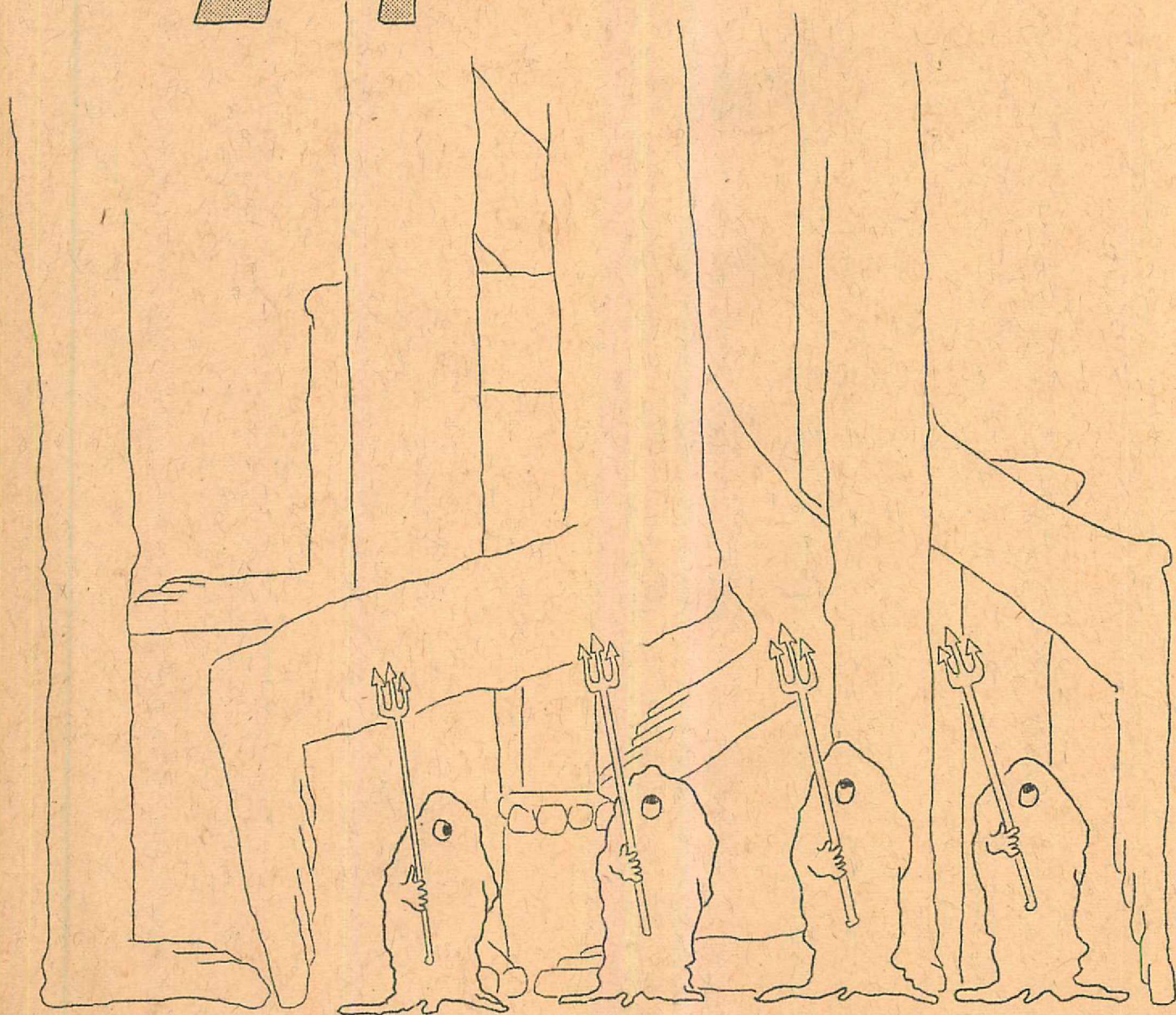


# YANDRO



"PSST! DID YOU EVER HAVE THAT FEELING.....?" Q



## september 71

### VOLUME XIX - NUMBER 6

Published more or less monthly - less,  
this round - by Robert & Juanita Coulson,  
Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348,  
with assistance from Bruce Coul-  
son and Ruth Wellons.

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

Price, US: 40¢ each, 4 for \$1.50, 12 for \$4.00  
Britain: 15p each, 4 for .50, 12 for £1.30



#### CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial) - - - - -	JWC - - - - -	2
A Coulumn - - - - -	Bruce Coulson - - - - -	3
Rumblings (editorial) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	4
Peering Around (column) - - - - -	Joe L. Hensley - - - - -	6
Censorship In Australia and All That (1971 Ed.)	John Foyster - - - - -	8
Golden Minutes (book reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	11
Grumblings (letters) - - - - -		19

#### ARTWORK

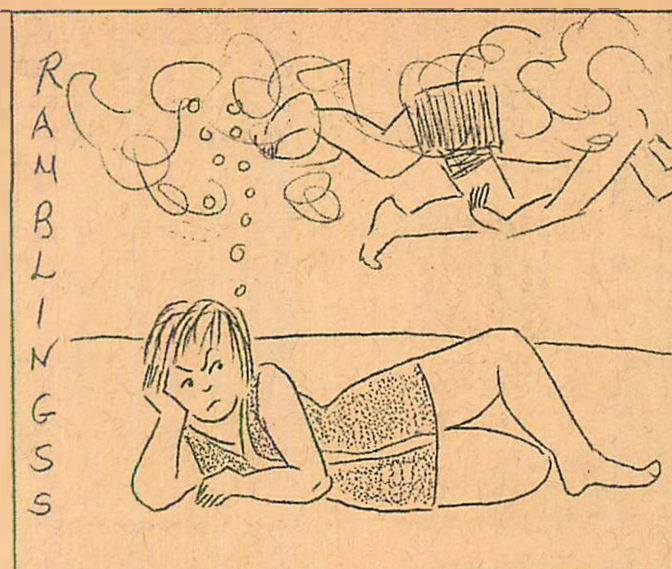
Cover by Dave Piper - - - - -	Cover logo by Arthur Thomson
Page 1 - - - - - Alexis Gilliland	Page 19 (logo) - - - - - Dave Piper
" 2 - - - - - JWC	" 20 - - - - - Kathy Bushman
" 4 - - - - - JWC	" 21 - - - - - Dan Osterman
" 6 - - - - - Jim Cawthorn	" 24 - - - - - Brian Lumley
" 7 - - - - - Dany Frolich	" 25 - - - - - Jim Cawthorn
" 10 - - - - - Arthur Thomson	" 28 - - - - - Jackie Franke
" 11 (logo) - - - - - Dave Piper	" 29 - - - - - Jeff Cochran

Electrostencilling by Pboth Press (Jim and Lee Lavell)

Hugo Winners (sent by Bob Briney): Ringworld as Best Novel, "Ill Met In Lankmar" as Best Novelet, "Slow Sculpture" as Best Short Story, F&SF as Best Magazine, the Dillons as Best Pro Artist, LOCUS as best fanzine, Dick Geis as best fan writer, Alicia Austin as best fan artist, no award in drama.

We've been asked to plug Westercon XXV, to be held at Edgewater Hyatt House in Long Beach, California, beginning the evening of June 30, 1972. Membership \$3.00 through the end of 1972, going up after that. Pro Guest of Honor, Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Fan Guest of Honor, Len Moffatt (who I trust has been informed, this time....) The usual program, art show, costume ball, presumably a banquet though the progress report does not mention one. Address all questions, checks, or materials to Westercon XXV, 14524 Filmore, Arleta, CA 91331.

NOTE TO FISHMAN FANS: Liz Fishman is alive and well in Oakwood, Ohio. She's been having Problems, and won't be getting back to fandom and her move to California until they're settled. (How does it feel to be a celebrity, Liz, and be unable to drop out of fandom briefly without having people hounding you to return?)



First off, I want to underline and add to the credit on the contents page -- about the electrostencilling this issue, courtesy of the Lavells. (Not that we didn't pay for it; just that Lee did the paste-ups and can get the job done cheaper and on better type electrostencils -- most of the time, except when the company doing the cutting goofs and puts them on sticky-backed electrostencils. They really are a mess to cope with, Lee, but I am plowing grimly ahead. Just ask 'em please not to do that again.) Without the electrostencils, this issue would be still later than it is. What with ill health on all our parts and heavy gardening chores and getting in some writing -- never would have made it if I'd had to handstencil very much

of the art in this issue. And no, I don't think there's anything in here I couldn't have handstencilled, though I would have been sweating having parts of the solid black areas fall out before I was done mimeoing, if I had opted for non-mechanical means.

Ironically enough, the same thing (or one thereof) which makes it necessary for me to use electrostencils -- lack of time because I'm busy typing manuscript -- also makes it possible for me to afford the electrostencilling. Figuring everybody else was on the bandwagon, I wrote a gothic, and according to my agent have sold it. (I believe it when the money is actually in my ink-stained hand; but I have signed contracts and all that preliminary jazz.) Gothics are sorta fun to write, even if you are forced to constantly remind yourself to be properly brooding and ominous -- and I keep wondering if anyone can read the things with a straight face. I certainly couldn't write one that way. At any rate, I really do like to handcut art on stencil, but right now I can't afford the time. And, perversely, the money. Typing gothics seems to pay better than handcutting stencils, for some reason.

We hoped to go to Moreascon, but the gothic sale-promise didn't arrive in time to cancel out a simultaneous roof-falling-in series of events and financial hangups that simply said no to the whole project. We made do (even though we didn't know it while it was happening) with a buncha regionals, winding up with Ozarkon. For which much thanks all you generous people at St. Louis.

Much. It was a light, enjoyable con, and a rather congenial motel with lotsa nice fringe benefits. We'd heard some bad scam on the last year's Ozarkon hotel, but this one was 'quite in tune....' (With the exception of the cocktail lounge bouncer (who looked like Randy Garrett's double) wouldn't let anyone get closer than the hallway outside to the rock band; but the interested fans could see and hear fine from out there, so who needed to go into the lounge and buy drinks at inflated prices? Each room at the motel was a kitchenette suite with separate bedroom and living room and huge closets (in fact, that closet could have served as a dorm for several people if anyone crashing some of the more occupied suites had been absolutely desperate for privacy). Oh yes, there was one other drawback: no color tv. First motel I've been in for some time that didn't have color tv. Meant while my eyeballs were peeled and staring at the Moonwalk, I was seeing it in glorious black and white -- which I really can't complain about, since that's the way I'd see it at home anyway.

I also discovered that while there's supposedly protocol to swimming pools, not everyone follows it. Trying out my newly-discovered ability to travel across a pool on my back (I'm a swimming neofan and when I see a pool exclaim goshwowboyoboy and similar painfully familiar expressions), I was, while in the Ozarkon pool, rammed and sunk by some mundane brat playing speedboat. It is a lonely and startling thing to be care-

fully back paddling across a pool and trying to remember all those instructions you heard...and suddenly find yourself on the bottom. Fortunately, it wasn't a very deep bottom, and fortunately by now I've gotten over my earlier terror of water, now that I've learned to float. But it's the sort of situation where you wish you could swim like Weismuller and teach that little monster a lesson...

Ozarkon, you put on a good pool, a very good feed (I want Heritage House's recipe for carrot salad), and an enjoyable con. Thank you very much indeed (to borrow from Frost), Doc, Watsons, Lucia, Marsha, et. al.

Kosciusko County, in Northern Indiana, is currently engaged in a bumper crop of marijuana possession cases. Mostly I assume because the county is currently the possessor of a bumper crop of marijuana. This was, if I'm not mistaken, one of the prime areas encouraged during WWII to grow hemp for rope-making purposes. Gummint paid the farmer to go into the business. Now they've got a pilot project paying them to get rid of it...Right in the middle of their busiest season the government wants to pay county farmers to go out and root around in their fields to eliminate weed. The farmers insisted on one thing: that their names not be printed in the news write-ups. Mixture of not wanting the source advertised (because I'm sure they knew in advance they weren't going to be able to eradicate the stuff, and pointing out where it was located would just invite more harvesters), and maybe embarrassment over the whole messed-up procedure. It's been a state law since some time before weed became a hot topic that Canada thistle be mowed and otherwise rooted out from fields, under penalty of fine. Doesn't seem to have eliminated that, and I doubt the prospects are much more sanguine for this other weed. As of September 12 the court docket has 12 cases lined up for people caught picking the stuff -- some out of state, some not. Occasionally they get some from Cal; I'd think it would be easier to get Mexican stuff, but maybe the risks are even greater. Who knows? To an inveterate non-smoker of anything, I must say it strikes me as sort of silly -- that anybody'd go to the trouble of growing it or harvesting it (it meaning both marijuana and tobacco) in the first place. But I guess whatever....no, I won't say that.

Some weeks back, in an AP release, it was announced that Indiana's Governor Whitcomb had invited 250 business leaders throughout the state to become his "sachems". He wants them to "attend him" during state functions. Somehow I think the use of the team "we" beloved by American politicians and sports figures has gotten out of hand; now they're beginning to think of it in terms of the royal "we". I wonder if all these drafted businessmen will have to buy Brazilian navy style uniforms with braid and gold buttons and whatnot, so's to enhance the brilliance of our noble governor whenever they "attend" him at a state function? The mind boggles... JWC

---

## a coulumn

BY *bruce coulson*

Hello. So far, I've been to several conventions, and enjoyed them all. They are: Pecon, Midwescon, Wilcon, Posacon, and Ozarkon.

Does anyone know how to drive away a berserk bee? One of them has been attacking us these past few days, and we want to get rid of it. Smoke doesn't bother it, and water merely enrages it further. (I've had personal experience with that!) It lives next to the trash burner, and since I have to burn trash, I get nervous. Any ideas?

I am running! (What do you mean, where to?) I will become a member of the all-powerful student council (I hope), so get out there and vote. Pax Mundus. BEC

STAMP OUT BERSERK BEES! JOIN SOBB!



Well, so far, gang, it's been a hell of a vacation. While other fans are enjoying the delights of Noreascon, I've been sitting home nursing an infection of the salivary glands, which I can assure you is extremely uncomfortable. (But not as much as it could be. When I first went in and recited my symptoms, my doctor chuckled evilly and announced that with those symptoms I could have my choice; rabies or tetanus. He gave me some pills and told me to come back if my jaws locked shut - sometimes I wonder if it's a good idea to have a doctor with a sense of humor. Medical humor tends to be so macabre. Anyway, when I went back 3 days later,

he said I'd improved vastly; now I only had symptoms of trench mouth.) So far during my vacation I've read a lot of books and done nothing whatsoever that I'd planned to do...and this YANDRO, which was supposed to be the August issue, is coming out in September.

Early in July, the Coulson family was asked to be Guest of Honor at the Ozarkon. We accepted, naturally. Then we received a somewhat ambiguous letter from Con Chairman Jay T. Rikosh, saying he was happy to have us and he was leaving for South Africa immediately. We attended anyway, especially since Rikosh included quite explicit directions to the motel. Nice motel; consisted entirely of suites, prices very reasonable, and loads of eating places in the area, including a MacDonalds and a taco house, which we patronized. Too small for a big con, but ideal for this one. Slight contretemps on arrival; the clerk was going through the usual forms and when she came to the "How do you intend to pay for your room?" one I think I disconcerted her by saying that, as a matter of fact, I didn't plan to pay for it. After pledging my own money in case the convention didn't come through, I was able to get a key. Mike Mannon came along in time to help us unload and we settled down to wait on the rest of the convention.

It was a fairly nice small con; sort of like an overgrown St. Louis club meeting, since there were very few outsiders present. We finally got acquainted with some of the St. Louis fans we've been seeing but not meeting at Midwestcons and Pecons; Marsha Allen, Lucia Kriskovich, Mannon, one of our subscribers, Walter Stumper, and others we'd never encountered before, such as Joe Butler and Ray Fisher's new girl friend. (Terribly impolite, but I've managed to forget her name. Normally I wouldn't care much, but she seems one of the pleasanter newcomers to fandom.) Got better acquainted with Peoria fan Ann Wickerham, and was even more impressed by her singing voice than I was at Pecon. Didn't see much of Sue Watson, who was embroiled in an all-convention bridge game, but was glad to see the Couch family again. Even Chris managed to make it from the wilds of New York City. (Missed Hank and Lesleigh, though.)

Only "program" item was the banquet, which was quite good. Regional banquets always manage to be better than Worldcon banquets, but this was good even for a regional. Our mingled group got some absolutely furious stares from the local citizens, though. Apparently they found the mixture of hippies, blacks, and straights like myself (and Wes Struebling, who I believe even had a suit and tie on) too much to take. Larry Nichols didn't help our image much when we left, either. We'd been in a private room (carefully segregated from the more sedate customers), but the dessert bar, containing cakes, pies and various concoctions including some of the runniest puddings I've ever seen, was in the main restaurant. We filed by this on leaving, and Debbie Stopa made some remark about wishing she could have some more. "Sure," said Larry. "Let's all grab a handful of pudding as we leave" and made a fake swipe at one of the bowls, to the accompaniment of outraged gasps from all over the restaurant.

St. Louis is a nice place to visit, but I don't think I'd want to live there.

At the time we were still planning on Noreascon, but as it turns out that was our last convention of the year, and not a bad way to finish.

Closest we get to the Worldcon this year is playing host to people attending. The Saturday before the con we had Bruce Pelz, Drew Sanders, Tom Whitmore, and Elaine (no last name, or at least we weren't given any), who stopped over in their trek from California. Didn't really see much of Sanders; I was just starting to come down with the salivary infection and he was learning the hard way that the midwest contains huge amounts of pollen, so we tended to stare bleary-eyed at one another, when he wasn't trying to forget his snuffling in sleep. Pleasant group, though. Before they left Sunday morning, John and Sandra Miesel and family arrived. I was feeling pretty lousy by then and wasn't much of a host, but at least having someone around took some of the edge off my Suffering.

Don't all rush out looking for the Thomas Stratton book that Joe Hensley mentions; at the moment we haven't even submitted the final manuscript. (It was all written, but the editor requested a few revisions and Gene took the opportunity to rewrite the whole thing.) It may be out before the end of the year, and it may not. Even if you do rush out you probably won't find it, Leisure Books having the distribution they do, but I'm sure Gene and I will be happy to sell copies to anyone desperate enough to inquire. (Likely will be next summer before it's published; we'll keep you informed...)

On the other hand, Juanita has sold a gothic romance to Berkley; considering the current run on gothics, it will probably appear as soon as they can get it in print. Title unknown; her working title was "Queen of Swords" but Berkley said that was such a nice title they'd already assigned it to a Mike Moorcock novel. (My own title suggestion - "Midwestern Gothic" - was totally ignored by everyone concerned, which I think is a mean way to treat someone who is only trying to help.)

Damn, I knew I should have written down what I wanted to say here; being sick seems to have given me a sort of amnesia for recent events in fandom. Well, I have clippings left over from last time. Rose Hogue sends one from the L.A. Times, stating that the head of a USC environmental program has said that while phosphates undoubtedly ruin inland lakes they are a positive boon to the ocean, which has a low phosphate content. Dodd sends several; one on a British "music concert" where the "orchestra" spent their time writing four-letter words on pieces of toilet paper and distributing them to the audience. This was closed down by the police, whereupon Prof. Cardew of the Royal Academy of Music said "These people obviously don't understand the concept of our music." Well, if the professor wants to spend his time writing four-letter words on toilet paper, that's his hangup, but I do think someone should present him with a good dictionary; he's obviously in Wonderland where words mean whatever he chooses them to mean. The British are still getting their jollies out of how many guns we have here; I suspect that a filmed record of the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association would make a mint in Britain. Don Thompson (I think) sends one from a Canadian paper about Canada's Ryerson Press being sold to McGraw-Hill. "No one can tell me it's not another giant step in our identity as Canadians being dissolved." Yes indeed - and how did Canadians react when we treated them as a separate, independent nation by including them in our recent import tax increase? Screamed like bloody hell, didn't they? They want their identity as long as it comes with special favors. Don also sent the one mentioning that the Texas House of Representatives has unanimously passed a resolution endorsing the job performed by the Boston Strangler in the field of population control. (It was proposed by two legislators to point out that resolutions are passed without anyone in the legislature reading them; they seem to have proved their point.) On the other hand, the city council of Maple Heights, Ohio, gets quite serious over their resolutions. They passed one congratulating the city of Cleveland on its 175th birthday - by a vote of 4 to 3. (Sorry about that sentence; I'll do better next time.) Bruce MacPhee sends a TV GUIDE tearsheet about a sports program featuring the 2968 Olympic team. Robert Reginald sends one from the L.A. Times about the new prune-eating champion of the world; it's good to know some high school boys continue to indulge in the traditional extra-curricular activities. Fred Jackson sends along the final judgment which debarred Slaughterhouse-5 from the Rochester (Michigan) public schools. The judge stated that he found the book anti-Christian and that neither pro- nor anti-Christian materials could be used in school classes and that therefore the book must be withdrawn until it could be guaranteed that it would not be used as a supplementary English text. Actually, the judge has a point (if the book is indeed anti-Christian; I haven't read it). Laws are supposed to bind both sides, not just one. RSC

# PEERING AROUND

column by

joe l hensley

I'm engaged in writing a poison murder novel after having had several warnings. Other people who are in the field keep telling me that it's the hardest type of suspense novel to write, extremely difficult to bring off.

I'm trying anyway.

I went down to the library to check out some books on poison, figuring that anyone who was going to use a poison ought to understand the rudiments of it. I found several books and they checked them out to me without taking my fingerprints, but with some inquiring glances. Then I borrowed a book called MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE by Herzog. My edition is 1931, but it's still a useful book. I got it from a lawyer who was involved in defending a woman charged with the commission of a poison murder some years back. She was found innocent, by the way.

The library books I renewed a few times and I've still got the Herzog.

I visit the library now and then. I've been thinking about the possibilities of having my wife follow me in some night, point at me, clutch at her throat, then fall.

Honest Gene DeWeese and Honest Buck Coulson have, I hear, done it again. This time it's a crime novel called SERENDIPITOUS DEATH which they've sold to Leisure Books. The reason I know about it is that they've got a character in the book called Walter Hensley. He's a small town sheriff and he's not the most honest of men and comes to a bad end in the book.

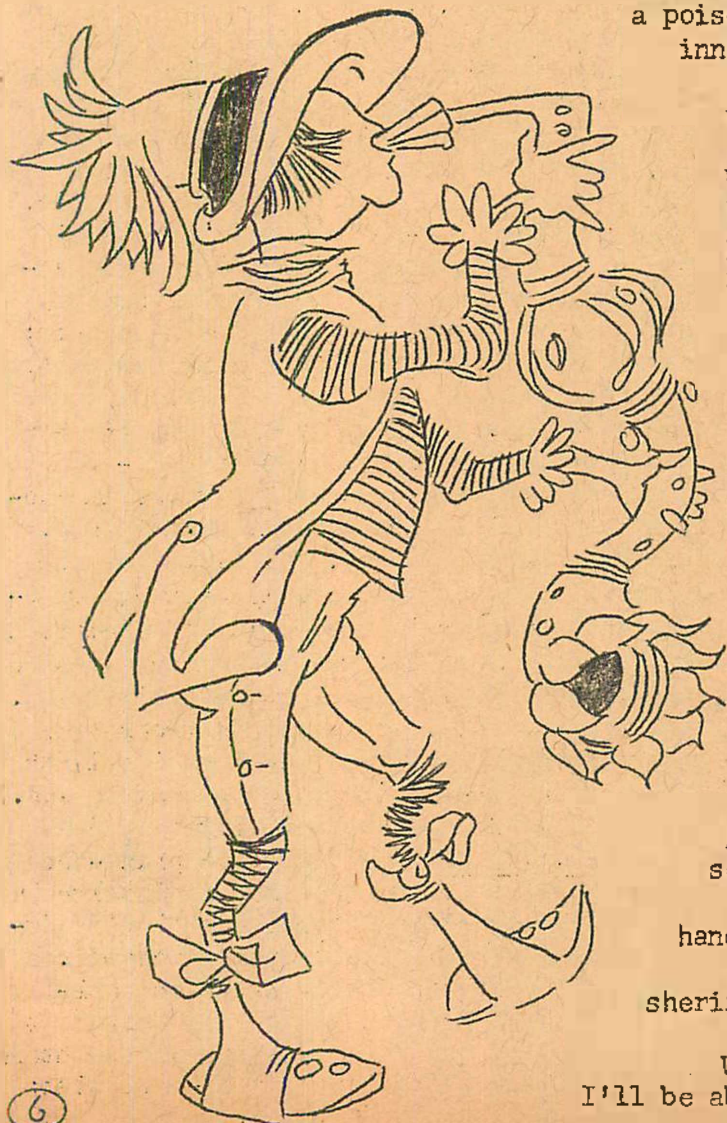
I suggest you pick up the book on your local newsstand and read all about it.

Leisure is a fairly new outfit. They publish paperback reprints and are just starting with originals. What I've seen of theirs so far I've liked.

Badger your people if they aren't handling Leisure.

Remember that anyone who knocks off a sheriff named Hensley has got a lot going...

We went to Midewscon and I'm hoping that I'll be able to go to Noreascon. I always enjoy



Midwescon and have missed it like once in the past fifteen years. There have been enough con reports on it that I won't start another here, but it's always great to see Doc Barrett and Lou and the rest of the Cincy bunch.

I came back home and ran into this fellow I know.

"Where you been?"

"Well," I gulped, "I was over in Ohio for this fan get together."

"Oh yes," he said briskly. "Fans."

"Yeah. These people are all interested in the same thing and they have these meetings..."

"I get you."

"They sit around and discuss things and there's this dinner where a guy named Tucker..."

"He knows about fans, too?"

"Sure," I nodded. "This year they brought him his Hugo from Heicon."

"I know the brand," he said.

"Great fun," I said. "You ought to go with me some time."

He shrugged. "Wouldn't do me any good. Fans I don't need. Me and the wife are putting in air conditioning in the whole house."

Thanks to Jim O'Meara and a couple of others who sent reviews on DELIVER US TO EVIL.

Doubleday also sends them and I've worked out the code pretty much. If the review is good they send it in a large, engraved envelope, air mail. If it's so-so they send it along with a progress sales report so that the sales figures can encourage. If the review is bad then they send it in a rather plain envelope, regular mail.

If one comes postage due then I'm not going to open it because I'm a sensitive soul.

I still get all of the area writing types into my office. Some of them are very nice people and I'm most happy to shop talk with them, lie a bit and like that.

But God I'm getting up to my nose with people who seem to think that somehow there's something I know, one simple little thing, that makes it possible for me to sell. They are sure if they knew that then the same thing could happen to them.

I can almost spot them. They have a peculiar look in their eyes, they sit all a-quiver, waiting for me to make a mistake and give it away. They clutch portfolios of their writings, they want addresses of people who'll buy, buy, buy.

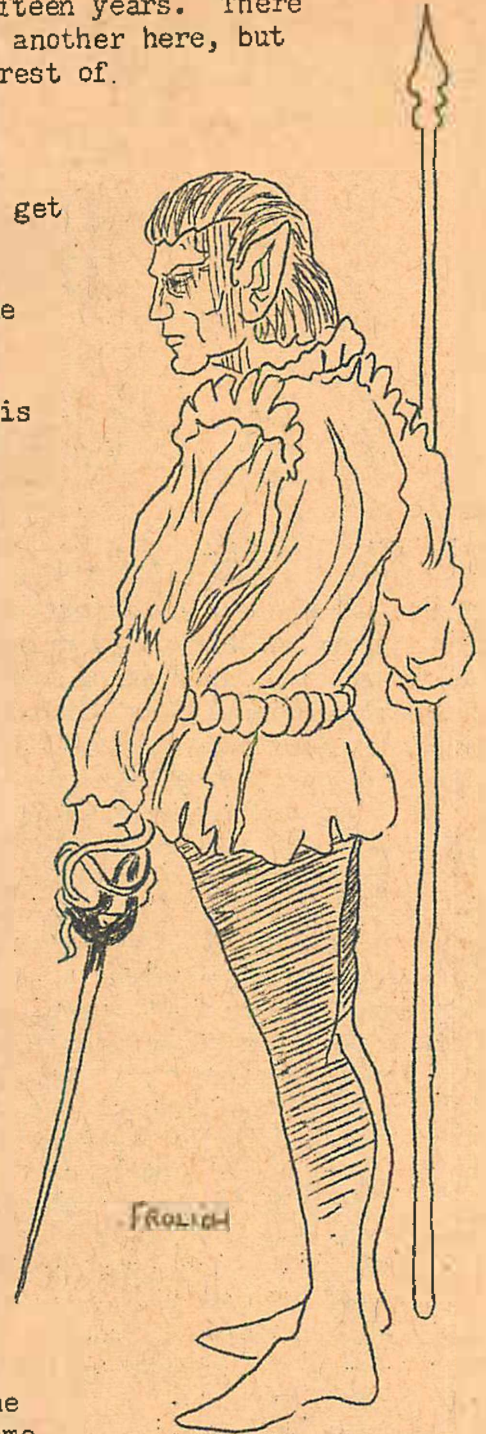
One of them recently has a bit he calls a novel. I won't read things normally and so I refused it when he got it out.

But if it's a novel it must be in microfilm. What he had couldn't have been more than like 50 pages. No more than that, anyway. Maybe it was single space and on both sides of the paper.

Either way he's got a problem that the most simple study of the writers' magazines could solve for him. But some of these people will never do that. They don't really like to read, you know.

A fellow can learn something that way.

I grow older and more bitter as the days pass.



# CENSORSHIP IN AUSTRALIA

## AND ALL THAT (1971 EDITION)

JOHN FOYSTER

Way back in Yandro 201 a review of an Australian fanzine noted a peculiarity concerning the film THE DUNWICH HORROR: that the title had been changed to DUNWICH, and that this had been done to 'protect the film from the censors'. This is a very odd notion, but as it originated with an Australian fan it is not surprising.

One of my more interesting possessions at the moment is a tape on which a number of learned Australian sf film aficionados discuss the vile censorship of their favourite movie fare. Naturally the villain of the piece is the present Customs Minister, Mr. Don Chipp. The interesting thing about the tape is that the learned gentlemen continually refer to one 'Senator Chipp' -- and of course Chipp is not a Senator. Even more to the point, the tape replays a tape used to introduce the discussion session, and in that introductory tape it is made quite clear that Chipp is not a Senator. I laugh a lot at that. Actually this isn't quite so funny. The Australian, a newspaper which modestly bills itself as a national newspaper, recently ran a parody competition, and one of the sections involved a parody on censorship speeches and Parliament. You will already have guessed that the winning entry had D.L. Chipp speaking in the Senate. (But since the dumb paper didn't realise that my limerick in their other competition was the greatest piece of poetry submitted I wasn't very surprised.)

This vast ignorance about the nature and nurture of Australian censorship is an invitation to the ignorant to pontificate, and whom am I to resist?

The Australian censorship system divides all written material into two parts: that having literary merit, and 'other'. I would like to know into which category science fiction falls, but I haven't been able to summon up the courage to ask in places that matter. 'Other', which would include Essex House books down, can be banned by anyone in the Customs Department, or so it seems. Actually, if a book falls into this category and someone wants to make a case of it, it can be promoted into the 'literary' section. This is a pretty crappy sort of censorship, but given the way it works, it doesn't matter too much.

What of the 'literary' stuff? At the beginning of this year there were about 130 books on the list. As I write, this number has been cut to 70. That means that books have been taken from the list at the rate of about ten a week. The number of books is so great that the papers haven't bothered to list them all -- a disadvantage of great proportions to connoisseurs like myself. Anyway, the first books released out of this lot were the works of Henry Miller\* (barring SEXUS and QUIET DAYS AT CLICHY -- not a brilliant distinction, but I presume one can only go so fast). In thinking about this I'm inclined to reflect back to the times when Miller was first being published widely in the US (I'm not referring to books like REMEMBER TO REMEMBER, of course) not terribly long ago. Booksellers prosecuted. Publishers prosecuted. Nasty business. This will be avoided in Australia -- but we get the books some time later (the general public does, that is). There are some advantages...

Books on the 'literary' list are periodically examined by a board of citizens selected by the Minister in charge. If they advise release of the book, the Minister has

\* = well, 7 books

to give a final Okay.

Until Don Chipp's appointment last year, Ministers frequently knocked back the recommendations. But since Chipp got the job he has revamped the board, so that it will have a little more bite; he has made (on June 11 1970) the first parliamentary statement on censorship in 32 years (the last one having been in 1938); and now he is obviously rubberstamping his board's recommendations.

What does Chipp think of censorship and what's all this about DUNWICH?

Don Chipp has several times stated that he finds it quite inappropriate for one man to decide what people in a country shall read... Obviously he gets around his difficulty by creating a board which will be as lenient as he can hope for, and then automatically putting into effect their recommendations. I presume, though without real grounds for the belief, that a similar sort of leniency is slowly taking effect in films. The January 1971 Playboy, which I understand set new records for Playmates, has been passed by the Australian Customs -- but that's all the evidence I have on that line.

What Chipp really feels about censorship is probably summed up in this extract from his speech:

'The concept of censorship is abhorrent to all men and women who believe in the basic freedoms. As a philosophy censorship is evil and is to be condemned.'

And then comes the 'Yet...'. What this means, I presume, is that there are enough pressure groups around to insist on some kind of censorship. Later on, discussing the nature of censorship, Chipp has a few kind words for these groups:

'I call for a balanced judgment to be made by the community in assessing what is or is not offensive to it. There does seem to be an obsession with sexual matters today. Let me explain that. If an explicit love-making scene is left in a movie, hundreds of letters are written by outraged parents to the Minister for Customs and Excise or to the Commonwealth Film Censorship Board. I do not quarrel with their right to do that but I ask: Is it consistent to object obsessively to love-making scenes and yet allow evils such as hate, greed, envy, calumny and violence to be depicted in minute detail with not a pen raised in anger?'

The point is a good one: not that one should object, but that it seems odd to select just fucking for one's dislike. Hmm. That reminds me of an interesting project of one of the less inhibited Melbourne fans had recently: to hire a harlot to visit the various Melbourne fans who have quite horrifying sexual hang-ups and, er, liberate them.

That leads me on to the subject of film censorship. (Australian readers will appreciate the connection with ease.) Film censorship is soon to be partially liberated as above was the case for book censorship. Chipp is, however, quite hardline on violence, and I assume his Board will be. The real barrier to an easing of censorship in this area however is the unwillingness of the cinema owners to allow Chipp to introduce an adults-only Certificate. Don Chipp, you see, wants to give the Certificate bite: he wants to prosecute cinema owners who allow children into such an 'R' screening, and the owners don't want the responsibility. Having watched 4-year-olds happily buying cigarettes in stores (not permitted to children under 16 in Victoria), I'm unimpressed by this argument. But I presume the owners know that Chipp would be serious about policing his regulations.

The situation on films is still unclear at the moment, so I would be best to leave it half unsaid, and proceed to two other points.

The first is that while certain books and films are said to be banned, that doesn't mean by any means that they are unavailable. For example, last year a list was released naming all the films which have been completely banned from Australian release. Quite a few there were, too. But of them I have seen at least three in commercial releases (short runs as second features where no one would notice). With books the story is the same. As has always been the case, plenty of people smuggle banned books into the country. But, on the other hand, I have also purchased from Melbourne bookshops in over-the-counter deals about twenty books and magazines which were technically banned and may still be for all I know. I don't know how that came about. In add-

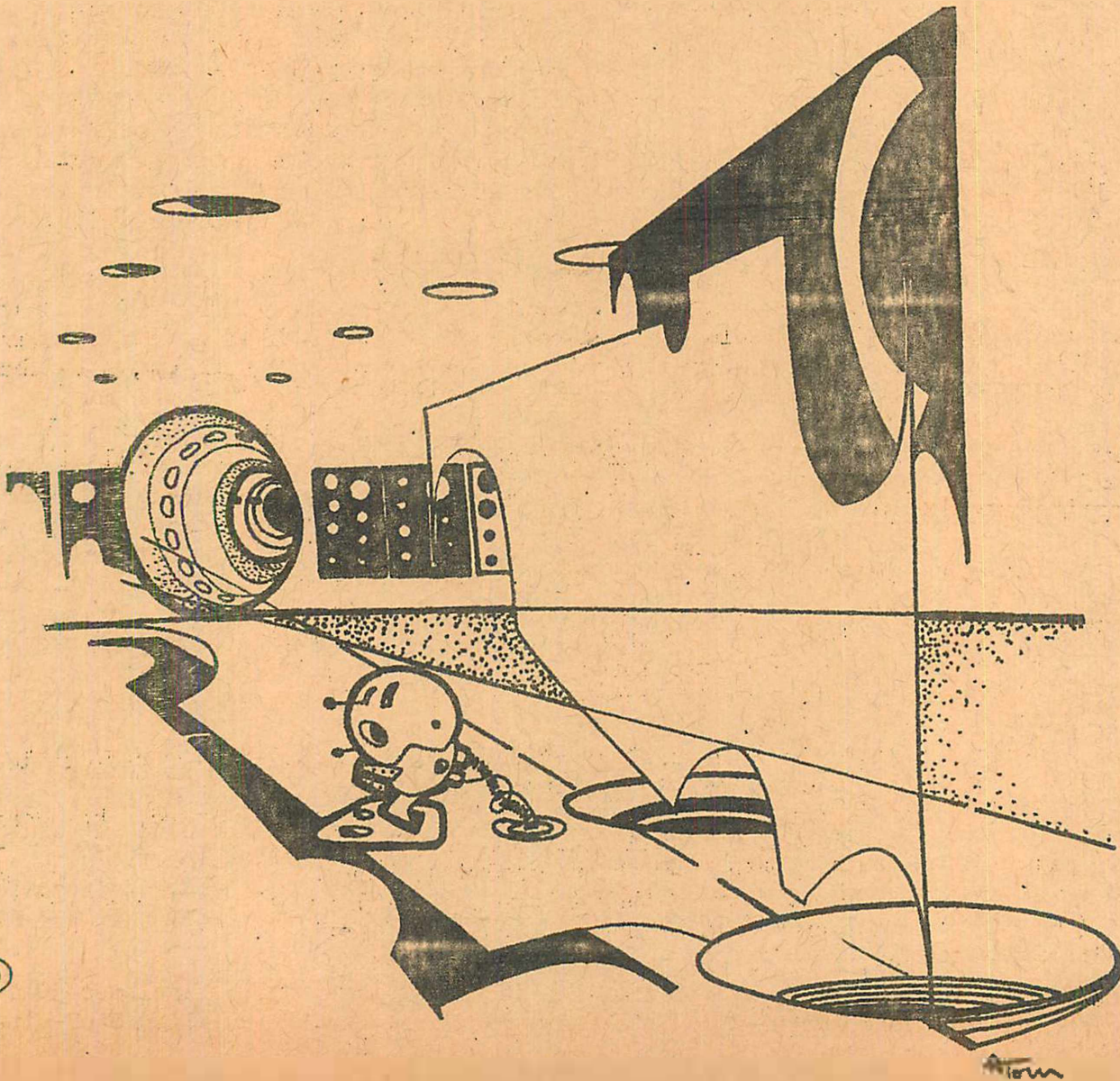
ition there have been a few shops which did a trade in banned books by phonying up their accounts, but I haven't heard much about that lately.

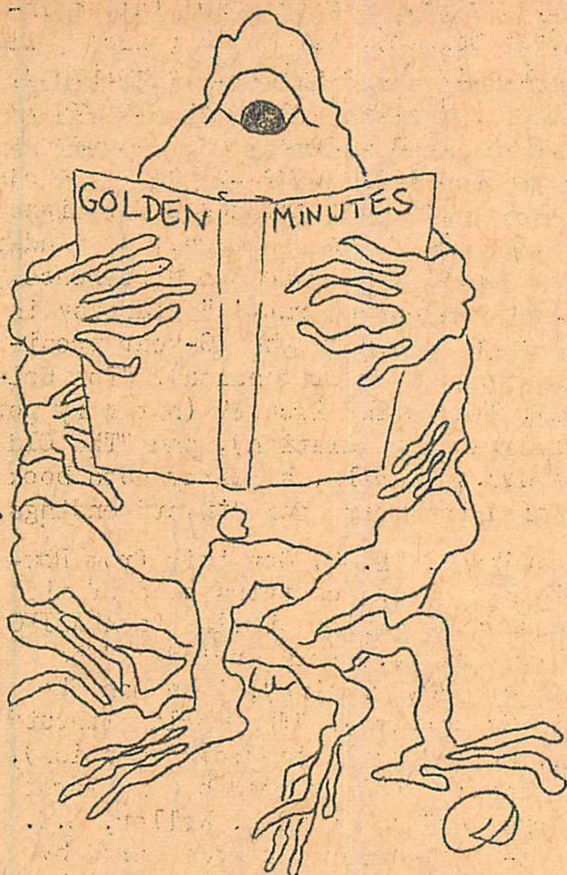
The second is that the books and films Australian fans protest about don't really fit into the categories described favourably above. A reading of Australian fanzines would convince one that the major sins of Australian censorship consist in keeping out Fan X's copies of Creepy and in preventing Fan Y from seeing Hammer's latest glory. It may well be that such objects should not be banned (after all, I'm a bit of a fan of Barbara Steele myself), but there are more worthy objects which perhaps deserve immediate attention. (Though...a writer in December last year has Barbara Steele say 'I want to fuck the whole world': hmm--- directed by Kubrick, script by EE Smith PhD. Pity about that...)

So you see, the DUNWICH story was a bunch of crap spread around by people who simply don't bother to check up on their first thoughts. But it hasn't stopped by any means: a fanzine I got from an Australian fan of long standing just last week has a little item titled 'THOU ANUS ART A MANY SPLENDID THING' (sic) contains such immortal lines as 'I don't think our censors mind breasts too much, it's just nipples that bother them.'.

I suppose the legend will continue indefinitely, perhaps becoming more noisy as it becomes less true.

I leave you with this thought: I WILL SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE (starring Christian Marquand) was released in Australia years before the ban on it was lifted in the USA.





THE SENSUOUS DIRTY OLD MAN, by Dr. "A" (Walker, \$3.95) This is fun to read, and a good parody of the various "sensuous" books on the market. (I did feel a trifle as tho it became a hardcover book only because Asimov wrote it; that if you or I had done the same it would have appeared in a good quality fanzine.) However, it's good fun and if you get a chance to pick up a copy, do so. Taking a swipe at pretentiousness is an art worthy of attention.

FLIGHT TO THE LONESOME PLACE, by Alexander Key (Westminster, \$4.50) Key evidently hit bottom with his last book and this time has turned out a very acceptable juvenile. He's back on the general plot of his Escape To Witch Mountain; a superior child trying to avoid various sinister people who are out for his hide. This time he heads for Puerto Rico before leaving our world entirely.

THE MORTAL IMMORTALS, by "Christabel" (Walker, \$5.95) This is a weird one; a sort of gothic romance in an imaginary but quite Gaelic country. The clans still possess private armies with rifles and force fields, but while the clan chief has a private airplane, there are no military aircraft in

evidence. (Christabel could use a quick course in military science before writing a novel about a Graustarkian military coup.) The heroine has a remarkably bad memory. On page 78, she has discovered a Plot, and finally decides that the Hero is the one man she can confide in, except that she can't get away without being discovered. She agonizes over this for several paragraphs, but when the Hero walks into the house 6 pages later, she makes no effort at all to get him into a corner and spill the beans. (A few pages later on, she's agonizing again, apparently having had a sudden surge of memory.) The book is sort of fun to read because you never know what's going to turn up next - generally mangled - but I can't honestly recommend that you try it.

DOWN IN THE BLACK GANG, by Philip Jose Farmer (Book club, \$1.75) Includes the title story (fine bit of imagination, with the universe as a spaceship), "The Shadow of Space" (highly imaginative to the point that nothing is really explained, which makes me put it in the "New Wave" category), "A Bowl Bigger Than Earth" (a particularly unpleasant Hereafter), "Riverworld" (another Hereafter, but not really an independent story; it's obviously the first part of a novel. Not a particularly good novel, either). "A Few Miles" (the first of the Brother John Carmody stories; excellent), "Prometheus" (continuation of the previous story, also very good), "The Blasphemers" (the problems of a not-too-alien religion; good), and "How Deep The Grooves" (predestination and the future, nothing extra). Overall, it's worth the money but you might want to wait for the paperback.

SMITH OF WOOTTON MAJOR, by J. R. R. Tolkien (used) Somehow I managed to acquire both the British George Allen & Unwin edition and the US Houghton Mifflin edition. They're quite similar; may have been printed from the same plates, as the Lord of the Rings was. The story is a quite amusing fairy tale, running to about 55 pages (it's published as a separate book because publishers know that Tolkien sells.) But if you can locate a secondhand copy, try it; I wouldn't recommend paying the \$1.95 that the US publisher asks. 50¢ is about right.

ELSEWHERE, ELSEWHEN, ELSEHOW, by Miriam Allen deFord (Walker, \$5.95) Includes "Old Man Morgan's Grave" (a good racial-religious fantasy), "Mrs. Hinck" (an alien baby-sitter,

good), "Gone To The Dogs" (weredoggery; mildly amusing), "The Margenes" (alien contact; quite amusing), "The Old Woman" (alien spying; good), "The Apotheosis of Ki" (the perils of time-travel, or perhaps space-travel, lovely), "Freak Show" (alien invasion; well-written but I've read that plot too often before), "The Eel" (which would be an amusing exercise in logic if it weren't so obviously and completely contrived), "First Dig" (contrived and unable to suspend disbelief), "Prison Break" (a bit overly melodramatic, but enjoyable), "Not Snow Nor Rain" (more alien contact; not bad except for this quote: "...his status as a devoted science fiction fan; he would have time now to read and reread, to watch hopefully from the roof of his apartment house for signs of a flying saucer." She isn't going to make any friends in fandom that way; no wonder outsiders couple fandom with flying saucers, if the authors can't see the difference.) "The Monster" (children and ghouls), "The Voyage of the 'Deborah Pratt'" (fantasy in the slave trade), "The 1980 President" (a very poor story based on the 20-year presidential deaths), "The Peak Lords" (interesting ideas, not too well handled), "The Colony" (the problems of humanity and justice; not bad), "The Crib Circuit" (not very good story of cryolysis revival in future with absolutely stable population), and "The Old Bunch and Dusty Stiggins" (alien contact again; not bad.) Overall, a fairly good book which would be better if the author could be cured of using very poor "twist" endings.

FROM OFF THIS WORLD, ed. by Margulies & Friend (secondhand, \$4.00) Got this from Howard Devore; it's one of 4 books published by "Merlin Press" and contains some of the "Hall of Fame" classics from STARTLING STORIES. (This was a series similar to AMAZING's current "Famous Classics" though of a somewhat higher quality.) This includes "The Last Woman" by Thomas G. Gardner (love and atavism and 1930s writing), "The Man Who Evolved" by Edmond Hamilton (fair imagination and 1930s science), "The World Without" by Benson Herbert (fourth dimension; holds up fairly well despite the melodramatics), "The Green Torture" by A. Rowley Hilliard (gimmick story; not very good but no worse than the magazines publish today), "The Literary Corkscrew" by David H. Keller, M.D. (the pangs of creation externalized; amusing and well-done), "The Man From Mars" by P. Schuyler Miller (straightforward adventure; fairly good), "The Ancient Brain" by A. G. Strangland (lovely title, but not much of a story - "She's ninety miles now, but dropping rapidly on a parameter of a squared variable and a cubic function..."), "The City of Singing Flame" and "Beyond The Singing Flame" by Clark Ashton Smith (the stories that made his reputation; original still excellent, sequel not so hot), "The Eternal Man" by D. D. Sharp (immortality and immobility; still readable), "Hornets of Space" by R. F. Starzl (the coward who makes good; a poor western or sports story translated into space), "The Cubic City" by Louis Tucker (love, atavism, and a monograph on city planning), "A Martian Odyssey" and "Valley of Dreams" by Stanley Weinbaum (one of the all-time great stories of science fiction and its moderately good sequel), "Through The Purple Cloud" by Jack Williamson (into an alien universe, mediocre but readable), "The Microscopic Giants" by Paul Ernst (surprisingly good, partly because I was expecting it to be unreadable, story of aliens under our feet), "When the Earth Lived" by Henry Kuttner (undoubtedly one of Kuttner's worst stories), and "Conquest of Life" by Eando Binder (melodramatic plot and limp science - "His ship had already moved upward, at right angles to their position, presenting a target moving at a speed of five hundred miles an hour. It was cruel for the men exposed to the air around the vitrolite gun..."). Overall, except for the Weinbaum stories, this is mostly to assuage any nostalgia you may have.

THE TRAIL OF CTHULHU, by August Derleth (Beagle, 95¢) I've never been terribly fond of THE MASK OF CTHULHU, by August Derleth (Beagle, 95¢) Derleth's Cthulhu stories; they are adequate imitations of Lovecraft, but somehow seem to lack the spark of the original. MASK contains "The Return of Hastur", "The Whippoorwills In The Hills", "Something In The Wood", "The Sandwin Compact", "The House In The Valley", and "The Seal of R'lyeh", all first published in WEIRD TALES and all adequate horror stories. TRAIL includes the title story, "The Watcher From The Sky", "The Gorge Beyond Salapunco", "The Keeper of the Key", and "The Black Island", all published by WEIRD TALES and not a novel, no matter what the cover blurb says.

TO PRIME THE PUMP, by A. Bertram Chandler (Curtis, 75¢) One of the better Grimes stories, based on a rarely encountered - in sf, anyway - theory of life and death. Good adventure.

THE MIDNIGHT DANCERS, by Gerard F. Conway (Ace, 75¢) The author strives desperately for original imagery, and comes up with things like "I can't remember the taste of the night, save that it was both cool and warm, a lavender taste on my tongue." After a few pages of that, I quit; I didn't really get far enough into the book to know - or care - what it was about.

SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME, ed. by Bob Silverberg (Avon, \$1.50) I reviewed the hardcover and I'm not going to repeat all that, so I'll just say that it contains 26 stories chosen by SFWA members, and while I might quibble over including some of them in an anthology purporting to show the greatest stf of all time, they're all good stories. Many of them are excellent, and if you didn't get the hardcover edition, by all means get this one. You'll never get a better bargain.

FLIGHT FROM REBIRTH, by J. T. McIntosh (Avon, 75¢) Given a way of reinvigorating a body which includes wiping out all memories and in essence creating a new person, valuable only for his heredity (McIntosh seems to think a lot of heredity), there will of course be objections, and a quite valid conflict could be described. Instead, the hero here is a dog-in-the-manger who prefers being executed to being "reborn". What difference it makes to him, since his personality is extinguished either way, is never explained; he's not even a religious individual with a belief in the soul to sway him. Apparently he's just a nut, with whom the reader is supposed to sympathise. This reader didn't. A remarkably bad book.

THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, by H. P. Lovecraft (Beagle, 95¢) I have never really thought that Lovecraft's brand of horror was capable of being sustained for a novel. This has its good points, but it goes on too long for my taste.

TALES OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS, Vol. 2, ed. by Derleth (Beagle, 95¢) This includes the famous Bloch-Lovecraft cycle, in which a strange New England recluse is killed off in Bloch's "The Shambler From The Stars", a certain Robert Blake of Milwaukee dies horribly in Lovecraft's "The Hunter of the Dark" (one of Lovecraft's better stories), and a friend of Blakes discovers horrors man was not meant to know in Bloch's "The Shadow From The Steeple". Otherwise here we have Bloch's "Notebook Found In A Deserted House" (one of Bloch's best horror stories), "Cold Print" by J. Ramsey Campbell (horror and perversion in a rather mediocre story), "The Sister City" by Brian Lumley (interesting story of Lovecraft's fish-people), "Cement Surroundings" by Lumley (a fairly routine horror story), "The Deep Ones" by James Wade (evil dolphins - a rarity in this day and age - and miscegenation), and "The Return of the Illoigor" by Colin Wilson (a long and somewhat dull attempt to tie in Lovecraft and various actual weird events, Fort-type). Overall, pretty good.

THE MAN WHO WAS TEURSDAY, by G. K. Chesterton (Ballantine, 95¢) I'm glad Lin Carter resurrected this one; I've heard of it vaguely for years, and the title fascinated me. The book is a largely dull satire on the society of Chesterton's day, but it has its moments. ("I dare say it's the sort of face that grows on one," said the President, "in fact, it grows on you; and who am I to quarrel with the wild fruits of the Tree of Life?" .... "The first was the old fear that any miracle might happen, the second the more hopeless modern fear that no miracle can ever happen." ... "I don't think, and I never shall think, that the mass of ordinary men are a pack of dirty modern thinkers.") (And they aren't, which is why "People's" movements always end up using force.) Prepare yourself for dull stretches, for read it for the embedded gems.

THE BATTLE OF FOREVER, by A. E. van Vogt (Ace, 95¢) Another of van Vogt's mediocre novels, with the superhero overcoming terrible odds for the sake of Humanity. I generally object to the stupid clods who people most modern stf, but van Vogt goes too far the other way; there is no menace possible when you hero is Superman, and the result is a story better suited to comic books than to stf novels.

LOS ANGELES: A.D. 2017, by Philip Wylie (Popular Library, 95¢) Based on the teleplay. Wylie has emphasized in the book that the catastrophe that overtakes mankind is pollution, and that there is a systematic suppression of facts by big industry and by the communications media. (A slap at sponsor-network changes that downgraded the pollution aspect in the teleplay?) Otherwise it's a fairly faithful enlargement of the tv story.

One major complaint; Wylie's writing about sex is remarkably similar to Heinlein's, and with a lot of such writing in the book, it's jarring. Otherwise, Wylie remains the one "outsider" who knows what stf is and how to handle it.

STARDREAMER, by Cordwainer Smith (Beagle, 95¢) I thought all of Smith's stories had been paperbacked by now, but here's a new collection. There's no point in spending half a page in describing them; they're Cordwainer Smith stories and if you don't know that name by now you should read these and find out. I personally dislike most of Smith's output, but he was a good writer most of the time, if overly emotional. This includes "Think Blue, Count Two", "Under Old Earth", "The Crime and the Glory of Commander Suzdal", "The Good Friends", "The Fife of Bodidharma", "When The People Fell", "Angerhelm", and "Western Science Is So Wonderful".

NEW WRITINGS IN SF-18, ed. by John Carnell (Corgi, EO.25) Includes "Mistress of the Mind" by Lee Harding (a neurotic hooked on an empathy machine; very good); "Frontier Incident" by Robert Wells (alien contact and the problem of mutual trust, good); "The Big Day" by Donald Malcolm (finding excitement in a completely secure society); "Major Operation" by James White (a Sector General story; this was in the Ballantine novel of the same name awhile back); "The Cyclops Patrol" by William Spencer (a remarkably dull story of industrial espionage), "Some Dreams Come In Packages" by David Kyle (love, android style), and "Django Maverick: 2051" (a better story than the title indicates, though the satire is drawn a little thin at times, it's readable enough). Overall, this is still the best series of original stories in paperback form.

HALF PAST HUMAN, by T. J. Bass (Ballantine, 95¢) I just finished nominating this for a Nebula; it's that rarity in modern times, an excellent story. It also has a moral and ecological implications and all the other junk that publishers consider necessary. But it's a good plot and excellent characterization, and that's all the reader needs. This is the story of the warfare between the last human outcasts and their successors, the hive-minded Nebbishes. Part of it was in GALAXY, but the whole is much more. The ending seemed a bit pat and disappointing, but it's a fine book despite that.

THE SORCERERS, by David St. John (Fawcett, 75¢) An international espionage agent gets mixed up with witchcraft. The blurb says "fast moving novel...exciting fare". Well, it's fast moving all right, but it failed to excite me particularly - so much so that I skimmed most of the book rather than bother to read it.

CANDY MAN, by Vincent King (Ballantine, 95¢) After the disappointment of his last novel, King has come up with another good one. A far future Earth, machines and buildings over everything, matter transmission (for the few), and everybody corrupt. The central characters are a treacherous amnesiac android, a nymphomaniac, and a sadist. Not at all my sort of story, but I thought this particular one was great. By all means read it.

THE SPACE WILLIES/SIX WORLDS YONDER, by Eric Frank Russell (Ace, 75¢) A reissue of one of their best Doubles ever. Willies is a lovely and impossible bit of hoaxing the stuffy aliens - Russell's aliens are always Colonel Blimp types. Written back in 1956, and still well worth reading. In the other half we have "The Waitabits" (trying to contact a race that lives at a much slower pace than humans), "Tieline" (how to get a touch of home in an alien planet), "Top Secret" (a beautiful extrapolation; the game called "Gossip" that we used to play as children translated into interstellar communications), "Nothing New" (a nice little story that doesn't really seem to have a lot of point, now that I think it over), "Into Your Tent I'll Creep" (the conquest of humanity that happened thousands of years ago and which is evident every day, but which we don't believe), and "Diabologic" (confusing the aliens with logical paradoxes - one of his better short stories.) Overall - great.

VATHEK, by William Beckford (Ballantine, 95¢) An Oriental romance ("romance" used in its original meaning). I found the introduction by Lin Carter of more interest than the novel, but perhaps I have low taste. The story had too much description and antique phraseology for my taste.

THE WORLDS OF FRANK HERBERT (Ace, 75¢) All fairly short stories. Includes "The Tactful Saboteur" (the Bureau of Sabotage and alien reproductive rights; fairly good), "By The Book" (a gimmicky communications-problem story; mediocre), "Committee of the

Whole" (security opposed to individual conscience; good but not too convincing), "Mat-ing Call" (music and reproduction; good), "Escape Felicity" (super-aliens; good), "The GN Effect" (the problems - political and social - of a sure method of seeing the past), "The Featherbedders" (alien infiltration; passable), "Old Rambling House" (alien horse-trading), "A-W-F unlimited" (the psychology of advertising; fair). Overall, fairly good if you haven't read the stories previously; they don't stack up too well on rereading.

SON OF MAN, by Bob Silverberg (Ballantine, \$1.25) I am not particularly fond of Silverberg's writing, and I couldn't finish this. It may be dreadfully significant and revealing, but it looked pretentious to me and I dropped it very early.

ACE SCIENCE FICTION READER, ed. by Don Wollheim (Ace, 95¢) Three novelets. "The Trouble With Tycho", by Clifford Simak is a fairly straight mystery-adventure set on the Moon. Readable but hardly a classic. "Empire Star" by Samuel R. Delany, is one of his poetic but not completely coherent stories. And "The Last Castle" is one of Jack Vance's very few classics. Vance normally turns out competent hackwork, but every so often he produces a gem, and this is one of them.

STAR TREK 4, by James Blish (Bantam, 75¢) Blish still goes his way, mangling ST scripts for the edification of ST fans with poor memories and others who will accept anything for the sake of nostalgia. In here we have what purport to be "All Our Yesterdays", "The Devil In The Dark", "Journey To Babel", "The Menagerie", "The Enterprise Incident" and "A Piece of the Action". I think the major problem of Blish's translations is that he has no sense of humor, while Roddenberry, Fontana, et al, did. Therefore Blish manages to miss the essence of the show completely.

PEBBLE IN THE SKY, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 75¢) Asimov's version of the man transported suddenly to the far future. In plot, it's not too different from Hamilton's City At World's End, but the writing and characterization are entirely different. First appeared in 1950 and has had various editions since, but if you haven't read it, do so. It's an excellent book.

TIGER RIVER, by Arthur O. Friel (Centaur Press, 75¢) A sequel to The Pathless Trail in which our heroes search for gold and adventure in the trackless wilderness of backwoods Brazil. It's not essentially a fantasy - though the author throws in a few green Indians for no purpose that I can discern - but a pretty good jungle adventure story.

SOLOMON KANE, by Robert E. Howard (Centaur Press, 75¢) Third and last of the series of Kane books. this includes 5 short stories and a couple of poems. They range from "Red Shadows", which may be chronologically the first Kane story, through European adventures in "The Right Hand Of Doom", "Rattle of Bones", and "Blades of the Brotherhood", to an unfinished fragment in "The Castle of the Devil". Verses are "The Return of Sir Richard Grenville" and "Solomon Kane's Homecoming". Readable.

The above two books may be purchased from Centaur Books, c/o Donald Grant, West Kingston, R. I. 02892, or from Howard Devore. (I got one of my copies from Howard, though I'm not sure which one at the moment.)

VENUS PLUS X, by Theodore Sturgeon (Pyramid, 75¢) A reissue - fifth printing, according to the colophon - of one of Sturgeon's great novels. This is one of the few - perhaps the only novel length - true stories of sexual science fiction. The sex is an integral part of the story, and handled magnificently.

NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY #3, ed. by Terry Carr (Ace, 75¢) Includes "Farrell and Lila The Werewolf" by Peter Beagle (a lovely romp; have you ever considered a werewolf with a dominating mother?), "Adam Had Three Brothers" by R. A. Lafferty (a lovely and wacky bunch of aliens), "Big Sam" by Avram Davidson (another pleasant alien - I guess....), "Longtooth" by Edgar Pangborn (I am vastly disappointed that this didn't win a Hugo), "The Inner Circles" by Fritz Leiber (an unusual but not particularly interesting fantasy - but it has Real-Life Meaning, which is presumably why it was picked), "Von Goom's gambit" by Victor Contoski (the chess story to end all chess stories), "Through A Glass - Darkly" by Zenna Henderson (a woman who could see into the past at irregular intervals), "The Stainless Steel Leech" by Roger Zelazny (a robot vampire, intriguing), "Sleeping Beauty" by Terry Carr (a somewhat different, but plausible, reason for sleep - very good), "The Plot Is The Thing" by Robert Bloch (a fairly good old-movie fantasy)

"Funes The Memorius" by Jorge Luis Borges (I do not share the current infatuation with Borges, so I didn't read it), "Say Goodbye To The Wind" by J. G. Ballard (ditto), and "A Message From Charity" by William M. Lee (the contact of minds 250 years apart; an excellent story). Overall, an excellent collection.

DOMED WORLD, by Dean McLaughlin (Pyramid, 75¢) Reissue of a good adventure novel of ocean colonization. Worth your money.

DEATH CELL, by Ron Goulart (Beagle, 95¢) Nicely humorous novel of the adventures of a reporter for one Muckrake magazine. Full of lines like "Since when is a mechanical cow an Act of God?" Highly recommended for a time when you don't feel like taking anything seriously.

THE FOREST OF FOREVER, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ace, 60¢) This is a prequel to Day of the Minotaur, and I must say that the idea of an adolescent minotaur as a central character is evidence of a sort of genius all by itself. Protagonist is Zoe, the tramp Dryad with the heart of gold. (I have a cousin named Zoe, who is I believe nutrition editor of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING or some such mag. I'm tempted to get an extra copy of this and send it to her.) Anyway, I liked the first book better, but this is quite good and I heartily recommend it. For that matter, I have yet to read a bad book by Swann.

THE SHORES BENEATH, ed. by James Sallis (Avon, 75¢) Four novelets; "Time Considered As A Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" by Samuel R. Delany, "The Graveyard Heart" by Roger Zelazny, "Masterson and the Clerks" by John T. Sladek, and "The Asian Shore" by Thomas M. Disch. I'd read all of them previously, and I certainly wasn't impressed enough by any of them to try reading it again. Delany has a fairly good story but I didn't much care for it; the rest I found definitely mediocre.

CATSEYE, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢)	This is Norton Month. All these have
STAR BORN, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢)	been previously published by Ace;
STAR GATE, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢)	STAR BORN twice before. Three of
SARGASSO OF SPACE, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢)	them are good solid Norton books,

with CATSEYE perhaps a trifle the best of the lot. SARGASSO is an early story in the Dane Thorson series, and I never liked that series nearly as well as I did the average Norton book. (Perhaps it's simply the fact that I dislike series; Juanita is a series fan and she liked the Thorson books better than most Nortons.) All of them recommended for anyone who likes somewhat juvenile adventure (though Norton has the most "adult" juveniles next to Heinlein) with large dashes of mystery (because she carefully never explains any more about her backgrounds than is necessary for the story; the reader is left to wonder about the rest.)

SCIENCE FICTION: WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, by Sam J. Lundwall (Ace, 95¢) Having a fairly good idea of my own as to what science fiction is all about, I didn't really read this too carefully. It seems to have received mixed reactions, though. Ed Wood said "He knows what he's talking about" while reading the book at Wilcon, and Don Thompson was vehement over the fact that the author didn't know what he was talking about, and littered the book with factual errors. On the whole, I'd be more inclined to trust Don's judgment... I did note one item; Sam refers to the ridiculous science of "Bradbury's Mars with its sweet spring evenings and blue skies", and since those evenings and skies are mental projections of the Martians they have very little to do with science, ridiculous or otherwise. I did enjoy his depiction of the New Wave as "those former sf readers and writers who have given up hope for humanity and believe the world is doomed in the next thirty years, using the media to voice their distrust in anything that smacks of deviation from the old, sure ways of life and conduct." It isn't entirely accurate, but when one thinks of New Wave persistence in trying to graft old mainstream techniques onto stf, one wonders.....

GOOD LIVES, by George R. Stewart (remaindered, \$1.00) Short biographies of certain people who Stewart feels have lived "the good life". They include William the Marshal (it's a bit disappointing to discover that he didn't go around seducing queens, as the folksong has it), Heinrich Schliemann, Joab Ben-Zeruiah (who I had first encountered in Elmer Davis's novel, Giant Killer), Francisco Eduardo Tresguerras, Henry of Portugal, and John Bidwell. Quote for you, Sandra. When Schliemann got a divorce, he

"...went to Indianapolis...which was the divorce mill of those days." The writing is good, and I found it an excellent book.

THE BODY AT MADMAN'S BEND, by Arthur W. Upfield. All these are secondhand volumes.  
MR. JELLY'S BUSINESS, by Arthur W. Upfield Upfield is the author who first got  
THE WHITE SAVAGE, by Arthur W. Upfield me interested in Australia. I read  
his books as much or more for the descriptions of the country as I do for the mystery,  
which in some cases isn't very mysterious. In WHITE SAVAGE, the murderer is known; the  
only problem is to locate him, and in MADMAN'S BEND the murderer doesn't even appear  
until the book is almost over. Only JELLY is a classic detective story. But there is  
adventure, and the half-caste detective Napoleon Bonaparte, and magnificent descrip-  
tions of Australia.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, by Stewart Holbrook (Bonanza) I got this for Christ-  
mas, I believe. It's dated; originally written in 1947. But being by Holbrook makes  
up for that. The author often gets into interesting little sidelights of history more  
or less connected to railroading. Quote for you, Derek; "Mr. Daniel Webster and Lord  
Ashburton were able to draw up a treaty that set the boundary and made peace, even  
though die-hard Canadians held to the last that Canada had been robbed of millions of  
acres of fine woods, as I do not doubt for a moment was the case." The book includes  
everything from the history of the Birmingham and Northwestern ("I have been sticking  
my head in the lion's/ mouth for ten years and I'll stick it in there and leave it,  
before I ever ride this goddam railroad again.") to the "long and quite dreadful  
ballad" of the Chatsworth Wreck. There's one entire chapter on train robbers, another  
on hobos, another on ballads of the rails. Fascinating book.

THE INSIDIOUS DR. FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 60¢) INSIDIOUS is the first of  
DAUGHTER OF FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 60¢) the Fu Manchu books, and  
one I had never read in book form. (A good many years ago the Chicago Tribune publish-  
ed a Sunday "comic book" as a supplement to its regular comics on Sunday, and serial-  
ized this novel, and I read it that way. The books are fair adventure yarns, and it's  
interesting that as early in the series as DAUGHTER, the evil doctor has become one of  
the good guys, saving the bacon of Sir Denis Nayland Smith despite Smith's inadequa-  
cies as a secret agent.

GHOSTS AROUND THE HOUSE, by Susy Smith (Pocket Books, 95¢) This is a fairly usual  
ghost book, with heavy stress laid on the proofs of ghostly existence. Primarily it  
will convince the people who already believe.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MENTAL TELEPATHY, by Beth Brown (Essandess, \$1.00) This is a matched  
YOUR WORDS ARE YOUR MAGIC POWER, by Beth Brown (Essandess, \$1.00) set, though as I  
THE POWER BEHIND YOUR DREAMS, by Beth Brown, (Essandess), \$1.00 recall the first  
book was issued by itself a year ago and has now been reissued. The books run from 120  
to 140 pages of extremely large print and wide margins. She tries valiantly to be  
scientific about telepathy, but the quality of her science is evidenced when she re-  
fers to the glass insulators on telephone poles as "conductors". The word power book  
appears to be mostly a crib from Norman Vincent Peale hoked up with mysticism. The  
dream book also makes a valiant stab at being scientific; "Scientists maintain that  
the condition of sleep seems to be especially suitable for the reception of telepath-  
ic communications." You know any scientists that maintain that, Charley? The books are  
a bit expensive for a joke, but I can't imagine any sane person taking them seriously.

THE MARK OF MERLIN, by Anne McCaffrey (Dell, 75¢) This comes under the currently loose  
definition of a gothic, and as such it's a pretty good one. I read it and enjoyed it,  
despite the incredibly contrived setting. I objected to her implication that army of-  
ficers in World War II normally carried .45 revolvers (don't read all those Patton  
books, Anne), but it's not a particularly vital mistake. Thinking back, I can see that  
actually it isn't a very good book (except in comparison to the average gothic) but  
it's entertaining and the characters are interesting. (Juanita insists, since Merlin  
is a dog and nothing is made of the title in the story itself, that it's been bowdler-  
ized by a sensitive publisher.)

THE UNFINISHED CLUE, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 95¢) Not a success. The romance is  
ridiculous and interferes with the mystery, which in itself is mediocre. Though the

identity of the murder shows a nice originality, and the deductions play fair with the reader.

AN INNOCENT IN PARIS, by Barbara Cartland (Pyramid, 75¢) I'm still looking for good Heyer imitators, and not finding them. The heroine of this piece is rendered penniless and goes to live with her aunt, who turns out to be a leader of the Paris demi-monde. You know what Heyer would do with that sort of plot, but this girl goes thru almost the entire book being innocent and not knowing what's going on. (A Heyer heroine may be innocent, but never stupid; this girl is downright dumb.) In addition, it's played straight, with a good deal of bloody awful lovemaking - or courting, since the other term indicates something entirely different, these days. (In contrast, even in a poor Heyer romance such as UNFINISHED CLUE, the romantic conversation is disposed of with "The conversation between Miss Fawcett and Inspector Harding has no bearing at all upon the problems that might have been supposed to engross the Inspector's attention, and was not remarkable for any noticeable degree of intelligence or originality. It seemed, however, to be an eminently satisfactory conversation from their point of view.")

THE RIGHT TIME, by Harry Golden (Pyramid, \$1.25) This autobiography is a magnificent book. I started marking quotes, and ended up with far too many to include; Golden includes everything from the fact that Negroes could not buy life insurance until after World War II and a note on the anti-Semitism of Boy Scout founder Dan Beard to fascinatingly funny reminiscences of his days as a hotel clerk in New York in the 1920s. Skip some science fiction and read this.

DOROTHY DANDRIDGE, by Earl Mills (Holloway House, \$1.50) Unless you were an avid fan of Dandridge (as I was), there probably isn't much in this for you. Lots of photos of one of the most beautiful women in the world, but she's wearing clothes, which is a detraction these days. The writing would be the sensational type if the author could write better, and mainly gives the impression that Dorothy had very bad luck with men (including the author, who was her agent). But I got my money's worth out of it, in nostalgia.

ACE OF THE IRON CROSS, by Ernst Udet (Ace, 75¢) Another in their air combat series. Udet is an interesting writer, and manages to make the events "come alive", as well as including little sidelights. (Richthofen's squadron got the best supplies available because whenever his adjutant went back to requisition material he carried along a collection of autographed photos of Richthofen, "Dedicated to my esteemed fighting companion", which were presented to cooperative quartermasters. Nothing like German practicality.) A good book.

THE IRON KING, by Maurice Druon (Ace, 75¢) First two books in a series on the THE STRANGLER QUEEN, by Maurice Druon (Ace, 75¢) French rulers; the first book on Philip IV, and the second on Louis X. I haven't read these, but Juanita has and says that while they're not really the best history ever written, they're quite competent and worthwhile reading. (I'll get to them RealSoonNow, when I have more time....)

LEN DAWSON, SUPERBOWL QUARTERBACK, by Larry Bortstein (Tempo, 95¢) I'm a sort of lukewarm Purdue fan, largely because Dad spent two years there (and I didn't go anywhere, so I didn't break the ties formed in childhood), and an equally lukewarm pro football fan. Not enough to go see the games, but enough to read about a Purdue star who made good in pro football. This has more statistics than I really cared to read, but otherwise it's a competent if uninspired account.

OEOLER OMNIBUS, by Arch Oboler (Leisure Books, 95¢) I got this mostly for Juanita, who still remembers "Lights Out". Unfortunately, there are very few "Lights Out" scripts here; a majority of the material deals with patriotic plays of the World War II period. Many of them were cornball at the time; nearly all of them are with the passage of years. It's an example of radio of the time, or of propaganda, but not of good reading. (It does remind one that radio used to contain about as large a percentage of crap as tv does now, however.)

STRANGE REPORT, by John Burke (Lancer, 60¢) Juanita enjoys the show and watches it regularly; I seldom see it. The book is competently written, but fails to provide the same fascination with the characters that the show presumably does.



Hank Davis, Box 154, Loyall, KY 40854

Speaking of Victor Mature and Zsa-Zsa Gabor staring from the cover of THE GOLDEN WIND, did you see the Curtis paperback of Kate Wilhelm's THE NEVERMORE AFFAIR a couple of years ago? That one stars Elizabeth Taylor in the cover painting. This practice seems to have spread. Anne McCaffrey's THE MARK OF MERLIN has a fleeing damsel who resembles Carol Lynly (or however the heck her phony last name is spelled); which, of course, means that she is a blonde. The heroine of the novel, also of course, is a brunette.

Hey, was your attributing authorship of THE SIREN STARS to Richard and Nancy Lockridge (instead of Carrigan) an error, or the result of

inside information? Can't help wondering, then, if he is the same Richard Lockridge who co-authored the "Mr. and Mrs. North" mysteries.

Here I thought I was pro-WL. Then, Nan Braude comes along and wants the state (i.e., the taxpayers; i.e., I) to pay for childcare centers for working mothers. Nuts! If a woman wanted the kid, let her and the father pay for childcare. If she didn't want it, she should have taken precautions. If she took precautions and they didn't work -- well, she shouldn't expect the taxpayers to make good her losses if she plays a roulette wheel, either. Next time, she can masturbate... Oh sure, the US is the only industrialized country which does not provide state childcare facilities; and it's the only one with minor restrictions on firearms; and it's the only one sending men to the moon. Ain't it grand?

I wish that Daniel Dickinson had assigned a QUARK or two to his class. If they liked the stories in QUARK as much as they disliked the ones in the prozines, I could rest assured that the prozines are still where it's happening. Stories which irritated a classful of Eng. Lit types can't be all bad.

/I'm afraid you have caught me in either an intellectual lapse or a moment of masculine intuition (if there is a difference). As far as I know, the Carrigans are simply the Carrigans; since I compose book reviews on stencil and Juanita hadn't paid any attention to the book or its authors, nobody caught the mistake. RSC/

Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342

Y208 arrived this noon and, peculiarly enough, whose artwork should the cover feature but that of Dan Osterman. Is this, perchance, the same Dan Osterman whose artwork was used in the magazine (house organ) of the "Spartan International Competition League" (war games)? He slings a mean Napoloon and a fearsome tank silhouette, if this is the same one, but somehow never figured I'd see him covering up a fanzine. Now I suppose you're going to tell me there's more than one...

I keep looking for another fanzine around LA, and I keep not finding any. Does everybody just join APA-L and let it go at that, or are there some true fans about I can't find? Ed Cox edits a FAPazine down the road from me, but this isn't the same thing as my pioneer crudzine. Saw the review of Church of Starry Wisdom in Pomona and thought another had risen from the ash, but it's just an ecology fanzine, and LA must have half a dozen of those by now. Bradbury is writing for one of them, in fact. I half hope half fear the rise of a replacement for SFR. Here the worldcon is going to roll into LA next year, and the closest prima facie fanzine is mine! This is not my idea of a cordial reception, if'n you know what I mean.

/LA Faneds Arise! Or, Is Anyone There? Osterman will have to answer for himself; all I know about him is that he started sending us artwork. RSC/



Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis, IN 46240

PgHANGE was great. I still have a happy glow from the weekend. Don't know about anybody else, but I felt more relaxed without Harlan there. The attendance was smaller but I saw many friends that

I was particularly anxious to see and made some new friends.

The panels didn't work out quite as well as expected; the one on fannish writing being mild and uncontroversial, the pro one winding up with a general confession of drug use much to the dismay of the committee.

See Locus. Lester looks fine, very much better than when I last saw him, Terry Carr looks awful (I wouldn't have recognized him but for Carol) and is bitter about his firing from Ace. Bob Silverberg is content with his retirement and also looks fine. I hadn't met Bob Toomey before and would have been prepared to dislike him but he's an appealing little waif. A foursome of Canadians were down. Labonte is now running for mayor of Ottawa! Buck, your curmudgeon's image apparently

comes on a bit too strong for the neos. I had to defend you on several occasions during the weekend and explain that you are really a bucolic boy scout leader.

Thanks for bearing witness to my quaint speech for Roy Tackett. Of course I cry "Balderdash!" I even, under great provocation, say: "Damme," an expletive one hardly ever hears these days. All of which gives me headaches when writing fictional dialogue -- I've only the vaguest notion of how "realistic" conversation sounds.

My reading of Dave Locke's column had to be interrupted from time to time to wipe away the tears of laughter. John even took it into the lab where it drew great chortles and guffaws from his co-workers. (And the very concept of Yandro also impressed the fellows.)

Gini Rogowski's piece was just as hilarious as you'd described. Now anyone with a lurid imagination (are you listening, Andy?) might be well advised to read up on the sex life of insects, too. What with "claspers", "titilators," actual screwing motions ...a -- ahem -- fertile field.

Addendum to Irv Jacobs' letter: one of the neater points in Poul Anderson's BRAIN WAVE is the disappearance of segregated restrooms after the universal rise in intelligence.

While you generally don't get Granfalloon, did you see Tucker's piece in the latest issue? An anthology as it were of choice remarks by Buck. (Juanita, you ask for equal time.)

THE GRAND SOPHY was such a delight! Even John enjoyed it. And then began to make adverse comparisons between the heroine and me. Also, we've begun to speculate about

the Grand Chimp...

As you may know, there's a great hoopla about cleaning up the White River. Although the cause of the problem is well known and quite simple -- the sewage system isn't adequate -- a team of Army Engineers was dispatched to investigate. Perhaps this is a way of keeping them busy so they don't get the craving to build another dam. Mayor Lugar was touring the foul waterway in a small boat and his aides had to caution him to curb his ever-present smile. Mussn't get photographed smiling at garbage. Garbage can't vote.

/I got Granfalloon some time after your letter. I don't think you're going to have much luck reassuring neos about me while Tucker is working the other side of the street... Don't defend me too hard, though; you wouldn't want to ruin my reputation. RSC/

Terry Hughes, 407 College Ave., Columbia MO 65201

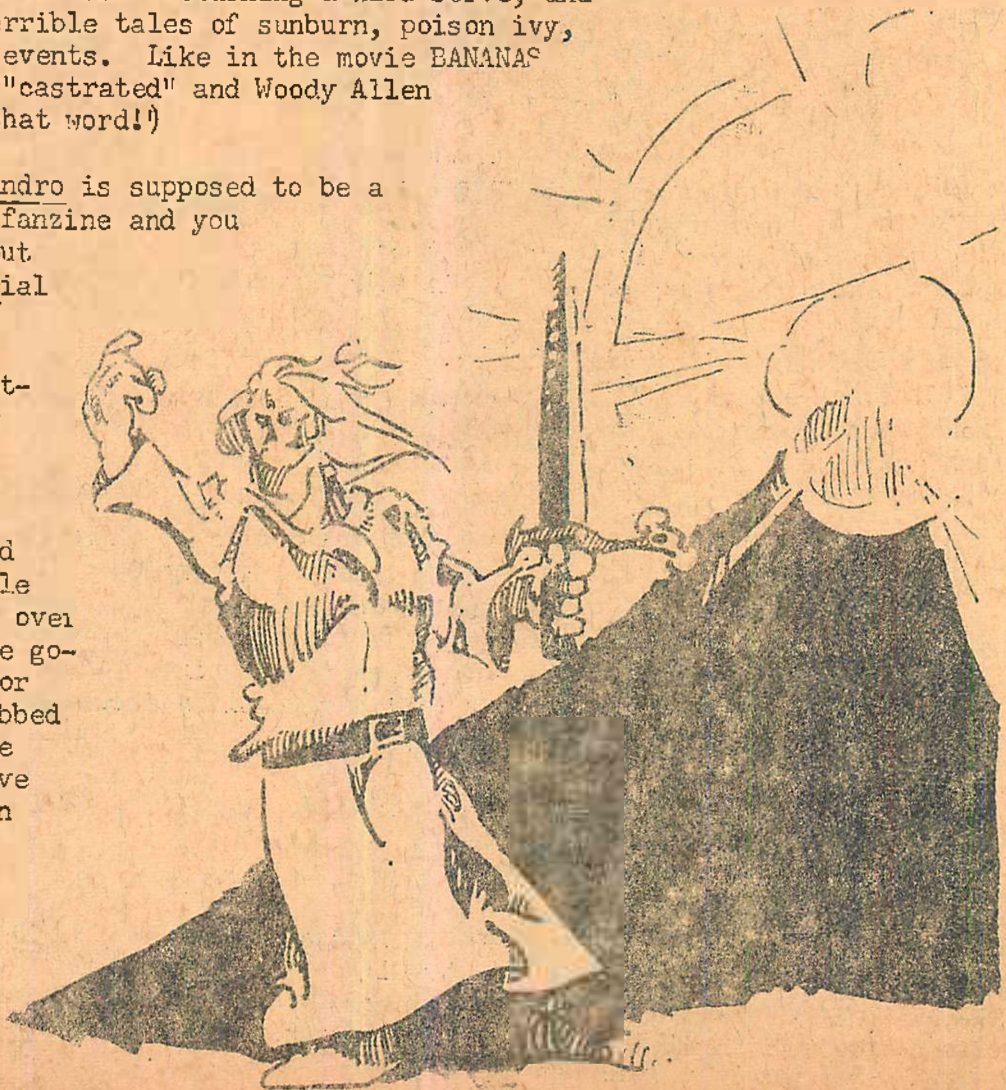
#208 was interesting, but...this issue's columns seemed concerned with sexual organs (of men and snails)...no man is an island, he is a ~~peninsula~~ peninsula, as the saying goes. Gini Rogowski's column concerning the sex life of snails just didn't interest or amuse me; don't know if it was because of the subject matter or the writing style. On the other hand I did enjoy Dave Locke's piece on masculine pain. I guess every guy has tales of the pain inflicted on his gonads which will make other men cringe as they feel sympathy pains; I have painful memories of a tennis match in which I missed returning a hard serve, and everyone has heard terrible tales of sunburn, poison ivy, and far more ghastly events. Like in the movie BANANAS when a girl mentions "castrated" and Woody Allen screams, "Don't say that word!")

/Still Here Yandro is supposed to be a clean family fanzine and you go pointing out all our material on sex. RSC/

Walt Jaschek, 2351 Dotley Ave., Jennings MO 63136

Issue #208 came at a rather bad time. I sprained and fractured a few bones in my ankle jumping like an idiot over this wall; just before going to the hospital for x-rays and all, I grabbed Yandro #208 out of the mailbox...and read Dave Locke's column on pain and doctors...on the way to the emergency room. Not very good timing, I assure you. (I'm well and fine. now...no thanx to the article.)

And one more thing,



have you ever considered using two-column pages in Yandro? It must sound weird, I know, but 2-columns I have always found nicer in zines; it is easier to read, nicer to look at, and doesn't have that "hurry and type this page so we can run it off" look. Just a suggestion, mind you...

/Yeah, we considered two-column pages. For about 30 seconds. Thing is, Yandro is put out by the "hurry and type this page so we can run it off" method. RSC/

david edward taeusch, post office box 1327, Midland MI 48640

hello  
mons coulson  
stop period  
my guardian angel  
comma george comma  
flew over head the other day  
and when he espied  
me taking my sun bath  
he descended from his flight plan  
and floated down beside me  
stop period  
parenthesis new sentence  
it could have been worse  
i guess  
comma it could have been  
a seagull  
stop period end of sentence  
parenthesis  
we had a small discussion  
and your name popped up  
stop period  
he merely pointed out comma  
however comma that if i had any desire  
to correspond with you  
i had better get with it  
stop period  
my reaction to the interruption  
of my sun bath can be imagined  
stop period  
women screamed and people drew away  
from me as i ran down the center of the street  
i live on chasing george stop period  
one of the neighborhood policemen  
comma a gentleman with terror sweating  
down from his brow from the sight of  
my anger at george as it evidently showed  
through in my face comma  
came  
rushing up to me and tried  
to intimidate me to  
return to my home  
stop period  
when the excitement calmed down and  
someone lent me a towel  
i returned to my home port and  
settled back to resuming my sun bath  
in privacy stop period

but george is not one  
who surrenders his duty  
easily stop period  
he re-materialized and sat himself  
back down beside me  
and readily opened another argument  
on reasons why i should write you  
stop period  
quotation marks  
enough of this argument  
exclamation point  
quotation marks i cried in a human voice  
stop period  
george was right and i was wrong  
stop period  
he also told me that you  
have not been receiving much post  
lately and would appreciate  
a letter  
stop period  
so i am  
enclosing the letter  
"f"  
for you stop period  
i feel that it is  
a good letter  
stop period  
and george informs me that it was  
voted as the letter of the year  
by the tv program comma "sesame street"  
stop period  
but if you want  
another one comma  
i'll try to comply stop period  
how about the letter  
"k"  
in that case stop question mark  
it is also a good letter and is one  
of my personal favorites  
stop period  
but i feel that letter  
"f"  
is a good letter for you  
and that you'll enjoy it  
stop period  
i am on a very very  
very very very very very very  
very very very very very very very  
very very very very very very very  
very important type mission right now  
parenthesis  
mission impossible parenthesis  
stop period  
i am trying to locate  
an apartment dwelling for myself  
to live in for a reasonable rent  
stop period  
if you don't hear from me in



a space of two weeks  
comma  
dash please exclamation points dash  
be so kind as to notify  
my parents  
i am  
being held prisoner  
of the c period i period a period  
and that they are not to worry  
stop period  
they will be holding me captive  
in iron chains in a cellar until i turn over  
to them some top secret  
top secret  
top secret  
top secret  
top secret  
top secret  
micro-film to save my life  
stop period  
i have been holding the micro-film  
ever since it was passed to me  
while i was under the table  
by a buxom blonde waitress at last new year's  
stag party in ajax's stop period  
i had a hell of a time  
finding the micro-film as i remember  
comma it was hidden in one of her teeth  
and she had forgotten which one  
stop period  
my parents can be reached at  
5  
7  
1  
7  
perrine road  
midland, michigan  
4  
3  
6  
4  
0  
stop period  
i heard george singing in the background  
quotation marks  
i once was a vers libre poet  
i died from consuming too much cheap  
rum  
and my immortal soul re-appeared in  
the flesh and bounds of a guardian spirit  
stop period quotation marks  
he has found my summer supply of  
scotch comma buck comma  
and i doubt if it is going to last  
me throughout this week let alone  
until the end of summer

stop period  
 the scotch keeps me alive during  
 the summer and george is drinking it all up  
 stop period  
 curses cursescursescurses curses  
 if i am to enjoy any of my own booze .  
 i had better join him before  
 it all disappears on me  
 stop period  
 this is just a short note  
 to cheer you up  
 until i can get out a letter to you  
 stop period  
 peace  
 stop period

Tedd Trimbath, 1186 Colerain Pike, Martins Ferry OH 43935

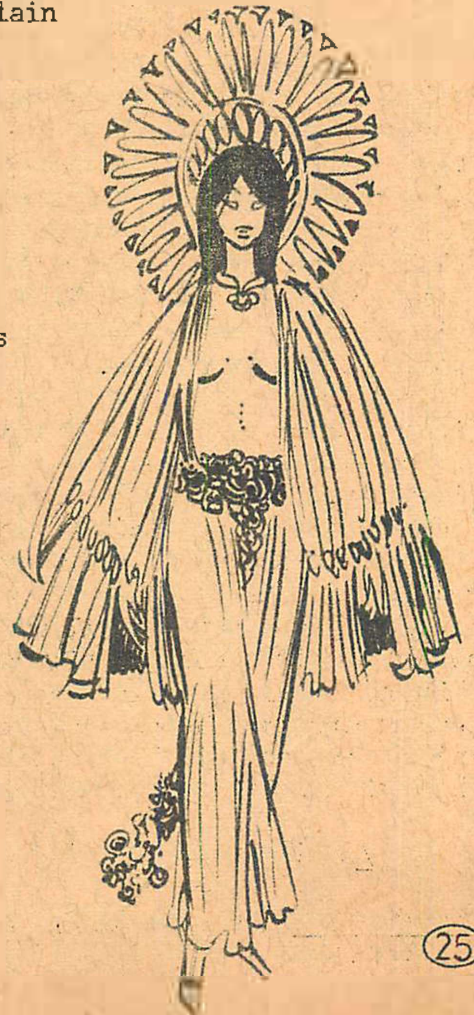
The cover on Yandro #206 was quite nostalgic. It very definitely reminds me of the old Tom Corbett, Space Cadet series. That series very definitely (how's that for repetition) had a great effect on me; next year I start at West Point. I don't believe that I've seen any of Frolich's work before. I like it; does he have any work in a current zine or perhaps a portfolio for a sale?

/All faneditors with Frolich art write Tedd. Any portfolios around, Dany? RSC Oh, Tom Corbett, Space Cadet had a great effect on me. too; I still haunt the TVGUIDE synopses watching for things Jan Merlin might appear in -- generally as a villain (he took the role of half hero-half villain cadet Roger Manning, and apparently enjoyed it thoroughly -- certainly an improvement over the impossibly sticky-saintly other cadets). JWC/

Barry Gilliam, 4283 Katonah Ave., Bronx NY 10470

Although I can't locate it now, I remember that a number of ish back one letter-writer mentioned seeing Fritz Leiber in a cameo role in a recent horror film. Biographies usually mention that he spent some time in Hollywood, but I've never seen a list of just what films he appeared in. Therefore, here are four I've stumbled across:

In George Cukor's lush, romantic "Camille" (1937), Leiber says: "Thank you, thank you," to Greta Garbo in his one short scene. By 1940, he is the head of the Inquisition in Michael Curtiz' "The Sea Hawk," gravely intoning Errol Flynn's transgressions. Leiber is listed in the cast of "The Imposter" (1944), one of Julian Duvivier's Hollywood films (this an adaptation of his French original). I haven't seen it, but reliable sources say it's awful. And, in 1945, he appeared in "The Spanish Main," Frank Borzage's marvelous swashbuckler. I've seen it (albeit only on TV) and though his name is rather high in the cast, I couldn't spot him: this is one of those films full of tall young men, all of them fencing to their heart's delight. As for the films themselves, "Camille" and "The Spanish Main" are outstanding and "The Sea Hawk" is respectable Curtiz.



Do you or your readers know what other films he appeared in?

/It's quite possible Leiber's role in "The Spanish Main" was cut to make the film fit TV time limits. This is very common. For example, it is almost unknown for anyone to see the full-length "Day The Earth Stood Still" on TV; I've been watching it on re-runs ever since it was available, and three scenes are never shown. Sometimes an actor high in the cast listing disappears during the transformation to TV, as does Sal Mineo in "Six Bridges to Cross". Check original running times against what you see on TV; a good reference (gift from Kay Anderson to me) is: TV MOVIES, Leonard Maltin, Signet \$1.25 -- running times are given, and they rarely agree with what you see on the tube. JWC/

Thomas Burnett Swann, Sequoyah Sq. Apts. #610, 363 Taliluna Ave., Knoxville TN 37919

I appreciate your telling me about PORTRAIT OF JENNIE being shown on TV. I saw and liked it but there were awkward cuts to get it into an hour and a half. I noticed in particular that the storm scene was just about halved. In the original, part of it was in technicolor, but on TV, only Jennie's portrait was colored. If nothing else, the movie made me yearn for Jennifer Jones. She was a fey actress. She seemed to walk in a dream in many of her films. We don't have her like today. I won't settle for Ali McGraw. Catherine Deneuve comes close, but she seemed to have failed with American audiences, who like lustier women these days.

Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, NY 11565

Nan Braude is incorrect in claiming that the central issue in abortion is a woman's alleged right to determine whether or not she will carry a given fetus to term. The basic issue is whether innocent people should be killed because they are inconvenient. They should not, and that is why abortion is wrong. (The idea that unwed mothers should be denied abortions to punish them for their promiscuity is reprehensible. Both mother and child deserve sympathy and help, not punishment.) Of course, the advocates of abortion claim that an unborn child is not a human being. I think the genetic and other scientific evidence that a distinct human being, not a mere "part of the mother's body", comes into existence at the moment of conception is overwhelming. It can be found, with full documentation, in ABORTION: THE MYTHS, THE REALITIES, AND THE ARGUMENTS, by Germain Grisez (New York Corpus Books, 1970), THE ABORTION DECISION, by David Granfield (Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1969), etc. I'm not going to discuss this evidence now because the burden of proof does not lie on the unborn child and those who speak for him.

When heart transplants were first performed everyone realized that a crucial question was how to determine that the prospective donor had truly died. A surgeon does not require a prospective donor to prove that he is still alive and entitled to keep his heart. He recognizes that he has the obligation to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the prospective donor has already died so that he will not be killing him by opening his chest and removing his heart. This is true even though the prospective recipient's life may depend on getting a new heart before his own gives out. Similarly, those who want to kill unborn children bear the burden of proving beyond a reasonable doubt that unborn children are not human beings, the killing of whom is murder. This burden of proof is even more important in the case of an unborn child than of a heart transplant because a prospective heart donor is a person who has been seriously injured and doesn't have long to live anyway, but an unborn child has a full life ahead of him if he is not killed.

/I disagree, but I'm not going through all that again. RSC/

Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112

#207 just presented itself to me ("Hey there big boy, why not you and me go up to your apartment and reciprocate?") and I just couldn't resist the temptation.

Answers to the multitude of 50 on the back pages (I'll just number and let you match up the questions with my answers -- I love things like this since I seldom get to be really snide except when writing to credit card companies).

1. Yes, I've attempted suicide twice now, once by stuffing beans up my nose & once by holding my breath because some heartless fiend told me my watch was slow.
2. No more uncomfortable than most of my friends.
3. Yes, to the sex education teachers.
4. Depends entirely on what I have in mind.
5. Only after a minimum of two human sacrifices.
6. Yes, my doctor once told me to take a bottle of aspirin and go to bed.
7. Not as much as I enjoy creamed spinach.
8. Yes, also for figs, apples, pears and other types of food as well.
9. No, I prefer to do it secretly in a broom closet.
10. No, but death after life is.
11. Well, I did sleep thru the recent California earthquake.
12. Depends who I'm at home with.
13. Not if they have knobby knees or varicose veins.
14. Yes, also with dogs.
15. Yes, but disorganized religion does it even better.
16. My temper is always the same -- bad. I even bite postmen and bark at garbagemen.
17. Yes, and the last time I was there I found this really neat inner tube with only a couple holes in it.
18. Not judging by their facial expressions.
19. Definitely, even if it is only his wife.
20. No, a husband and wife should have separate bedrooms and talk to each other thru a 3 foot speaking tube.
21. Yes, except for Wednesdays -- that's when He goes out to play golf.
22. More desirable than what?
23. Yes, especially if the teller upstages my "off color joke" or risque story.
24. Definitely, a cinder is very irritating when it gets in my eye.
26. Yes, divorce should be mandatory for everyone.
27. Necessary for what? Taking out the garbage?
28. Yes, my bowel movements are quite regular.
- \*\*25\*\* No affair, however fleeting, is entirely a waste of time.
29. Yes, one minute I might be whimpering then the next I'll be screaming obscene poetry out the window.
30. Women should be obscene and not heard.
31. Oh, yes, and next month I get to lead the coven in another Sabbath again.
32. Yes, as long as they don't practice law.
33. If they are made out of a ferromagnetic, yes; I have a 3 ton electromagnet..(This one is really a cute question -- change the "for" to a "to" and it is an entirely different question.)
34. Only for the small ones.
35. I didn't even have a childhood.
36. Yes, even when I'm alone I undress behind the refrigerator.
37. Trial by combat is even better and trial by water is best of all.
38. Only if they are not allowed to drink on the job.
39. Yes, whatever happened to the good old days when everyone just balled?
40. Yes, as long as it is my religion.
41. Yes, it once took me two weeks to find it. It'd rolled under the sofa.
42. At least once a day, more if I have the time.
43. As long as they don't disagree with me.
44. Only from the IRS. "Do unto others as they do unto you."
45. Only in the over-30s.
46. Yes, they must be taught how to avoid it at all costs.
47. Definitely. Remind me to tell you about the time I put the green food coloring in the holy water.
48. Yes, as long as neither of the guys borrows the other's razor.

49. Depends on how rich she is.

50. (Bruce hit this one right on target) Contrary to which religion?

Oh, I do love answering questions like this. Loads of fun. Might even send it in to Computer Matching of Ind. It would be worth their fee if I could find a chick who'd answer all their stupid questions in the same way. Might even find a fan lurking there.

But something tells me that if you play the game by CM of I, Inc's rules, you're going to get matched up (depending on your sex) (or then, again, maybe not) with  
1. a nun 2. A Buddhist monk 3. A Tasmanian devil 4. Yourself.

Missed Liz Fishman's "Through the Wringer". Is she moving again? I got the last Sandworm I sent her returned and stamped "undeliverable as addressed". I would dearly love to get some of her fine wit for Sandworm.

Bruce is obviously turning into a second generation fan of some merit. I'm glad he is taking that questionnaire in the spirit in which it should be taken.

As to women's lib, I've seen studies that show when a married woman works, she also has to do all the housework like laundry, dishes, cleaning, etc. So, in spite of a full time job in the Real World, she is still stuck with the more traditional chores. Before the Women's Lib groups get very far, I'd suspect they'll have to change very basic attitudes, and that ain't easy. If they keep at it for 20 years, then they may see some real progress.

I hope Dave Locke teaches his kid about switch blades and zip guns, too, cuz it's looking like Brian's going to need them Very Soon if he keeps beating up on older kids.

Sounds like Truth Seeker is more anti-Semitic than anti-religion. I'm fairly much against religion because of some of the things I know about firsthand that various religions have done, or at least the things various individual churches have done. One Baptist church in El Paso had a 73 yr old widow's property condemned because they wanted the land for a parking lot. Bob Tucker recently sent me a flyer from a church that would be funny if it wasn't so downright greedy. And so on. No one church seems to be free of this kind of capitalistic greed one expects to find at GM, but hardly in a more spiritual organization.

With, of course, the exception of the Universal Life Church. (Want me to marry your anthill to your neighbor's goldfish? I'm a minister in the ULC, too.)

Don Fitch: Glass bottles are preferable to aluminum ones since the basic materials in glass are so much more abundant. Besides, the aluminum industry consumes a bit over 10% of all the electrical power generated in the US. And it is possible to grind up glass so finely that it totally disappears back to silicate origins -- it is very hard to do that to an aluminum can.

It pains me to see Dave Hulvey lying to his father. Everyone knows that Nixon is, indeed, a commie, that the poor spy on the Establishment for the Underground and that to become a fan one has to be morally decadent. Otherwise, how can one truthfully say he/she/it has enjoyed a con?

And here I thot that the Reader's Digest was the liberal press...what's the world coming to?

Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR2, Beecher IL 60401

Yeah, using a Hugo would be a problem. Spiking papers on it would be sorta hard on the goods, and using it to tenderize meat would be far too time-consuming. Perhaps a hatrack for dunce's caps?

Did you read the Life issue devoted to our Indian heritage? They finally mentioned that Ohio campaign and the rout caused by Little Turtle. Thought you might feel vindicated...though they still weren't about to give full credit for the entire amount of casual -



ties.

Got a copy of Amazing last week...first one I've seen in years. Seemed to bear a marked resemblance to a well-produced fanzine...most everyone who did anything in its pages is active in fandom. Picked up a copy of Analog too, just before the Locus arrived with the eulogies for Campbell. Death of an era, and all that. Wonder if it will affect the magazine, and how much? It seems that I've heard of Campbell ever since I first became aware that S-F existed...in fact, had thought he was the Departed years ago. Was only in the past year or two that I found out that he was a relatively young man. Ghod! All these semi-classical creators of the field must have been young when they got started!

So much discussion lately on the possibility of all the S-F zines folding that it really makes one wonder. Fandom is apparently growing, but the fodder is getting more scarce all the time. Maybe things will wind up like Australia during the forties...no prozines...only the fans. They seemed to have made out all right, but they at least knew that there were zines being printed...even if not in their own country. Eventually, they could expect to be able to read them, though the prohibition certainly lasted longer than anyone had a right to anticipate. Wasn't it sometime in the fifties before they could import U.S. zines again? World War II lasted a long time Down Under.

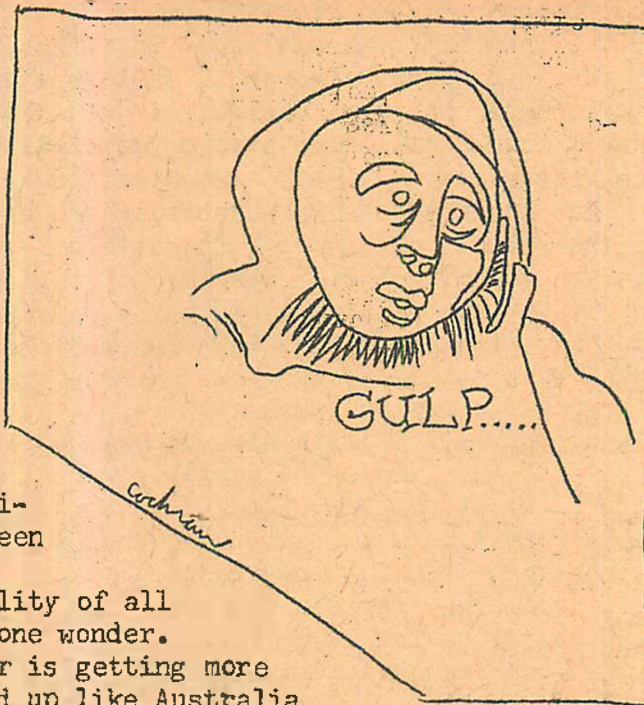
Of course, hopes have been expressed that the paperbacks may evolve into semi-regular zines in format. No lettercol, or editorial, but similar in other respects. I find it extremely difficult to imagine that there would be NO market for original S-F no matter how bleak a picture the doom-sayers paint. Westerns and Detective stories seem to sell...and how many magazines do they have? Not too many to judge from our bookrack at the drugstore. Being pragmatic about the situation, can't really build up too much steam worrying about it. Of course, if I were a writer in the field...things would be far different. When it comes to bread-and-butter, then I worry!

You can't blame Locus for the oversight. In your last letter, you didn't say that Bruce was co-GOH at Ozarkon, either. If a person's own father can neglect to mention it, how can you expect differently of an impersonal thing like a newszine? Cast not aspersions, Mr. Coulson.

/The Hugo comment was in regard to my explanation of why Yandro's Hugo is sitting on a shelf instead of doing useful work, like being a door-stop (it's not tall enough for the stairway door I wanted to use it on). On the other hand, it's too tall for Terry Carr's projected use of two of them -- as bookends. Unless Terry has a very short Hugo or some awfully tall books. / But the new Perry Rhodan series from Ace does have an editorial, letter column, and movie reviews. What more can you ask? (After you've read the features I'm sure there will be more you can ask, but they are present.) RSC/

Kick Brooks, RR #1, Box 167, Fremont, IN 46737

A good book and one I highly recommend is THE THIRD FORCE by Frank Goble. It is an overview of Abraham Maslow's work, the "third force" being humanistic psychology as opposed to Freudian and behaviorism. The first part is a survey of Maslow's writings and the second goes into the applications not only of Maslow's theories but those of other humanistic psychologists. As far as I'm concerned, this is the best scientific proof for faith in human nature. And Maslow isn't stupid enough to state that every-



body is, or even can be, trustworthy.

I still haven't found a job. Last night, I got out to a mobile home place to interview for some unspecified job. It turned out when we got to a girl's home to be selling West Bend cookery. While their line is the best money can buy, it's also damn expensive. The fellow kept hitting on their long-term payment plan and how she'd just throw away several dollars a week and she might as well have something to show for it. When she said that she was uncertain of the future and might run off and join a commune, he slacked off and let the sale go. Before the other guy had pointed out that what they had almost sold itself and would get hundreds of dollars a week for me. Which had me suspicious right there. I showed so much enthusiasm for the job that while they promised to get in touch with me, they haven't yet. The salesman had one comment that sticks in my mind. He said that when he looks at a young, single girl, all he sees is dollar signs.

August Derleth's death hit me, but Campbell's death left one hell of a void. I had subbed since '57 and had a complete run of Campbell Astoundings. I literally can't conceive of stf without him. I was working up a letter on his remarks on ecology when I learned that he was dead. Even when I disagreed with his editorials -- and some left me seething -- I had to really work to get them answered with any degree of validity. I will miss him. Derleth did a lot for us too. Now I'm a bit slow about opening Locus after getting two blows like that in succession.

Liked Nan Braude's letter as it reminded me of one I pulled in Intro to Lit. I took Poe's "Masque of the Red Death" and gave it the classical interpretation (I'm ~~chicken~~ chicken) then interpreted it as a slam on the LBJ administration (before it was the thing thing to jump on Lyndon), and then as a put-down of communism. I got an A on it, but the teacher did mention in the margin that she doubted that Poe was concerned with Communism. I personally believe that a story cannot have a clear interpretation as the interpretation is the result of individual interaction with the story.

Damn it, Juanita, you have it backwards. You do not drink to be a writer. Writers usually write because something is eating at them. They have to drink in public to get away from whatever it is and be at least vaguely sociable.

Chirp Miesel will be a menace when she grows up. Maybe it's the fans that have a fannish heritage on both sides of the family and grow up in a fannish environment that are Slans.

Of course I remember Emmett McDowell. Planet had lots of good space opera, Anderson as well as Brackett -- Flandry started there -- and such famous names as Sol, Galaxian. I used to get my copies off the newsstand from about '50 until it folded in '54. They aren't as good as I remember, but I can still enjoy them. But I didn't notice authors in those days and upon re-reading stories years later, I was pleasantly surprised to see some of the authors of stories I remembered had turned up elsewhere.

Buck: I hate to be a party-pooper, but what will you do when the supply of Heyer novels runs out?

/I'm saving the last few Heyers, in case I get desperate. That's why I avoid jobs as salesman; I don't have the right attitude. RSC/

Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon OH 43567

An excellent issue of Yandro. My favorite piece this time was "The Sex Life of Land Pulmonates and Other Horny Creatures" by Gini Rogowski.

Roger Bryant, 647 Thoreau Avenue, Akron OH 44306

In my capacity as neonitpicker, I feel duty-bound to tell you that even "Mrs. Kuttner" isn't correct anymore. The lady has remarried and is now Mrs. Thomas Reggie.

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

I must be getting blase or something; I missed the Apollo launch, the first one I haven't gotten up and watched on tv. I had set the clock radio and it went off just as the rocket did, almost blasting us out of the bed, but we didn't go in the living

room and watch it. By the time the tv warmed up, it would have been long gone, anyhow. Still, I feel that I've failed the space program.

I also think that in a way the landings on the moon were too long in coming. It took a whole generation, and now the vocal young types aren't the ones who wanted this so bad. I think it hardly means a thing to them. They have different fish to fry. I guess in all fairness it's true both ways; I am not particularly interested in some of their causes, and with others I care, but I don't care. Anyhow, I imagine people never appreciate the importance of the times they live in till the years are neatly summed up in history books. Landing a man on the moon was more significant than the discovery of America or the atom bomb, but I don't think people will really realize it till the history texts tell them so. You need a little distance before you can see a perspective.

Stayed up most of the night Fri-Sat watching the astronauts touring the Hadley area. Fantastic tv pictures, so much better than the coverage of Neil Armstrong. The gold of the helmets and parts of the LEM, and the colors of the flag, were very vivid. There was less interference on the live tv from the moon than there sometimes is on network tv from LA. The pictures were impressive enough, but what really got me was the crawl of "Live in Color from the Moon" that ran across the screen every now and then.

Was thinking over sf stories of the first lunar landings, and I can't think of a one that anticipated live tv coverage. Can you? In the same way I can't think of any story that gave the reason we seem to have for the abandonment of the spaceflight program: because the public at large didn't want it. All sorts of reasons, but never that one. Anyone who wrote sf wanted spaceflight so badly that I doubt it would occur to him.

On the home front, daughter Maura broke both bones in her left forearm last week. She had been standing on the seat of a trike trying to get something out of a tree. As I told her, if she had to break an arm I'm glad it was in some absolutely unavoidable accident like that. I took her for a check of the alignment of the bones yesterday and she was fascinated with her X-rays. The last of several bills from various people and institutions involved in fixing her arm came today..closed reduction of fractures of both radius and ulna, under general anesthetic, with overnight stay in hospital... I'm going to write the figure on her cast.

I went to see RYAN'S DAUGHTER yesterday and son of a gun it now runs 175 minutes (from 196) and lacks a lot of characterization. The lifts are from six or more places and are neatly done, so I doubt it was spliced because of damage to this print; it was re-edited. This version allows it to be shown three times a day instead of twice; however they charge full price and it's advertised as the movie that won the Oscars, and there is no indication anywhere in credits or ad copy that this is a re-edited version. Cut as it is, it is definitely not the same movie I saw 7 weeks ago, and it is not the movie that won the Oscar (one of John Mills' major performances is among the scenes cut). I'll never again feel that I can be sure I'm getting the full movie when I see either an MGM movie or one at a Loew's theatre. I retract my recommendation of the film, and I wish you'd pass this info along to anyone you think might be interested. After all, a version of a movie re-edited for tv is required to be labelled as such; I certainly think that should apply to a movie you have to pay admission to see.

My car, having blown all the water hoses available to it, one after the other, is now starting on the vacuum lines. It has also developed a Funny Noise which sounds like the front end is falling off when I corner. Gary says it's the front shock absorbers; so we now have a new set of shock absorbers. In the trunk. Along with a sprouting onion and a Sesame Street book.

The car is using passive resistance. Having replaced every hose it has and promising it new shock absorbers, we relaxed. Today when I turned on the key it said CLICK. Silence. By turning the key to the left to turn on accessories I found out it had plenty of battery power; then the accessories wouldn't turn off when I turned the key to off. After some energetic door slamming they did, finally. I called Gary to come home and terrorize the car into starting; but before he got there I tried the starter a few more times and by lucky chance got it to start. When he got home the car was happily running and he looked puzzled -- which is nothing to how he would have looked it I had gone to work after I got it started.

## SALE LIST

We are selling the science fiction collection of Delray Green (with his knowledge, I hasten to add). These mags have been stored in a garage for several years, so condition is not tops; it runs from fair to good. A few have taped-on covers; a few others have missing back covers. If you object to either or both of these conditions, say so when you order and we won't send that kind. (And of course, if you don't like the condition of the mags you receive, you can return them for a refund.) Mostly, however, these are in satisfactory collecting condition unless you're one of those nuts who demands mint copies.

Prices include postage. We will give a 10% discount on orders of \$5.00 or more.

ASTOUNDING STORIES (Clayton) Dec 31 (poor condition) \$1.00

ASTOUNDING Nov 41 = \$3.00; Following \$1.50 @: July 45, Sep 46, March 47, June 47, July 47, Aug 47, Sep 47, Oct 47, Dec 47, March 48, Apr 48, June 48, July 48, Sep 48, Oct 48, Dec 48, Jan 49, Feb 49, March 49, Apr 49, Nov 49, Dec 49,

The following are \$1.00 @: all issues of 1950, all issues of 1951, Jan 52, March 52, Apr 52, May 52, June 52, July 52, Aug 52, Sep 52, Oct 52, Nov 52, Dec 52, all issues of 1953, all issues of 1954, all issues of 1955, Jan 56, Feb 56, March 56, April 56, May 56, June 56, Aug 56, Sep 56, Oct 56, Nov 56, Dec 56, all issues 1957, Jan 58, Feb 58, Mar 58, May 58, June 58, July 58, Aug 58, Sept 58, Nov 58, Dec 58, March 59, June 59, July 59, Aug 59, Oct 59, Nov 59

ANALOG 75¢ @: Feb 60, May 60, July 60, Aug 60, Sep 60, Oct 60, Nov 60, Jan 61, Feb 61, March 61, Apr 61, May 61, June 61, Aug 61, Oct 61, Nov 61, Jan 62, Feb 62, Apr 62, June 62, July 62, Aug 62.

GALAXY Oct 50 (Vol. 1 #1) = \$2.00. Nov 50 = \$1.50, Dec 50 = \$1.50. Following issues \$1.00 @: all issues 1951, all issues 1952, all issues 1953, all issues 1954, Jan 55, Feb 55, Mar 55, Apr 55, June 55, July 55, Aug 55, Sep 55, Nov 55, Jan 56, Feb 56, Mar 56, Apr 56, May 56, June 56, July 56, Sep 56, Oct 56, Nov 56, Dec 56, Jan 57, Feb 57, March 57, Apr 57, May 57, June 57, July 57, Aug 57, Sep 57, Nov 57, Dec 60, Feb 62.

"All issues" means every issue is available, each individual issue at the price marked.

IMAGINATION 50¢ @: Oct 50, Dec 50, all five issues of 1951, Jan 52, Mar 52, May 52, Sep 52, Oct 52, Dec 52, all issues of 1953, Feb 54, Apr 54, May 54, June 54, Sep 54, Nov 54, Jan 55, Feb 55, March 55, July 55, Oct 55, Oct 56, Oct 57.

TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION 75¢ @: Spring 53, Fall 53.

AVON SCIENCE FICTION READER \$1.00 @: #1, 2, 3.

AVON FANTASY READER \$1.00 @: #2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

FANTASTIC (digest-sized) \$1.00: Nov-Dec 52. 50¢ @: Jan-Feb 53, March-Apr 53, July-Aug 53, Sep-Oct 53, Nov-Dec 53, all issues of 1954

OTHER WORLDS \$1.00 @: Jan 50, Mar 50, July 50, Sep 50, Oct 50, Nov 50, March 51, May 51, June-July 51, Sep 51, Dec 51, Jan 52, Mar 52, Apr 52, June 52, July 52, Aug 52, Oct 52, Nov 52, Dec 52, Feb 53, July 53.

OTHER WORLDS SCIENCE STORIES 50¢ @: Nov 55, Feb 56.

SCIENCE STORIES (Palmer): 50¢ @: Oct 53, Dec 53.

UNIVERSE 50¢ @: #1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9

AMAZING (digest-sized) 75¢ @: Apr-May 53, June-July 53, Aug-Sep 53, Oct-Nov 53. 50¢ @: Mar 54, May 54, July 54, Sep 54, Jan 55, Feb 56, Apr 56 (30th Anniversary)

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE 50¢ @: June-July 53, Aug-Sep 53, Oct-Nov 53, Jan 54, July 54, Sep 54, Oct 54, Nov 54, Dec 54, March 55, Apr 56, Apr 57.

ROCKET STORIES 75¢ @: July 53, Sep 53.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES \$1.00 @: Nov 52, Feb 53, March 53, May 53, July 53, S  
Sep 53, Dec 53, March 54, May 54.

SPACE SCIENCE FICTION \$1.00 @ May 52, Sep 52, Nov 52, Feb 53, March 53, July 53,  
Sep 53.

IF 50¢ @: Mar 52, May 52, July 52, Sep 52, Nov 52, Feb 56, Ap 56, June 56, Oct 56,  
Feb 57, Ap 57, Oct 57, Dec 57, Ap 58, Sep 61.

WORLDS BEYOND 75¢ @: Dec 50, Jan 51.

SF PLUS \$1.00 @: May 53, Aug 53, Oct 53, Dec 53.

INFINITY 50¢ @: Nov 55, Feb 56, June 56, Aug 56, Oct 56, Feb 57.

VENTURE 75¢ @: Jan 57, May 57, Mar 58, May 58.

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES 50¢ @: Mar 56, Sep 56, and one issue with no date.

Following magazines 50¢ @: ORBIT SCIENCE FICTION #1; COSMOS SCIENCE FICTION AND FAN-  
TASY MAGAZINE #2; SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST #1; VORTEX #1; SATURN SCIENCE FICTION AND  
FANTASY March 58; AVON SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY READER April 53; SUSPENSE MAGA-  
ZINE Spring 51; MERCURY MYSTERY: "DONOVAN'S BRAIN"; CITY OF GLASS (Noel Loomis), a  
Double-Action Pocketbook; SOJARR OF TITAN, (Manly Wade Wellman) Prize SF; VARGO STAT-  
TEN SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE #1

KEY TO INTERPLANETARY SPACE TRAVEL 1956 (non-fiction).

GALAXY NOVELS 75¢ @: THREE GO BACK, J. Leslie Mitchell; SEEDS OF LIFE, John Taine;  
RAT RACE, Jay Franklin; CITY IN THE SEA, Bob Tucker; PEBBLE IN THE SKY, Isaac Asimov;  
WARRIORS OF DAY, James Blish; EMPIRE, Clifford Simak; THE AMPHIBIANS, S. Fowler Wright.

THRILLING WONDER STORIES \$1.50 @: Jun 43, Fall 44, Fall 46, Dec 47, Feb 48, Ap 48,  
Aug 48, Dec 48, June 49, Oct 49, Dec 49.

\$1.00 @: Feb 50, June 50, Aug 50, Oct 50, Dec 50, Feb 51, Ap 51, June 51, Aug 51,  
Oct 51, Feb 52, Ap 52, Jun 52, Aug 52, Oct 52, Dec 52, Feb 53, Ap 53, Jun 53, Aug 53,  
Nov 53, Winter 54, Spring 54, Summer 54, Fall 54, Winter 55.

SUPER SCIENCE STORIES \$1.00 @: Jan 49, Ap 49, May 50, Nov 50, Aug 51.

FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION 75¢ @: July-Aug 50, Mar 51, Nov 51, Mar 52, May 52, July 52,  
Nov 52, Jan 53, Nov 53.

FANTASTIC NOVELS \$1.00 @: Mar 48, May 48, Sep 48, Jan 49, Sep 50, Nov 50, Ap 51.

DYNAMIC SCIENCE STORIES \$1.50 @: Ap-May 39 (Vol I #2)

DYNAMIC SCIENCE FICTION 75¢ @: Dec 52, Aug 53.

FANTASY SCIENCE MAGAZINE 75¢ @: Spring 51, Summer 51, Spring 52, Summer 52, Winter 52.

SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY 75¢ @: Nov 51, Feb 52, May 52, Aug 52, Nov 52, May 54, Au  
Aug 54.

MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES 75¢ @: Nov 50, Feb 51, May 52.

MARVEL SCIENCE FICTION 75¢ @: Nov 51.

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES \$1.00 @: Aug 47, Dec 47, Ap 48, Oct 48, Oct 49, Jun 50,  
Oct 50, Ap 52, Ap 53, June 53.

SUPER SCIENCE FICTION June 58 = 50¢.

IMAGINATIVE TALES 50¢ @: #1, 2, 3, July 55.

PLANET STORIES \$1.00 @: Fall 46, Fall 49, Spring 50, Summer 50, Fall 50, Nov 51, Jan 52, Sep 52, Nov 52, Jan 53.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES QUARTERLY REISSUE Fall 43 = \$1.50.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES \$3.00: July 41 = contains Burroughs' "Goddess of Fire".

AMAZING STORIES (coverless) \$1.00 contains Burroughs' "City of Mummies".

STARTLING STORIES \$1.50: July 40; \$1.00 @: Summer 45, Mar 46, Spring 46, Summer 46, Fall 46, Jan 47, Jan 48, Mar 48, Sep 48, July 49, Sep 49, Nov 49. 75¢ @: Jan 50, Mar 50, May 50, July 50, Sep 50, Jan 51, Mar 51, May 51, July 51, Sep 51, Jan 52, Feb 52, Mar 52, Ap 52, May 52, June 52, July 52, Sep 52, Oct 52, Nov 52, Dec 52, Jan 53, Feb 53, Mar 53, Ap 53, May 53, June 53, Aug 53, Oct 53, Jan 54, Spring 54, Summer 54, Fall 54, Winter 55, Spring 55, Summer 55, Fall 55.

SPACE STORIES 75¢ @: Oct 52, Dec 52, June 53.

FANTASTIC STORY QUARTERLY 75¢ @: Spring 50, Fall 50, Winter 51.

FANTASTIC STORY 75¢ @: Fall 51, Sep 52, Nov 52, Jan 53, Mar 53, May 53, July 53, Sep 53, Winter 54, Spring 54, Summer 54, Fall 54, Winter 55.

WONDER STORY ANNUAL 75¢ @: 1951, 1952, 1953.

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES \$1.25 @: Mar 43, Jan 45, July 46, Sep 47. 75¢ @: Feb 48, Mar 48, June 48, Aug 48, Nov 48, Jan 49, June 49, Aug 49, Sep 49, Jan 50, Feb 50, Mar 50, Ap 50, June 50, July 50, Aug 50, Sep 50, Oct 50, Nov 50, Dec 50, Jan 51, May 51, June 51, July 51, Sep 51, Oct 51, Nov 51, Dec 51, Jan 52, Feb 52, Mar 52, Ap 52, May 52, June 52, Aug 52, Sep 52, Oct 52, Nov 52, Dec 52, Jan 53, Feb 53, Mar 53.

AMAZING STORIES \$1.50 @: Nov 34, Dec 39, Feb 40, Nov 40, Dec 40. \$1.25 @: May 43, July 43, Sep 44. \$1.00 @: Jan 47, June 47, July 47, Aug 47, Nov 47, Dec 47, May 48, Aug 48, Oct 48, Dec 48, Jan 49, Feb 49, Mar 49, Ap 49, May 49, July 49, Sep 49, Dec 49. 50¢ @: Jan 50, Feb 50, Mar 50, Ap 50, June 50, Aug 50, Oct 50, Nov 50, Dec 50, all issues of 1951, Feb 52, Mar 52, Ap 52, May 52, June 52, July 52, Aug 52, Sep 52, Oct 52, Nov 52, Dec 52, Jan 53, Mar 53.

HARDBACKS: ALL BOOK CLUB EDITIONS AND 75¢ except as noted.

THE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER, William Sloane

EMPIRE OF THE ATOM, A.E. van Vogt

THE CITY AND THE STARS, Arthur Clarke

GREENER THAN YOU THINK, Ward Moore \$1.25

BULLARD OF THE SPACE PATROL, Malcolm Jameson (edited by Andre Norton) = \$1.50

TIMELINER, Charles Eric Maine

NO PLACE LIKE EARTH, Louis Charbonneau =

THE BIG EYE, Max Ehrlich

TALES OF MYSTERY & IMAGINATION, Poe = 90¢

ANTHOLOGIES: PORTALS OF TOMORROW, edited by August Derleth

CHILDREN OF WONDER, edited by William Tenn

ASSIGNMENT IN TOMORROW, edited by Fredrick Pohl

BEYOND THE BARRIERS OF SPACE AND TIME, edited by Judith Merrill

EARTHMAN COME HOME, James Blish

THE FITTEST, J.T. McIntosh

GREEN MAN OF GREYPEC, Pragnell = \$1.25

TAKEOFF, C.M. Kornbluth

THE END OF ETERNITY, Isaac Asimov

A MILE BEYOND THE MOON, Kornbluth

NO BLADE OF GRASS, John Christopher

TIME BOMB, Bob Tucker

Big Big Book #4062: The Story of Mickey Mouse and the smugglers - both covers and first 10 pages missing. 50¢

There is also a batch of elderly paperbacks with this collection - we'll try to get them listed next issue.

Since I have more room than I expected, perhaps I should mention that those hardcovers priced at more than 75¢ are not Book Club editions; Juanita thought my original statement was open to misinterpretation.