

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED

Xanadu



YANDRO #193

november 69

VOL. XVII-NO. 8

Published as monthly as possible by Robert and
Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind.

47348, USA

British Agent: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road,
Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain.

Price, US: 40¢, 4 for \$1.50, or 12 for \$4.00

Price, Britain: 3/0 per copy, 4 for 10/0, 12 for 26/0

Opinions expressed in this fanzine are quite possibly those
of the authors, but in fandom don't bet on it.



CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial)	JWC	2
A Coulumn	BEC	3
Rumblings (editorial)	RSC	4
Interstellar Empires and Stuff (article)	Alexis Gilliland	6
Artless Verbosity (poem*)	Elizabeth Fishman	8
Difugality (column)	Dave Locke	9
The Endless Winter (verse)	Jim Fauss	12
A Shy Proposal (article?)	Nan Braude	13
Golden Minutes (book reviews)	RSC	14
Grumblings (letters)	the faithful	19
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)	RSC	29

ARTWORK

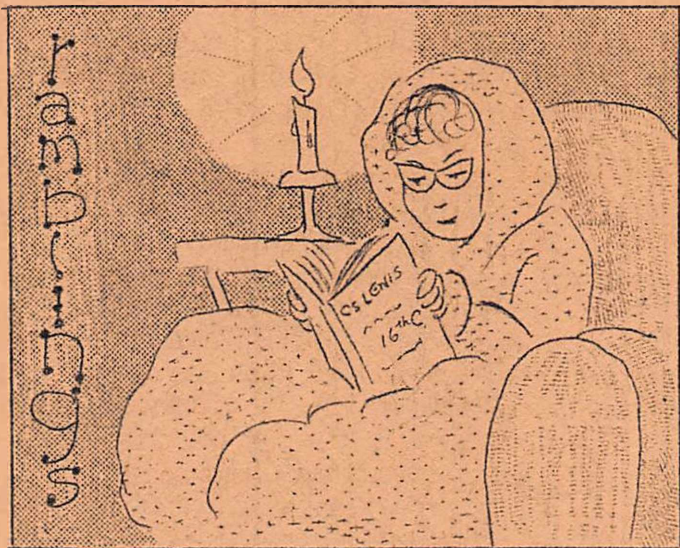
Cover and cover logo	Arthur Thomson	Page 11	Dick Flinchbaugh
Page 1	Alexis Gilliland	" 19 (logo)	Arthur Thomson
" 2	JWC	" 20	Arthur Thomson
" 4	JWC	" 21	Al Davoren
" 6	Jim Cawthorn	" 24	Mike Symes
" 7	Randy Scott	" 25	DEA
" 10	Dan Adkins	" 29 (logo)	Richard Delap

NEW ADDRESS: Richard Delap, 1014 So. Broadway, Wichita, Kansas 67211
more new addresses on page 32

We still have copies of NEO-FAN'S GUIDE for sale at 25¢, and the second and final
issue of ST-PHILE for 50¢. Also mimeo supplies, and a few boxes of elderly but us-
able ditto masters for \$1.00 per box.

We're backing Los Angeles for the 1972 Worldcon, and I don't know about Juanita,
but I'm backing Montreal in 1974. Juanita is leaning toward Minneapolis in '73,
and I'm undecided. Somehow this doesn't seem quite the season for fan politics.

A HAPPY THANKSGIVING TO ALL OUR LOYAL READERS



Ah, the unjoys of rural living. The power went off abruptly shortly before 9pm last night and stayed off about an hour. Small potatoes, save that the outside temperature was well below 20° and our gas space heater is controlled by an electric thermostat. It got rather chilly in here before the glow of civilization once more brought things to life. (The cause of the outage is not known to us yet; I listened in on the party line and obtained the information that it was not, as we first suspected, caused by somebody driving through a power pole; I also learned that the black out did not extend as far as Montpelier, Indiana, 5 miles away (one woman was saying with obvious frustration that though her

house was blacked out she could see the cheery lights of Montpelier out her front window). Winter in the country is chilly, to say the least, but we didn't consider such things as going to a hotel (Hartford has only one, and a fleabag at that) or a motel (it has two, always full). Faith and fortitude are the makings. My main concern was a source of water. The pump is electrically operated, and with the power off we would not be able to let the water drip to keep the pipes from freezing. The cold itself isn't all that much of a menace. We once returned from a trip to Milwaukee to discover the space heater pilot light had gone out during our absence and the house had been unheated -- possibly for the whole weekend. We relit the heater, dragged mattresses in front of the thing and all slept in the central room we use for an office (where the space heater is located) and managed not at all badly. I should explain the space heater--an old, decrepit and very inefficient model--is the only means of heat in the place. It gives one a very picneery feeling, let me tell you.

Repro purists may be interested in the difference in typefaces on this issue. Most of it was typed with a Royal manual Buck is presently renting with option to buy. The other pages (page 17 gives a comparison between the two machines) were typed with a similar Royal--similar save for a less sharp typeface and the fact that a part fell off the space mechanism and rendered the machine useless after about a week's use. We returned it and got this as a replacement and are about convinced to buy it. I would like them to set down the tension on the "•" key, however; even Buck's light touch typing knocks them out, and with my two-finger hammer style I'm cutting through the backing sheet on the stencil despite having the tension to its lowest point.

Apologies also for the amount of offset on some sheets. I think I've discovered what I did wrong and I think I can correct it by next issue.

Another possible con.bid in the offing: Unicon in '74. The committee wants, in short, to hold the con on the Columbia campus. They list as persuasive arguments the facts that we are probably never going to get a really cooperative hotel from now on as fandom grows and service declines, and that a college campus not only offers a multiplicity of advantages (meeting rooms enough to accomodate every faction, non-panickism with strange modes of dress, demands for exotic audio-visual equipment, or a moderate amount of insanity) but nowadays also features housing at quite good rates (this may possibly involve making up one's own bed, but frankly I'd prefer that to sticky hassling with a hotel over numerous other things). All in all it sounds like they may have some very saleable points. For further information (all this is so far in the future, but the future is almost upon us) write Brian Burley, 1480 Route #46 Apt. 123A, Parsipanny, N.J. 07054.

Our television watching is fairly selective--and this season rather minimal so far --but I wonder if anyone else is as annoyed by a standard practice as I am: the seeming calculation of the networks in positioning special and worthwhile shows opposite one another (and occasionally on all three networks simultaneously). There will be weeks of near wasteland on the air, and on one night three programs promising much

food for thought and/or entertainment--making it impossible for the viewer to see the offerings. I'm too cynical to accept the possibility that this is coincidence; I'm sure the networks couldn't care less that they are creating vast ill-will on the part of at least one viewing family--but if there were any way we could get even with a letter writing or phoning campaign I would be an early volunteer.

I do hope "The Wolf Men" was well viewed, and I wish the same producers would do the same service for other endangered species such as the African great cats and our own crocodiles and alligators, among others. The section on the Alaskan wolf hunters was of course propaganda, but in this case propaganda (calculated to turn the viewer off the wolf bounty hunter) I thoroughly approve of. The naturalist, Dr. Fox (?), in his reaction to being attacked by a wolf, reminded me very much of Farley Mowat in his book NEVER CRY WOLF. Mowat came to the same conclusions: wolves are much maligned, not vicious, and if you are attacked, you deserve it. (Mowat was/is the ultimate dedicated researcher: to establish the wolf family he was observing did indeed exist almost entirely on a diet of field mice he used himself as a nutritional guinea pig; at first he neatly skinned and gutted the mice he ate, and did not fare well; then he reasoned the wolves were eating the whole mouse and started mincing his mice, creaming them and discovered it kept him quite well nourished. Of course, he created an impression among his Eskimo neighbors that he was stark, raving mad, but he did demonstrate his point.) Mowat was sent, by the Canadian gov't, to establish that wolves were destroying the caribou herds and therefore should be wiped out; his study indicated quite the opposite, and according to Mowat (with understandable bitterness) was therefore suppressed. It's a vastly entertaining book, reviewed some time ago in these pages, but still very highly recommended.

Are other areas of the country so rife with antique buffs? We are not antique buffs, but we are beginning to acquire a greedy knowledge that many of the things we use every day are in demand, somewhere, by somebody, and for a ridiculous price. I was drying dishes last night when I suddenly realized the towel I was using was one of those distributed in sacks of Gold Medal flour during the 30's or 40's; probably it is now much desired by someone, and I resolved to fold it away against damage and see if I can discover that someone. To me it's just a dish towel, but to who knows what aberrant collector it may be a valuable future heirloom. I mean, if people turn nipsups to collect those gaudy blue Shirley Temple pitchers of the 30's and the garish orange carnival glass given away by every ring-toss game at the county fair in the 30's and 40's, screwballism may have few limits.

I have been occupied with C.S. Lewis' ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, one of the Oxford History of English Literature series. I don't know how the rest of the series may read, but Lewis at least is not only quite informative but very entertaining, and with some things to say for modern times. He remarks that when Henry VIII confiscated the church lands there was originally much promising of the good things to be done for the country as a whole from the profit; instead the lands were sold off to the already-wealthy and proceeds kept. One scholar even suggested the colleges be confiscated, under the naive impression that this time the government would surely have enough profit left over to distribute to worthy causes like poverty, ill-health, and the general well being of the people..."that mystical 'this time' which is always going to be so different--government, having sucked in, would give out." I think there might be a moral there for our time, as well as the sixteenth century. JWC

A COLUMN

by Bruce E. Coulson

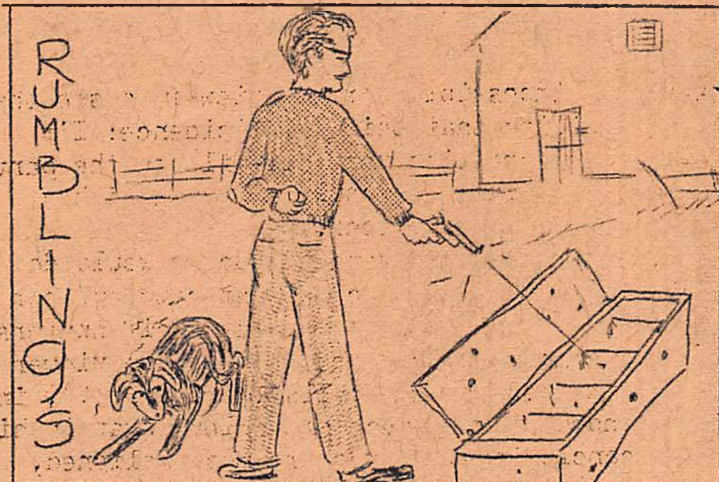
Have just finished reading I, ROBOT. I think that some parts are far-fetched, such as Earth government outlawing robots, or a robot with religion, but otherwise it was great.

I hear that the comic books are going to fold. It looks like television has won this battle.

School is great. Two weeks ago we had four recesses, one extra hour one. Hope they keep this up.

But as my papers slowly freeze to the floor, I must say goodbye.

BEC



L. Sprague de Camp sent us a rather Plaintive note to the effect that we had ~~omitted~~ a word from "To My Library" in the last issue, thus spoiling the scan- sion. So, apologies to the author and readers, and those of you who save cop- ies of YANDRO might insert the word "tablet" after "calendar" in the first line of the poem. We try to keep our typos in bounds, but every so often a big one slips through.

Time to run thru the clippings again and get this mess off my desk. Lessee. The local paper reports that

muskrats are damaging the Montpelier sewage plant - now there's a problem you don't have in the big cities. And you know this new postal regulation that allows an in- dividual to refuse to accept any mail he considers obscene? One of San Francisco's residents has made the logical reaction; he has informed the post office that he con- siders draft notices obscene. (The post office says the law only applies to mail which offers something for sale, which seems a scabby cop-out. But that reminds me; if the draft is revised per the present proposition - don't some states have laws against participation in lotteries?) Nan Braude sends along an ad for the Poem-of-the-Month Club. For a payment of \$1 per month, you get one poem per month, each by "a newly discovered American poet of unmistakable promise. Each poem will be printed on rare paper, in exquisite type, and bear the poet's signature." From San Francisco, again. I believe it was also Nan who sent a clipping of a letter-to-the-editor from a member of the Church of the Magic Tortoise. Yes, indeedy. Some time back I expres- sed approval over the writing and particularly the wealth of background detail in two supernatural novels by Leslie Whitten; one set in Washington, one in the rural south. Awhile back in Jack Anderson's column, he was referring to the sharp prac- tices of insurance companies with regard to victims of Hurricane Camille, and men- tioned "my associate, Leslie Whitten". So that's why Whitten's background seemed so thoroughly researched; he's an expert in both areas. Bill Conner sent along a fairly long article he did on a man who can destroy clouds with a little gadget that "focus- es the energy of the eye". Folksinger Josh White died this past month, at age 61, while undergoing heart surgery. This is one of the rare times when I feel a loss at the death of a celebrity. Josh wasn't one of my absolute favorite singers, but I did like him. (Our "Strange Fruit" column title comes from one of his records.) Ned Brooks sent along an article on Murray Leinster; nothing there I can synopsise, but it was a very enjoyable article. Thanks, Ned. Has anybody actually seen any of Berk- ley's "New Reading Appeal" books? I've seen ads for them, but I have yet to see one of the books on the stands. Lee Lavell sends along the ridiculous movie title of the month; "Sword Without A Country". And a commentary on US civil strife, saying that deaths in civil strife from 1963 to 1968 averaged 1.1 per million population. The world average was 238 per million, and the European average was 2.4 per million. Somebody was saying something about how savage the US was in comparison to Europe?

We haven't been indulging in a lot of fannish activity lately. We did get down to Indianapolis and met the nucleus of the new club there; Dave Burton, Dave Gorman, Dave Lewton, Jerry Hunter, and Lee and Jim Lavell. Gorman and Lewton we hadn't met before; Burton we met at the Worldcon, and of course Hunter and the Lavells are old acquaintances from the days of the earlier Indianapolis clubs. (I was going to say they were left over from the earlier days but I considered what Lee might do if I called her a leftover, and desisted.) I must say the 11:00 curfew puts quite a damper on fan parties; in the old days we never broke up before 1:00 or 2:00 AM. Burton and Gorman are editing a new fanzine, which will be out any year now....

Otherwise we have been sitting around doing domestic chores, farm type. Like Bruce and I shelled about 6 gallons of popcorn last weekend (measured in gallons be-

cause the finished product was stored in some empty gallon jugs we had on hand.) 6 gallons of popcorn is quite a bit, especially when you have to rake every grain off the ear personally. Then I needed a mouse-proof container for apple storage, so we attended an auction. I picked up a metal utility cabinet for \$1, took it out back and shot holes in it for ventilation (don't tell me a gun can't be useful; it would have taken hours to drill the holes), arranged it - on its back, door up - in our fruit cellar, and dumped 4 bushels of apples in it. Juanita has been working on pears; we have 6 bushels of them, and inferior containers, so they have to be cooked and/or frozen. Then I've built three bookcases recently; 2 for us and one for Bruce. (A quick estimate with a tape measure gave us 440 feet of shelf space in our library. Bruce only has 30 feet, but that's more than I had when I was 12 years old. The bad part is that in another 3 months I'll have to build more bookcases.) Bruce and Juanita manned a stand along the road and sold pumpkins, Indian corn and strawberry popcorn. Not much income, but a lot of fun for Bruce - and every little bit helps.

Auctions are fun, though, if you have the time. All the weird things people pay money for. Some woman paid \$7.00 for a box of canned goods that would have cost her \$6.50 out of the store (I know, because I had thought of bidding a dollar or two on the box myself, and I checked what was in it). Somebody else paid \$35 for one of the most hideous clocks I have ever seen in my life. But it was an antique, so... I had thought of trying to replace my falling-apart overstuffed chair until I saw how cat-clawed the ones offered were. Actually, if the cats had stopped at clawing I would not have minded so much. But I have a sensitive fannish nose. But somebody bought them, even though they would have been refused by one of the better quality dumps.

Anybody know anything about the "Country Beautiful Subscription Series"? Actually it seems to be a quarterly hardcover magazine, but apparently they don't want to call it that. \$15.95 for 4 issues. I got a catalog from them; they also sell big fancy books at big fancy prices. I'm not going to buy any, but I'm curious. This seems to be the age of the paperback and of the expensive hardcover - big volumes, lavishly illustrated, and costing \$15 to \$30 (or more; Publishers Central listed an art book marked down from \$100 to \$49.50, and a bird and tree book marked down from \$200 to \$49.95, though I guess that's a 2-volume set. But even in the age of affluence, \$100 per book seems like a lot of money.) I tend to be a sucker for the big, beautiful book, though, especially if it's a "bargain". I would like, for example, to have the complete Sierra Club series of nature books in hardcover. I won't get them, though I may pick up the Ballantine editions. \$4 is a lot for a paperback, and the smaller size does hurt the illustrations somewhat, but at least it's a price within reach, and they are still beautiful.

Here I am wondering how I'll finish the stencil, and as soon as I do I'll remember half a dozen things I forgot to include. It always works that way.

We occasionally find out that one or another of our readers hasn't received an issue for 6 months because I didn't get a change of address or goofed up at this end, or something. And the reply is usually "oh, I thought you'd stopped publishing", or "I thought you were mad at me for some reason". Look. When and if we stop publishing (we may just keep going on forever, you know) you will know about it. If you're a subscriber you'll get a cash refund, if you're a contributor you'll get material back, and if you're in another category I'll tell you personally because there are not enough readers in another category to be much trouble. And if I get mad at you, you'll know it, too. Besides, if you paid money for the subscription, my opinion of your personal habits has no bearing on whether or not you get the mag - unless I get sore enough to refund your sub money. I have done that, once or twice. So, people, if you suddenly and inexplicably stop getting YANDROS, write and ask. I can't do anything about the situation unless I know it exists. Once again, overseas readers are urged to renew ahead of time, because barring accidents this issue will be sent out in mid-November, and most of you won't have received the last issue with the expiration notice in it yet. (Assuming your sub did expire with the last issue.) In fact, considering the degeneration of postal services, it wouldn't hurt people in California to renew ahead of time.

INTERSTELLAR EMPIRES & STUFF

surveyed by alexis gilliland

One of the great themes in science fiction is the hasty assemblage of an empire to withstand the impending onslaught of some truly monstrous race that will git us if we don't.

In short, the action is conceived of as a bureaucratic operation, with the justification that if we don't, someone else will.

In the early '40's there were all sorts of stories about worlds totally at war, with Germanic Jovians and Saturnine Samuri, and the good guys and bad guys were pretty clearly marked. Today, we read about bureaucratic empire building, and intra-departmental infighting, but the enemy, usually, is pretty remote. We are, instead, preparing for Der Tag, the climax of civilization, when They will fall upon Us, and seek to do us in.

This theme contains some assumptions which should be examined.

For instance: It is tacitly assumed that population will increase until the universe is saturated. Our population and their population.

Second, it is explicitly assumed that you will be able to control and administer a volume of galactic-sized space, enforcing laws, regulating trade, stopping piracy, vandalism and moperly, and generally seeing that the Universe is running the way you like it.

Third, it is explicit that out there lurks a Cosmic Menace, a race of Evil Intent and Abhorrent Appearance, which is acting just like us. That is, it is preparing for the day when it will be engulfed in a tidal wave of humanity.

So. As Isaac Asimov, in a feat of mathematical legerdemain once demonstrated, if the population of any star-roving species increases at 1% a year, the galaxy will be grossly overcrowded within a cosmic eyeblink (15,132 years, 3 months, $6\frac{1}{2}$ days) and the Universe itself in two cosmic eyeblinks

Given this information (and who could doubt Dr. Asimov?) it becomes pretty clear that a good method of life control is essential for any race that has an FTL level technology.

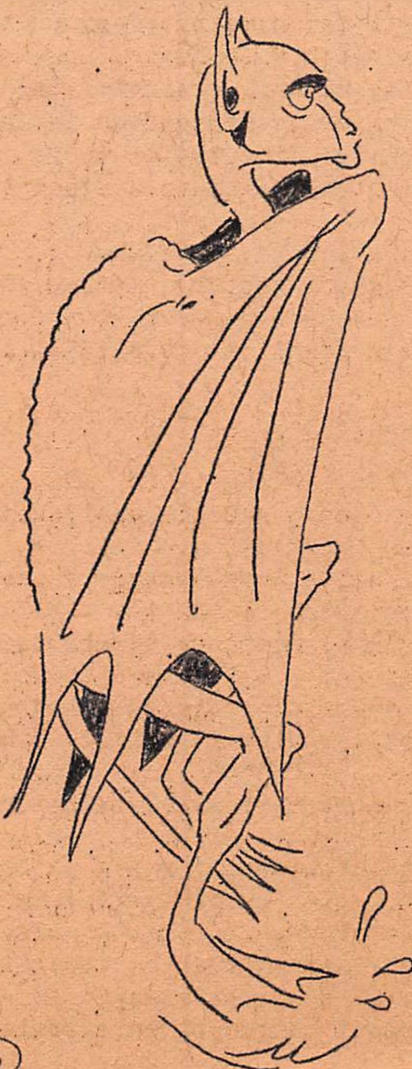
Otherwise, based on present information, the Universe is already grossly overpopulated or the races which expand into its overwhelming depths die out mysteriously every few thousand years.

Ignoring this consideration, let us come back to our Empire-Builders-Against-Impending-Catastrophe.

Given that communication is instantaneous, and that travel is fast. Three days will take you to the very edge of civilization. Or, maybe three weeks. Never three years, or thirty years, or three hundred.

Given also lots of people on lots of planets.

Suppose you are on a backward planet, and you and



a delegation of your colleagues ask the Planetary Viceroy /Co-ordinator/Administrator/Lord High Whatsis why you are compelled to sell wheat to his office for \$1.00 a bushel when he does nothing but sell it next system for \$2.25.

He tells you that in 500 years the soulless feends of Goombah VII will fall upon us, and the Empire had better be in good shape.

Will you believe that? If you do, will you believe that the man who offered to sell wheat directly to the next system for \$1.75 was a Goombah agent? If you believe that, then the Empire is in good shape.

The United States has trouble getting people to believe things too. It is known as the Imperial Credibility Gap. In short, there is a continual tension between the center and the periphery. Between Washington D.C. and the State Capitols. Between the Entity called the Human Hegemony and the planets which make up its discrete parts.

Consider the metric system. (Metric has 10 planets, each of which has 10 satellites...) At last, after years of obfuscation and delay, we are about to adopt it...well, actually, Congress has authorized a study on how much it would cost, and whether we should. The only reason we are about to take this step is that the rest of the World is on metric, and we trade a lot with them. There are also periodic conferences about how to define the meter.

Hopefully, when we go out to build our Stellar Empire, Bulwark Against Evil Aliens, all this will be solved. Each colony planet will use the most advanced tools for measurement, the same design for screw threads, the identical inputs for their systems, and universally interchangeable interfaces on their computers. Not to mention the same religion and the same language.

Yes indeedy. We will freeze everything but the population.

Failing to get this uniformity, we will have a very unsatisfactory empire, just as all the empires in history have been unsatisfactory.

In short, if you have two worlds in the same system, you will be doing well if they are as nearly united as Sweden and Syria.

Given 1,000 worlds, scattered from Hell to Breakfast (or from Trantor to Kalgan), and imposing galactic order becomes impossible.

Take law. Take computers. Take any system for handling information. The information from each of those 1,000 worlds is different. In time the individual systems will become different, too.

Probably the best you can get (on a grand, galactic scale) is a legendary phone number which one dials in case of super emergency.

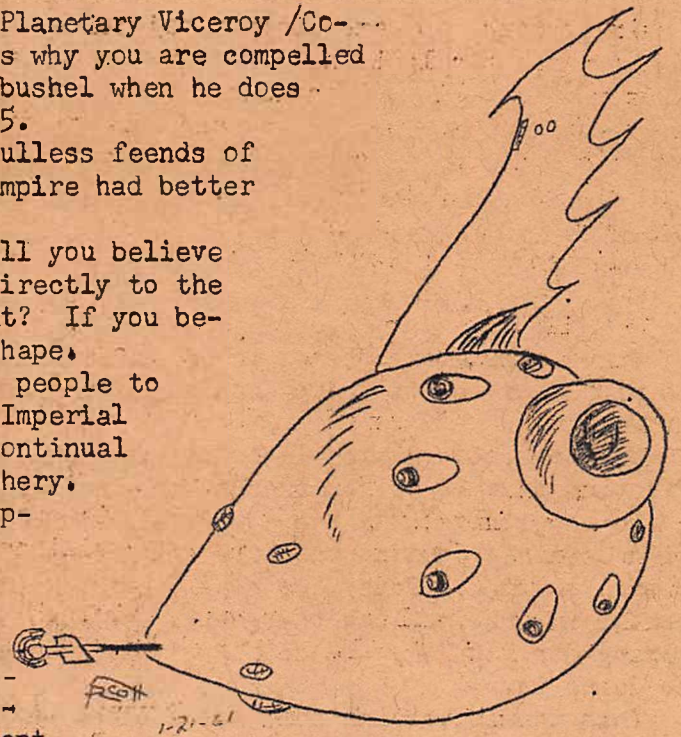
We put in a robot answering service, with programmed instructions to rebroadcast to everybody whenever a genuine alien menace appears.

The system is really useless. A redundant backup. The time to build a defensive coalition depends on a lot of things, but given interstellar distances it is likely to be readily available.

Also, given interstellar distances, it is probable that a defensive coalition would be pretty much a local matter.

Say that you can go 1 light year an hour...Alpha Centauri is as far off as England is from New York. But 100 light years is four days, 1000 light years forty. How far will help come? In the middle ages, when travel was slower, i.e. distances were humanly longer, most of the fighting was border raids. The Germans even had a title, Margrave, which meant March Count--i.e., the war leader of a border area.

The notable exceptions, like the crusades and the Mongol conquest, were armies,



passing through to some distant objective.

Not a giant colonizing force, note, but a free ranging army of conquest. The crusades were a religious phenomenon, the Mongols a political one; (China had kept peace on the Northern border by the old rule of divide and conquer. By supporting first one tribe and then another they kept a pack of small, warring nations on their border, rather than a single large one. Ghengis Khan united the Mongols, and conquered China.) both were armies that traveled independent of supply lines, and while the crusaders established a temporary foothold in the Holy Land, the Mongols established an Empire of sorts.

Actually, the Mongols established a tribute-shed. In return for the annual payment of a large sum, a city was relieved of the obligation to build walls and maintain an army.

This money the Mongols collected enabled them to maintain the armies that collected it.

The weakness was that when Mongols fell out, the Golden Horde versus the White Horder, for instance, the normal tactic was to weaken the enemy by destroying his tributeshed. This was hard on the civilians, but easier than fighting an army as tough as your own.

Given interstellar distances, again, the most likely form of Empire is the tribute-shed; "The Empire" will be the fleet. The planets will be the hapless sources of supply.

And it won't be necessary to invent alien invaders, either. With 1,000 planets, you can probably support a few dozen fleets, directed not at aliens, but each other.

Given this sort of situation, you might not have an empire, but if an enemy shows up, one can be put together in an awful hurry. Or, more to the point, appropriate countermeasures can be taken.

Also, big empires tend to be politicodynamically unstable, prone to civil war and subject to religious and political aberrations.

Such as: That 500 year Menace to Humanity doesn't exist!

From which it logically follows that \$1.00 per bushel wheat resold at \$2.25 is unnecessary and intolerable.

With our tributeshed supported space fleet(s) the question never arises. You pay because the Establishment says so. And if the planet you live on changes hands, the only difference you notice will be the uniform of the tax collector.

The problem of the men who man the fleets never arises, because (shades of the Berserkers) the fleets are all robots.

Maybe the tax collectors will be robots, too.

Only the population-exploding, soul-eating evil aliens will be people.

From which we can conclude that the Interstellar Empire immediately at hand is the true menace to humanity? Probably it will depend on the aliens.

I'm not a pop music fan; I never cared much for that longhair stuff.

RSC

ARTLESS VERBOSITY

by Elizabeth Fishman

I find no joy
In the works of age-ago poets,
Who layered Star and Flower
In the plus of verbosity.

I like the bare bones
Of Thought
To startle my mind
To clarity.

DIFUGALITY

COLUMN BY

DAVE LOCKE

...FATAL FLIPPANT FANNISH FOMENT

I was writing about grapho analysis in the first installment of this column, and in regarding the composition of this and future installments I find myself with a minor but perplexing problem. Other than fanzine review columns, this is the first column I've been faced with doing, and the problem of determining content has now manifested itself.

Where do I want to go? Do I want to go anywhere? What if I want to stay? These are serious questions, which probably would have been more significant if I hadn't asked them.

The problem of finding subject material probably plagues a lot of fanzine writers, not to mention writers of fanzine columns. Thank goodness I don't find this a momentous problem. I could write thousands of words about how abominably crooked one can get from merely taking a sip of each of the other-worldly drinks which Dean Grennell makes for himself over the course of one evening. It wouldn't be a problem for me to do apa minac (assuming I were in an apa) on the single topic of Dave Hulan's obsession to possess wall-to-wall chord organs. I could bash out seven or eight pages on Tina Hensel's burning desire for warm, flat beer.

The interesting part about all this is that people will read these things and enjoy them, and write similar material themselves. A lot of us are weird like that. Not nearly as many as there were in fifth fandom, but there are some and only a few of us are fifth-fandomites alive and well and living in Argentina, Heyworth, or West Covina.

But fannish topics run in cycles. We've even worked our way back to talking about Science Fiction again. I have no fear as regards this change of trend. I can talk about Science Fiction if I have to. I'm not ignorant about sf. John D. MacDonald wrote a few things in that field.

But in between our initial discussion of sf and our current regeneration of interest in same, we digressed into politics and digressed into faanishness. We get tired and move on to other things. Some of us are narrow-minded in our span of interest concerning fannish topics, but more of us are limited in the scope of things which we will write about. Maybe we're just not versatile, but more probably our real interests come to the front when we sit down to actually write something.

My problem is that I made an effort to digress from the usual sort of thing which I write about. I wrote on a serious topic, but started off treating it in my usual manner and wound up lapsing into not only the usual manner but the usual content as well. So much for originality.

But you see, I have all these groovy topics lined up. What will I do with them? Sensitivity Training, Non-Verbal Communications (the reading of body movements), and suchlike. I usually try to be humorous or at least light, but to do so with serious material is just a waste of subject matter. Better I should give them to Harlan Ellison, who is probably the most unintentionally great humorist in fandom today. It seems such a waste to be humorous about serious matters when fans are accustomed to people who are unintentionally funny.

Anyway, to digress back to my original subject, I had had the idea that with this column I would somewhat depart from my standard line of irrelevant froth. So I started

to, somewhat. I asked myself what would comprise such a departure, but the answer was too vast in scope. I've written faan material, and that's about it. Maybe I could be serious for a change, and write about science fiction, but then I realized that this would not be too radical a departure from my standard line of irrelevant froth. I could write about politics and the world scene, but I didn't appear to be too horribly interested in the idea. So I decided to take a serious subject, like grapho analysis, and write seriously about it for as long as I could bear to do so. The idea was frightening, but I went ahead with it anyway.



You see, writing serious fan material in my spare time is not the most golden adventure I can see myself undertaking. I write serious material all day long at the office, and could use some of that rather than take a busman's holiday, but I'm doubtful as to how much interest fans can work up over the subject of foreign trade. Some of the letters I get from overseas which are almost written in English might be of interest, but that would be cruel.

Now there was an idea! I'd be cruel. Not to people overseas, who don't deserve such treatment, but to fans. Fans are always saying rotten things to other fans. Why should I be different?

But that seemed too obviously crude. What I needed was to be subtly crude. Maybe I could do it in the form of a parody. Fans are always parodying things, but very seldom do they parody fannish things.

What a brilliant idea. I'll do it now.

DIATRIBE

Well, Guise, don't just sit there with your typewriter hanging out. Let's get with it. What are you going to talk about this time?

Well, I thought this time I might talk about me.

Do you think you deserve that much attention?

I don't see why I shouldn't. Me is one of my favorite subjects. I'm very interesting. Besides, I like me.

I think the idea is disgusting. Frankly, I think you---

Don't say it. You, of all people, have no right to throw stones.

I, of all people, have the most right. After all, if I think the subject of you is uninteresting, you might say I'm prejudiced but you could never say I'm ignorant.

If I didn't lead such a lonely life, I never would have invented you. You give me heartburn, Excedrin headache number one, and a tremendous pain. You also give me paranoia, and you leave a bad taste in my mouth.

You're right, you do lead too lonely a life. I'm no good for you. You're no good for me, either, but, since I'm just a figment of your imagination, that doesn't matter. Why don't you put a halt to all this, Guise, and get married?

It would ruin my image.

I'm already ruined. You can't degrade me any further.

I don't mean you. I mean my reputation.

That's already ruined. You can't degrade it---

Stop, already. There's nothing degrading about writing dirty books for a living. There isn't?

Of course not. It's In, it's Groovy! People say 'Guise writes dirty books for a living. Isn't that exciting!' You see, anyone who does weird things like that is sort of Special. Adventurous. Daring.

I think it's disgusting.

You're getting rather independent these days. Just what do you think it is that's wrong with what I do for a living?

You perform a service and there's no pride to be had from your accomplishments.

Of course there is.

For instance?

Anyone in the unimaginative acne set who can manage to function with a book held in one hand can greatly avail himself of the fruits of my labors. I make it all so much better.

I think that's disgusting.

Don't be ridiculous. It's a worthwhile service. People could function without it, but I make things easier for them.

You don't think that's disgusting?

Of course not. And neither do you. You're being difficult just to be difficult.

So you are of great benefit to the terminal acne set. This is your claim to fame? This is what keeps you from getting a great sickness when you review past accomplishments?

There's more than that, Gomer. Basketcases of all ages read my wonderful stuff, because it's exciting and beneficial and all that.

What made a nice guy like you get into a business like this?

Well, frankly, I've wanted to write dirty books ever since I was a little kid. It was my ambition. I used to read lots of dirty books when I was a kid. Usually in the bathroom. I thought it a fantastically wonderful thing these writers were doing, and I knew that when I grew up I would do things like that to help people, too.

Excuse me, while I go to the bathroom.

There's a copy of my book, MOUTH WOMAN, in there. Help yourself.

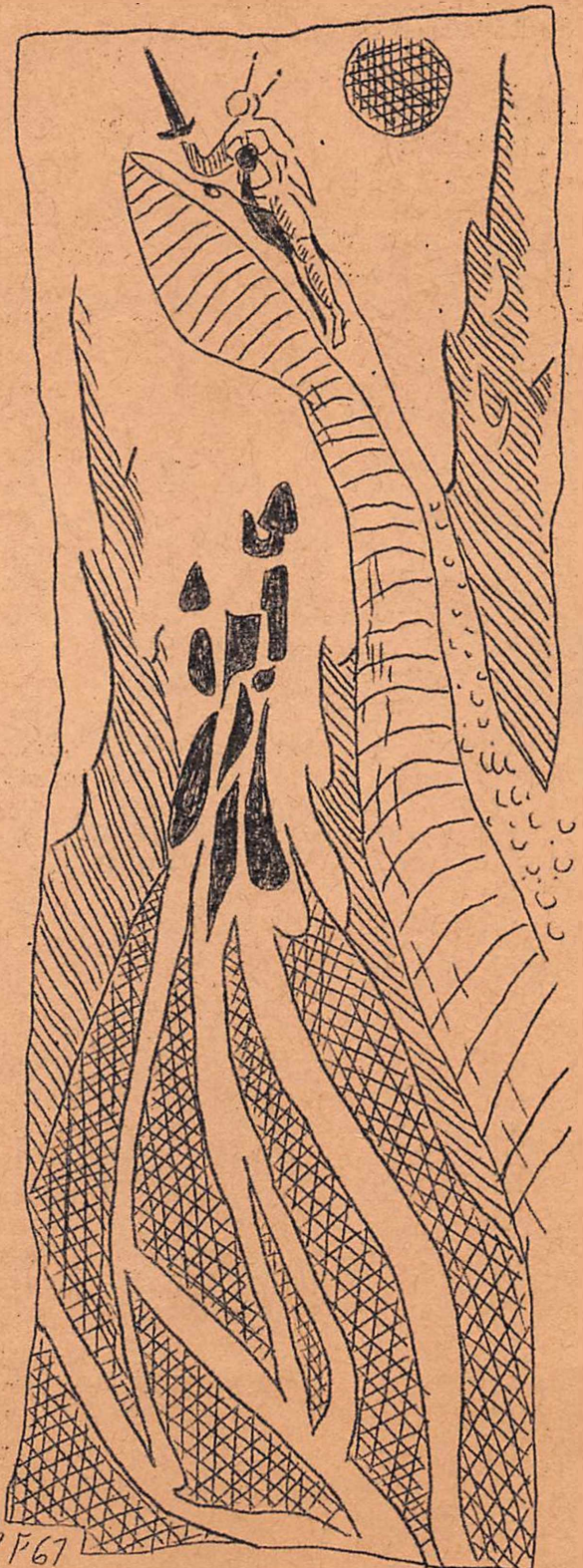
No thank you.

Suit yourself, but it's got some good scenes in it.

I was there when you wrote it, remember?

Of course. What did you think of it?

What can anybody think of a book like that? I remember that scene where she's fondly remembering her boat trip, where that guy has his whizbang up her outlet, and a guy behind her had his stutz up her bearcats, and she was devouring another fellow's rootie-kazootie and with her free



RF67

hands was giving a rubdown to two other guys who didn't want to be left out on all the fun.

Oh hell, that was a tame passage.

I know, but I just couldn't pass up the opportunity of leading you into saying that.

That was a sneaky thing to do.

I apologize for that, and also for giving away the plot.

Smart-ass...

Yes, I feel rather pleased with myself about that, and...Guise! What are you doing?!

Pleasing myself. Until you brought it up I didn't realize just how good my stuff really was.

I did it. I wrote a crude parody. From this I may branch out to bigger and better things. Spreading hate and discontent is only one small step, but Guise may take a giant leap.

Maybe next time I'll go back to writing irrelevant froth. Relevant froth isn't nearly as nice.

"It's a long worm that's got no turnin'."

Black John Smith

the
endless
winter

by Jim Reuss

it is a gray dawn
that wakens the tumbled land
and
warms the sparse, dying grass of
the endless winter . . .

the sun is weak,
dilute.
once, in a better age,
it was strong.
before the ashes arose
from the tumbled land
to cloud its face,
before the ashes of
the endless winter . . .

the crooked, deathly-white fingers of the ruins
cast hardly a shadow in the gray dawn
as they grope for the youth in which
they were straight and proud -
their youth before
the endless winter,
which set upon them,
long ago, like age upon the hands of an artist.
but long, long ago have all the artists been dead,
and their ashes cloud the face of the sun
during the endless winter . . .

H. Allen Smith provides an ideal title for the new pornographic stf; "Up, Uranus!"

A SHY PROPOSITION

from

NAN BRAUDE

As a prospective college teacher, I find myself gravely concerned with a serious educational lag that no one else seems to have noticed. Those of my readers who are familiar with the views of Clark Kerr, former president of the University of California and author of THE USES OF THE UNIVERSITY, know that he believes that a uni--or rather multi--versity exists primarily to train people to fill those roles in society which happen to be vacant: e.g., if there is a shortage of architects, a university should produce architects, and none of that nonsense about the goal of education being to produce scholarly, spiritual, or civilized men.

Some people feel that the recent "Troubles" on the Berkeley campus of Kerr's own University are an implicit criticism of this philosophy. On the contrary, I am firmly convinced that what Berkeley and the rest of the academic community need is not less but more of the Kerr Doctrine. Obviously, whether they knew it or not, the demonstrators of Berkeley were really troubled because the University was not preparing them for their roles in society: they were unhappy because their heads had been cluttered with a lot of trivia about ethics and philosophy. Now, I have made a thorough analysis of the Berkeley demonstrations (I possess complete files for the relevant period of the Oakland Tribune, Reader's Digest, and the Skateboarder's Quarterly), and I believe I am now in a position to state with authority what these people really need in the way of vocational training.

Here I must return to the educational lag mentioned in my opening statement, one which I have discovered myself. Anyone who takes the trouble to become familiar with television news documentaries like Get Smart and The Man From U.N.C.L.E., and with the related writings of the late journalist Ian Fleming and of American Opinion magazine, cannot fail to be aware that there exist today a surprisingly large number of organizations dedicated to taking over the world--THRUSH, SMERSH, KAOS, and the Domestic Communist Conspiracy, to name but a few. But our colleges and universities are not preparing America's ambitious young men and women for jobs with these remarkable monuments to initiative and private enterprise! Incredible as it may seem, some of the leaders of these organizations have majored in a subject quite irrelevant to their career goals--dramatics. Indeed, my researches have shown that there has been no academic training in this vital area for some 75 years, since the untimely death, on a geological expedition in Switzerland, of the brilliant Professor James Moriarty of Miskatonic University.

Something must be done about this scandal to the educational profession! The gap must be closed! Fortunately, I find myself in a position to do something about it. For the past three years my own institution, Mandeville College, aided by a grant from the National Institute of Coordinated Experiments, has been developing an experimental program to train young people for careers in this expanding area. No longer must the educational opportunities of the Mario Savios and the Jerry Rubins be wasted! With modest pride I announce the establishment of The Mandeville College School of Oligarchy and Coersion.

At present we are able to offer only a five-year program leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Master of Oligarchy and Coersion (M.O.C.). We hope within a few years to offer the degree of Doctor of Oligarchy and Coersion (D.O.C.). While at the moment Mandeville College is the only accredited institution of higher education to offer such a program, we understand that the College of the Unholy Names is interested in copying our pilot program if it is successful.

GOLDEN MINUTES <

CARDER'S PARADISE, by Malcolm Levene (Walker, \$4.95) Not really my type of book; as the blurb says, "Malcolm Levene subtly reveals the whole way of life and thought of the computer society ... through the personalities and problems of the participants." Needless to say, everybody in the book is either neurotic or psychotic; a normal healthy personality is anathema to the author of this type of fiction because he's too hard to depict. Giving everyone an exaggerated neurosis makes it easier to define and manipulate the characters. I will say that Levene makes his prison-full of talky objectors to the machine society more interesting than most. Nothing of interest happens during the book, but the character sketches - most of them by way of personal thoughts - are quite interesting. Rather resembles a static PLAYER PIANO.

SECRETS OF STARDEEP, by John Jakes (Westminster, \$3.95) Typical juvenile-novel plot (scholboy hero must vindicate/discover what happened to his father, who disappeared under mysterious circumstances) adapted to science fiction. Jakes follows the formula relentlessly, coming up with a distinctly mediocre juvenile novel. About 9 to 12 year old level.

THE JAGGED ORBIT, by John Brunner (S. F. Book Club, \$2.00) When did Ace start publishing hardcovers, Don? I reviewed the paperback earlier, so I'll just say it's a very good book, worth having in hard covers. Little things stuck in here and there are lovely: "Reprinted From The Manchester Guardian of 13th March 1968:

Seven burned to death

Mr David Lumsden, aged 26, stood outside his burning home in Toronto and screamed at passing motorists to stop and help as his wife and six children were burned to death. All the drivers ignored his calls.

Assumption Concerning The Foregoing Made For The Purposes Of This Story:

It would have been even worse if they'd stopped to watch the fun."

In the book's society, they might have. I've noticed that all reviewers of the book seem to feel that Brunner's Gottschalk weapons dealers represent the Mafia. I think this misses the point, which is that the Gottschalks might represent the Mafia and might equally represent, say, General Motors. This is a nasty society. Actually the "Merchants of Death" theory is a throwback to the 1920s (though maybe it's just reaching Britain; our 1920s comedy seems to be a tv staple over there.) The story doesn't present too likely a future, but Brunner makes it believable while you're reading it.

OF MEN AND MONSTERS, by William Tenn (Walker, \$4.95) I also reviewed this in paperback last year when Ballantine brought it out, but again it's well worth having in hardback. The opening sentences are the best I've seen recently. "Mankind consisted of 128 people. The sheer population pressure of so vast a horde had long ago filled over a dozen burrows." Now, that's the way a sf story should begin. The concluding remarks on Mankind's destiny are similarly priceless. (Though if you believe passionately in Man's potential greatness you probably won't appreciate them.)

THE REBEL OF RHADA, by Robert Cham Gilman (Ace, 60¢) This was originally marketed as a juvenile, and I mentioned when reviewing the hardcover version that it was an excellent one. Don't let the "juvenile" tag stop you from reading and enjoying it if you like action-adventure books. A back cover review compares it to Norton and Heinlein - it isn't up to the best Heinlein juveniles, but it's about as good as the Norton books, which is pretty high praise from this quarter. The un-Ace-like cover was originally the dust jacket of the hardcover.

THE FARTHEST REACHES, ed. by Joseph Elder (Pocket Books, 75¢) An anthology of orig-

inal short stories, in hardcovers last year. Several are well known by now, having been nominated for various awards. "The Worm That Flies", by Brian Aldiss, is a symbolic tale of a future where death is unknown. "Kyrie", by Poul Anderson, concerns love, death, and time dilation. "Tomorrow Is A Million Years", by J. G. Ballard, is about time and madness and proves that Ballard can still write when he wants to bother. "Pond Water", by John Brunner, is what I'd classify as an attempt at New Wave writing by Brunner, and not very successful. (I'll probably be told by someone that this has too much structure to be New Wave.) "Dance of the Changer and Three" by Terry Carr is an excellent alien psychology story, though I kept thinking it probably was supposed to mean something in human terms, too, and couldn't find anything. Enjoyable. "Crusade", by Arthur C. Clarke, is a throwback to the short "hard-science" story of 20 years ago, and it isn't a terribly good example of the breed. "Ranging", by John Jakes, is a stereotyped story of juvenile revolt, totally predictable and dull. "Mind Out Of Time", by Keith Laumer, hinges on personality and unpredictable effects of light-speed, and doesn't quite come off. "The Inspector", by James McKimmey, is a psychological problem that also doesn't quite come off. "To The Dark Star" by Bob Silverberg, concerns human psychology which is so believable that I finished it and said "So?" Norman Spinrad's "A Night In Elf Hill" is a good story; reminiscent of some of Kuttner. On the other hand, Jack Vance's "Sulwen's Planet" is nowhere. Overall, a good buy if you haven't already read most of the good ones in other anthologies.

THE ICE SCHOOMER, by Michael Moorcock (Berkley, 60¢) Originally a British paperback. Mike's fantasy (not science fiction because the science in it is ridiculous) version of MOBY DICK. A pretty good adventure story if you can ignore the science, which I found hard to do.

MUTINY IN SPACE, by Avram Davidson (Pyramid, 60¢) Reprint; originally published in 1964. A fun book, with action, fairly interesting characters, and numerous military cliches, all of which I'm sure Avram inserted deliberately. Enjoyable if you didn't get the earlier edition.

THE SEVERAL MINDS, by Dan Morgan (Avon, 75¢) A sequel to THE NEW MINDS. I can't get interested in this series, though it's competently written. Mental powers are too much in the realm of following whatever rules the author sets for them and I can't quite suspend my disbelief.

MIRROR IN THE SKY, by Dav Garnett (Berkley, 60¢) An anti-war novel. The dreariness of camp life seem accurate enough, but the few combat scenes lack conviction. There is also a crack at the increasing management of information by government which comes off well, but overall it wasn't terribly interesting; I've heard it all before, and the characters are mere mouthpieces for the author's point of view, so they couldn't be sympathised with.

DARK PIPER, by Andre Norton (Ace, 60¢) One of Norton's better ones. Strictly juvenile, in that none of the major characters are adult, but with interesting people and a reasonably good plot. Annet in particular is well drawn; it is rare for a sf author to admit that a character can be helpful beyond the call of duty one time and thoroughly annoying the next. Recommended.

NIGHTWINGS, by Bob Silverberg (Avon, 75¢) "A novel of redemption and renewal", it says, and by George that's what it is. I'm not much of a believer in redemption or redeemers - particularly not for a whole society - and I have a tendency to feel that a society based on love will be either short-lived or non-human, but I did enjoy the book, symbols and all. Even the Prince has some humanity under his symbolic attributes.

LILITH, by George MacDonald (Ballantine, 95¢) The trouble with this is that in order for the author to fully portray the follies of mankind, the hero must be more than usually stupid. It is a fairly interesting fantasy and does have some fine sections, but the constant explanations become tedious. Large amounts of metaphysics, for anyone interested.

PAVANE, by Keith Roberts (Ace, 95¢) I reviewed the British hardcover a few months back. I still think this is worth owning in hard covers, but the Ace edition does include one story, "The White Boat", not included in the British hardcover. (It doesn't add all that much to the quality of the book, but it is additional wordage.) To repeat, this is an England where Elizabeth was assassinated and the Catholic Church held back science (for good and sufficient cause, the author says in the final story; hold back progress until Man is morally able to handle it. Since Man doesn't advance morally except by finding out the tragedies of selfishness - if then - the epilogue is idiotic.) The book, however, is one of the outstanding books of the year. "The Lady Margaret" and "Corfe Gate" alone are worth several times what you pay for it.

TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER, by John Brunner (Ace, 60¢) Reprint; first published in 1962. This is also an England where Elizabeth was assassinated and the Armada won, combined with time travel. It's not quite up to PAVANE, but it is well worth your money. More of an action-adventure story than PAVANE, but Brunner has worked out his society equally well, if not in as much detail.

THE AVENGERS OF CARRIG, by John Brunner (Dell, 50¢) Another of Brunner's 1962 Ace novels. Rewritten and definitely improved. (The credits say that TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER was rewritten, too, but being a better novel to begin with it doesn't show as much.) Swords and sorcery and a few Galactic Patrolmen pitted against evil planetary exploiters in the background. Quite competent adventure-stf; nothing stupendous.

RITE OF PASSAGE, by Alex Panshin (Ace, 75¢) Didn't take Ace long to reissue this, with its "Nebula Award" splattered all over the cover. Well, it deserves it; it's one of those novels you must read if you're going to be in fandom. The first time anybody ever improved on Heinlein.

SCIENCE FICTION TERROR TALES, ed. by Groff Conklin (Pocket Books, 75¢) An elderly anthology, first published in 1955. I count four genuine classics; Heinlein's "They", Nourse's "Nightmare Brother", Sturgeon's "Memorial" and Fred Brown's "Arena" (which was butchered on "Star Trek" a few years ago). Remaining stories are all reasonably good if not outstanding; Bradbury's "Punishment Without Crime", Sheckley's "The Leech", Matheson's "Through Channels", "Lost Memory" by Peter Phillips, "Prott" by Margaret St. Clair, "Flies" by Isaac Asimov, "The Microscopic Giants" by Paul Ernst, "The Other Inauguration" by Anthony Boucher, "Pipeline To Pluto" by Murray Leinster, "Imposter" by Phil Dick, and "Let Me Live In A House" by Chad Oliver.

BEST SF:1968, ed. by Harry Harrison and Brian W. Aldiss (Berkley, 75¢) This seems to be going the way of Judy Merrill's anthologies, with 4 reviews of "2001" being included. The main thing I get from the reviews (by Lester del Rey, Samuel R. Delany, Ed Emshwiller, and Leon E. Stover) is that "critics" don't know any more about the symbolism in a story than I do, they're just unwilling to admit the fact. There is also a cute verse by J. R. Pierce. Fiction includes "Budget Planet" by Robert Sheckley (a slight swipe at contractors and religion), "Appointment on Prila" by Bob Shaw ("Black Destroyer" rewritten but not improved), "Lost Ground" by David I. Masson (the new emotional and unscientific stf; a slick but unimportant melodrama), "The Annex" by John D. MacDonald (death dreams), "Segregationist" by Isaac Asimov (cute), "Final War", by K. M. O'Donnell (an anti-war story featuring somewhat pompous psychology), "The Serpent of Kundalini" by Brian Aldiss (pure symbolism), "Golden Acres" by Kit Reed (the one absolutely perfect story in the book; retirement and death), "Criminal In Utopia" by Mack Reynolds (outwitting the system; nimor), "One Station of the Way", by Fritz Leiber (religion, marred somewhat by an overdose of religious symbolism), "Sweet Dreams, Melissa", by Stephen Goldin (the problems of exposing innocent minds to humanity) and "To the Dark Star" by Silverberg, which I already reviewed once up there. Overall...well, I hope these aren't the best short stories of 1968; stf is in one hell of a bad shape if they are.

THE DEMON OF CAWNPCRE, by Jules Verne (Ace, 60¢) Not one of Verne's better novels (or half-novels; it takes the sequel, TIGERS AND TRAITORS, to complete the novel.)

It takes more than Exotic Injah and a steam elephant to produce an interesting book.

THE TREASURE OF TAU CETI by John Rackham/FINAL WAR AND OTHER FANTASIES by K. M. O'Donnell (Ace, 75¢) The Rackham half is adequate action-adventure; sort of a mediocre imitation of Andre Norton. O'Donnell (actually Barry Malzberg; he isn't hiding his pseudonym any more, but is still using it) tips off his half in the introduction. The minute a stf author starts talking about how bad the writing in the field was before he came along, you can bet that he isn't going to improve it any. There are 11 short stories in 118 pages; "Final War", "Death To The Keeper", "A Triptych", "How I Take Their Measure", "Oaten", "The Ascension", "The Major incitement to Riot", "Cop-Out", "We're Coming Through The Window", "The Market in Aliens" and "By Right of Succession". None are particularly memorable.

THE BANE OF KANTHOS, by Alex Dain/Kalin, by E. C. Tubb (Ace, 75¢) The Dain half is about average swords and sorcery. Tubb's is another in the Dumarest series; mediocre adventure. The lower rates Ace pays for Doubles is beginning to tell on the quality.

THE MAGICIANS OF MARS, by Edmond Hamilton (Popular Library, 60¢) Two more Cap Future books. Not particularly worthwhile unless you want to find out what I meant by saying that "Star Trek" was an up-to-date Cap Future. Popular in their time (tho not with me) but out-dated.

ARMAGEDDON 2149 A.D., Philip Francis Nowlan (Ace, 60¢) An authentic classic; the first Buck Rogers story, written in 1962. This is a reprint of an Ace edition brought out several years ago.

THE WEIRD, THE WILD, AND THE WICKED, by Brad Steiger and John Pendragon (Pyramid, 75¢) STRANGE PROPHECIES THAT CAME TRUE, by Stewart Robb (Ace, 60¢) Three more on the supernatural. The Robb book is a reprint, first published in 1967. The Steiger book isn't entirely on the supernatural; many of the accounts are simply of oddball characters. It's also the best of the lot. Macklin over-dramatizes, and Robb's book, despite the title, is more about prophecies that might come true some day if he's lucky than it is about ones that have come true. But the Steiger book is more concerned with the gullibility of humans than with the actuality of the supernatural, and is quite amusing in spots.

I CHING, "arranged from the work of James Legge by Clae Waltham" (Ace, 95¢) Translations of Chinese philosophy connected with the I Ching plus a sort of do-it-yourself manual for interpreting the sticks. Not being much interested in either divination or Chinese philosophy, I sort of scanned it and let it go. Juanita played with it a bit, and says most of the fortunes are obscure, the book is not for casual reading even if it was issued to take advantage of the mention of the I Ching in "Dark Shadows", and other forms of divination are more fun.

THE MAD KING, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 60¢) A reprint of Burroughs' sole Graustarkian novel. I rather like the books, but then I still read George Barr McCutcheon occasionally, which shows what taste I have. (For young readers; McCutcheon wrote a series of rather syrupy love-adventure novels about a mythical European kingdom named Graustark, and the name has since been used to denote other novels of the type.)

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #19: The Power Cube Affair, by John T. Phillifent (Ace, 60¢) All thru this I kept wondering whether Rackham (Rackham, Phillifent; same person) was writing a hilariously subtle parody of a spy novel or whether he was writing it seriously and it just happened to come out funny. Either way, it's a scream. One flaw; he still doesn't know guns. A man is shot "in the chest with both barrells of a shotgun, from no more than two feet" and the doctor says "There's surprisingly little real damage. Considerable hemorrhage, of course, but it was only dust shot." Sorry, John; at two feet I don't care what kind of shot it was; it hits in a solid mass and the results wouldn't be much different from getting hit with a deer slug. But the book is funny, intentionally or otherwise.

YOU CAN'T MAKE IT BY BUS, by James L. Summers (Westminster, \$3.95) An excellent juvenile novel about race problems. The hero is Mexican-American, but his problems could

be those of any minority group. The author pulls no punches in his descriptions, and the climax, for a juvenile, is a shocker. They didn't write kids books that way when I was a teen-ager. Highly recommended.

THE CONFIDENT YEARS (American Heritage, \$17.50) The history of the years between the Civil War and World War I. (Eventually this will be a part of a huge 9-volume history of the country; it's the 7th volume to be published. Still to come are volumes on the years between the world wars and from WWII to date.) I am a complete sucker for these American Heritage histories; I find both the text and artwork fascinating. One line in particular struck me this time; "Modern America may be said to have begun with the Grant administration..." That can be taken several ways - all true.

THE CASE AGAINST CONGRESS, by Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson (Pocket Books, 95¢) Spotlight on the corrupt and inefficient activities of Congress; the inside view of Senators Dodd, Eastland, Dirksen, Ellender, Kerr and others; lesser-known Congressmen and lobbyists. Particularly recommended for those idealists who seem to feel that the poor are particularly noble. "Passman's youth was even bleaker than Ellender's. He was born at the turn of the century to tenant farmers, and his early memories are of meals of unseasoned corn bread and clabbered milk. In the summers in backward Washington Parrish, his feet were as bare as the table, and at ten he was hired out to a neighboring farmer for \$5 a month." He struggled, worked, learned, and in true Horatio Alger fashion worked his way up and entered Congress, where he spends his time seeing the world and making damn sure that he never will have to eat unseasoned corn bread again.

SEX AND TODAY'S SOCIETY, by Dr. Albert Ellis and Dr. Albert Abarbanel (Ace, 95¢) Volume V in the Encyclopedia of Sexual Behaviour. It's rather dull reading, actually, but anything with the word "sex" in it will sell today.

BUSKIN' WITH H. ALLEN SMITH, by H. Allen Smith, naturally (Pocket Books, 60¢) This, on the other hand, is a book of anecdotes about sex - and other things - which is absolutely fascinating. Not all of the anecdotes struck me as funny, but most of them did. Smith is not a writer to confuse smut with humor. "After we eat this apple we're gonna do what?" And he lists the perfect title for a sexy science fiction novel - "Up, Uranus!" A must.

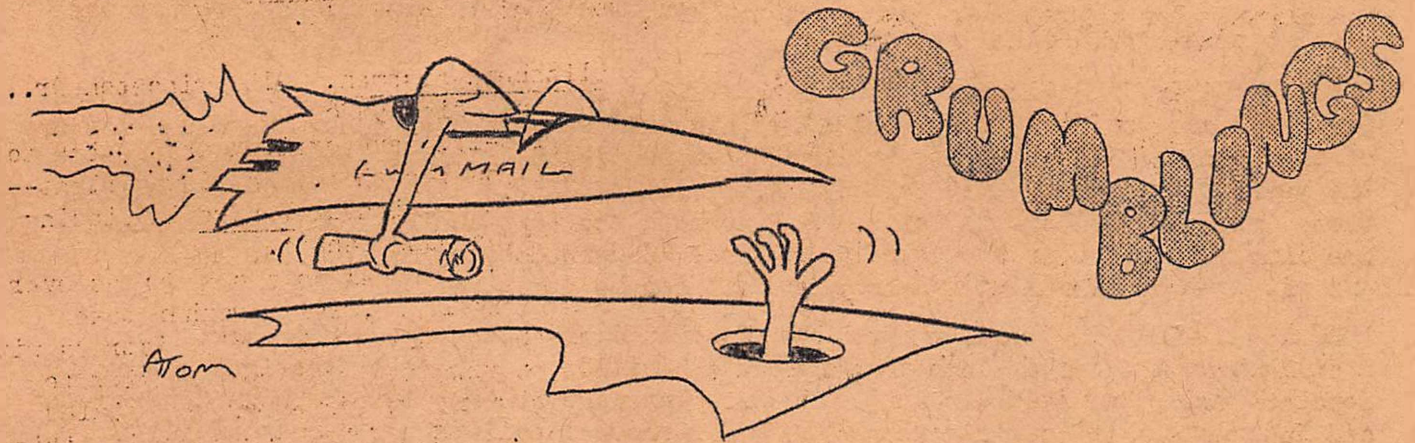
THEY HAD A DREAM, by Eric Broudy, Warren Halliburton, and Laurence Swinburne (Pyramid "Hi-Lo", 60¢) I got this expecting it to be something like Ballantine's "Bal-Hi" juvenile series for teen-agers. It isn't. Juanita suggested 4th to 6th grades. The material has the same uplifting theme and short choppy sentences that appear in grade-school English textbooks. The articles are about "great Black Americans" (Ray Charles, James Brown, Ralph Bunche, Matt Henson, Langston Hughes, Malcolm X, etc.), and it's a good idea if you have children at that age-level. (These will be turned over to Bruce.)

RFK, THE LAST KNIGHT, by Laurence Swinburne (Pyramid "Hi-Lo", 60¢) Same as above, except they printed the wrong day for John Kennedy's assassination, which is sort of odd. Bad proofreading, there.

AND TO MY BELOVED HUSBAND - , by Philip Loraine (Ace, 60¢) Our mystery expert, Ruth Wellons, says she defies anyone to guess the murderer in this one. Which I guess makes it a good mystery.

BLACK HERCULES, by Stuart Jason (Lancer, 95¢) This was research, not pleasure reading. It's pretty bad; Jason's approach seems to be sex (including incest, of course), sadism, and lots of unusual words of the period thrown in for "authenticity". Things like osnaburg, pimentade, spancel, armoire (or amoire; the printer didn't seem sure so he used it both ways), and so on.

THE CONSPIRATORS, by D. J. Goodspeed (Macmillan of Canada, Laurentian Library) Have fun finding this. John McCallum sent it as an example of Canadian paperbacks, and he tells me it's out of print. It's an analysis of the coup d'etat, with six examples studied in depth (Belgrade 1903, Dublin 1916, Petrograd 1917, Berlin 1920, Rome 1922, Rastenburg 1944 - the "officers plot against Hitler".) It's an excellently written book, and I'll bet it sold like hotcakes in Quebec.



Anne McCaffrey, 369 Carpenter Avenue, Sea Cliff, New York 11579

(Copies also to SFReview and WSFR) Forgive the carbons but I'm trying to achieve as wide a coverage as possible in locating a Mr. Jim Landau.

Why? Because a friend of his passed on to me a delightful letter, purportedly written by Robinton, Masterharper of Pern, to F'lar, Weyrleader of Berden, in which Robinton parses the folksong "PUFFTH, THE MAGIC DRAGON" in the Pern Context.

Jim could not be at the St Louiscon and the friend delivered it to me. At the time, I was harried and, forgive me, not as politely attentive as I ought to have been. In fact, I didn't get the chance to read the letter until the plane back to New York. My chagrin was absolute for the rationalization was a delight and ought to be published in some 'zine which is interested in such dragonizing.

Now there is no indication of where Jim Landau resides or I should have written him long ere now. Will anyone knowing his whereabouts kindly contact me and/or him, telling him I desire to thank him personally and profusely?

What is fascinating is that the story-song lends itself so well to Pernesing. Puff is even a green dragon and the greens of Pern are neutered (by chewing firestone) females. Well, not neutered but barren.

In the meantime, back at the typewriter, between SFWA obligations, a rather busy touring/convention schedule, I am trying to finish the sequel to DRAGONFLIGHT and that leaves me precious little time to reply to the requests of the many fanzines for articles or letters-of-comment. (I wonder if that's why I made the Pernese day 28 hours long?)

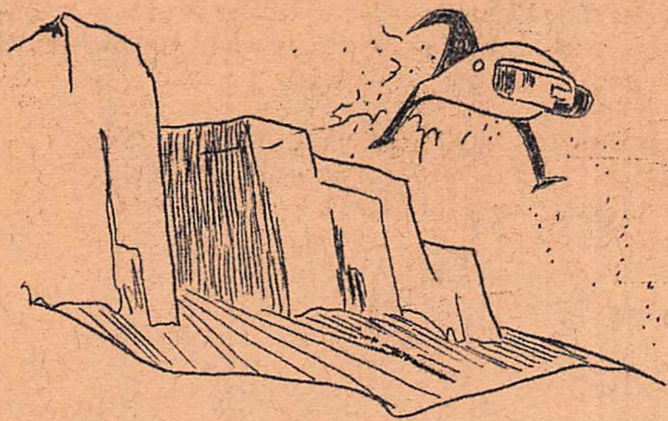
Phil Harbottle, Editor, Vision of Tomorrow, 2 St. Nicholas Buildings, Newcastle Upon Tyne 1, England

I hope that you'll find real improvement in our story content as we go, and I think you will. Certainly the improvement in the covers and interior illustration is very marked--as you'll see when I mail our next issue, some time next week. Eddie Jones has the cover, and some interiors too.

By the way, I am constantly receiving odd letters from U.S.A. fans telling me of some ridiculous information they allege was in some U.S. fanzine or other--they never name it. Things like "we do not accept subscriptions" and other misinformation. If you ever do give us a couple of lines in your fanzine, please note the following. USA subs \$1 per copy sea mail, \$2 airmail; payable by dollar bills or cheque made out to Ronald E. Graham (Publishers) Pty Ltd, and not to me. Also I no longer live at Cheshire Gardens, but at 32 Tynedale Ave., Wallsend, Northumberland, England. Vision stuff should go to above address, preferably.

/US fans can get Vision cheaper by requesting Fantast (Medway) Ltd, 75 Norfolk St., Wisbech, Cambs., Great Britain, to send every issue as as it appears. Five shillings (60¢) per issue, plus postage which shouldn't run over another dime or so. (You'll have to open an account, and send a year's sub or so--by international money order--in advance, but you'll also get lists of other British books and mags.)

But try a copy of Vision, however
you decide to get it. RSC/



Elizabeth Fishman, 2915 Princeton Dr.,
Dayton, Ohio 45406

Y188-191 have arrived and I wish to
thank you for them. And I was right--
I can't do without Yandro in finding
my way around fandom.

Because I am as neo a fan as ever
will likely be, I was rather taken
back by Mike Deckinger's distress with
unknowns who have the audacity to
consort with those who are titled
BNF. Well, if he can bear it, this
non-entity would like to add her com-

ments to these hallowed pages that have in the past, and doubtless will again, contain
the illustrious and well-known names (IWN) of Mike Deckinger. (But it's like televi-
sion, Mike; you don't have to look.)

Being an avid Star Trek fan, I thoroughly enjoyed your placement of ST's third sea-
son upon the person of Fred Freiberger, but it's not the sort of thing to be done in
mixed company. Therefore, I suggest instead that you make him eat this past season's
output script by script, and when he comes to the one entitled "Spock's Brain", in-
clude the metal clasps. I don't know how the actors kept straight faces long enough
to get the idiot thing filmed, but I wish they had laughed longer.

I liked the idea of turning the Moon upside down, but I do think there is risk in-
volved. Well, how do we know that the craters aren't NASA's garbage dump?

Re stolen library books. The Dayton Public Library has installed a foolproof sy-
stem--a turn-stile going past an electronic beam that sets off a flashing red light
and a mind-blowing buzzer. This is prevented by having the date card passed under a
light of some sort when you register the book. I don't know the process that takes
place within the card (Do you know, Mike? Oh, sorry, you're not looking. Well, hang
in there, be finished soon.) but it works. I know, I was caught in the rotten thing.
And there I stood--my arms full of books, the whole world looking on, and my rotten
kid brother screaming, "Don't take my sister to jail! I don't know what bus to take
home! I'll be lost!" (I'll have to remember that.) When eons had passed someone
had the presence of mind to choke off the thing from the front desk--I was too shocked
to step away from it in order to accomplish the same thing. Pulling out of my stupor,
and with the world's beady and accusing eyes upon me, I shuffled back to the registra-
tion desk to let the moon-faced librarian check through the books. And all the while
she was doing so my rotten little brother insisted upon knowing when the police would
arrive. Oh, he is truly rotten! At any rate, it seems that the crummed machine
caught me trying to leave with my umbrella.

After reading your comments regarding the value of one life in proportion to another
I decided that you hold some pretty funny notions for a reverend. I'll never stand
beside you in a crowd--it would be just my luck to have someone whose life you'd con-
sider of more value than mine standing on the other side of you. How do you go about
these evaluations--just by looking, or do you carry a hand computer? (How about that,
Mike? Oh, you can look now. I'm finished.)

/From a second letter/ You're right, of course. I should be forgiving of Mike Deck-
inger--but I won't.

I agree--value and accomplishments are dependent upon one another, but I believe
their evaluations are determined by frame of reference--what constitutes a valuable
accomplishment for one person or one segment of society, is not necessarily true of
another. For instance, didn't young braves of certain tribes have to collect a number
of scalps before they could achieve manhood? From your position in existence, how
valuable an accomplishment was that? None at all, unless your attitude toward Indians
is the same one you hold for jackrabbits. (Wonder what would happen if jackrabbits

could wield knives?)

Now, based on the assumption that worth of the individual is determined by frame of reference, I begin to wonder if there are such factors as value and worthlessness-- maybe they just cancel each other out. If so, what are we arguing about?

/Well, now that Ted White has turned pro, we can talk about Bitchy Old Mike Deckinger. No, no, I'm really quite fond of jackrabbits (quit snickering, Raeburn). I wasn't comparing them to people; I wouldn't insult them. I was comparing people to jackrabbits. And I guess Indians are people, or were the last time I looked. Oh, I suppose the worth of people is determined by the frame of reference, but I'm talking about the correct frame of reference; mine. (You just didn't realize how overbearing I am.) RSC/

Walter L. Foxworth, 210 Mercantile Continental Building, Dallas, Texas 75201

I really just wanted to let you know that The New Yorker, August 9, 1969 issue has a great--well, it's good--article on Arthur C. Clarke. He's in there because of his CBS moonshot appearances.

/I'll have to pick up a secondhand copy. RSC/

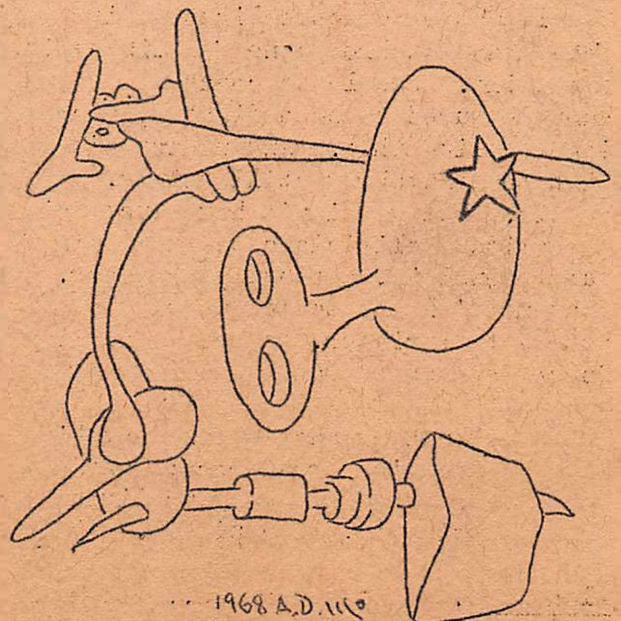
Barry Gillam, 4283 Katonah Ave., Bronx, NY, 10470

Dennis Lien's spurious review of that current serial adventure, the posthumous perils of A. Hack (or, how will Lancet justify its placing of R. Hawk's name on the spine?), was very funny and to the point. Oh yes, I know: I've bought them all. And now Dell has brought out BRAN MAK MORN, which is too easily destroyed to be toyed with.

Mike Deckinger: I don't know for sure which Galaxy you refer to, but I assume it's the August issue, which is the first to list Jack Gaughan as Associate Art Director. I couldn't disagree more. You may not like Gaughan's style, but I can't see the put-down of the headings. The lettering and layout are finally attractive, in contrast to the old regular but drab changes of type face for titles. I'm only sorry that Gaughan's full page interiors for the Frank Herbert series have been curtailed. In fact, all the artwork there is in the August issue is headings. Hopefully this is just a transitional period while the new regime gets settled.

Claude Saxon: The Toy That Grew Up (a good title, too) was shown in New York recently, though it's off the air now. It is indeed, as you say, the best general presentation of silent films, though there will never be a substitute for something like the Museum of Modern Art's daily screenings. The main fault of the ETV series was its programming: though the films shown were generally very good, there were no outstanding movies. This may be due to the asking prices of whoever has the rights to these films, but they were, in any case, absent.

Buck: You might actually try to read Sallis' "A Few Last Words" in Orbit 4. It's everything THE SILENT MULTITUDE should have been and wasn't. One's reaction to Dunsany is bound to be largely personal taste, but (that fatal, foetal word) I still propose to argue it out. Carter, as usual, overstates his case. Power is a quality distinctly absent from Dunsany's fantasy. Some of it is compelling and some of it catches you unexpectedly, but most of it is on the order of fine



blue lines filigreed into George Barr's fantastical patterns. (Actually, the best visualizations of Dunsany's writing are Sime's, which may be found in many of the original editions.) You ought to try one of the Jorkens volumes, which have very spare, clean, alternately very funny and quietly frightening tales.

I see that M.C. Escher's graphics have been picked up by the people exploiting the psychedelic crowd as well as the stfnal. His "Three Spheres" (cut to two spheres by Galaxy--Aug 69, inside front cover) is being used by both Galaxy and "The Electric Circus", a NYC discotheque, in advertisements. I'll bet he's not getting paid for them either. And large posters in "dayglo" colors are available of "Dragon" and a tessellation of frogs as well as "Three Spheres". New Worlds #173 (July 67), the first large size issue, had a very good illustrated article on his work (see also Martin Gardner's Mathematical Games in April 66 Scientific American) but I'm afraid few ever saw it, or thought about it, in the uproar over the stories. There's more of his work available in America but you'll be able to find it through the SciAm article. And do give Escher a try. I think fans will find his work very interesting.

/Yes, I saw the Escher drawings in New Worlds, and liked them. Later Bob Briney had an entire hardcover book of Escher's work (for which he paid some fabulous price, probably), and I looked it over once when we visited him. (This was while Bob was in Lafayette; unfortunately I can't dash over to Salem whenever I please...my broomstick is being overhauled.) RSC/

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

Well, part of the problem of "the vanishing records" is that in Official Libraries. With books, storage on dark musty library shelves can keep them in better shape--IF you keep people away from reading them. I.e.; keep out light and air and they'll stay in good shape longer--keeping the chemical reactions from happening. I dare say that our complete file of Unknowns has aged far more in the time we've owned it (reading it, moving it around on bookshelves) than in the 20 years it was packed away in a box in the attic of the guy who owned it. Of course, there are those things (movie film) which age hideously even when carefully packed away.

Juanita, you objected to people who made nasty noises about Humphrey during the campaign because they said he used to be a liberal. but that didn't count. Since he and you were liberal when it wasn't fashionable (especially concerning race relations), you felt this was somehow a tossing-off of his and your efforts before equality and liberality were The Thing to Fight For. And I think this is an injustice to the people who were not delighted with HH in the '68 Presidential race. When we say, "What has Humphrey done for liberality (?) lately?", it is a question that is much to the point. People do change. It has happened and it will probably continue to happen. Humphrey used to be a fighter, a crusader, an outspoken worker for equality and justice and like that. And we haven't seen that Humphrey in years--or any convincing sign that that Humphrey still exists. We hope he does. We hoped during the campaign that he did. But we didn't have much evidence of it.

Various politicians did not work for equality until it was fashionable. They were out to exploit, not help, the poor. And so on. But now they are working to improve consumers' lots, to get adequate funds for poor and deprived people, to help Negro voters to register, to get equal rights for all. Etc. And the only thing we can judge them on as voters is what they're likely to do for us now.

/Humphrey hadn't done anything for you lately because he was stuck in the Vice Presidency; that's like complaining because Spiro Agnew hasn't tried to better your living standards. (Not that he would, but the point is, he couldn't.) RSC/

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

In the recent Yandro you make a mistake in crediting JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN to the British. It is in fact an American series made in Britain, which is a different

thing altogether. The producers were 20th Century Fox, the executives and senior officials were all American and they selected all the stories and the stars; they in fact rejected many British writers who might have provided better stories, and they picked out what they wanted, not the British contributors--who mainly provided the technical crews, supporting casts, etc. You'll notice most of the major roles were played by Americans. So if this series was dull, dull as you say--blame the American 20th Century Fox executives who did all the selection of stories and stars and casts. The contribution from the English side was really minimal as far as basic selection was concerned. Because a series for TV or a film is made in England you must realise in many cases it is for the American market (which pays more), and thus the decisions as to what goes into the finished product remains with an American, not with someone here.

/Apologies for having maligned British talent. Actually the actors and technical aspects were adequate; the stories were old and badly paced to boot. The series had an additional strike against it by being shown on ABC, the ugly stepchild of American tv networks; CBS or NBC might carry a shaky series for a while to see if it picks up steam later on, but ABC is too desperate to risk it. JWC/

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

With the rise of computers here, some reaction seems to have set in; for the next British SF convention, there's going to be a speaker from the Society for the Abolition of the Computer. I wonder how far they'll get? Though I suppose the final indignity will be when they get so many members that they'll have to hire a computer to look after the lists.

One of my impecunious daydreams was transferring every item, book by book, page by page, from my collection onto microfilm so that I'll have room to start collecting some more. But with your report,..well, I wonder if there's any point in it, even if I had the money.

Re Mrs. Brown: I think the answer lies in her childhood and upbringing rather than in any heavenly visitations, though I missed the article in Life. But I can't see it as a perpetrated hoax; I think she's entirely sincere in what she's doing. I'd say the source lay in the subconscious area of her mind.

I often wondered what it was about Westerns that attracted people; and I once tried to acquire a taste for them, but gave up halfway through my course. I'll have to try again.

/If you tried one of those British paperback Westerns, I can see why you gave up readily. I've seen a few, and they're even worse than Ace Double Westerns, which is sinking pretty low. In fact, they're about the same quality that original paperback British science fiction used to be--and maybe still is. RSC/

Kenneth Tidwell, 2911 Brinwood Ave., Austin, Texas 78704

Thanks for the information about the Dallas fans. I'll check into it. You are quite correct: there is no Austin fandom. But we do have Chad Oliver. We keep the Looney Lad From Ledgewood (see old copies of Planet Stories) safely hidden somewhere out at the University of Texas. I met him once several years ago shortly after I got involved in science fiction for the first time. He's quite a guy.

Incidentally, Chad just finished a new novel, SHORES OF ANOTHER SEA, which was five years in the writing. And a new collection of his short stories, THE YEAR 2000, will soon be published by Doubleday. Good news for Oliver fans! I'm one of them, of course.

/I can't say I'm impressed by how many years it took to write a book (at my present speed, my current one may take 5 years) but I'm glad to know that more Oliver is appearing. People like Oliver and Budrys.

and Hal Clement don't write
enough. RSC/

Ed Smith, Route 2, Box
151-C, Matthews, N.C. 28105

The report on the disappearing records (as I believe it was called) scared the hell out of me. Actually, the information in the article applies to their own thing as well. My old copies of American Heritage already have brown spines.

My old Heritages have brown spines, too, but that's due to Dick Ellington's cat, or so he said when I bought them from him.

RSC/

Art Wilson, Air America, Inc., APO San Francisco, 96352.

I have not been commenting on Yandro, which does not mean I don't enjoy every word of it. Both of your editorials are consistently excellent reading, I grab the book reviews (which have saved me some money, by the way) and the fanzine reviews. The lettercol I read the same way I read Company bulletins--at double my normal reading speed. One letter from a recent issue haunts me; the lad who carries throwing knives for indulgence in street fights. I hope for his sake he never gets into a position where he tries out this theory. I've been throwing knives, meat cleavers, hatchets, falling-axes and other assorted pointed/edged weapons at targets off and on since pre-puberty days. A man is not a proper target for a thrown knife unless he has his back turned and is standing still. (That would hardly be fair?) A belligerent man is facing his opponent, leaning forward, presenting a bony skull and bony rib cage to our knife artist. A knife thrown underhand has no force and might make someone angry. Oh well, maybe it was a put-on; the bit works fine in the movies.

Just one more nit to pick: "hopefully" is an adverb. "Hopefully, the sun will shine tomorrow" does not mean "I/we hope the sun will shine tomorrow." It means "tomorrow the sun will shine in a hopeful fashion."

Well, let's trust that the sun won't shine in a hopeless fashion. Re throwing knives--certainly I wouldn't try it. I have thrown knives, including regular "throwing knives" and if I practice enough I can get to the point where every third or fourth one lands point first. RSC/

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend, Indiana 46614

The more I see this ant-hill/bee-hive population explosion, wherever we travel, the more I feel like a character in a Gary Cooper Western, or the like. Am beginning to HATE my fellow man, unless there is LOTS of space between us. On way to Rochester, N.Y. this August we passed up along the east side of Cleveland, and there marching on and on over the hills and fields were innumerable great condominiums stretching in all directions.

Was then I decided I don't really want too many more years on this Earth. Like you am so glad I did live to see the Moon Landing, but if I gotta stick around now and watch Lake Michigan go the way of Lake Erie, and see the crime rate rise higher, our local taxes double again as they have done in the recent past, and find more and more people crowding in around me...nope, forget it.

Am sure if someone did run an air check here it'd be almost as bad as some of the others we hear about. Do not think living in Hartford City's locale saves you. To our east is the li'l lake-town of LaPorte; the fall-out from downtown Chicago lands there, right there. This they've tested. Oft-times Gary, etc., too dumps its air filth on that place. So being far away in the supposed boondocks don't always work.

Do you two think we have any chance of getting Berry or Willis to write up the North Ireland strife? Perhaps John wouldn't be allowed to ethically, if he is still a policeman there? I have strong opinions on the subject, believing that civil rights and injustices count and are abominable no matter who is being mistreated. Would certainly feel the same were it the non-Catholic in south Ireland, for that matter.

I agree with whatsername Devlin, the mini-skirted MP: this present picture of Mayor Daley NOW self-righteously coming out in FAVOR of ignoring law and order, as long as it's in Belfast and not in Chicago, makes me want to throw up, too. Was real glad when she refused to have anything to do with the old bastard.

By the way, John Berry's article was fascinating. No, I'd never heard of this woman before. I think the 3rd possibility listed is undoubtedly the right one. Makes sense to me, anyway. Especially since the 'new' compositions haven't advanced talent-wise.

Gee! Talk about snappy service! When at National Championships in Rochester, as before we got together with stf fan Don Anderson, and he asked me if I knew of LONG LOUD SILENCE coming out in paperback. Now I got the info for him, all thanks to Mr. Tucker!

/John Berry, will you do an article for us on the Northern Irish situation? I'd love to have it (and whatever your opinions, I promise not to call you a pig). RSC/

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

Glad to hear that you got the first day cover of the Moon stamp ok. The covers that I ordered have still not all arrived--they continue to trickle in, one every other day or so. The Moon stamp will undoubtedly set a record for total number of FD covers processed. One U.S. stamp dealer ordered a million covers for his own stock. (It is clear that the term "first day cover," in the original sense, has become completely meaningless--cancelling of these covers started early in August, and is still going on. The chance of getting a cover which was actually cancelled on September 9, the day of issue, is infinitesimal.) (Not that such a cover could be recognized, anyway...)

Do you get the book catalogues from Tartan Book Sales (P.O. Box 914, Williamsport, Penn., 17701)? They are an outlet for ex-lending library volumes, which they sell at pleasantly low prices



(and the books are in fine condition, with plastic protectors on the dust-jackets, etc.). Recently got Sam Moskowitz' SCIENCE FICTION BY GASLIGHT for \$2.00 (it retails at \$6.95), and the Harrison-Stover anthology APEMAN, SPACEMAN for \$1.50. Bought 20 books in all--mysteries, sf, and non-fiction--some of them cheaper than the paperback reprints.

As you may suspect from the stationery, I recently spent some time in Toledo. Flew there on Friday morning (31 Oct) and returned last night. The purpose of the trip (or rather, the excuse for it) was to attend the meeting of the American Studies Association. Several of the sessions of contributed papers were devoted to aspects of "popular culture"--movies, pop art, mystery fiction, science fiction, etc. Several people whom I wanted to meet were going to be there, so I decided at the last minute to attend.

Sf came off rather poorly, not because of lack of interest on the part of the attendees, but because of the dreary papers presented on the subject. Mark Hillegas (author of the book THE FUTURE AS NIGHTMARE) was the prime culprit. Many of the people who could have been more articulate about sf were attending this year's Secondary Universe Conference in Green Bay, which was held the same weekend.

William Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa.

I'd like to make a comment or two about the tv program "The Toy That Grew Up", mentioned by Claude Saxon in #191.

I've seen the program numerous times from WQED, and sometimes enjoyed it considerably despite the presentation. I'm sorry to say that it gives only the faintest idea of what silent movies were like in the days before sound.

In the first place, they are produced with 8mm prints that are a good many generations away from the original negatives. 8mm can be quite good (I've made some myself that are of more than acceptable sharpness) but in making these reductions from 35mm considerable of the frame is cut off. There are, I suppose, good reasons for this: avoidance of 35mm frame-lines in the 8mm frame, providing larger images of main characters, etc.; but it also sometimes eliminates important parts of the original frames. When any movies are shown on tv a further reduction is made, probably for the same reasons. The result is that when the old silents are seen on this series only a small part of the original frame is seen, and it is not always the exact center. Even the best of 8mm copies have a rather short gradation scale, and transmission by tv shortens it still more, so that there isn't even a hint of the excellent photography that went into the original production.

The audio portion of the program is, alas, no better than the video portion. The producer in his introductory remarks always makes a point of mentioning the "authentic" musical accompaniment. Ahahaha! For all but one of the programs that I saw the accompaniment was by piano music. From about 1916 on all theatres except those in the smallest towns had pipe organs of some sort. In most cases the organ was used for the feature and the piano for short subjects. (I recall one very small theatre that had a player-organ in a box under the screen. It could be loaded with a number of long, endless perforated rolls and the projectionist from his booth could switch from one roll to another to provide appropriate music.) But the important point is that the music was appropriate. For the more important productions the films were provided with scores, sometimes of original music, with cues for the organist or pianist, or, in some few cases, orchestra. Moreover, the performers were artists of a breed which has all but died out, which is why the accompaniments for "The Toy That Grew Up" are so inept. There was a wealth of music written especially for the silent movies, and to judge by the accompaniment of the tv series most of it is now unavailable. More importantly, in certain critical scenes--wrecks, disasters, or anything involving excitement or suspense, the better accompanists forgot all about written music and improvised, and these improvisations, which usually cannot be considered music at all, are something that nobody who has not been trained in the art can even approach. Every city of fair size at one time had a school for theatre organists, usually located appropriately in a theatre building.

In a few of the later programs I saw the accompanist made some effort to provide appropriate music (Probably in response to complaints about the earlier ones). In those

earlier ones she simply played one popular or light classical number after another without the slightest reference to what was going on on the screen, and with an unchanging tempo and lack of any sort of expression at all which could have been duplicated easily by a player piano.

Those who were not around in the heyday of the silents can get some idea of the real accompaniment provided from a record played by one Gaylord Carter on an Artisan Theatre organ during the screening of an old newsreel and a silent comedy. The Artisan is an electronic organ, alas, but one of the better ones of the breed, and Carter is not only one of the few remaining theatre organists, but a virtuoso of the art. The response of the audience to the combined performance shows that silent movies were not the drab, dull things they probably seem to most of the younger generation.

I think American Heritage is a little too pessimistic. As you know, I've been going through a huge collection of Scientific American (I think there are only three or four hundred more to go) ranging back to 1876, with a few scattered issued in the 18-60's. Their condition is remarkably good, considering that many are 90 years old or more. They weren't stored with any particular care, apparently, for some are mechanically damaged and others badly discolored by spillages or by exposure to sunlight. Some were attacked by silverfish, which apparently liked the adhesive with which the four-page sheets are fastened together (there are no staples, at least in the older issues) and these tend to fall apart because the "spine" (if the term can be used of a 16-page magazine) resembles lacework. Occasionally I find something has been clipped out or part of a page torn out, but otherwise they are excellently preserved. To refute further the Heritage story, the later issues (they run to 1912) are, if anything, in better condition. It is not that the SA used especially good paper; George Shaw's collection contains other contemporary magazines in equally good condition and I myself have a few magazines such as Harpers, McClure's, etc., ranging from the 80's to to the early teens which are in almost-new condition, including the covers. I have a 1906 Encyclopedia Americana whose leather bindings are falling to pieces but whose pages are as good as new. I have a complete (for the time) set of Mark Twain published about the same time. The volumes are all the worse for wear but the paper is still in very good condition, with only a faint trace of discoloration. Then there is the old Century Dictionary of 1914 (well past the 1870 deadline) now 55 years old. It has corduroy covers $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and something over 8000 very thin pages. Many of these have torn corners which are inevitable in such a volume but the tissue-thin paper is still white and strong. The only publications I can think of that have deteriorated seriously with time are newspapers and pulp magazines. I just thought of the heaps of photo magazines I have from the twenties and thirties which are good as new. I wonder what justification American Heritage has for its "horror story"?

I've news for you about nitrate film, too. It doesn't have to be decomposed to become "an explosive allied to guncotton", for it is that to begin with. What causes the decomposition is not certain. It probably has a lot to do with the processing and washing of the film, though I feel that is not the whole answer, for George has a Pathe News reel of about 1902 (when was the Boxer Rebellion?) whose film, though somewhat shrunken, is otherwise in perfect condition, while he has had to destroy reels of color and sound film from the forties because large sections were completely rotten. I may be wrong, but I don't think there has ever been a case of spontaneous combustion of nitrate film, rotten or sound. It's very dangerous stuff to handle around a flame, and of course the light in a theatre projector is an extremely hot flame concentrated upon the aperture plate by a pair of condensers. Modern projectors have such efficient safeguards that even if by chance the light falls upon the film only a foot or so will burn, the fire being snuffed out at the openings of the magazines. But unless you have seen it you can't believe the explosive violence with which perfectly good nitrate film burns. Since about 1954 all theatre movies have been printed on safety film. Nitrate negatives, as you say, are subject to the same rotting as is movie film, but this doesn't make them any more likely to explode spontaneously. I have seen and handled lots of rotted film at George's but have never found that the deterioration raises its temperature even a fraction of a degree. Nitrate film is an explosive but not a detonating type; it takes heat to set it off.

Douglas Wendt, R. 1, Whitefish, Montana 59937

You are even on the wrong side of your own fence, in #189. If a person's value is in direct proportion to his proven worth, then a King or a Kennedy is clearly worth far more than a ghetto dweller.

Or maybe you intended to be irritating here--like many of the J.W.C. editorials. (And many are, to me at least, though I find it hard to believe that he would really vote for George Wallace.)

I am, I suppose, one of the very few farmers who are sf fans. So of course, I approve of your comments concerning our character. But--a famine in the U.S.--we should be so lucky. (Shortages would drive prices up.) In any case, the "richer" US would just import food, someone else would have the famine. In fact, the problem farmers all over the world face right now is surplus. Right. And in most major crops--the international scene is a jumble of import quotas and taxes and heavy export subsidies.

/Ah, but you say "proven" worth and I don't believe I did. King or Kennedy would be worth more than the average person, but there are superior people in the ghettos, too. RSC/

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

I must admit ignorance of Alexis' X-386 since what little I've done in the explosives line has not required high intensity light sources (the couple shots that did, it was sufficient to use a strategically placed mirror reflecting the bright NM sun or a couple photoflash tubes). But altho my dabbling has been limited to PETN and certain forms of sheet explosives, I do know that Alexis' gun wielder would have to be a Van Buskirk. A little dab of boom-boom makes an awful big hole and produces one hell of a shock wave. And besides being able to hold the ray gun, there is the problem of holding the gun together. Explosives of a mild form are rated in kilobars of pressure generated (that's in thousands of atmospheres pressure).

I'm also suspicious of the contention that a laser pulse should be measured in microseconds. Nanoseconds might be closer since the pulse time on an explosion might be of the order of 300 nanoseconds.

But exploding bridge wires and the like might prove to be a nifty trigger device on giant cannon (or semi-portable). I wonder if anyone is looking into that idea for real? I suspect tho that it wouldn't be too good using Na and F for reactants. A leak in your F and you depart this plane of existence a trifle before you'd planned to.

Dennis Lien and Mike Deckinger do credit to the books they have so ably reviewed. I had previously ignored both the Cormarant series and Big Jack Balloon. They have so aroused my sense of wonder that I'm going to hock my great grandfather's platinum coated spats he won by guessing how many jelly beans were in the jar in the window of Hieronymus's General Store and Livery Stable and rush out and buy, uh, I'm going to buy..hmm, I think I forget which books I wanted. Probably for the best.

A quick thought on the phosgene. Joanne, does phosgene have chlorine in it? I seem to remember seeing that phosgene was a combination of chlorine and carbon monoxide. Anyway, the idea of storing so much gas for so long is stupid. Why can't it be harmlessly destroyed? I sincerely doubt that the gas would be very stable under strong electrical discharges--it might be, but nothing is so stable that it can't be decomposed. Why bother to ship it at all? And then again, a nice way of getting rid of it would be to let it put into the LA smog--no one could ever detect it.

Dave Locke has hit one of my pet subjects. Graphoanalysis. I must say his presentation of this complex subject was superb. But was he serious when he said that he had to go thru the whole "Look at the crossed t's and looped l's" routine when he applied for a job? I thought that was just part of the sales pitch much like "millions have been cured of warts, fungus, crossed eyes and ear wax by Dr. Stinko's Magic Elixir of Life" we've been bombarded with all our lives from Mad. Ave. Someone actually takes graphoanalysis seriously enough to hire a consultant? Sheesh. And I thought Criswell was a real con artist/master salesman.

STRANGE FRUIT

LOCUS #38, 39, 40 (Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, N.Y. 10457 - biweekly - 6 for \$1.00) The top fan newsletter. Random sampling of these three issues produces the news that author Noel Loomis died, Fritz Leiber's wife died, Nycon III grossed \$10,000 (fandom is big business), the Lowndes mags are having printing troubles, numerous fans got married recently, various other fans had other sorts of accidents, and Apollo 11 souvenirs are big business; a page and a half of different ones are listed. Then there are book reviews, fanzine reviews, changes of address, and lots of other news. Rating.....8

OSFAN #51 (Hank Luttrell, 1108 Locust St, Columbia, Missouri 65201) This is the last issue under Hank's editorship, so I don't know if it will continue as a monthly newsletter or not. It has been pretty good. It's the official newsletter of the Ozark Science Fiction Association; \$2.00 per year non-attending membership.

PENNONCEL (Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc., 2815 Forest Ave, Berkeley, Calif. 94705 - \$3.00 per year - editor, Marion Breen) I seem to have Vol.2 #1 & 2 here, but I wouldn't swear to it. The newsletter of the Society; I'm not sure about its value to outsiders. But then, knightly tournaments never had much appeal for me; I tend to agree with the Connecticut Yankee. Give me a Colt revolver and a Gatling gun and you can have your knights.

LUNA MONTHLY #4, 5 (Frank and Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St, Oradell, New Jersey 07649 - monthly - 25¢) Digest-sized newsletter, multilithed, 32 pages. Fan and pro news, including a section on foreign fandoms. There is also room for longer reviews, and usually an article or two, plus a calendar of coming fan events which seems the most complete of any I've seen. #5 has a long report on the St. Louiscon; #4 has a shorter one on the Trieste Film Festival. Rating.....7

HAVERINGS #40 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, U.K. - 6 for \$1.00 - bimonthly - USAgent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St, Apt. 3, Brooklyn, New York 11201) When did you change agents, Ethel? I typed "Redd Boggs" up there by pure habit before looking. (Not that the change doesn't please me; I'm extremely unforgiving.) 9½ pages of some of the most interesting fanzine reviews around. Recommended, for new or old fans. Rating...7

TOLKIEN ALLIANCE NEWSLETTER #2 (David Burton, 5422 Kenyon Drive, Indianapolis, Ind. 46226) Official publication of the Tolkien Alliance, natch. Write Dave for information.

I have here various Cult items from George Heap; THE LEGAL CONSTITUTION also contains a glossary of "Cultspeak". I was taken by a reference to "the more adult Cultpubs" - I've seen some dirty Cultpubs, George, but I don't recall ever seeing a particularly adult one... Lessee; progress report on the Secondary Universe Conference, which is over by now, so we can ignore that. Joe Sarno sends a notice from the Fantasy Collectors of Chicago, a club meeting the 2nd. Sunday of every month at 4717 N. Harding Ave, Chicago, Ill. 60625. Comics, movies, and stf; heavy on the comics end, I understand. And Niels Augustin, Postbus 9080, Amsterdam-18, Netherlands, announces the end of TRANSATLANTIC TRADER and the inauguration of a monthly English-language magazine, LOVE. \$5 a year, but you can get the first issue free on request, as a sample. (From Augustin, remember, not me. What would I be doing with a publication titled LOVE?)

WSFA JOURNAL #68 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - 6 for \$2 - bimonthly) Very good book and fanzine reviews, a Blish bibliography, a reasonably good con report (a rare event!), articles, letters, part of a series on Pan by T.B.

Swann. Almost everything extremely well done; this is one of the best general fan-zines around. Rating.....8

With the above came SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #1. This is a monthly news supplement, priced at 12 for 75¢. Contents include a list of new books, magazine contents, a list of recent fanzines, address changes, club news, etc. Seems quite complete, tho I keep wondering why anyone bothers to publish - or read - a list of the contents of current or forthcoming magazines. If I want to see if I'll like a mag before I buy it, I pick it up on the stands and look thru it. A contents page doesn't help any, unless you're one of these people who buys everything, good or bad, by a specific author. Rating.....4

LUNA' #7 (Frank & Ann Dietz, address previously, quadrimestrial, \$1 per year) This is the fanzine devoted to reprinting convention speeches. This issue has one by Joanna Russ from a 1968 PSF Conference, one by Fred Pohl from the 1962 Lunacon, one by Doc Smith from the 1954 Worldcon, and a panel discussion on worldcons by Tony Lewis, Bruce Pelz, Jay Haldeman and Ted White from the '69 Lunacon. Rating....6

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #32, 33 (Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403 - six-weekly? - 50¢) This is a top fanzine, I voted for it for a Hugo this year and it survived the handicap and won anyway, it has all sorts of sparkling prose, cutting commentary, razor-sharp letters - and I've never liked it very well. (But I liked it better than anything else on the final ballot this year.) Partly I don't like it because Geis deliberately tries to get "controversial" material - and because Geis equates "controversial" with "insulting". However, you also get things like Terry Carr telling the background of the Ace Special series, Piers Anthony discussing his novel "Hasan" (now being serialized in FANTASTIC) and other goodies. The reviews may be good, too; I seldom bother to read book reviews any more because I acquire more books than I can read anyway and I don't need them. But I used to, and for those of you who still do, Geis has a lot of them. Rating.....8

SCHAMOOB #3, 4 (Frank C. Johnson, 3836 Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio 45229 - 20¢ - monthly) Small, general type, about half letters, not very good repro. (Nostalgic, in fact; all fanzines used to look like this, before fans joined the establishment and acquired enough money for electric mimeos, electrostencils, offset, etc.) The material isn't great but the enthusiasm helps make up for it. Rating...3½

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, #18, #20 (John Bangsund, P.O. Box 109, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia) The squirming of a dying fanzine; #18 is half-size and saddle-stapled, while #20 is back to full size, skinny, and with a note appended that the mag is amalgamated with SF COMMENTARY. Mostly reviews, although #18 contains an article by George Turner on how to write reviews and articles (I didn't read it because Turner's writing turns me off and therefore I don't consider him an expert on how to write) and #20 explains why Bangsund is no longer connected with VISION OF TOMORROW. Rating.....6

THE SCARR #200 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - irregular - no price listed) George produces some more quotes from the works of Amanda McKittrick Ros - things like "a huge diamond ring flashed forth fiercely flecks of flame", and various other bits of humor including one which I hereby nominate as the best interlineation of the year: "Australians love Russian newspapers - it's a sort of Tasmania with them." It's a small magazine, but one of the best. (Unless your sense of humor - pardon me, George, humour - differs from mine, and the back of me hand to ye if it does.) Rating.....8

GRILS #2 (Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo. 63108 - irregular - 40¢ per copy, no subs accepted, comments and contributions preferred - coeditors, Sue Robinson and Pam Janisch) More humor, this time including Tucker and Bloch. (Who are good, but not up to Charters this round.) This seems to be one of the better "fannish" fanzines (because the editors don't spend paragraphs telling the reader how clever and trufannish they are). Rating.....6½

M31 #1 (Ron Clarke; 78 Redgrave Rd, Normanhurst, N.S.W. 2076, Australia - for trade, comment, or \$5 per copy - no schedule listed) Major item here is A. Bertram Chandler's poem, "Kangaroos Don't Smoke", which I have read before - all 10 pages of it - in a small dittoed fanzine from...who? John Foyster seems the only possibility, and I don't think it was him. Oh well, it's still around here someplace; I saved it for the verse. There's also a fairly intelligent article on flying saucers, one by Jack Wodhams on the problems of sex in free-fall, and some fiction which I skimmed. Cover is titled "Aphrodite", but whether due to loss in mimeography or what, the girl looks more like the stereotype of a bovine peasant girl. (Or maybe, these days, a bovine peasant boy. Not Aphrodite, though.) Rating.....5

SPECULATION #23 (Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave, Masshouse Lane, Birmingham 30, U.K. - irregular - 35¢) Two pages of photos of the '69 Oxford con (my copy had the photopages duplicated, so I intend to remove one set and install them in our fannish rogue's gallery.) More stuff on the New Wave, Chris Priest attacking Phil Harbottle for daring to follow his own judgment in publishing (I'm not positive about Harbottle's editorial judgment myself, but VISION OF TOMORROW is his mag, not Priest's, and he should be attacked, if at all, on what he has done, not on what he might possibly do in a year or two if the moon is favorable). There are the usual loads of books reviewed - at somewhat more length and by a wider variety of reviewers than you get here) There's a Moorcock "critical fiction", whatever that means; as far as I can see it means knocking down straw men, but I'm sure Moorcock meant it for more than that. Actually this is a good magazine; it's just that so many British fans (not Weston himself) come across on paper as pompous asses, spinning erudite theories about the values of literature based on what they were told by some University don. Rating.....7

DYNATRON #40 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - irregular - 25¢) General-type fanzine; a Gilliland article on the super race, bibliographies (of Austin Hall, Homer Eon Flint, J. U. Giesy and Garrett P. Serviss? You are mad, Tackett), letters, and the editor rambling on various subjects. Generally highly entertaining. Rating.....6

CROSSROADS! #6 (Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, Rhode Island 02912 - monthly, he says - 25¢) If it's monthly, howcome I haven't received one since this September issue, Snider? There is a long drug article by "Dean Head", some local news (this is the official publication of the Brown University group), a long rambling editorial and 24 pages of letters. Good letters, mostly. Rating.....7

T-NEGATIVE #3 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn. 55417 - irregular? - 50¢) The last of the "Star Trek" fanzines? Article and fiction, both by Ruth this time. Interesting cover; the Uhura from "Mirror, Mirror" seems popular with ST artists. Material fairly good. Special Interest

HARPIES #6 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich. 48234 - monthly - for trade, contribution, or comment) Main item here is a long, definitive - and readable - con report. That and a few fanzine reviews and a meeting notice (this is the official publication of the Detroit Misfits) make up the issue. Dick not only tells what went on, but relates background information on why it happened that way. Rating.....6

ID #5 (James Reuss, 304 South Belt West, Belleville, Illinois 62221 - quarterly? - 50¢) Columns by Bob Tucker, James Dorr, and Dean Koontz, a pome, book reviews, and a fair amount of letters. (Oh, yes, and an article by Roy Tackett.) Moderately entertaining; not great fan writing, but material worth spending the time to read. Rating.....6

DJ #3 (DJ, 8733 Boundbrook, Dallas, Texas 75231 - quarterly - 4 for \$2.00) General type fanzine; articles, reviews, etc. This issue is a vast improvement over the last one I saw, though I find the blue paper rather puts me off. (It didn't put me off half as much as my memory of the previous issues did, though.) Some material on original subjects, which is hard to come by in fandom. Rating.....5

PELF #8 (Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr, #9, Duarte, Calif. 91010 - irregular - for contribution, trade or comment - coeditor, Dave Hulan) A lighthearted fanzine from two California nuts. (There's something about fans named Dave...) A sort-of chess cover. John Berry discusses great sporting events of his life, Mike Deckinger has a serious article (how'd that get in?) on improving convention programs (the arrangements, not the content), Ed Cox and Creath Thorne have rambling columns, Mike Deckinger is back to jump on J.J. Pierce and defend "2001", and there are letters. Enjoyable. Rating.....6

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #5 (NESFA, Box G, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - somewhat quarterly - 35¢ - editor, Dick Harter) A rather wild assortment of humor, a heavy science article, reviews, trivia and other parlor games, and letters. I do not know any fan who would like all of it, but most fans should like some of it. It didn't seem to me to be a top issue, but maybe that's because the new editor is still feeling his way; next issue may be more strongly personalized. (And the M.I.T. group produces nothing if not strong personalities.) Rating.....5

OTHERWORDS #2 (Otherwords, Box 526, Hollywood, Calif. 90028 - bimonthly? - 5 issues for \$3) The official publication of the David Gerrold Fan Club, it says. According to the box that was checked, I'm getting this "Because you are a good person". What the hell are you people trying to do; destroy my fan image? Anyway, this is a rather studiously lightweight and amusing fanzine, as though the editor is practising writing in the "fannish" mode and intends to keep up with the exercise until he jolly well gets it right. For "Star Trek" fans, there is an outline of a (rejected) Gerrold script for ST after a "few minor changes" by the producer. (Freiberger, presumably, not Roddenberry.) The original outline was presented in OTHERWORLDS #1, and quite frankly I don't recall it well enough to comment on the changes. But I'm already convinced that Freiberger never changed anything for the better in his life. There is another article on the decline of pornography - quality, not quantity - and various other small items. Rating.....4

L'ANGE JACQUE #4 (Ed Reed, 668 Westover Road, Stamford, Connecticut 06902 - 35¢ - irregular) This is a hard fanzine for me to review, because Ed and I are not interested in the same things. Even when we call them by the same name...his "folk music" is what disc jockeys mean when they refer to the term (providing of course that disc jockeys ever mean anything) and my "folk music" is what Moses Asch means (or meant?) when he refers to the term. It just ain't the same thing. However; there is a serious article by Boardman, on astronomy, lots of full-page artwork, most of it good, reviews, loads of letters, and various odds and ends. A small, sinister voice keeps telling me that this is the first New Wave fanzine....that could be just a hangover from the last - unstapled - issue, or it could be a quite valid comment. There is an air about it that can strike the reader as either "free" or "disorderly", probably depending on how the reader feels at the time. Rating.....6

ADDRESS CHANGES (with apologies for not getting some of these in last issue:

George Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101

George H. Wells, Room 28, 615 W. Onondaga St. (Trinity Park Residence), Syracuse,
..... New York 13204

Fred Arnold, GBI Radar Box 4187, Patrick AFB, Florida 32925

Dainis Bisenieks, 210 Pearson Hall, Iowa State Univ., Ames, Iowa 50010

Bill & Joan Bowers, P.O. Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203

Jim Kerr, British High Commission, P.M.B. 5010, Lebanon St; Ibadan, Western Nigeria

Alex & Cory Panshin, Open Gate Farm, Star Route, Perkasio, Pennsylvania 18944

Pete Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave, Off Masshouse Lane, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, Great
Britain

Larry & Noreen Shaw, 12823 Burbank Blvd, #6, North Hollywood, Calif. 91607

Anybody know where I can pick up (reasonably cheap) a copy of Frederick Law Olmstead's THE COTTON KINGDOM? Knopf reprinted it in 1953, but the Indiana State Library says they only have the 1861 edition, which does not circulate. R. S. Coulson