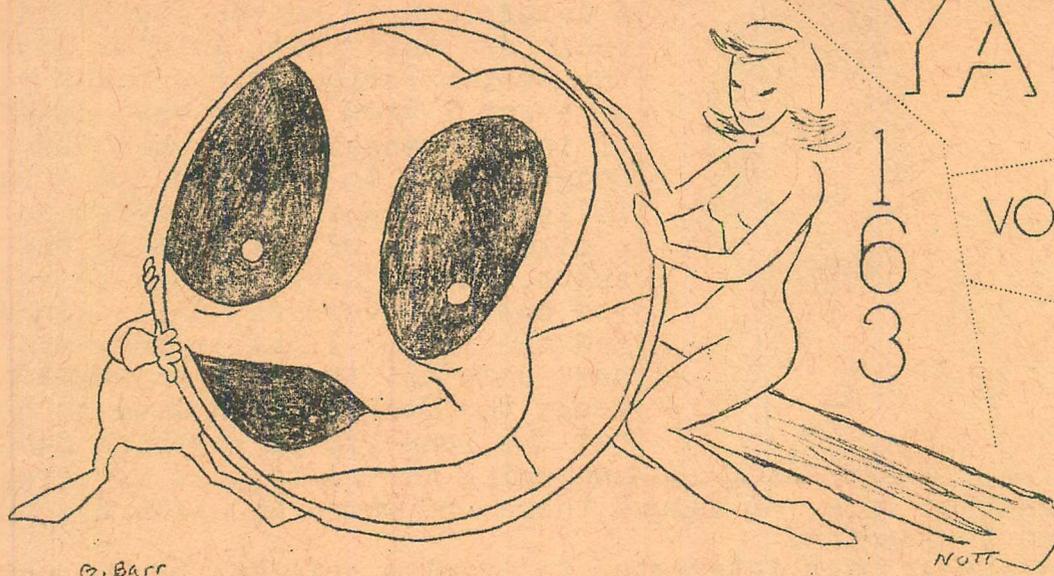


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D. BRITTON



YANDRO

VOL. XIV -- NO. 9

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CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial)	JWC	2
Rumblings (editorial)	RSC	4
What Is Science Fiction? (article)	Ben Solon	6
In This House (verse)	Jurgen Wolff	8
Xanthic Digits (fiction)	Dave Jenrette	9
To Athens (verse)	Phyllis Kleinstein (<i>now Eisenstein</i>)	9
A Column (self-explanatory?)	Bruce Coulson	9
Golden Minutes (book reviews)	RSC	10
Review	Stephen Pickering	14
Planet Poems: I	Rick Norwood	14
Grumblings (letters)		15
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)	RSC	26

ARTWORK

	Cover	D. Britton	
Page 1	Nott & Barr	Page 16	Dave Prosser
" 2	JWC	" 17	Robert E. Gilbert
" 4	JWC	" 20	Dan Adkins
" 6	Jim Cawthorn	" 21	Joe Staton
" 7	Arthur Thomson	" 24	DEA
" 10	Jurgen Wolff	" 25	Jurgen Wolff
" 15	Arthur Thomson	" 26	Jurgen Wolff

Lee Sapiro asked that we help spread the word that the Science Fiction Writers of America are boycotting Ultimate Publications (AMAZING, FANTASTIC, etc.) until the publisher begins paying for the reprint fiction they are running. Lee feels that fans should join the boycott and quit buying the mags. I'm not going to tell you what you should do with your money, but I'm not buying any copies of Ultimate pubs off the newsstand. (Buying secondhand at half price puts no money in the publisher's pocket.)



A saturation of announcements on radio and television informs me the Worlds Series starts today - an event I view with a vast amount of indifference. Back when the Dodgers were in Brooklyn and specializing in zaniness I worked up a mild degree of interest in the sport, though never enough to follow batting averages, daily scores and the like. I gather the Mets have somewhat the same reputation today the Dodgers-Bums used to have, but the long gap in anything funny happening served to lose my already

brief baseball attention span. I assume there are women who like baseball, but that seems hard to imagine.

The sports I've always been interested in involve animals: horse racing -- harness, steeple and flat, in that order; animal performance contests -- Olympic jumping teams, dog obedience tests; and just looking at animals in shows designed to choose the handsomest, best-behaved, etc. People? Eh... Poor second...

The only human sport, team sport, I've ever enjoyed watching is basketball. Understandable, in this state, where the highschool sports competition rises and sets on basketball season and the statewide tournament.

And I suppose the pure skill sports, such as gymnastics, please me as a display of control combined with beauty -- which few team competition sports qualify as.

But baseball? The most boring of the team sports...and the least challenging. I mean, I've played baseball, and even managed to do reasonably well against my peers (i.e. -- a bunch of other Cub Scout mothers who were trapped into this picnic-sport this summer). And I figure if I can do it, it's hardly a difficult sport.

And a week after this issue reaches the sticky hands of the readers, I will receive a ticking package in the mail from Harry Warner.

Some years back Shelley Berman did a routine about buttermilk: how the drinkers of buttermilk like it with such intensity that the spectator is embarrassed to watch them; and it isn't the buttermilk that makes the loather sick -- it's the way the glass looks when the buttermilk's all gone.

I can go him one additional. If you think an ordinary empty buttermilk glass looks Yech, you should see an empty buttermilk glass with printing on the glass. Or a full glass of buttermilk...in the same printed glass. As a buttermilk fancier, I will relate that buttermilk is highly reflective, and staring down into such a situation as above gives one an impression of gawking into 10th Dimensional white marble. Unnerving.

Printed glass? A glass with printing on it. There are glasses with pictures of birds, flowers, whatnot, but somewhere (at an auction, probably) we acquired a glass with printing on it. Tiny little picture, lots of explanatory printing underneath, all the way down the glass. It's one of a set of glasses, and this is the only one of the set we have; the set is a series on the Seven Classical Wonders of the World. I have The Mausoleum.

It's really interesting drinking buttermilk out of that.

This looks to be a saturation year for science fiction on television -- not necessarily a good year, but one in which there is somewhat available, and drama openingly calling itself science fiction. Even if the hardened fan might quibble a bit. At least, the powers that be in the industry seem to be slowly losing the conviction that s-f is a dirty word. ABC's "Stage 67" promises something called "The People Trap", details still misty, but it's described as science fiction; let's hope it will be bearable enough to wash away some of the bad taste left by that same network's "Time Tunnel".

"Time Tunnel"....it's so terribly discouraging to see something that could have been rib-sticking ground down under such impossible burdens. Prime time television, too. It's just asking too much to put up with 1) that dialogue, 2) James Darren's "acting", 3) and paradox after paradox drug out, prettily display and then squashed in the viewer's face like a Jimmy Cagney grapefruit. Incidentally, Ted White, if the New York fans who previewed this show this summer saw the same episode featured at the con, and if they complained as much as the rest of us about that idiotic paradox of the guy coming up ten years earlier -- perhaps you did some good. Thanks to Bruce's pleading, we saw the tail-end of the episode again when it came on the air, and that segment had been edited out -- thank Argan.

And "Star Trek", I suspect, is waiting to take on the time travel plot, with some improvement. They have already dealt with reverse chronology by exceeding the speed of light, and are apparently holding the idea as a club, waiting to see what ABC continues to do. I'm on NBC's side of the gym, this game.

The convention, from my point of view, was a resounding success. The art show came off well, and all you people who got busy and produced something so it would come off well may now pat yourselves on the back and take a giant step. While the show was not as large as some of the previous ones, there were some truly spectacular things in evidence: Dave Prosser's "Opener of the Way", George's Barr's ball point pen work, Jeff Jones (who can do something besides Burroughs, and quite well, too), Nettie Ott in color for the first time, the children's art show, and oh so many other great things. I spent most of my day time there, wandering around and soaking up inspiration -- and for the first time I was able to afford something, thanks to the bids closing out early.

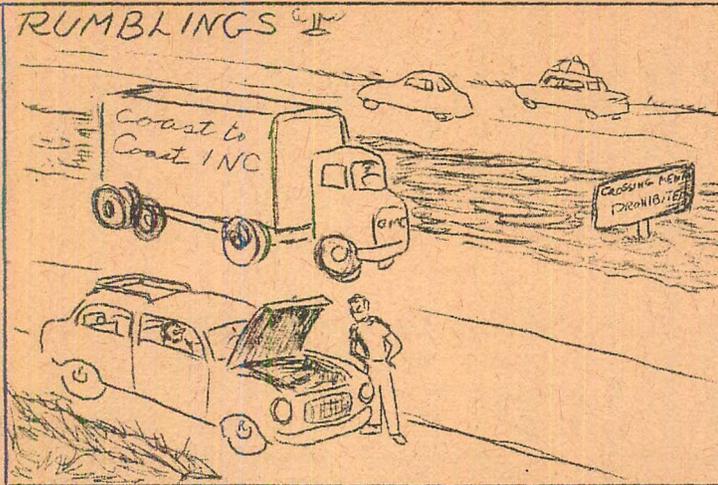
I have also decided I may paint more Tolkien subjects in the future -- if I can find enough scenes with horses in them.

Several years back when "Hootenanny" was on tv a pair of girls called the Simon Sisters sang a composition of their own -- a setting to music of "Winken, Blinken and Nod". Despite initial apprehension, it turned out to be quite listenable. Never became big folkwise, but a few of us (Hi, Don, Maggie) remember fondly. Somebody else did, too. A current rock group has lifted the tune bodily, set it to hip words to the effect "Don' Try t'Change Me Baby; I'm Busy Drinkin' Cherry Wine". Anybody on the NY in the know who can inform me whether this outfit made any sort of gesture or payment to the Simons -- or did they just figure what no one remembers is free for the swiping? I haven't seen the group, but no matter how long the hair, they couldn't be as pretty as the Simons, and they certainly can't sing a quarter as well.

I say it's plagiarism, and the hell with it.

JWC

RUMBLINGS



So, we're late again. Fannish enthusiasm always diminishes after a convention. Instead of doing fanzine reviews, I've been reading. (Not fanzines, either.) I've been watching tv, even. I notice there's a lot more fantasy on tv than there used to be. I don't mean the shows advertised as fantasy or science fiction, like "Star Trek" or "Time Tunnel"; I mean the shows that are supposed to be something else; adventure or comedy or what have you. "The Wild Wild West" is openly fantasy now, of course -- it's even had some

fair science-fictional plots, tho its real claim to fame is that it has the best villain on current tv in the person of Michael Dunn. (In fact, he's probably the most intriguing mad scientist in history.) But it must be popular; the most recent "Laredo" show also featured a mad scientist, this one with a sort of super-tranquillizer. I suppose it will spread, and we'll have "Hogan's Heroes" thwarting German atomic experiments and the like. (Is "Hogan's Heroes" still on? It's not a show I ever watched, so I really don't know.) Incidentally, "Star Trek" is well worth watching, especially if you have a color tv. It's good anyway, though. The first few were overly concerned with monsters, but maybe they've broken away from that in their most recent performance. Hell, it's worth watching just for the shots of Lieut. What's-Her-Name. (The brunette...now there is someone I wouldn't mind being cooped up in a spaceship with.) The plots are going to be pretty much in the PLANET STORIES category, but what the hell; I liked PLANET. And Mr. Spock is my kind of hero.

The TriCon was a fine get-together. I got to meet Andre Norton and John Brunner -- I even got to be on a panel with Brunner -- I managed to talk briefly with dozens of new and old friends and acquaintances and get in more lengthy conversations with a few friends, and I even made money. (I wasn't dripping bills from every pocket like Howard Devore, but I turned a small and badly-needed profit on the con.) This was a big convention; over 1100 memberships and someone said about 850 attendees. There were a couple of other cons going on at the same time, and for a change, ours was the big one. (One of the other cons provided some lovely bagpipe music, and a chance for Alex Panshin to experience Real Life.) That's okay, Alex; we don't mind about the black eye. (That's a terribly ingroup joke; be frustrated.) Just for the record, Hugo winners were Dune and ...And Call Me Conrad (tied; this was Zelazny's year for tie awards), "Repent, Harlequin, Said The Ticktockman", IF, Frank Frazetta, ERB-DOM, and Asimov's Foundation Series. (I was more surprised by that last than by any of the other awards; I never realized that "Foundation" was that popular.) A couple of plaques were given to "Star Trek" and "Fantastic Voyage" for being nice and giving the con preview performances; presumably only luck prevented "Time Tunnel" from getting a similar plaque. All for the best; "Star Trek" and "Fantastic Voyage" are both worth watching, even if FV does end with the prospect of a terribly bad case of water on the knee. Dr. David H. Keller received posthumous awards from First Fandom and the Big Heart Fund, or whatever the official title is. At least, being dead, he didn't have to listen to the tiresome speech that accompanied one of the presentations.

We avoided room rent by staying with Don & Maggie Thompson. Getting to

their place was a bit of a nightmare; we left home at 6:00 PM on Thursday and arrived in Mentor, Ohio at 6:00 AM on Friday. For 300 miles, that's an average of 25 mph. However, this includes an hour's stop on the Turnpike to let the radiator cool off (only to discover that the radiator wasn't hot; it was the temperature gauge that was faulty), an agonizing 40-mile creep to a service plaza after losing the gas tank cap, and the discovery that Don's directions had been taken from a faulty map. Following the con, we stayed over a couple of days to recuperate. A California contingent, plus Len Bailes and Tom Schlück, also spent an extra day there, giving me a chance to get acquainted with Schlück, whom I'd seen for perhaps 5 minutes during the actual convention. After all this, the trip back was an anti-climax. (Thanks, Thompsons; it was great.)

We're down to one dog now. Boondoggle was run over by a car just a week or so before the convention. He was a stupid, bumbling animal who didn't have sense enough to keep off the highway, but I miss him anyway. There are distinct advantages in having only one dog, though, especially since Bat-Ears is both intelligent and well-behaved. For one thing, she can go on short trips with us. Boon couldn't be trusted in a car, even if he could be forced into one, which he usually couldn't. Bat loves to ride; now if I can only convince her that her place is in the back seat.....

I'm still getting all sorts of clippings from all sorts of people, but right now my desk is in such a mess that I probably can't find any of them. I haven't done much since the con except pay urgent bills; letters, clippings, ads and fanzines are scattered hither and yon. Next issue, maybe I'll have some order. I'd like to get the next issue out in two weeks, but don't count on my doing it. For one thing, there are still books around that I haven't read. The NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC book, The Nile arrived some time ago and while Juanita has gone thru it, I haven't even looked at it. And today came The American Heritage Picture History of World War II. (Right after I've had the car worked on, bought a new tire and bought a new picture tube for the tv, and while the tape recorder is in for repairs. The HERITAGE people have exquisitely bad timing.)

Couple of announcements, while they're on top of the pile: The third annual Octocon will be held on Saturday, Oct. 15, at the Greentree Inn, Sandusky, Ohio. This is completely informal; just a small gathering of fans. I'd like to be there but I probably won't be. I also got an announcement for some sort of con, or party, or something (the announcement is on my desk, somewhere....) but as I recall it was for Oct. 1, which is the day the announcement arrived. (That's nothing; the same day we got an ad for a Grand Opening Sale from a new Fort Wayne store, the sale dates being Sept. 20, 21 and 22.) Anyway..... Glenn Lord, P.O. Box 775, Pasadena, Texas 77501, is looking for copies of the following fanzines; will pay cash. CRITI-Q #1, with supplement; GARGOYLE #1 (1950); THE CHALLENGE FROM BEYOND (Cheddar Press booklet); PHANTAGRAPH (Aug. 1940); LEAVES #1, 2. If I promised to make announcements for anyone else -- sorry, and I'll try to get them in the next issue. (Oh yes; the Oct. 1 thing was sponsored by the M.I.T. group, as I recall.)

Steve Pickering's review in this issue is heavily edited, largely because we only had one page left (we'd miscounted on the original run-thru) and his original manuscript was going to go over that. As usual, once I get started wielding an axe I'm hard to stop, and we ended up with less than a page. That's the way it goes. Bruce's column was also edited a trifle more than his previous one.

We're running 265 copies of this issue; you're all nice people, but I hope the circulation goes down rapidly. This is too much work. RSC

What Is Science Fiction?

article by

BEN SOLON

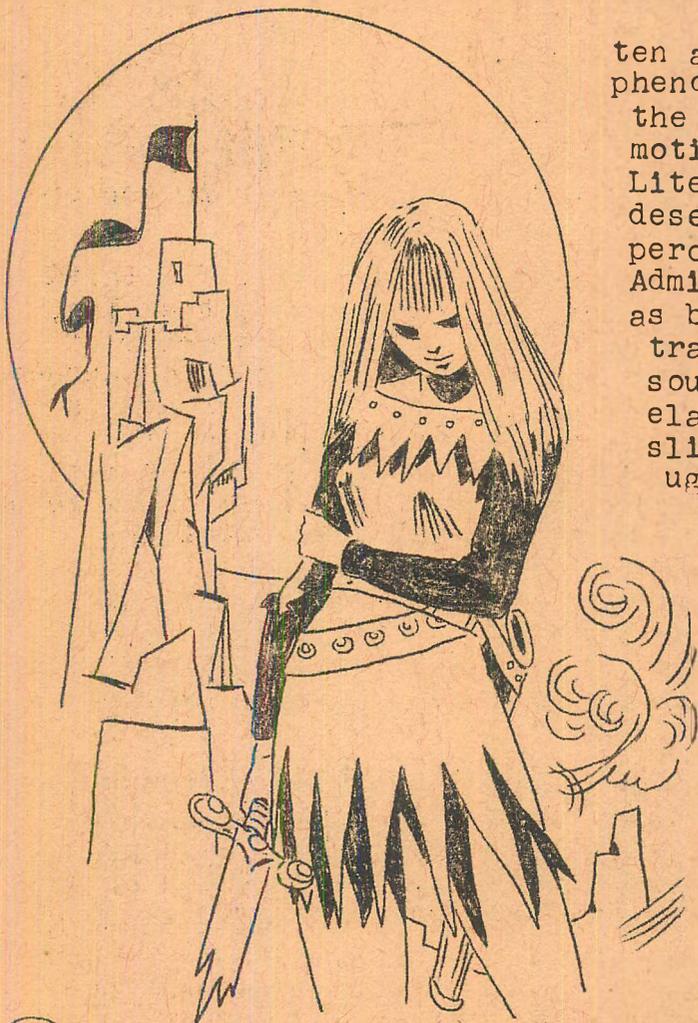
What is science fiction? This question has gone without an adequate answer ever since s-f emerged from fantasy (as a separate genre, and will probably remain unanswered until the time (if ever it comes) that all possibilities for science fiction stories are exhausted. All that any writer can do is to express his ideas of what science fiction is...and that is what I intend to do.

We all know what s-f is: it's the stuff that's published in the science fiction magazines. It has many forms, but the most common is speculation on possible futures. In short, it is fiction based -- however loosely -- on known and recognized science.

We also know what science fiction isn't: it's not about witches and black magic, it isn't about the real problems that confront us today, it isn't... But why go on? There have been science fiction stories written about every one of the non-s-f topics mentioned -- and some of them have been hailed as classics, too.

There has been more nonsense written about science fiction than any other phenomena of current times, including the Beatles, James Bond and the sexual motivations of the Organization Man. Literary critics lambaste it, sometimes deservedly, and sometimes with all the perception of feeble-minded amoebas. Admirers of science fiction are almost as bad: they are apt to plunge into extravagant statements of praise, which sound for all the world like the revelations of twelve-years olds, at the slightest excuse. Nostalgia rears its ugly head and honest appreciation suffers: critics of Groff Conklin's stature praise drivel such as THE BLIND SPOT for reasons unguessed. One assumes that they read and enjoyed it during their formative years and never had the nerve to re-read it after they matured.

Science fiction doesn't fit into any neat category. You can say: "S-f is this, that and the other thing for the following seventeen reasons", and about two days later, you'll read a story that is everything you say s-f isn't and the definition you so painstakingly worked out will be



as up-to-date as yesterday's newspaper. Rightly so, too. Because science fiction -- like all writing -- is an elusive thing to pin down and label. I believe it was Damon Knight who said: "...the term science fiction is a misnomer, that trying to get two enthusiasts to agree on a definition of it leads only to bloody knuckles; that better labels have been devised, but we're stuck with this one; and it will do no harm if we remember, like The Saturday Evening Post, it means what we point to when we say it."

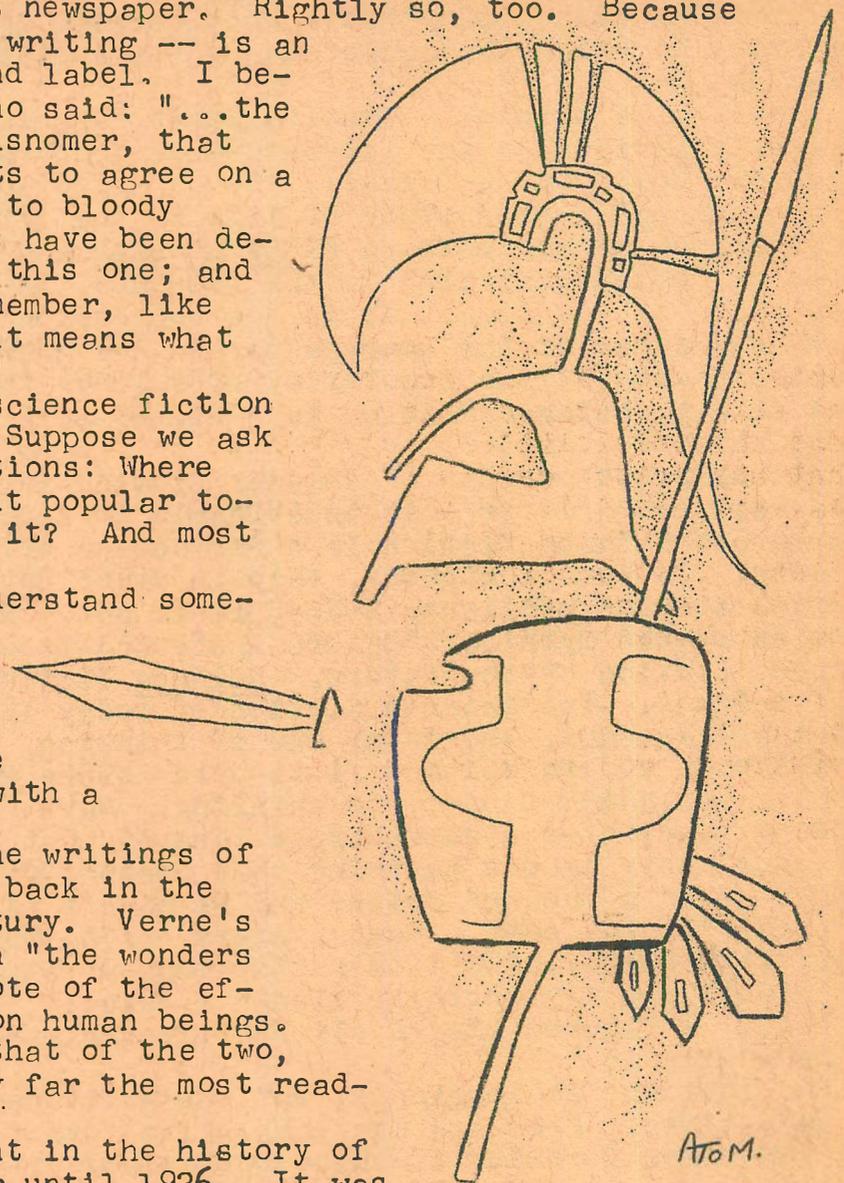
The problem of defining science fiction is not insoluble, however. Suppose we ask ourselves a few simple questions: Where did s-f come from? Why is it popular today? Is there something to it? And most important of all: so what?

If you really want to understand something, you've got to investigate your subject's origins. So, if you don't mind, I'll tell you a bit about the history of science fiction and how it ties in with a definition of s-f.

S-f got its start with the writings of Jules Verne and H.G. Wells, back in the latter part of the 19th Century. Verne's s-f is concerned mainly with "the wonders of science", while Wells wrote of the effects of these "Wonders" upon human beings. It is interesting to note, that of the two, the writings of Wells are by far the most readable by today's standards.

The next major development in the history of science fiction didn't occur until 1926. It was in April of that year that Hugo Gernsback published the first issue of Amazing Stories, the first magazine to be completely devoted to 'scientifiction'. It was Gernsback's belief that s-f should be a means of delivering sugar-coated science to the general public, and the emphasis of the stories in his magazine was more on scientific accuracy than literary technique. This type of story is still with us today, although it has changed over the years; the "hard science" story, which is considered to be the only "real" s-f by some fans, is one of the two major sub-genres of modern science fiction.

The other sub-genre, that of sociological science fiction, was pioneered by H.G. Wells, but didn't really come into its own until 1937, when John W. Campbell took over the editorial helm of Astounding Stories. Campbell was (and is) an innovator, and even today, after almost thirty years, it is hard to grasp the scope of his contributions--both as a writer and as an editor--to the making of modern s-f. Under his direction, Astounding Stories became Astounding Science Fiction. He gave the Jules Verne type of story, which concerned itself with the mechanical details of fantastic voyages, its death blow. Campbell knew that if science fiction was to survive, it would have to do so as fiction, not as popular science. He was the first person, in the science



ATOM.

fiction field, to realize that people want fiction about other people, not about machines, and that's what he gave ASF's readers: the modern s-f story in which the accent is on the social rather than the physical sciences.

Back to the original question: what is science fiction? It has been variously labeled as the literature of tomorrow and juvenile pseudo science. Under the s-f label, you can find anything from a galaxy spanning space opera to a study of life in the 30th Century. There is little or no common ground between FIRST LENS MAN and DAVY.

To me, science fiction is the response, in writing, to the scientific revolution, of our time. It is the expression of a new era. The scientific awareness of the average person has grown in the last twenty-five years and with it the popularity of science fiction. And, most important of all, science fiction is a way of telling a story.

So what?

The foremost purpose of science fiction is, I believe, entertainment. This will be hard for some individuals to accept, because many people believe that science fiction is a reflection of the frontiers of modern science. In some instances, this is true; but for the majority of science fiction stories published today, it is not. Nor was this true for the stories of the mythical "Golden Age", and it will not be true for the science fiction of the future. Science fiction is fiction, not popularized science. The science fiction of today is nine-tenths fiction and one-tenth science, and to my way of thinking, that's as it ought to be.

Although modern science fiction is ablaze with ideas, it rarely sets people, including fandom, to thinking. Why? Because most people, including fans, have a stereotyped idea of what science fiction should be and completely ignore anything that doesn't fit into their neat pattern. I once asked a mundane friend why he didn't read science fiction. "Well," he said, "I did, once. Read a story called THE WORLD OF NULL A or something like that...didn't think too much of it, too confusing."

"Didn't you try anything else?" I asked.

"Naw. I figured they'd all be like that--after all; NULL-A's supposed to be a classic."

The incident is imaginary, but the attitude isn't. I've run across it many times. Fans and mundanes alike love to brag of their open minds, but sometimes I wonder if these open minds aren't the results of hollow skulls.

Science fiction is fiction, but when it's judged solely as writing, it just doesn't make the grade. There are good stories in the magazines, but not enough of them. And this is one reason why the magazines are losing out to the paperbacks. For every John Brunner and Poul Anderson, there is also a Robert F. Young and a Fred Hoyle. People won't spend fifty or sixty cents to wade through a lot of crud when they can spend the same amount and get a novel or collection of short stories they know they'll like.

For all its faults, science fiction, when compared to avant garde literature, more than holds its own. S-f appears to be the last stronghold of writers who enjoy telling a story for its own sake and not as a vehicle to express their souls or deliver their Message to the world. And for that small favor, let us all say a hearty "Amen!"

In This House:

Are daily served three nutritionally sound meals...

Lives an average family on an average income...

Blares forth the television for 5.7 hours per day...

Goes insane a quiet young man in the corner.

- Jurgen Wolff

XANTHIC DIGITS

by

DAVE
JENRETTE

About half past the Dark Ages (once upon a thyme (silly season!)) a yellow dragoon was eaten by a yellow dragon while being dragged away yelling, which caused complete consternation in the King's castle. This problem increased the following day when the King's only daughter was captured by the dragon and locked in his damp dungeon. The king demanded volunteers to slay the gigantic yellow dragon and finally one was selected, the drawbridge lowered, and the knight sent on his deadly quest. The dragon was waiting, his yellow taloned fingers spread on each side of the drawbridge; as the foolhardy knight came between the fingers he was immediately crushed. On the next day, another king's knight met his fate between the yellow dragon's hands -- squiiissh! The third day (after the second knight) the king was desperate and allowed his pages to venture forth (as they had been demanding for some time). As the yellow dragon's fingers closed the pages, small in stature, slipped between, ran up his arms, and slew the dragon. The moral of this story may be stated thusly: Let your pages do the walking thru the yellow fingers.

to athens

PHYLLIS KLEINSTEIN

We have sophisticated reasons, now, for war.
 We send the best of our young blood
 To free a patch of jungle mud,
 To give their lives for one foot more
 Of land that never knew nor wanted light,
 Shouting all the way that might does not make right!
 We have sophisticated reasons, now, for war.

Oh, Athens, in your day it was not so.
 You fought to further human greed,
 And your war was a glorious deed,
 For you wanted Sparta to know
 Who was master. Off to kill them all!
 Sacrifice the allies! Athens! was your battle call.
 We have sophisticated reasons, now, for war.

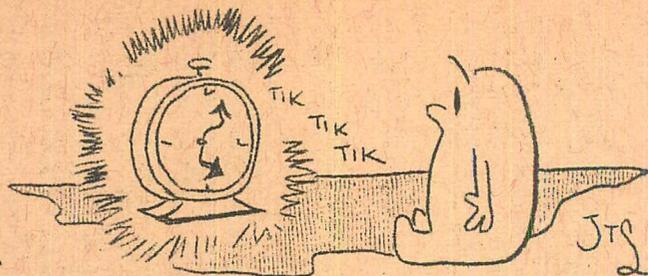
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A COLUMN

by Bruce E. Coulson

I haven't had time to print a column so i'm printting one now. (The typewriter broke down agin). By the way, for those of you who have young sons, there is a science program for children. /Doubleday's "Science Service"; \$1 a month for a science booklet, stamps to paste in, etc./ Good books for young children: Tom Swift, Jr., The Gilead Bomb, The Anytime Rings. /The last two are Dell Seal paperbacks; 35¢ apiece. Bruce is eight-going-on-nine, which gives you an idea of the age level they're aimed at. RSC/

GOLDEN MINUTES



The Pyramid "Worlds of Adventure" series: These may be bought as a boxed set for \$3.75, or individually for 75¢ each. They are primarily travel books; the "what's it like out there?" theme.

THE FLAME TREES OF THIKA, by Elspeth Huxley: An account of pioneering in British East Africa. The blurb says that Elspeth was six when she came to Africa with her parents. Juanita remarked that the book is obviously not the account of a six-year-old's memories. Either she did a lot of later research, or she made up a lot. The results, however, are a fascinating account of what life in Africa was like 50 years ago. Highly recommended.

PEOPLE OF THE REEDS, by Gavin Maxwell: The account of a 1957 tour thru southern Iraq. It will undoubtedly startle anyone accustomed to thinking of this entire area as desert country. This is NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC stuff without all the pretty colored photos; recommended to anyone who enjoys reading articles in the GEOGRAPHIC. The Iraqi marsh dwellers live a life that is interesting to read about, but not one that I'd care to participate in. (Sitting cross-legged always gives me leg cramps, for one thing.)

THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI, by Laurens van der Post: A brief history of the African Bushmen, plus the account of an expedition to locate the last survivors of the race. A terribly discouraging view of race relations; the Bushmen were persecuted by everyone. Other African tribes did just as much to wipe them out as did the early European settlers. (Persecution of minorities was not an invention of the white race, and will probably not end when Negroes or Orientals dominate the world.) Somehow the habits and customs of native African tribes never excited me much, but the book is well-told after a rather slow start. One quote might be of interest to fans: "Without a sense of wonder one has lost not only the spoor of life but the power of true increase."

THE CLOUD FOREST, by Peter Matthiessen: A journal of a trip through South America. I always measure South American books against MacCreagh's White Waters And Black; none of the others ever seems to measure up too well, and this is no exception. I found the first half rather dull, enlivened mainly by the author's comments upon the world in general. ("...why is it, of recent years, that Americans are always said to operate in 'teams', as if an individual American, without his insipid 'togetherness', would be helpless?" And speaking of atheists: "Or is it that we, on the far side of the same abyss, do not wish to relinquish our tiny identities to a higher power? At least, I don't..." And neither do I, Peter.) Eventually the narrative picks up, and the last half of the book was quite enjoyable.

THE REALM OF THE GREEN BUDDHA, by Ludwig Koch-Isenburg: A German naturalist on a tour of Thailand, Ceylon, and Burma. There is more natural history here than in the other books in the series, and, again after a slow start, it was quite interesting.

THE DREAM MASTER, by Roger Zelazny (Ace, 40¢) As an AMAZING serial, "He Who Shapes", this won the Science Fiction Writers of America award for "Best Novella". I can see why it won; it's a vivid description of the powers of the human mind. But it isn't the sort of stf that I care two hoots about. The scientific background -- treating mental aberrations by allowing the doctor to actually enter the patient's mind and participate in his fantasies -- is similar to Brunner's Whole Man and was originated,

as far as I know, by Peter Phillips in his short story, "Dreams Are Sacred". However, while this may be technically the most brilliant of the three works cited, I found it by far the least enjoyable.

TAMA, PRINCESS OF MERCURY, by Ray Cummings (Ace, 40¢) This is a sequel to the earlier Tama Of The Light Country; if you liked the former book you have so little taste that you'll probably like this one, too. (It's practically the same book, anyway; only a few names have been changed to preserve the fiction of a difference in plot.) A fair example of the stf of the bad old days, when aliens were created by putting wings on people. Not very scientific, of course, but then, despite what you may have heard, very few early stf stories had more than a nodding acquaintance with science.

DAY OF THE MINOTAUR, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ace, 40¢) This is fantasy, not science fiction. In fact, as the author admits, it's the basic plot of Beauty and the Beast, set in a background of Greek and Cretan myth. However, I don't believe that a clear distinction between fantasy and science fiction is possible, desirable, or important, and unless something better comes along in the last few months of the year I intend to vote for this for the Hugo next year. (That is, if I'm allowed to; this was originally published in SCIENCE FANTASY as "The Blue Monkeys", and the new Hugo rule says that a novel is eligible only once. However, the rule that I heard described was not clear about application to a story first published before the said rule was passed, and ex post facto laws are unconstitutional in this country. Also, nothing was said about first publication in Britain, which would automatically eliminate a lot of books, since they would never get enough votes from their British publication to be nominated, but might get enough to make them ineligible later on. Maybe Swann will be allowed his author's privilege to specify this as the version to be voted on.) I'm not even terribly interested in mythology, but I find Swann's characters believable, his plots exciting, and his backgrounds exotic. He's one of our best writers today, and if something better than this novel does come along, it will probably be Swann's new story in F&SF. If you haven't read any of his stuff before (this is the first American publication of one of his long stories), by all means get this one. It's not his best story, but it's better than almost anyone else's best.

THE TIME MACHINE, by H. G. Wells (Pyramid, 45¢) Another reprint of the classic. Wells was not the first to write about the future, but he was the first to write a story which is eminently readable even today. There seem to be more disciples of Verne than Wells in this country, yet Verne's stories, with the possible exception of Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea, positively creak with antiquity, while Wells' works are almost as fresh today as they were when first published. A fan with any pretensions at all to a knowledge of the background of stf should have a copy of The Time Machine (and a good many without such pretensions may find it good reading).

THE YELLOW CLAW, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) Not science fiction, but allied to it as an early "yellow peril" novel. This was first published in 1915, and shows it: "She belonged to a smart Bohemian set, and -- to use a popular figure of speech -- burnt the candle at both ends; late dances, night clubs, bridge parties, and other feverish pursuits....". The hero, described as a Bohemian, is shocked almost into a faint by spying a bare female ankle, and all the characters go around exclaiming "Good Heavens!" at the slightest irregularity in their lives. (I will say that only once does anyone say "what does it all mean?"; Rohmer evidently

hadn't got into his stride this early.) At that, the book is far more "modern" in style than the average sf novel of 20 years later. The plot is simply the uncovering of an opium den; Rohmer hadn't yet reached the wild fancies of his Fu Manchu period.

A PLANET OF YOUR OWN, by John Brunner/THE BEASTS OF KOHL, by John Rackham (Ace, 50¢) The Rackham half is an engaging fantasy about a savage superman, his super-animal cohorts, and the super-intelligent alien who provides the brains for the outfit. It's been a winning combination since Cap Future, Grag, Otho, and Simon Wright, and Rackham does an acceptable job with his group. Since we're all adult now, the sex is played up more than it used to be, but otherwise Rang, Gromal, Virgal and Kohl are quite pleasantly familiar. The Brunner half appeared in the March '66 IF as "The Long Way To Earth". I've been nagging Juanita to read it, since the heroine is not one of the wishy-washy females so often encountered in sf. The plot is based on legalities rather than science. (The sort of science fiction you might imagine Joe Hensley writing in his spare time from turning out tales of fictional lawyers mulcting their clients.....) All in all, it's a pretty fair book.

This seems to be Andre Norton month at Ace, with three reprints of her earlier books. And every Norton book is worth reading, so these are all recommended to anyone who doesn't have the earlier editions.

STAR BORN (45¢) This story of humans and aliens allied against a Menace is one of Norton's best. It's a juvenile in that the hero is a boy and there is no "sex interest", but it's written to adult standards of quality.

THE STARS ARE OURS! (45¢) Star Born is a sequel to this novel; I hadn't made that connection when I first read the books. It's one of the rare cases in which the sequel is better than the original. The story of science repressed after an atomic catastrophe, with a few dedicated men breaking free of Earth's sterility and reaching the stars, has been done too often, and too many times the results have been better than they are here, even though Miss Norton throws in a couple of warring alien races to plague humanity after it reaches the stars.

STAR GUARD (50¢) The extra nickel, presumably, pays for Lin Carter's 10-page "profile" of Miss Norton at the beginning of the book, something which the original paperback (half of an early Ace Double) didn't have. Unfortunately, I'm not sure it's worth a nickel; I've seen better Norton articles in fanzines. With all the resources at his disposal, Lin makes a mistake in the first paragraph. ("...she is never published in the magazines." But she has been, tho not recently.) However, if you haven't seen those fanzine articles, Lin does do a thorough job of presenting Norton to those readers who want to know more about her. The story concerns a mercenary band, double-crossed and trapped on a strange planet by villains plotting to rule the galaxy. Aside from the ending seeming terribly involved, it's a good example of Norton's work, and I recall enjoying it immensely when I first read it.

NEAR HORIZONS, by Edwin Way Teale (Pyramid, 75¢) A study of back-yard insect life by a naturalist. Unfortunately, the material (except for an account of aerial duels between butterflies) seemed rather dull, and the style -- possibly to make up for this -- overly precious. But then, I've never been much of an insect lover. Teale does go into considerable detail about the lives of our common insects, and I suppose the work is moderately valuable as an introduction to back-yard natural history.

THE GOTHIC READER, ed. by Kurt Singer (Ace, 50¢) In these decadent days, the term "gothic" encompasses two entirely different types of story, both of which are represented in this anthology. The fantasy reader can safely ignore the first three stories in the book, by Dorothy Eden, Marie Belloc-Lowndes, and Daphne du Maurier, which take up 140 of the book's 153 pages. Whether you feel the remainder are worth 50¢ or not is up to you, but they are at least "our" kind of stories. "Spinster's Rest", by Clemence Dane, is a sort of crossbreed; a supernatural story for clubwomen, where everything turns out ginger-peachy with red ruffles. August Derleth's "Mrs. Lannisfree" is a story of ghostly revenge which has been anthologized several times and may be overly familiar. "The Villa Desiree", by May Sinclair is less well known (for the good reason that it isn't as well written). "Mrs. Lunt", by Hugh Walpole, is a typical example of gothic horror story; either one likes them or finds them terribly overwritten and dull. Enid Bagnold's "The Amorous Ghost" is rather cute and more than a little pointless. Algernon Blackwood's "Chemical" is another typical gothic, with somewhat more in it to sustain interest than Walpole's example. The final story, "Schalken The Painter", by Joseph Sheridan le Fanu, is a classic horror tale which, like Derleth's, is well worth reading if you haven't already encountered it in a previous anthology.

THE LONG RESULT, by John Brunner (Ballantine, 50¢) A tale of bureaucrats struggling against xenophobia, of a lazy man forced into making decisions (there's a hero I could identify with!), and of a different but terribly familiar sort of "cold war". (I'm sure that Brunner's solution would outrage all 100% patriots; I don't entirely agree with it myself.) There is plenty of action and excitement, some likeable aliens, and a thoroughly predictable love story. (This even hurts the suspense, because anyone can easily tell who the traitor in the ranks is, simply from past knowledge of how this sort of love story operates, and the reader therefore becomes irritated at the obtuse hero, who doesn't figure it out for another hundred pages.) Aside from this, the story is excellent entertainment.

DUSTY AYRES AND HIS BATTLE BIRDS: "Black Lightning", by Robert Sidney Bowen (Corinth, 60¢) For the last several months, Corinth Publications (which is a subsidiary of Regency, which is a subsidiary of Greenleaf, which is a subsidiary of....) has been reprinting the old pulp magazine series -- or at least, any such series where the copyright has expired. They have "The Phantom Detective", "Secret Agent X", "Doctor Death", "Operator #5", and now Dusty Ayres. This is borderline science fiction; there is a future "World War", with the villains operating all sorts of flashy new military inventions (all of which have become outdated in the interim between original publication and the present). The writing is incredibly bad (but no worse than a lot of the stuff that appeared at the same time). The blurb speaks of "campy" stories, but they aren't, in either sense. They're bad, but not humorously bad. Still, one or two copies would be worth having, as a reminder of the "good old days".

THE BATTLE OF DIENBIENPHU, by Jules Roy (Pyramid, 95¢) A frightening book, in that, as the author mentions, the French generals made the same mistakes a dozen years ago in Viet Nam that we are making today. (Although we have one big advantage; we are willing to put in enough troops to gain our objectives, which the French didn't do.) An excellent book, for either the historian or the citizen who wants some background on our present war.

MAO TSE-TUNG, by Robert Payne (Pyramid, 95¢) A fine historical biography, although Mao tends to emerge as a knight in quilted armor. It should be taken with a few grains of salt -- nobody is that noble -- but again it is a well-written, entertaining, informative book that everyone should read.

REVIEW BY *stephen pickering*

UTOPIATES: THE USE AND USERS OF LSD-25.

By Richard Blum and Associates, New York: Atherton Press, 1964.

This study by social scientists is a firm investigation of the accepted and sustained use of LSD, the rejection of the drug, and various factors which have been attributed to its usage. Solutions chosen are honest, and problems are not hidden behind niceties. And their research methods should prove a guide to the interested individual. First, Blum and his companions chose cases, and then overcame the often unsurmountable problem of sustaining rapport with the LSD users without having to join them. Although the users felt the sociologists were "squares" their experiences are fairly and excitingly related.

The information is gleaned from interviews with ninety-two individuals in five subsamples: (one) - professional people in the medical and psychological sciences who have taken LSD for no therapeutic goals; (two) - individuals who were part of bona fide research projects; (three) - patients who have taken the drug under the guidance of either a social psychologist or a psychiatrist; (four) - the black-market of LSD cults/parties; (five) - individuals from the famous medical-religious hospital established specifically for the use of LSD therapists.

Although the data of Blum's volume is a comparison of percentages, the sociologically-minded individual will find the patterns intriguing. The users are middle-class, white, successful, Protestant professional people; the young people are in a distinct minority. The users are not "radical revolutionaries"; they use LSD to produce a tolerable social conformity. More specifically, LSD users endeavor to acquire a sense of being loved and of giving love, as well as giving some meaning to otherwise dull, drab lives. This sense of alienation is important; those affected may turn to the cosmic religious cults, and now to the LSD groups inspired by Timothy Leary. Tighter legislative controls will not solve the problem of self-alienation.

Blum's fascinating book exemplifies the importance and persistence of LSD and its users, and the failure of our culture to produce adequate satisfaction. And, in the words of the often paraphrased Mary Poppins, LSD is that "cubeful of sugar which helps the medicine go down in a most delightful way."

Dave Vanderwerf has the power to cloud men's flashbulbs.

PLANET POEMS
I: Mercury
by Rick Norwood

A schizophrenic spheroid,
An unrevolving stone;
The god who made me must have toyed
With many marbles in the void
Before he finally grew annoyed
And left me here so unalloyed
With any softer tone.

Dr. Keller reads good, like a stf writer should. (Moskowitz & Thompson)



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

Did I mention to you, Juanita, the matter of paper towels when it comes to consumer problems in working out best buys? Figure out which paper towel is the best buy, among the plethora of single-ply, two-ply, x number of "sheets", widths, lengths, etc. Foomf. Meanwhile, some woman with a sniffly kid is trying to get by you to the Kleenex display.

Some other woman shopper is always trying to get past me while I'm trying to figure out best buys, anywhere in the store, because I'm a mathematical moron. That's why I need help, or to be taught how to use a slide rule, or something. And I see from the latest CR that now Campbell's soup is stamping codes on their cans, for the convenience of the merchant and his clerks -- you, the consumer, know what you can do if you can't figure out the price on the verdammte stuff....

JWC

Jerry Kaufman, 2769 Hampshire Rd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio, 44106

Probably the reason for better novels is the high paperback reprint rate (rate meaning both money and number of reprints from mags). The author puts his best efforts into the novels which are likely to be read by more people.

Ted White is right on "Time Tunnel" (Dialog: /hero to Capt. of Titanic/ "Captain, this is the Titanic!").

I never realized Zelazny could be significant. I thought he was just a fantastic writer, with real people in his stories, who did real things for real reasons.

"The Woman of Trees" was a nice experiment. An odd, but enlightening, review of Muhammad Speaks (odd only because of its being in a fmz).

I haven't read any of the books you review. However, I have seen Castle of Frankenstein. It is not only the most fannish, but also the most diversified monster mag on the stands. (If McInerney does fmz in a monsterzine, maybe in Focal Point...no, I guess not.)

Richard Flinchbaugh, RD #1, Box 403, Seneca, Pa., 16346

At last! An S.F. zine I can understand!

Hmm; have we been complimented or insulted?

RSC

Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, New York, 11565

The suggestion that an Olivetti would be an Italian tommy-gun (Y156) wasn't terribly esoteric. I understood it and I'm not even a gun fan. I just have a horribly twisted mind.

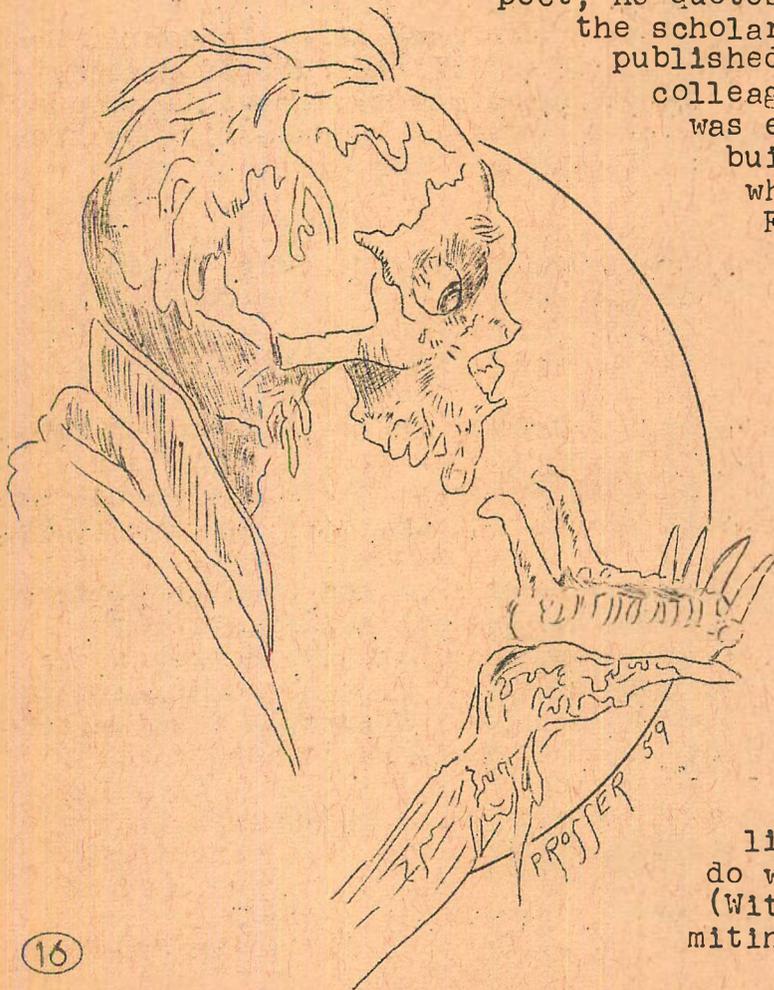
Juanita: Well maybe if the racist who wanted to discriminate in selling his house had to handle everything himself an exception from open housing might be okay, but I'm still not convinced. It would depend on how many bigots would be willing to go to all that trouble. If only a few homeowners are that sick then society could tolerate their aberration, since Negroes could still live almost anywhere they wanted and could afford, like any other citizen. However, if too many people would still discriminate wrongfully then we would be where we are now. So many people exercise their individual freedom to be bigots that there is, in effect, a tacit conspiracy keeping Negroes from moving out of the ghettos. That is why we need open housing laws.

"There is more than one way to get into heaven, medically speaking." Roul Tunley. The American Health Scandal. p. 262.

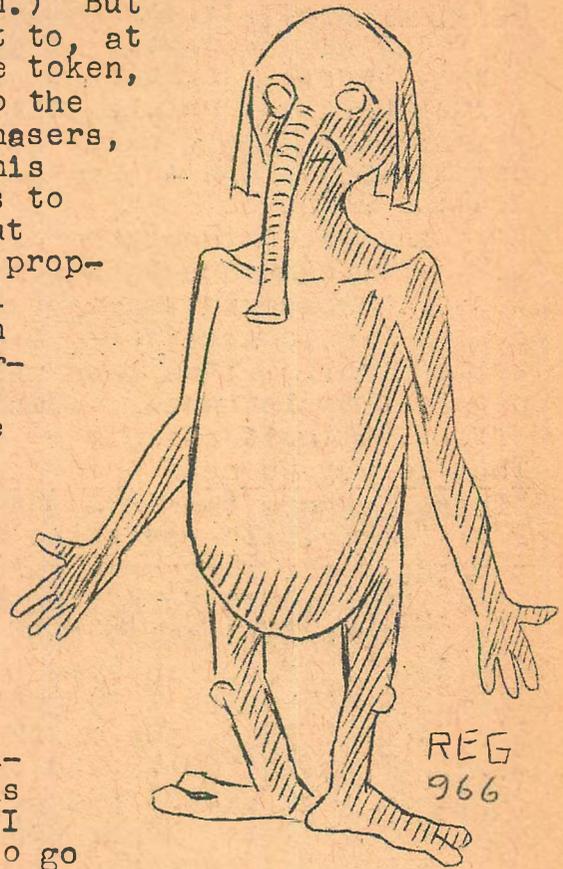
Lewis Grant: the September 3, 1966 issue of America has an article, "A Sample of Scrollduggery" commenting on the Harper's article you mention. The author, who has worked on the scrolls himself, states that the article, like the title on the cover, "The Dead Sea Scrolls: A Threat to Christianity?" makes its points by implication and insinuation. He says that when Allegro attempts to assess the significance of the Scrolls for the origins of Christianity he moves in a dream world of unreality where free association replaces logic. Since the author is a Catholic priest and therefore by Allegro's implications suspect, he quotes other scholars' criticisms of the scholarship of Allegro's previously published works. One group of Allegro's colleagues issued a statement that he was either misreading the texts or building up a "chain of conjectures which the materials do not support."

Fr. Fitzmyer also details several lapses in Allegro's scholarship in this article which are too long to quote here. However, one final point is worth mentioning. Allegro implies that there have been deliberate delays in publishing the texts of the Scrolls because the Christian scholars don't like what they say. After giving some of the reasons for the delays Fr. Fitzmyer points out that Allegro himself has not yet published the volume of the Scrolls which he was entrusted with editing.

Personally, I'm of the belief that a man should be able to do what he likes with his own property. (Within reason: I can see where dynamiting an old stump in front of your



New York City apartment might be frowned on.) But he should be able to choose who he sells it to, at least, even if he is a bigot. (By the same token, he should not be able to write clauses into the sale contract which would bind future purchasers, as Maggie Thompson mentioned; once he has his money, he has no more say over what happens to the property.) This would mean a slower but surer integration of property -- and while property integration is one of the prime racial problems, complete government-enforced open housing will simply lead to more riots, particularly since it will never be enforced equally in all areas. However, real estate agents should be concerned with getting a good price for the house, and nothing else. An owner selling thru an agent should be required to deal with anyone who has the necessary cash; first come, first served. RSC/



Richard Labonte, 20 Pine Circle, R.C.A.F.
Station St. Hubert, Quebec, Canada

You know, you and Robert have been an inspiration. I figured that by the time I was 18, I would be too old for fandom -- which I considered a kid's game. But with a year to go before I reach that old age (in Canada, that's when you start paying into the Canada Pension Plan) I've discovered that fandom is mostly adults working at playing in a field full of fascinating figures (apologies for the unintentional alliteration -- it sounds awful, but that's how it came out). It gives me a good feeling to know that I'm not too old for fandom.

/Gee, if we're an inspiration, you should see Tucker and George Charters tripping over their respective long white beards. RSC/

Banks Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md., 20015

Diana Paxson's review of the Lewis trilogy and rebuttal of Stephen Pickering was very much to the point. Pickering has been deluging fandom with articles calling for an extreme sercon approach (what does he want? Two hundred little literary critics analyzing the Freudian motifs in Robert Moore Williams?); but when he tries to be literary himself he doesn't seem to have much success. As Diana mentioned, he must have read Lewis very superficially, because he made mistakes even about first-level plot incidents. His style in his Lewis review was better than the sesquipedalian diatribes (it's catching!) against fandom he cranks out in such quantity, but still far from good. Buck, as you pointed out in the fanzine reviews, he uses the word "anti-intellectual" as a catch-all derogatory adjective; another of his favorites is "ethnocentric", which he spews forth apparently as a meaningless cuss word. Oh well, he's been getting his lumps all over so I suppose it's supererogatory (I told you it's catching) to add to the stone throwers. Nevertheless, if he tries to dish it out the way he does, he should be prepared to take it.

Going back an issue to your discussion of Carl H. Claudy in Grumblings,

I recall another Claudy serial which I don't think was ever published in book form. It was called THE DOOM TOCSIN, and dealt with a Pellucidar-like hollow earth. I haven't re-read Claudy in years, but I think I still have his books somewhere tucked away in the family attic in North Carolina. Maybe I'll dig them out the next time I'm down there and try them again -- as I recall, they were pretty good.

Why didn't Bruce have a column in #161?

✓ Yes, I thought of DOOM TOCSIN after the comment was printed. I should have remembered it; it first appeared as a two-part serial in American Boy, and thru some sort of confusion over my subscription, I never got the issue containing the second half. I've been waiting for almost 30 years now to find out how it ended. (Won't somebody please reprint the damned thing?)

RSC7

George Fergus, R.R. #4, Angola, Indiana, 46703

In #157 while reviewing the 4th UNCLE book, you wondered about the origin of the full name which is abbreviated to THRUSH. Now I don't know whether Ted Johnstone is the one who devised it, but originally the writers for the TV show hadn't made up any words to go with the THRUSH initials. In some fanzine run thru APA L about a year and a half ago (of which I forget the name), a group of California fans reported that they made up the phrase Technological Hierarchy for the Removal of Undesirables and the Subjugation of Humanity. It seems they obtained some THRUSH badges from a friend connected with the studio, went to a theater where Robert Vaughn was in a stage play, and accosted him outside his dressing room afterwards. The producer of the show, or some such personage, was in the area, and when he observed that THRUSH was merely a make-believe organization, the fake THRUSH agents retorted: "You don't have anything to do with the real THRUSH organization. Why, you don't even know what the THRUSH initials stand for," and proceeded to tell him, to the consternation of Vaughn and the producer. (I forget why they originally chose the THRUSH name. Something to do with the call of a thrush sounding like a death rattle, or something equally as absurd. Actual representation for the initials as with UNCLE is an improvement which they no doubt welcomed.) Anyway, Johnstone was presumably either in on the jape, or heard about it from other area fans, and proceeded to include it in his novel.

A. M. Lightner

Well, we had a most enjoyable trip, half of it through Canada. Would like to tell the Canadian subscribers to Yandro that we think their country is swell, and the people also. Had many interesting talks with folks we met. Also think the average restaurant along the road in Canada produces a far better meal than its counterpart in the USA. I loved Banff, which is more like Switzerland than anything on this continent. Took many beautiful photos; saw a moose browsing in a river; rode in a snowmobile on the Columbia glacier. (If I ever want to write a story about the Antarctic, I'll know how that feels! Quite an experience!)

I found out about a lot of these interesting things to see because I took Teale's book, AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA, along. He covered much the same territory.

I guess I must be the "intuitive" type of writer, according to the article in Yandro. At least, I never have things all plotted out in advance. Developments keep occurring to me as I go along. And if I get to dreaming about the book, I know I'm really going strong. Wish

this really meant that I'm a top writer -- but I fear it takes more than that! However, the many Yandro discussions are certainly interesting. Look forward to hear about the convention.

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53211

I wonder if a really good science fiction series could make it? I have a sneaky suspicion that it could, if it was sneaky enuf and, like the publishers, didn't label it sf. And used all kinds of sf, from borderline things like THE MAN, which lots of people wouldn't really think of as science fiction, to far-out-but-not-monster things like Asimov's NIGHTFALL, or Clarke's RESCUE PARTY. And things in the middle like the one they already did, FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON...

"Star Trek", tho fairly good, has a couple strikes against it before it starts. It apparently is playing it as another adventure series rather than as a serious drama, and therefore has to have its action and monsters. And with the basic background what it is, they are limited to adventures of encountering aliens or alien worlds.

But then, "Outer Limits" wasn't limited that way, but that's almost all they ever did.

Just saw the "King Dinosaur" of Vampire movies. The only one in the whole picture who could act was John Carradine, but then, he acted enuf for the entire cast. The movie was worse than the title, and the title was BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA, which should give you some idea.

Do many Ace books strike you as uneven? Each book uneven within itself, I mean? For instance, BEASTS OF KOHL. (I've been catching up on a lot of reading the last week...) The opening section, with the trip to Earth and the scenes on the original planet, struck me as terribly amateurish. "Go burn us some food.", indeed! Full of dozens of cliches and dull. But then, as soon as they get into the Earth-portion of the story, it picks up tremendously. It still may not be good (it still abounds in almost Burroughs-like coincidences), but at least it became engrossing. There really wasn't any reason for most of the first section. There surely must be a better way of getting into the second half.

Likewise, DAY OF THE MINOTAUR. Terrible until the minotaur takes over the story.

SAGA OF LOST EARTHS, however, was all bad. Wasn't Petaja an artist for Planet?

Later: Finished PHOENIX PRIME and am skipping thru THE COSMOZOIDS (by Robert Tralins, whoever that is), from which, the following (page 58):

"He allowed himself to think of the free ideology from the loins of which he had sprung..."

And page 71: "'Levitation by thought-controlled Photon particles happens to be one of my more proficient accomplishments.'"

And page 133: "...teetering on the brink of the 450' heated liquid helium pool."

page 136: "...erupt like a new-born volcano spitting death and destruction in the form of a liquid helium fireball that set everything on fire within its range."

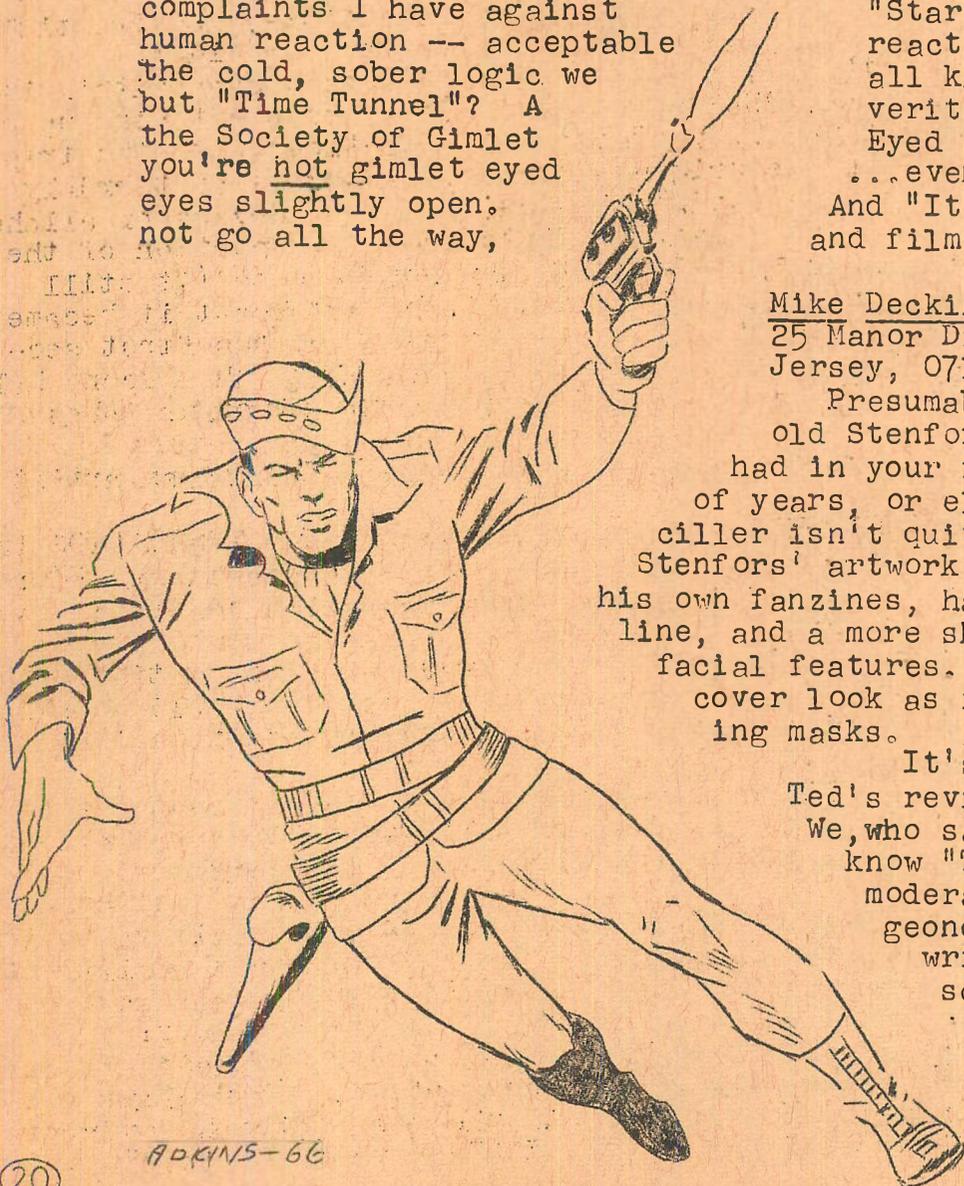
[Gee, I hadn't even seen THE COSMOZOIDS. Is the publisher Paperback Library, by any chance? They seem to have an illiterate stf editor, these days. I don't recall any Petaja illustrations, but I do recall a lot of bad Petaja stories from the old days -- he was the sort of author who made Robert Moore Williams seem good by comparison. (I really do feel that SAGA OF LOST EARTHS is the best thing he ever did.) I disagree that DAY OF THE MINOTAUR was "terrible"

before the minotaur takes over, but the shift in viewpoints was a flaw in the novel. (On the other hand, there has to be some explanation of how the children arrive, and a flash-back would be worse.) Gene enclosed a clipping from, presumably, the Milwaukee paper, concerning "Star Trek". It says "This episode resulted in the series winning a plaque from the world science fiction convention in Cleveland. The series was acclaimed by the delegates as 'the best TV series of the coming season'." Gene comments that he thought the plaque was for some generality like "outstanding achievement", which it was -- actually, of course, it was presented because the series gave us a preview. However, the clipping is technically correct. The "delegates" did acclaim "Star Trek" as the best stf tv series of the coming season (little word omitted there by the paper), and the clipping doesn't say that this was the wording on the award. Read in implications at your own risk; some writers are adept at this sort of thing. (And think of the other implication; that science fiction fans are expert judges of tv shows. I've never seen that one in print before.) RSC And considering what "Star Trek" is up against, I really don't think they're being immodest. All the complaints I have against "Star Trek" are those of human reaction -- acceptable reactions, but lacking in the cold, sober logic we all know and appreciate; but "Time Tunnel"? A veritable bumper crop for the Society of Gimlet Eyed Snobs, or even if you're not gimlet eyed ... even if you've got your eyes slightly open. And "It's About Time"? Why not go all the way, and film "Alley Oop"? JWC/

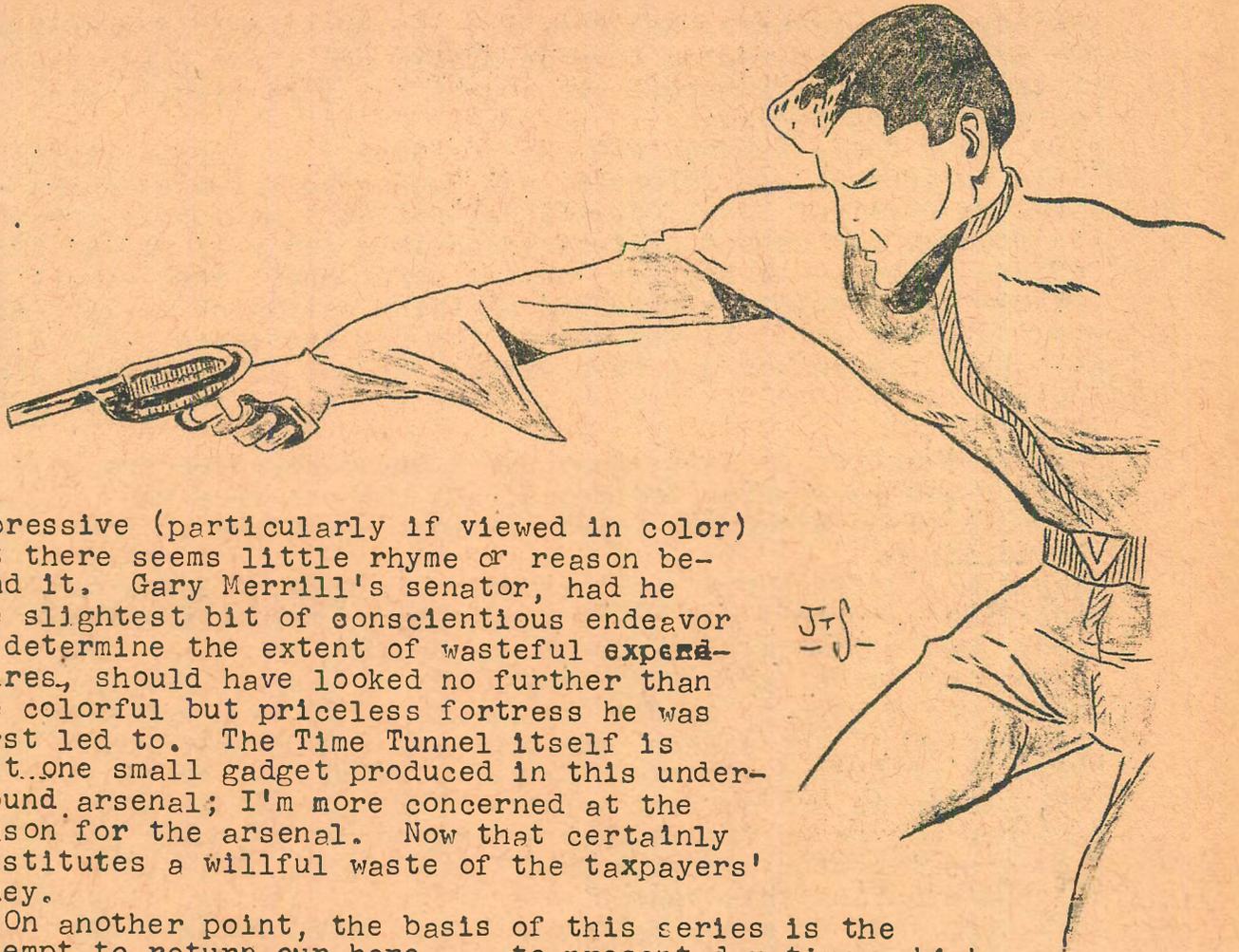
Mike Deckinger, Apartment 12-J,
25 Manor Drive, Newark, New
Jersey, 07106

Presumably this is an old, old Stenfors cover that you've had in your files for a number of years, or else the chief stenciller isn't quite herself today. Stenfors' artwork, as it appeared in his own fanzines, had a better flow of line, and a more sharply defined set of facial features. The girls on the cover look as if they're all wearing masks.

It's easy to agree with Ted's review of "Time Tunnel". We, who saw this at the Tricon know "Time Tunnel" has a moderately good idea bludgeoned to death by poor writing, acting, and scientific background. as Ted notes, the special effects in the opening sequence are properly



ADKINS-66



impressive (particularly if viewed in color) but there seems little rhyme or reason behind it. Gary Merrill's senator, had he the slightest bit of conscientious endeavor to determine the extent of wasteful expenditures, should have looked no further than the colorful but priceless fortress he was first led to. The Time Tunnel itself is just one small gadget produced in this underground arsenal; I'm more concerned at the reason for the arsenal. Now that certainly constitutes a willful waste of the taxpayers' money.

On another point, the basis of this series is the attempt to return our hero to present-day time, which is inevitably futile, and projects him into still some other time zone. Let's look into this Time Tunnel, after all. As far as I can see this machine is a total failure. It can only project a subject into time, but can not retrieve him with any accuracy and return him to the time of his departure. So not only is this device worthless, but also dangerous. An investigation is in order.

I also saw the first episode of the much-praised "Star Trek" last night. I'm disappointed that Gene Roddenberry felt it necessary to inject a monster into the story, possibly on the assumption that this "sneak preview" would draw a lot of juvenile viewers who would appreciate a monster more than their elders. The story was just a little bit too familiar, though several commendable plot twists were tried which did the story no harm. There is much potential for this series, if Roddenberry can forget the fickle tastes of the kids.

"The Woman of Trees" was pretty poor. Even the opening sentence is awkward and badly phrased. There's a gift for creating acceptable mood phrases that convey the atmosphere without becoming too sophomoric or overdone, I don't know what this rule is, and Fulton doesn't either. But, with some needed rewriting, this story, or one very similar, would have probably sold to Weird Tales of 15 years ago. Hardly a compliment, you'll recognize, but it does show there was a market for this sort of thing at one time.

We have the Muhammad Speaks salesman in Newark, too. This isn't surprising; Newark's population is more than 50% Negro, and it's been predicted in twenty years there will be a colored mayor. I usually ignore

these misplaced Ivy Leaguers, and they have never attempted to solicit me. Sales are usually directed towards middle and lower class Negroes. Truck drivers and manual laborers are sought out more readily than colored bankers or businessmen.

If Lewis Grant feels McLuhan's books are dense, he should listen to the man talk in person. An interview was conducted between McLuhan and several newsmen over our local educational outlet some months ago. The questions directed him seemed perfectly sensible and well within the context of his field. His replies, on the other hand, were adroit verbal deliveries that completely obscured anything pertinent he may have been trying to bring out. It was one of the few instances where I knew even less, after the answer had been given. He and J.G. Ballard make a perfect match.

No, as a matter of fact, that was a brand new Stenfors cover, and as Juanita mentioned, all but one face was stencilled by Stenfors. Maybe it lost something in the translation. RSC

But Mike, Roddenberry can't ignore the "fickle tastes of the kids". Didn't you catch his intro to the film at the con? Can't you imagine why he was shaking in his boots, expecting to be tarred and feathered? I suspect Roddenberry would love to ignore the fickle public and put some genuine sf on the screen, the type you and DeWeese would fall on with glad cries; but as he pointed out, he can't-- television is the current version of bread and circuses, and one has to be frightfully sneaky to get anything past the lowest common denominator of mediocrity. I'll be watching during this season with interest, trying to see how many bits of meaty matter and plot twist Roddenberry can slide under the door; I suggest you do likewise, and let him and the sponsor (Dupont, for example) know, when this occurs, that you approve. JWC7

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M., 87107

I'll have to agree, Juanita, in regards to discrimination against women inasmuch as I can see it practised at Sparton Southwest where I "work". The lead woman in the electronics assembly area is certainly much more qualified to be the chief honcho there than the chap who is currently the supervisor, but he is and she isn't and it is strictly because he is a he and she is a she. She knows more about what to do and how to do it that he will ever learn, but company policy says the supervisor will be a man. Sure, it's discrimination, but there is little that can be done about it.

Incidentally, she represents one of the few cases where I go along with women working...her husband is an invalid so she's the breadwinner. Most of the married women at the plant are working just to get away from the kids or to buy that color tv set. The single gals are working with one eye on their work and the other on the eligible men.

But no, I won't lock claws with you over the subject. I'm prejudiced and admit it -- women belong at home with the kids. Period.

This is the first Stenfors art I've seen in ages. Fond memories of Candy F and Nights of Snog. Only one issue of that last, as I recall.

Gad, inflation gets to everything. I remember when Family Circle was a giveaway. And that was a long time ago...I'm trying to picture you running stencils backwards (paragraph 3 of "Ramblings")...What we need is a fan for PMG who could get a ruling that amateur magazines with a

circulation of less than, oh, 500 could have special postage rates like 1½¢ an ounce or so. There isn't much on television at night either. But reports indicate that it isn't the farmer who's responsible for higher food costs --- he still comes out on the short end. As a matter of fact a recent House of Representatives investigation into the subject concluded that no one is responsible for higher food prices. That's our House of Representatives for you.

Wyandotte Cave sounds interesting. Primitive yet with gasoline lanterns and all. We went to Colorado on vacation and visited the places I never went to when I lived there. Typical tourists. Made the Cave of the Winds in Manitou Springs, which is strictly a commercial enterprise ---but then the whole damned Pike's Peak region is strictly a commercial enterprise. Cave of the Winds is smallish as they say, the only cave where you enter at a low level and climb upwards. Tour takes about an hour. Electrically lighted and all that. Nothing spectacular but some very interesting formations. Got its name from the wind's moaning in one entrance and out another, but that entrance has been sealed so the wind doesn't moan any more. Pity. No slippery limestone floors there, Buck. Good solid concrete has eliminated any hazards to tourists. We also did all, well not quite all, of the other tourist traps like the summit of Pike's Peak, Mount Manitou (where a cable car hauls you to the top and the incline is 60'), and Cheyenne Mountain and all. Fun. From there we went on to the headwaters of the Rio Grande. Figured that since it almost flows by the door we might as well see where it started. Beautiful country there. You want to show Bruce some hills? Take him to Colorado and show him some of those 14,000 footers.

With Jaundiced Eye...well, for all its faults I should think that Time Tunnel will be infinitely superior to that thing CBS is going to run this season called "It's About Time". Caught about a ten minute preview of it a few nights ago. That's enough to do me all season. (Hey, how come I got two pages 7-8?) (Which reminds me...Speer handed me a copy of Synapse at the last Alb. SF Club meeting. I scanned it and discovered that I had repeat pages in it but no page 5 or page 11. A couple days later comes an envelope from Speer...one sheet with page 5 on one side and page 11 on the other....) I'm waiting patiently for Star Trek which reports indicate may be fairly good. And one of the outlets here is going to rerun "The Outer Limits" which, I guess, has been syndicated. One wonders why such as Judy Merrill are tolerated at SF gatherings?

The checklist of Hugo winners is valuable. I don't know for what but it is valuable. Interesting to see how the awards have stacked up over the years. ASF far out in front as best magazine.

Scanning the lettercol---it would seem that one needs a two-sided yardstick in trying to evaluate stf: side one---is it good science fiction? side two---is it good literature? I'm a side one man, myself.

Is this the very same Joe Sarno who did a naked lady film called "Naked Fog"?

Gad, you gave a whole page to JAN OF THE JUNGLE and on the strength of that I went out and bought a copy.

✓ I'll agree with you that it's the man's duty to support his family. But if his wife is crazy enough to want to work, I'd be the last to stop her. And she should definitely be judged (for salary, promotion, etc.) on her capability, not her sex. I've worked with a hell of a lot of women who were being overpaid---even if they were getting the \$1.25 minimum wage they were being overpaid---and a few who were indispensable and not given sufficient recognition or money.

RSC/

Robert Briney, 176 E. Stadium Avenue, West
Lafayette, Indiana, 47906

Just to set the record straight (if anyone cares) re: Sax Rohmer (Y162, p29): EMPEROR FU is one of the "obscure titles originally published as paperbacks by another firm". To be exact, by Gold Medal, in 1959. The other "obscure title" is RE-ENTER FU (Gold Medal, 1957). Both books appeared in hard covers in England, but only as paperbacks here. Pyramid has not yet issued RE-ENTER, though presumably they intend doing so.

As for THE DREAM DETECTIVE, it is even older than you think. Some of the stories appeared in magazines as early as 1915 (Munsey's).

One of these days I'll get around to organizing my Rohmer bibliography for publication...

Joe Sarno: The song "Wonder Mother" is indeed from the Reprise record, but there was also a radio serial of that name which ran on the local radio station. Strictly for local consumption (full of references to Purdue landmarks, etc.); it only

lasted for a few installments. It was abysmally bad.

The news that Munn's KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE is coming out in paperback is very welcome. I remember enjoying it very much when I first read it. There are several other serials from Weird Tales that I'd like to see reprinted in paperback: like, how about a Pyramid or Ace edition of THE BLACK DRAMA or FEARFUL ROCK (both by Manly Wade Wellman)?

J. A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada

Very many thanks for the June Yandro received here yesterday. Derek Nelson happened to be passing through here on his way east and read it. He is indeed the person responsible for that copy of Canada Month that you ask about on page 4. Seems there was some sort of promotion gimmick, renew early and send copies to your friends FREE, or some such, and he naturally thought of you. However, if you want to read a reasonable Canadian journal of opinion I must say I, personally, would rate Saturday Night far higher than Canada Month. Can't seem to find the last issue of Saturday Night, but enclosed with this you will find the one before the last.

There has often been discussion in Yandro and elsewhere in the fan press of the disappearance of periodicals, going under as a result of the pbs. Isn't it true of nearly all magazines and not just the stf ones, and moreover of those for whom pbs should provide no competition whatever? Most magazines to which I subscribe seem to be desperate for renewals. In the old days there used to be a small reduction, 10 or 15% if you renewed early; fair enough, saved them the nuisance of destroying an address stencil and then having to make another. Now they virtually give you the magazine at half price. That instance of Derek's Canada Month for you is only one example among many; I am thinking much more about the last appeal I had from Harper's to renew. I think all

periodicals, except the heavily subsidized trade journals, see the handwriting on the wall. Soon there will be only two types of magazines left: highly specialized ones, like trade journals, and those meant to catch the eye on the newsstand and be thrown away 20 minutes later, like Playboy's imitators. Anything between those two extremes, like Harper's, will probably find the going just as rough as Galaxy or any other of the stf mags. Stimmen Sie über ein?

✓You're right. The fiction magazines are the hardest hit; to sell fiction nowadays you have to sell to a mag that lies about its contents, like True Confessions. The stf and detective mags (and Ranch Romances, of all the unlikely westerns to survive!) are among the last. People who used to read magazine fiction now watch tv, it would seem; or they buy paperbacks. But why do they buy paperbacks? The magazine packaging, with the pretty pictures and all, is more attractive. Do they prefer novels, or is the pb format more convenient?
RSC
Some women may prefer to buy a pb instead of a digest sized magazine because it will fit better in the average woman's purse.
JWC/

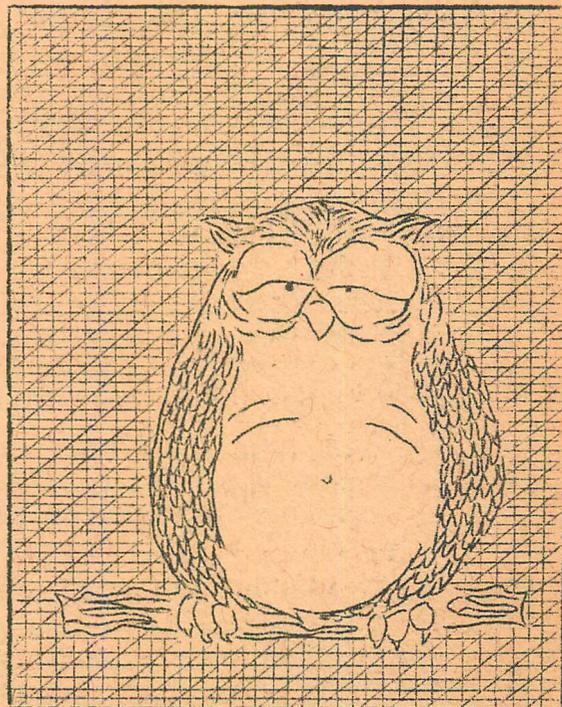
Calvin T. Beck, Gothic Castle Publishing Co, Box 43, Hudson Hts. Sta., North Bergen, New Jersey

I don't know whether Bhcb Stewart made it clear, but fact is that I think his plan behind sending advance copies of CoF #9 and the Annual was to promulgate the fact that we're trying to let amateur SFantasy publishers know that we're "behind them".

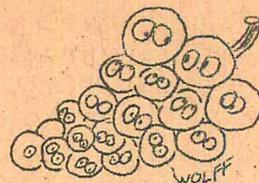
Whether or not "hard core" SF'ers deem us worthy enough to pick up the gauntlet, wear the mantle, etc. (for, to all exterior appearances, we "seem" to be a "monster mag") isn't so important as what good may get to be accomplished. Of course, we definitely do not consider ourselves a "monster mag" per se -- we leave this dubious honor to Ackerman's publication and his unceasing flow of lousy imitations (I gather that ALL 3 or 4 of the newest things bearing the word monster somewhere on their covers have already folded or are about to.)

One cannot publish a mag like CoF, of course, without being aware of the problem that sooner or later someone's bound to say, "It is, of course, an imitation of Forry Ackerman's FAMOUS MONSTERS." At least let it be known that CoF would have come into being with or without the 4e-zine on the scene. The idea came to my mind back in 1955 when I first began turning in free-lance material to the Weider Publishing Co.

✓The above is what I consider the basics, cut from a 3-page letter. I hope I have at least kept the major points. Certainly stf fandom can use some more publicity (only no more for YANDRO, please!) The guy who gets into print first gets the credit (vide Lehrer's "Lobachevsky") ✓



STRANGE FRUIT



I received an ad from The International Fortean Organization, which is looking for open minds and "Fortean" phenomena. They propose publishing a quarterly journal. If you're interested, write to The International Fortean Organization, 801 No. Daniel St, Arlington, Va. 22201. Membership is \$3.00 per year. (I'm not interested in the slightest.)

THE LASFS ALBUM (Al Lewis, 4600 Kester Ave, Apt. D, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91405 - one-shot - \$1.00) This is #1 of a series of "The LASFS Papers", covering the history of the LA club, and as far as I'm concerned it may be the only one worth getting. I'm not terribly interested in fan history, but I am interested in stf authors, and this fanzine includes the first photos I've ever seen of such stalwarts as Arthur K. Barnes, Cleve Cartmill, Bryce Walton, Ross Rocklyne, Stuart J. Byrne, and others. (You say you never heard of any of them? Neofan!) A total of 22 pages of photos with captions.

SKYRACK #92 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Gt. Britain - monthly - 6 for 50¢, or 6 for \$1, airmail) Send the money to me; I'm the US agent. This has primarily British news, but includes the Hugo results; Ron got a clean "scoop" over US newsletters in this event. For fans interested in what's going on in fandom.

FOCAL POINT #22 (Mike McInerney, Apt. 5FE, 250 West 16th. St., New York, N.Y. 10011 - monthly - 3 for 25¢, longer subs not accepted) Mike cornered me at the TriCon, looked sad, and accused me of reviewing a recent "fake" FOCAL POINT for real. (Shows how much interest I have in fan news.) Actually, Mike, I didn't so much review it as mention it -- I had a lot of fanzines coming in that month, and I probably didn't even read it. Anyway, FOCAL POINT covers US fan (and some professional) news. And here's issue #23, farther down in the stack.

RATATOSK #36, 38 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) Issue #37 must have gone astray in the mail... Here's more fan and pro news. A larger amount of overlap among the three newsletters than usual this time; quite often their news coverage will be entirely separate.

HAVERINGS #23 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, Gt. Britain - 6 for 25¢ - US Agent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley Calif. 94701) "A fanzine of comment upon fanzines received by the editor." (She doesn't like to have her comments called "fanzine reviews" - considering the average quality of her comments as opposed to the average fanzine review, I don't blame her.) A fanzine worth getting to find out what other fanzine publishers are doing.

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #11 (John Boston, Box 2841, Station B, Vanderbilt Univ., Nashville, Tenn. 37203) An excellent checklist/review of new stf books. However, John says he's not sure he can continue publishing while in college, so we'll see when and if the next issue appears.

NFFF TAPE BUREAU NEWSLETTER #4 (Ann F. Ashe, R.D. L, Freeville, N.Y. 13068) The Bureau is building a library of fan and stfnal tapes, which will be copied and circulated to members. If you're interested, write Ann. I'm not a member and have extremely limited interest in the project.

I was handed a copy of SCIENCE FICTION TIMES at the TriCon -- it isn't dead, after all -- but I was also told that it's now under new management, so I'll wait and see what the new address, price, schedule, etc. is before reviewing it. (The new management consists of Frank Prieto, publisher, and James Ashe, editor.)

WSFA JOURNAL #28 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - biweekly - price not listed in this issue) Primarily news of the Washington, D.C. club, but also includes book and magazine reviews, and this issue features a Midwestcon report by Jay Kay Klein.

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #1, 2, 3 (John Bangsund, 19 Gladstone Ave, Northcote N.16, Melbourne, Australia - 12 for \$3.60) The three issues are dated June, August and September; you figure out the schedule. This one reminds me strongly of ZENITH. It's devoted to a serious study of science fiction, but it's not so serious as to be stuffy. Australian writers are featured, but British and American books and writers are also reviewed. The reproduction is excellent. Material has included articles by Brian Aldiss, A. Bertram Chandler, John Carnell, and other professionals as well as fans. (Not that professionals necessarily write better articles than fans, but an article, say, on Chandler's "Rim" series is more effective when it's by Chandler, as it is here, than when it is by someone else trying to guess what it all means. Similarly, John Carnell can do a better article on the British sf market than any fan could.) I wouldn't be surprised to see ASFR on the Hugo ballot next year.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol.25 #2/3 (I think that means 2 and 3, not two-thirds - free to N3F members, 25¢ to outsiders) If you want to become an N3F member, send \$2 to Janie Lamb, and when you get your questionnaire, put my name down as "sponsoring member" and foul up their books. (Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 37754) Mostly club news, but there is information for outsiders, too, reviews, a list (incomplete) of all the Hugo nominees since 1959 (plus the information, which I'd forgotten, that before 1959 there were no nominating ballots), and Don Miller's proposal for a ~~Great Society~~ better club.

PANIC BUTTON #16 (Les Nirenberg, 4748 Dundas West, Islington, Ont., Canada - 50¢) This is the last issue; it was produced in 1964 and never mailed out (I hope that address is still good). Les was selling a few of them at the TriCon as a sideline while filming the convention for Canadian tv. (One of the cameramen panned down the row of old mags and paperbacks I was selling; if you want to know what I have for sale, watch your friendly neighborhood tv station. I wasn't included, and I might say that the implication that a row of old magazines is more photogenic than I am is sort of insulting.) I won't even guarantee that Les will ever get around to mailing you an issue if you send him 50¢, but it's worth a gamble. The mag is dedicated to advancing the causes of humor, civil rights, and pornography, more or less in that order, and it's worth 50¢ just for Tuli Kupferberg's parody of "The Congo". ("Thin red necks in a smoke filled room, Court-house kings, with minds unstable, Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table, Pound it on the table, Beat an Olivetti with the handle of a broom.....")

THE PULP ERA #64 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee Press, Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - bimonthly - 35¢) This issue Lynn devotes space to several pulp mags I never heard of before; THE GRAY GOOSE, RED STAR MYSTERY, et al. Don Wollheim mentions a whole flock of them; I'd heard of WAR STORIES, but ZEPPELIN STORIES? You're pulling my leg. This is recommended to anyone interested in them crazy old magazines they used to sell.

CLARGES #4 (Lon Atkins, Box 660, Huntsville, Alabama 35804 - no price listed) This is the final issue; another promising fan falls under the spell of apa publishing. A shame; this was one of the best of the new mags. You might ask for one, and see if he still has any. Contents include Jerry Page's army memoirs, faan fiction by Charles Wells and the editor, and another South African letter from Roger Clegg.

COMIC ART #6 (Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060 - irregular - 50¢) One of the few adult-oriented magazines dealing with the comics. (I used to think it was the only one, but I guess there are one or two others.) This includes a couple of great reprints: "The Masked Marvels of Mollusc-on-the-Marsh" by George Scithers, and "Newsweek Meets Alter Ego", by Roy Thomas. They both contain the sort of humor that I'd like to see in YANDRO. (As a matter of fact, "Masked Marvels" will be in YANDRO, but not until after it's had a year or so rest from this publication.) Of course, I'd prefer humor based on science fiction, but comics-based humor is acceptable, in a pinch. Dick Lupoff continues his scientific prodding of comicfan egos, and there are even some fairly serious items which are written well enough to interest non-comics fans. Highly recommended; let's put Don's circulation up to 600 copies, next time.

LUNA #5 (Frank Dietz, 1750 Walton Ave, Bronx 53, New York - more or less quarterly - 15¢ or 4 for 50¢) After a rather long delay; Frank continues his presentations of past convention speeches. This issue includes a so-so performance by Richard Matheson from 1954, a usually good Campbell speech from the same year, a fine item by Randy Garrett from 1963, and a Frank R. Paul speech from the first Worldcon, presumably included for historical interest. About all it says is what a great thing science fiction is and what fine, forward-looking people fans are. Campbell, as usual, is boosting psi and tossing out ideas right and left. Garrett concentrates on the horrors of an author deprived of ~~pppzz~~ comment on his work, and exhorts fans to write letters of comment. Even if they aren't printed. A generally worthwhile fanzine.

BOFF #2 (Don D'Amassa, B331 Bryan Hall, Michigan State Univ., East Lansing, Michigan 48823 - quarterly? - 25¢) Major item is a 28-page piece of faan-fiction by the editor. (I'm not sure what it's all about because I gave up after 7 or 8 pages.) There is also an article by D'Amassa and George Fergus, on the alternate universe resulting from a change in the outcome of the wars of Alexander's successors. Unfortunately, 18 pages is too short for adequate coverage of all the changes from then until now, so all extraneous material such as background and some of the proofs has been excised, and I went all thru it muttering "now, waitaminnit....why should this cause produce the effect given and not a different one which seems equally probable?" (I never got an answer.) Anyone with a good basic knowledge of ancient history -- better than mine, I mean -- should have a lot of fun with this. There is also a review of The Worm Ouroboros (which wasn't really all that good), and Fergus gives a brief rundown on spy novels.

DOUBLE BILL #15 (Bill Mallard, 214 Mackinaw Ave, Akron, Ohio 44313 - irregular - this issue 50¢, others 30¢ or 4 for \$1 - co-editors, Bill Bowers and Earl Evers) D:B is again concerned with poetry, with Lloyd Biggle giving advice on how to write it, and various others including Roger Zelazny giving examples. There is the usual variety of fiction (again including one by Zelazny), reviews, editorials, columns, and letters. It's never impressed me as an all-time great fanzine, but it's one that I read on arrival, and there aren't too many like that.

THE SCARR #110 (George L. Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, No. Ireland - no price or schedule listed) George seems to be on a "scale three" numbering system, whatever that is; I have enough trouble with binary. He lets himself go on the puns this time, from an aristocratic regiment that always charged with fixed baronets to a feghoot that ends with "every clod has a liver shining". I enjoyed it all tremendously. There are even book reviews, tho he seems to have been reading bad to mediocre American stf lately, rather than the hilariously bad British stf he usually encounters. A fine fanzine.

STROON #1, 2 (M.I.T. Science Fiction Society, Room W20-443, MIT, 77 Massachusetts Ave, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - no price or schedule listed) This seems to be dedicated to oddball humor and Cordwainer Smith; I'm with them halfway. The type of humor...well, in the first issue, there is a list of the goodies forthcoming in future issues, such as "listing of U.S. submarines by hull number, areas and populations of uninhabited Australian External Territories," and other such items. Issue #2 has a six-page list of US submarines, together with what presumably are their hull numbers, plus a World Almanac type report on the external territories of the Commonwealth of Australia. It's the sort of thing one either finds funny or finds no point in whatsoever. Personally, I find it funny. There are all sorts of odd little items; other editors spend hours trying to locate stuff like this for interesting filler, and here are pages and pages of it. The M.I.T. group is a highly entertaining bunch of nuts.

THE SANGREAL RUBLOON #1 (Alan Shaw, 20-35 Seagirt Blvd, Far Rockaway, New York 11691 - irregular - 25¢ - only one-copy purchases acceptable) Also devoted to humor, I think. Larry Janifer talks about the advantages of having enemies. (Talks? No, no; writes.) Maybe I should look into this; I don't even know positively if I have any enemies. I mostly ignore the people I don't like, so if they consider themselves my enemies I never find out about it. (Oh, occasionally they say nasty things about me, but I don't know if they consider that an act of enmity or if they're just too clot-headed to know any better. Or even if they're joking.) Ted White begins what is presumably a series of profiles of New York fans. John Boardman has some parody fanzine reviews, but I can't decide whether he's parodying a particular reviewer -- if it's me, I've seen a lot better parodies, and if it's someone else I don't pay that much attention to the original -- or simply knocking down straw men again. (I see he's never recovered from my telling him that his fanzines weren't worth trading for; I've received a lot more enjoyment from John since I quit speaking to him than I ever did while I was trading and corresponding.) A good first effort.

LES SPINGE #15 (Darroll Pardoe, 38 Perrins Lane, Stourbridge, Worcs, Gt. Britain - irregular? - trade or review) It's back again, with a new editor. (I keep thinking that Alan Burns started this, and Ken Cheslin took over from him, but it's at least equally likely that Cheslin founded the mag and my memory is out. The file is buried and I'm not going to dig it up to find out.) Anyway, Pardoe is new. He says he doesn't want to encourage subscriptions, but if anyone has an unfilled sub from the Cheslin period, write in and let him know. Ken destroyed the old mailing list. There's a column by Pete Weston, humor by Berry and Cheslin, and an odd bit from Geoff Winterman. "Fannish" contributions are requested for future issues. A promising new start. (I seem to be full of clichés tonight.....)

ZARATHUSTRA #5 (Joni Markwood, One Fonthill Park, Rochester, New York 14618 - "sort of monthly" - 25¢) More humor. "A Contribution To The Mathematical Theory of Big Game Hunting" seemed a bit long for the number of laughs it provoked, but then maybe a mathematician would have thought it

was funnier. Then there was a short item on bridge bidding; I don't play bridge and Juanita says she bids like that all the time and what's so funny about it? I did enjoy the parody-review of Ballard, though; I don't like Ballard. If it wasn't the fifth issue, it would be an excellent first effort. Well, it's a good comeback issue; how's that?

HIPPOCAMPELEPHANTOCAMELOS #4 (Fred Hollander, Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Calif. 91109 - irregular? - no price listed) In the late summer, young fans turn to humor, apparently. This has more on the FanOmatic Steam-roller Ditto, more or less humorous fiction, and a letter from Redd Boggs imploring LASFS members to make the club seem more glamorous. There is also a surprisingly good (well, it surprised me) serious article on British mythology. Fanzines are better than ever.

RANDOM #1 (I think) (John L. Robinson, Jr, Box 19142, AFSCC, Kelly AFB, Texas 78241 - irregular - 25¢ - co-editor, James W. Williams, Jr.) There was an obnoxious loudmouth at the TriCon who someone said was named Jim Williams; not the same one, I hope. This is almost entirely book reviews, though a few verses sneak in at the end. Some quite interesting books are reviewed, as well as the usual stf line. (I don't agree with a lot of the reviews, but that's a minor detail; the more varied opinions that are expressed, the better.)

ZINGARO #8 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Drive, Highland Park, Ill. 60035 - quarterly - 25¢) Major item is three pages of Midwestcon photos. For a change from the usual fan photo section, these are all properly captioned. However, in at least two cases the identification runs from right to left instead of the usual left to right. So when I look at the photo of Trevor Hearndon and Mike Patterson, neither of which I know by sight, I haven't the vaguest idea of which is which. The odds are that Hearndon is the one on the left, but I can't be sure. There are also book and fanzine reviews, and letters. Hard to comment on, since book and fanzine reviews are mostly a matter of personal judgment.

KALKI #3 (James N. Hall, 202 Taylor Ave, Crystal City, Missouri 63019 - irregular - available for "any sincere indication of interest") This is the fanzine devoted to the works of James Branch Cabell; since I've never read any of the works of James Branch Cabell, I can't say much about it. It seems a quite literate publication, albeit not very well mimeographed. (Tho I'm interested in the process used on the cover and one interior page; it could be Xerox, diazo, or maybe even Thermofax, but it doesn't exactly resemble any of them. Diazo would seem the most likely.) Definitely for Cabell fans; maybe for others.

GRIMOIRE #2 (David Hall, 202 Taylor Ave, Crystal City, Missouri 63019 - irregular - 20¢) This one boasts swords and sorcery (or extols ex-trolls). Same bad reproduction as above, but the material is again good. It's no AMRA, but what else is? Verse, reviews, fiction, letters.

QUIP #3 (Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11043 - 50¢ - quarterly) A thick fannish fanzine. There is a 21-page con report, if you care for that sort of thing, anonymous fanzine reviews, Ted White's opinion on how to produce a popular fanzine, columns, editorials, and letters. A good example of its type, and worth more than a 6-line review, but I'm running out of space.

FANAC LESS THAN INFINITY (Mike Ward, 116 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass. 02142 - one-shot - no price listed) Entirely editor-written, including another con report. I enjoyed it, but nobody who tapes 7 New Christy Minstrels albums can be all good. Humor, personal experiences, information on the N.I.T. science fiction society.