



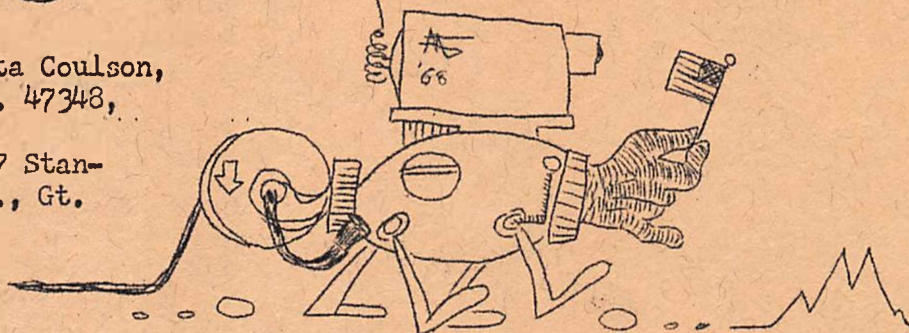


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## ARTWORK

Cover by Richard Flinchbaugh

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Notice to fan historians, collectors, and nosey types. We have, at this writing, the original stencils for the Piser reprint of Pavlat's FANZINE INDEX. If anyone wants these, and is willing to pay shipping charges, they can have them. Otherwise they are going to be thrown out in the near future. Old stencils burn very nicely.

Don't believe we received any "Star Trek" material this past month...err; yes, we did, too. From Derek Nelson and Hank Davis. The flow seems to be drying up, though. Incidentally, after my idle query about the continuance of INSIDE STAR TREK, we got a letter from Dorothy Parmenter, saying that Ruth Berman had completed the editing chores for everything up to and including issue #12, and those would all appear. After that the fanzine will presumably fold; however, Star Trek Enterprises will continue selling souvenirs as long as they get orders, and apparently they are still getting them in quantity.

Just received OSFAN with the Hugo nominees; I see we finally broke our string, and for the first time YANDRO isn't on the final ballot. More on this in the next issue; I'll have room to discuss them. (In the meantime, was that a cheer I heard back there?)



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A few minutes ago I was wondering how I'd be able to tear myself away from the television set long enough to write an editorial for this issue -- but fortunately for my dilemma, Apollo 10 has signed off for now with a half-promise to come back on the ...air?...in about 3 hours and hopefully give us a shot of the approach to the Moon.

Beryl Mercer expressed it in print about Christmas time, and Kay Anderson did the same in a recent letter to me -- but I must repeat their thoughts and add my own underlining: It is a marvelous thing to be alive at this time in human history. (I know that may coggle some of our doom-sayer readers, but I sincerely mean it. There

have been worse times throughout this planet's history for such things as poverty, hunger, war, and even annihilation of the species, startling as that may seem to some hypnotized by possibilities of nuclear destruction. But this step outward is the sort of thing that will be noted in future history tapes -- and I believe there will be a future for the species -- with a dash and a special notation: "1957 - 1970? -- Beginnings of interplanetary flight." It might even be worth a little mark in those humility-stimulating charts showing the progression of life on this planet from the Eocene.) Mostly, I am grateful I lived long enough to see this and sincerely hope nobody allows a disaster -- and one is bound to happen to us or the Russians (a big and much ballyhooed one, I mean) -- to discourage us. It would be like turning our backs on the development of the printing press. I think the potentials may be equally great, perhaps in ways we cannot yet begin to comprehend.

To mingle the sublime and ridiculous, I'll cast a little juju and hope by the time you read this crew and craft will be back after a totally successful venture, which must be a prelude to even more spectacular achievements.

To more....no, not mundane, but fannish things. This issue was produced, barring an unlikely explosion during these last four stencils, on a BDC M4 Rex electric. Now all you connoisseurs of Rexes and mimeographs out there may sneer if you wish, but I'm very pleased. There are some things I need to learn about electric mimeo operation, obviously, and there will be bad pages. But I don't think there's anything I can't master fairly shortly. And after rassing with the multilith, it is such a marvelous sensation to turn on something electric and actually have it print something. I am still awed by the small amount of time I've spent mimeoing this issue, even allowing for a few difficulties with paper and inking that required occasional spacing out with manual operation until I discovered the bug. I began mimeoing at 3pm yesterday, and was well done with all but four pages before noon this morning -- not allowing an early start or a late run. And my arm isn't even sore. Darn thing even runs envelopes if you talk to it sweetly.

At a euphoric guess, I would say we would once more be open for reviews, unless Buck has overruled me on the contents page -- which precedes this but will be typed afterwards. Electric mimeoing makes the whole process ridiculously easy. It doesn't really seem fair. But maybe after this many years of cranking I can afford a bit of rest without feeling excessively guilty.

As for the multilith, I'm sure some multiliths are lovely machines, and the end products beautiful. But I've had three mimeos now, and I'm afraid I'm permanently convinced that silk screen mimeos are my thing.

Even if I did have a reservation or two when I discovered this machine was called an M-4. Perhaps the D stood for Daystrom? Ah, but this one, while not perfected, at



least seems to know I'm the boss. And if a bit of trouble occurs, it quits now when I shut it off, not five ruined sheets of paper and a torn master later.

On the same vein of which, two STAR TREK items here. The STAR TREK Concordance is now available from Bjo Trimble, 417 N. Kenmore Ave., Los Angeles, California 90004. Price is \$5 plus 25¢ handling. Though I might quibble with a few of Dorothy Jones' (the author) assumptions and/or interpretations, as a memento of the show, this is most impressive. If you want to recall a particular something or other, this could save you mad searching through your tapes, or provide the answer cold if you didn't make tapes. It is photo-offset (under conditions that, I gather, almost approached our traumatic battles with our own multilith), profusely and well illustrated by people like George Barr, Alicia Austin, Tim Kirk, Tim Courtney, etc. 84 pages (and this is small type face, remember), in sturdy covers with brass fasteners -- just as well: I'd hate to see staples wrecking this. If you fall in love with a drawing, you could, if so inclined, separate the pages and frame your favorite.

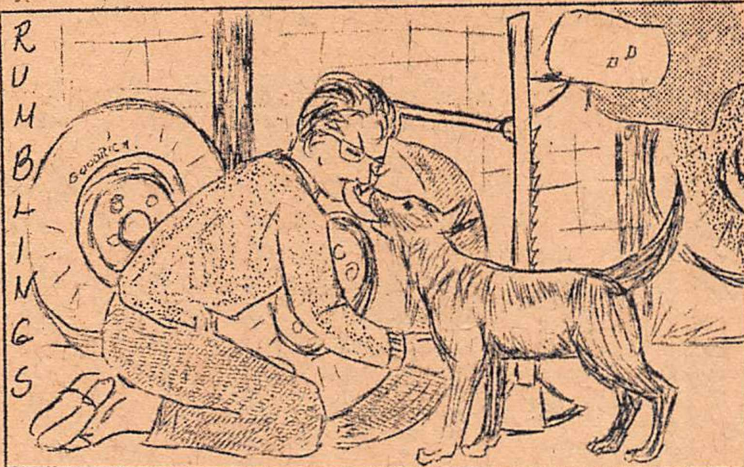
Also on the STAR TREK scene, we have a letter here from Dorothy Parmenter of Lincoln Enterprises. (Or Star Trek Enterprises, if you prefer.) She's responding to our idle wondering about the fate of the show's fanzine Inside STAR TREK. We wondered if it would continue with the show going off the air in late August or early September, and on the fate of the catalogs and film sales. She says they will keep going with In-side Star Trek for the projected 12 issues before folding. And as for sales of film clips and similar items, they will continue as long as there are orders for the materials -- which are still coming in, incidentally. The film will, of course, dwindle pretty rapidly with no more coming in. If you're inclined toward souvenirs, clips make dandies, and I would suggest you get them now.

Heicon '70 ad this issue was supplied us already on electrostencil by Hans-Werner Heinrichs, who promises to be in St. Louis. In amidst the Perry Rhodan fans over there in my ancestral homeland, there are presumably some real solid people who want the world con very much next year. Fine by me....as long as Tabakow and company keep the Midwestcon running I can make it through a lean con-going season.

Some months back -- I saved the clipping -- Ft. Wayne had one of these marvelously fuggheaded incidents which make compassionate taxpayers grit their teeth. (Compassionate in that they believe kids shouldn't go hungry and people who really need monetary help should get it, but please, fellas, let's not throw the money around like it's free bubblegum. It's my money.) A recent widower got himself a big sob feature in the paper, claiming discrimination and no help from various local charitable and government agencies. (The family involved is white, by the way, to forestall speculation.) He was 39, had 11 kids (including a 5-year old retarded epileptic kept in a crib all day), a new baby (his wife died a week earlier, in childbirth), a large mortgage and the usual pile of debts. His oldest daughter was currently out of school with a nervous breakdown, or something identified as such. I can well imagine. She's now expected to serve as a little mother for all her siblings, including a new baby, which is a bit much at 15. The burden of that story and the followups was did or did not the father exhaust his appeals to charitable organizations and did or did not they actually turn him down. The part which rather annoyed me was a certain onesidedness to all the features. Every report put government agencies, church agencies, United Fund et. al. on a strong defensive. Absolutely nothing was said, even mutteringly, about why this man and his dead wife had felt it their solemn right to breed themselves into a corner. If the 15-year old girl is not retarded, I wonder if she will not emerge from all this with not only a violent conviction against childbirth and its possible dangers and attendant miseries, but a permanently warped attitude toward the married state in general. I'm aware I'm stepping on some religious toes, but I do not see how man's soul -- essence, dignity, whatever you wish to call it -- is in the slightest served by this sort of thing. Rather than curtail something like our reach for the Moon, how about doing something to educate our species in the intelligent use of the land and resources available to us by not burying those under our own bodies and their by-products?

JWC





Big news, of course, is the new mimeo. (Well, the big news is that Juanita has sold a sword-and-sorcery novel to Dell.) But the big news concerning YANDRO is the new mimeo. Juanita will undoubtedly have more to say about it in her editorial. What I mainly want to say is that several people have, over the past months, said, "I'd like to have the mag, but with your production problems and all, I don't feel that I should subscribe." Well, now you can subscribe if you want to. Certainly anyone who is thoughtful enough to avoid compounding our circu-

lation problems is the sort of person we welcome among the readers. (And if you were using our problems as an excuse for not subscribing; sorry, chum.) We would still prefer to not be reviewed. If the Rcx works as well as we expect, we can let people review YANDRO to their heart's content. But then, I thought that about the Multilith. We'll wait and see how this issue comes out.

Concerning the novel; this is the one that a few fans read in its initial version, so these many years ago. It's had a rather incredible career among the pro editors, including two who passed it on to other editors rather than either buying or rejecting outright. (We had visions of it becoming the most widely read unpublished sf novel in the country, or maybe a 100,000 word quote card.) But it finally sold - perseverance pays! - and we even have part of the money, which went to pay off various elderly bills. Working title of the book is WAR OF THE WIZARDS, but Dell may well re-title it before publication.

Some issues back, I mentioned the possibility of turning "Strange Fruit" into a separate fanzine. Several fans wrote in approving of the idea. Unfortunately, after publicly considering the idea, I began to have second thoughts. Mainly on the work involved. First, it would mean an entirely separate mailing list. This would mean either using a different system from that which has painfully been evolved for YANDRO, or buying another set of the plastic address holders that I use for YANDRO addresses. Even after I got them (from a German fan or Billy Pettit, since they are for the Rena addressers) there would be the problem of storing them. The YANDRO files fit quite nicely into a desk drawer; to fit another set of files in would require disposing of some of the other junk in my desk drawers, and most of that junk is material I want to keep handy. Then, until I worked up to a domestic circulation of 200 or better, there would be postal costs of nearly twice what I pay for YANDRO, for a smaller magazine. Now, this isn't to say that I couldn't overcome all these objections, if I wanted to. But the result would be a little fanish goodwill purchased at the expense of extra time and money, and right now it doesn't seem worth it. (But I'm still thinking; I might come up with something yet.)

This issue is being published on "Pacon Fibre Mimeo" paper. (Mostly; we still have a few reams of Twill-Tex left over from an old Mishek order.) If it works out, most future issues will also be published on this. Supplier is Butler Paper Co., of Ft. Wayne. Cost is equivalent to Mishek's regular prices plus shipping; a little less, actually. It won't quite match Mishek's twice-yearly sale prices, but scraping up the cash to buy 50 reams at a time to last from one sale to the next was a problem. Service is incredible, compared to Mishek or Vari-Color. Normal delivery time is under a week, and if we call up and request 10 reams delivered tomorrow; we get it. Reason is that Butler delivers paper to the industries for their paperwork; a truck comes down once a week. Price is competitive; we told them what we were paying Mishek, and the salesman offered us a comparable price - especially when we mentioned using 100 reams a year. Now, Butler won't do you much good unless you live in this area. But any medium-sized city (Ft. Wayne was 160,000 at the last census) should support a similar firm. If you want cheap paper and good service, find out where your local businesses



buy their paper. (Of course, you have to buy in 10-ream lots, at least; no calling up and asking for a ream and a half. But if you have the paper, maybe you'll publish more.)

And if you want mimeo supplies slightly below list, remember that Juanita and I are Speed-O-Print dealers. We can supply stencils for about any mimeo made, shading plates, lettering guides, etc. Service will be slow because we don't stock the stuff ourselves (though if you buy one brand of stencils regularly, we will), but cost including mailing to you will be below list. (In a big city, you can probably buy below list locally. But fans in smaller towns can't.) Oh yes, Speed-O-Print also makes a line of spirit duplicating supplies. Prices and details on request.

Several people, including Alex, caught and commented on my typo of RITE OF PASSION for RITE OF PASSAGE. Sorry about that, Alex. It wasn't a deliberate joke; just an inspired typo.

Bill Conner mentions that he's doing science writing lately, and that no wonder Asimov always looks so cheerful and prosperous. Apparently the pay is pretty good. (Why does everyone always get more pay than I do? A co-worker was commenting that lawyers around here get \$20 per hour. If you have to see one, talk fast.)

One of the words that everyone seems to interpret differently is "friend". I suppose I am abnormally chary of using it, but it seems to me that a friend is, or should be, something more than a coworker you go bowling with, or a next-door neighbor that you aren't actually hostile to, or even a fan who you don't know very well but have not had any disagreements with yet. I suppose my occasional public comments that I have only half a dozen friends in fandom may have confused a few people. I didn't mean that there were less than 10 people in fandom that I can stand the sight of. A friend has to be something more than a casual acquaintance. (Last summer sometime I was trying to pick out some criteria for separating "friends" from "friendly acquaintances" and Juanita said "A friend is somebody you'd loan money to". (Which actually pretty much covers it; though perhaps I also have more of a fondness for money and other scarce items than most fans. Fortunately, all my friends make more money than I do, so the point is academic.) Also, in my case, a friend is someone who I will graciously (well, more or less) accept a favor from, even a favor that I didn't particularly want. I can think of few things that annoy me more than unsolicited advice, or "help". (Solicited advice and help is something else; when I have a problem, I am capable of yelling help.) I still recall one snowy morning in Wabash when I was rocking my car through a drift and a neighbor came over and "helped" me; I have never been so furious with anyone in my life. Why? Because he implied that I wasn't capable of doing the job myself, and I was doing it; in fact I'd broken loose some moments before he began pushing. Any help is degrading; a man who starts a job should be capable of finishing it. Sometimes it is necessary and thus acceptable. Sometimes it isn't, and those times I damned well don't want it. (I am not referring to any recent incident; I am trying to fill up a stencil.) So, as one result of this attitude; if any of you ever want my help, I may be quite happy to lend it, but you will have to ask. I will not insult you by offering help before you ask. (A friend, however, can offer unwanted help without my taking offense, and I may even offer it to them. Friendship is beyond social conventions.)

Readers who feel like it may now offer Juanita condolences for having to live with me.....

Clippings: Alan Dodd sends one mentioning that Spanish and Japanese artists are forging Nazi souvenirs for the collectors. Are they still honorary Aryans? Gene DeWeese sends on on how to spot tornados with your tv set. Dennis Lien sends a headline - FAMED LENS MAN BACKS REVOLUTION. Boskone strikes again. Someone (George Wells?) sent an item about 50 people being injured at a "Decency Rally". DeWeese offers the final installment of the Milwaukee book affair; circuit judge Maurice Sprackler ruled that the county sheriff did not have to sell any items which lowered the dignity of his office, and that a sheriff's sale of dirty books came in that category. Lien again, with a provocative classified ad; "Atlantis is Rising in Tucson." And that does it; with a bit of luck the next issue will appear in about one month.

RSC



# ...and now a word about commercial science fiction

FROM dave locke -----

I just can't get enough of television these days. For me, this is truly the great golden age, because I haven't seen such stuff parading across the screen since Howdy Doody went off the air. Of course, I don't mean to compare today's tv fare with Howdy Doody; that was a truly bad show. But I didn't think so at the age when I was watching it.

Being a really genuine science fiction admirer, now that sf and fantasy have taken over the bulk of television's offerings I feel like rolling around the room with glee (and with my build, that's my normal means of transportation anyway).

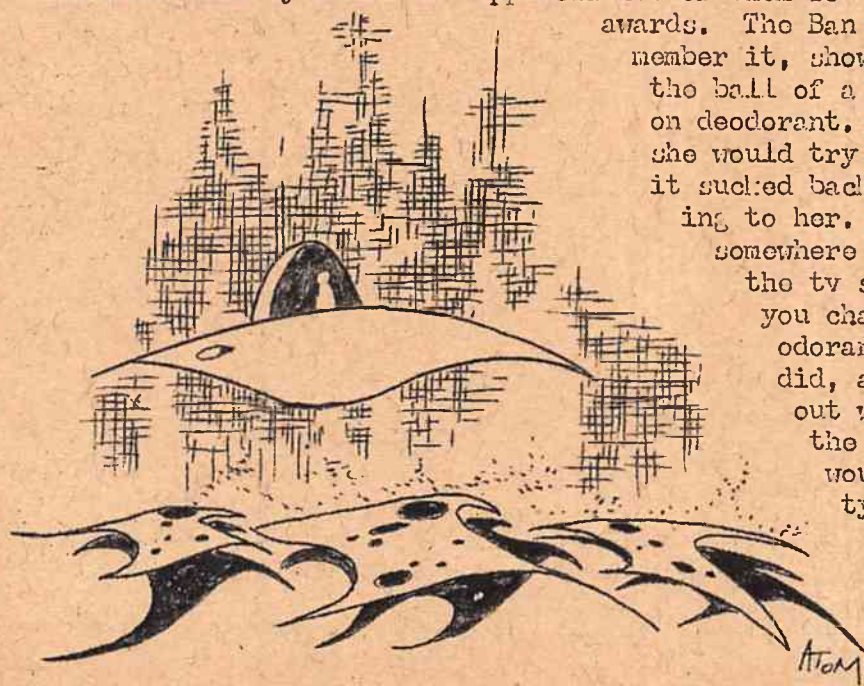
Everyone these days has been writing about Star Trek, and a few have even had things to say about Lost In Space. However, I don't intend to daniel boone the ground that everyone else has already covered. People have virtually ignored the vast - a perhaps 98% - majority of science fiction and fantasy that tv daily offers up to all of us, and I fully intend to step up and recognize this great unsung source.

The science fiction and fantasy commercial.

Many of you don't really recognize these commercials for what they are. Well, we all know what they are, but do we realize the basic sci-fi content of them? Of course we don't, not all of us, and that's why I'm writing this. I intend to give you a brief appreciation course, fully illustrated with examples and laced throughout with a brilliant insight so that you too can in the future better recognize these commercials for what they are. Much better.

Science fiction in commercials probably was initiated with an ad for Ban deodorant which appeared some years back. You may remember it, or you may remember my writing about it before. I was fascinated, and considered nominating it for a Hugo. It was then I realized that not many fans would understand why I considered it eligible, and so I never brought up the subject of an award. However, now that these commercials are appearing in such great numbers I feel something should be done in order to make fandom more fully aware and appreciative of them so that they may be considered for awards. The Ban commercial, in case you don't remember it, showed a woman lying belly down across the ball of a thirty-foot high bottle of a roll-on deodorant. I felt despair in my soul as she would try to lift a limb free only to have it sucked back down by the gunk that was clinging to her. A great, booming voice hidden somewhere in the background between me and the tv screen would come on and say "Are you chained to sticky, messy roll-on deodorants? Break free!" But she never did, and I watched every day to find out whether she would be drowned by the slimy monster from the bottle or would break free and die from a thirty-foot fall.

The science fiction content here may not be obvious, except for my mention of the "slimy monster". It's purely guesswork on my part that the sticky stuff in the bottle is sentient, but at any rate it must be deduced





that the bottle and its contents are the products of the evil genius of some mad scientist. This is an elementary deduction, since science is responsible for roll-on deodorant and only a mad scientist or the green giant's little people could be responsible for a bottle of the stuff that size.

This type of drama makes us reflect upon the early days of sf, when scenes of this ilk were in vogue. It is of course too bad that sf commercials on television had to start at the same level, but at least they started somewhere and they've progressed muchly since this commercial was aired.

Today, the veteran watcher of television commercials will undoubtedly have seen such recent beauties as the spaceman who is confronted by a batch of potato chips. In the course of his analysis to determine their usefulness he sticks one in his eye, one in his ear, and finally one in his mouth. The science fiction content here is obvious, but perhaps not so obvious in the potato chip commercial which demonstrates the inherent dangers in noisy potato chips. This one shows a man telling us that there is no danger in eating the noisiest potato chips in the world, and then he puts one in his mouth and starts chewing. Almost immediately his entire head is fissured with hairline cracks and with a tinkling sound it separates into many pieces and falls to the floor.

In my opinion these potato chips are the means to conquer of an insidious plot by aliens to take over the world. Delicately tuned so that when chewed the resulting vibrations can destroy human flesh, the potato chips are a very dastardly product of alien science and ingenuity.

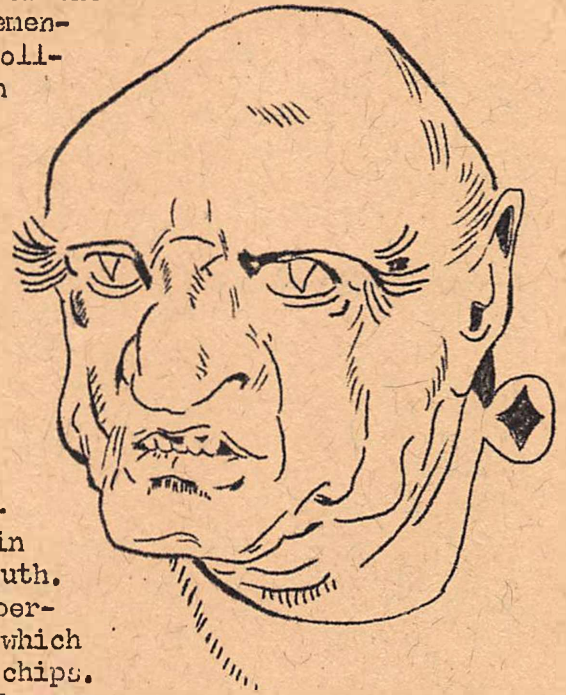
The aliens themselves are on earth and creating havoc amongst our police forces, as witness the Ajax commercial where we see these aliens as wild tornados which hide themselves in bottles of Ajax liquid cleanser whenever the police close in. Sometimes the law is even aware of this, but due to the strong scent of ammonia which these aliens exude the police are repelled whenever they approach one of these alien's hiding place.

Very similar, but more in the fantasy vein, is the delightful commercial about the bottle of dishwashing liquid which is constantly changing itself into a dove and flying into bedrooms. This little cutie has much potential, and it could be realized if the makers of today's movies could get ahold of it and complete it with the type of weird and perverted ending which it deserves.

Another delightful fantasy which has been running for some time now and must have achieved a great measure of success is the whimsical commercial where many women are talked into believing that they can make their hands soft by soaking them in dishwashing liquid. Once they are convinced that this is possible they raise no objections to having a manicurist publicly soak their hands in a paper container of the stuff. This is truly a modern classic.

Dishwashing liquid may indeed make hands soft, but not soft and lovely. It would be more of a dead, bloated kind of soft. Of course, in this commercial, (which had many variations) we sometimes actually see women whose hands are soft and lovely supposedly due to this dishwashing liquid. Pure fantasy, of course.

Or perhaps not. There may be some sort of telepathic ability at work here, causing these women to see their hands as being beautiful when actually they're not. I suspect that if this is indeed a science fiction rather than a fantasy type commercial that we may one day see the conclusion of this dramatic but insidious plot. Many women hold key positions in the security and defense of our country and our world. This may be a story of alien invaders who, through the use of telepathic powers and a dangerous chemical, are deceiving the women of the world until the day when, due to this dishwashing liquid, the hands of all the women in the world will rot and fall off, leaving our world at the mercy of treacherous extraterrestrials.





Then again, women may be turned into stone and we may have already witnessed the finale of this drama. I refer not to cold women but to a shirt commercial wherein a great and tall being in a wild, unearthly colored shirt enters a room filled with people who have been turned into stone statues. Of course, there are men in this room too, but perhaps the touch of a hand which has been constantly soaking in dishwashing liquid is enough to cause a man to turn into a stone also.

Romantic fantasy is present on television in at least two commercials which I've seen. One is a takeoff on lovers blowing kisses, and this one in all its many variations shows a girl constantly blowing kisses at her lover. And they all hit him! We see her lover literally rocked by the blow of the kisses hitting him and when he turns his face we can all see the lipstick on his cheek. This is truly a lovely, light little piece of froth that I am sure has endeared itself to all who have seen it.

The other romantic fantasy concerns the ancient idea of a love potion, but it has taken the idea and redone it in an entirely modern setting. I've seen three or four different versions of this particular commercial, but they are all basically the same. Each one starts out with a girl crying and emoting hatred at her fiance, who is emotionally appalled that she has given him back her engagement ring. At this point an old witch trails after the fleeing girl until she catches her some place and they are completely alone. The witch then produces a bottle of ruby-colored love potion which she tells the girl to take. The next scene shows the girl and her lover kissing and then leaving the church where they have been married.

I found this a fine example of short fantasy drama, and considering its length it contained many features usually found only in much longer stories. Comedy relief is one such feature, and this was introduced by the witch in her attempt to take the girl into her confidence. There were such lines as "My boyfriend said my breath was enough to kill a moose" and "my breath was the major cause of air pollution" and "my breath would make an onion cry".

Truly, this was a remarkable achievement in short drama.

I think perhaps my readers now have the drift of this lesson in commercial appreciation. A person can always more fully enjoy something when he is totally aware of all its inherent meaning. A certain rapport must be established with the true message that these commercials are attempting to present. I know of people who are so completely unknowing of the great science fiction and fantasy content of commercial drama that they turn off their ears and sometimes even the television set whenever a commercial appears. I find this totally appalling, and have great pity for these people who know not what truly excellent viewing that they miss.

By now you should be able to spot the sf and fantasy commercials by yourselves. I am sure that your hindsight, inspired by my lessons, has already brought to mind the magic carpet theme in the commercial about the children who fly across their mother's kitchen floor on little plastic plates so that they will not harm the bright wax shine.

And then there is the one in which telepathic ability has been developed to the point where a man, without looking, can stick his hand outside a train window and catch a pack of cigarettes which have been accidentally knocked off the train by someone in another car.

Who knows, with the new wave of appreciation which I have inspired there may be a totally new look to the Hugo presentations next year.

Happy viewing.

-----  
Sports headline: BIG TEN ALTERS ALIEN ATHLETE RULE  
-----

NEW ADDRESSES:

Dennis Lien, Lake Park, Minnesota 56554 (June 1 to Sept. 1)

Robert Joseph, 1559 Eddington Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44118

Joseph Siclari, 3012-14 Boardwalk, Wildwood, N.J.

Larry & Noreen Shaw, 386 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10016

and Hank Davis mentioned a new army address coming up, but he doesn't know what it will be.

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Membership in the N.A.A.C.P. is \$2 for adults, \$1 for students age 17-21, plus \$1.50 for a subscription to THE CRISIS. Address: NAACP, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019  
We're renewing our membership; how about you? RSC



# SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY FILM REVIEW: 1968

by

RICHARD DELAP

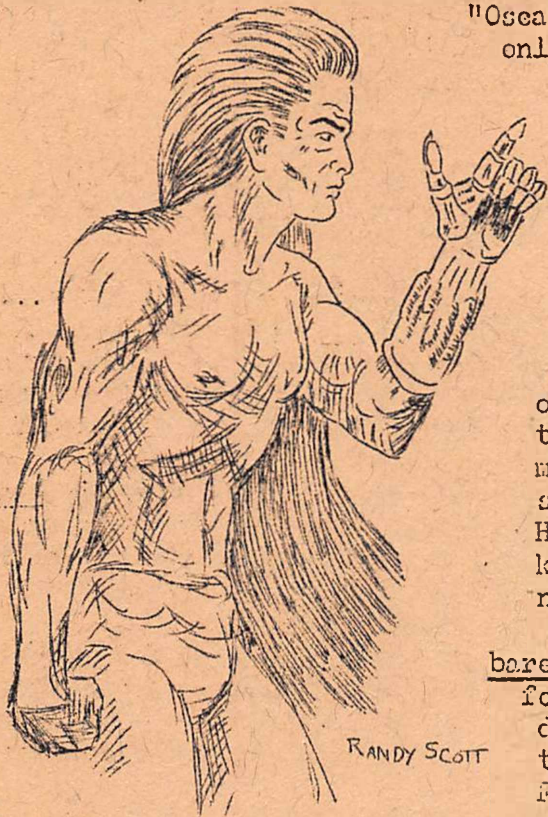
I ended last year's film review by saying "Perhaps 1967 wasn't a memorable year... but 1968 at least promises to be something else." And so '68 has been something else, more even than I anticipated. Fewer films were released (approximately 20, plus some borderlines) but (surprise!) sf/fantasy is suddenly the biggest thing to hit the market since the Bardot imports, and five films, in a year's time, have been setting records all across the country.

The first bonanza came with 20th Century Fox's film version of Pierre Boulle's Planet of the Apes, starring Charlton Heston, Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans and Roddy McDowall, none of whom are considered guaranteed boxoffice draws. A good cast and sharp technical credits (including \$1,000,000 worth of ape make-up) helped make the transfer of Boulle's slick satire a generally good one. The one drawback was the inability of scripters Michael Wilson and Rod Serling to resist littering the dialogue with simple-minded man/monkey analogies, the kind that make the kiddies feel intelligent and the intelligent furious. The plot may have been old-hat to sf buffs, but it was entirely way-out to general audiences, and overall there seemed to be something in it for everyone to appreciate.

1968 will be remembered as the year of MGI's 2001: A Space Odyssey...and not only by science-fiction enthusiasts, who were as divided on the film as the nation's critics, if not more so. The confused screams of some New York reviewers forced director Stanley Kubrick to partially forego his steady but slow pace by trimming a good twenty minutes from the final print (the critics' division is even more clear at this time as 2001 has appeared on about half the 'Best 10' lists). The film shows how many so-called intelligent people, products of a "solid" educational background, can remember things in a whiz (names, places, keyboard numbers) but freak-out into blubbering hysteria when forced to THINK; and since 2001 gives a less-than-Walt Disney view of a world of flesh-and-blood automatons, it's easy to see why they got upset. One can also see how the unearthly beauty of technology at its peak -- those scenes of the spaceships moving against the stars to the strains of "The Blue Danube" are surely the most stunning technical achievement yet in cinema -- could blind the human race to the darkness waiting at this dead end. Even more terrifying, look about you and what do you see? Shudder, and pray that Kubrick/Clarke's projected resolution is close to truth. The Cinema screen makes the technical dazzlements of solarization, color replacement and brilliant miniature work a festival for the eye; but it's the brain that gets the most electric stimulation from this careful, artist's rendering of denatured humanity and the rescue that may come (hopefully) only with time. This one's a major masterpiece, and a minor miracle.

Both Knife In The Water and Repulsion, excellent studies in aberrant psychology, showed that their director, Polish-born Roman Polanski, was a filmmaker to watch closely. There was a brief flurry of publicity at the year's beginning when MGI exercised its final-cut option and "butchered" (according to Polanski) the print of his The Fearless Vampire Killers ("Or: Pardon Me, But Your Teeth Are In My Neck"). Perhaps they should have listened to him since the film went on to become one of the most disastrous flops of the year, unable to secure even brief playdates in much of the country. Producer William Castle, noted for a long line of abysmal horror melodramas such as Mr. Sardonicus, Macabre, Straightjacket, etc., signed Polanski to direct the Paramount film version of Ira Levin's bestselling novel of satanism and witchcraft, Rosemary's Baby. Again, the money started pouring into boxoffices. Although a bit too glossy and burdened with some laughably obvious sponsor tie-ins, Rosemary's struggle to save her unborn child from the satanist dangers permeating the old N.Y.C. apartment house in which she and her husband live was chillingly portrayed by Mia Farrow, giving the





performance of her life (she's already being spoken of in "Oscar" terms). The rape-by-the-Devil scene was eye-opening only explicit, and weakening local censorship gave someone the nerve to use the word "shit" in dialogue, the first such use from a Hollywood major. (I hear they wanted to use the word "f\*\*\*," but I guess it's hard to say asterisks?)

Wild In The Streets, a risky but successful high-budget try from small-time American International (no longer quite so small), who slapped on the awful title because it was left over from a film that never got made, was a Robert Thom script about the teenagers of America getting out of hand; so out of hand, in fact, that they take over the entire country, lock, stock and LSD barrel, remaining in control right up to the witty climax which suggested they won't for long. Good performances by Hal Holbrook and Christopher Jones plus a few others kept the whole thing buoyant if never believable enough to be very unsettling.

Paramount hit it big again in the fall with Barbarella, directed by Frenchman Roger Vadim (remembered for his stunning horror-fantasy Blood and Roses), produced and filmed in Italy on a large-scale co-production deal, and starring Vadim's American wife, Jane Fonda, as the sexy, seductive and unbelievably stupid space-opera heroine. The bizarre costumes and set designs that looked so lush in Playboy weren't

quite so impressive on the washed-out color screen; the sex-and-violence spoofing that was promised turned out to be merely a vulgar, predominant accent on these themes; and the expressionless cast was a pretty even match for the flat, humorless dialogue. But the pre-release publicity heralding the abundance of uninhibited nudity had the public panting at the ticket windows from coast to coast, and, if that's what they wanted, I suppose they got their money's worth. Which just goes to show that all the fuss about the public not really wanting sex and violence is poppycock -- the film made a tidy bundle and held in some cities from six to eight weeks during first-run engagements.

Daniel Keyes' magnificent novel "Flowers for Algernon" made it to the screen as Cinerama Releasing's Charly, which opened (and held) in New York to mixed reviews and a record-breaking engagement. I have not seen the film yet -- it has, at this writing, only played "selected" engagements and is just beginning to break into "general" release -- but the National Board of Review has already lauded Cliff Robertson as 'Best Actor of the Year' for his performance. Ralph (Lilies of the Field) Nelson directed, Ravi Shankar did the musical score, and Claire Bloom co-stars as the woman who becomes romantically involved with Charly, the mental retard-turned-genius. I wish I could say more on this, but I'm still waiting (and quite impatiently, I must say) to see it.

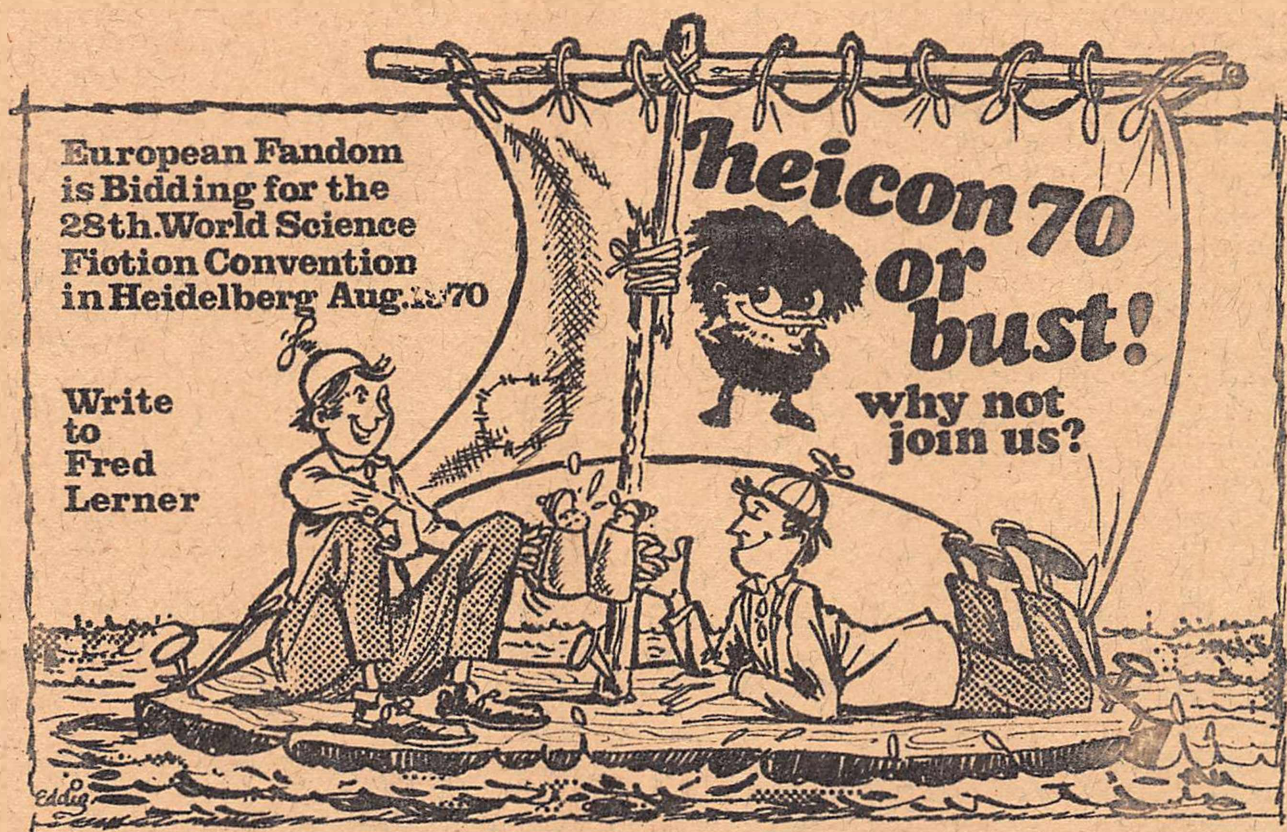
I might also make mention here of The Beatles' Yellow Submarine (United Artists) which is a completely delightful animated fantasy based on the Beatles' hit song of a few years back. It has absolutely no resemblance to any of the Disney's films but possesses a charm as indescribable as it is appealing. A real "turn-on" movie.

Few of the other films were worth anything, although The Sorcerers (Allied Artists) had good performances by Boris Karloff and Catherine Lacey; Bedazzled (20th-Fox) had an equal share of funny and fuzzy moments in Stanley Donen's flippant Faustian spoof; Michael Caine's performance as anti-Bond, anti-hero Harry Palmer in Billion Dollar Brain (United Artists) was overshadowed by Ed Begley's sizzling portrayal of a super-rich Texas fanatic planning to overthrow the "Commies" with the aid of a super-computer (this one also featured, sadly, the last appearance of the extremely talented French beauty, Francoise Dorleac, who died in a tragic auto accident shortly after the film was finished); and Candy (Cinerama Releasing) gave a sort of celestial (galactic? universal? impossible?) origin to that incredibly naive heroine of the porno-spoof in this uneven but often hilarious film.



The smalltime producers seem to have left the sf field in favor of sex-ational exploiters which now bring in higher returns in terms of initial cash outlay. Still, there was no dearth of mediocre and eech! material: The Shattered Room (Warner Bros.-7 Arts) was a limp adaptation of an even less stiff Lovecraft story; George Pal's The Power (MGM) probably made Frank N. Robinson cry a lot (unless he was too busy gloating over the film-sale money to bother seeing it); Battle Beneath the Earth (MGM) was more clichéd than its title (that's hard to believe, isn't it?); What's So Bad About Feeling Good? (Universal) had entirely the wrong reaction on audiences, considering it involved the sudden, fantastic outbreak of a giddy euphoria; King Kong Escapes! (Universal) was one of those made-in-Japan models that breaks apart if you look at it too hard; and Night of the Living Dead (Continental) was made by a group of amateurs, all of whom should be forced to watch it 500 times before they're allowed to make another one. There were a few others, some of which I haven't seen, some of which are forgettable (anyway, I forgot, and I'm too lazy to look them up!).

And coming up? Planet of the Apes, Wild in the Streets, and Barbarella all have sequels planned or in production. Universal Studios are readying a multi-million dollar production of D.F. Jones' Colossus, as well as an adaptation of Vercors' "You Shall Know Them" titled Skullduggery. Walter M. Miller's A Canticle for Leibowitz and Nolan Johnson's Logan's Run have been purchased for filming; John Sturges is directing Gregory Peck in Columbia's Marooned, which may end up being roadshown as was 2001; also Bowen's After the Rain, MacDonald's The Girl, the Gold Watch & Everything, Merritt's Seven Footprints to Satan, and many, many more. And the beautiful part of it is, I haven't seen a single mention of anything resembling "The Slathering Blood Drinker from Klaupheilhexooni XXI." Groovy!





# GOLDEN MINUTES

## BOOK REVIEWS BY RSC

This time I'll vary things and review the non-stf first (mainly because I'm still reading some stf that I want to include and I try not to review too many things that I haven't read.) The fanatics among you may skip the first page or so.

ORDEAL BY FIRE, by Ralph Allen (Popular Library, 95¢) This continues the Canadian history reviewed in YANDRO #186, covering the years 1910 thru 1945. When I finally got around to reading the series (CENTURY OF CONFLICT, THE PATH OF DESTINY, FROM SEA TO SEA) I discovered there was an earlier book that I didn't have. Andy Zerbe tells me that it is THE WHITE AND THE GOLD, by Thomas B. Costain. (Which is probably why I don't have it, since I don't like Costain and when it appeared I didn't realize what it was.) The series covers the history of Canada from earliest explorations up to more or less modern times. The Allen book is one of the better ones in the series and includes some fascinating sidelights on history -- such as that in World War I, "hundreds of young men fled to the United States" to escape Canadian conscription. So you see, all we're doing now is returning them. The series also presents some surprising (to the average reader) anti-American attitudes - and the quite excellent reasons for them. Highly recommended.

WARRIOR FOR A LOST NATION, by Dorothy M. Johnson (Westminster, \$3.95) I've been somewhat of a Dorothy Johnson fan for years (ever since a story titled "She's Gone With Gypsy Davy" in some woman's magazine years ago), so I may be a trifle prejudiced in thinking this is an excellent juvenile biography of Sitting Bull. There isn't too much that's new for a history buff, but it's well presented and should be an ideal introduction to Indian history for a youngster. Recommended age level is 10 to 14, which seems about right, for a change. Consider it when you're looking for a gift. Considering the transformation of the Indian from the hideous savage to the noble barbarian to the mystic idealization of the hippies (or some of them), a kid should be able to find a few books that tell, sympathetically, what Indians were really like.

THE AGE OF THE MOGULS, by Stewart Holbrook (Doubleday Paperback, \$2.95) That's a price for a paperback? An uninhibited look at our financial greats, from Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew, through Gould and Fisk (certainly the most entertaining pair of robbers to appear in the halls of the mighty), Carnegie, Rockefeller, the various railroad maggots and the Guggenheims up to Henry Ford and the various foundations. Particularly recommended to Ayn Rand followers so they can get a glimpse of what unrestrained capitalism is really like, but interesting to anyone. (In my estimation, anyway.)

GRIERSON'S RAID, by D. Alexander Brown (Illini Books, \$1.75) Civil War. This is the cavalry raid in which a Union cavalry force started out in Tennessee, rode clear thru the Confederacy, smashing railroads and creating havoc as they went, and came out inside the Union lines in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. It was designed to confuse the defenders while Grant launched his final assault on Vicksburg, and it worked quite well. The book, excellently written, covers the events day by day and just about mile by mile.

THE MEN OF BASTOGNE, by Fred Mackenzie (Ace, 75¢) Another heroic exploit, somewhat nearer to our time, and not so well told. Mackenzie is all right when he is describing the action, and the book does give a thorough account of the isolated group which held out and slowed down the final German offensive in 1944. But his philosophy and a lot of the homely little incidents which are meant to give flavor to the book are a dead loss. Recommended with reservations.

WHILE 6 MILLION DIED, by Arthur D. Morse (Ace, 95¢) The account of what America and



Britain did - and what they didn't do - while Germans were murdering 6,000,000 Jews. The thorough documentation makes it slow reading, but it's one of those books that should be read (particularly by people who say "What do these kids today want, anyway?" Just maybe they want a country that would not refuse to accept refugees from Nazi extermination camps, that would not refuse to send a little money to keep refugees from starving to death, which would not treat enemy soldiers more humanely than refugees from those soldiers.) The book scrupulously names names and dates, and leaves the reader with the impression that if Hitler was the murderer, Cordell Hull was an accessory before the fact.

MODERN SEX PRACTICES, by Ellis & Abarbanel (Ace, 75¢) These are volumes I and II of ASPECTS OF SEXUALITY, by Ellis & Abarbanel (Ace, 95¢) "The Encyclopedia of Sexual Behaviour". If you really feel you need an encyclopedia of sex....articles by various authors seem to cover the ground quite widely, if not in much depth.

THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON, by Henry Benjamin, M.D. (Ace, \$1.25) Ace seems determined to publish rather dull clinical books on sex. I suppose they sell. This one covers the medical changing of sex by operations and hormone treatments. Mostly male-into-female; I suppose that is more likely to titillate male readers.

HOW COME A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU ISN'T MARRIED? by Evelyn Bourne (Ace, 60¢) Somewhat more interesting in that it gives reasons why some girls don't think that husbands are the greatest thing invented. Also gives a quick course on how to keep the dates coming, which was less interesting to me - except for occasional horrified glimpses of what the average man wants his dream girl to be like - but is possibly more interesting to the girls. Especially girls interested in average men.

THE WOMAN LOVER, by Richard Davis (Bee-Line, \$1.25) Larry Shaw sent this as a sample of his new product, remarking that he thought it proved that a sex novel could also be humorous. Well, yes, somewhat. It isn't excruciatingly funny, and the style is cramped by the regulation that there has to be a sex scene in every chapter - meaning every 15 pages or so - but it has occasional quite funny parts. Not a buck-twenty-fives-worth funny, but maybe fifty-cents-worth funny. Of course, nobody buys this sort of thing for the humor, anyway. The sex is dull and stylized, but I suppose some stupes gets their kicks from it.

A HISTORY OF WEST AFRICA, by Basil Davidson (Doubleday Anchor, \$1.45) Davidson seems to be an expert on Africa, which is too bad, since he is also one of the dullest writers I have ever encountered. The book is adequate for reference (such as if you wanted to look up some facts to refute J. W. Campbell's editorial on Africa awhile back) but as entertaining reading it's a failure.

THE HAUNTED MONASTERY, by Robert van Gulik (Art Printing Works, Kuala Lumpur, no price listed) Joanne Burger sent this along; I'm not sure why, except as a companion piece to the Opium Press books I've been reviewing. I can't compare it with van Gulik's better known Chinese Nail, Chinese Lake, etc., Murders, since I haven't read them. This seems a quite adequate mystery novel, with a Chinese setting and detective. (Maybe it was intended as an antidote to Charlie Chan? It's certainly an improvement.)

WHO IS LEWIS PINDER, by L. P. Davies (Signet, 60¢) A bit late on this, which I believe is Davies first published book. It isn't fantasy, but is a first-rate mystery novel, despite the totally unbelievable ending. It should keep you reading, once you start it.

IT TAKES A THIEF: The Devil In Davos, by Gil Brewer (Ace, 60¢) Novelizing a tv series THE PRISONER, by Thomas M. Disch (Ace, 60¢) seems to be the coming thing. The Brewer book is pretty standard hackwork (just like the show, in fact). Disch has a much longer book, well saturated with "atmosphere", allusion, illusion, and philosophic remarks - again, just like the show, only more so. I didn't care much about it, but then I didn't care a hell of a lot about the show. It's better written than the average tv-novelization, certainly.

COLLISIONS WITH REALITY, by John Macklin (Ace, 60¢) Another in Ace's apparently endless occult books, written every bit as drearily as all the others. (Hey, Alan, there is a Hoddesdon ghost in here; you ever meet it?)



ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by Harry Warner (Advent, \$7.50) This, of course, is the one fandom has been eagerly awaiting; the authoritative history of fandom during the 1940s. After reading it, my major conclusion is that fandom didn't do enough during those 10 years to merit having 300 pages written about it. I'm sure the book is definitive; it is also dull in a good many spots, and packed with the names of people that either I have never heard of and am not particularly interested in, or that I have heard of and am not particularly interested in. Harry Warner is, generally, a more entertaining writer than Sam Moskowitz, but you'd be hard put to prove it by comparing this with THE IMMORTAL STORM; Harry has done a more thorough and balanced job, but the main difference as far as entertainment goes is that Advent has used a far more legible type-face than Asfo Press did. I'm sure all the beanie-wearers who think fandom is the most important thing since the Ralston Straight Shooters will find all sorts of fascinating information here to discuss and argue over. I'm sorry, but I didn't. Not that it's a bad book; it's a quite competent book about a sub-culture that is far duller than it thinks it is. Harry doesn't emphasize the kindergarten air of fandom's past, but there isn't a lot he can do to cover it up, either. Eager fans who can't locate this volume at their local bookstore are urged to patronize Big-Hearted Howard Devore, who will be happy to distribute his large stock to you at a suitable price. (4705 Weddell, Dearborn, Mich. 48125)

MUTINY IN THE TIME MACHINE, by Donald Keith (Random House) George Wells sent this along, mostly because the hard-nosed patrol leader is named Bob Tucker. This is a "Boys Life Library Book" and seems a fairly standard juvenile for the 11 to 14 set. Not recommended for adults unless you want to force a copy on Tucker for his autograph.....

OUTLAWS OF THE MOON, by Edmond Hamilton (Popular Library, 60¢) When the Cap Future THE COMET KINGS, by Edmond Hamilton (Popular Library, 60¢) books first came out, I assumed that Hamilton was not getting paid for them, from a remark of his at a Midwestcon some time ago. Now this assumption has been confirmed, and I have been asked (not by Hamilton, I might add) to mention that Hamilton isn't getting a dime out of the reprints. What you want to do about this is up to you. If you are one of the fans who boycotted Ace for Tolkien or Ultimate Magazines for SFWA, I should think your duty is clear; certainly Hamilton is as worthy of support as other literary figures. Possibly more so; he's done more for fandom by coming to Midwestcons and mingling with fans than Tolkien ever did. (My duty isn't so clear; I backed Ace, considering that the problem wasn't their fault, and boycotted Ultimate only because at the time they weren't publishing 50¢ worth of magazine. But I'm more sympathetic to Hamilton and willing to urge you to write a nasty letter to Popular and complain about their policy. If you want to complain, their address - courtesy of one of Joanne Burger's fanzines - is: Popular Library, Inc. 355 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020.) Oh, the books? Well, they aren't really terribly good; very few of the Cap Future books are. Lots of action, though.

THE YEAR OF THE ANGRY RABBIT, by Russell Braddon (Pan, 3/6) I got this mostly for the title, which is just as well because the title is the best thing about it. This is social satire, the gimmick being that a more or less mad scientist looses a plague of giant carnivorous rabbits on Australia. The satire is a trifle heavy-handed but effective in spots; the science is non-existent. But it's a great title.

THE PRESERVING MACHINE, by Philip K. Dick (Ace, 95¢) First major collection of Dick's shorter works, the blurb says; not only that, but almost the only collection. Stories range in age from a 1952 appearance in PLANET STORIES to a couple of 1964 copyrights. Not surprisingly, I tended to like the older stories best; Dick probably regards them as primitive. Contents include the title story, a not too well visualized moral; "War Game", a moderately good psychological story; "Upon The Dull Earth", a horror story based on a rather nasty explanation for religious miracles; "Roog" a somewhat pointless but popular fantasy; "War Veteran", an interplanetary spy story with a racial background; "Top Stand-By Job", a not particularly humorous satire of politics and the corruption of power; "Beyond Lies The Wub", the PLANET epic which antedates McConnell's planaria experiments; "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale", concerned with false memories (and a story which I have trouble remembering for over a few



hours); "Captive Market", a fairly straight time-travel story; "If There Were No Benny Cemoli", concerned with the creation of a false identity; "Retreat Syndrome", another trick memory and the nature of reality, one of Dick's favorite themes; "The Crawlers", concerning human intolerance; "Oh, To Be A Blobell", intolerance and a big swipe from O. Henry; "What The Dead Men Say", which I frankly couldn't read enough of to review; and "Pay For The Printer", a paean to Creativity. Actually, despite some of my negative reviews, it's a pretty good book and I enjoyed it.

THE DOOMSDAY MEN, by Ken Bulmer (Curtis Books, 75¢) A short version was in IF in 1965. Ridforce, the detectives of the future, who record the memories of the deceased to locate their killers, and of the psychological problems of the Shield against atomic weapons. In a brilliant departure from traditional British novels, the hero doesn't have wife trouble; he has daughter trouble instead, or thinks he has. A totally unbelievable finish, with idealism spouting from everyone, but otherwise a very good book.

EXTRAPOLASIS, by Alexander Malec (Curtis Books, 75¢) A collection of original short stories, apparently; out of 12 stories, only 3 previous copyrights are given. The writer's forte seems to be to take a single idea, usually interesting, write, more or less aptly, several pages of homey dialogue around it, and call the result a story. Sometimes this works quite well; mostly it doesn't. The book did me some good, though; I think I see what's been wrong with Tom Stratton's short fiction. We're doing the same thing.

KINGS OF INFINITE SPACE, by Nigel Balchin (Curtis Books, 75¢) For some reason, Curtis seems to like British authors; this was originally a British SF Book Club selection. This is borderline stf; it's an emotional study of the astronauts and the space program. Fairly typical attempt to blend a little stf into a mainstream novel. Being a more modern - or more enterprising - British hero, Balchin's man doesn't have wife trouble either; he has mistress trouble, which is somewhat more fun, but not a lot. It's not a bad book, but it has pages and pages of brilliant insights into characters who aren't particularly interesting and social problems that I've known about for years. Not recommended.

SPARTAN PLANET, by A. Bertiam Chandler (Dell, 50¢) This fits obliquely into the Rim series; the central characters are on a planet newly discovered by a Rim ship, and the action revolves around the sometimes violent changes in the planet society caused by their discovery. It was in one of the magazines - I thought last year, but I could not locate it. Very good space-adventure, anyway.

THE BRASS DRAGON, by Marion Zimmer Bradley/IPCOMOA, by John Rackham (Ace, 60¢) Marion has an interesting alien-invasion story. Nothing particularly new, but the characters are interesting and the action satisfactory. Good entertainment. Rackham has lots more action, and a plot full of pyrotechnics, but it isn't as convincing. The modern equivalent of world-wrecking.

S.T.A.R. FLIGHT, by E. C. Tubb (Paperback Library, 50¢) This is pretty straight overthrow-the-dictator stuff, with chases through alternate universes and the secret of immortality for everyone and every third person being a secret agent. Strictly thud and blunder. The Rackham story is technically better written, but oddly enough I enjoyed this one as much or more. Not up to Bradley, though. I am beginning to think Tubb was a one-shot writer; he certainly has never equalled ALIEN DUST.

A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE, by Peter S. Beagle (Ballantine, 95¢) I reviewed this when Delta first published it 9 years ago. I hope I don't contradict that earlier review.. Anyway, the first 2/3 of this fantasy about Mr. Rebeck who lives in a mausoleum and the raven who brings him food occasionally and various other weirdos, is wonderful. The last part of the book goes downhill, partly because the raven appears less and it is the most fascinating character, and mainly because Beagle can't resist getting stickily sentimental at the finish. But, overall, it is still a fine book, as good as THE LAST UNICORN and possibly even a bit better. (It's a bargain, too; the Delta edition was \$1.85.)

STAR TREK #3, ed. by James Blish (Bantam, 50¢) A slight improvement over the first two



volumes in the series, but not much of one. In general, he has better scripts, but he still has too many of them. Included are "The Trouble With Tribbles", "The Last Gunfight", "The Doomsday Machine", "Assignment: Earth", "Mirror, Mirror"; "Friday's Child", and "Amok Time". Characterization is still non-existent; since characterization was what made the show, the books are very poor souvenirs. As a short story collection, the entire series is impossible.

THE DAY BEFORE FOREVER and THUNDERHEAD, by Keith Laumer (Dell, 50¢) A novella and a novelette. Both have been in the magazines. "Thunderhead" is the one about the abandoned outpost personnel who are called back to service and go down fighting. Laumer is one of the few authors today who would bother to write about such an outmoded concept as duty or personal responsibility; at a time when bargains are kept only when convenient I found the story outstanding. The title novelet is the one about the man who has to unravel some mysterious plot and uncover a fiendish manipulator of men who he discovers is really himself. Interesting if you like mystery and action.

THE BEST SF STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS #2, ed. by Mike Moorcock (Berkley, 60¢) This includes "Another Little Boy" by Brian Aldiss, "The Poets of Millgrove, Iowa" by John T. Sladek, "The transfinite Choice" by David Masson, "You: Coma: Marilyn Monroe" by J. G. Ballard (of course), "The Total Experience Kick" by Charles Platt, "The Contest" "The Empty Room", and "The Descent of the West End" by Thomas Disch (these are all short-shorts), "The Singular Quest of Martin Borg" by George Collyn, "The Countenance" by P. F. Woods, "The Pleasure Garden of Felipe Sagittarius" by James Colvin, "Sisoh-promatem" by Kit Reed, and "For A Breath I Tarry" by Roger Zelazny. What are they like? You don't think I read this stuff, do you? (Actually I have read some of these stories, which ranged from fairly good to incredibly bad. But I haven't read most of them and don't intend to.)

THE ZERO STONE, by Andre Norton (Ace, 60¢) A human and his alien friend in one horrible situation after another. The background seems, for some reason, more improbable than most of Norton's, but the characters are the same. "Eet", the alien, while not really a cat, certainly has a good many catlike qualities, including that smug assumption of superiority that all cats seem to have. The main trouble with the story - in fact, about the only trouble with it - lies in this superiority. Eet is superior; he is, in fact, so superior that the machinations of the villains produce very little more suspense than the attempts of assorted comic-book villains to down Superman. We not only know that Eet will triumph; he does it without even thinking twice about the problem. There is very little joy in seeing villains brushed aside like puppets unless it's for humorous effect, as in E. F. Russell's books. Otherwise the book is pretty much standard Norton.

THE ROSE, by Charles L. Harness (Berkley, 60¢) The title novelet concerns the triumph of Art over Science, helped along by the author's having stacked the cards in favor of Art. In the introduction, Mike Moorcock talks about the beautiful symbolism of the book and the realistic themes. Well, the symbolism is there - to the detriment of the characters, in most cases - but I think it was the basic theme that appealed to Mike. It's a very poetic story, if you're interested in such. The book also contains two short stories, though you'd never know it from looking over the book casually. (I knew it because I'd read reviews when it was first paperbacked in England.) "The Chessplayers" tries too hard to be humorous and doesn't quite make it. "The Now Reality" is also symbolic, dealing with Time. (Harness is as hooked on the nature of Time as Phil Dick is on the nature of Reality.) It isn't terribly good. ("The Rose" is good, though not nearly as great as Moorcock says it is.)

THE ALIENS AMONG US, by James White (Ballantine, 75¢) A collection of some of White's early stories. There is a Sector General story here ("Countercharm") and another story ("To Kill or Cure") which deals independently with the medical problems of aliens. Two stories ("Red Alert" and "The Scavengers") have the identical plot of saving a race by conquest. "The Conspirators" is about lab animals who develop intelligence. "Tableau" and "Occupation: Warrior" both oppose war; one by getting sentimental over the noble fighting man forced to kill enemies he doesn't even know, much less hate, and the other by showing what scummy sorts provoke wars. Generally good, solid, but not great stuff. Six of the 7 stories originally published in England.



# CARNAC

The standing stones of Brittany, which lurch in zigzag rows  
Across the green and rolling countryside,  
Were set up in the days of old, the learned men suppose,  
To help the ancients reckon time and tide,  
By sighting on the sun and other bodies as they rose,  
And thus their daily work and play to guide.

But, looking at these megaliths in lines that wobble still,  
One sees a priest of Neolithic days  
Who, standing with his belly full of beer upon a hill,  
Shouts orders through a happy, fuddled haze.  
Now left! No, right! No, left I meant! he cries in accents shrill,  
To tell his people where their stones to raise.

Below, the sweating tribesmen heave on ropes of braided hide  
To carry out the holy one's commands;  
But, since the local barley brew their shaman's wits has pied,  
They find it hard to meet with his demands;  
And thus, where peasants once to frantic yells and waves complied,  
A monument to beer of barley stands.

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L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP



## SURBURBAN FALL

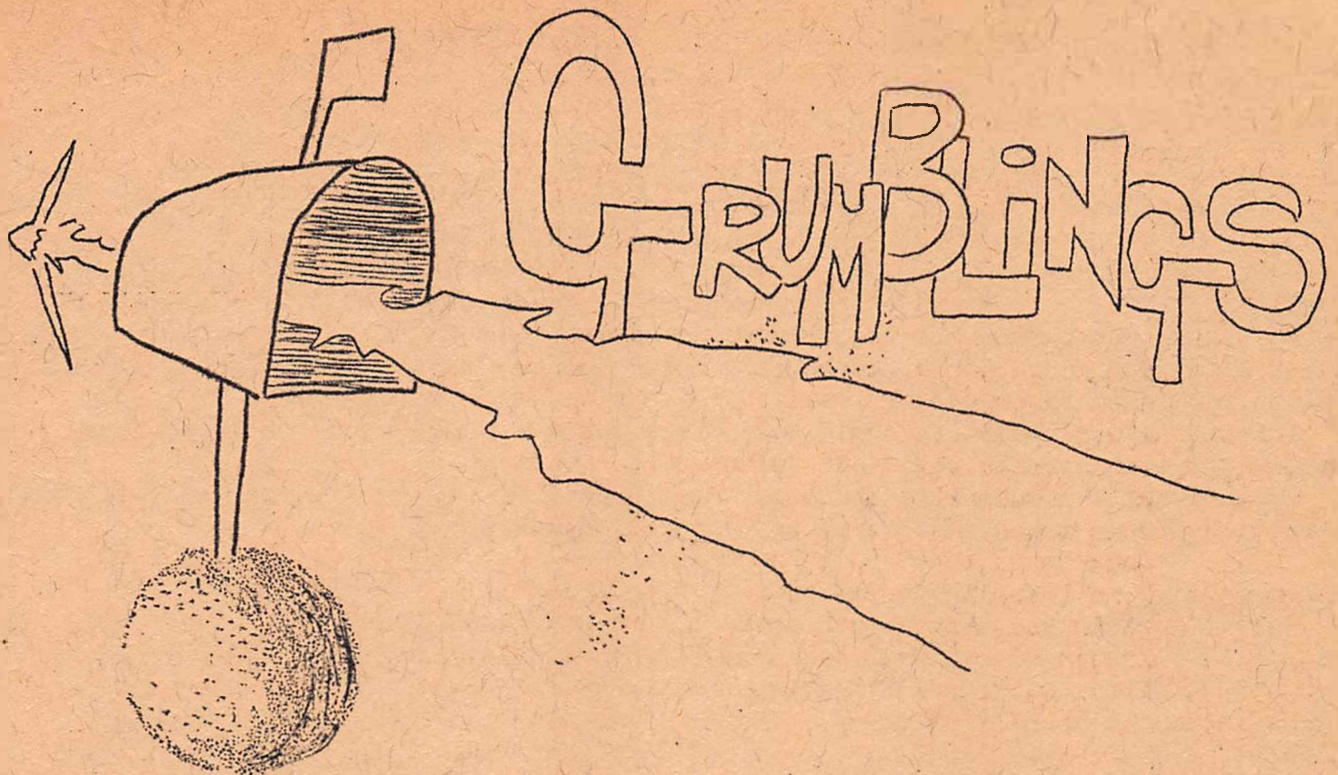
That tall maple with its yellow dress,  
Well splashed with red,  
Looks down on a bulldozer,  
And beneath its tread,  
Those roots reach out to touch the bones  
Of long-departed Indian dead.  
Some trees are proud, refusing to believe  
Such metal monsters can remove them all.  
Some trees have seen so many people leave,  
Their roots have torn apart the works of man.  
Above the builders hear the wild geese call,  
Their wings still beating out the master plan.

## FROZEN DRIFTWOOD

The footfall on frozen driftwood  
Has a frosty ring.  
The stars wheel on through the winter night,  
Perhaps to the last spring.  
No longer is there longing  
But a sad certainty  
That spring will be approaching  
And maybe leaving me.

..... RAYMOND L. CLANCY





Jon & Joni Stopa, Wilmot Ski Hills, Wilmot, Wis. 53192

God did intend for people to eat yellow raspberries. According to my gardening encyclopedia there are three native raspberries, Black (Thimbleberry), Red and yellow. White raspberries are a European native, and the purple a cross between a red and black.

You mention the large number of female fan-eds. At the rate girls are entering fandom in the last year, I'm beginning to suspect that fandom is the first target of a feminist takeover.

One of the major reasons for writing, was to renew my sub; the other was to quote you a piece of news in the National Wildlife Federation's "Conservation News". The headline - and article - read:

AGAHHHHH

The U.S. Supreme Court recently ruled that a man with a criminal record cannot be required to register a firearm because it would be self incriminating.

I was supporting anti-gun legislation, but I'm beginning to have second thoughts.

As far as the fan "Hugos" are concerned, I think you have a most excellent suggestion. Let us do pass the egoboo around. After all, fans have given Harlan a Hugo for being his own lovable self; why not spread joy throughout fandom?

Loved Dennis Lien's humor, more? Please?

P.S. I suspect that it would please Ghu if you partook of purple raspberries in the future.

/I have to admit that's the most hilarious legal pronouncement I've heard in a long time. I read your letter and almost fell out of my chair. God did make yellow raspberries? God has a very sloppy publicity service; I wasn't informed. RSC/

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

Re: your comments in "Rumblings" about the gun control laws. It would seem to me that, regardless of the intensity of gun control laws, those who want a gun badly enough -- for whatever purpose --- will find a way to get their hands on one. I honestly don't believe the average person, if he has a gun, is going to go out and immediately kill a politician or a policeman, or hold up the local market, but I do believe your average criminal will put his paws on a pistol to do so, laws or no.



But my main reason for bringing up the subject is to offer this mind-croggling little item, which I think might interest you: Last month, a friend and I drove from Texas to California in a camper, with the idea of doing a little prospecting down in Mexico during the trip. We stopped to help a motorist just east of Deming, N.M., and gave the fellow a lift into Deming to an auto parts shop there. While we were there, my friend happened to notice that there was a supply of dynamite and non-electric type blasting caps for sale in the place, so he purchased some, at 15¢ per stick and a dollar-odd for a hundred caps. Get this: he was not asked to show any identification whatsoever, nor did he have to sign anything to purchase the things. However, when he tried to buy one box of .22 shells for our rifle, the proprietor of the place produced three different forms to be signed, and asked for every conceivable type of identification you could think of.

There must be a moral in there somewhere, but I'm damned if I can think clearly enough yet to figure it out!

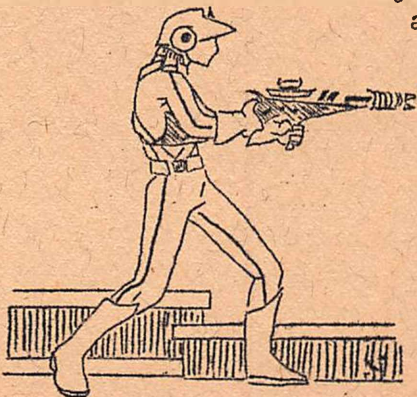
By the way, I'm trying to sell off a whole mess of surplus fnz, and a small mention somewhere in the next issue would be sincerely appreciated.

Richard Delap, 532 S. Market, Wichita, Kansas 67202

Wasn't a big issue this time around, so I can't find much to say. Your reviews, as usual, were good. How do you cram so much into such small spaces? I've found that the more I write the longer my reviews get -- yet I'm not sure I'm saying any more than I would in a short write-up. I'd disagree with you strongly that Brunner's DOUBLE, DOUBLE "would make a good movie," especially when you go on to say that it is "strictly formula". I think that's the point of the whole book...it would be a perfectly horrid movie, and Brunner makes it fun to read by spoofing the pants off it (Brunner's much better at humor than the socio-serious efforts he's recently done in THE JAGGED ORBIT and STAND ON ZANZIBAR). By the way, could you send me the book number on Brunner's NO FUTURE IN IT (Curtis Books)....I've not seen it on sale here and I'd like to order a copy. If you liked Beagle's THE LAST UNICORN, try his other novel A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE (also from Ballantine).

I rather dislike your remark about saving one life with gun registration, yet somehow I feel you threw that in strictly to garner comment; I really can't believe you feel that "someone like King" is more important than any other life. What gives you the right to differentiate? I suggest you read Vonnegut's recent novel SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE to see how disastrous such attitudes can be when carried to the extremes that society often makes (I'm not saying you would carry it to these extremes personally.... but then I'm not saying you wouldn't, either!). In case you hadn't guessed, I'm a pacifist...but don't make a case out of it.

[You must not see the same horror movies I do; spoof or not, Brunner's novel would be better than 90% of them. Damn right someone like King is more important than the average. The human life, per se, is no more important than the life of a jackrabbit. It's what you do with your life that determines its importance. (You, personally, are presumably just getting started in doing something; whether you will have any value to the world is yet to be proved. Anybody my age has pretty well made his place, and I don't stack up with King and neither does any other adult fan. RSC/



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

About this business of history: I'll give you a tip. No matter how long you live & how many books you read, there will still be a multitude that you haven't had time to get to, albeit you would like to read them. Not even Toynbee and the Durants together have been able to cover the whole field as thoroughly as they ought.

[Yes, I look at the shelves of books "to be read" and have to agree with you. Either life isn't long enough, or people write too much. RSC/



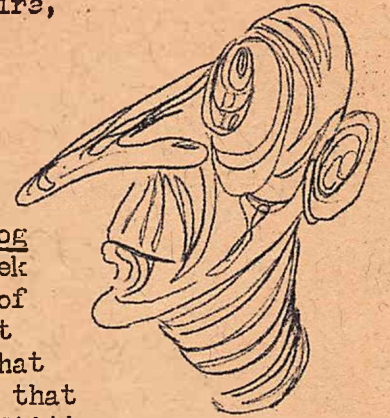
Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, Yorkshire, England

The only thing the Moskowitz article proves is that there are at least two SF critics who know what's of value in the field, who have good judgment; their personal opinion of each other is another matter (which I presume the article was about).

Was CODE DUELLO an Ace original, or was it one of the Analog appearances? From your description it seems that his Star Trek effort was based on his United Planets series. And speaking of Star Trek, it was bought by the BBC last autumn; but it hasn't shown up on our screens yet. Though there's an ugly rumour that it might be shown on the prestige channel, BBC-2; which means that I won't be able to receive it, not having a suitable aerial. Still, I can always go visiting....

P.S. Re Mack Reynolds' "Star Trek"; just what kind of a price is 69¢?

/CODE DUELLO was from Analog; I should have mentioned that in the review. Whitman Books -- in this area, anyway -- sell mostly in toy stores, so the price is in line with the 69¢, 99¢, etc. prices on toys. The revived Big Little Books, selling in the same area, are now 39¢, I believe. RSC/



Dainis Bisenieks

I'm letting my Yandro subscription lapse for a few issues. I'll be leaving here in a month, and I'll be in Israel and England this summer. As of September, I'll be at the English Dept't of Iowa State: Rm 210 Pearson Hall

Iowa State University  
Ames, Iowa 50010

I expect I'll see you at the St. Louiscon -- it's not too far from Iowa.

Ugh, that was a dirty trick publishing my poem in the previous issue. Where ever did you find it? Why did you have it in your files so long? I wrote the damn thing about ten years ago. It makes the serious error of overdramatizing emotion.

Don Cochran, 151 Valley Street, Jackson, Mississippi 39209

I enjoyed "The Hand-Held Lensman", as I plan to borrow a tripod and experiment with astro-photography, if I have time this summer.

In re: Sturgeon's Law. Given that there are only a certain number of good writers; critics, whatever, how large does a group -- say, fandom -- have to be to contain a sufficient number? And how small so that the, er, remainder doesn't drown them out? It does seem to me that there would be an optimum size.

As a Mississippian I would like to suggest an alternative to cutting us loose. After all to saw us loose would require cutting almost all the way around the state. Now Florida, just one straight whack and you've most of the state free. (In spite of the unfortunate and occasionally distorted or exaggerated publicity that we've received, 99 and 44/100% of the people of Mississippi would much rather be US citizens than anything else, including Confederates.)

Do you review all the fanzines that you get? Or just grab a random handful?

/I dunno; what would you consider a "sufficient number" of good writers, critics, etc.? Certainly stf, except for its first few years when it was getting started, has had some good writers. So has fandom. The minimum must be pretty small. RSC/

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

Yandro #187 was a welcome arrival three days ago. It's too bad the multilith turned out to be an 800-pound dog. I hope you can get your money back on that thing. If you do get a chance to get rid of the frustrating monster, I suggest that you take a picture of it before they move it out. Have the picture enlarged, framed, and put it up where Juanita can see it. Then when she gets tired of cranking the mimeo, she can look up at the picture; the memories the picture will bring back should give her a shudder and she will probably start happily cranking again. (Of course, if she can



sell another novel to Ace maybe you folks can buy an automatic mimeograph.)

I will have to disagree with you about the worth of the Jack Vance essay you published about four years ago. I thought it was very good, although I don't think it was really necessary for the author to use all of those big words. Probably the fact that Vance is one of my favorite writers had something to do with my appreciation of the essay. Some years back you remarked in Yandro that Vance was either very good or very bad. I'll have to agree with that. Recently I got an old Thrilling Wonder Stories with a short Vance novel called OVERLORDS OF MAXUS. It certainly was miserable. I would rate BIG PLANET much higher than you do, although the Ace edition is cut too much to judge the story fairly. The original Startling version is the one to read.

I got a lot of amusement out of your comments on the stamps. I had to laugh out loud at your description of the Abominable Snowman as "a local boy who has made good". You have a tremendous talent as a writer. (Of course, I've been reading your stuff for the last seven or eight years, so maybe I've been brainwashed.) Now if some newspaper tycoon would just discover you and sign you up for a syndicated column....

I very much liked the Moon photo on the cover, but found the article on it rather dull; those interested in photography should enjoy it, however. I certainly enjoyed the Dennis Lien humor. The section called "The Werewolf of the Baskervilles" was the funniest, and I appreciated the parody of Ballard. I have a great aversion to Ballard and all other ultra "arty" types who get into science fiction and then try to get out and drag stf with them because being known as a stf writer seems to them to be degrading and low-brow. They are less interested in entertaining the reader than in expressing their souls so their deathless prose can echo down the corridors of eternity.

/I think the newspaper column idea is great. Anyone know any newspaper tycoons? We didn't get the picture taken of the multilith, but we did get rid of it. RSC

Believe me, I don't need a picture to remind me of the multilith. The memory of that monster is indelibly scored on my memory. JWC/

Jack Gaughan, P.O. Box 516, Rifton, NY 12471

I haven't been bitten by that particular "Western bug" which would make me a Western buff but I do enjoy drawing those little Western spots for Ace. I haven't been doing them for a while but only recently they let me do another batch. I've loaded my library with books on guns and Indians and cowboys and all that there jinglebob jazz. It's amazing the quantity of pictorial material available popularly.

So perhaps....in a way....I too am inclined towards the Western.

But then, I enjoy doing the Gothic spots and the Mysteries too. The only thing that bugs me is Nurse Novels. Try making up ten different spot drawings for Nurse Novels some day. Euch. I don't get to read the books as I wouldn't have the time to read thirty books for the sake of thirty little spots and they cannot afford to send out the mss for such a small cause; so I make 'em up in a general area of SF, Gothic, Mystery, Nurse, Western. Westerns is easy. Gothics you have to sorta work into. SF is fairly easy but you have to be careful not to be too specific (a guy riding a dragon might show up on a story having to do with a computer). But Nurses! Bland faces, pleasant faces and little hats and maybe a handsome doctor looking on. And you can't work around the titles. In SF if the title is THE SNAKE MEN OF VADCCM you got a leetle hint. But HOOTENANNY NURSE?

/I liked the spot you did for THE SINGING STONES, Jack.... JWC/

Mike Deckinger, 25 Manor Drive, Apt 12J, Newark, N.J. 07106

"The Creature from Beyond Infinity" was originally published in the November 1940 Startling Stories as "A Million Years to Conquer". It really didn't begin to get bad until Kuttner switched plots midway through the novel and had his hero become a world saver.

I won't exactly say that the repro on a few pages of Yandro #186 was too light but I was surprised to observe you printing on only one side of the paper for a half dozen sheets.

The best thing about the current issue was the TAFF ballot. There, amidst such sterling names as Eric Bentcliffe, Dick Lupoff, Walt Willis and Bob Tucker I spot



"Gary Kluepfel" and Doug Lovenstein. I read both sides of the ballot over again and I was still puzzled by these two names. Surrounded by such shining notables I would assume that they had achieved at least temporary BNF status, but I've never heard of "Kluepfel" and barely heard of Lovenstein. It's a compact way of obtaining egoboo but I hope we don't reach the point where non-entities will be running for TAFF as well.

/Tch, Mike, your snobbery is showing. Besides, while Gary Kleupfel is a new one on me, the average fan of today knows Doug Lovenstein a lot better than he does Eric Bentcliffe or even Walt Willis. Hell, I know Lovenstein a lot better than I ever did Bentcliffe. RSC/

Bob Briney, Apt #2, 233 Lafayette St., Salem, Mass. 01970

I just started Willis' THE IMPROBABLE IRISH last night, on the train coming home from Boskone. Almost missed my stop, and I'm sure I left my fellow-passengers wondering about my sanity, from laughing so much,

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, by the way, was a qualified disaster. Rod Steiger and Claire Bloom battled with superhuman strength and skill, but were defeated by a superior antagonist -- the script. There were a few good scenes, and some very effective photography, but the film deteriorated steadily from a promising opening to irritation, then to boredom, then to ludicrousness. Feh! ("The Veldt" and "The Long Rain," however effective they may once have been in print, are simply too static for motion picture treatment--even good treatment, which they did not get here.)

I assume you have seen the revived Venture. I found Don Thompson's story amusing, and Ron Goulart's book reviews irritating, and probably will not bother to read anything else in the issue. (I find most of Dickson's novels as unreadable as those of Mack Reynolds...)

Have also been reading Watson's THE DOUBLE HELIX recently. A delightful book.

Yesterday I found a paperback that has been out for a year, but which I had never seen before: Gore Vidal's A SEARCH FOR A KING ("A 12th Century Legend"). Also bought Brunner's THE JAGGED ORBIT. Big books (with small chapters) seem to be habit-forming.

One of the "new things" in sf seems to be to make the physical appearance of the book (such as the division into chapters) tell (or reflect, at least) an aspect of the story. I don't mean the typographical tricks that Bester used, but things like CETHON and THE RING OF RITORNEL, and now two of Brunner's novels. In THE RING OF RITORNEL, I thought the device was effective; all the more so because the copy I read did not have a contents page, and I didn't notice the pattern until about two-thirds of the way through the book. In CETHON, it was just one more annoying complication. I suspect that Brunner has non-trivial reasons for using the device, as Harness did.

A few days ago I was making the rounds of bookstores and newsstands in Boston, and came across a new line of paperbacks---Powell Books, or something like that. Mostly Westerns, but one book was a sword and sorcery novel by Charles Nuetzell, with illustrations by Albert Nuetzell. (Or maybe it was the other way around.) Looked pretty bad....even without the 95¢ price tag I don't think I would have bought it. Scheduled for future publication is a collection of things by Ackerman. I imagine I'll be able to live without that one, too.

It isn't that hotels dislike conventions---I think they simply dislike any and all hotel patrons. I'm sure that nothing would be more pleasing to the manager of the Statler Hilton in New York than a completely empty hotel---you can tell that from the eagerness and skill with which he works to discourage customers and get rid of the ones he's got.

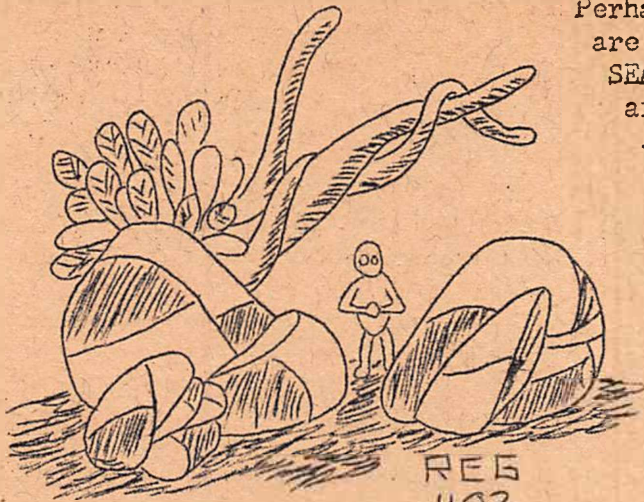
Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio 44060

(Don first:) Tell me; what was the Moskowitz thing in aid of? I gather he feels he has disproved what Knight said with his time-consuming research, but he did not.

First, what Knight said was (obviously, except to humorless SaM) not meant to be taken literally. It is a lightly sarcastic comment. Second, even if it is taken literally, it does not say (as SaM evidently feels) that Knight and SaM never agree -- the key word (if you must take it literally) is "about" -- "a man I have disagreed with about as often." Not every time, just most of the time.

Or perhaps that isn't what Sam, in his heavy-handed way, was trying to prove.





Perhaps, since most of the statements by Knight are unchanged from the first edition of IN SEARCH OF WONDER and most of Sam's statements are from SEEKERS OF TOMORROW, published years later, Sam is trying to prove himself a plagiarist.

But that couldn't be.

Probably it's all some Gernsbackian, Teutonic humor of the sort I'm unable to comprehend. Like those wretched "ris-science" things in Science Fiction Pus.

Or perhaps he just wanted to prove that Damon is a better writer than Sam. Only Sam could think that required documentation.

With all the trouble you had publishing this issue, I can't see why you bothered

with so much sludge.

Incidentally, did Sam quote extensively enough from Damon to be guilty of copyright violation?

I didn't read all the Moskowitzian fulminations, but my eye just fell on the reference to "Loop-hole" on page 17. Please, what is the correlation between Damon's: "'Loop-hole' is a trick-ending potboiler exactly like one thousand others that you wish you hadn't read." and Sam's: "'Loop-hole'...proved a weak effort...."? (Incidentally, note the proper way of punctuating "'Loop-hole.'")

I suppose now, if you pass this on to Sam, he can spend some time searching until he finds a reason for my jealousy of him, the way he did with William F. Nolan in his childish piece in Riverside Quarterly a while back.

Let me give him one more reason to search:

In Alden H. Norton's Hauntings and Horrors, Berkley, 1969, Sam says in his notes on Bloch's "Head Man" (p. 92):

But in spite of the fact that "Head Man" was published in a "formula" magazine (15 Mystery Stories; June, 1950), there is nothing routine about this story. It's (sic) resurrection from literary limbo is long overdue.

Bloch must have agreed, Sam. He resurrected it three years ago (as "Head Hunter") in Chamber of Horrors, Avard Books, 1966.

As a self-appointed historian, Sam sure ain't no Arnold Toynbee.  
(And now Maggie)

(Don was making endorsements on a bunch of small-amount checks at the Press the other day, preparatory to cashing them. He suddenly observed his co-workers staring at him. "I'm so popular that people just send me money," he explained. And they continued to look bewildered--very bewildered.)

(Doesn't everybody get lots of small-amount checks in the mail from their correspondents?)

By the way, if you've never seen a movie named Black Sunday, we recommend you watch for it on tv. Italian-made and dubbed in English, it's the only dubbed movie I've ever seen where the dubbing wasn't obtrusively bad. (Still recall that the first time we saw Black Orpheus it was dubbed; since 50% of the beauty of Orpheus was its sound..... I mean, why dub a movie like that at all? Black Sunday is one hell of a good horror movie, interesting throughout, with excellent camerawork, editing, and a pretty good story. Special effects are outstanding, to boot. About the most effective witches-devil-worshippers-and-vampire movie we've seen.

/To one teller at the local bank, I was known as "the man with all those little checks." What really coggled us, though, were the 50¢ checks for Juanita's "Star Trek" fanzines. Lots of them. We've even had a few twenty-five centers. RSC.  
Just ignore my cute punctuation. I'm starting my own style book. JWC/



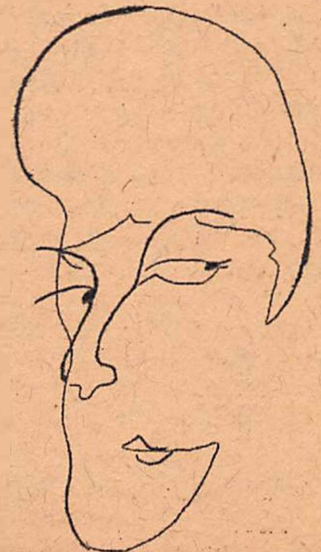
Doan Grennell, Box 4007, Covina, California 91772

Berry's photographic adventures were of interest. Off and on, I've had a bash at snapping the moon. I think about the best I ever managed was one time, several years ago (when the moon was much younger). It was taken just before sundown when the moon was nearly full, at that time when it rises before darkness falls. It was just above the horizon, peering over a Wisconsin dairy barn and silo and I snapped it with a long lens on the 4x5" Speed Graphic at a straight meter reading for the entire scene. It came out rather well and I enlarged the central portion so that the distant barn looked tiny in comparison to the huge bulk of the moon. I've long since lost both neg' and print and would only find them were I to be looking for something else and not wanting to find them in the least. This is the inevitable penalty of having made something like ten or twenty thousand negatives, one time or the other. Even at 1/50th second apiece, that is a long time to stand with a cable release in your hand.

I've not made any serious attempt to take a picture of the moon through a telescope but I have fairly well perfected a technique for taking pictures through telescopic rifle sights which seems to work quite well. I seem to have a monopoly on this in the gunzines and would prefer to retain same but I guess it's okay to leak the secret to fandom. It requires that you have one of the single-lens reflex 35mm cameras where you are looking out through the lens via a pentaprism. This is not the entire secret. For one thing, stands-to-reason logic notwithstanding, you do not necessarily focus the camera at infinity. Usually, I have to focus at some intermediate point for maximum sharpness. Then, since the optical center of the camera lens has to be lined up quite precisely with the exit pupil of the scope, you'll have quite indifferent success if you use the normal arrangement of the SLR camera whereby you viewfind and focus with the lens wide-open and let it flick down to the smaller opening automatically as you release the shutter. What you have to do is to utilize the little depth-of-field-preview gizzy to stop it down to the selected aperture before you push the button. By so doing, you are able to get the camera in that highly critical location and alignment to assure that the picture you see is going to be the picture you get. Theoretically, you're supposed to multiply the exposure by the number of diameters of magnification of the scope but, in practice, I've not found this to be valid. I think that the light coming out of the eyepiece, being in a rather tight beam, tends to be not much larger than the smaller apertures of the camera diaphragm and therefore, there's little gain in using the larger lens (diaphragm) settings while these, if used, seem to make it harder to get things lined up properly. The ideal setup would be to mount the whole shebang in a rigid, aligned base but I've preferred to do it the hard way--which requires considerable dexterity, coordination and patience. This is particularly true if you're trying to take a picture with the crosshairs of a scope sight lined up on some particular target.

I've used more miles of Tri-X film than I care to contemplate and have noted no particular degree of difficulty in processing it instead of some other emulsion. Rather than the business of coaxing the developer to a precise temperature, most--if-not all--US developers come with a time/temperature chart giving the number of minutes and seconds for any of several types of film according to the given temperature. The span runs from about 65 to 85° and, so long as you're in that ballpark, all is well.

Rather than trying to photograph through telescopes, I've concentrated most of my astrophoto efforts on the use of longer-than-normal focal length direct camera lenses but, except for that long-ago barn & silo shot, most of them have not been encouraging -- and perhaps it wouldn't seem so impressive if I could see it today. We continue to experiment, as time permits, with assorted telephoto equipment, usually concentrating on the facade of a hotel about a block to the west down Badillo Street and compare the rendition of the fine print on the signs as to resolving power of various lenses, films, developers and such. Bushnell has a setup for grafting an SLR camera to their target spotting telescopes, offering the





equivalent of about a 1500mm focal length, roughly 30 times the image size of a "normal" lens for 35mm cameras and one of these days I'll barter them out of one of these and give it a try. Dave Locke works there these days, and was mildly astonished when he found out that I was a veteran habitue of the place

John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Avenue, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey 07922

In appraising Renaissance 1, you seem to feel I am inconsistent in criticizing Robert Silverberg for using "hiss words" while using "hiss words" of my own.

But there is a difference: Silverberg was pretending to write an impartial survey of the issues between "traditionalist" and "New Thing" S.F. The reader was supposed to think: "Well, here's a guy who isn't on either side; he's just telling it like it is, so if the 'New Thing' sounds better the way he describes it, then it must really BE better."

I, on the other hand, am openly a propagandist. On the very first page of Renaissance, my position is stated clearly and unequivocally. When I use a term like "New Wavicles-Thingamajigs," the reader knows damn well it's because I don't like these people. I met Silverberg at the Lunacon, and advised him that all reviewers and editorialists ought to reveal their biases at the outset. Oddly enough, he agreed.

To help out your readers, Renaissance is being issued quarterly, and it's free. This is costing me a lot of money, of course--that's the main reason the zine isn't bulky, and printed on legal-size paper at that. But I figure it's in a good cause.

Speaking of good causes, there's a British S.F. TV show, "Out of the Unknown," that has dramatized stories by Asimov ("The Naked Sun"), Simak, vanVogt, Brunner, etc. I've heard very well of it, and when you consider that Star Trek's gone and all we're getting on the tube is trash by Irwin Allen, anyone who could help organize a campaign to bring this show to the U.S. would be doing Fandom a great service.

Faith Lincoln, an Irvington femmefan, informs me that the producer of "Out of the Unknown," Irene Shubik, can be reached c/o BBC Television Enterprises, Television Centre, London W12, England. Maybe we can turn on some of the erstwhile Trekkies to this show. I saw excerpts from the British production of "The Caves of Steel" at a recent ESFA meeting, and aside from the British accents, it was first rate.

/After "Journey Into the Unknown" I'm not too sure I trust British tv, but if someone does.... That is, if those aren't just two names for the same show. "Journey" has already been on US tv. RSC/

J.A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada

The Allen Calhamer who publishes Hypermodern is indeed the same Allen Calhamer as invented Diplomacy. He has just produced a new game, called Hyper-Space, which will be on the market soon. Much simpler than Diplomacy, it takes about 45 minutes to play a game, rather than Diplomacy's 6 hours (and about 2 years, postal). More suited to the powers of concentration and perseverance of people who enjoy Star Trek. I know, I know, that last is unfair. The only ST shows I have seen are this year's and I judge by comment that I see on all sides that it is definitely deteriorating...

May I second Bob Tucker's letter? A zine should be a labour of love. There will, of course, be a good deal of work involved. But when consciousness of that work becomes more apparent than the enjoyment it is time to quit or, at any rate, to go over to something less ambitious. I may be wrong, of course, but it always seems to me that the mood of the editor comes through somehow: if he regards the whole damned thing as a drag that fact communicates itself to the reader very quickly. As does his excitement, if that is the way he feels.

/I dunno; of course with two editors there's always one to carry the enthusiasm even if the other is discouraged. Trouble with the last few issues was that both of us were discouraged simultaneously. Hopefully the new nineo will fix that. RSC/

Peter Darling, 56 Pembroke Street, Epping, N.S.W., Australia 2121

As Yandro is very much a personal 'zine, and I can't see your point of view on many issues, I couldn't honestly say that I've uncritically enjoyed every word, but rather



you have the unnerving habit of making me think about things I tend to take for granted. That makes much better and more interesting reading in the long run.

/Thing is, we don't conform to anybody's norm. RSC/

George Fergus, 3341 W. Cullom Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60618

Re Claude Hall's remark in Y187: Motorola has contracted to manufacture the video tape player developed by CBS. (It attaches to the antenna terminals of a regular tv set.) The initial product will be for use by public services, educational institutions, etc., but consumer models should no doubt follow in a few years.

Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas 77566

I visited Texas A&M while Harlan Ellison was there. In fact, Lisa Tuttle, who is a big fan of Harlan's and who organized the Houston SF Society, got up a bunch of her friends to meet his plane in Houston and she (her parents, actually) gave him dinner at the Racquet Club and a party afterward.

Texas A&M is a very conservative school, I guess you could call it. It is only recently that students have not been required to join corp-sort of ROTC. When Harlan was asked to come down he asked if A&M was integrated, and Annette Bristol (who was asking) had to think a minute. A&M had been racially integrated for years without any trouble, but it is only in the last 5 years that it has been sexually integrated. Before then there were no girls going there, and there aren't many now. Anyway, Harlan talked to most of the English classes, and answered their questions. I missed the class where he was asked his opinion of Vietnam and the draft, but from what I was told it was a good hour, very interesting. I tape-recorded his talk Monday night, where he read one of his stories and the outline of a series he had just sold Paramount for NBC, called Man Without Time, about this man from 700 years in the future who comes back to change the present so that the final war won't happen 700 years from now. Harlan wanted the man to be a Negro, but that was nixed; so he is now a "gollder" color. It sounds like an interesting series. And he also sold them a take-off on Barbarella, both for 70-71 season. If they make it, it should brighten up the season.

Oh yes, I just remembered: Roger Waddington sent me a newspaper clipping telling how The Avengers series is going to be wound up (soon, in England, apparently). First Steed's apartment gets blown up. And the series ends with Steed and Tara taking an unscheduled space flight on a runaway rocket. Sounds like a good end to me.

M.R. Burgess, N. 3316 Lidgerwood, Spokane, Washington 99207

If you do not regard it as overly personal, may I ask the name of the bankrupt publisher who had accepted your proposed books, and inquire too if any of the latter were written? My interest is twofold: part is concerned with you, and knowing what you are doing; at the same time, I also wish to have some idea of which publishers have gone to that big wastepaper can in the sky. To my knowledge, no publisher of sf in the paperbound field has died recently, with the possible exception of Flagship. All the rest seem to be thriving indeed, to judge by the ever-increasing publishing lists.

/The publisher we killed was J.J. Beckbar, of Milwaukee. The outfit had never published any general circulation paperbacks; ours would have been the first. (The novel is now circulating to other publishers; last I heard it was at Dell. I doubt if even our whammy can knock them off. I hope it sells to somebody because it's all written; usually we have been doing just three chapters and outline but all the hard work is done on this.) RSC/

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A few readers have inquired about places to buy British sf. I get mine from Fantast(Medway) Ltd., 75 Norfolk St., Wisbech, Cambs., Great Britain. Ken Slater is the owner. There also is, or was, an H.M. Johnson outfit that sold sf; I used to do most of my business with them, but eventually lost track of them. Can any British fan tell me if they're still operating? Slater sends out regular catalogs to regular customers. You don't have to buy much, but you have to buy something, occasionally.



# COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY IS THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE OR TIMES ARE BAD ALL OVER

by ALEX GILLILAND

The incidents which took place at Columbia last spring were claimed by at least one of the participants, The Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), to be a genuine revolution.

The SDS derived a great deal of moral force from the proximity of Harlem, the idea being you better behave, baby, or we'll sic 'em on ya! They did, in fact, try very hard to draw the masses of Harlem into action against the University, but the Negro Community demonstrated its usual marked apathy towards following the cue of white middle class leaders and the attempts failed.

Nevertheless, the SDS shook the University to the core of its being, and Columbia will never be the same again.

So what is the result?

Well, Grayson Kirk is out. Unemployed after 13 years of exemplary service. He had his files rifled, his cigars smoked and his office desecrated. At some point in the proceedings he might very well have been....well, our side executes, their side murders, take your choice....had he fallen into student hands. The vice president, Truman, is discredited. Once in line for the top job, he is felt to have blood on his hands, and there is no future for him at Columbia. One career blighted.

Well, what else? Is Mark Rudd now the Dean of Men under the stern administration of Tom Hayden? Not hardly.

The SDS tried to renew the action this fall and failed dismally.

To use an analogy with explosives: any population has a potential for revolution. Historically, the radical groups that have triggered revolutions have been very small, like the detonator in a stick of dynamite. If the dynamite doesn't go off, if the revolutionaries do not appeal to their clientele, there is no explosion.

The SDS sought its clientele among two minority groups, Negroes and students. Among Negroes they were in competition with authentic Negro Militants like the Black Panthers, while among students they were limited to the sympathizers of the New Left.

The result is that when a situation is ripe, as at Columbia, the SDS can initiate an explosion, but from the larger viewpoint, all they can manage is a revolt and not a revolution.

What did happen at Columbia, by the way?

Well, after the brutal police raid, which was brutal, just as it was provoked, the senior faculty organized an ad hoc committee, which was given legitimacy at a mass meeting the next day, and with this instrument moved into the vacuum left by the collapse of the administration.

Put it like this: the SDS was able to destroy Kirk and the old regime, but they had no means of exploiting this victory on any institutional basis. The senior faculty, on the other hand, were not only on the spot, they were entrenched, and required only the opportunity to go out and grab off the fruits of the revolution which the SDS staged. Columbia University is now in the process of being taken over by the senior faculty, for the benefit of the senior faculty. This, surely, is not what the students and their leaders had in mind when they set their faces against the police. A man does not risk physical violence for a chance to vote on curriculum reform.

The students were against the war in Vietnam, and they were against racism, and the injustice of the draft. Good gut issues.

They didn't give a damn about running the University. The senior faculty did. And does.



Now it seeems to meeee, as Everett Dirksen likes to say, that the radical experience at Columbia is very likely to be the radical experience of the country as a whole should the New Left and the Boy Commandos of the SDS spark a nationwide revolt.

Namely, when the Establishment is smashed and discredited, existing second line establishments will move swiftly to fill the vacuum.

What second line establishments you may well ask? My own opinion is the State Governments backed up by State Police and National Guard. However, there is always a possibility of a coup d'etat by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in which case the C in CIA might well come to stand for Civil.

Possibly also you might find some very unlikely candidates crawling out of the woodwork. The John Birch Society and the Minutemen have at least as good a chance of taking over as the Revolutionary Action Movement or the SDS and if -- a very big if -- a decentralization of power took place, perhaps both groups might succeed in their different localities.

Thus, for instance, New York City might set itself up as the Republic of Harlem while the rest of the state followed the line of some opportunistic fascist group. This sort of thing is very entertaining to write about, but rather ghastly to live through.

You would have warfare, civil warfare, splitting along race lines, and the prospective result is quite clearly set out in Nigeria. The minority group is first compressed into a small area, and then eliminated by starvation.

In this country, of course, our technological resources are superior to Nigeria's, and once the Ghetto Republics had come into being, they might well be liquidated by that marvelous artifact, the neutron bomb. You know, the one that doesn't mess up the real estate. Also, think of the humaneness of it all, since nobody would have to starve to death (Our motto: "We don't fool around...").

This is not really what the New Left has in mind, but like the victim who provokes his own victimization, it is where they are headed. At Columbia, as the uprising got under way, Mark Rudd sent a letter to President Kirk, which concluded with a ringing quotation from Le Roi Jones, the playwright: "Up against the wall, motherfucker, this is a stickup!"

This is the style of the New Left, their genuine contribution to political debate. What can you say to those bright, articulate, raging people?

They give you two choices, "I surrender, have mercy," or "Speak, hands, for me!", and their style suggests that mercy is alien to them. Hayden is as implacable as Robespierre or Heydrich, and if he were inclined to mercy, men standing at his left would pull him down.

So the answer comes down to violence, if you have to answer. You can't say anything because they won't listen. And blows cannot be dealt by measure.

Support your local Establishment. Better the devil that you know....

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#### UNTITLED SHAGGY DOG STORY

by Sue Ward

It seems that Benny found a magic lamp, and after producing the inevitable Genie he was informed that he had but one wish. There was also a minor catch; if he made the wish he could never shave again or he would be turned into a flower pot. Benny naturally made the wish, asking for and receiving one million dollars (after taxes). He then retired to a small south sea paradise and prepared to enjoy himself. As the years passed, however, he began to notice a problem. Namely, his beard was now touching the floor and beginning to get in the way of his sexual activity, and besides, the girls were beginning to laugh at him. After one particularly exasperating experience, he decided that the beard must go. Maybe if he trimmed it with a pair of scissors; that wouldn't really be shaving, would it? Unfortunately, this particular genie was unused to the niceties of human logic-chopping, and in the middle of his trim, Poof! and Benny became a giant flower pot.

The moral of the story is that a Benny shaved is a Benny urned.



# STRANGE FRUIT

.....fanzine reviews by.....ISC

LOCUS #25, 26 (Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, New York 10457 - 6 for \$1.00 - more or less biweekly) A little two-page newsletter which has, with the assistance of ads, riders, review columns, etc., grown into a veritabobble monster. #26 had a total of 12 sheets of paper (all of them loose; once you remove the mailing staples you have to staple the resulting mess back together or end up with it scattered all over your floor.) This is the newsletter for fan activities, including news on what them dirty pros are up to now. Rating....7

OSFAN #47 (Hank Luttrell, The Basement, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Missouri 65201 - monthly - 15¢) A somewhat smaller newsletter; actually about the same amount of news, but fewer extras. Includes Chris Couch's fanzine reviews. Rating....5

THE NEW FORERUNNER #3, 4 (Gary Mason, Warili Road, French's Forest, New South Wales 2086, Australia - 20¢, 5 for \$1 surface mail; 55¢, 5 for \$2.75 air mail) An Australian newsletter, published for the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation, which appears to be a trifle confused. (Headline on #4 is "Darling Tells Con: SSFF Exists") Or perhaps the rest of Australian fandom is confused. Somewhat over half the mag is devoted to club news; the rest to general news of Australian fandom, science fiction, and comics. Rating doesn't apply to its club coverage as I have no way of knowing and very little interest in how well it serves that function. Rating...5

THE GAMESLETTER V4#15 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - an N3F publication) If you need to know what the N3F is, write Don. This, being an official publication, lists N3F Games Bureau members, mentions Bureau news, has a list of Diplomacy fanzines associated with the club, and reviews various Games fanzines. Here's another sub-fandom; the people who play board games. (Largely war games and allied games such as Diplomacy.) Possibly not "sub" but separate fandom, though there is considerable overlapping with stf fandom.

NAPALM #2 (Wally Conger, Route #1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, California 93420 - irregular - 15¢) A discussion-zine. Not particularly original (but then, are any of them? Religion, sex, and censorship are the staples, and the mags are sustained by newcomers to whom all this is fresh after the oldtimers who have heard all the arguments a dozen times have got tired and dropped out. In the last few years the draft has been added as a discussion item, which is all to the good.) I'm all for discussion mags; they let the kids defend their ideas and expose them to the fact that their most cherished beliefs may be considered ridiculous by others. (And the mail-order nature of the discussions usually prevents physical violence.) But, being an Old Fan and Tired, I have trouble in keeping interested in any particular mag. (I defend to the death your right to your opinions as long as you don't insist on me defending mine for the dozenth time.)

FANTASY WORLD #? (Wally Conger, address above, no price or schedule listed) A general-type fanzine slanted strongly toward super-heroes. The fiction seems at least no worse than some professional comic books. Articles are something else, including a movie review done entirely from press releases; from the review itself you would never know that the reviewer had seen the picture. (He's the same one who said in a letter that you couldn't transplant brains, ever, because they were different sizes and would never fit properly in another skull.) Rating.....2

INN-SPECTRE #2 (Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd, Stamford, Connecticut 06902 - irregular - send a 6¢ stamp for postage) Next issue, he says, will be called SUCCUBUS. An apazine, devoted to mailing comments and some commentary on pop music. Thin item.

LE SAC A CHARBON (Cpl. MiP Feron Michel 68/09752, Escadrille FA6, Bloc B Chembra 6,



Ecole Technique, Caserne Colonel Aviateur Renson, SAFFRAENBERG, Belgium) A small fanzine, listing and describing fanzines received. A good place to practice your French (if you have any to practice, which I don't).

A HITCHIE IS A FLANGE ONLY SMALLER (Linda Eyster, 5620 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217) A one-shot advertising Linda's address change, and including some other news of Pittsburgh fandom, including their convention, June 6-8. Write Linda for information.

MOJO ENTMOOTER #2 (Greg & Sue Shaw, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, Calif. 94930 - irregular? - 4 for \$1) Fascinating assortment of colored inks and paper (black on red, red on purple, green on blue, brown on black) some of which are successful and some of which aren't. A lot of ads; not much written material. Personally I was fascinated by the ad for "John and Yoko" posters for \$1. So you pay \$1 and you get a poster of two ugly naked people. Big deal. (But the kids will fall for it, being hero-worshippers, imitators, and natural conformists. John and Yoko are IN.)

ACELDAMA #13 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 10¢ or a complete run for 65¢. A Postal Diplomacy journal. In this particular war, it seems the principals have been listening to too much pacifistic propaganda.

NO-EYED MONSTER #15, 16 (Norman Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Road, Ortonville, Michigan 48462 - quarterly, more or less - 30¢) The editor, I see has been snared by ~~the~~ Big-Hearted Howard Devore and Detroit fandom, and #16 boasts some exceptionally bad fan limericks. (The idea isn't bad, but the author either never heard of meter in verse or wasn't able to apply it.) This issue also has a batch of nonsense verse; the type isn't one I particularly care for, but it seems well enough done (it does have meter and rhyme, if not sense). There's an article on the NECRONOMICON and a fairly long letter column. (Is this the source of recent fan rumors that the NECRONOMICON really exists?) Well, no; a likelier candidate is Fred Phillips' article on it in #15, which except for the article is filled with verse, good, bad and indifferent, but mostly blank. Rating.....4

SPINGE #21 (Darroll Pardoe, 95 East 12th. Ave, Columbus, Ohio 43201 - semi-annual - for trade or comment only) Small, digest-size, offset, fannish. Good artwork. (Well, not quite; I meant good artwork.) John D. Berry tries to be ironic and doesn't quite make it, Mary Reed has a column of this and that, Ken Cheslin discourses on various board games he and friends invented and played, and there is a fairly long letter-column. Rating.....4

THE MENTOR #14, 15 (Ron Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd, Normanhurst, N.S.W. 2076, Australia - quarterly - 25¢) But add something for overseas postage. Also, the editor is considering folding, or at least estivating, due to lack of contributions and comments. I'm not sure why. The only outstanding material in either issue is a long fannish parody of "Hiawatha" in #14, but the rest of the material - the usual assortment of fiction, reviews, and articles - is competent if not thrilling. Seems like it should garner as much comment as any other general fanzine. Rating.....5

THE UNDERGROUND V12#1 (Wayne Finch, 616 North 73rd. St, East St. Louis, Illinois 62203 - quarterly - 50¢) The world's foremost speleological fanzine. This is getting closer to stf fandom every issue; this one has artwork by Rotsler and Andy Porter, and not one but two letters from Harry Warner. Mostly it's about caving, however; reprints of scientific articles, original articles and cave-crawling reports (a short step above con reports in interest), some exceptionally bad verse, and considerable humor, some in-group and some not, some new to me and some with whiskers. Interesting.

PELF #7 (Dave Hulan, 1005 Mt. Olive Dr. #10, Duarte, Calif. 91010 - irregular - for trade or contribution, sample copy for 10¢ in postage - co-editor, Dave Locke) A typical science-fiction fanzine. Harry Warner discusses ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, Creath Thorne mentions campus censorship, Roy Tackett mentions the results obtainable - sometimes - from writing protest letters, Rick Sneary makes a suggestion on handing out convention profits, and most of the letters are about smoking, pro and con. (All moderately enjoyable.) Rating....6



TRUMPET #9 (Tom Reamy, Box 523, Richardson, Texas 75080 - quarterly - 75¢ - coeditor, Alex Eisenstein) Lovely Bok color cover. TRUMPET is by far the most professional-looking fanzine in existence (in fact, it looks more professional than most of the professional stf mags - and reads more professionally than at least one of them). There is an article on Bok by Emil Petaja, a page of Bok poems, and a portfolio of Bok artwork. There's also a folio of Steve Fabian's artwork; I'm not sure why, because he isn't all that good. There is a rather fascinating "Superman Diary" which ranges between humor and mawkishness. Andy Offutt writes about hypnotism, restating the old basics in modern terms. David Gerrold tells how terrible "Star Trek" fans are (the main complaint being that they pay more attention to the actors than they do to the writers - the more I hear of some of the writers, the less I blame the fans). Harlan Ellison and Richard Hodgins tell you all about "2001" (though it might have been more effective if Harlan's article had been run after Hodgins', as it sort of cuts the ground out from under some of Hodgins' pretensions). Oh yes, editor Eisenstein tells you about it, too, but long before then I had been told more about the show than I cared to read; I've seen it, fellas, and I'm capable of making my own interpretation of it without your alleged help. Rating...8

ODD #20 (Ray & Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park Ave, St. Louis, Missouri 63108 - irregular - \$1 per copy) After your first copy, you have to comment or contribute; they are no longer interested in mere money. It would be a terribly hard fanzine for me to comment on, though (I made it this time, but probably won't again for several issues) because 90% of their subject matter is totally uninteresting to me. I don't mean it's bad; some of it seems quite well done. It just isn't anything I give a damn about. ("Even if that was good I wouldn't like it...") It's a big thig mag with lots of artwork, but the art seems to run to huge cartoons by Bode, who I still say is the poor man's Arthur Thomson. There's a long cartoon "battle" between Bode and Jack Gaughan, for example, which I'm sure had dozens of readers rolling in the aisles. I analyzed it to try and discover why, but I failed. There are articles on pop music, the greatness of NEW WORLDS (by Moorcock, of course), and Richard Gordon talks about the British university scene and gets off on why the world is going to hell. Rating....7

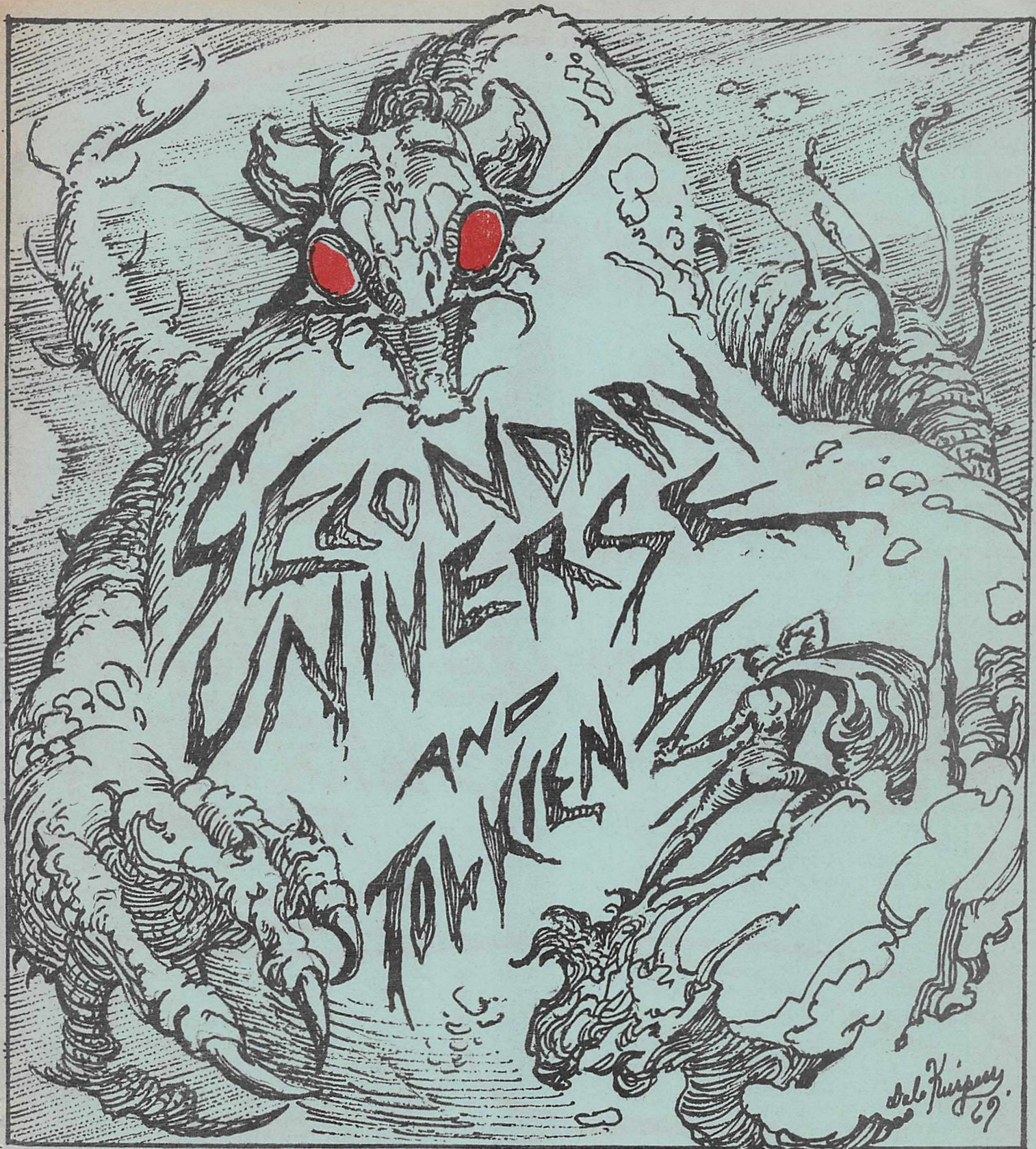
BEABOHEMIA #3 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951 - quarterly - 60¢ - ass't. ed. Bill Marsh) The trend is to huge fanzines; this runs 80 pages. Too big to cover in the length of space I am willing to allot to it. There are columns by Leo Kelley, Piers Anthony, Seth Dogramjian, and the editors, fanzine and book reviews, and 24 pages of letters. Artwork from mediocre to excellent. Rating.....7

ALGOL #15 (Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201 - quarterly - 60¢) Another big one; 60-plus pages. Norman Spinrad tells, one again, what a wonderful book BUG JACK BARRON is. Lupoff reviews books, quite adequately as such things go. There is a Michael Gilbert artfolio; again I wonder why. Not that he isn't a good artist; I would admire spot illos by him. But 10 pages all in a row are not all that exciting. Samuel R. Delany has an article on stf, Ted White has a column not about stf, and there are the usual letters. Spirit duplicated; future issues will be offset. A general-type fanzine, largely but boringly concerned with stf. Rating....7

NIMROD #12 (Dwain Kaiser and Al Snider, 1397 No. Second Ave, Upland, Calif. 91786 - bimonthly - 50¢) Another 60-plus pages. Two major items; a long review, photographically illustrated, of "The Illustrated Man", and a symposium on various trends in fandom, from teenyboppers to drugs. There is also a huge lettercolumn. Rating....8 With the above came an artfolio, THE ONCE AND FUTURE NIMROD, which wasn't all that good.

S F COMMENTARY #1 (Bruce Gillespie, P.O. Box 30, Bacchus Marsh, Victoria 3340, Australia - 9 times per year - \$3 per year, plus some postage) This seems to be a fanzine for the serious discussion of science fiction, taking up the mantle that ASFR is about to drop. Writing doesn't seem to be too bad, but the reproduction, this issue at least, is terrible - so bad that I didn't read much of the mag. I need new glasses anyway, and I have yet to see the fanzine that was worth getting an eye-strain type headache over. But if the reproduction is licked, succeeding issues could be excellent. Rating....3





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