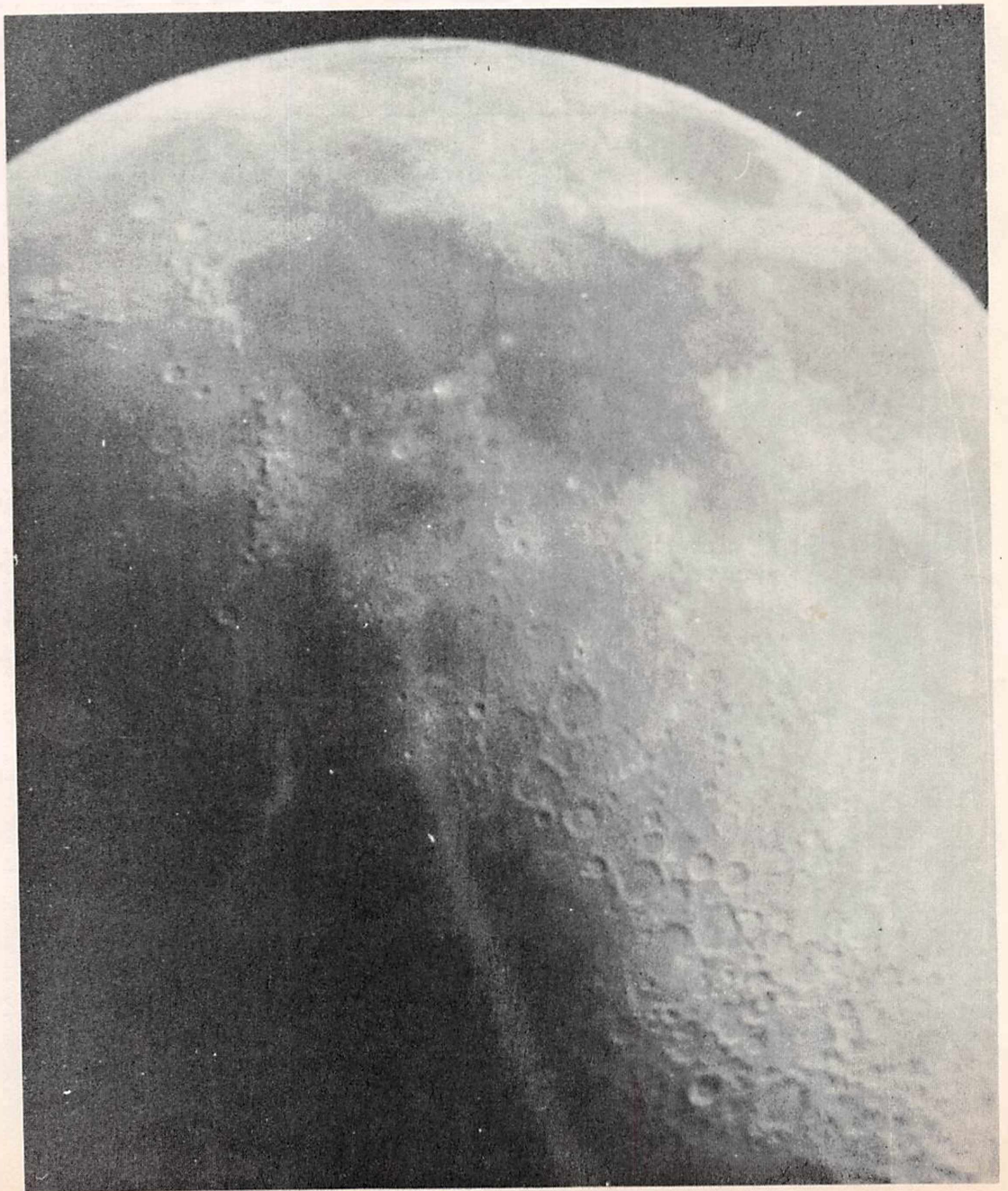


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187



APRIL 69



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Since the multilithing did not work out and we are once more
producing this on a handcrank mimeo, we prefer that it not be
reviewed. We received considerable advice on using the multilith,
the best coming from Joyce Fisher. But it wasn't enough to offset
three hours' work which produced 3 ruined masters and no printed copies
at all; in fact, we never got as far as turning on the paper feed.
Sorry, Joyce, but we don't have your patience.

AV
'68

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ARTWORK

Cover: Photo by John Berry, Logo by Richard Delap, multilith master by Jim Lavell			
Page 1	Alexis Gilliland	Page 19	Arthur Thomson
" 2 & 4	JWC	" 24	Dave Locke
" 6	Jim Cawthorn	" 25	George Barr
" 7	Arthur Thomson	" 28	Mike Symes
" 18	Cynthia Goldstone	" 29	Alicia Austin

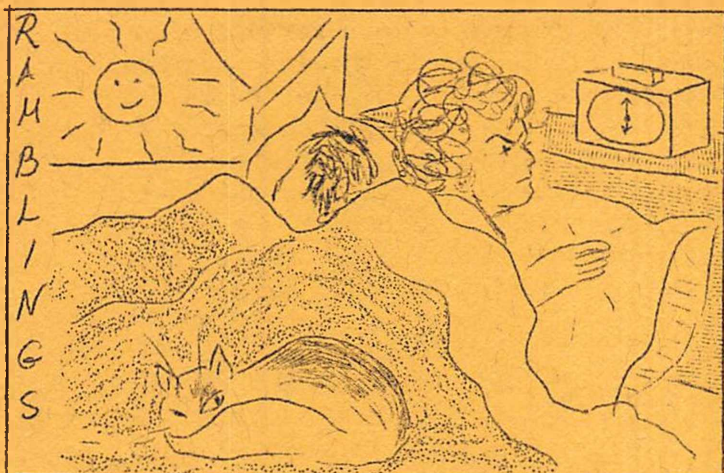
Contributors of "Star Trek" material this time include Paul Krumm, John McGeehan,
Randy Bytwerk, Bill Conner, Kay Anderson, Andrew Watson, Joanne Burger, Don &
Maggie Thompson, and Rick Seward. Thank you, one and all, and I might note that
Juanita, at least, is still interested in news of the show and its performers.

NEW ADDRESSES:

George H. Wells, 408 Euclid Ave., Room 7, Syracuse, N.Y. 13210

Len & June Moffat (for anything larger than a letter), P.O. Box 4456, Downey,
California 90241

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417



Firstoff, I must apologize to John Berry, because I am very much afraid I mounted his impressive cover photo upside down. (John may, if he wants, just credit it to the fact that my head is usually on that way, too.) When I pasted it up, we did not yet have the definitive National Geographic Society Moon map; and I suspect I have been thoroughly brainwashed by years of looking at astronomical photos in books which were at pains to inform the reader: "The South Pole is at the top of the picture because astronomical photographs are inverted." I was overly chastened and too willing to accept this

as a dictum, I'm afraid. I do hope John will forgive me, and give us a chance to see more of his photos -- which I find quite striking. To those in a stfnal mood, just think of the cover photo as a view from the astronauts' capsule as -- hopefully -- they will approach for a landing. So many of the souvenir photos they brought back from the first trip give the viewer the idea he's standing on his head, anyway.

The cover was put on multilith master by Jim Lavell, for which thanks. It was not run by us, but by Wright Printing of Hartford City. (We don't need to thank them, since we paid good money for that service.) And while we're on that subject, page 1 logo this issue is by Dave Locke, crediting of which I managed to overlook twice.

Which brings us to the matter of this issue's repro. Well, heh heh -- you see it's this way: Bob Briney expressed a hope that we would never completely abandon a few mimeo'd pages here and there in Yan, if only for old times'sakes. I wish we could flatter you by saying that's precisely what we did, Brihey, but the full story is much much grimmer than that. And for Bjo, who wondered what we were going to do with the Gestetner 120....this issue was run on the everlovin' G120, and right now you couldn't part me from it with chains and teams of wild horses. And lastly, and very especially, thanks to George Scithers.....one more time.....for giving us the Gestetner in the first place. It may have its flaws, but by ghu I know what they are, and I know how to fix them -- or demand that the Gestetner repairman fix them, and for a remarkably reasonable fee. (There is nothing to make one appreciate the cheapness of repairs on mimeographs like dickering with a multilith repairman.) Old faithful Gestetner came through when endless hours of cursing, kicking, pleading and cajoling produce nothing from a multilith but the mechanical version of a Bronx cheer to end all such Bronx cheers.

I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to put a stencil on a machine, turn the crank and have it print something, and without eating half the paper as it goes through.

The entire issue was on multilith masters when we ran into a brick - or metal - wall, and everything had to be transferred to stencil. Oddly enough, I didn't mind this, but actually felt rather cheery about the whole procedure. I have had it with that multilith, and I knew the Gestetner wouldn't let me down. Even if it cracks a sideband, I can repair it temporarily with a paper clip. Trying do that with a multilith. At any rate, margins are more generous on multilith masters, and transferring to stencil meant some desperate consolidating, and some of the pages look a bit cramped as a result.

On other matters, Indiana politics is in one of its more hilarious stages currently, thanks largely to the efforts of our new governor. His response to an uproar of anti-opinion after some of his more spectacularly bone-headed vetoes of the legislature's efforts was: "It doesn't matter; I don't intend ever to run for public office again." I suppose it's refreshing to have a governor whose guiding motto seems to be "I'm All Right, Jack," but it looks like it's going to be rather hard on the state for the next

four years. Among the more traumatic but paradoxically less serious broohahas is the ubiquitous hassle over the time situation. To detail the long and hilarious history of this controversy would not only take too long but not be believed by anyone outside this state. But the latest development began last summer. A Federal agency -- Transportation Commission, I believe -- decreed the state would have to follow the federal time statutes regarding daylight savings time unless the state legislature specifically exempted particular areas. A group of mayors made a special trip to D.C. last summer to plead for an extension until the legislature would meet this January. They were successful. The legislature did indeed pass an amended time bill, which the Feds said was okay. There were a few stray grumbles about the bill from locals, but not too many. Then the governor vetoed the bill and said we didn't need to pay any attention to the Feds; we had a time act in 1967 and the state could just go back to that, instead. The Feds said lots of luck -- that one has been declared unconstitutional and you have just made yourselves permanent time slaves of the Federal Time Act (or whatever they call it).

Pandemonium, lynchings-in-effigy of the governor. This means -- and the state must abide by the ruling or each offending city and area will be slapped with a Federal suit -- all of Indiana except the Chi and Louisville metropolitan areas will go on EDT come April 27. This puts Terre Haute, Indiana, on the same time as NYC. It also means that on June 21 of this year the sun will set in Terre Haute at 9:28 pm (and light will linger for a good while longer, of course). To say the drive-in theater owners, among others, are in serious disagreement with the governor is one of the largest understatements since the establishment of the Northwest Territory. It also means that on October 26 of this year 5-year olds who walk to kindergarten in Terre Haute and other Indiana cities are in for a dangerous time -- the sun won't rise then (in T.H.) until 8:10~~am~~. To say the mothers of young school children are annoyed with the governor falls in the same category as the above comparison. The legislature's bill would have exempted much of Indiana, especially the western part, which is hardest hit. There's a 19-minute time difference between Ft. Wayne and Terre Haute alone, not even considering the time differential between here and the East Coast. I know the line has to fall somewhere, but it is a very confusing thing to be stuck in the middle of it.

Things could be worse, though. We could live in South Bend. South Bend has been observing CST with the rest of the Chicago area. Unfortunately the Federal gummint doesn't consider them part of the special exempted area. Come April 27 they get to put their clocks ahead two hours.

I hadn't realized that the famous California Earthquake and Tidal Wave poster that's making such, pardon, waves was the work of Ron Cobb until I saw a squib in the paper. I hadn't seen a closeup of the poster, but it's unlikely I could have identified it even then. The very same Ron Cobb who, I presume? I remember the Art Show at Pittcon where he had such beautiful work on exhibit, and it's not at all surprising he should eventually make a big splash.

Which I gather California isn't going to do, not just yet, anyway. From geologists' comments I learn that rather than the state falling off into the Pacific, it's more likely the Salton Sea would join Baja California in a brand-new coastline. Reading a neo-secessionist's suggestion that Mississippi cut loose from the US, we were visited with another idea. Why not offer those who wanted it a free trip out of Mississippi, saw it loose, tow it around the Horn, slice it up into sections and epoxy it into place to repair the coming rift between California and the mountain states? Well, it makes as much sense as the theory of the state breaking loose all in one massive instantaneous chunk. I'm willing to listen to the Continental Drift theory, but this is getting ridiculous.

Hoping you are not the same.....

JWC



How does raspberry flavored snuff strike your sense of wonder? I have an ad from the United States Tobacco Co., featuring "Copenhagen" ("straight"), "Skoal" (winter-green flavored), and "Happy Days" (raspberry flavored--red or black, I wonder?) Never let it be said that an inconvenience like cancer will overcome good old US enterprise.

For that matter, I have a seed catalog offering red, black, purple and "golden" raspberries. I say if God had wanted people to eat yellow raspberries, He'd have made them that way. (I'm a black raspberry fancier, myself. One of my happy childhood memories is of taking a couple of buckets out in the woods and returning with them--and myself--

filled with wild black raspberries.)

However, if the wonders of horticulture pall on you, I have another item for your bewilderment and amusement. Last time we visited the DeWeeses, there was an ad in one of their magazines--Natural History, possibly--from a company which was selling various "unusual" items. One such was a set of cufflinks made of coprolite, for \$9.95 a pair. Know what coprolite is, children? Well, it's petrified dinosaur shit. You want to watch what you're getting into, these days....

The L.A. ad from last issue is repeated in this issue. Considering that they had to pay for the ad, plus paying for getting a photomaster made, we felt we owed them better reproduction than they got last time.

Couple of fan deaths recently, Seth Johnson, who probably introduced more people to fandom than any other individual, died March 11, and Harold Palmer Piser, who was never a fan but who probably knew more of the history of fanzines than any other man in the world, died recently, exact date unknown. (Information from Locus.) A good many of the more self-consciously "hip" fans ridiculed Seth's attitude of "boost, don't knock" and his occasionally bumbling efforts to be helpful. But the efforts paid off--some of the time, anyway--and he was not only willing to do the endless work of introducing people to fandom, he was willing to make sacrifices "for the good of the service". Seth originated the Fan Art Show. When Sjo Trimble showed she could run the Show better than he could, Seth not only turned it over to her, but tried to quiet his more vociferous followers who objected to the idea. Piser's one interest in fandom, of course, was bibliography. I gather he wasn't finished with his Great Fanzine Bibliography - he was the sort of man who continues making corrections to a manuscript while it's being published--but he should have been pretty well along. Possibly someone else will finish it (but I wouldn't bet any money on that). I was never closely acquainted with either man; I sent out some of Seth's fanzine bundles (mostly before fanzines started to rise in value), corresponded with him pretty regularly for 3 or 4 years and spasmodically for a longer time, and met him at one Worldcon. Juanita had more contact with Piser; she published his reissue of the Pavlat Fanzine Index, which was pretty traumatic all around. Fans used to halfway believe that they bore charmed lives; fandom was too small and too young for death to strike. Now the statistics are catching up with us.

Hey, Tucker; we're running low on copies of Neo-Fan's Guide. You want us to run another hundred or so? I think we did finally get rid of all our Jack Vance: Science Fiction Style things (which is pretty good considering I have always felt--and said--they were worthless), but we still have copies of St-Phile #1 and 2 for sale at 50¢ each.

I see fans are still indulging in "Worst of..." polls. This is a process that I object

to rather violently. Okay, standards are necessary and inevitable, and by any standards at all a lot of sf writers and publishers (amateur and pro) are pretty lousy. So books and fanzines are reviewed and rated. Ideally, every fan would read every sf book and fanzine--or as much of each as he could stomach--and form his own opinion. This is obviously impossible, so reviewers are beneficial. Criticism presumably shows an author (or fanzine publisher, or whoever) what he did wrong so he won't repeat the process. I wonder how much of it actually performs its alleged purpose, but as long as we remember that criticism also comes under Sturgeon's Law, well and good. But picking out one author, or artist, or publisher, as "worst" (or "best", for that matter) has no bearing on legitimate criticism, literary standards, or anything else. "Best" polls are ~~are~~ least harmless, and they do provide egoboo, and if they're extensive enough and don't place too much stress on the "one best" idea, they may provide a sort of shoddy guideline for newcomers to the field. "Worst" polls do nothing except humiliate somebody, and give the pollster a largely imaginary sense of his own importance. A list of sf books or fanzines to be avoided can be compiled without any necessity of heaping abuse on one individual. The same reasoning, in spades, goes for the ever-popular "fugghead award", or similarly named attempt to prove the giver superior to the recipient. It doesn't. (Exceptions made for things like the recent Los Angeles' club's contest, which was apparently totally good-humored and non-serious and the sort of thing you vote your best friend into. But most such matters are deadlu serious, at least to the pollsters and the "winners".) I tend to ignore such polls, but once in a while I send in a ballot with the pollster's name featured in at least one category. If he's so anxious to denote fuggheads, he should be able to take being called one. Criticism, honest reviews, I'm all for them. (Oh, you noticed?) Anyone who places his product before the public takes his chances of having it pointed out as shoddy. But I am opposed to unnecessary abuse.

Stamp collecting occasionally provides its enjoyably ironic moments. More or less simultaneously, Bob Tucker sent me some clippings of protests to the U.S. gummint over the use of Christian religious symbols on our Christmas stamps, and Alan Dodd sent me cuttings of protests to the British gummint over the use of non-religious illustrations (children and toys) on their Christmas stamps. I guess the moral is, that when you're confronted with a religious decision, you can't win. I still have my stamps, though I haven't increased my collection much since Hector Pessina seems to have dropped me. (Note to Alan; yes, I got my money's worth, More than.) Bhutan is one of the more fascinating stamp-issuing countries. I believe Bob Briney said they have their philatelic agency in--was it Bermuda or the Barbados? It may be halfway around the world from the country, but it's a lot warmer. They've issued the first (to my knowledge) 3-D space stamps, commemorating the "spacewalk". Very well done, too; some of the best 3-D printing I've seen. They have also issued a set of stamps on a local boy who has made good; the Abominable Snowman. The Congo Republic issued a set showing paratroopers to commemorate their independence, which I thought appropriate. France has immortalized one of De Gaulle's speeches on a stamp--a large stamp. Some countries are hard up for subjects; Hungary has a set on the lace-making industry and Poland has one on the history of ships (the Polish navy being about one step below the Swiss navy). Israel put out a set of the 12 astrological signs. Monaco put out a Jules Verne set, with illustrations of his novels. Spain raised international problems by issuing a Goya nude on a stamp which the puritanical U.S. post office threatened to bar from the country. I see now that somebody else--Japan?--is also going in for an artistic nude on a stamp, no reaction from the USPOD as yet. And dinosaurs seem to be favorites with everybody. Stamp collecting may not be as exciting as sf fandom, but stamps are prettier than fanzines ...and sometimes as readable.

Does anyone out there have a good source for Collier paperbacks, new or used? I am in the market for two books in particular, both by Stewart Holbrook: THE AMERICAN LUMBERJACK (Collier AS-305) and THE GOLDEN AGE OF QUACKERY (Collier AS-130). Since I have asked people privately and am now asking everyone publicly, don't just send the books. I don't need 3 or 4 sets. If you can get them, let me know, and let me know what you want in return; cash, trade, sub extension or what.

RSC

THE HAND-HELD LENSMAN

john berry

Ever since I became seriously interested in astronomy, a couple of years ago, it has been my desire to photograph the Moon. I obtained several books on this aspect of photography, but all were very complicated, quoting the most comprehensive and expensive equipment insofar as the camera was concerned, and stating quite definitely that a fixture was necessary to hold the camera perfectly steady whilst the exposure was being made. It seemed to me that such a project was beyond my means financially both as regards the camera and the necessary appliances. Not only this, I am an amateur photographer, having only a moderately cheap camera, the Ilford Sportsman (the camera, as a matter of fact, which I had when I came to America in 1959), although I admit to having the facilities of a most extensive photographic laboratory at my disposal. I have no close-up lens for this 35mm camera, and I had no experience whatsoever in photographing the Moon.

My first attempt was a fiasco. I used PAN-X film, opened the lens as wide as I could and set the distance at Infinity. My son got the Moon in focus at 60x on his refracting telescope, and I hand-held the lens of my camera against the lens of the telescope, and made several exposures between five and ten seconds, having the timing of the camera set at Time, and counting seconds in the most accurate guessing way, i.e. saying to myself "thousand and one...thousand and two...thousand and three..." this being very accurate up to about twenty seconds.



When developed, the length of 35mm film reminded me of something I'd recently seen in a local numismatist's shop, a row of old Victorian coins set in a length of polythene. I was very disappointed. It was obvious that the exposure had been totally excessive.

In April of '68 I discovered that a young lad aged fifteen, living a short distance away, possessed a six-inch reflecting telescope. He invited me round to scan the skies with it, and even though his eye-piece was 60x, the same as my son's telescope, it was much clearer, and I suggested to him that we attempt to photograph the Moon on his equipment. Once again I used PAN-X film, again at Infinity, with the lens wide open, and I placed my lens against the eye-piece. It was a half Moon, with the sky extremely clear.

Although a vast improvement on my earlier efforts, I was still disappointed. I went so far as to develop the negatives, and the photographs resembled very much a cocoanut cake in a dense fog. If placed about twenty feet away, and squinted at, the photographs did, I suppose, suggest the half Moon, but then I am gifted with a vivid imagination.

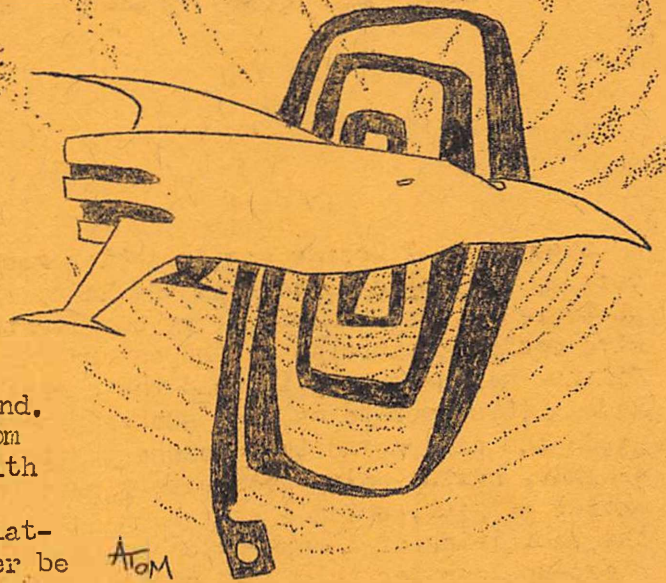
I had to wait another month for a half Moon, which is of course the best time to photograph the Moon, when the craters are highlighted by the oblique Sun, the shadows thus cast giving perfect contrast. I decided that two things were wrong: a) my exposures were much too long; and b) the film I was using, PAN-X, was not fast enough. I found out that TRI-X was much faster, although researchers into books dealing with the subject of Lunar photography were extremely vague about exposures, one book dismissing the subject by stating that the exposures to be used varied from 10 seconds to 1/100 of a second.

I went round to the boy's house at 10 pm on 6th May 1968. My camera was loaded with a complete length of TRI-X, the sky was beautifully clear, the half-moon scintillated, and I knew that conditions would never be more perfect. Once more I opened the lens as wide as possible, put distance once more to Infinity, and I decided to vary my exposure time from three seconds, two and a half, two, one, half a second, and then 1/25th, 1/50th and 1/250th, which are the only times available on my ten-year old Ilford Sportsman. Again I held my camera directly against his 60x eye-piece, making sure of course that the Moon was re-focused every time, and that the eye-piece was cleaned and my camera lens cleaned before every exposure. (The night was inclined to be frosty, and I found that my camera lens misted over very quickly.)

I have explained before that I am only an amateur photographer, and can cope with elementary developing processes, but I gathered that developing TRI-X film was almost a science in itself. The photographers with whom I work rapped out all sorts of things that could go wrong with the film if the slightest mistake was made in the different stages of development. They offered considerable advice, but none of them offered to develop it for me; but I was secretly pleased about this, because if I was successful I wanted to be able to say it was "all my own work".

D-1 Developer is used, diluting with an equal quantity of water. The biggest complication I found was to get the developer, the cleanser and the fixer all the requisite 68 degrees. This is a simple job to a professional photographer, but I suffered many frustrations. First of all, the diluted D-1 Developer had to be in the tank for exactly eight minutes... "and not a second more"... before being replaced with clean water before adding the fixer. When the eight minutes were up and the alarm bell rang, I was still nervously fiddling about with the hot and cold water taps, trying to perm a 68 degrees mixture. I made a swift decision, showing my utter inexperience. I poured away the developer, and it was all of three minutes before I squirted the water in. I understand that it is better to pour in the water immediately, even if it isn't at 68 degrees, although people cannot understand how I cannot get a 68 degree water cleanser in eight minutes. I poured the water out immediately, and noted that the fixer wasn't quite 68 degrees, but in sheer panic I poured it in anyway. For the next ten minutes, occasionally disturbing the tank to distribute the fixer, my hopes shrank, because nothing had gone as it should have done. So I was fairly pessimistic when I opened the tank and viewed the film length.

I held the film at arm's length (to save the fixer dripping over my jacket) and examined the twenty-odd exposures. The first ones I had taken, the few-second ones, were again much too black, and at the other end of the film there was complete blankness, obviously the 1/50th and 1/250th. But in the middle of the film, on just four



frames, I saw, very faintly, the half Moon in seemingly very fine detail. I pulled out my fingerprint magnifying glass, and looked at them. The detail was SUPERB. These were the 1/25th exposure frames, and as I say were very faint. I reasoned that under the circumstances, probably a 1/15th to 1/20th would have been ideal, ensuring contrasting frames, making printing very easy.

It was another day before I was able to get to the 35mm enlarger.

There are five grades of printing paper, although, when watching me printing my Moon negatives, one of the professional photographers opined that the range ought to be increased to accommodate me. The fact is that normal grade(2) caused the photographs to be almost completely black, however short the exposure. Grade (3), which is designed to increase contrast (i.e., make the whites whiter and the blacks blacker) was equally unsuccessful. Grade (4) proved to be the one I required...This even not being entirely satisfactory, although Grade (5), whilst giving perfect detail, also showed very fine striations in the film.

Using Grade (4) paper, therefore, and giving an eight second exposure on the 35mm enlarger, I got really excellent prints. You may not be too impressed with the photo-sheet on the cover of this Yandro, but I am very proud of my photographs. I made considerable enlargements of the area between TYCHO(204) and PTOLEMAEUS(239), which lost nothing in clarity and detail, although in order to get the maximum detail I required to give a longer exposure which tended to give a darker print.

For those who are used to finding their way about the Moon's surface, I would like to point out the bright light from MENELAUS(195). Critics may try to suggest that this is a flaw in the negative, but I observed the Moon's surface for several days prior to 6th May 1968, when I took my photographs, and a light from this crater was evident. My young friend with the 6 inch reflector spent a considerable amount of time studying this phenomenon. It was even obvious with my old gunsight telescope, which magnifies up to x20. I don't know what it is, possibly sunlight reflected from an area of polished basalt???

There are certain refinements within my financial range which would improve future Moon photography. The most pressing equipment is a clamp to fix the camera firmly against the eye-piece, although I personally feel that my present hand-held method, though crude, indicates a true pioneering spirit.

The atmosphere over Belfast also is most annoying. The Moon literally shimmers when viewed for more than a few seconds. And of course, all our observing and photography so far has been confined to our gardens, surrounded by houses all belching out smoke like mad. Under these trying circumstances therefore, I think my strip of film and resultant photographs show what can be done by trial and error and a lot of luck...

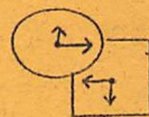
This young lad with the 6 inch reflector is also obtaining an equatorial mount, and we plan this winter to attempt to photograph the planets, and star clusters, etc. I would dearly love to photograph Jupiter and the moons...five of which can be seen with both his 60x eye-piece and my son's 60x refractor. This winter, though, I expect to concentrate on Saturn, and I hope to report on this project later.

~~*****~~
A movie ad in the Ft. Wayne paper advertises "REGURGITATING MONSTERS". I know most monster movies are bad enough to make the viewer throw up, but I didn't know they were advertising them that way. RSC

The University of Wisconsin at Green Bay has two summer credit courses in intercurricular theater, June 23-July 18 is "Film", covering history and theory of film and problems of production. "Star Trek" will be one of the examples presented. Write Ivor Rogers, University of Wisconsin-Green Bay, 1567 Deckner Ave., Green Bay, Wis. 54302 for information. July 21-Aug. 15 is "Theater", covering stage productions by production of an actual play. Write Dr. Jack E. Frisch, same address, for information.

I doubt if this will be in time, but The Tolkien Society of the University of Illinois is sponsoring a conference on campus in Urbana, April 25 and 26. Write Jan Howard Findler, Tolkien Society, Univ. of Illinois, 284 Illini Union, Urbana, Illinois, 61801

GOLDEN MINUTES



THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR, by Avram Davidson (Doubleday, \$4.95) This is a medieval fantasy. If I was of a more poetic - or more banal - turn of mind, I might call it "richly tapestried". Avram is obviously at home in this story of manticores, lonely Cyclopes, enchanting in both senses of the word ladies, court intrigue and monsters. Further, he can make it vivid to the reader. The book combines exotic backgrounds and bold adventure with a strong plot, which is another plus. I never really believed in any of the characters, but they were fun to read about.

TERROR WEARS A FEATHERED CLOAK, by Thelmar Wyche Crawford (Westminster, \$3.95) The publisher lists this as for ages 12-15, but oddly enough makes no mention of it being specifically a girl's book. Yet it is; moreover, it's part of a series, and apparently girls' series books haven't changed a bit since some relative bought me a Carolyn Keene, Girl Detective novel some 30 years ago. The book does contain archaeological facts - shoveled in, in large undigestible gobs - and what is actually not a bad adventure plot. (One Mayan city escaped the Spaniards and is still going about its business, including sacrificing any stray archaeologists that wander in.) But the characterization, if I may laughingly call it that, and the writing ruin it. Recommended only for a pre-teen girl who likes nurse novels.

THE GOLDEN ENEMY, by Alexander Key (Westminster, \$3.95) This is somewhat better. The listed age-level - "Ages 12 up" - seems a bit high, particularly for fan kids. But for the younger child (say in the age-grouping below the one that Andre Norton juveniles are aimed at), this is a pretty good book. Not nearly as good as the author's previous ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN, but worth reading. Rather heavy propaganda for all men and all animals living peacefully together, but maybe it will give the kids an idea that conservation is something worthwhile. Major drawback is a terribly contrived ending, but then I suppose for juveniles everything has to end happily even if the author has to kick reluctant plot-elements into place. Keep in mind for a birthday present for that kid you never know what to buy.

THE DAY OF THE DRONES, by A.M. Lightner (Norton, \$4.50) This is the first Lightner book for older children I've read, the same age-group that Andre Norton hits. It is, also, I believe, the best Lightner fiction that I've read. The plot concerns a voyage of exploration by an African civilization to see if Europe is livable. (Post-atomic setting, and all that.) They discover a rather odd barbarism. I wasn't too sure about some of the natural history, but the author knows more about that than I do, so I'll take her word for it and only gripe mildly about a helicopter being kept secretly in flying condition for 500 years by a succession of rulers who didn't know how to fly it. (And did they oil it themselves, or murder the mechanics to secure the secret or what?) However, this is far less improbable than the things one usually finds in science fiction; I can suspend my disbelief. If you like Norton, you'll probably like this.

GREEN DUSK FOR DREAMS, by Felix Severance (Opium Books, 6 Tak Ming St., #3a, Kowloon, Hong Kong, \$2.00) The expensive type paperback. The author calls it "a poetic evocation of medieval Norway in a novel of contemplative adventure and sexual intrigue". It's so contemplative that it put me to sleep several times. Not basically fantasy, though there are fantastic elements, like a real live witch, who is a sort of medieval Norse Morey Bernstein. It's a rather pretty book, physically, and an unusual item. Must be purchased direct from the publisher, and don't wait too long to send your order.

DOUBLE, DCUBLE, by John Brunner (Ballantine, 75¢) Several people have mentioned that this reads like the plot of a good horror movie, which is about as good a description as any. I would emphasize that it would make a good movie, and an entertaining one, if well handled, but it isn't high-class stf. A Thing comes out of the sea, and of course it's first seen by a rock group (musicians, I mean, not pebbles) and of course nobody believes them, and... Strictly formula, very well handled.

MEETING AT INFINITY, by John Brunner (Ace, 60¢) Reprint of what was originally half of an Ace Double. Space opera, somewhat different from most. I get the impression of Brunner reading a van Vogt novel and saying "now if you could make that logical". All these weird people, interacting in odd ways to crush a minor business competitor and coincidentally save civilization. Interesting.

THE JAGGED ORBIT, by John Brunner (Ace, 95¢) This seems to be the "new" Brunner. I haven't yet read STAND ON ZANZIBAR, not having found a copy cheap enough for me, but from what I have read about it, I would assume certain similarities. This is the future world - well, future United States - based on several of our more depressing current trends. It's a downbeat book, filled with plays on words of various degrees of quality, set in a totally depressing city (and I don't even like pleasant cities) - and I had trouble putting it down. (I had to, though; it's almost 400 pages, which is far too much for me to read in one sitting, especially considering the length of sitting I usually have.) Leaving out ZANZIBAR, I would say this is Brunner's best and most important book so far. My only real objection is to his villains, who are members of an arms manufacturing syndicate. The Evil Armaments Manufacturers; I didn't know the resurgence of the 1920s had extended so far. I was waiting for Brunner to refer to them as Merchants of Death. Even so, I'd just about class this as must reading for stf fans.

NO FUTURE IN IT, by John Brunner (Curtis Books, 75¢) A collection of short stories, which could have been improved by a contents page. "No Future In It" concerns a magician and a time traveler. "Puzzle for Spacemen" is about the psychological effects of murder on a space station crew. "Fair" shows a sneaky approach to tolerance - probably the only way it can be approached effectively. "The Windows of Heaven" takes an upside-down look at Bester's "Adam and No Eve". "Out of Order" is a more or less humorous look at a computerized world. "Elected Silence" is another psychological problem that I can't describe without giving away the ending. "Badman" is one more story on the theory that men must have a scapegoat. "Report on the Nature of the Lunar Surface" is a somewhat humorous short-short. "The Iron Jackass" uses a gimmick from folklore rather bluntly to solve a future problem. It's the sort of story that makes stf fans who know anything at all about folklore say "My God, I could write that!" "Protect Me From My Friends" covers one of the less likable aspects of telepathy. "Stimulus" shows a pest and predator evolving into - something else. Overall, the book starts out well, sags somewhat in the middle, and finishes fairly strong. 7 of the stories first appeared in British magazines and will be new to most of you.

BLACK IS THE COLOR, by John Brunner (Pyramid, 60¢) This is John Brunner Month, if you hadn't noticed. Originally this was a novelet, "This Rough Magic", back in Science Fantasy #18, in 1956. (For those who might accuse John of Tuckerizing, I want to say that when he named his character Coulson he'd never heard of me and I'd barely heard of him.) It's been expanded, a whole assortment of new characters added, including a chief villain who reduces the villain from the novelet to a subordinate role. The language has been sharpened and some of the philosophical cliches have been pruned. I can't say that the story has been improved overall, though. The new villain has been supplied with an updated motive - unfortunately both character and motive are too reminiscent of the recent Shaw "conspiracy" trial to be remotely convincing. Gerrit Ruysland and New Orleans attorney Garrison belong together (where they couldn't bother saner individuals). The fantasy has been de-emphasized and replaced by the sort of second-rate sex one can find in any random best-seller, and the philosophical cliches have been replaced with other philosophical cliches, somewhat earthier but no more interesting. ("...it was small wonder she'd gone overboard for him. What normal woman wouldn't? This was a beautiful animal: perfectly proportioned, handsome...." and so on. Also a racist and a sadist.

Doesn't strike me as anything every normal woman would flip over. Maybe the women I know are abnormal - if so, thank God.) Well, it was a great novelet, and it's still a moderately good novel, despite its updating. (But why, John, when everything else was modernized, was the miscegenation made less explicit? "...to tie myself for a while" may be very mod and casual, but it's got less force than "this morning, by special license".) Possibly someone who didn't remember the novelet so well would like the novel better. (But it isn't better, whatever anyone else says.)

THE GREEN MILLENNIUM, by Fritz Leiber/NIGHT MONSTERS, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 60¢) The second side is a collection of short stories; "The Black Gondolier", "Midnight in the Mirror World", "I'm Looking for Jeff", and "The Casket-Demon". Leiber writes very tight, controlled horror stories, technically excellent, and with something in the style that puts me off. I don't know why, but I will postpone reading a Leiber story for months at times, yet when I do read them I find them very well done. I think I must have postponed reading MILLENNIUM for 15 years, because I don't recall ever having read it before. It's quite good - impact of aliens on a small segment of society. - Of a somewhat perverted society. And after having said that it's well written, I'll have to add that I don't ever expect to read it again. Same for the shorts; they're all good enough, but they just don't jibe with my personality.

THE RIM GODS, by A. Bertram Chandler/THE HIGH HEX, by Laurence M. Janifer and S.J. Treibich (Ace, 60¢) HEX is a sequel to TARGET:EARTH. We've had science fiction before that is anti-science; this is more anti-science-fiction. The authors provide a fairly typical plot and say "look how silly it all is!". Yet they aren't precisely satirizing the field; they simply don't sound very serious about anything, including their own book, which makes it hard for the reader to take it seriously. (Hard for others; impossible for me.) Maybe it's subtle satire - I hope so, because as "straight" humor it's pretty bad. THE RIM GODS is reprinted from Galaxy. Not one of Chandler's best, but fair entertainment. (I've often thought it a pity that "Star Trek" didn't hire Chandler as staff writer. He, by God, knows how a spaceship is supposed to run. But then I suppose he'd have been inclined to make Scotty the hero.) I don't know of any Chandler tale that aspires to be Literature, but all of his recent ones have been excellent space opera.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF-13, ed. by John Carnell (Corgi, 3/6) Here we have John Rackham producing fairly good space opera in "The Divided House". "Public Service", by Sydney J. Bounds, is sort of a watered-down "Fahrenheit 451". "Testament", by Vincent King, is disappointing; one of the better of the new British writers produces one more piece of hackwork about The Origin of Life on Earth. "The Ferryman on the River" by David Kyle, and "The Macbeth Expiation" by M. John Harrison, are similar psychological studies. As in most current British sf, a rational - or any - explanation of what caused the situation the characters are in is less important than what they think about it. "Representative", by David Rome, is another Aliens-are-among-us! story. Nothing new, but not badly done. "The Beach", by John Baxter, is an imitation, or possibly a parody (though I doubt if Baxter has enough humor to parody anything) of Ballard. And "The City, Dying", by Eddy C. Bertin, is an interesting experiment in typesetting. Actually, it isn't too bad a story, but the tricks with the linotype subtract from its impact instead of adding to it.

MOON OF THE WOLF, by Leslie Whitten (Ace, 60¢) I wonder how long Whitten can keep writing the same story? This is the same, relatively simple, werewolf tale that he did in PROGENY OF THE ADDER. Only the background has been changed to protect the reader. Despite the similarities (or perhaps because of them) the book is fascinating. Setting is a small Mississippi community in the Depression, and Whitten makes it come alive. The blurb, of course, compares him with Faulkner; a somewhat more exact comparison might be with Berry Fleming. Whitten doesn't know guns, but his flaws are less glaring than they are with an author of a spy or detective story who doesn't know anything about guns. Jerking one abruptly out of the mood of 1938, however, is "the single red light that sometimes distinguished a truck from a car." Not in 1938 it didn't. There is one totally unnecessary chase sequence (obviously put in because the author felt he needed some action right then) but otherwise it's a highly entertaining novel.

BRIDE OF DARKNESS, by Margery Lawrence (Ace, 50¢) This is a horse of a different color. It is fantasy, but from an occult writer, and the writing style and occultisms finished me before I'd read the first chapter. (Juanita's mother, who reads more occult stuff than I do and is used to that style, not only finished the book but thought it was pretty good, so presumably if you can put up with the writing style you might enjoy the plot.)

GINIVORE, by Piers Anthony (Ballantine, 75¢) I always get the frustrating sensation from an Anthony novel that it's full of symbolism and hidden meanings that I'm not getting. (I comfort myself with the thought that even if I did get them, I wouldn't agree with them.) I also get the implication - which may or may not really be there - that Piers' term for mankind, "omnivore", is being equated in this book with "parasite". In any event, the author shows some of humanity's flaws by looking at them through alien eyes. Query: why should a man who knows all the different editions of the RUBAIYAT on page 77 be totally ignorant of such a simple thing as the well-known revised version of the Biblical quote about the camel and the eye of a needle on page 116? You can't discredit current ways of thinking by throwing up straw men, Piers. Even I know the corrected version of that Biblical quote, and I didn't even know there were more than one translation of the RUBAIYAT, much less the differences between them. On the surface, this is a novel of first contact with an alien race, and a fairly good one. Underneath, I suspect the author of putting in his own personal symbols again.

THE TIN MEN, by Michael Frayn (Ace, 60¢) This reminded me a bit of Vonnegut. The characters have no shred of relation to reality and are moved at the author's whim to create situations which the author considers humorous. This sort of farce is popular today, but not with me. I suspect it to be an outgrowth of mental attitudes conditioned by years of comic books and tv cartoons; the techniques are quite similar and bear about the same relation to the real world. This is not to say that the book has no telling satirical moments; it does. But the complete lack of restraint ruins it for me. I could never convince myself that drawing a cartoon picture of someone getting hit by a custard pie is funny; for me, humor must have some tenuous relation to real life. This has none. If you think Vonnegut is the living end in stf writing, you'll probably enjoy this one.

THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Ace, 95¢) I'm a bit fascinated by the back cover quotes on recent Ace books; a popular theme seems to be to compare the book with some other well-known book - whether there is any real resemblance between the two is never considered. On this one, Damon Knight writes a quite accurate appraisal, Ted White goes overboard, and Mike Moorcock apparently dashed off his idea of praise without bothering to read the manuscript at all. In any event, it's a very good book, as a historical novel. It's stf only in the sense of a lot of modern stf; it takes place on what the author says is an alien planet. Much is made in the blurb of the sexual theme of the book; actually while the author has shown a different and original method of procreation, this does not affect the plot or the characters in the slightest. Every one is a good old homo sap, with perfectly normal and common attitudes and motivations. (The author tells us their attitudes are unique, but never once does she show us anything different.) The quality of the novel resides in the fact that the characters are all well-drawn, their motivations are understandable and real, and the conclusion, when reached, impresses the reader as being both tragic and inevitable. It's certainly one of the better novels of the month, and Ace has now had several "Specials" in a row that are outstanding books.

THE CAVES OF KARST, by Lee Hoffman (Ballantine, 75¢) This aspires to be nothing more than good adventurous space-opera, and succeeds quite well. There is a considerable similarity of plot between it and Lee's westerns, but then there are only so many adventure plots available. It's also rather short; the publisher got his 75¢ price by using big print and lots of white space. Theme is the Big Company moving in to crush the Proud Independent Miners. Not a lot to it, but well-handled. There are some Tuckerisms; fan names crop up in various places. (But my favorite was the Guild Lawyer; Czolgosz. Yes. And I assume his assistant is named Guiteau?) A pleasant time-killer.

LOGAN'S RUN, by William F. Nolan & George Clayton Johnson (Dell, 75¢) I've been hearing a lot about this one, for some obscure reason. It's a good, solid adventure story, but there are a lot of those in science fiction. Of course, the theme is a takeover of the country by youth, which makes it eminently profitable; youth is always ready to pay good money for anything that appears to glorify youth. The idea is similar to WILD IN THE STREETS, but LOGAN'S RUN begins a good many years after Youth has become dominant. (Too many years to be really believable, in my estimation; I think the decay would set in sooner.) Anyway, euthanasia - at age 21 - has become compulsory, and the central character, one of the State's killers, has just become eligible. The book depicts his attempt to outwit the System, and except for a few minor flaws like finding a handy assortment of hand tools in a robot factor on page 179, the depiction is exciting and well-handled. Logan is not terribly realistic, but he's real enough for the reader to become interested in.

THE OTHERS, ed. by Terry Carr (Gold Medal, 60¢) An excellent anthology, whose theme is the control of humans by aliens. "Roog", by Philip Dick, is short and doesn't make much sense, but it is eminently memorable and enjoyable. "The Blue Lenses", by Daphne du Maurier, is probably the best story in the book; the woman whose glasses allow her to see people as they really are. (But it really doesn't fit into an anthology of "strange beings from out there" controlling people; the beings are strange, but they have been accepted as human all along.) "Shipshape Home" by Richard Matheson is another gimmick story which is never really explained and doesn't make any particular sense. "Eight O'Clock In The Morning", by Ray Nelson, is a good little short story that is devoted to alien control, literally. "The Six Fingers of Time", by R.A. Lafferty, is another one that has an ending that is satisfying only if you don't think about it. He must have been desperate for a new twist on the old gimmick of speeded-up metabolism. "Be My Guest", by Damon Knight, is the longest story in the book, and a lovely thing about ghosts, possession, and organizing the hereafter. And of course "They", by Heinlein, is the oft-reprinted story about the victim of paranoia who isn't, really.

THE PLANET WIZARD, by John Jakes (Ace, 60¢) This is a fine rousing adventure, based on sheer mush. Two neighboring planets have sunk into barbarism, and the inhabitants of one have mutated until they are no longer human - but they still speak the same language and can understand each other. Two galaxies have been populated under the banners of great trading companies - all of which originated in the United States. One world has declined to the point where science has become magic--but it still has spaceships. If you can skim over little problems like these, the novel is good enough adventure; at least average for the type.

BROTHER ASSASSIN, by Fred Saberhagen (Ballantine, 75¢) This is the one that was in Galaxy awhile back, in which the Berserkers are attacking a fringe world via time travel. It's been expanded - I would guess that wordage has been doubled - and generally improved. The central section, however, is fudgy. With all time at their disposal, the Time Ops should be able to locate and destroy the "dragon" before it kills Prince Ay, but instead they have to come in afterwards and plant a substitute to carry on. And going into the past causes amnesia, so their regular agents can't go. But coming out of the past doesn't cause amnesia, so the caveman Matt can be snatched in the first part and retain a complete memory. And then he can be sent back in the middle part to take Ay's place. So why doesn't he get amnesia on the return trip too? You just got through saying it works on everyone going back. The last section seems influenced by Boucher and Walter Miller, but it's good enough. Overall, fairly good.

THE SILKIE, by A.E. van Vogt (Ace, 60¢) Another van Vogt superman; at least this one knows who he is all the way through. This is assembled from the "Silkie" series in, umm, If? And considering the average caliber of van Vogt's novels (as a novelist, he is a great short story writer) I think this should be classed as one of his best. Surprisingly well done, in fact. A trifle oldfashioned, but entertaining, most of the time.

THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER, by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt (Pyramid, 60¢) The

first of the Harold Shea series. Humorous, literate fantasy, with the central character discovering that Norse mythology and THE FAERIE QUEENE are more fun to read about than to live in. A fantasy classic that deserves its reputation.

THE SWORD OF MORNING STAR, by Richard Meade (Signet, 60¢) Sooner or later, someone was bound to combine swords and sorcery with Graustark. Meade has done a competent job of it, from the hero wrongfully deprived of his inheritance and returning as a barbaric Superman to court intrigues and besieged castles, with several magicians and an army of wolves thrown in for good measure. Not to be taken seriously, but entertaining and recommended.

FOR THE FLAG, by Jules Verne (Ace, 60¢) Piracy, high explosives, kidnapping and adventure. Verne's style is antiquated, but not really more so than Doc Smith's, and if you can skip some of his more tedious passages this makes pretty good light reading. I'm surprised at the number of Verne books I'd never heard of previously which turn out to be pretty good, especially when some of the better-known ones like OFF ON A COMET are so horrendously bad.

THE CLEFT, by Paul Tabori (Pyramid, 60¢) A strictly modern mixture of science fiction and sex, up to and including the pun of the title. The beginning is lovely, and some of the characters are absolutely fascinating, but the author begins to get bogged down in the middle, somewhat overdoing the wackiness of his characters, and I started skimming. I will say the sex is better-handled than it usually is in this sort of stuff, but the book is a little long for the amount of plot it has. Recommended to the younger set (and Jim Goodrich) who will appreciate the sex.

CUTLAW WORLD, by Edmond Hamilton (Popular Library, 60¢) Two more in the Captain Future QUEST BEYOND THE STARS, by Edmond Hamilton (Pop. Lib., 60¢) series. These are both what I'd consider average for the series and a good example of what was considered top-notch space opera 20 to 30 years ago. It shows its age, but for those who crave action above everything else, it provides plenty.

THE McLANDRESS DIMENSION, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Signet, 75¢) A bit steep for 120 pages, but I suppose the Galbraith name will sell it. This is a spoof of humanity in general, current thinking on automation, psychological testing, etc. It is written as a series of articles, or reports, and is a couple of orders of magnitude funnier than THE TIN MAN. Get it.

ENVOY TO NEW WORLDS, by Keith Laumer (Ace, 50¢) Ace here reprints what it says is the first book about Retief; originally published five years ago. Stories include "Protocol", "Sealed Orders", "Cultural Exchange", "Aide Memoire", "Policy" and "Palace Revolution". Retief stirred up fan enthusiasm out of all proportion to his quality when he first appeared, but the book is moderately funny and worth getting if you haven't already read it.

THE AVON FANTASY READER, ed. by Don Wollheim & George Ernsberger. There is a second volume of this out also, but I don't have it. A paperback reprinted from a reprint magazine, is the ultimate in something... (Oh yes, this is Avon, 60¢.) The stories are a good cross-section of AFR: "The Witch From Hell's Kitchen" by Robert E. Howard, "Black Thirst" by C.L. Moore (the story that made me a confirmed Moore fan), "A Victim of Higher Space" by Algernon Blackwood, "The Sapphire Siren" by Nictzin Dyalhis, "A Voice in the Night" by William Hope Hodgson (one of the stories that made me a confirmed Hodgson fan), "The Crawling Horror" by Thorp McClusky, and "The Kelpie" by Manly Wade Wellman. A good collection of adventure and grue.

ODYSSEY TO EARTHDEATH, by Leo P. Kelley (Belmont, 60¢) The main fault of this book is that it isn't a novel. Neither plot nor characterization advances an inch between pages 20 and 125; the whole 105 pages could have been condensed into 5, at no loss to the reader and a great saving in time. This is the somewhat hoary one of the City ruler keeping his subjects tranquilized by dream-machines until Our Hero nobly finishes him off. Handling of it is adequate, but for all the attempts at this plot, nobody has yet succeeded in making it thrilling.

THE LAST UNICORN, by Peter S. Beagle (Ballantine, 95¢) This is the fantasy of the month. Beagle has very little that is really new in his tale of an inept magician and a naive unicorn and their Quest, but he manages somehow to invest the whole thing with that elusive ingredient, charm. Beagle's novels have a tendency to get a trifle syrupy toward

the end, but he even surmounts this problem with that lovely last-page line, "I send all my princesses to him." A Hugo prospect, definitely.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, NINTH SERIES, ed. by Robert P. Mills (Ace, 60¢) This one has been reissued hastily to reap some of the recent publicity for the movie adaptation of "Flowers For Algernon". It's a pretty good collection; in addition to the Keyes story which gets splattered all over the cover, there are Heinlein's "All You Zombies", Tenn's "Eastward Ho!", Sturgeon's "Man Who Lost the Sea", McKenna's "Casey Agonistes" and eleven lesser lights.

IS THERE LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS?, by Poul Anderson (Collier, 95¢) I guess this has been out in hardcovers for some time, but we don't see all that many hardcovers, so it was new to us. This is one that Juanita says goes on her personal reference shelf because it contains about everything necessary for the fictional creation of aliens. It isn't new; Anderson draws on the works of de Camp, Asimov, Ley and others. But it's all in one compact volume. The book on what we know and conjecture about alien life.

THE DOUBLE HELIX, by James D. Watson (Signet, 95¢) Watson appears to be the Ted White of biochemistry. This is a brilliantly written and entertaining book, but I don't really know how he's avoided at least six libel suits since it was published. "Frances might move faster if occasionally he would close his mouth." (This is said, not about a rival, but about his partner.) This is the story of the discovery by Watson and Francis Crick, of the structure of the DNA molecule. Some of his attempts at simplifying science for the layman aren't entirely successful, but nearly all are understandable if you work at it a bit. And his personal observations are fascinating. A must for everyone interested in science (which should include everyone reading this column).

HENRY GROSS AND HIS DOWSING ROD, by Kenneth Roberts (Pyramid, 75¢) Roberts has always been interested in unpopular causes. In the 30's he wrote ARUNDEL and RABBLE IN ARMS, featuring, as major historical character and real hero of the books, Benedict Arnold. Then he wrote OLIVER WISWELL, one of the first novels about the Tory side of the Revolution, with its somewhat prophetic line: "What'll happen to this country, Oliver, if it falls into the hands of men willing to fire rusty nails into those who don't agree with 'em?" So it's really no surprise that he should defend dowsing. It's a good, interesting book because Roberts is a good writer. His objections to scientists who demand "laboratory tests" are negated by his own ideas of what constitutes a fair test and by some confusion about dowsing ability. On page 8 he says that a skilled dowser must be able to find water every time in order to benefit his clients, but later on he admits that a lot of unskilled dowsers who don't find water every time are roaming around. Then later still, he forgets about the unskilled ones and repeats that a dowser is infallible. However, unless someone can refute the actual facts as Roberts reports them, Gross's dowsing in Bermuda is awfully hard for a skeptic to explain away. Recommended.

THE GHOST WHO DANCED WITH KIM NOVAK, by Dick Kleimer (Ace, 60¢) Holzer is not a good GHOSTS OF THE GOLDEN WEST, by Hans Holzer (Ace, 60¢) writer, and turns out his usual dull book. Kleimer is much more readable, but his stories about supernatural experiences of show people are anything but convincing.

THE HOLLOW CROWN AFFAIR, by David McDaniel (Ace, 50¢) U.L.C.L.E.s #17 & 18. The McDaniel book suffers from the lack of any discernible plot, but contains enough humor (including one of my favorite Danny Kaye exchanges on page 27) to be entertaining. The Leslie book is sheer hackwork, with little humor or anything else worth recommending.

THE IMPROBABLE IRISH, by "Walter Bryan" (Ace, 75¢) The author is actually Walt Willis; I don't know why the pseudonym was used. (I figure either Ace didn't think Willis sounded Irish enough, or Walt is plotting some subtle ploy against the Empire tax collectors.) The book concerns what the Irish are like now and how they got that way, and is full of Willis's manipulations of the English language. ("...if you were to release a cloud of peat smoke over the United States a tenth of the population would burst into tears. Eventually some enterprising manufacturer will market it, in what I suppose he will call eiresols.") The book is lively, entertaining, and should be read immediately by everyone who can locate a copy. Having previously read THE STORY OF

THE IRISH RACE, by McManus, I didn't learn much history from this volume, but the history that is there is much more entertainingly told. (Of course, there isn't supposed to be as much history by volume; it isn't primarily a history book.)

THE SCOTS, by Moray McLaren (Pelican, 2/6) Ethel Lindsay sent me this some time back, and after putting off reading it until I had some spare time I eventually decided I wasn't going to have any spare time and read it anyway. Unfortunately McLaren concentrates on what might be called the Scots Mystique and I find it hard to read that sort of thing and stay awake. However, the author does, particularly in the chapter on "The New Nationalism", provide a little-known (in this country) background for current goings-on up yon.

WILD RIDERS, by Lee Hoffman (Signet, 50¢) Not one of Lee's better efforts. The plot about the ex-Confederate who is driven to outlawry by the hated Yankees reached an apex in Gruber's THE CUTLAW, and Lee doesn't do anything particularly new with it. It's a good, competent job, but it's a routine western rather than an exceptional one, and I'm read out on routine westerns. (I'm beginning to get fed up with routine stuff, for that matter.)

THE KING IS A FINK!, by Brant Parker and Johnny Hart (Gold Medal, 50¢) Thought you might like to know about the first pb about "The Wizard of Id", a lesser-known (and, I think, better done) work by the creators of "B.C."

FRIDAY'S CHILD, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢) Notice for all you Heyer fans out there. I still haven't read any of her books, but Juanita has and says they're fun in a weird sort of way; nice to have when you want to read something without having to think about it.

CORUNNA, by Christopher Hibbert	Three more in the British Battle Series from Pan. TRAFALGAR is 5/0; the others 6/0, CORUNNA covers the earliest Spanish campaign against Napoleon, climaxing in what might be termed an early-day Dunkirk, with the army fighting off the surrounding French long enough
TRAFALGAR, by Oliver Warner	
BATTLES OF THE '45, by Katherine Tomasson & Francis Buist	

to escape. There is one fascinating bit. During the retreat, there were of course stragglers--in fact there seemed to have been more of them than is usual in retreats. At one point, when a group of these stragglers was about to be run down and skewered by Napoleon's lancers, the completely disorganized mob managed to form a square, beat off the lancers, and rejoin the main army. The author uses the incident to indicate the indomitable will of the British fighting man, but there is a more modern explanation. They were Polish lancers. The battle of Trafalgar should be known even to fans who aren't students of history, Warner's writing is excellent, and manages to make clearer than most writers the way sailing-ship tactics were determined by the prevailing wind and the nearness of shoals and other obstructions. BATTLES OF THE '45 covers the attempt of Bonnie Prince Charlie to gain the English throne, including the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden, and explaining for me some of the more obscure passages in some of Ewan MacColl's Scots folksongs. Here's a quote for some of you people who think that lack of involvement is a modern character flaw. Following the battle of Prestonpans, "when walking over the battlefield in the afternoon Lord George saw a few of the worst-wounded of Cope's men still lying there, 'and though there were several of the country people of that neighborhood looking at them, I could not prevail with them to carry them to houses, but got some of our people to do it'."

THE CUT DIRECT, by Alice Tilton	(All from Popular Library, at 60¢ each.) I've read most
COLD STEAL, by Alice Tilton	of the prominent detective story writers--that is, those
THE LEFT LEG, by Alice Tilton	who have written more than one or two books--and of
THE HOLLOW CHEST, by Alice Tilton	them all, the only two I have tried to collect for

further reading are Arthur W. Upfield and Phoebe Atwood Taylor (who is the author behind the "Alice Tilton" pseudonym). These are the first 4 books of the Leonidas Witherrall series; possibly not as good overall as her Asey Mayo books, but funnier. If you want to sample, THE CUT DIRECT is the first, and possibly the funniest.

THE BLACK CAMEL, by Earl Derr Biggers (Pyramid, 75¢) In the late 20's and 30's detectives had to be personally unusual, and a Chinese-American was about as unusual as you could get, in those days. The books rely heavily on "atmosphere". In THE BLACK CAMEL, it comes off, and the book is interesting. I have tried to read CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON twice, and failed both times.

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE MAGS.....

being an anthology culled out of the Dirty Prozines for people who no longer actually read the stuff, and want to know what's going on...

----- COMPILED BY ----- *dennis lien*

PUDDLEWORLD ----- by ----- Winthrop Carlos Soilbank

"Chapter Eighteen"

"...as the flames rose and the explosions continued. The last Inhibited, dying, snarled at the contingent of Puddleworlders who had at last achieved their goal and brought down to destruction the base of the Inhibiteds themselves, on their island in the center of the Green Puddle. With everyone more or less nude, it was difficult to say, but from their speech, the destroyers seemed to be mostly Twentieth-Century Americans.

"But why?" the Inhibited gasped. "We gave you everything - all you had to do was put your Lunchpails in the rocks regularly, and we supplied you with food, tobacco, alcohol, drugs, toilet paper...and if you got bored, there was always sex, warfare, torture, philosophical debates, and fishing to occupy yourselves with. Everybody else was happy...what could you possibly lack?"

"Ditto machines! Typewriters! Corflut!" screamed the one called Tucker, as Ackerman and Coulson started tromping on the Inhibited with what would have been hob-nailed boots if the Puddleworlders had any boots...

ONE MORE DOWN ----- by ----- Jack Vince

"Chapter Thirty-One, Volume Twenty-Three"

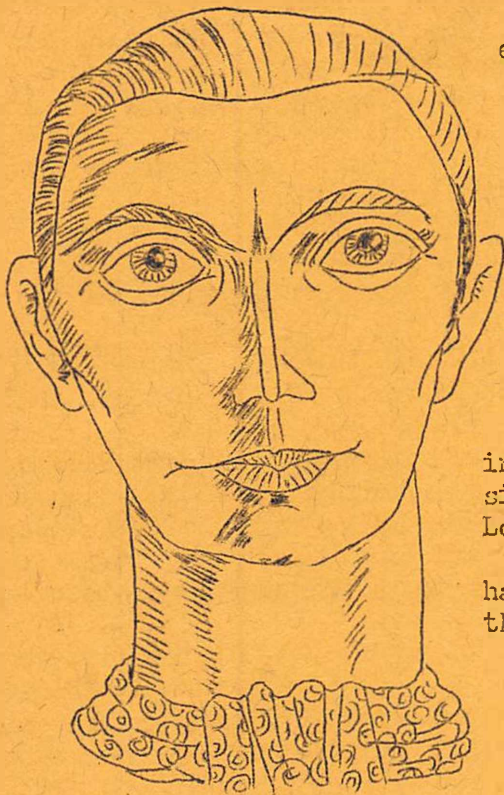
"...But even if your deductions are correct, you know only that one of us is the Devil's Duke whom you are seeking, Mr. Caisson. How will you determine which of us it is this time?"

Garth Caisson stared at the four suspects in front of him, bound to the seats with bands of solid steel, shot full of paralysis-drugs, covered by a dozen robot ray-guns, suspended over the open hatch of the spaceship, and sworn to respect his King's-X. He judged that he had perhaps eleven seconds before his quarry devised a way out of the trap.

Which of the four was really Arvin Wombal, twenty-third of the eighty-seven Devil's Dukes who had joined in the great Mount Milford Massacre which had laid waste his home, slain his family, enslaved his friends, and destroyed his mint set of Unknowns? Time was running out; one of the four - Kasthaz Lomar, Jannig Brontan, Faidless Quasthare, or John Smith - must indeed be that Devil's Duke whose death he had sought for thirty-one chapters. But which? There was nothing to center suspicion on any one.

Even as he mused, the one who called himself "John Smith" spoke again. "Besides, you have sixty-four more to go, Caisson--if the box score on this morning's sports page is correct. How do you expect to track down sixty-four more Devil's Dukes? You you'll be an old man first..."

Caisson had an answer for that. "As you'll recall, if you've been following those sports pages, I now control all the money in the physical universe--ever since outwitting the kidnappers at the Swap Shop, several Dukes ago. I plan to simply buy the universe and move everyone out, a tactic which should dispose of my adversaries quite satisfactorily. Of course, a few innocent bylivens may be inconvenienced as well, but I am a Man With A Mission."



Fortunately for the next one hundred and twenty-eight issues of Galaxy, Garth Caisson's scheme was doomed to failure. In the meantime, "John Smith" had..

THE WEREWOLF OF THE BASKERVILLES -- by -- Ron Goolarge

"...And there's my story, Mr. Carny. My wife is a vampire with Type C blood, and my cocker spaniel is really an enchanted frog-prince. My house has been disturbed by poltergeists moving out because, they say, they're afraid of Something that's coming. My mailman is a spy for a group of evil magicians on Mount Shasta, headed by Judge Crater, who is really a fire elemental. I myself am sprouting a third elbow in my navel, and am visited with an irresistible compulsion to tap-dance out, in Horse Code, the constitution of Louisiana. And my familiar has mange. Talking mange."

Mac Carny sighed. Being an Occult Investigator had its drawbacks; he had been hoping for an unusual case this time...

LAVENDER LOAM AGAIN -- by -- G.J. Pallid

The summer sun, waterbright, pennythin, blood drooling sunfrom to madness and the hawkers of water-crystals wavering through... (Editor's note: at this point insert the text of Mr. Pallid's last seven "Lavender

Loam" stories, one after another, changing the names and dates and printing the second, fourth, and sixth backwards, and the third and seventh sideways.) ...wind, crystal, candy-bright with madness and the waters forever.

Newspaper headline: "Heart Operation On Crocodile Makes History". After describing the operation, the writer mentioned that this is "the first surgery of its kind ever performed on a crocodile." Yes. (It happened in Paignton, England.)

ISN'T IT NICE TO COME FROM AN ANCIENT FAMILY DEPARTMENT: Thomas Wilson in 1585 referred to the custom of calling someone "Patche or Coulson, whom we see to doe a thing foolishly, because these two in their tyme were notable fooles."

This inspiring information sent to us by Dennis Lien, who didn't say where Wilson wrote down his homely little saying.

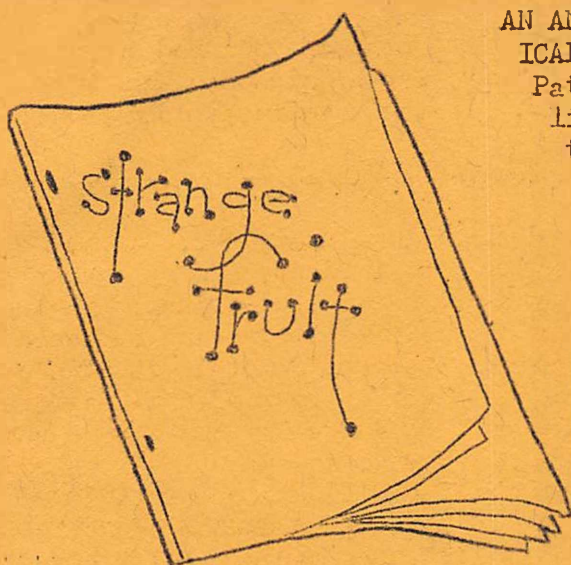
At one point in the gun argument, people were telling me "but automobiles aren't designed as lethal weapons". No? I quote from "The Soulless City," by Daniel P. Moynihan, American Heritage, February 1963.

"So commonplace and predictable have collisions become that the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit recently ruled that a crash must be considered among the "intended uses" of a motor vehicle, and the manufacturers accordingly responsible to provide for such contingency in their design."

"For a honeymoon they drove to Albany to buy a second-hand printing press..." A New York fan? No, this was John H. Noyes (founder of Oneida Community and an early hippie. A man far ahead of his time....)

Movie ad contributed by Geno DeWeese:

HELPLESS BEAUTY SACRIFICED TO CRAZED KELP MONSTER!!!!



AN ANNOTATED CHECKLIST OF SCIENCE FICTION BIBLIOGRAPHICAL WORKS (Fred Lerner, 98-B, The Boulevard, East Paterson, New Jersey 07407 - 50¢) Fred says this list is not supposed to be complete, but it covers the most important bibliographic works in the field, and describes them. (But it doesn't tell where to get the out-of-print works..) (And as an illustration of the acquisitiveness of collectors, such an outspoken opponent of the need for bibliography as myself owns 29% of the works named.)

THE JIM MASTER CHECKLIST (Len and June Moffatt, 9826 Paramount Blvd., Downey, Calif. 90240 - \$1.00) This seems to be the definitive bibliography of the work of John D. MacDonald. Now personally I am not a MacDonald fan; I've read little besides his stf, and I never cared a lot for that. But if you do, this covers everything, in-

cluding foreign reprints. A fascinating job.

DALLASCON BULLETIN #1 (Dallascon Bidding Committee, P.O. Box 523, Richardson, Texas 75080) - quarterly - free) Photo-offset, consisting of beautiful artwork, information on the Dallas bid for the 1973 Worldcon, and ads. It doesn't bring me any closer to supporting Dallas, but it's certainly a lovely thing in itself.

RENAISSANCE #1 (J.J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights, New Jersey 07922 - no price or schedule listed) Apparently devoted to attacking the New Wave and supporting Sam Moskowitz. Since what I object to in most pro-Wave articles is their utter fatuousness, I figure an attack or two is probably a good thing and will at least tend to separate the artists among the New Wavers from the loud-mouthed jackasses among them. However, I am rather fascinated by the mentality that can object to traditionalists being referred to by "the 'hiss-word' 'conservative'" in the same sentence in which the newcomers are called "New Wavicles-Thingamajigs." As an assault on the other fellow's hypocrisy it doesn't go over very well. Still, it's an interesting mag, and other fans who prefer plots in their fiction might well enjoy it.

LCCUS #20 thru 24 (Charlie and Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, New York 10457 - biweekly - 60 for \$1.00) The fan newsletter, even though there are more convention reports than news in some issues. There are address changes (even if I do fail to read them; sorry about that, Charlie), fan doings, forthcoming books, fanzine reviews, etc. Pretty much a must if you're interested in what's going on in fandom

Rating.....7

OSFAN #45, 46 (Hank Luttrell, The Basement, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Missouri 65201 - monthly - 15¢) A newsletter which sometimes duplicates LCCUS and sometimes complements it. I think it's worthwhile to get both of them.

Rating.....6

THE NEW FORERUNNER #1,2 (Gary Mason, Warili Road, French's Forest, N.S.W., 2036, Australia - monthly - 15¢) The journal of the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation, which seems to cover most Australian stf news, including comics news. Fairly good ditto repro; I can only assume that the news coverage is adequate, since this is the only Aussie newsletter that I know of. (Yes, Virginia, there was an Old Forerunner) Rating....5

THE GREEN DRAGON #6 (Tolkien Society of America, Belknap College, Center Harbor, New Hampshire 03226 - irregular - 10¢) One sheet, microtyped. If you're a Tolkien fan....

Incidentally, for any newcomers reading this, fanzine prices include postage. It is not necessary to send an additional amount for postage (but if you do, don't expect to get it back.) I mention this because numerous requests for ST-PHILE have included additional postage, which we gratefully kept.

GOLUX #1 (David T. Malone, Bacon Road, Roxbury, Conn. 06783 - irregular - 50¢) Since this is only 8 digest-size pages, I assume the price is to discourage the casual fanzine buyer. Strictly editorial comments, including one which I find somewhat ironic. "I

firmly believe that if we were to pull out of Vietnam and scrap the armed forces and the missile system...that even the USSR would change its policies considerably." Well, yes, Dave, it would. Beginning with reuniting Germany under Walter Ulbricht, pacifying the Near East, and going on from there.

HAVERINGS #37 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom-6 for \$1-quarterly?-USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif 94701) Eight pages of excellent fanzine reviews. They are both good-natured and informative, however much Ethel tries to say that they are merely her comments to the editors. They are also short, which is a blessing. Two-page critiques should be sent to the editor of the fanzine being examined, not published in order to show how erudite the critic is. (Because, for one thing, it usually doesn't.) Rating.....6

PEMNONCEL #7 (Marion Breen, 2 Swain Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10312 - no price or schedule listed) The newsletter of Tournament Fandom, East Coast branch. For people who like to play King Arthur.

ASTERISK #6 (Louis Morra, 14 Grove St., No Attleboro, Mass. 02760 - "published often" - 6¢) A dittoed letterzine, The usual subjects: sex, censorship, and drugs. Nothing new is said about any of them, but it's an entertaining rehash, anyway. Rating.....5

NEWFANGLES #18 (Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060 - monthly - 10¢) The newsletter of the comics field. Highly recommended to anyone who is really interested in old comic books.

COPROFILE #1 (Art Wilson, Air America, Inc., APO San Francisco, Calif. 96352) For N'APA; anyone else should presumably convince Art that it's worthwhile sending it to him. (His standards can't be too high, if I get it..) Art is a man after my own heart. "I won't participate in any fannish feuds; if I call a man an ass, then he's an ass and that's the end of it." Somewhat fascinating editorial comment.

NAPAIN #1 (Wally Conger, Route #1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, Calif. 93420 - irregular - 15¢) The intent seems to be to produce a letterzine similar to ASTERISK; this being the first issue the writers are stating the initial premises to be argued about. At least one is different from the general run; a Mississippi resident argues that a state has the right to secede. (He'd better look at the financial picture first; the US would be better off if Mississippi did secede, but Mississippi wouldn't.)

CROSSROADS #1 (Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, R.I., 02912 - monthly - free for comment) Small, mostly but not entirely editor-written, and I tried for 5 minutes to think of a single other thing to say about it. Rating.....2

TROAT #8 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokree St., Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - irregular - for comment and a 6¢ stamp) Just noticed, Lynn; your Zip Code is a straight. It figures... I see Lynn has also discovered Wild Turkey whiskey (the logical successor to Jack Daniels and Jim Beam among fans, since the earlier favorites have been discovered by the rest of the world.)

INSIDE STAR TREK #6 (Inside Star Trek, P.O. Box 38429, Hollywood, Calif. 90038 - \$3.00 per year - bimonthly) The official ST fanzine, edited - up to now, at least - by Ruth Berman. They talk about "issues 7-12", but with the show off I wonder if any more will actually appear? Material on Nimoy and costume designer Bill Theiss, with Theiss coping the cover. (Another first; how many fans of other tv shows know there are such things as costume designers, much less being interested in pictures of them?)

A.R.A. BULLETIN 66-67 (A.R.A., P.O. Box 341, Covina, Calif. 91722) Dean Grennell's re-loading fanzine. What does it have to do with science fiction? Well, in #67 Dean reports on a new shotgun choke which produces a rectangular pattern, which is something for my sense of wonder. (Squaring the circle, and all.)

THE PULP ERA #7 (Lynn Hickman, address above - bimonthly - 50¢) An offset publication devoted to the old pulp mags in general, not stf. Quite a bit this issue on THE SPIDER, some current book reviews. Terry Jeeves' nostalgia column, and a lot of Lynn playing around with printing processes and typefaces, some of which work well and some of which don't. Artwork good but not as much of it as usual. Lynn is also selling WAR IN THE AIR 1914-1918, written and (mainly) illustrated by Dave Prosser. \$1.50. I have a somewhat limited interest in pulps, but Lynn usually has a good enough mag.

L'INCROYABLE CINEMA #1 (Harry Nadler & Charles Partington, 5 Sth Mesnefield Road, Salford, Lancashire M7 0OP, Great Britain-2/0-no schedule listed) Adding some for overseas postage, try 35¢ US. Over 30 pages of offset, in one of the odd British 'in-between' sizes. Major part of the mag is devoted to 2001, with other material on silent fantasy film, a new Hammer "Dracula" and a few minor items. I'm not a movie fan to the extent of wanting to read all about them, but the illustrations here are at least as good as most of the "professional" horror-movie mags. Recommended for the fantasy film fan.

UCHUJIN #129 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10, O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan) The most attractive-looking fanzine being produced. Since I can't read Japanese, I can't vouch for the contents, but the appearance is unbeatable.

OLD WEST ACTION #1 (Ray Isenberg, who doesn't seem to have included price, schedule, or address anywhere) Just as well, since it isn't worth getting anyway. Devoted to western comic books (or actually, a western comic strip by the publisher) with bad artwork and worse lettering-the text is somewhat less legible than my printing.

Rating....yech!

BIAS #7 (Paul I. Lewis, P.O. Box 1048, Jamaica, New York 11431-irregular-40¢) Unlike most political-social oriented fanzines, BIAS presents original and/or outrageous proposals on both sides. This issue, for example, includes material on sex, and a proposal to turn convicted killers over to the immediate family of the victim for disposal. Plus somebody psychoanalyzing the victims of Orson Welles' 1938 "War of the Worlds" broadcast. Anxiety and insecurity, balderdash; that was naivety, pure and simple.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #29 (Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Cal. 90403-bimonthly-50¢) Well, history certainly repeats itself; I give Geis six months before he tells us all how childish we are and quits fandom again. While it's around, however, this is a fanzine worth getting. Ted White trying to be genial comes across even more unpleasantly than usual; I prefer him when he is openly ripping someone apart rather than when he makes underhanded digs and then wonders why people resent them. (Ted undoubtedly deserved the Best Fan Writer Award, but I wonder how anyone who apparently knows so little about human emotions is going to work out as a professional-I am assuming he knows nothing about other people's emotions because I believe him when he says he doesn't understand why people get mad at him.) Even with almost 1/3 of the issue taken up with book reviews there is plenty of material left that I liked. (I don't usually read other people's book reviews unless I know enough about their tastes to be able to judge from the review whether or not I would like the book. With 8 different reviewers in one column, figuring out each reviewer's bias is too hard to be worth bothering with.) A majority of the material concerns science fiction, with a few items devoted solely to fandom.

Rating.....9

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #75 (Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. 90046-quarterly-50¢) More offset, somewhat bigger and thicker than SFR. Ken is a little naive-publish your opinion of me from your masthead, Ken; it's not going to bother me any. I haven't the slightest interest in your opinion of me. My remarks, incidentally, were intended to be exaggerated humor-but considering your reaction, quite possibly I made a mistake and they weren't humor after all. (All this should have gone in a private letter, but I've been too busy to bother.) Laurence Janifer has an article on the importance of humor. It's a good subject, and I thoroughly enjoyed the first half of it, before he got down to psychoanalyzing humor in general. Otherwise-well, I never thought I'd see an overly pedantic faaaanish fanzine, but here it is. The writers are good, the repro is magnificent, and there doesn't seem to be much life to any of it.

Rating.....5

SCOTTISHER #51 (Ethel Lindsay, address previously-quarterly-4 for \$1) Why are you swearing at single copy buyers, Ethel? I think this is probably the world's most underrated fanzine. (I overrate it, but nobody else seems to.) True, it isn't large and doesn't have a lot of big name writers; this issue has Ethel, Terry Jeeves, and letter writers. It also has charm, and humor, and generally gives the impression that the writers would be pleasant to know personally. It is one of the very few fanzines-in fact, about the only one-that I read cover to cover as soon as it arrives.

Rating.....8

ICENI #4 (Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Ind. 47130-five times a year-25¢) Humor, attempted humor, reviews, letters; general type. Rating.....3

NAGATHRCND #3/4 (Rick Brooks, P.O. Box 5465, Milwaukee, Wisc. 53211-quarterly -30¢-publisher, Alan G. Thompson) But since this is a double issue (that is supposed to be 3 and 4, not three-quarters) do you have to pay 60¢ for it? Big thick thing. Artwork is Sten-C-Faced (or some similar process). Aside from the California Syndrome of running the print over one of the illos, art and layout are good. Material includes items on Cap Future, a brief history of ancient Persia, how to make a magic square, an interview with Walter Koenig, the usual letters and things, and reprints of some of the reviews of earlier issues (God, you two must be hard up for egobool). Aside from the questionable interest (and taste) of the latter item, the material is generally good. Rating.....6

THE WSFA JOURNAL #64,65 (Donald L. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906- - monthly - 3 for \$1, except that #65 is 50¢ by itself.) Big for the price; I had to re-staple it with a Swingline 13 to keep it in one piece. The masthead of #65 looks sort of like the corporate fanzine of the future, with contributing editors, translators, overseas agents, and various specialists. Primarily reviews and letters (reviews of everything) with an occasional article or news item. (Gee, just like Yandro, huh? Well, not precisely.) Rating.....6

DOUBLE BILL #19 (Bill Mallardi & Bill Bowers, 2345 Newton St., Akron, Ohio 44305 -quarterly - 60¢) But they would prefer a trade, contribution, or letter. Aside from Mallardi's rather bad imitation of a Geis editorial, this is a nice solid fanzine, with good repro and a variety of material. There is even some moderately good fiction. Emphasis more fannish than stfnal. Rating.....6

PELF #6 (Dave Hulan, 1005 Mt Olive Dr. #10, Duarte, Cal. 91010 - irregular - 10¢ - co-editor, Dave Locke) After your first sample, you are expected to provide at least a letter of comment to stay on the mailing list, but no more money. This provides more information about LASFS than I really care to know, but otherwise seems about average. Entirely fan oriented. Rating.....5

SPECULATION Vol.2 #8,9 (Peter R. Weston, 81 Trescott Road, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom - irregular - 35¢) Devoted to a more or less balanced view of science fiction, and featuring more or less regular outbursts from both New Wave and Old Wave extremists. I don't honestly think I've learned anything about science fiction from it (I'm hard-nosed about other people's opinions), but I've learned a lot about stf writers and readers. At the same time, it exudes a more dignified atmosphere than, say SFR. Generally interesting and informative. Rating.....6

CORR #1 (Perri Corrick, 1317 Spring St., #110, Madison, Wisc. 53715 - quarterly - 20¢ contributing editor, Jim Corrick) This is an introductory issue and may be had for a 6¢ stamp, if any are left. This, and presumably future, issues, is editor-written, (How do I get into sentences like that?) The usual variety, however; poetry, fiction, reviews, articles. A promising newcomer. Rating.....3

TANSTAAFL II (Kathleen Sky, 4217 Garden Homes Ave., LA, Cal. 90032 - irregular - no price listed) Aside from the title duplication and somewhat peccable repro, this is fairly interesting. If there are too many local jokes, there is also enthusiasm. And has anyone noticed that female editors are taking over fandom? Right now, this could easily degenerate into the sort of mag that is hilarious to the editor and nobody else, or it could improve and become a top fanzine in a few issues. Rating.....3

QUARK #9 (Lesleigh and Chris Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010 - quarterly - no price listed) This should be the fanzine for the younger generation faannish types; emphasis on rock, college and fandom, all better written than the average. Rating.....6

RATAPLAN #3 (Leigh Edmonds, P.O. Box 19, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia - monthly - 30¢) This has the fannish slant, with articles on slanshacking and letters on What Is Wrong With Australian Fandom. Rating.....4

FCMA #1 (Daniel Carr, 424 Green House, East Quad, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104 - irregular - no price listed - coeditor, Mike O'Brien) This is a sort of introductory issue. The editors will probably hate me, but it seems fairly typical, and it's too early to see how it may turn out. A variety of material, all of it at least moderately good. (I even forgive Mike for not liking the Stratton UNCLE novels.) Rating.....3

HARPIES #1 (Richard Schultz, 191959 Helen, Detroit, Mich. 48324 - no price or schedule coeditor, Howard Devore) Hmm. Now that I read it I see the reason there is no price or schedule because it's a FAPA mag. Well, it's interesting enough; you might write and see if they have any left.

HUGO AND MUNIN #7 (Richard Labonte, 971 Wallisley Road, Ottawa 8, Ont. Canada - bi-monthly? - 25¢) I see it's 1974 that Montreal hopes to host a Worldcon in. (There's another one of those sentences.) I'm a little rusty on the Rotation system - not to mention geographical divisions. Is Montreal in the East sector? But if they want a con in 1974 I don't see why I shouldn't support their bid, for all the good it will do. Okay, Montreal in '74 is it. General material; interesting in that the book reviews are one of the few fan attempts to review juvenile stuff as a field. Rating...5

THE MENTOR #13 (Ron Clarke, 78 Redgrave Road, Normanhurst, N.S.W. 2076, Australia - 25¢ - no schedule listed) A general assortment of science, stuff, fannishness, and politics. (The latter "liberal", of course.) Rating.....4

NOLAZINE #9 (Donald D. Markstein, 2232 Wirth Pl. New Orleans, La. 70115 - no price or schedule) Mainly, I see on reading the editorial, because this is the last issue. The New Orleans group is changing to a new fanzine, ICARUS, "because it gives us a freer format in which to present our material." Somebody else who never encountered semantics, evidently. Perry Chapdelaine has an interesting article on "Computer Assisted Instruction" - unfortunately I read it just after Don Herbinson-Evans' article in Mentor on computer malfunctions, which produced a sort of mixed feeling.

PEGASUS #4 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, Texas 77566 - no price or schedule) Here's a mag that has expanded, both in size and variety of material, with frightening rapidity. In addition to the stuff book checklist, there are now an assortment of reviews, a speech by Galouye, an account of Piers Anthony confronting a fan club and even pseudo-German interlineations. All pretty good, too. Rating..7

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #4 (Cory Seidman, 20 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - quarterly - 35¢) The usual fanzine fare plus the unusual item which has become almost a trademark of Boston fanzines. This time it's the report of a flight to Biafra by an MIT expert on primitive weapons. Fascinating. Rest of the material was fairly standard, except for the play-by-play of a chess game with a computer. Limited, but genuine interest there. One of the better fanzines today. Rating.....6

GRANFALLOON #6 (Linda Eyster, Apt. 103, 4921 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213 - quarterly - 50¢ - coeditor, Suzanne Tompkins) However, the coeditor is leaving Granfalloon and starting her own fanzines after this issue. By the time I've gone through this many fanzines in a couple of nights, about all I can think of to comment is the "usual variety" fiction - including one piece by Piers Anthony - reviews, verse, letters, editorials, articles (come to think of it, was there an article present? I guess Smith's qualifies) and artwork. All of it seemed reasonably good. If you think this is a dull sort of fanzine review, you're right; but not necessarily a dull sort of fanzine. Anyway, this seemed about as good as usual. Rating.....6

PLAK-TOW #13 (Shirley Meech, Apt B-8, 260 Elton Rd., Newark, Del. 19711 - 25¢ - irregular) The "Star-Trek" newsmag, which apparently is continuing even if the show isn't - for the time being, at least. I find the obsessive interest in minor news about characters who appeared in one episode of ST a bit much, but if you're interested in that sort of thing... At least Shirley isn't the GoshWowIsn'tItWonderful sort of teenybopper, so her news items retain at least a touch of sanity.

And the reviewing is over for another issue, thank God. Someone might ask why I read all my fanzines just before reviewing them, if I dislike it so much. Well, mainly because I put off reading them in order to read more interesting material. And I'm out of space for explanations; more on this in the editorial if I think it's worthwhile.

E.J. Carnell, 17 Burwash Road, Plumstead SE 16 London, England

Thank you for your kind words of the 3rd--rerouted through Corgi Books and for the two mentions from Landro 186 which I will pass on to Colin Kapp and Vincent King.

You will be interested to know (and justified) that Don Wollheim and Terry Carr selected Kapp's THE CLCUBUILDERS for their WORLD'S BEST SF 1969 (taken from 1968).

And yes, IWinSF 13 was below my usual standard. I'll look forward to your reactions on No. 14 which will be out from Corgi about June, I think (we are only producing three a year now instead of four and I've just delivered the mss for 16). In 14 Vincent King has a novelette, "The Eternity Game," which is

something of an experiment in technique (and in 15 he has "Report from Linelos" which may move you). I think that he now has as much potential as Keith Roberts had after he settled down to writing. Pleased to report, too, that King's first novel, LIGHT A LAST CANDLE, has been bought by Ballantine Books and will be published here in hardback by Rapp & Whiting. There are a couple of other stories in 14 I liked personally--"If You're So Smart" by Paul Corey (a Californian) and "Tilt Angle" by Ron Mackelworth--apart from a James White "Sector General" story.

Anyhow, I appreciate the mentions in USA, by yourself, Schuy Miller from time to time and in S-F Times. It keeps people in touch with our activities.

[US fans interested in rising young authors should keep an eye on Vincent King. Colin Kapp has been somewhat uneven so far, but his best stories are among the best anywhere. (His one US paperback that I remember was not his best, but then John Brunner put out some pretty cruddy paperbacks at one time, too, and if Kapp produces half as much good fiction as Brunner I'll be satisfied.

RSC/

Ted B. Tom

I notice you did not include Geo. Barr or Jack Gaughan in your list for Best Fan Artist. Is this because of their pro work? I really do not think that they should be excluded on grounds of their pro activity, if this is your reason.

I'm afraid you were a bit confused by the addresses given in Yoric 1, as probably several others were. My address for all fanac is now: 3434 Knollbrook Way, Corvallis, Oregon 97330

[I expressed myself on Gaughan a couple of years ago. However, the reason for not mentioning Gaughan or Barr this time is that they've already won. Fan Hugos are scarcely a life-or-death matter (or even a terribly serious matter), so I figure we should pass the egoboo around as much as possible. In pro awards, I'll vote for what I think is the best, even if it means giving it to the same individual six times in a row. But fans shouldn't take themselves that seriously. (They shouldn't take themselves seriously enough to give themselves awards at all, but as long as they do, let's pass around the glory. RSC/

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

Thank you also for the flattering remarks about THE GOBLIN TOWER and THE DAY OF THE DINOSAUR. You know, the concepts in THE GOBLIN TOWER were not quite so original as one might suppose. For instance, there once was a small kingdom in Indonesia that chose its ruler by just the method I attributed to Xylar. It's in Frazer's GOLDEN BOUGH. The method of governing Othomae, by a Grand Duke and a Grand Bastard, is the method used in medieval Burgundy, which had a Grand Duke and a Grand Bastard, as in the story. The royal palace at Trimandilam is a slightly improved version of the Amber Palace at Jaipur, to which Alan Nourse and I rode up by elephant two years ago. The princess-into-serpent motif is common in the legendry of Southeast Asia. And the Temple of Gorgolor is nought but the church of Hagia Sophia in Istanbul.

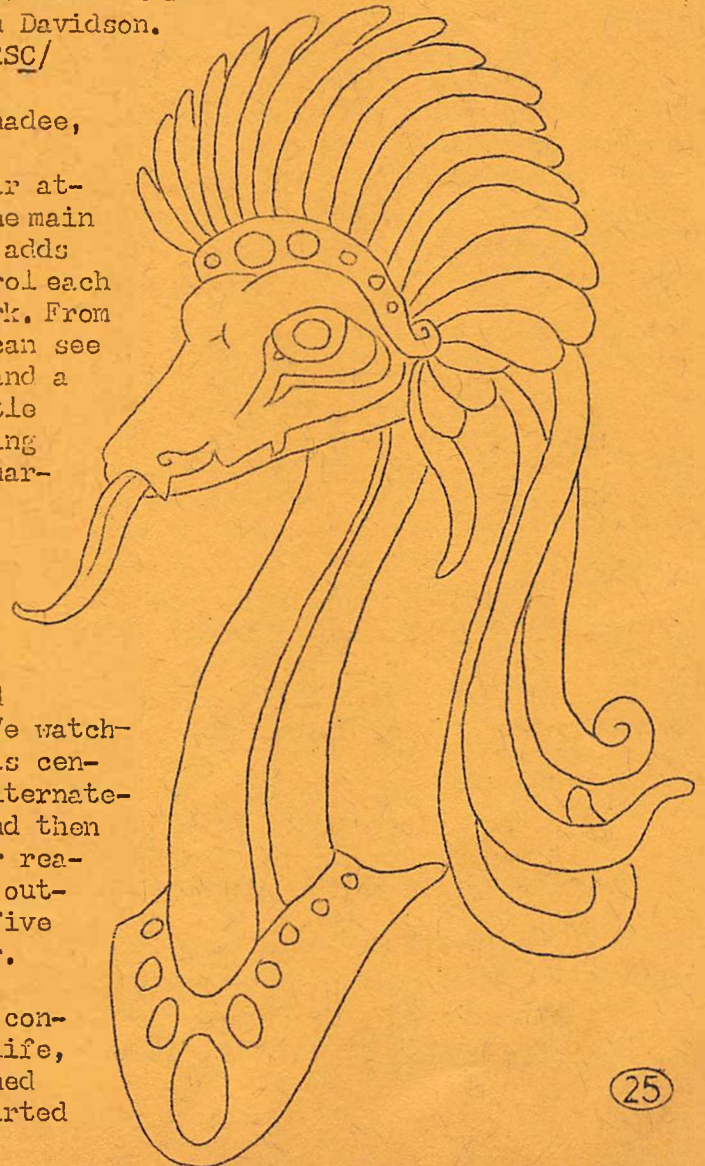
Somebody asked me if Boso and Vanora in the story were based upon a couple of well-known fans. I assured the inquirer that they were not; the thought had never occurred to me, and in any case I didn't know the fans in question well enough to caricature them. I admit, however, that Vanora is based upon somebody I had the doubtful pleasure of knowing many years ago. And Porrex the magician is based upon a man I was once associated with in a business and professional way -- the second biggest crook I have known. Luckily, the association did not long endure.

Well, I recognize a couple of items, so I don't feel entirely stupid (just mostly). I always pride myself on my knowledge of history and archaeology and associated pursuits until I run into someone like de Camp or Avram Davidson. Hard as hell on my bragging. RSC/

Madeleine Willis, 32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, Northern Ireland

You seem, like us, to appreciate clear atmosphere and wide horizons. These are the main reasons why we moved out here, though it adds forty minutes and 30 cents worth of petrol each time Walter makes the return trip to work. From where I am sitting in the front room I can see green lawns stretching down to the sea and a fisherman is just rowing out of the little rock-surrounded bay. Speaking of lightning displays, as Juanita was, we watched a marvelous one just last week. I was out in the backyard fetching a bucket of coal when there was a flash of light. I hurried round to the front of the house and saw what I took to be all of north Lancashire being obliterated in an atomic bomb explosion. I called Walter and he reassured me it was only lightning. We watched for almost an hour. The storm area was centred in the Irish Sea and the flashes alternately lit up parts of the Scottish coast and then ranged down south to Lancashire. Another reason for moving was the golf course just outside our back door. I have just played five holes of golf since starting this letter. Life can be good.

Except that for some reason, probably connected with the upheaval in our way of life, and the numerous visitors I've entertained here recently, my blood pressure has started



acting up again, and I have to go into hospital soon to have various tests. My doctor has a theory that I may have an over-active thyroid gland, and several tests are necessary before they are sure of the diagnosis. I hope Buck's blood pressure is remaining at a safe level. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to find that hypertension is endemic in fans. Think of the enthusiasm it takes to rise up from in front of a nice fire watching television to go and write something for a fanzine, or type stencils and collate far into the night. Walter and I have seen the red light and are taking things easier but it's very hard to retire even a little from fandom as it's part of our way of life, or if my theory is correct, our way of death.

[This was from a letter of comment on Yandro 150. For a few minutes after receiving it I believed everything Alan Dodd has been saying about the British postal service. (But there was another reason for the delay; it wasn't mailed.) I don't have tv to worry about; I don't watch it that much. But there is a reluctance to get busy on something for fandom. Of course, now I have a whole host of ailments to choose from. RSC/

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain.

Whilst still on the subject of the mails I think I must answer that rather bitter letter by Alan Dodd. As he doesn't send out any fanzines I guess he will not have noticed that we did (for the first time) receive a benefit from the PO. I suppose he must have written shortly after the new service started and before it had got over its teething troubles. I don't hear any complaints now. And the 5d service does arrive very promptly. As to the fanzines, sure we no longer have a Printed Paper rate; but the amount of weight allowed for 4d is very generous so that one can send out quite a bulky fanzine. With the old rate you had to restrict the zine to 24 pages--or it cost 6d as this was the next step up in rate. We are even better off with the Overseas Printed Rate--there is now a very low price of 2d, and I have found that one can get 24pp out for that amount. So if I continue to send out a 24pp Scot I find I save money. The bulk of people receiving Scot are Americans and what I save there offsets the extra 1d on the British copies. There is a bonus in that the British ones can be sent sealed. Mind you our PC did a very bad public relations job in presenting this service to the public, and they received such a howl of complaint that some of them blenched. I know because I have a cousin married to a guy who is an Ass't Postmaster. When I told him I was pleased with the new service he nearly sobbed with gratitude!

Goodness knows the film 2001 has been reviewed often enough; but I think this is the first time I've seen someone really write about the book. I've often wondered out loud in Haver if the fanzine editors have thought to send copies to Clarke or Kubrick of the discussions and criticisms but no one has answered. I do hope they did.

Yes, Buck, I can see why you are skeptical of the intelligence of comics' fans!

I can sympathise with Buck saying that after "British and European pontification" "...occasionally Americans feel a perhaps nasty urge to kick back." Certainly that must be the feeling of the reporter I heard on the American Forces Network the other night. He was reporting the Anguilla affair and was quite dripping with sarcasm. Boy, was he enjoying himself! Well, it's only natural. Continual criticism would get anyone down. We all feel defensive about our own country. It is all right to criticise it ourselves, but when someone else does, my how we bristle! It must be a completely universal reaction--to point out the mote in the other guy's eye, 'cos we all do it. I was going to be trite and say, of course two blacks do not make a white, when I reflected that people do not use that expression any more, for obvious reasons. We are all so much more aware of the implication.

Jerry Lapidus's letter interested me. He mentions the WSFS. I thought that had been disbanded? Wasn't that what Anna Moffatt kicked out at the Southgate con? And were not the rules and whatnot to do with this then stomped upon by the rest of fandom? I still have a badge with WSFS on it, but I thought it was just a souvenir now. Would like some enlightenment on this!

/We didn't send a copy to Clarke--anybody know where Clarke is? (I mean, I know he's famous and all, but I still don't fancy sending a Yandro to "Arthur C. Clarke, Ceylon". I suppose Signet would forward, though; we'll see.) That was Juanita talking about kicking back, but I agree. US columnists had a lot of fun out of Anguilla. I was thinking of remarking something to the effect that at least the US picks on somebody large enough to fight back, but I suppose I shouldn't. RSC
In the same line, there was a documentary on US tv some months back featuring the trip of three young American blacks to Ghana. It was an eyeopener to see them particularly the militant boy, getting very stiff and protesting when a Ghanaian college class began spouting about how the US keeps its blacks in utter slavery and how all blacks should emigrate to Africa immediately. JWC/

Reg Smith, 1509 Mar-Les, Santa Ana, California 92706

Your review of de Camp's THE GOBLIN TOWER was of great help to me. I had known the book was out but couldn't find a copy around here, and I didn't want to order a copy by mail until I was sure it was a new work. I had thought that perhaps it was an old book of his retitled. I got a kick out of de Camp's "Envy". He has certainly been writing a lot of verse the last few years, which has ranged in quality from mildly good to really excellent. Arkham House plans to bring out a collection of his verse at some future date.

I thought "Technical and Cost Proposal" was hilarious. I suspect it was a parody of such things written by someone; possibly a parody of Honeywell written by someone who had the good sense to keep his name off of it.

I have a few comments on Knight and Moskowitz. I feel that Moskowitz has been subjected to a lot of unfair criticism over the years. I also feel that Moskowitz has a tendency to be unduly sensitive about this criticism. I would never compare Knight and Moskowitz as far as their contributions to science fiction are concerned. Knight is a critic, while M. is a historian and biographer. M has, of course, reviewed books and offered opinions on various writers and stories, but his main achievement consists of reporting on the history of the field and the lives of the men and women who have made that history. M. is sometimes considered a poor writer. I would disagree with this; to my mind, he is somewhat of an uneven writer. This can easily be shown by his SEEKERS OF TOMORROW. Some of the chapters are somewhat poorly organized and sloppily written. In fact, the book begins with the absurd sentence: "No one pretends that science fiction is the tail that wags the dog in the United States," and ends with the fine sentence: "The fiction whose main concern has always been the shape of the future incontestably still has a future." This shows, to my mind at least, that there is a great difference between the worst and the best writing abilities of Moskowitz. Still, I have enjoyed everything that M has written and feel he got the best of Blish when the two were yapping away at each other in Australian Science Fiction Review a year ago.

Regarding Knight, I feel he is a very witty and perceptive critic, although I don't always agree with him. Sometimes his manner of presenting criticism annoys me. (I believe Ted White remarked on this aspect of Knight in his review in Solon's fanzine Nyarlatotep.)

Probably the most annoying part of Knight's book is where he says, "All the great fantasies, I suppose, have been written by emotionally crippled men." He then lists as examples Robert E. Howard, Lovecraft, and Merritt. Knight is probably right about Howard and HPL, and I am no Merritt fan. I doubt very much, however, that Merritt was "emotionally crippled", and the only evidence Knight has to offer is that Merritt was "chinless, bald and shaped like a shmoo." If Knight is going to criticize writers because of their physical appearance, he should look in the mirror. I'm not sure that he is shaped like a shmoo, but if anyone is bald and chinless, it is Damon Knight.

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

St. Louiscon memberships are at about 550 this early. They come in regularly each week! Goshwow! I heard from a fan recently who, in all seriousness, called it The Monstercon. It's exciting but scary.

Would you believe I too was driving when the Madrid fault acted up and I never noticed it? I just thought my old Dodge was heaving about a bit more than usual. There is a very, very small chance that my husband may be transferred to San Bernadino, California. Probably nothing will come of it, but we are somewhat excited about it. I can't really imagine myself as a west coast fan!

My Michael recently set me back approximately \$13 for a huge box of comic books, 5¢ a copy in a second-hand store. He assures me they are worth at least \$100. I wouldn't be at all surprised.

I had a lot of fun awhile ago at the faculty lunch table. I was telling the nuns about the riot I had seen on tv, paving stones being thrown, signs in evidence, struggles with the police, and the mob singing "We Shall Overcome." There was much tsking and shaking of heads. Someone finally asked me where and who. I said, "Oh, the Catholics in Northern Ireland." There was silence. Nasty of me, wasn't it? I enjoyed it.

We are all pretty much amazed at the proliferation of regional cons and the groups competing for '73. I wonder how many of those groups will still exist by then?

Well, let's hope at least one of the groups still exists by '73. I'm amazed that there are this many fans who want to put on a con at all. They seem to think it's fun, or something. (Or maybe it's the feeling of power and the hope that somebody will refer to them as a ruling power of fandom?) RSC/

Rick Norwood, A&I Box 651, 640 Linden, Riverside, California 92507

New Orleans is bidding for the 1973 Worldcon. In fact, we were the first to announce their bid. Four years in advance does seem a little early for heavy campaigning, though. Some people seem to enjoy the politicking so much that the convention itself becomes secondary. Since you have mentioned the other bidders in Yandro, I would appreciate a plug for the New Orleans bid. And, if you like the idea of a Worldcon in New Orleans, we would value your support.

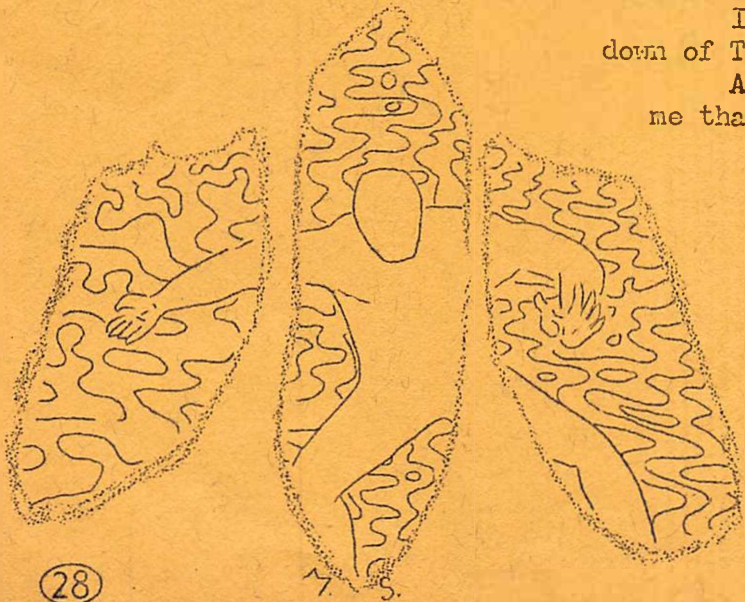
The only item I would add to your Hugo "suggestions" (I would delete a few, though) is "High Weir" by Delany. Insanity has been a stock item in s-f from the mad scientist to the hero driven off the deep end by things too fierce to mention, but with very few exceptions (Farmer, Sturgeon), insanity in s-f has borne no resemblance to insanity in real life. Delany's story is quietly convincing.

I hope you read Asimov's take-off and put-down of THE DOUBLE HELIX in If.

A friend of mine, who is in the NRA, tells me that Nixon has renounced his NRA membership.

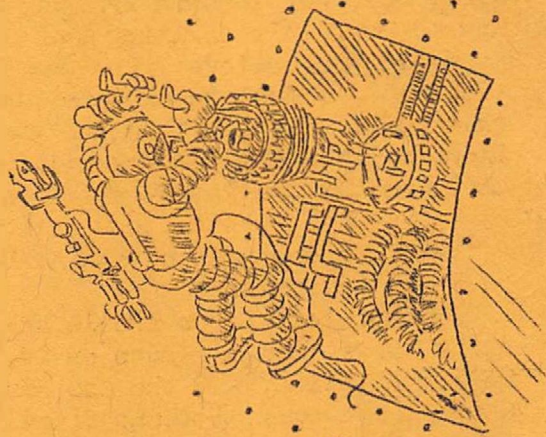
Perhaps the reason ISLE OF THE DEAD is literature and THE GOBLIN TOWER is entertainment is that the reader becomes deeply involved in the former.

Tell me honestly, now, would you have cared one way or the other if de Camp had killed off Jorian in the last chapter? It is good to see de Camp writing fantasy again, though. I found one of his historical novels remaindered and another came out in paperback but I've been unable to get copies of the rest. Every major s-f novel is published in paperback but it seems a lot of "serious"



novels have one hardback edition and then go out of print very quickly. I've been looking for a copy of Judah's CLOWN ON FIRE for almost a year now.

Newsstand browsing pays off. The current Arizona Highways has some of the most beautifully reproduced space photos that I have seen. Adam Stag Humor #4 is an all s-f issue with a comic strip by Rotsler. And Psychology Today, which frequently features sf authors, has an Asimov article and a robot quiz (with all wrong answers, incidentally).



/I cared every bit as much about Jorian as I did about Zelazny's hero, whatever his name was. And I was positive that neither author was going to kill off his hero, anyway. RSC/

Claude Hall, 12 Kenneth Road, Hartsdale, NY 10530

I'm really pretty lousy with a rifle (although I think I could be a fair shot with a pistol because I've always thought that pistol shooting was instinctive and I used to be extremely accurate with a n----shooter. Now, I know that this term is rather ignoble here in the North, but I've never heard any other term used. They are not a slingshot; that is a different weapon); in fact, I'm so bad with a rifle that I had to fire an i-i-l pencil to qualify for shipment overseas when I was in the service.

And, too, there are such things as city ordinances and similar laws that make it unfeasible to carry a gun. The only thing left is personal defense methods such as karate, but I would probably be bad at that.

So, the only thing left is a knife. I picked up the hobby of throwing knives some years ago in the army. Lately, I bought some fancy German-made knives that fit unnoticeably in the inside pocket of my suit jacket. It's true that about five yards is the limit of my toss (Johnny Cash once stated he could throw a knife 10 yards and kill a rabbit, but I doubt it), but it has the advantages of not making as much noise and is cleaner.

I nez< intend to take up the bow and arrow; it, too, has certain advantages over the gun.

I agree with many of the writers in the letter column; Police protection is muchly a myth in the major cities. Isn't that there's not enough police, it's just that most of them are dregs and a majority of them are devoted to handing out parking tickets. After all, parking tickets pay better than arresting villains. A guy gets killed in New York and they may (or may not) assign a detective to look into the situation. King got killed and hundreds of policemen turned out. I just don't believe King was any more important than anyone else. He damned well wasn't as important to me as myself and my family.

I've seen as many as five policemen around a double-parked car they're fizzing to tow away, but try to find a policeman when you need aid. No such animal.

I'm not saying that all cops are bads; all I'm saying is that there is need for personal protection and a man must in many cases defend himself and his by himself.

You can keep your guns, though,

I didn't get too excited about the flowing discussion on the jukebox that played film; it was French as Al Davoren points out, but American artists were used on US version. The tiling that hampered it most was two factors: the fact that most juke operators had too much money invested in present equipment and didn't necessarily want to upgrade to it. Next, people who drink are usually talking to each other and most jukeboxes are in bars; they didn't watch the Scopitone.

However, within the next year or so you'll probably have a device that sits on top of your tv set and you can plug in videotape cartridges of an artist singing or

a Broadway play or a show of "Star Trek" and see it through your tv set. CBS, Ampex, Playtape and several others are working on this. Already have it; just a matter of making it cheap enough for the public.

Joe Siclari, P.O. Box 163, Cocoa Beach, Florida 32931

Since gun-control legislation seems to be a pet peeve of yours (it was once one of mine), I have a question that was once asked of me--If gun licenses could save one life, would they be worthwhile? It is an emotional question and a loaded one, but it is a good and pertinent question.

/In the first place, of course, I don't think registration would save one life. IF it would, well, that would depend on the life. Someone like King, yes; but there aren't too many of us like him. RSC/

Thomas Burnett Swann, Apt. 206, Villa del Mar, 2500 South Ocean Blvd, Boca Raton, Florida 33432

I loved what you said about MCDUST and I appreciate your wanting a longer book, but I wrote a long one once and it was terrible and nobody ever published it!

Decided I should do something about some of these poems I've accepted, so..... RSC

DEATH OF CRASSUS - by - Raymond L. Clancy

Where are the sons of the Parthians?
Who writes their legends today?
The sands of the desert are shifting,
And the shades of the kings blow away.

The mighty bowmen have fled,
Their boasting is lost on the wind.
Their ghosts go galloping dimly,
Loosing their arrows behind.

If the sums of our glories be counted,
By stone-agers under the rain,
What meaning has victor or vanquished?
What difference, the loss or the gain?

TO EDGAR POE

by John Kusske

A tortured and self-hypnotized face
with looming eyes and mind-neglected mouth
crucified on my wall, unframed.
You stare, too drunk with awareness to know manners,
and though your gaze is on me
I know the image of it is not human.
Perhaps the memory of your girl-wife
is strong enough to wring such pain from man,
or maybe the after-effect of a prolonged drunk
has nulled the memory of how features set.
Such things can fuse the insides
of normal humans, but who would link
the author of "To Helen" with Adam?
By writing living literature you display
vulnerability--your tapeworm must be greater;
genius lives only to absorb a super amount of pain
and eventually dissolve in it.

A DICTIONARY OF DIVINATION

For the instruction of divers prophets, seers, thaumaturges, wizards, magicians, and magi, and the bedazzling of the multitude. Being a list of the differing types of divination as recorded in THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES, by the esteemed Peter Mark Roget, scrivened in Boston, 1879.

Aeromancy - by appearances in the air.
Alectryomancy - by a cock picking up grains.

Aleuromancy - by meal.

Alphitomancy - see Aleuromancy.

Anthropomancy - by the entrails of a human sacrifice.

Anthroposcopy - by the features.

Arithmancy - by numbers.

Aruspicy - by sacrificial appearances.

Austromancy - by winds.

Axinomancy - by a balanced hatchet.

Belomancy - by arrows.

Bibliomancy - by the Bible.

Bletonism - by currents.

Botanomancy - by herbs.

Capnomancy - by smoke from the altar.

Catoptromancy - by mirrors.

Ceromancy - by dropping melted wax into water.

Chaomancy - see Aeromancy.

Chiromancy - by the hand.

Cleromancy - by dice.

Coscinomancy - by a balanced sieve.

Cristallomantia - by spirits seen in a magic lens.

Crithomancy - by dough of cakes.

Dactyliomancy - by finger rings or by a suspended ring.

Gastromancy - by ventriloquism.

Geloscopy - by the mode of laughing.

Genethliacs - by the stars at birth.

Geomancy - by dots made at random on paper.

Gyromancy - by walking in a circle.

Halomancy - by salt.

Haruspicy - see Aruspicy.

Heiromancy - by the entrails of animals sacrificed.

Hieroscopy - see Aruspicy.

Hydromancy - by water.

Ichthyomancy - by the entrails of fishes.

Lithomancy - by precious stones.

Meteoromancy - by meteors.

Myomancy - by mice.

Nomancy - by the letters forming the name of the person.

Oneiromancy - by dreams.

Onamancy - see Nomancy.

Onychomancy - by nails reflecting the sun's rays.

Orniscopy - by birds.

Ornithomancy - see Orniscopy.

Ophiomancy - by fishes.

Palmistry - see Chiromancy.

Pegomancy - by fountains.

Pessomancy - by pebbles.

Psephomancy - by pebbles drawn from a heap.

Psychomancy - by ghosts.

Pyromancy - by sacrificial fire.

Rhabdomancy - by a wand.

Sciomancy - by shadows or manes.

Sideromancy - by a red-hot iron.

Sortilege - by drawing lots.

Stichomancy - by passages in books.

Tephrmancy - by writings in ashes.

Theomancy - by oracles.

And I thought I had
things arranged so
both columns would
come out even!

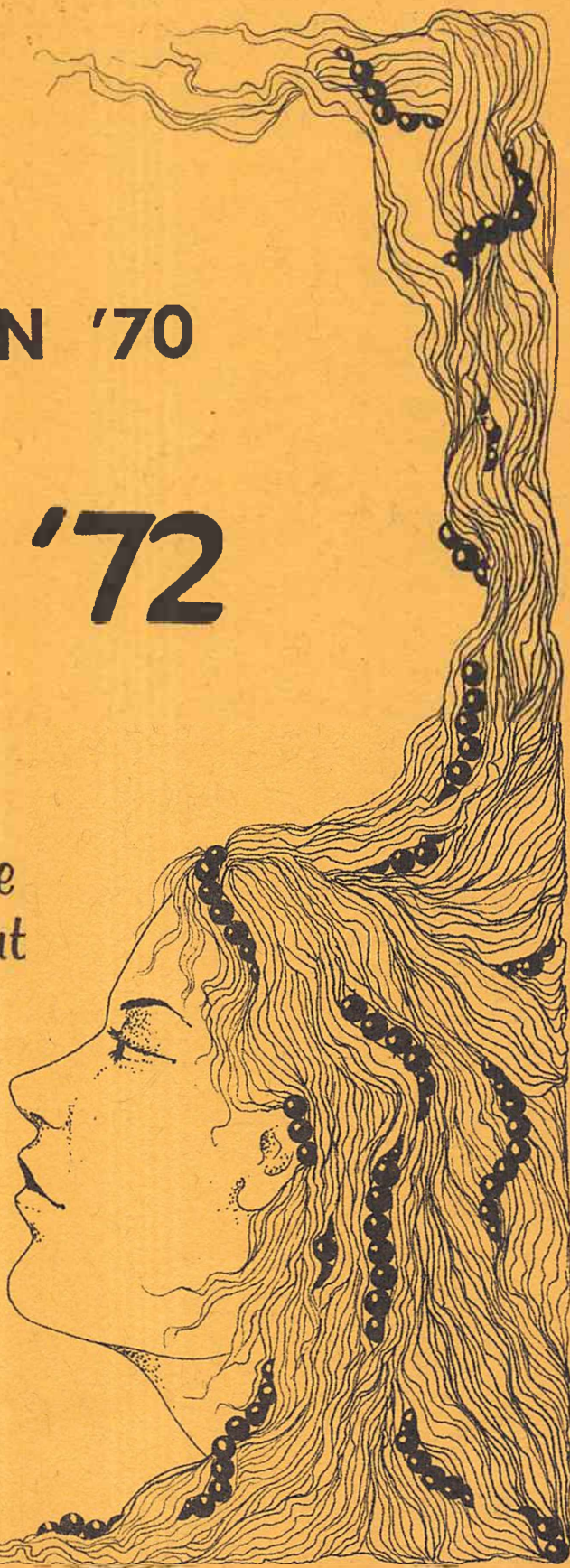
Listen to the Lorelei...

HEIDELBERG IN '70

L.A. IN '72

*...and while we're on the
subject, don't forget about
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THE TRANSATLANTIC FAN FUND

VOTING BALLOT

The candidates:

EDDIE JONES
BOB SHAW
"HOLD OVER FUNDS"

Voting: TAFF uses the Australian Ballot, a vote-counting method with a built in run-off count: On the first "ballot", only first place votes are counted; then, if of 100 votes four candidates get 40-30-20-10, the last one is dropped and the second choices of his 10 supporters become first place votes distributed between the remaining three candidates; this process is repeated until the leading candidate has over 50% of the vote, thus assuring a majority winner.

When voting, rank the candidates in the exact order in which you prefer them.

"Hold Over Funds": This choice, similar to a "No Award" vote in Hugo balloting, gives the voter an opportunity to vote for no TAFF trip in the event that either the candidates don't appeal to him or he feels that TAFF should slow down its program of trips. "Hold Over Funds" may be listed in 1st, 2nd, or 3rd place, just like any other candidate. If the majority vote is against sending over a candidate this year, funds will be held over for the next election.

Continuing Voting Rules: Under no circumstances may a fan vote more than once or enter one candidate's name more than once on a ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret. Write-ins are permitted.

No proxy votes are allowed; each voter must sign his own ballot.

Each candidate has promised that barring acts of God he will travel to the St. Louis Convention on Labor Day, 1969 if elected. In addition, they have posted bond and provided signed nominations. Their platforms are on the reverse of this sheet, along with voting blanks.

Votes must reach TAFF administrators on or before May 31, 1969. The result of this election will be announced as soon as possible after this date.

Owing to British Currency Regulations which make it difficult for Tom Schluck to collect money from the UK, British voters are requested to send their votes and money to Ethel Lindsay, who has kindly agreed to handle the British kitty.

AMERICAN ADMINISTRATOR:

Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave.,
NYC 10028, USA

EUROPEAN ADMINISTRATOR:

Thomas Schluck, 3 Hannover,
Georgswall 5, Germany

BRITISH ADMINISTRATOR:

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House,
6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton,
Surrey England

To be eligible to vote, you must contribute a minimum of five shillings or one dollar to the Fund, and have been active in s.f. fandom prior to September, 1967. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted, you bet. Money orders or checks should be payable to the Administrator --not to TAFF.

null-a press

TAFF

CANDIDATES' PLATFORM

EDDIE JONES

Knight Armourer of St. Fanthony, Hon. ex-chairman of LaSFaS, active member of the Liverpool Group, and British Fandom's Finest Artist, is highly eligible for TAFF. He's been illustrating fanzines since '55, pro-mags since '56... in England, Germany, U.S.A, and Australia... He's been to every British Convention of recent years, and twice attended German-cons; a very convivial type to have around, a good conversationalist and excellent company, with a wide knowledge of old and new s-f and fanac. As a photographer, antique weapon collector, model-maker, and tape-recordist, his interests are wide. And, although he likes to keep it secret, he is an excellent writer. An ADMIRABLE TAFF choice, the only Harrison Approved Candidate running or standing.

Nominated by: Eric Bentcliffe, Ethel Lindsay, Terry Jeeves, Gary Kluepfel, Ray Fisher, Dick Lupoff, and Rick Sneary.

BOB SHAW

Anyone who remembers Slant, Hyphen or The Enchanted Duplicator will know himself fortunate to be able at last to vote for Bob Shaw in TAFF. But fans who have never heard of these, or even missed Bob's later contributions, know that fandom still owes much to him for the inventiveness and originality which has been inspiring other fans for twenty years. In every good fanzine there is something of Bob Shaw. Now is fandom's chance to meet one of its all-time greats, heavily disguised as an unpretentious, easy-going and engaging character, in whose company life has a way of somehow becoming more interesting.

Nominated by: Ken Bulmer, Ella Parker, Arthur Thomson, Walt Willis, Doug Lovenstein, Bob Tucker, and Harry Warner Jr.

I VOTE FOR:

(first place) _____

(second place) _____

(third place) _____

SIGNED:

address: _____

I ENCLOSE THE SUM OF _____ AS A CONTRIBUTION TO TAFF.

If you think your name may not be known to the administrators (in order to qualify for voting), please give the name & address of a fan or fangroup to whom you are known: _____

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