

WANDRO



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YANDRO 175

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PLANET POEMS --- --- --- 7: URANUS

Past the delicate tops,
Twirling on pinpoints
I bound about the sun on my side.
Some might think me unbalanced
To see my mad ramble
But gravity, a democrat,
Treats all of us alike,
With no consideration
For the right side up.

....Rick Norwood



There are few things less inducive to editorial writing than a typical mid-western autumn afternoon. If the weather happens to be nice, it is exquisitely nice, with balmy, just right breezes and beautiful autumn foliage that begs to be enjoyed, hiked through, and photographed.

Then you have the other 90% of the days, like today -- which is dominated by a steady and depressing drizzle.

Either way, you're stuck.

For quite some years (as long time readers are well aware) I have been frequently all but flogging myself into writing

an editorial every month. I fully appreciate the number of newspaper columnists who have occasionally signed off with regrets to their fans, confessing the well of inspiration was running dry...because I haven't yet found the well of inspiration; coming up with something --- anything --- to say each month has always been difficult for me, and filling up these two pages a task I put off to the very last minute.

So when we went to get a new typewriter I found myself viewing the prospect with mixed emotions. Buck's poor old overworked LCSmith was actually squeaking with each return of the carriage, and we'd found out the hard way that my Royal portable wouldn't cut stencils....and, logically, if we were going to get a stencil cutter, we should get a machine that could give us the most wordage per page: an elite. But more wordage per page is precisely what I don't want in "Ramblings". In the rest of the zine, fine -- maybe it will enable us to finally make a dent in the backlog of material. Additionally, after wrestling these many years with the LCSmith, this machine is rather a joy to use (even if it doesn't cut capital M's and W's very well unless I restrike them several times). It has those lovely repeat keys and power space, too, which speeds up the process, and a tab key (my Royal portable has no tab keys whatsoever, a fact which bev DeWeese found croggling)....now all I have to do is learn to use the tab key; since I never used one while I was learning to type - on the Royal portable - tab keys still seem rather arcane and easily-forgotten devices.

As Buck remarks elsewhere in this issue, this elite type certainly does save space.

With luck, perhaps I can persuade Bruce that "coulumn" writing is fun -- to the point where he will eagerly fill up a whole page with his own natterings, and I can go back to one-page editorials, like in the old days. Any of you out there remember those one-page editorials, gang? Oh, Tucker does, of course, but I mean these of you who were around before the flood.

* * * * *

It is a marvelous surprise to discover one isn't just monumentally lazy, but rather that one has some obscure (and non-lethal) disease. For about three weeks I have been getting steadily and steadily more and more drowsy, to the point where I did not dare sit down to read a chapter from a book or a newspaper article --- I kept falling asleep halfway through the first page. When it got to the stage where I was staggering unless I got 12 hours sleep a day, I decided maybe I wasn't just subconsciously goofing off. I was informed that oh yes indeed I had something and it even had a name. (This was an interesting change from the doctor we had when we lived in Wabash -- no matter what ailed you, his comment was "My, you've certainly got It, haven't you?", unnerving and vastly uninformative.) Our current doctor reeled off something ending in "post viral encephalitis"...then rushed into reassurances that I would not end up in a hospital out

of my head with fever and raving like a maniac. He further informed me he'd had a bout with this stuff himself --- which may or may not be encouraging (he's the doctor who told me migraine was "all in my head"). At any rate, I have been told my brain is not softening, given something to help me wake up and help get rid of some toxins and feel a minimum of 50% better than I did half a week earlier. Modern medicine certainly is a wonderful thing.

Even if it did take away my excuse for wallowing in shuteye 12 hours a day.

Just as well though, since it looks as though one other woman and I will end up being den mothers to 31 Cub Scouts. I expect to be crouched in a corner and gibbering by Thanksgiving if we don't get some help. Actually, the kids don't bother me as much as their parents; most parents of the boys of scout age at Bruce's school are enthusiastic about the idea of Cub Scouts ... until they are asked to help. I appreciate that a number of women have jobs away from home, but not all of them. It is the same little non-employed group of wives which claims it "hasn't the time" for Cubs which yells the loudest when a meeting has to be canceled because the one volunteer who was willing to be a Den Mother collapses with the flu.

Interestingly, these people who are all so eager to let George or Georgina do the work for them who seem to be the loudest screamers about Federal "intervention" in politics. At least, this is the case in this area. The people who seem to do most of the work, locally, with school, civic projects, being clerks at polling places and whatnot, are too tired to expend much energy yelling about abstracts. I'm all in favor of local management myself, do it yourself rather than call for outside help... my end of this boxfull of half-built birdhouses and whatnot is getting rather heavy.

Subscriber Sue Ward called long distance (to ask about the Hugos) and commented our editorials made the reader feel like one of the family, and "how did it feel to have a family composed of 250+ members"? You really want to know? I always suspected you were all a bunch of sadists out there...

JWC

A COLUMNS

by
Bruce Edward Coulson

Well, this is No. 2 in my more regular (I hope) "coulumn". My mom and dad got a Smith Corona electric typewriter and I'm using mom's old typewriter to write this coulumn.

Another thing I can think of is that I'm going to be ten next issue.

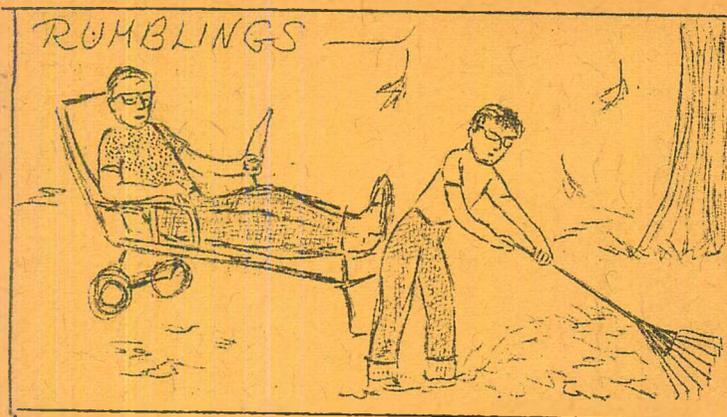
My teacher this year is Mrs. Stephenson. The third graders are afraid of her, but she isn't so bad, once you get used to her.

We seem to be having a "broken window" epidemic in Roll, where I go to school. There's at least one window broken in the gym, and a friend told me that someone is shooting windows out of the Roll Church! They've stopped that, though -- by having a light in the church and letting him think that there's someone in the church.

BEC



MT. DOOM



These may be the last stencils cut on the old L. C. Smith. We'd been wanting another typewriter for some time; finally we decided that whenever one of us made another sale, we'd get one. Juanita has had a second novel accepted by Ace, so on the strength of that we went down and bought a Smith-Corona electric portable, Model 120. Eventually it should be used for all stencil cutting, but this time I'm in a

hurry and I'm used to a manual and don't feel like handling an electric. The office supply store we dealt with talked themselves out of some money from us. I had intended to get this typewriter cleaned as well as buy a new one. The repairman came around, looked at it, and said in his opinion it wasn't worth the cost of repairs; we should trade it in. So I asked the salesman what it was worth on a trade; he said \$5 or \$10. I took it back home, cleaned it myself, and if I lay off the stencils I expect it to work perfectly for years. Of course, we now have 5 typewriters in the house (but only 3 in decent condition -- anyone in fandom interested in purchasing two genuine antique Corona portables? They're at least 50 years old, and one of them still works, more or less...the second is mostly for cannibalizing parts from.)

We also have a record player that works perfectly in the shop and distorts the sound when we play it at home. Grmsh.

A few notices: There will be an Octocon in Sandusky on October 7 and 8. Come to think of it, that's about the time this issue will be mailed out, so there isn't much use in providing more information on that.

Bob Briney sent us a report on the award winners at the NyCon:

- Best Novel - The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress, by Heinlein
- Best Novelet - The Last Castle, by Jack Vance
- Best Short Story - Neutron Star, by Larry Niven
- Best Magazine - IF
- Best Artist - Jack Gaughan
- Best Dramatic Presentation - "Menagerie", from "Star Trek"
- Best Fanzine - NIEKAS
- Best Fan Writer - Alex Panshin
- Best Fan Artist - Jack Gaughan
- First Fandom Award - Edmond Hamilton
- Big Heart Award - Janie Lamb
- Costume Ball Winners - Olga Ley and daughter, John & Sherry Jackson, Frank Dietz, Bill Osten, Adrienne Hicks, "and others I forget".

Well, as long as "Star Trek" won, I guess I can put up with the others, though I'm not happy about some of them. Niven isn't that good, for one thing. For another, if Jack Gaughan is the best fan artist, then L. Sprague de Camp is the best fan writer. The con committee made a great to-do about separating the ~~sheep from the goats~~ fan awards from the professional ones -- and then allowed a professional to compete in the fan category. So much for ethics. Okay, some of the other artists had sold professionally; the bulk of their work has been in fanzines. (As has the bulk of Alex Panshin's writing.) Gaughan has appeared in a few fanzines, but he's still a professional artist. (And a good one; I have no objection at all to his winning the professional award. I just don't believe

anyone can be a professional and an amateur simultaneously.) Heinlein didn't have the best novel under consideration, either, though it was better than some past winners.

Mike Viggiano asks me to publicize the N3F Story Contest. This is open to "all amateur writers", the term "amateur" defined as "one who has sold no more than two stories to the professional science-fiction and fantasy publications". (Hmm...I detect a weakness there; is a book publisher a "professional science fiction /or/ fantasy publication"? What about other publications; could Mickey Spillane or Harper Lee enter?) Anyway, the fiction must be less than 5,000 words in length, typed double spaced on 8½ x 11 white paper, "with the title on every page but the name of the author omitted to assure impartiality". Any number of stories can be entered; each must be accompanied by 50¢ and an entry blank. First prize \$20, second prize \$15, third prize \$10. Get your entry blanks from Michael Viggiano, 1834 Albany Ave, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210. Final judging begins Nov. 1; stories must be in the judge's hands by then. Judge of this year's contest is Fred Pohl.

Bill Conner sends in a postcard mentioning that he has an article in the current (November) FATE. Great; always glad to see another fiction writer getting started..... I haven't seen the article; we get out copies of FATE secondhand from Juanita's mother.

Conformity....the Fort Wayne paper published a little item about a house owner who painted the front of his house black. The Board of Safety issued an order for him to make repairs (apparently he rents the place and is one of those landlords who never fixes broken windows or bothers with repairs) and change the color. Okay, the repairs I can see; the place sounded like a fire hazard. But I don't see that a Board of Safety -- or the neighbors; they got up a petition about the place -- has any authority to tell a home owner what color of paint he can use. (Fans were terribly worried about the zip code taking away their individuality a while back -- I don't see any protests about housing codes. But then I suppose anyone with so little individuality that a zip code could threaten it wouldn't even be aware of a real threat.)

Alan Dodd sends a clipping about an abandoned sub found by Spanish fishermen; it's datelined "San Sebastian". I thought Stratton invented the place.....

Not too much new in the way of local news, aside from the acceptance and the typewriter. Juanita and I seem to be the reluctant backbone of the cub scout pack that Bruce belongs to, once again. Juanita has the hard job here; she's den mother. I'm just on the committee. The local group seems to have given up an attempt to have a boy scout troop; scouts are being urged to join the troops at Montpelier and Hartford City. Which is fine by me; Bruce will be old enough to be in the scouts next year, and since the main trouble was in getting a scoutmaster, I had a nasty suspicion of who would be doing the job. (I had 5 years as assistant scoutmaster when I was young and foolish; I have no intention of doing that again if there is a way of getting out of it short of denying Bruce the right to be in a troop.)

The 1968 World Stf Convention will be held in San Francisco (or Berkeley, if you prefer), and NO, WE ARE NOT GOING. Juanita has been telling everyone that I don't like cons, which isn't precisely true. I do like cons; I just don't consider them interesting enough to travel 2000 miles to see one. Maybe we'll make the St. Louis regional con in addition to the Midwestcon next year. And remember, ST. LOUIS IN '69.

Next issue we'll have Ted White, lots of fanzine reviews, and maybe a few other items in addition to our usual features.

FAN POWER

OR

SEE HERE, MR PERSECUTING ATTORNEY

JOE HENSLEY

All of the time I was running I had this hopeful feeling. I kept thinking that surely I would be beaten. I used to go with my opponent for coffee two or three times a week as we conducted our amiable campaign. I made sure I introduced him to everyone. I fired him up by looking like I was working at the campaign so that he got his posters out, shook hands with everyone, and went through all of the motions. I did as little as possible. With an astuteness characteristic of the good old American voters, more of them voted for me. I won by a thousand, which proves something, but I can't think what.

So I was prosecuting attorney for four long years, and now, after a few months out of office, I'm just beginning to recover.

I covered, and for the most part, by myself, six courts. Three of them were J.P. courts, one was a city court, and I had two circuit courts. The mass of stuff was immense. I had no deputies for the first two and a half years. At the end I had two deputies, and it was better.

The telephone rang night and day. My best night I got nine telephone calls between midnight and 5 a.m., but I had lots of nights close to that record.

I did most of my business with about five per-cent of the population. I saw that segment time after time. I recall one guy who was a perpetual. He was a good hearted soul, who felt the world owed him a living. When he ran out of wine money he stole. We shipped him to the penal farm one February morning and I forgot about him for a while. In September he bobbed up again in city court. He'd gotten out, come back to town, and got picked up for a theft all in one day. He got six months again and I rode along with the policeman who delivered him to the State Farm.

"What are you going to do when you get out next time, Pete?" I asked him curiously.

He grinned at me and said, without rancor: "Get as drunk as I can as quick as I can, you stupid son-of-a-bitch."



jim

The Mothers

Sometimes I would spend most of the day talking to non-support cases, women whose husbands weren't supporting their children, or, allied thereto, women wanting to file bastardy actions against men who'd gotten them pregnant. I got pretty smug about the former after a while. If the offender was in my jurisdiction I would issue the warrant for him, have him arrested, and set up a hearing. If he was out of state I would file under the reciprocal support statutes. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't. Most of the women had very foggy ideas about where their spouses or ex-spouses were and I found what police officers want most of all is THE ADDRESS. I got a kick out of one woman. She came in and had all of the facts, but for an address she gave a post office box that struck a faint chord in my memory and I was about to make out the rather voluminous papers when I remembered. The post office box address was for the prison in Michigan City. She was a little put out when I wouldn't file. According to her that bastard ought to support her kids whether he was in prison or not, and, "he probably had some good thing going for him up there by now."

The bastardy actions were interesting. One night my wife answered the phone and turned to me, almost doubled up with laughter.

"Some woman," she said, "wants to speaking to the prostituting attorney. Is that you?"

"Of course," I said gloomily.

I took the phone. We went into it for a while, she got angry, and I finally asked: "And who, may I ask, is the father of your child?"

She gave me the name of a man I'd once represented and then added, still angry, "but I think you ought to have to pay the support."

"Me?"

"Yes," she said succinctly. "You got him out of jail before you got to be prostituting attorney. If he hadn't got out I wouldn't be pregnant, so I think it's partly your fault. If you don't do something about it I'm going to Indianapolis."

"And see the Attorney General?" I asked tiredly. I'd been threatened with that before.

"And the governor," she added ominously.

I had a sudden flash. "I work for those men," I said. "Did it ever occur to you that seeing as how I work for them now that they might be responsible? I mean, even before I was prostituer (she had me doing it by then) I was a State Representative and that was when I was representing the man who you claim is the father of your child."

"Well, I'm going to see them," she said, uncertain now.

"Okay, see if maybe they'll split the costs."

Although I waited, with some glee and anticipation, she never came in with a proposal from Indianapolis. That's the trouble with those guys up there. A girl gets herself into trouble and they won't pay their fair share.



The Threateners

I had this guy who'd call me up now and then. He'd always do it when I was home alone, and always late at night. He had a thick, soft voice.

"Hello, Curly," he'd say. My hair is straight as a road in Texas.

"Who's this?"

"This is an old friend. Just calling to check on your health. Someday I'm going to take care of you and your little family." And on and on.

I finally figured out who it was. It took me a long time, but finally I was sure. I called him.

"Hello, Mr. Jones. This is Curly. You keep promising and promising, but you never deliver and I'm waiting for you."

He sputtered in the telephone.

"Drop around anytime," I said. "But better cross the street next time you see me."

He did. He still does.

As time went on my temper became more uncertain. You can only see so much ignorance, deal with so much stupidity and put up with so much harassment.

I had a guy who'd come in and raise hell because his wife's ex wasn't keeping her child support current. He'd raise hell about this on the phone and in my office. One day he came in drunk and abusive. I suppose the best thing I could have done would have been to call the Sheriff and have him picked up, but it had been a long, frustrating day. I'd told him before to stay out of the office. I'd warned him. All he wanted the support money coming in for was so he could steal it and keep himself stoned.

I started for him and got tangled in a chair. He beat me in the race for the door. We went past the Sheriff's office at a dead run, but the old legs just weren't what they'd once been. I didn't catch him, but I amused the Sheriff, who'd been watching from his office, immensely.

Odds and Ends

Now that it's done I don't really feel so bad about it. There's a kind of warm spot in my heart, way, way down about the job. Not so warm that I'd ever run for it again -- it's a sort of cold warmth.

It's a job with immense power. I had a bunch of ministers who called on me one day. They wanted me to investigate the "tons of pornographic literature on the newsstands." I listened them out, was nice and polite, then did nothing. It was up to me. I was the end.

I got to know some really great people. Some of my police officers, some of my sheriffs, were really fine. Some of them just went through the motions, but as a group they were great.

I won some cases and I lost some. I seldom worried about a lost case. The nice thing about a guy that's a criminal is that you see him so often.

In those four years I didn't write. The job kept me so on edge and so busy that there just wasn't time or the inclination. It was a heady kind of job. You never really got done.

I got conned a great deal. I remember the girl who came in with her irate husband. She'd been beaten up and raped the night before, according to them. It'd happened while hubby was at work and she knew the rapist. I picked him up in Kentucky and he immediately waived extradition and was returned. He requested a lie detector test and passed it. I found out later that wifie had another boy friend who'd dropped over and

they'd had a friendly argument. When hubby came home, well, she had to tell him something! She and hubby (and maybe the boyfriend) moved on while I was still trying to decide what to do with her.

Avram Davidson was here in the early months of my tour of duty. He stayed a few days and I think he was surprised as some of my telephone calls and a great deal of my language.

So was I.

Old Heroes

I wonder at heroes of whom the poets have sung,
Who fell at the height of their bodily powers. If they
had lived to grow elderly, provident, crafty, and wise,
How should we recall them when finally, at their demise,
They quietly died in their beds, all shrunken and gray?
Perhaps it's as well that they perished while stalwart and young,
Hewing their foemen asunder.

The heroes of legend are youthful and ardent and bold.
They vault to their mettlesome stallions and gallop away
To seek in the thick of a murderous battle to rage,
With never a hint of the oncoming ailments of age.
They undertake sorcerers, demons, and dragons to slay,
Or maidens to rescue, or treasures of silver and gold,
Emeralds and rubies to plunder.

But think of Cuchulainn assailed by arthritical pains,
A Sigurd whose sword-arm by aches in the bursa is stayed,
Or Sampson too gouty for frolics and fights sanguinary;
A Beowulf bound to his bed by attacks coronary,
Or Conan no longer in fettle to pleasure each maid,
• And speedy Achilles retarded by varicose veins!
Would they be heroes, I wonder?

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP



TO LIVE

fiction by

WG Bliss

A man cannot have both a conscience and a full belly too, he thought as he carried the full sack of groceries down the alley to the garage with a blanket hung across the middle that was his home. His third wife greeted him along with a dozen hungry mouths. Some of the older ones were from his first wife. She had wasted away from something or other. He ran the kids outside while she made the supper. He set the table and sat enjoying the delicious aroma of things frying and boiling. And thought. He said, "Marcia, I was going to buy a small bottle of the wine we drank once in a while when the times were better, but then we must have the bread for tomorrow and the days after that. I don't know yet."

"Yes, Hector, the wine. A little would be nice, maybe, sometime."

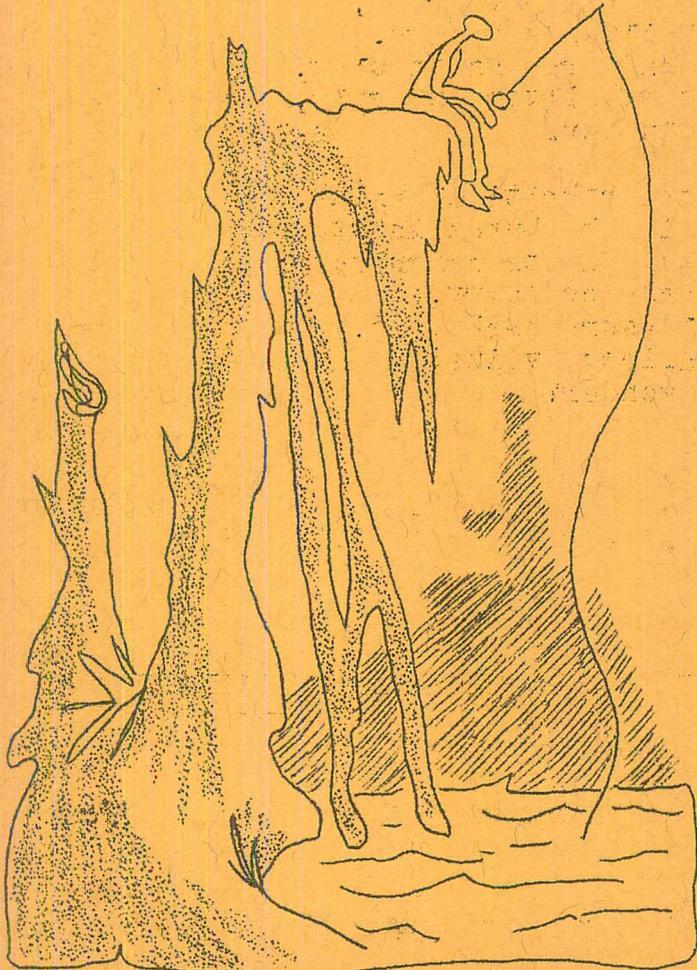
"Maybe not too long we have a house and not this abomination. Times, I cannot comprehend how they could get worse. Almost everybody is poor now."

"Maybe it is because there are too many people in the world."

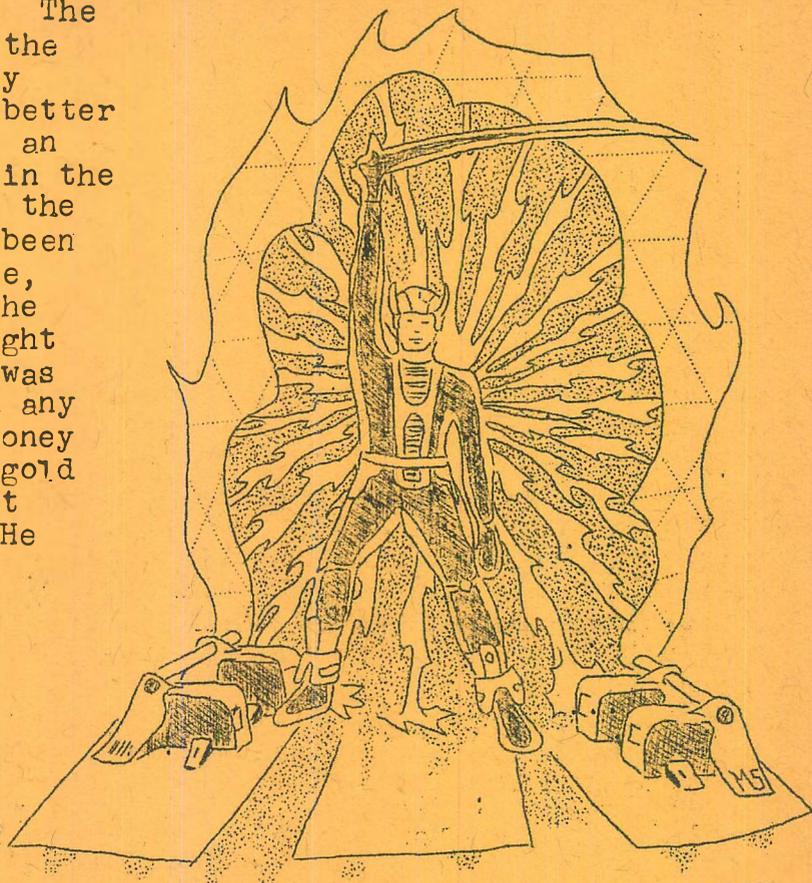
"There has always been lots of people, even back when there were the plagues and the wars."

"No matter; it is no sin to be poor. Call the children in."

He looked around the table full of the little faces, all scrubbed clean and so serious. One is young, one is happy. It is the poverty they know, that they are thinking, tomorrow there will be less, and the next day maybe hardly anything at all, and the days after that? It is the thing that twists in men's souls and lays them bare. One can hope to be lucky tomorrow, or the next day perhaps again. They will have full bellies tonight. They should be happy. Since they were very poor, one child would have a fork, another a



knife, and another a spoon. The dishes would be spurned by the meanest junk dealer, but they served the purpose and were better than nothing. The table was an old workbench that had been in the garage. His place was where the vise used to be. There had been times when he needed the vise, but he had long ago needed the small money that it had brought even more. The small money was the only kind you could find any more. It had been a small money that he had gotten from the gold watch that would not run that the old man had possessed. He had watched the old man for days. Old men have nothing left to do but die anyway. There is always something one saves for when everything else is gone. Perhaps the old man had liked the watch more than anything else. He had watched the old man carefully, but the opportunity was really accidental. He had gone



through an alley, and there was the old man lying by a garbage can, quite dead. A heart attack or something. The watch was the only thing that the old man had that would bring a coin. Anyway, better he than some miser who would only hoard the watch.

He sat on a box outside and wished for a smoke. The endless, heartless times he had suffered, the times he went and stood all day in the line - and always the answer: Great-grandfather had been an over-quota, the card from the machine said, as it had all the times before. So one waited. Always, there was the chance. Then one could live in a fine apartment and one could have the things a man sits and wishes for with the dust around his feet, wishing for a smoke.

NEW ADDRESSES

John Kusske, Box 354, U.M.M., Morris, Minnesota, 56267

Dennis Lien, 1147 No. First Avenue, Tucson, Arizona, 85719

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Dainis Bisenieks, 542 County, Apt. 1, New Bedford, Massachusetts, 02748

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TRACTATIO DE METAPHYSICA BRAUDENSIS :

METAPHYSICA BRAUDENSIS EST :

I. PROPOSITION I: If 'an embryo possesses a soul as of the moment of conception, . . . an abortion equals murder.' Argumenti gratia.

II. PROPOSITION II: The soul is (or 'must be considered [to be]'):
EITHER

a) '...the highest of created essences including [within itself] such faculties as reason and consciousness which [i.e., these faculties being defined so] are the most recent stages of evolution...'

OR

b) '...the highest of created essences transcending such faculties as reason and consciousness...'

THE ARGUMENT IS: Given either IIa or IIb, 'this soul would be the last thing to develop in the unborn infant.'

III. WE CONCLUDE: A human soul cannot inhabit the fetus at the moment of conception but rather must enter (or evolve) at some later time (presumably maturity for which the stage at which the fetus becomes viable is set as an early limit).

IV. AND CONCLUDE FURTHER: Therefore, if CONCLUSION III be true, PROPOSITION I must be false: an abortion does not equal murder.

* * * * *

Now the argument as a whole seems to imply one of three things:

1. The creation of the soul is analogous to evolution (i.e., development) of the embryo, but the soul remains a separate entity. The soul and the body are still dichotomous. They are, however, parallel entities in the sense that they follow a parallel evolution.

If IIa: The soul, then, develops along with the body and only reaches maturity (which we define as the stage at which it begins to include such faculties as reason and consciousness) as the embryonic body reaches maturity. The soul, however, does still exist, albeit in not fully developed form, in which case PROPOSITION I is justified.

If IIb: If the soul transcends even the highest faculties of the body (i.e., the most recent stages or, indeed, all stages of evolution) then the entire process (if there is such a process) of the soul's development would logically transcend that of the body. In other words, there can be no case for assuming evolution by analogy:

the ARGUMENT cannot be justified.

2. The soul transcends the body, but is introduced to the body only after the body has developed to a certain stage.

Obviously this implication contradicts PROPOSITION IIa so we need deal only with IIb.

If IIb: In this case it may be necessary to explain briefly that the nature of a metaphysical statement as the one above is such that it can originate from one or both of only two sources: authority and reason. Now authority means no more than that which has been thought by others; reason, that which I myself think. In practice, reason builds upon authority either by accepting a given authority as a basis for further development of a thesis or by rejecting a given authority in which case reason must then offer sufficient cause for such rejection to be able to construct a new thesis (or antithesis, if you prefer). All that can be said, then, is that Nan Braude's argument assumes PROPOSITION I: it is, indeed, generally assumed (I apologize that lack of time forbids my assembling anything approaching a decent bibliography; for a single example one might look at Aristotle, De Anima, ss.211-233) that the soul and the body come together at the moment of conception. In the case of a transcendent soul entering the body at some later moment, Nan Braude has refused to take up the burden of refutation. Ergo argumentus vitiosus est.

3. The soul is wholly biological. It is no more than a part of the body although it is, indeed, the 'highest of created essences' in spite of its implied limitations.

In this case, PROPOSITION IIb is, of course, unacceptable: the soul, by definition, would not transcend any part of the body. Indeed, insofar as the implication is purely materialistic, one might wonder whether whatever it refers to can be applied to the soul (in terms of PROPOSITION I) at all.

If IIa: In this case we must assume that the notion of 'soul' really refers to something like 'that which defines the being as human rather than as a lower animal'. Therefore, this soul would seem to be a genetic feature: it would be present in the embryo at the moment of conception. It would, in fact, determine whatever other features might distinguish the human embryo as any stage of its development, whether actualized or still potential, from a non-human embryo. Furthermore it would determine those features which might distinguish the mature human from a mature non-human--whatever those features might be. Therefore, it would seem in even this most materialistic possibility PROPOSITION I is still justified.

IN CONCLUSION, then, it appears that the assumption that abortion equals murder still stands. In view of Implication 3, however, it might be possible to argue that there is nothing wrong with murder per se -- at least from a materialistic point of view. This argument, though, I would prefer to leave to Nan Braude.

JAMES SUHRER DORR

Grumblin's

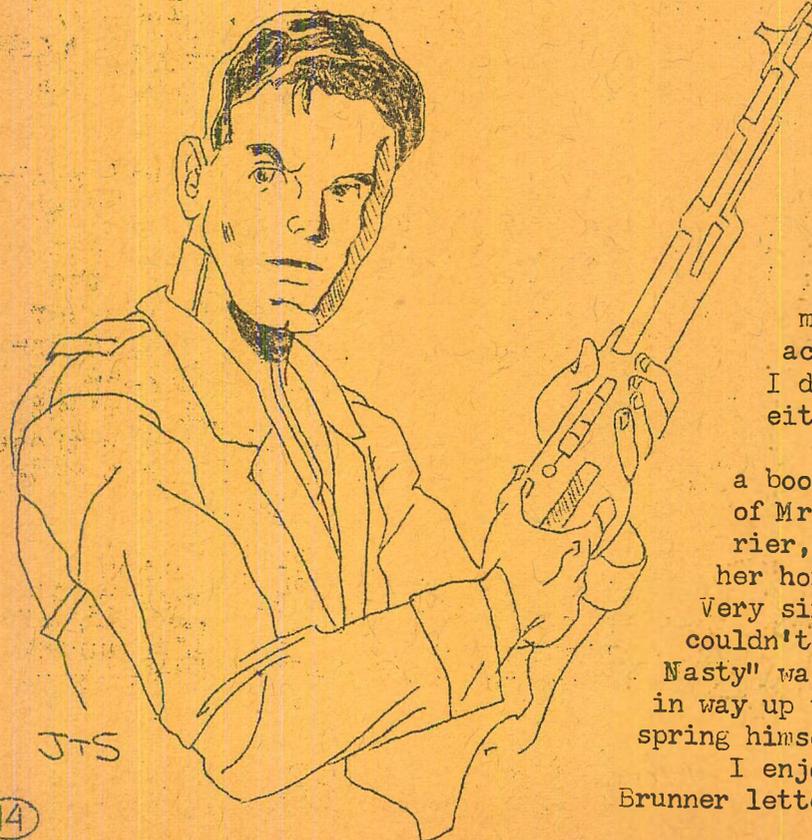
Rick Brooks R.R. 1, Box 167, Fremont, Indiana, 46737

Yandro #173 came last Saturday and I'm just getting around to it. Commenting on it, that is. The art is good. I especially liked the Cawthorn on page 16 and the one on the contents page and the Coulson on page 6. I don't quite like the DEA illo of Spock on page 7. I think the face is too long.

It's interesting how people credit their racial tolerance to being brought up in an integrated environment. In my case, it's just the opposite. I was a runty little kid (finished growing after I turned 19) and the other ~~little devils~~ kids found out that they could push me around. As a result, I tend to automatically consider the Negro or Oriental as being a more "civilized" sort than the whites.

Some idiot stated that the Congressional killing of the rat control bill wasn't the cause of trouble because there are already ways cities can get funds for rat control. What he totally overlooked was that Congress, God bless their simple little sense of humor, never brought this out. If I was Blacky, and I heard that Congress has found something humorous in trying to control rats that liked to nibble on my kids, I wouldn't be exactly pleased. In fact, I have had a lot of respect for Blacky's boiling point. I wouldn't put up with a tenth of the crap he has without blowing my top.

Clipping dept: Gee, I lost it, but I had a hot one. It advertised "antique rocks" so help me. "Hurry and get them while they last..." and you got a bargain rate for buying six or twelve at once.



I like Rick Norwood. He puts down so much that I can gripe about. I do admire him for his willingness to stick his neck out. He and I part company on the "Riverworld" series by Farmer. I think that Farmer has botched it. Enter a character with sign around his neck that says Mark Twain or Tom Mix or Sir Richard Burton. Immediately I say prove that this character is who you say. Farmer doesn't. I don't see that the idea is so rich either.

In discussing "Bite", Rick makes a boo-boo. He says "But what if, instead of Mr. Nasty, the little girl was the carrier, and her parents insisted on taking her home where she would infect others?" Very simple. They couldn't since they couldn't get a leverage on the doctor. "Mr. Nasty" was the doctor's superior and had an in way up the line and might have been able to spring himself.

I enjoyed reading the Roddenberry and Brunner letters. Not too much to comment on in

them, but I like to see what the pros are doing besides everybody they can, that is . Orchids to Roddenberry for contributing material for TOFF. I'll contribute after the con. My finances are poor at the moment.

Ted White has a very good letter. He not only almost completely restrains himself (probably as much as is possible for Ted White) from getting into personalities. And he also manages to be quite sensible for most of the letter. I was stunned.

Here is a motto I'm willing to give gratis to Mingus/Chute's Fans to End War. End wars. Exterminate people. That is the only way other than waiting on evolution for twenty or thirty generations at least. I prefer to push war, myself, on the platform that that is the best way to polish off the human race. A master plan to upgrade our sector of the Galaxy.

I have ordered THE WEIRWOODS on your recommendation. Picked up a discounted hardcover of Veeck's THE HUSTLER'S HANDBOOK and found it on the newsstands in pb the next day. I liked it quite a lot. However it is a bit embarrassing to have all these vulgar college students jumping to conclusions about the title.

It is a grade A pity that we can't maneuver NEW WRITINGS IN SF into the Hugo Best Magazine nominations. I'm quite favorably impressed with the first eight.

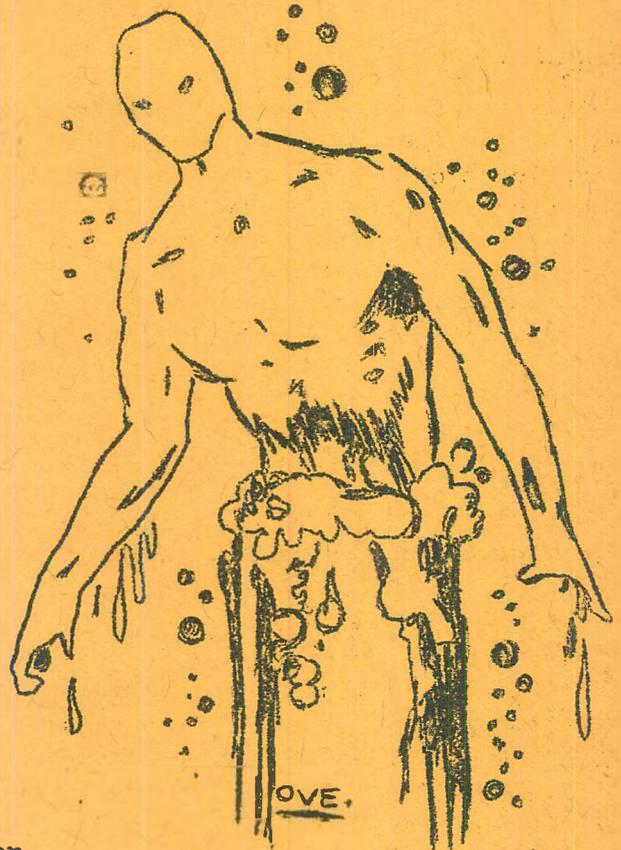
I had intended to say that I had never met a Negro until I was an adult, but I suddenly remembered family visits when I was a child; some of my mother's "rich" relatives had Negro servants. (Since maids and cooks and such were people I had never encountered elsewhere and only infrequently read about, the class difference made more of an impression on me than the race.) I think that tolerance and intolerance are transmitted more by parents and associates than by schools; my co-workers from integrated (more or less) Muncie and those from lily-white Hartford City are about equally intolerant (most of them being slightly to the right of George Wallace).RSC/

Ross Peterson, 185 Russet Road, Stamford, Conn., 06903

Personally, I think STAR TREK has become an obsession, because though the show can't possibly produce more than 1% of the field's quality, quantity or encouraging opportunities in sff, still it seems to take up 10% of the fanzine discussion space. Hence its importance is overrated. It's analogous to spending 10% of fanzine space on, say, the writings of Mack Reynolds. I was glad to hear about your book-buying and collecting policy. I run into snags on my library system all the time: for example, I keep paperbacks shelved by author alphabetically, from Aldiss to Zelazny. But how do you arrange an Ace double with two different authors on its spine? Arrght

My Ghod, has John Brunner really had so many rotten clashes with editors and publishers, or is it just because he's so (a) touchy about his work and (b) prolific? I've seen more (apparently legitimate) complaints from this guy than from any other 10 writers lately.

What other 10 professional writers have you read in fanzines recently? I imagine most writers have the same problems. Brunner seems touchier about editing than, say,



Thomas Stratton (perhaps because his work is more important.) The only way to file Ace Doubles is in numerical order, with a cross reference file or index cards or something indexed by author. And now Belmont is getting into the "double" field! RSC/

Reverend C.M. Moorhead, Route 1, Bucyrus, Ohio, 44820

The remarks--pro and con--continue unabated about STAR TREK. Let me add my two-bits worth. I saw an episode of ST recently and was not too favorably impressed. If this was a fair sample, then Ted White hasn't been too hard on it at all. This one showed a duplicate of Earth where the children were three to four hundred years old, due to some chemical process started to lengthen life, by their elders hundreds of years earlier. It backfired however and when the children reached puberty they broke out with some horrible infection which resembled radiation poisoning. All the adults had died long ago and only children dominated the planet.

All of which was credible and I had no difficulty following the idea. The thing that got my goat was the dumb actions of the star travellers. Such as leaving their communicators in the laboratory while they all rushed out to locate the chanting children. Nobody on a strange planet would do anything that stupid. Then after a fruitless search two of them returned and stood outside the laboratory doors jawing inanely about what was happening.

Of course, if they hadn't left the communicators on the tables the kids couldn't have gotten them through the ventilators. So the writer had to make the star travellers do something dumb to give the children an opportunity to get in, and then they had to stand outside the door jawing in order to give the kids a chance to get away. Ordinarily they'd have gone inside and done their jawing there.

Of course, I can't judge ST fairly on one episode; I sincerely hope others have been superior to this one. If they aren't, then it is a close running-mate to VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA and LOST IN SPACE!

I find most of the letters dull; however, Lloyd Hull's shook me to the core. There I was sitting in my comfortable chair reading the last issue of Yandro, blissfully drinking a Pepsi when I came to that part about the workman falling into the vat. My God...gagging I clapped a hand over my mouth and rushed to the bathroom. Pouring the Pepsi into the sink I vomited into the commode. When the spasms of retching finally subsided, I shook a cigarette out of the pack, lit it and drew several drafts into my lungs. Feeling somewhat reassured I returned to my chair and read Juanita's comments about the fieldhand. Great God...I made another rush for the bathroom, threw the cigarette into the sink and heaved into the crapper. After an hour of dry-heaves I staggered off to bed, a beaten man. I'll never drink another bottle of Pepsi or smoke another cigarette as long as I live!

You managed to see the worst STAR TREK episode of the entire first season. (Though I must say the first two shows this season probably didn't do a lot to improve your opinion of the show if you saw them.) But they aren't all that bad. RSC

...And if you were bothered by Hull's letter and my comments, I suggest you stay strictly away from Consumer Reports' "On the Docket" section, with its reports via the Food and Drug Administration of confiscations of contaminated candy bars, meat, frozen food, etc.; you'll have to give up eating altogether if you're so easily upset by such revelations. JWC/

Lloyd Hull, 2532-9th, Great Bend, Kansas, 67530

It seems that perhaps science fiction is catching on in the film industry. It is just now getting acceptance in motion picture forms. Not THE AARDVARK WHO ATE UP THE ENTIRE FEMALE POPULATION OF NORTH PHILADELPHIA IN FOURTEEN AGONIZING HOURS AND THIRTY-TWO MINUTES FLAT type. But the quality motion pictures, such as FAHRENHEIT 451, and the soon to be released SPACE ODYSSEY: 2001.

Recently American-International Pictures announced that it would produce THE PUPPET MASTERS. This is good news, but with their limited budgets it is hard to tell how good it will be.

Science fiction has also gotten into the 'slicks'. The September issue of Esquire

magazine mentioned that on colleges campuses Tolkien is on its waysout, and STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND is on the way in. I don't agree that Tolkien is on its way out on college campuses; I think it will be a long time before it will be, but on the other hand STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND is being read in extremely great numbers, and I am not sure that it will not reach the same heights as did Tolkien.

The August 18 issue of Life had a section on the nex six million dollar science fiction movie, PLANET OF THE APES, based on the novel of the same name by Pierre Boulle. He also wrote BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI. The picture stars Charlton Heston, Kim Hunter, Roddy McDowall and Maurice Evans. Heston plays the sole survivor of an attempted interstellar journey into the future by the use of suspended animation; he crashes on a planet extremely similar to Earth, except for one thing. Evolution has changed hands and apes are the dominant species, and the humans (for lack of a better term) are unintelligent animals, worth only looking at playing in their cages. The latter of the above are Apes. It is an extremely fascinating concept.

I wish you would read a book and review it. It's not a science fiction piece, but it is without a doubt the funniest piece of material I have read in a long time. It's called HOW I WON THE WAR. Put out by Ballantine Books, the author is Patrick Ryan. It will soon be a motion picture starring John Lennon of The Beatles. I promise you will be laughing throughout.

I'll have to let your comments stand for a review of HOW I WON THE WAR. Being sick for a week helped reduce my stack of "books-to-read", but I'm still 50 or so behind. RSC/

Steve Lewis, 2074 Pauline, Apt 1A, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103

In spite of the fact that I've just written a letter attacking some faned's praise of FAHRENHEIT 451 in favor of STAR TREK, evidently I'm not enough of a STAR TREK fan to see anything worthwhile in movie and TV fan magazines. The personal lives of Nimoy and Shatner (and young Nugents and son, for that matter) are none of my business, or should not be. Only articles with reference to their feelings on their roles or performances should be of any interest or significance. Congratulations to Ruth on her completeness, but couldn't the checklist have been kept to, say, two pages?

Any future checklists will-hopefully-be in a separate STAR TREK fanzine, and Yandro will henceforth revert to its general-type status (until the editors find something else to get excited about). RSC/

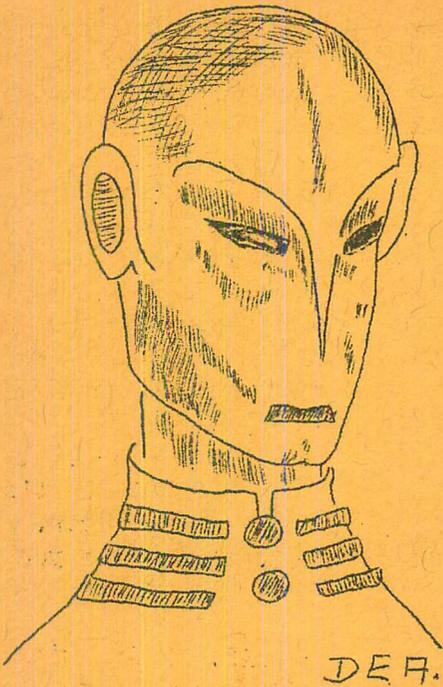
Thomas Schlück, 3 Hannover, Georgswall 5, Germany

It may be interesting to you, Juanita, being a tv-fan as you've declared yourself in the discussions about STAR TREK, that I have contacted Gene Roddenberry about his production. This is not to say how much I liked his work (had no chance to see any other instalments besides the two trailers shown in Cleveland), but I suggested to him that he should think about sending one or two of his STAR TREK instalments to next year's Science Fiction Film Festival in Trieste which will be held for the sixth time in July 1968. On occasion of our vacation-journey down there, we stopped by in northern Italy and had a thorough look at the Festival 67, and seeing that a tv-short-film got the first prize, I figured STAR TREK might very well stand up to that standard and even gain chances of being marketed in Europe. Generally, the Festival wasn't on a very high level, programme-wise - as cannot be expected from the subject-matter. However, it was obvious that all better efforts in the field were presented by Eastern nations, not so clearly in the short-film-sector, however, but definitely in the 'longometraggio' - you figure that out.

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

Well, I appear to have survived the sojourn in Maine.

I found out why Maine is referred to as "Down East". Or at least Down. It was so far down---judging by the temperature and the perpetual fog---that "subterranean" would have been a better word. During the eight weeks I was in Brunswick, we had



about eight or nine full days of sunlight. The rest was either fog or rain. Most mornings, when I would wake up and look out the window of my room on the 15th floor of the Senior Center, the fog would be so thick that I couldn't see the ground.

The Senior Center, by the way, is the senior class dormitory at Bowdoin College, and is reputed to be the tallest building on the East Coast north of Boston...For whatever reason, it is certainly a tourist attraction. Sight-seers were continually wandering through the building; we had to keep the door to our suite locked, otherwise the gawkers would walk right in and tour the place. One family came in early one Sunday morning (the moisture had finally affected the wood of the door, expanding it so that it would not close properly...) for the grand tour---we were awakened by their exclamations at the line of gin bottles on the window sill...What seemed to impress them most was that they were half-gallon bottles.

The town of Brunswick was really a delightful place. No end to the exciting things to do. Why, on a clear night (we did have a few) you could walk down to the river and watch the moonlight shining on the scum...

Thanks to the efforts of a couple of shoe factories and a paper mill (not to mention a population with lots of weak bladders) the Androscoggin River is one of the most thoroughly polluted rivers in the Northeast U.S. And if you could hold your breath long enough to get across the bridge, you could walk up to the Dairy Queen in Topsham and order an "LBJ Special". (LBJ stopped there a year or so ago, and they created a special sundae for him. I don't think they sell many of them---bar-becue sauce doesn't mix well with ice cream...)

LATER LETTER: You can look forward to at least one dreadful STAR TREK episode this season: Sturgeon's "Amok Time". Most of it was like a badly-assimilated Maria Montez movie. It did provide one shock for the audience: a battle to the death between Kirk and Spock (on the latter's home planet) with huge axes and whips. Spock wins.

I missed the "Galaxy of Fashion" show at the con; I had forgot all about it and gone off to the Playboy Club with friends. The fashion show models (if last year's show is a valid indication) probably outclassed the bunnies with no trouble at all. I saw most of the rest of the program items, and must say they were generally more interesting than con programs have been in recent years. A "dialogue" between Sid Coleman and Isaac Asimov (in which Sid more than held his own) started to turn into a very interesting discussion of the nature of good sf, when it was cut off in its prime. Talks by Alex Panshin and John Brunner were also very good.

The costume ball was sort of tame: no really elaborate costumes, and far too much "play-acting" rather than simply parading the costumes. Two separate STAR TREK skits (both bad) and no less than seven (count 'em, 7) Mr. Spock costumes. Including FJA. Sherry Jackson and Irene Beck seem to have taken over the "female form divine" spots formerly held by Sylvia Dees and Joni Stopa.

The banquet was a rather dreary affair. Everyone seemed to be trying hard to stab as many other people in the back as possible. Ellison's charm wore thin very early in the afternoon. He did, however, maintain amazing control when Moskowitz came up to present the First Fandom award. When told that he could have three minutes for the award, Moskowitz said no, he needed ten minutes; he then proceeded to take three minutes to tell (badly) a thirty year old joke (he claims it is the only one he knows; I believe him) which probably everyone in the audience already knew. He then started one of his typically long-winded speeches, this time in praise of Ed Hamilton (who, fortunately, was not present). For a while it looked as if SAM would have to be carried bodily off the platform to shut him up, but he finally got the award presented and left...

Practically everyone had complaints about the hotel. They did indeed have twelve elevators, all in working order; but at any one time there were never more than four

elevator operators! And the operators on duty were either monumentally stupid or actively malicious--refusing to stop at certain floors, or deliberately carrying people beyond the floors wanted. According to Dave Van Arnam, "letters will be written to Conrad Hilton". Lots good they will do now. I stayed on at the hotel for a few days after the con, and noticed an amazing improvement in service after the con was over. (When all the regular employees came back from their Labor Day vacation, most likely...)

Bought quite a few books at the con. (Panshin, Solon and I spent one morning touring the second-hand book shops on 4th Ave.) I picked up a review copy of Simak's latest novel, THE WEREWOLF PRINCIPLE. Should have saved my money and waited for the pb. It is one of those hybrids that Simak has been turning out lately: impossible situation and treacly ending. Foo. Also got Jack Vance's new mystery novel, THE PLEASANT GROVE MURDERS, and a copy of Robert Lewis Taylor's TWO ROADS TO GUADALUPE. And, not least, a beat-up copy of Jack Mann's DETECTIVE COULSON...

Thankfully, I can now look back on the ST episode, since it was the first one of the season. (Second show was better, and the third has just been preempted by LBJ.) That's the sort of con report I enjoy; I don't feel as though I missed too much by not being there. RSC/

Joe Kurnava, Route 48, c/o Allwood P.O., Clifton, N.J., 07012

An item of possible interest: The 99.5 Radio Theatre Group presented a 45-minute dramatization of Theodore Sturgeon's THE SKILLS OF XANADU (the story originally appeared in Galaxy) on Station WBAI-FM. The date was this past Wednesday, the 6th of Sept. The time was 8:15 p.m. Wasn't bad. I got the impression that they may be doing more adaptations of sf in the future.

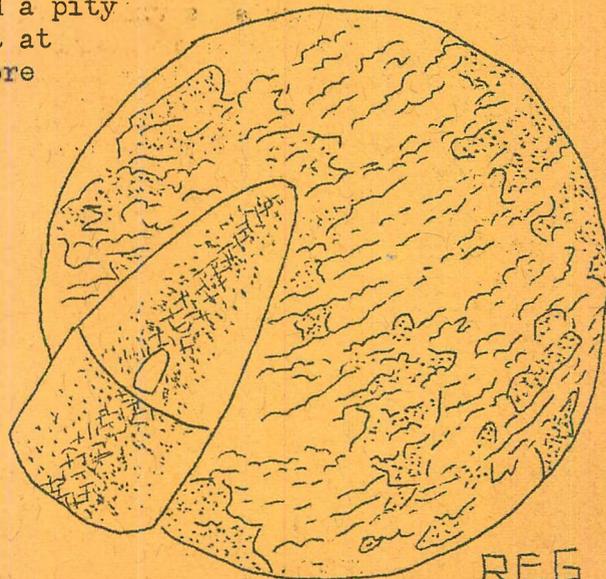
David C. Piper, 102 Abinger Road, Bedford Park, Chiswick, London W4, England

I nominated JUDGEMENT OF EVE for the Hugo...I'm not surprised it didn't get on the final ballot...everybody else in fandom is thick.

'Everybody is out of step but my little Davy,' as my Mum used to say.

There's a bit in JUDGEMENT where Kenneth, I think, gets a pair of glasses for the first time (he's short sighted) and puts them on...and suddenly the inside of this old shop is illuminated...and for anybody who wears glasses his pleasure is so true it hurts. I know; I once broke my glasses and was without them for 4 days. Actually it was dead funny...I had a ticket for a soccer match and with no glasses I wouldn't have been able to see the ball, so I tried to get rid of it...it seemed a pity to waste it. I walked around the main street at the bottom of my road, staggering would be more correct, short-sightedly gazing up at people, trying to GIVE the ticket away. For NOTHING yet! I had 3 proposals of marriage, 2 improper suggestions and the rest thought I was bent. In the end I gave it to my enemy next door. Anyway, that's why I voted JUDGEMENT for a Hugo, plus the fact that I don't think Pangborn's had the praise he deserves. He's a fine writer I reckon.

Re: Ramblings...Juanita, the most stupid example of colour prejudice, call it what you will, I ever came across was when I was in the Army in Cyprus. I got sent to a sister camp to my original posting, 'cause I wouldn't accept a Tape (to be a Lance Corporal - I dunno what rank



REG
1106

that is in the US Army) (and the trouble I had refusing THAT you wouldn't believe!). Before going I had to go up in front of my CO who took great pains to point out that the senior corporal at this other camp, and my superior, was a coloured boy from Barbados. He then pointed out that there was NO COLOUR BAR IN THE JOLLY OLD BRITISH ARMY and I'd better watch what I say and how I behave toward this coloured chappie. Well, for crissakes, I'd never even thought of him as coloured until it was pointed out to me...I knew him quite well, and it'd never even entered my head that there could be any trouble. And there wasn't. Ridiculous!

John Brunner is always a pleasure to read, and his letter was more like an article. I could read him all night. Get him to write again. The only thing wrong with him is that I think he used to be a 'Ban the Bomb' merchant...but then we can't all be perfect, can we?

Actually, I'm all in favor of banning the bomb, as long as we make sure both sides do the banning. Trusting one's fellow man is a fine Christian virtue, but in practice it generally gets you stomped. RSC

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

England has always been the only country ever to not put the name of the country on it stamp. After all, ours was the first postal system and first stamp printed in the world, so I suppose we feel entitled not to put the country on it. The Queen's portrait is getting smaller I am glad to say, gives a chance to have a decent picture on the stamp at last.

C.S.Lewis' fantasy THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE is being serialised on commercial tv Sunday evening at 6:20 every week, lasts about 20 minutes each episode and concerns the land of Narnia where everything is always winter because of the White Witch-- I am taping it as a series. I am also taping the new BBC radio sf serial, HOST PLANET EARTH, where those connected with rocket research and making components find themselves involved in strange and fatal accidents. On tv we also have MISSION IMPOSSIBLE and DRAGNET 67 and a few others...IRON HORSE...the rest are mainly repeats, though.

On the whole, your new shows sound better than our new shows. RSC

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

Before I forget it, there is a book out that is worse than most of the monster movies. It's called MOONSPIN. I thot at first it was a juvenile until I ran into some remarkably stupid sounding love scenes. (Perhaps it was written by a juvenile...) The basic plot is that Russia is using her three Lunar bases to set up a "photomagnetic filter" which cuts out 90% of the sunlight that falls on North America. The U.S. counters by sending an expedition to the moon to "spin" it, thereby moving the Russian bases so they can't effectively use their "filter". They are going to spin the moon by using huge rockets mounted in a crater... And the wild part is, they do it. Even better, they knock the moon right out of its orbit and head it toward the sun. Accidentally, of course. Their ship is wrecked somehow, so they can't escape and are marooned on the moon, which is bad enuf in normal circumstances, let alone with a moon heading into the sun. Needless to say, they defeat the Russians (who are a bit disgruntled about the moon being shifted this way), somehow get a spaceship, and escape. To give you a vague idea of the literary and scientific quality, let me quote a couple of passages:

Von Kull spoke up first. "There're two planets whose orbits lie between us and the sun, Venus and Mercury. There's a small possibility there may be a third one, Pluto. But let's disregard that for now."

(Good thinking there at the last...)

They melted in each other's arms.

Sheila buried her face in Sloane's shoulder. Then she looked up at him in ecstasy. "We're going to live, Jim. We're going to live. We'll be together."

"We're going to live," said Sloane intensely.

(And here's one where she has just accused Sloane of possibly being an enemy agent along on the trip to sabotage it.)

A flame of passion flooded through him and he slid his arm around her waist and pulled her to him. She was softer and less resisting than he thought she would be. He crushed her lips to his in a kiss which was both fierce and tender, and released her only when she pushed him away. He asked, "Do you still think I'm here to do you in?"

She stared at him disturbed and frightened. "Oh, Lord, I hope not." She touched his sleeve as if to communicate to him her need for him.

Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio, 44060

I quote you to you, "Noticed and read a long article in SEP on Cleveland situation, with particular emphasis on Trough and Locher. I take most such articles with a dish of salt...since after all we have our own People In Cleveland Area who can give us the straight word." Well, I'll tell you. The straight word is not to take that article with a dish of salt; it's the most accurate article on the situation we've seen. There are some simplifications, but that must be----you just can't include all facts and aspects. But the author picked the important people and situations and such; it was an excellent article.

However, you're right. We left Cleveland because we liked fresh air, semi-country living, cheaper living expenses, and such. Not because we were afraid of the neighborhood's running down. (How much further down could it have run?)

Nan Braude, 2545 Regent St., Berkeley, California, 94704

One of these days, thanks at least in part to your enthusiasm, I shall get around to reading NIGHT OF THE GENERALS. Now you read THE MAGUS. So what if it is too expensive? Get it from the library, like I did. By the way, have either you or Juanita succumbed to a communicable disease that seems to be sweeping Eastern fandom, as per Ed Meskys? I refer to the novels of Georgette Heyer. I've been a fan of hers since high school, when I used to get in trouble with my geometry teacher for chortling in class because I was reading THE GRAND SOPHY under cover of my desk; Ed is a more recent addict.

I can add a couple of preposterous examples of the irrational behavior induced by racial segregation to Juanita's. I too was raised color-blind, as an Army brat, at least insofar as I attended Army schools (civilian schools in Va. were a different story). When we were stationed at Ft. Monroe, Va., during my first few years of high school, post kids went to high school off-post, but traveled on army buses at first. We had the unnerving experience of going to school on an integrated bus which dropped the kids at different schools according to race. Segregation creates humiliations for whites, too, like one of my classmates who needed a copy of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN for a history assignment, and found he could only get it from our local university, Hampton Institute.

When I was at DePauw, there was an even more ridiculous situation. The local barbers refused to serve Negroes. The Student Union barbers, being University employees, of course had to serve all students, including our fairly high percentage of African students. But they refused to serve Negro non-students, while accepting white non-students as customers! I wish I had heard them trying to justify this---the rhetoric must have been memorable. Local restaurants used a similar sort of doublethink, refusing service to American Negroes while admitting foreign students. Sickening, but not surprising; after all, Indiana is still a stronghold of the KKK, if less openly than in the 20's and 30's.

I fully agree with George Scithers re Fans to End the War---one of my pet peeves is, having joined a group for one reason, finding that they presume to speak for me on some totally unrelated issue. For that reason I refused to join the Employed Graduate Students Local (AFT) at Berkeley a couple years back. I mean, if I want to take a public position on Vietnam, Martin Luther King, or Sir Francis Chichester or whatever, I'll either make my own statement or join or contribute to a group that represents my position; I won't start passing resolutions in fandom, the American Academy of Mediaeval Studies, and the Bach Choral Society! But I disagree with your comment



that there is no possible way of keeping fans from being idiotic. There is an excellent way, and Mr. Scithers as a Conan fan should know it. I recommend that he use a broadaxe rather than a sword, however.

Willem Van den Broek, 1128 Birk Avenue, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103

By coincidence, I just happened to be reading at about the same time the latest edition of Ballard's BILLENNIUM, copyright 1962, and the September, 1967, If, which has a story by him titled "Venus Smiles". There are strange and inexplicable forces at work here. Consider:

As we drove away Carol said: "I suppose you realize what a fool you've made of yourself?"/"Don't sound so prim," I told her. "How was I to know Lubitsch would produce something like that?"/"One thousand dollars," Carol said re-

lectively. It's nothing but a lot of old scrap iron. Didn't you look at his sketches? What's the Monuments and Public Works Committee for?" ("Mobile" from BILLENNIUM)

Low notes on a high afternoon./ As we drove away after the unveiling my secretary said: "Mr. Hamilton, I suppose you realize what a fool you've made of yourself?"/"Don't sound so prim," I told her. "How was I to know Lorraine Drexel would produce something like that?"/"Five thousand dollars," she said reflectively. "It's nothing but a piece of old scrap iron.(...) What's the Fine Arts Committee for?"

("Venus Smiles")

I didn't bother to follow up with the rest of the comparison, but a certain other science fiction reader hereabouts assures me that they are two distinct stories, one where the monument sings and one where it doesn't. I won't jump to the conclusion that Pohl got shafted, but it makes one wonder. As a Jaded Old Fan I suppose you don't even bat an eyelash at such goings-on, but I thought you might want to add this to your collection of science fictional triumphs in the art of re(or non)writing, in view of your perspicacity in discerning a similar instance by Tubb (was it?). I enjoyed that article thoroughly, by the way; it certainly would have been better than some of the other things on the program at Cleveland.

Maybe the riots were long in coming, but the thing that gets me is that all anybody can say about it is its inevitability. There is discrimination, economic factors, blah blah blah, never a word about an individual's moral responsibilities for his actions regardless of circumstances. It is just this deterministic thinking that may have lead to these riots. It is a short step from "bad conditions cause people to riot" to "I will riot because conditions are bad," or "I am justified in rioting against bad conditions."

Our two cats are downright nasty when it comes to Yandro. I throw all my old fanzines in a big box, and three times now they've gotten in there and torn the uppermost Yandro to shreds. The amazing thing is that they never touch any of the others. The last time I had the box out and they got to it was after I was showing it to Tom ___ (I can't find his last name--one of your subscribers from Michigan whom I met on the bus to Cleveland last year and was in Ann Arbor for orientation at the U.ofM.)

Your longest review this time is for a book you haven't read! You seem to have a feeling of public duty, as if you felt obligated to warn people off. I am still occasionally

mystified by the rationale. I do enjoy them though!

Rick Norwood's comments on the population explosion theme confirms my suspicion that sf readers are much more oriented toward plot twists than treatment, or else he could never make a statement like he did. So this is news?

Brunner's letter did much more to clarify what he's been belling about all this time than the Cleveland speech reprinted in Niekas. My first reaction was that if he was writing crap he had himself to blame, but after this I have a bit more sympathy.

Well, the Negro has, by and large, shown quite a bit of moral responsibility over the past 100 years, and all it got him was stepped on. (However, while I can, in a way, sympathize, I don't approve; burning down your neighbor's store is not my idea of an acceptable answer to prejudice. RSC)

Rick Brooks (address earlier)

Yandro 174 came yesterday. The artwork didn't reach me this time. About all I liked were the Foster on page 16 and the ATOM on page 12. The cover is the first thing I've seen by Cawthorn that I disliked.

Amusing item: Your bragging at the bottom of the contents page on how much material is on hand while all but the lettercol is editor written.

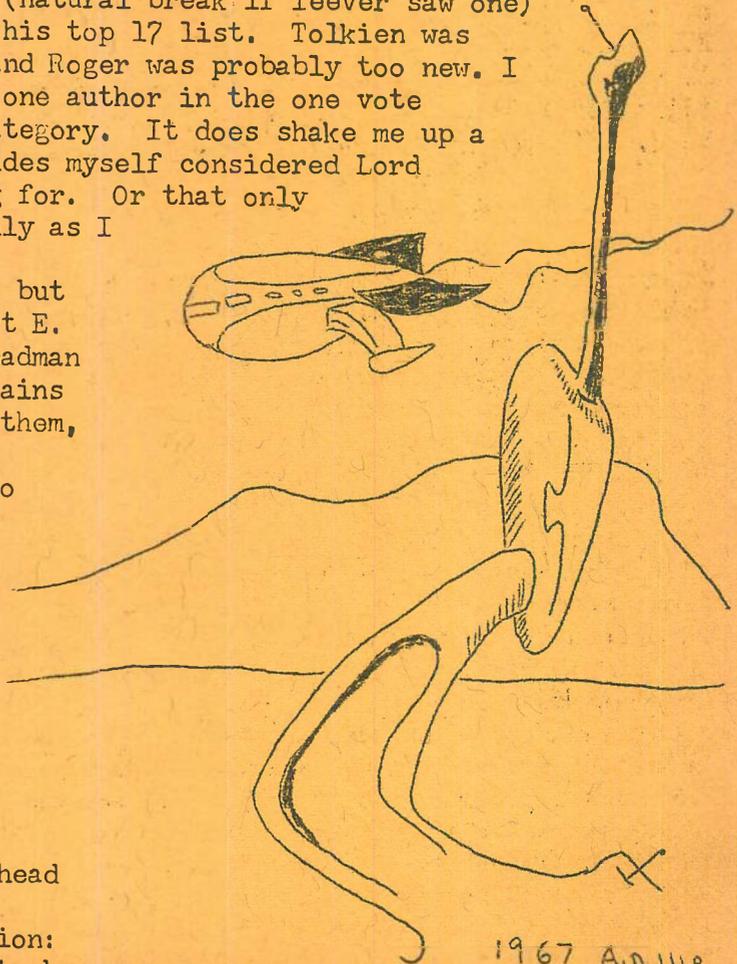
By the Diety, I'm finally getting out a con report. Two pages so far. I've always had an ambition to place something in Niekas or Yandro, but I'm afraid I'll have to peddle this elsewhere. This time, I feel that I have some constructive things to say.

It is very interesting to compare your author poll with PS Miller's in the 11/66 Analog. His top six authors (natural break point) were Asimov, Heinlein, Clarke, van Vogt, Anderson, Wells. Sturgeon was eighth and deCamp fourteenth on his list. In your ranked list, in the first row (natural break if Iever saw one) all but Tolkien and Zelazny appear on his top 17 list. Tolkien was out because he was a fantasy author, and Roger was probably too new. I was interested to see that I only had one author in the one vote bracket...and four in the two vote category. It does shake me up a little when only one other person besides myself considered Lord Dunsany or Olaf Stapledon worth voting for. Or that only two others considered CS Lewis as highly as I did.

I hate to tear up your book reviews, but I disagree with your analysis of Robert E. Howard's "The Scarlet Citadel". The madman (?) that brings the keys to Conan's chains obviously does so to taunt Conan with them, to raise his hopes so that they may be dashed even lower. It does not seem to me to be an idiot plot device. If I hated a man's guts enough, I'd want to rack him as thoroughly as I could.

I got CONAN THE CONQUEROR when it first came out from Ace backed with SWORD OF RHIANNONG (which, incidentally, dates me.) At first, I was wild about the Conan side--and I still rate it the best of the series--and considered SWORD average. I've upgraded my rating of SWORD with almost each reading, but I still rate CONAN ahead of it.

One remark to the religious on abortion: if the Good Lord didn't mean for life to be cheap, why did He make so damned much of it?



1967 A.D. III

I personally don't have much chance out here in the boondocks to say IOC. As memory serves, I never use "lock" or "elosee" and "letter of comment" only occasionally. I say letter to Yandro, etc., as tho the zine were a person.

Ted White's idea of the "proper silencing" of a "loudmouth" is certainly not mine. He not only used privileged information that had nothing to do with the argument (which is on a level with resorting to personalities), but it looked a hell of a lot from where I sat as if he and Arnie Katz shouted down Bill Mallardi before he had a chance to say much in his defense, let alone the defense of his point.

John Trimble makes my point on the Pong argument. When I spoke on Bill's panel at Marcon, I tried to get that point across, but I'm afraid the issue is still too much clouded by emotionalisms.

Lin Carter and Disch are not my idea of goodwriters, but both are nice people. I mentioned to Lin that I found his books were quite annoying because the flashes of good writing were smothered by the trite. He said something like he was sorry about that and was trying to improve the faults in his writings. When I mentioned to Disch that I didn't think much of THE GENOCIDES, he grinned and told me that he didn't worry too much about that as long as I kept buying them.

Thanks for the implication that Yandro doesn't publish anything constructive. / Madmen who taunt their captives with the keys to their chains seem to me to be an idiot plot device. Madmen are always handy for an author, since they can always be manipulated to do anything that needs to be done and the author can shrug off complaints about logic. I say it's cheating and I say the hell with it. RSC/

Joe Sarno, 3821 N. Whipple St., Chicago, Illinois, 60618

Picked up three used Vardis Fisher books for \$3.00. I got a card from Vardis yesterday stating that Alan Swallow, his publisher, died, and that he's selling books he had on consignment from Swallow. All are new books in the Testament series. INTIMATIONS OF EVE; ADAM AND THE SERPENT; and THE DIVINE PASSION can be had for \$1.50. A GOAT FOR AZAZEL; PEACE LIKE A RIVER; and MY HOLY SATAN for \$2.00. ORPHANS IN GETHSEMENE (which retails for \$10.00) for \$4.50. There is also a small charge for mailing of about .15¢ per book. If you know anyone that's interested they can mail their order direct to:

Vardis Fisher
Hagerman, Idaho, 83332

If I didn't already have the series in pb, I'd order some myself. As it is, while I'd like the series in hardcovers, the cost of replacing the paperbacks is a bit high for me (especially since the paperbacks I have are all in quite good condition and sturdy enough to take all the rereading I'll give them.)

Kay Anderson, 234 Shangri-la NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

Ted White, defender of good tv drama, was going to write a BATMAN novelization? And the news kept interrupting it? Gee, with all the subtle action and throw-away lines on that show, you could really miss something.

Re THE JEWELS OF ELSEWHEN....I didn't know you could get a fever from shock and exhaustion. I thought you got a fever from some sort of infection or from damage to a certain part of the brain.

What I meant by my sentence was that so many of Heinlein's stories involve twins (FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, some juveniles) and so many of Simak's involve stepping into another world or dimension (THE BIG FRONT YARD, ALL FLESH IS GRASS, CITY) that I got tired of them. They got to be a Thing with the respective authors, a little like Ballard's Thing with water. Having not read as much Ballard as I have Heinlein or Simak, his Thing doesn't annoy me as much. Now that I've answered Ted, maybe he'll answer my query of why I SPY is stf. When he didn't answer my letter I assumed he had no time for the likes of me, but since he does notice my letters in Yan....

GOLDEN MINUTES

THE MIND-TWISTERS AFFAIR, by Thomas Stratton (Ace, 50¢) Not as good as the previous Stratton book. (For one thing, we had 7 weeks in which to write it -- in the "spare time" from our regular jobs.) It may be as funny as the previous book (though I doubt it); the plot definitely isn't as good and the menace -- super-brainwashing -- is pretty pedestrian for this sort of novel. We'll try to do better next time. (Still, I think it is better than anyone else's books in the series except McDaniels'.)

CRISIS ON CHEIRON, by Juanita Coulson/THE WINDS OF GATH, by E. C. Tubb (Ace, 60¢) Juanita set out to write an imitation-Norton novel; young hero, exotic planet, adventure, all with a solid scientific gimmick. I think she succeeded pretty well. It isn't "hard science", but there is science there (there was a bit more there before the editor changed her reference from "homo habilis" to "Cro-Magnon", but you can't win 'em all....) It isn't great stf, but it's entertaining. The Tubb half is also entertaining, in a different way. Pure fantasy, with a somewhat unresolved ending that I guess is supposed to be enigmatic but doesn't quite come off. Not bad space opera, but I keep expecting more from a man who could start his stf career with Alien Dust. Juanita was fascinated by the cover, depicting Nelson Rockefeller wielding a zap gun.

THE INVADERS, by Keith Laumer (Pyramid, 50¢) Pyramid seems to have a penchant for producing books from bad stf series; this is their third series now. As usual, the book is better than the tv show. It contains three connected short stories. I'm not sure if any of them are based on actual tv episodes; if they are, they have been improved and made considerably more logical. (I only watched one show, but I've heard about others, and the worst of the idiotic ideas have been changed and made somewhat more logical.) As it stands, the book is average, undistinguished space-opera.

BIG PLANET, by Jack Vance (Ace, 50¢) I've read this thing two or three times now, and I can't figure out why it was so widely acclaimed. It's not bad stf-adventure, but neither is it outstandingly good. Almost any of Leigh Brackett's PLANET STORIES yarns are more exotic and feature far more interesting characters and situations. For one thing, Vance promises more than he delivers (as usual). Despite all the talk about the vast size of the planet and the multitude of societies, our heroes cover only a minute portion of it; the entire idea of the "big planet" is simply a phony gimmick to attract readers (and a quite successful one). Possibly Vance intended sequels, but if so he never wrote any to my knowledge; as far as the reader's knowledge goes, "Big Planet" is about 1/4 the size of Witch World or Middle Earth or Delany's future-Earth series. Taken as an ordinary stf adventure it's above average (and it looks better now than it did when it was first published, when PLANET, STARTLING and TWS were turning out this sort of thing with fair regularity). But an interplanetary odyssey it isn't, despite the blurb.

TROS OF SAMOTHRACE, by Talbot Mundy (Avon, 60¢ per volume) At this writing, two volumes, TROS and HELMA, have been published. LIAFAIL and HELENE are yet to come. TROS surprised me; I had read Talbot Mundy before and been thoroughly unimpressed. This, however, is good. It's not science fiction -- or even fantasy, so far (I'm partway thru HELMA at present), but

it's excellent swashbuckling historical adventure. It may become fantasy; there has been talk about the Mysteries of Samothrace and Druid Lore, but none of it has affected the action or seems likely to. Tros is what passes for a civilized man in a barbarian world; the Britons and Norsemen are barbarians pure and simple, and so far the more civilized Romans have been primarily offstage Menaces. The time is that of Julius Caesar, the action is compelling, and the characterization is vivid. Well worth your money, even if you pass up some "genuine" science fiction to get it.

WHEN THE STAR KINGS DIE, by John Jakes (Ace, 50¢) This is imitation Hamilton, and a surprisingly good imitation, considering what Jakes has written previously. Pure fantasy-adventure of the PLANET STORIES type; a good way to kill a dull afternoon. Star kings, revolutions, a hero who occasionally goes berserk (heroes with a Weakness seem to be the coming thing), two beautiful women, etc. Good fun if you don't take it seriously.

NIGHT WALK, by Bob Shaw (Banner, 60¢) Somewhat more pretentious than the Jakes book, but not as successful. Another hero with a Weakness; this one is blind, at least until he constructs a set of electronic eyes. (The science here may well be accurate, but it sounded like gobbledegook to me.) The plot is pulp standard; described by Damon Knight as "putting his hero in approximately the position of a seventy-year-old paralytic in a plaster cast who is required to do battle with a saber-tooth tiger -- and, there being no place to go from there, kept him in the same predicament throughout the story, only adding an extra fang from time to time." The trouble with it here is that some of the fangs -- Amanda Weisner is a prime example -- advance the plot not one iota, give us no insight into humanity that we didn't already have, and can be considered either as pure padding or as a sop to the sort of reader who enjoys fiction about perverts. It's readable stf-adventure, but it could have been a lot better. If you don't see it on your local stand, you haven't missed a whole lot.

ORBIT 2, ed. by Damon Knight (Berkley, 75¢) At least the equivalent of a very good magazine. "Fiddler's Green", by Richard McKenna, is an outstanding story of a parallel world entered (or was it entirely created?) by a small group of men hallucinating in an open boat. One of the rare good stories based on the so-called "soft sciences". "The Doctor", by Theodore Thomas, is a short but exceedingly memorable time travel story. The third outstanding item is Gene Wolfe's "Trip, Trap", concerning cultural heritages and ogres. It's been a long time since I've seen three new stories of that caliber in one volume. Of the others, Kit Reed's "The Food Farm" is interesting horror-fantasy, Kate Wilhelm's "Baby, You Were Great" is a psychological drama that I'm sure will be acclaimed by the lovers of "modern" stf -- it bored me almost to the point of not bothering to finish it. (I avoid such people in real life; I don't see why I should waste my time reading about fictional examples.) Philip Latham's "The Dimple In Draco" poses a philosophical problem rather amusingly. R.A. Lafferty's "The Hoje In The Corner" is, I suppose, funny; it struck me as being on about the same level as having cartoon characters throw custard pies at one another. (If there is no connection at all with reality then obviously anything at all is possible. Humor stems from a remark or action differing from the one normally expected. When normality is completely absent, then there can be no expected response and hence no humor, as far as I'm concerned.) Lafferty bores me. The editor called "Full Sun", by Brian Aldiss, "disturbing and plausible". To each his own, I guess; I found it terribly implausible and hence not particularly disturbing. Mildly interesting, however. Joanna Russ contributed two connected stories, "I Gave Her Sack And Sherry" and "The Adventurers". The idea -- swashbuckling sword-and-

sorcery from a woman's point of view -- is intriguing, and long overdue. Why should the men have all the fun? However, I didn't care too much for the execution of the idea. As an adventuress, I don't think Alyx comes up to Jirel of Joiry, who managed to be a swashbuckler and still feminine. Alyx is a bit too much of a butch to suit me.

THE UNIVERSE MAKER, by A. E. van Vogt (Ace, 50¢) The regularity with which fans vote this incredibly sloppy writer into top places on polls is enough to make one lose faith in the literary judgment of fandom. (Providing, of course, one had any such faith in the first place.) Here our hero is yanked forward in time from 1954 to 2391, and one of his first comments is "What I can't understand is how the world has changed so completely from my time." (This is all the more incredible when, later on in the book, he sits around listening to "popular music of the jive variety" coming from a radio-tv console. Change? What change? Incidentally, van Vogt seems to think that "jive" and "jazz" are synonyms.) He still can't remember from one page to the next what he's written.... "What was astonishing was that both Lela and "Henry" took the latter's ministerial powers for granted. Each accepted, somehow, that souls were involved...." All very well, except that this is supposed to stem from a previous conversation, in which souls were never mentioned, implied, or hinted at. His "science" is exemplified in the phrase "this was what had inspired five hundred centuries of humankind". The conclusion is a beauty. "He...saw where he had agreed to participate in the Game of the Material Universe. And why!" (But does the author tell us where, or why, or even what the Game is? Of course not; thinking up grandiose phrases is easy, but explaining them is beyond van Vogt's ability.) The blurb is also interesting; Forry Ackerman says that "Van Vogt is years ahead with his concepts. Semantics, 'totipotency', Batesystem vision restoration, hypnotism, 'similarization', dianetics, and 'Nexialism' have all been grist for his mill, and now, in THE UNIVERSE MAKER, he fascinatingly fictionalizes some of the startling concepts of Scientology". Apparently to impress Forry as being "years ahead", all you need to do is latch onto the latest crackpot craze and stick a few references to it in your novel. In fact, it seems to impress a lot of people.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: 13th Series, ed. by Avram Davidson (Ace, 60¢) Davidson was one of the best writers and poorest editors F&SF ever had, and the collection bears this out. His own story, "What Strange Stars And Skies", is by far the best of the lot, though Richard McKenna's "Hunter, Come Home" is also good. Zenna Henderson's "Deluge" is the only other memorable story; the others are readily forgotten, which in most cases is just as well. They include "The Golden Brick" by P. M. Hubbard, "Peggy And Peter Go To The Moon" by Don White, "Now Wakes The Sea" by J. G. Ballard, "Green Magic" by Jack Vance, "Captain Honario Harpplayer, R.N." by Harry Harrison, "Treaty in Tartessos" by Karen Anderson, "Nina Sol" by Felix Marti-Ibanez, "McNamara's Fish" by Ron Goulart, and "Eight O'Clock In The Morning" by Ray Nelson (which at least is cute, if unmemorable). Well worth missing.

THE BORDERS OF MATHEMATICS, by Willy Ley (Pyramid, 75¢) Mathematical oddities -- the sort of thing Isaac Asimov writes columns about. Willy takes up prime numbers, the construction of polygons, why one can't square a circle or trisect an angle or duplicate a cube, the meaning and uses of positive, negative, and imaginary numbers, the construction of "magic squares", and other mathematical odds and ends. (Juanita was fascinated to finally discover why Bob Briney turned purple upon hearing J. W. Campbell call pi an "algebraic number" at a convention some years ago.)

OUTCAST, by Rosemary Sutcliffe (Dell, 50¢) Another story of Romans in Britain, at a bit later time than the Tros series. Ostensibly a juvenile, but well worth reading, though I found it less interesting than Sutcliffe's other books in Dell's "Mayflower" series.

CHALLENGE TO SCIENCE, by Jacques and Janine Vallee (Ace, 60¢) The latest in Ace's saucer-series. Vallee is more of a "scientific" investigator, with charts and graphs, but he doesn't convince me.

SEVEN DAYS TO LOMALAND, by Esther Warner (Pyramid, 75¢) A trip across part of Liberia by a white woman and natives. A very good presentation of the differences in thinking between Africans and Europeans. The only drawback, to me, was the way the author waxed enthusiastic over the "group buoyancy of spirit" and "immersion into their collective humanness". I suppose this sort of thing can be a "spiritual invigoration" to some, but I simply can't see it. I am me; I am no more than superficially part of any group and have no intention of ever being. My soul, if I have one, is my own, not part of a collective unconscious, and I can see no pleasure in mystic merging with group spirit. Anyway, aside from the author's lack of individualism, it's a good book.

AFRICAN GENESIS, by Robert Ardrey (Dell, 95¢) Well worth the money. Ardrey is the foremost writer on a theme that Heinlein and Campbell have developed in stuff; that Man is instinctively a killer. "We design and compete with our weapons as birds build distinctive nests." This seems such an obvious fact that the resistance with which it meets in certain circles is astounding. Ardrey's other thesis is that Man originated in Africa; this is also interesting and plausible, but seems of less immediate concern. Ardrey is not above practical considerations. "An educational system, for example, that attributes to the human species an immaculate conception, will naturally consider its students as having been born as noble as goose eggs. The process of education then must become the application of a maximum of learning with a minimum of repression, so that the goose eggs will not be crushed. The educator may wonder why his end-product shows such an alarming devotion to illiteracy, to vandalism, to the pecking order, and to getting rich quick; and he will tend to blame it on home influences." That not only tallies with observed behaviour, it suggests a way to correct some of the flaws in our current society. Repression, whether done by the individual or by society, may injure a few egos, but it's a hell of a lot easier on the neighbors.

THE MARNE, by Georges Blond (Pyramid, 75¢) One of the most noted battles of World War I, as seen by a talented French writer. Very interesting to a history buff.

THE PASSING OF GLORIA MUNDAY, by John Garforth (Panther, 3/6) There is also a US edition, but Ethel Lindsay sent me this British one. I found it much like the show; sharp, humorous and badly plotted. (I also wonder about some of the background; I don't know or care a lot about auto racing, but my idea of the finish of a "rally" is not a breakneck side-by-side race down the main street. I thought the idea was perfect timing, not coming in ahead of everyone else.) The characters are all robots, which makes it easier for the author to manipulate them. However, it does have some lovely funny touches, and a book with a pun in the title can't be all bad.

All preceding reviews by Robert Coulson.
Subsequent reviews by Juanita Coulson.

THE MAN FROM PANSY, by Don Rico (Lancer, 60¢) Despite the blurb impli-

cations, this is not an account of a homosexual spy; it is the account of a run-of-the-mill spy masquerading as a homosexual, and at such terrible pains to reassure the reader that he is normal that one ends up wondering if the fellow doth not protest too much. The wonderment is increased by the writing style, which runs heavily to superlatives, underlinings, and exclamation points. The plot is run-of-the-mill, the characterization unattractive and unrealistic. Not recommended.

A QUEER KIND OF DEATH, by George Baxt (Signet, 60¢) On the other hand, this one is highly recommended. Pharoah Love is a Negro detective out to solve the murder of a homosexual, and encountering a fascinating and vivid stream of characters from both the gay and publishing worlds along the route. I'm not ordinarily a mystery fan, but if more were written this well, I could become one. Strangely, Baxt's homosexuals emerge as more vital and masculine characters than Rico's "100% red-blooded American male" hero.

RAPE IN PARADISE, by Theon Wright (Pyramid, 75¢) A number of books have recently appeared on the 1931 Massie rape and murder cases in Honolulu, and if one of the several authors (who appeared in a tv interview) is correct, the cause can be traced to the deaths of several prominent participants in the trial. Wright has his own axe to grind, but he is presenting the "other side" of a case (which was decided as much by prejudice as by evidence) which was widely circulated in the press of the '30s. The author is writing as someone raised on the islands and familiar with the situation, but his involvement does not appear to have ruined his objectivity. As a picture of life and attitudes in the 1930s, the book might be of particular interest to younger readers to whom the case is only an occasional reference in lists of classic murder cases or details of Clarence Darrow's career.

A SEXUAL DEFENSE OF AMERICAN WOMEN, by Wm. H. Rankin (Pyramid, 75¢) This is a rather startling book. I expected the usual braggadocio and recitation of conquests, but the book turns out to be what it claims. There is an ample supply of erotic reminiscence, but there is also a surprising amount of accurate description of the sexual reactions of women. In fact, it is one of the few accounts I have ever read by a non-professional which has something valid to say about the subject. It is not simply an account of a bachelor's adventures in beds around the world. Some of the author's Marine Corps career and esprit intrudes on the theme of the book, but not excessively, and his main points are worth reading -- especially for some misinformed males.

Preceding (4) reviews by JWC.

We now return you to RSC.

STARMAN JONES, by Robert A. Heinlein (Dell, 60¢) This is the second outright science fiction novel in Dell's "Mayflower" juvenile line and the first time a Heinlein juvenile has appeared in "normal" pb format. (Scribners brought out Between Planets in a \$1.45 paperback edition a couple of years ago.) Reading Heinlein is discouraging work for a young author; he's so damned good. Looking back, I can see that the plot depends almost entirely on coincidence -- but while reading it, every action seemed inevitable. There were some quibbles in LIGHTHOUSE recently about Heinlein's handling of conversation, which I regard as ridiculous. Of course his conversations are in direct line of descent from Clarence Buddington Kelland, but they sound right, which is the important thing. This adventure of a young astrogator is highly recommended.

STRANGE FRUIT

You know, that elite type does save space. I hadn't planned on any fanzine reviews this time, but we need a page to fill out the issue, so I'll try to get some of the oldest ones first.

RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, Vol 3 #4 (Published by the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society, Berkeley, California, Nov. 1951) Well, like I say, everything that comes in gets reviewed, but I don't guarantee when..... This was interesting, though (I just acquired a copy). You don't often see Arthur C. Clarke, William F. Temple, and Howard Browne in fanzines any more. (Neofans wanting to know who Wm. F. Temple and Howard Browne are may inquire privately.) I think I've read too many fanzines, though; despite the generally literate level of writing in this classic example of amateur stf, I didn't really care a whole lot for it. A highly interesting historical document, but even an average quality modern fanzine provides as much entertainment; perhaps more.

RALLY! #21 (Lon Atkins, Box 1131, Canoga Park, Calif. 91304 - co-editor, Al Andrews) Southern fandom's newsletter, which folds with this issue.

ODD #17 (Raymond D. Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108 - quarterly? - 60¢) I dunno; I am certainly in agreement with any editor who announces that he is going to publish what he damned well pleases, but I'm a trifle bemused by one who takes 3 pages to say so. My own favorite material in this issue is the article on "Man And The Mammoth In The Americas". Somewhat surprising, since science articles in fanzines - even "speculative science", are usually far too elementary to be interesting to anyone with much of an interest in the subject. This one isn't. Ray Nelson has a lovely humorous article on "the art of morality" (at least he says it's an article; I wouldn't guarantee the amount of fact in it). And if Ray has actually acquired a reputation as "a spiritual leader and true Christian", then the average southern (or is it central?) Californian must be as stupid as I always thought he was. (Not that Ray isn't pleasant -- but "spiritual"?) Remaining material -- quite a lot of it, in total -- is mostly literate and always well reproduced.

STROON #7 (Anthony Lewis, 124 Longwood Ave, Brookline, Mass. 02146 - somewhat monthly - free for comment?) The magazine of Sherlock Holmes parodies, tongue-in-cheek humor, and rapid-transit systems. This issue also has a checklist of 1966 stf mags; date, volume, size, pages, and cover artist. Entertaining (the mag, not the checklist).

COSIGN #12 (Rod Goman, 160 Chittenden Ave, Columbus, Ohio 43201 - monthly - 35¢ - send money to Robert Gaines, 336 Orientangy St, Columbus, Ohio 43202) Actually Larry Smith edited #12, but he has been supplanted. Also, that "monthly" has changed to "bimonthly" with #13. Regular review columns; promags, fanzines (don't review YANDRO, please, Dick), and books. There is a column on "Star Trek", several articles on stf, and a moderately interesting letter column. #13 presents more of the same; nothing outstanding; everything readable. Dick Labonte's reviews of British and French promags seemed the most interesting item of the issue. Bob Gaines mentions that he intends to work out a complete fantasy film index; contact him if you're interested in helping and have a better-than-average knowledge of films. In general, a very pleasant fanzine.