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Never mind the arrangement; I've been taking lessons from the publishers of BEYOND INFINITY

Contributors of STAR TREK material this month include Margaret Dominick, Bob Vardeman, Irv Jacobs, Kay Anderson, John Mansfield, Don & Maggie Thompson, Shirley Meech, Leigh Couch, Don Lundry, John Bangsund, Devra Langsam, Felice Rolfe, Jay Klein, Henry Gross.

NOTE: Luis Vigil, Jose Anselmo Clave 4, 2^{02a}, Barcelona 2, SPAIN, wants fanzines for review in his professional magazine, SOL 3. He is endeavoring to introduce fandom to Spain by inaugurating a fanzine review column. He says he can't afford to subscribe to the mags (it isn't normal for professional reviewers to subscribe, anyway.)



First off, I would like to apologize for the general sloppiness of this issue, particularly the abominable registration on certain pages. If you are the unfortunate recipient of a copy rife with these slipped pages, tolerance, please. I'm afraid our GHS Gestetner Press (GHS for Scithers, who made these last four years of Yandro possible) is feeling the pangs of its 100,000 miles --- or however you measure the work produced by a mimeographed. The odometer (?) has rolled over at least once to a new solid bank of zeros, and might have done this twice...while I wasn't looking, as I'm frequently not.

At any rate, the galunking old faithful has eaten another side band (I'm knocking wood that all will hold together until these last few stencils are run), has worn feed fingers ...again (didn't I just replace those things?), and worst of all the counter seems to be gesprung, and maybe finished. Actually, getting our paper on sale and in 80+ ream lots we can afford the loss of paper, but the wear and tear on my nerves is getting fierce; since the first of 67 I have had to dig out stencils and rerun bits and patches of almost every issue in order not to waste already-printed sheets. This time I gave up completely and reverted to the tried method of counting out loud, and just as a check I set the counter every time; the closest the counter came to accuracy was being 2 sheets too late when it shut itself off, there were a number of 5s (some short, some in excess), several 7s and one 9....previous issues I've ended up 15 short on one page and 17 over on another. I've asked the local Gestetner repairman (local - read: Marion, Indiana) to fix the counter twice this year. When this issue is done I intend to take the machine over One More Time and stomp my feet and pound on the counter and tell him to either fix the counter or replace the dadblasted thing. I wouldn't mind counting out loud for a FAPA zine, or in the good old days when Yandro only ran 100 or so copies; but when we run between 265-290 copies per issue it gets to be a bit much....for one thing, I get hoarse. I know--why do I count out loud? Because I have discovered if I count to myself I tend to be distracted by passing trucks, the stove kicking on, Bruce yelling "Head 'em off at the pass!" and all sorts of sundry outside noise. I can counter (excuse please) act this by counting out loud, loudly.

Why don't a few of you forget to renew your subs?

On the other hand, why don't a few of you take the time to look at your envelopes to see when your sub runs out, and when it's going to for pete's sake renew then. I realize we are not really and truly monthly, but on the other hand we aren't quarterly, as some of you forgetful souls seem to feel. For example: this week I had to run 20 extra copies of 175 for people who sent in their subs late with a big sobbing plea of Gee I Didn't Realize You Were Going To Get Out Another Issue So Soon....and Please start my renewal so that I won't miss any issues. We were tempted to tell those 20 that was tough, that there were no more issues of 175....but because I'm soft in the head we made up a second printing. But I'm getting tired of this sort of thing, so be warned.

Nott mentioned in her last letter that she and Barr were still waiting for suggestions for new Page 1 cartoons, but so far none has come in. New readers had mingled reactions, some wanting more of the femlin and hexapod while others were of a shrug attitude. And one fanzine reviewer somewhere was snickering at someone else's description of the ending of the Nott/Barr cartoons as the end of an era. Well, I dunno if it qualified as an era or not, but the Nott/Barr cartoons ran from Yandro #123 to #167 almost every issue, and if that isn't a stab at an "era" in the ephemeral world of fanzine pubbing, it'll do for a note in some historian's record book, I should think.

One recent Saturday Bruce had cartoons on the tv (the ones which run from 4 am to 5 pm on weekends, or seem to), and while running through the room to escape the noise I was stopped by a bit of chase-scene music. The background music was Massenet's "Aragonaise", a noisy, octave-laced piece of pit piano froth I memorized in my piano lesson days.....and liked very much because I could bang the poor instrument to pieces and nobody would complain. Whatever happened to Rossini's "William Tell" and Liszt's "Les Preludes"? I feel very out of it. Maybe even the kids finally were bored by hearing those over and over, and the cartoon sausage mills are no longer employing them. Good. Maybe they'll drop into obscurity and I can once more enjoy them in peace.

Is it just my ears, or is anyone else bothered by the Conelrad signal on am radio (and maybe fm too - I wouldn't know, not having an fm radio)? Actually, I guess it isn't Conelrad anymore, but an Emergency Broadcast Frequency or something similar. The thing always begins with "This is a test"...and a spiel from the announcer warning you what's going on and not to run for the hills. Then on comes this piercing tone, a tone that is really no louder than the voice of the announcer but one that nonetheless lances right into my ear bones and starts popping my skull. I have actually felt my ears all but shut up shop in an effort to block the noise, and when the tone ends there is a popping sound in my head precisely as though I had rapidly descended or ascended a hill in a car. I wish they'd change the frequency or the something on that thing. Sometimes my hands are full of flour or ink and I hate to reach to the dial and cut the thing down, but I'd like to keep my hearing, too.

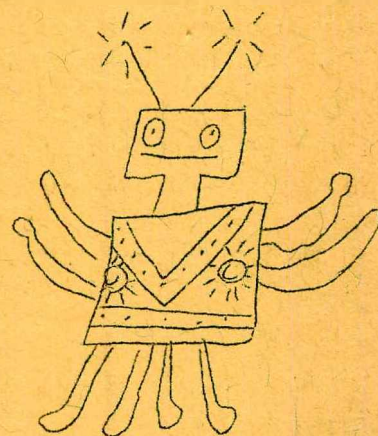
Some of my best friends are AVENGERS fans. Really. They keep telling me what a great show it is and burbling about plots and how funny and all. So we watched THE AVENGERS. We sat down and watched and I ended up with a strong suspicion that somebody was pulling my leg. Funny yes, sometimes; oftener depending too much on trying to be mysterious and frightening (and not succeeding in my eyes). Rigg and MacNee were indeed entertaining to watch, but I kept wondering how they'd do if the writers gave them something more interesting to do. Plots? Somebody's kidding. Plot after plot consisted of a deus ex machina of the villain conveniently losing all his marbles so Steed and Emma could overcome him in the last act. We were puzzled and unimpressed, but nevertheless when ABC in one of its usual masterly strokes of Public Relations Sterling Stupidity canceled the show - again - and AVENGERS fans pleaded for help in convincing the network to bring it back, we dutifully wrote ABC. Our friends enjoy the show if we do not, and considering the general level of offerings on commercial tv I'd far rather have something of the caliber of THE AVENGERS than THE FLYING NUN or another Western. We wrote because we considered it a courtesy we could do for You Who Like It. But we're still puzzled as to what you see in it. JWC

A COLUMN by Bruce Edward Coulson (Age 10)

Well, a lot of things have happened since last issue. For one thing, I'm making some money off a "Creepy Crawlers set I got for my birthday. I take a few creepy crawlers to school and offer them to boys (and sometimes girls) who I think will buy them. My grandmother is wondering what the teacher will think, but so far she hasn't said anything....yet.

One thing bothers me, though. A few days back a boy named Ricky Rader wanted to buy a bat of all 4 different colors of plastigoop (red, green, yellow, black). I charge him extra for it, and I gave him it the day after that, and after a while he didn't want it. I managed to sell it though, to a boy named Jim Payne. Say, that reminds me - he hasn't paid up yet. I'll have to tell him. Well, goodbye until next ish!

BEC



Contents Page Postscript: Page 1 heading logo by Arthur Thomson, and what else have I forgotten? JWC



Our brand-new typewriter is in the repair shop -- nothing serious, just a tension adjustment so it will cut stencils better -- and I'm typing this on the electric portable the shop uses as a loaner. (I didn't know repair shops kept "loan" machines any more; this one must be old-fashioned.) Seems to be working well; this is the first stencil we've cut with it. Now if I quit hitting the wrong keys.....

The ceiling fell in on the drafting department at Overhead Door yesterday. (I am not speaking metaphorically; I mean the thing came down, like crash!) Happened at

the noon hour, fortunately; I was the only one there, and I had enough warning to get out from under a couple of minutes before the collapse. I must say it's a bit unnerving to be sitting there, eating lunch and reading a new Andre Norton novel, and have the ceiling creak, groan, descend a foot or so and hang there ominously. Sort of like being in the middle of a Wilkie Collins story. This was the hanging ceiling that the company moved from another building to save money. Yes -- well, it's that kind of company. The thing descended the rest of the way rather abruptly, shortly after I had removed myself and my book to safer surroundings. Plasterboard, T-iron framing, and fluorescent light fixtures all over the place. It looked rather as though someone had thrown a bomb into the drafting department, or a peace march had been through. Still cleaning up the mess today, but the drafting department is still functioning, in and around the carpenters. (One of the draftsmen missed all the excitement; he's in the National Guard, and had been sent to Gary to stand watch on the election there.)

You know, Gary must be an interesting place. Only town in the country with more registered voters than there are residents. Apparently Hatcher (the Negro candidate) managed to stuff more ballot boxes than his opponent. I see that Stokes (another Negro) won in Cleveland -- somewhat more legitimately, I hope. Apparently Hatcher got some white votes in Gary -- but not many -- in a sort of "political backlash". He might be black, but at least he wasn't a member of the local political machine.

Just the other day I got a letter from the director of the rare books and special collections division of the University of Wyoming library, inviting me to consider placing my collection of stf in their brand new library building. I considered it for about 30 seconds before saying no, but it was sort of flattering, at that. But, the U. of Wyoming? How did they find out about me? Apparently Syracuse isn't the only university to start a stf collection.

In the book reviews, I ran out of space before mentioning a new Pyramid line, their "Little Paperback Classics". Size of these are about the same as the Dell "Purse Books" that sell for 25¢ in most supermarkets: the Pyramids aren't saddle-folded and may have a few more pages. The price seems high; 35¢ for a midget-sized pb of 64 pages is not much of a bargain. I picked up Poe's THE GOLD BUG; even if it isn't stf, it's by one of our boys. Most of the books seem to be the inspirational sort; not the type I recommend to fans. I had to get it from the company; to date I have not seen the line on display anywhere. Circulation problems? It's an interesting trend, but I have doubts as to its success. Dell tried the same thing several years ago (remember the 10¢ pb edition of UNIVERSE?) and failed to make a go of it. (Still, presumably Don Bensen knows more about book marketing than I do.) You might keep an eye out for the line -- as curiosities, if nothing else.

Gold Medal proudly announces a definitive flying saucer book by Otto Binder. They are proud enough of it to put out a special news release, so either it's something special or saucer books are big money these days, or both. Binder is called "an expert in the field of UFOs" -- which he may well be, tho I wasn't aware of it. I'll have a

review of it next issue: the book looks very dignified and impressive (as saucer books go), but I haven't read it yet.

We also have two new stf mags on the market these days. One of them is Pohl's INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, finally out after months of advance publicity and after I had about given up ever seeing it. The other is something titled BEYOND INFINITY, a California publication -- why do California promags always turn out to be things like FANTASY BOOK, SPACEWAY, and GAMMA? This one is more on the order of SPACEWAY, only with lousy art. It features a garish cover, a photo of the editor (looking like he is about to fall asleep) on inside front and back covers, a contents page arranged in random order, and printers who tend to include the galley notes as well as the fiction. There are a few stories by known authors -- John Brunner, Christopher Anvil, John Christopher, and Ben Bova, most of them reading like stuff the author's agent had been unable to peddle to anyone else (except for Christopher's, which sounded remarkably like something I have read somewhere else). They aren't bad; at least some of them are about as interesting as the average story in other mags. But they are not precisely examples of the authors' best work. Then there are the storys by new writers, most of which are bad. And almost every story, good or bad, has a "twist" ending. Some of the twists are original; some can be spotted as early as the second page of the story. But an entire magazine of stories like that gets pretty monotonous. I did not read all of the stories; I will suffer much for my readership, but there are limits.

Then I read one of the stories ("The Epsilon Problem") in INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, and it was every bit as bad as the ones in BEYOND INFINITY. I haven't read any more in ISF; it may take me awhile to work up my nerve.

Odds and ends: Ace very kindly sent me a promotional form they send out to news dealers, which lists their "bestsellers". Whose name should lead all the rest but "Man From U.N.C.L.E." #12. Nice egoboo, even if it doesn't bring in any royalties. (Only slightly marred by the fact that numbers 3 and 4 on the list are flying saucer books -- at least we're ahead of them.) "Stratton" is working simultaneously on another U.N.C.L.E. and a stf novel, which is why I haven't been answering much mail lately.

The Thompsons send a clipping for our odd names collection; it mentions "one of America's foremost artists, Maud Tousey Fangel". Yes. And Kay Anderson sends a clipping from The Arizona Republic, (Aug. 11, 1967), reporting that the University of Arizona has received a \$17,000 grant from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare for "medical-engineering research....to make development possible of an instrument to measure the force of the urinary stream." How's that for your sense of wonder?

I have a card from Robert Firebaugh, 361 Linden Walk, Lexington, Ky. 40508, requesting me to mention that he has for sale "Mrs. Peel, We're Needed" bumper stickers. Price is 30¢, "40¢ if they desire a uncreased sticker(s) in manila envelope." He doesn't say; possibly for 30¢ he sticks one on the next car going in your direction. Or maybe it just means they're creased.

There was a rumor that "Star Trek" was in rating troubles again, but this was superseded by one saying that it had been renewed for the rest of the year and might be moved to Monday night to replace "Man From U.N.C.L.E.". John Hatch suggests that fans write to MGM Studios to save the show; he thinks that this year has been one of its best. Well, I'll tell you. I have a vested interest in keeping the show going, because the longer it lasts the more books Gene and I can foist off on a long-suffering Ace editorial staff. And I still have no intention of writing in because this year the tv show has dropped all the (relatively) sophisticated comedy bits that made it worth watching and has changed over to straight blood and guts, which shows like "Mission: Impossible" and "I Spy" have always done far better. (Sophisticated comedy as compared to things like "Get Smart" or 90% of the other "comedy" shows on tv.) When U.N.C.L.E. begins to take itself seriously, it becomes simply a bad imitation of James Bond -- from about midway in the first season up until now, it has been far more than that.

STUFF YOURSELF FOR THANKSGIVING

With Jaundiced Eye

a column of review and opinion

by TED WHITE

I have just read a book. It is one of the finest of its kind that I have read. It is as yet unpublished.

The title, not to keep you in suspense, is SCIENCE FICTION: A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION, a slightly dry title which may not survive as is. The prospective publisher is Twayne. The author is Alexei Panshin.

The story behind the book is interesting. Not so very long ago, perhaps two years or maybe three years ago, Alex set out to write a critical study of Heinlein's work, HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION. Regular readers of Yandro will recall Alex's unhappy story of the problems which beset him when Heinlein decided he did not want a book written about his work.

Alex did not give up. When Heinlein pressured Advent, with threat of lawsuit, to back down on publication, Alex began seeking another publisher. Twayne was publishing a series of book about American men of letters. Alex approached Twayne. The company rejected the notion of a book about a science fiction writer, but was favorable to the notion of a book about science fiction writers. After negotiations of over a year, contracts were signed, and Alex had a definite commitment to write a critical study of modern sf.

This is no mean accomplishment for a man with only a handful of stories published, no professional reputation as a critic, and indeed very little in the way of past accomplishments to point to. It is entirely a credit to Alex's ability to make a strong presentation of his work that Twayne agreed for him to do the book.

At this point I must digress. Two points: First, the Heinlein book was by no means as dead as had appeared. Advent ruefully asked to see it after having once backed off

from it, and subsequently decided to dare the wrath of The M. and publish it. In any case, the book is due this fall from Advent. Having read it straight through in manuscript form, I was much more impressed by it than I had been by its serial appearance. The latter was due in part to editorial changes.

Second: While Alex has written the complete book for Twayne, the editors there have not, as I write this, indicated their acceptance or



Atom

or lack thereof, and for that reason my comments here must be accepted as tentative to their acceptance of the book as it stands.

It is no easy task to conceive, much less write, a book-length treatment of science fiction for an audience which must be assumed to be literate, but at least in part ignorant of sf as a field. Of course Alex deliberately narrowed his field of inquiry to post WW2 sf, but nonetheless, the proportions of the job are Herculean. In fact, aside from NEW MAPS OF HELL, I cannot think of any books which exist for comparison: even Amis put his book together from separate lectures. All other critical studies of sf are compendiums of reviews and essays, either by single individuals (Knight, Blish and *sigh* Moskowitz) or in anthology form (THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL, etc.). I see on my shelf only two other books conceived as books, de Camp's SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK, which exists more on the instructive than critical level, as the title implies, and Basil Davenport's slim (eighty small pages with large type) INQUIRY INTO SCIENCE FICTION. The latter is probably no longer in its entirety than a chapter in Alex's book.

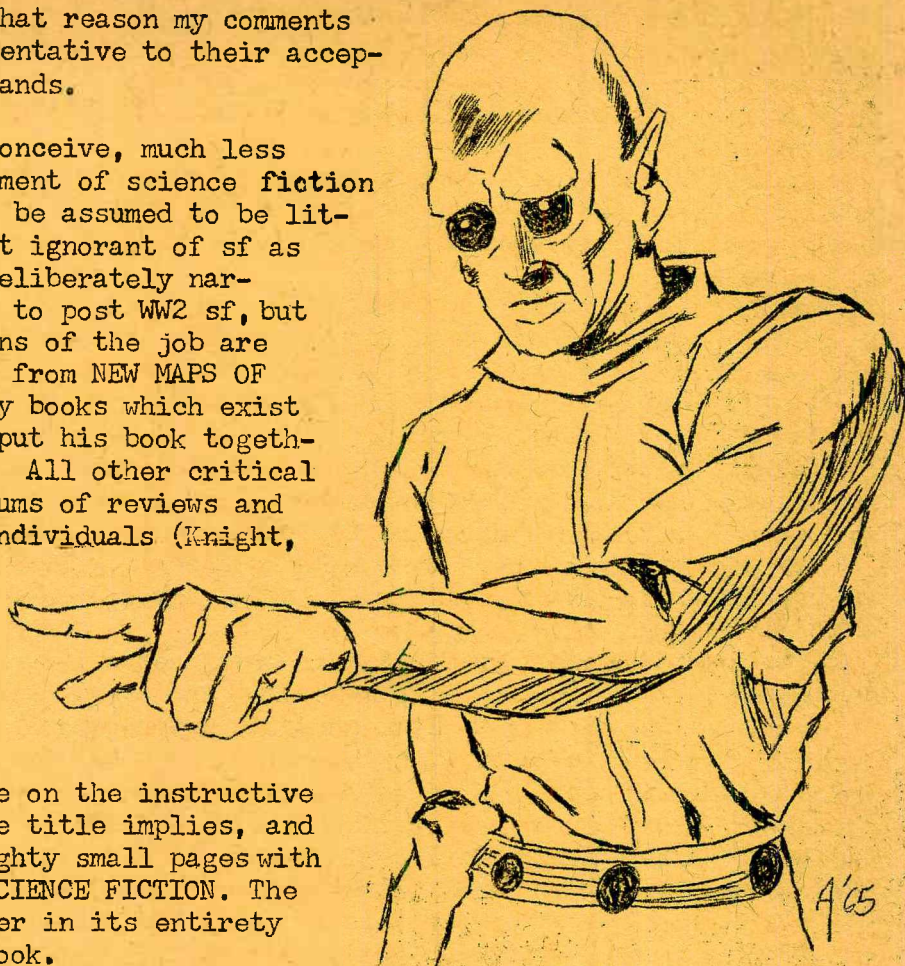
Alex has divided his book into the following chapters, following a brief, explanatory preface:

Chapter One: Background. An attempt at a workable definition; a quick skim thru sf's history in the magazine field which is less of a retelling of the tired and trite than I'd expected; some attempt to assess the audience for sf.

Chapter Two: The State of Science Fiction. Herein examples of differing varieties of sf are given, and the works of writers like Richard Matheson, James Blish, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Heinlein, Dwight V. Swain, and Larry Niven are examined at varying length in example. Blish's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE received considerable attention here. Swain and Niven are used as bad examples. My own opinion, which I expressed to Alex as strongly as good friendship would allow, was that he had no business using a rising young writer of growing talent and ability such as Niven for a bad example in a book which may stay in print thirty years or more. Alex confessed he had his own doubts, and agreed. He now plans either the replacement or the deletion of the portion dealing with Niven.

Chapter Three: The Stories. At this point, Alex goes into the nature of differing forms of sf in terms of whether it is "speculative" or "extrapolative". (I'll deal with this point later.) He uses the work of Charles L. Harness, L. Sprague de Camp, Poul Anderson, and Jack Vance as examples of sf as (good) entertainment. He deals with Fred Pohl, William Tenn and Kurt Vonnegut as satirists. For extrapolative sf, he makes use of works by Lee Correy (G. Harry Stine), Asimov, and Hal Clement. He offers Heinlein as both extrapolative and speculative, adding to the latter list works by Algis Budrys and James Blish. Finally, in sum, he gives in example A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, by Walter M. Miller, Jr., which embodies all of the previously discussed characteristics.

Chapter Four: The Writers. Having set the stage, Alex deals extensively with the work of nine writers who, in his opinion, "have done the most interesting work in American science fiction since 1950." The nine are: Robert Heinlein, Theodore



Sturgeon, Alfred Bester, Poul Anderson, Frank Herbert, Edgar Pangborn, Philip K. Dick, Kurt Vonnegut, and Roger Zelazny. It's a hard list to quarrel with although I might have added or subtracted a name or two. Each of these writers is dealt with in depth; this chapter alone runs eighty-eight pages. (The previous chapter was hefty with fifty-five ms. pages.)

Chapter Five: The Future of Science Fiction. Brief, of necessity, this chapter simply suggests the changing markets in the field will have their influence, and lays the ground for hopes that the coming generation of sf writers will do as well as those before them.

Notes: I am not entirely happy with footnotes which are collected at the tail of a book; they seem to me to require more paging back and forth than they are worth. But the breadth of Alex's research can be found in the credits given to such diverse sources as the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL, Lighthouse, Library Journal, Publishers' Weekly, Habakkuk, IN SEARCH OF WONDER, The SFWA Bulletin, THE PORTABLE COLERIDGE, Walter Kaufmann's THE FAITH OF A HERETIC, and LIFE magazine, among others.

Selected Bibliography: Basically a list of all stories and books referred to in any depth, with publishers and magazine titles where these differed.

Critical Bibliography: Background Sources. A list of other books of criticism and bibliography, including the Day and MIT Indexes, the Cole Checklist, etc.

It's a solid book. It is neither brief nor skimpy in any particular. Alex spends the space that is necessary to make each and every point he raises. But, more important, it is an integrated book. It moves with a directional flow of logic and discourse from beginning to end. I read it in one (long) sitting (if that's the word I want; I read it lying down on my bed). I could not leave off at any point. I did not always share Alex's admiration for a given work (BICYCLE BUILT FOR BREW), Vonnegut's work in general, Miller's CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ) but I could not fault him his observations and conclusions, and he made better sense for me of Blish's CASE OF CONSCIENCE than Blish had.

It's a good book. Not only is it well thematically organized, it is well considered and extremely well written. Beside it, Alex's work on Heinlein looks amateurish. It is as cleanly and incisively written as Knight and Blish at their critical best. I cannot say more.

And most important of all, it's an important book. There has been no work of this level of literacy, competence, and knowledgeability heretofore aimed at the non-sf-reading public. It is a book any sf reader or fan can read with pleasure, but it is not (as are the Knight and Blish books) aimed so directly at the already knowledgeable that the outsider finds it incomprehensible or too much for the Insider. It assumes that one knows little about sf, but a good deal about good literature. This is the finest assumption possible for a work of this nature, and Alex's success makes it the more valuable and impressive.

While I cannot praise Alex highly enough for this, a book which I regard as the best book-length critical work on sf yet to appear, I do have my quibbles. They are minor. To some respect they are a matter of taste.

Alex forecasts that sf magazines will not continue for much longer and states flatly that "the market today for the beginning writer is the paperback book." He states that "no science fiction /magazine/ editor today would take the trouble for a beginning writer that was taken for Roger Zelazny." I doubt that very much. Alex doubts the number of prozines will increase, and says "I rather think that soon there will be less." He does not feel they will be missed.

I think Alex is wrong here: very wrong. There are more sf magazines going today than there were five years ago, and while circulation figures are rather stagnant, I don't believe the field as a whole is collapsing. Too many of today's sf magazines are published more for love than money for the low circulation to be a real deterrent.

More important, the magazine is the sole market for the sf short story, and for all of us who found it easier to write novels than short stories (or at least easier to sell novels....), there will always be the Sturgeons, the Fred Browns, the William Tenns, who seem a little uncomfortable in longer forms, and whom the field needs rather much.

I think Alex's generally unkind feelings toward the magazines are part of his hostility towards the now-vanished pulp magazine field. At several points he felt constrained to inveigh against the so-called pulp-values, and to remark upon the continuing need for sf to cast off its pulp heritage -- which, I suspect, he feels still clings to the digest-size progeny of the pulps.

Here Alex reveals his ignorance, both of pulp values and of sf's tie to the pulps. To deal with the latter first, sf has very tenuous connections with the pulp field as a whole. The first four sf magazines were not pulps. Amazing, Science Wonder, Amazing Wonder and Scientific Detective (all launched by Gernsback) were bedsheet-sized, and at varying times printed on heavy book stock and slick, coated stock. They were not priced in competition with the pulps of their day, but cost ten to fifteen cents more. Even their art was less lurid than other pulps, although Paul knew the value of primary-color posters. Not until Astounding Stories of Super Science did the field have a true pulp. (I except Weird Tales, from the entire discussion; it may have been pulp-sized, but it was neither pulpish in content, nor sf.) The Clayton Astounding had the true earmarks of the pulp: it was part of a chain of pulp magazines for which material was bought and advertising sold by the yard, and it was edited by a pulp editor who used pulp writers.

By contrast, most magazine sf since Gernsback's day has not been written by pulp writers. Pulp writers were million-words-a-year men, like Lester Dent and Walter B. Gibson. They lived off their writing, and they would write just about anything they were assigned, be it mystery, sea stories, sports, westerns, you-name-it. Sf writers, by contrast, were usually amateurs who loved their chosen field and wisely supported themselves at other jobs.

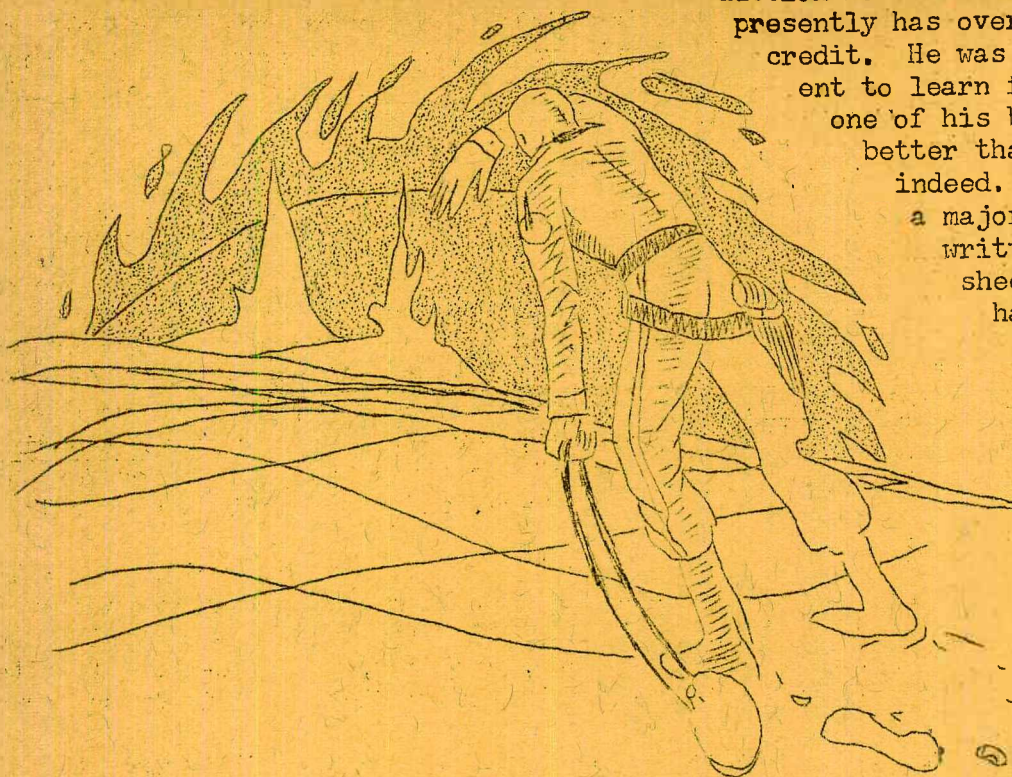
It wasn't until the mid and late thirties that the pulp chains fixed upon the sf magazines. Magazines like the pre-war Marvel and Dynamic were purely pulp products and used pulp writers assigned to write sf. It read like thinly disguised mystery, westerns, and adventure. (The first issue of Planet Comics used a story drawn as a French Foreign Legion story, with the natives recolored blue or green and identified Martians, which is about the most flagrant example of non-sf being disguised as sf. Significantly, almost no sf of value appeared in the early Planet Stories, either....) But other pulp chains hired sf fans or writers for their sf magazines, a clear indication of the fact that it required an unusual pulp editor to make the transition (the first probably was Sam Merwin, followed by Sam Mines; Howard Browne never did succeed). And while Street & Smith launched the pulp magazine as we came to know it, John Campbell was the very antithesis of the common pulp editor of the day who edited five to twenty-five different titles simultaneously. (There's a story Campbell was held in awe by other S&S staffers.)

Actually, sf could have learned a lot from the pulps. For out of the pulps have come writers like Frank Gruber, James M. Cain, Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler, and a number of other major writers. John D. MacDonald is a pulp writer who dabbled with sf while still serving his apprenticeship, quit, became a gifted novelist, and came back long enough to show us what story telling is about in THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH, AND EVERYTHING.

"Pulp values" plainly spoken, were simply fast-moving story-telling. They arose in reaction to the creaky stodginess of nineteenth-century prose, in reaction against the sort of book which might open with a chapter in which the author describes the story's setting before introducing his first character. The pulp story never told you about something when it could show it to you in demonstration.

The reason so much bad fiction was published in the pulps was purely a matter of economics. They paid little, and required an enormous amount of wordage, every month. But this was not good pulp fiction, any more than the mid-fifties Amazing published good science fiction. It was yard goods.

But many journeyman pulp writers could write far better than could their sf-writing contemporaries -- better, in fact, than most sf writers actively writing today. And sf writers have not yet equalled the best of the pulp writers. It is unlikely they ever will. John D. MacDonald wrote over half a million words of short stories before he began selling consistently, and he continued to write at a fantastic volume of pro-



duction for several years thereafter. He presently has over fifty books to his credit. He was a man with enough talent to learn from his experience. Not one of his books is a stinker, and better than half are quite good indeed. There is probably not a major sf writer alive who has written as much in terms of sheer wordage. And if a few had, perhaps they too would have learned the craft of simply writing better, and lost their patina of amateurishness.

Today the sf magazines cater to the amateurs because very few full-time writers (if any) can afford a living from magazine sales alone. But in the paperbacks which Alex sees as the coming thing (they're here) -- here is our pulp market all

over again, and it is here that pulp standards of the worst sort, the kind Alex rightly decries, predominate. Here are the pulp editors who don't understand sf, here the yard goods are bought and sold. Sure, it's an easy market. It needs more than it can get. It grabs for the barely acceptable, and sometimes rejects the better than acceptable in its haste.

For better or worse, it is in the paperback market that sf is most strongly pulp oriented.

Alex contrasts extrapolation ('Gee, I wonder what the future will be like?') with speculation ('Gee, I wonder what it's all about?'). Extrapolative sf he sees as "hard science" sf, as the Asimov and Clement examples might suggest. This is the Campbell-era stuff, the sort of story Heinlein does so well. The people are interesting in their own right, perhaps, but it is their setting, the science, that grabs us.

Speculative sf, as Alex sees it, is far older. It is the wonder-of-the-universe sort of thing, the What-is-man? query. He might have easily cited Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END as an outstanding example, although he did not.

Alex sees speculative sf (the travels through the wonders of the universe whether in a spaceship or through a microscope) as the dominant factor in the thirties, with extrapolative sf replacing it in the forties. In the late fifties and sixties he sees the return of speculative sf, but shorn of its naivete, as in MORE THAN HUMAN and all those stories with a psychological/sociological orientation.

Right off the bat, I think that the terms "extrapolation" and "speculation" are misleading and confusing, although I confess I can think of none better.

But secondly and more important, I don't think his separation of sf into these two categories is necessarily valid. He creates distinctions, but I am not convinced they are important distinctions. It seems to be that if one seeks categories there are endless pigeon-holes one can resort to, and rafts of this-or-that contrasts. Moreover, he suggests that Sam Moskowitz's fabled Sense of Wonder was stimulated by the speculative but not the extrapolative sf, and about this I very much wonder.

It's a book that will make Sam mad. Apparently Moskowitz's initial reaction to Alex's queries when he was gathering material for his Heinlein book was one the order of, "Who's this pipsqueak with the temerity to write a book about someone I've already Profiled?"

Sam's published comments on segments of the Heinlein book (in Riverside Quarterly and Zenith Speculation) are not simply assinine, they're incredible in their implied conceit.

It would seem Sam is jealous --- even more of Alex than his review of the first edition of IN SEARCH OF WONDER indicated his jealousy of Knight. Sam is regarded by those not in the know as sf's Number One Expert.

And now along comes the finest critical survey of the field yet published. I expect it will turn Sam purple.

The rest of us will probably enjoy it very much.

The ill-tempered opinions expressed in the last few paragraphs of the above article are those of the author (who appears to be more than a little jealous of Sam's reputation) and are not necessarily those of anyone else in fandom. /R.S.Coulson/

PLANET POEMS: 8 - Neptune
by Rick Norwood

Who am I?
Lord of wind and sky?
My yards and yards of sky are wholly wet.
The wind, a sluggish thing, humps along sideways
Barely billowing the cloud curtains.
Oh! My tempests, my tempests, where are you?

NEW ADDRESSES

Mats Linder, K rsb rsv gen 1:424,
Stockholm O, Sweden

Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall,
Blair Group, Columbia, Mo.
65201

Ross Peterson, Sykes Annex,
St. Lawrence Univ., Canton,
New York 13617

Billy Pettit, c/o Mrs. Grant
Harmon, 3211 Uvalda, Aurora,
California 80010

David Piper, 24 Dawlish Drive,
Ruislip Manor, Middlesex,
Great Britain

John D. Berry, Box 6801, Stan-
ford, California 94305

Frederick R. Fisher, 2401
Pullen, Richland, Wash.
99352

Marilyn Wisowaty, 195 Harvard
Ave., Cambridge, Mass. (the
P.O. didn't show the Zip
code on the returned issue)

FAN PRO'S: Terry Carr & Jay
Klein in the Dec. IF; Piers
Anthony and Alex Panshin in the
Dec. ANALOG. Fandom strikes
again.



OF CATS & KINGS

a magazine review column by

RICK NORWOOD

AUGUST

Not much happened recently, so let's go back briefly and pick up a month I missed. There were three outstanding stories in the June magazines. Some people are fond of plot synopses, so I will give a perfectly accurate synopsis of the plot of each of these stories, all of which are good science fiction. The first story is about evil, powerful aliens who manipulate us for their own ends and kidnap our women. The second story is about a reformed killer who fights a duel to protect the man who saved him from his life of crime. The third story is about an alien who kidnaps a spaceman and turns him into a monster.

Fortunately there is more to these stories than plot. The first is "The Heaven Makers" by Frank Herbert, in Amazing. It is notable for an unusual story telling technique, and for the fact that all of the action is psychological rather than physical. The antagonists, an earth psychiatrist and an alien film-maker, are only dimly aware of each other, and yet they are engaged in mortal combat. The second story, from F&SF, is "Death and the Executioner" by Roger Zelazny, and the plot, while it is not a bad plot, is the least of it. The third story is "The Adults" by Larry Niven, from Galaxy. Here the plot is almost exactly the same plot as he used in WORLD OF PTAVVS, but the details of the story are overwhelmingly interesting. The plot is insignificant, the incident is everything. So much for plot synopses.

Now, back to the August magazines. In F&SF the two novelettes are conventional variations on standard sf predictions for our immediate future. Of the eight short stories, only one is bad. "Soft Come the Dragons" is obviously influenced by "A Rose for Ecclesiastes", but Zelazny's story was a fluke, good because it came so near to being gosh-swful, and can't be imitated successfully. Two of the shorts are indifferent mixtures of fantasy and sf, one werewolf, one vampire. Five good short stories make the issue worthwhile.

Ilya Varshvsky and Avram Davidson demonstrate their ability to involve the reader emotionally. Charles L. Harness provides a technical entertainment. Thomas M. Disch waxes Philosophical, ambitiously unconventional as always and this time more successful than usual.

A love story ideally concerns itself exclusively with a pair of lovers and an insurmountable obstacle between them. In such a limited plot, sf trappings would usually intrude. There are very few good sf love stories. R. Bretnor has written one. It is "Earthwoman" and it goes the Disch story that is also in this August F&SF one better as an exercise in literary unity. The Disch story takes place in nine minutes, in a limited area on the moon, and has only two characters, but the author intrudes with his own observations. "Earthwoman" is strictly limited to two characters, one night and one bed.

All ten stories in the August Galaxy are readable. Some are even mildly entertaining. But by far the most outstanding story in the issue is "Hawksbill Station" by Robert Silverberg. One of the hardest tasks an sf writer faces is uniting his gimmickry with his plot. Writers who use stock plots, full of sword fights and space battles, as a showcase for their science fictional ideas are common, as are writers who use a cliché setting in which to tell a subtle story. Silverberg's action and setting are perfectly integrated, each drawing from the other to heighten the effect. The story is dramatic without being

melodramatic. There is no wasted motion and no frills. Violence is used sparingly and effectively, instead of being thrown at the reader in great gobs of action whenever the author feels the reader's attention might wander. "Hawksbill Station" is not particularly original. I remember a TWILIGHT ZONE episode about the leader of an isolated star-colony that had essentially the same conflict. But it is very well written. I have only one major objection. It is a time-travel story in which time travel works only one way, into the past. Yet the glimpses we get of the future society show only superficial effects of the introduction of the time machine. Surely a technological advance of the magnitude of time travel would change society drastically.

In the conclusion of his serial in this issue Poul Anderson tried to outdo EESmith and James Blish simulataneously in super-galactic adventure. Anderson handles the human interest better than Smith, and has more convincing science than Blish, but he is not as inventive as either. In the end, sailing among the super-galaxies can be dramatized only in terms of a storm on terrestrial seas. Still, the story is of unprecedented scope, and leaves the reader exhausted but satisfied. The description of the universe, accurate or no, is convincing.

It is hard to understand how Jack Vance can write two Hugo winning novelettes and still turn out such padded and predictable items as "The Narrow Land" in a recent Fantastic and "The Man from Zodiac" in this August Amazing. Both stories are billed as first of a series, which indicates that Jack Vance plans to waste a good deal of time on this sort of pot-boiler. The biggest trouble with "The Man From Zodiac", which might have been an entertaining short story instead of a tedious short novel, is that the reader is fed vast quantities of information which has no relevance whatsoever to the story. Too bad. The idea of an agency which can be hired to supply a country with a government has so many possibilities.

I hear that Amazing and Fantastic will be using more new fiction in the future. I hope they increase the quality as well as the quantity.

In the not-so-bad old days, sf series stories often left the reader with something to think about. The Foundation series and the Lensman series had the letter columns buzzing for years. Current series stories generally have pat endings to each story, while no conclusions to the series as a whole it in sight, or even in the author's mind. The Retief series and the Berserker series, both represented in the August If, are of this type. Also in this issue, though, is a series that seems to have a few surprises in store worthy of speculation. "The Felled Star" is part of Philip Jose Farmer's brilliant Riverworld series. At the end of this episode, we should be able to deduce some things about the creators of the Riverworld, including the identities of the two spies in Sam Clemens' camp.

If has been "combined with Worlds of Tomorrow". It has picked up the Riverworld series, the Moskowitz articles, and the Berserker-Time Travel "novel" which began in the last issue of WoT. "The Winged Helmet" is part two. The conclusion may well turn up in Galaxy. Fred Pohl has done this sort of thing before. Cordwainer Smith's only novel was half in If, half in Galaxy. If Pohl keeps chopping up his serials and cutting them to fit, I may start waiting for the paperback. THE IRON THORN, which just ended a few months ago, is out in soft covers, and there have been changes made. There ought to be a hardback.

Also in the August issue is a short, introductory installment of the new Blish novel.

The Poul Anderson/Chesley Bonestell series in Analog could have been beautiful. But Anderson writes almost nothing but pot-boilers these days. Even his surprise endings are predictable. "Starfog" in the August issue is entertaining because of the spectacularly vivid descriptions of a globular cluster in mixed scientific and romantic terms. Still, I would expect better things from the author of BRAIN WAVE and THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS.

"The Featherbedders" by Frank Herbert, who is experimenting with different writing techniques, is told mostly in dialog, and would make a very good radio drama.

There are three short stories. Mack Reynolds gives a neat if simplistic lecture in

elementary economics. Christopher Anvil gives the standard lecture on technicalese. Walt and Leigh Richmond go to a little more trouble than the other two to turn their lecture (on parasites) into a story. At least they don't use the technique of giving a lot of isolated incidents like Anvil and Reynolds do. Like most lectures, all three are forgettable.

Alas, Analog, how the mighty has fallen.

S E P T E M B E R

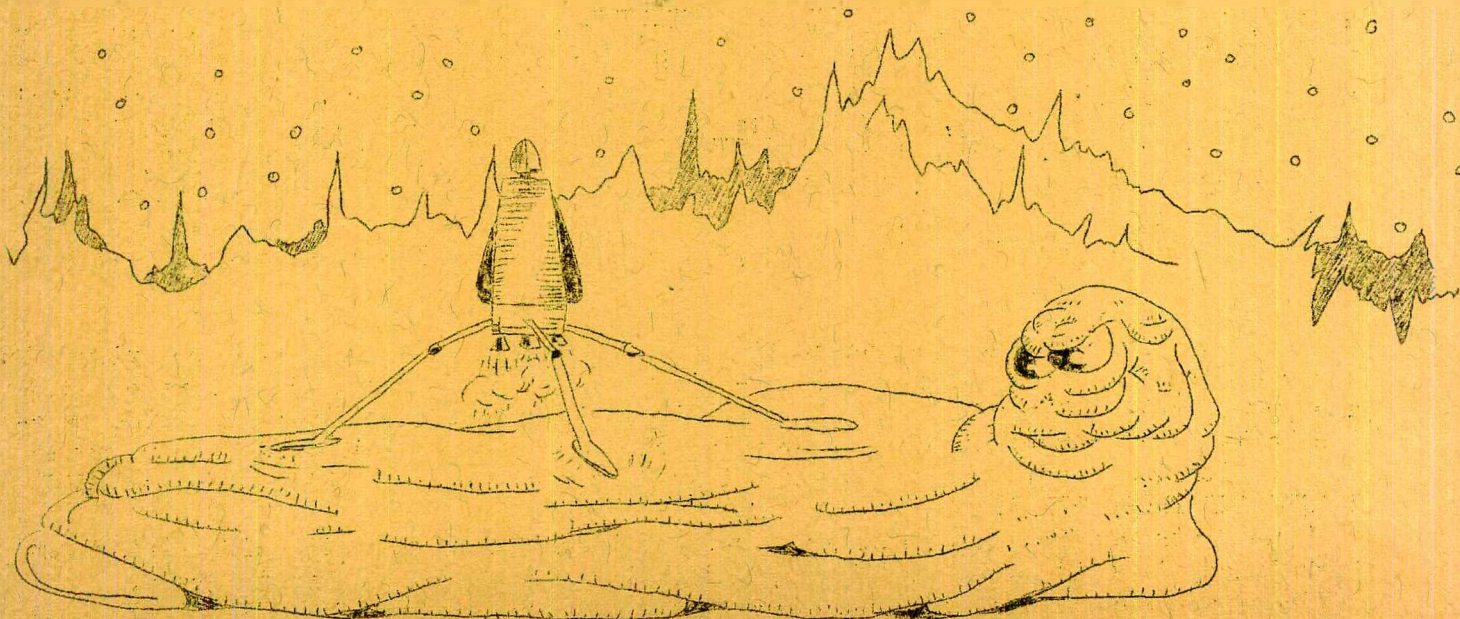
ANALOG. The typical Analog hero is a man who, when dropped on the moon with ten minutes' air supply and a shoestring, builds a starship, a full scale replica of the Taj Mahal and wipes out crime in the known universe....in short, a Superman. In the old days the Astounding Superman took on the universe single handed. Absolutely everyone was against him, but he won out anyway. Today the Analog superman has help. Behind him is the secret, benevolent, powerful Organization for Discovering and Using the Talents of Superman. Things were more interesting when the superman stood alone. When it was one Astounding superman against the entire hostile universe, the odds were a little more even. Now that the Analog superman has a organization behind him, the hostile universe hasn't got a prayer.

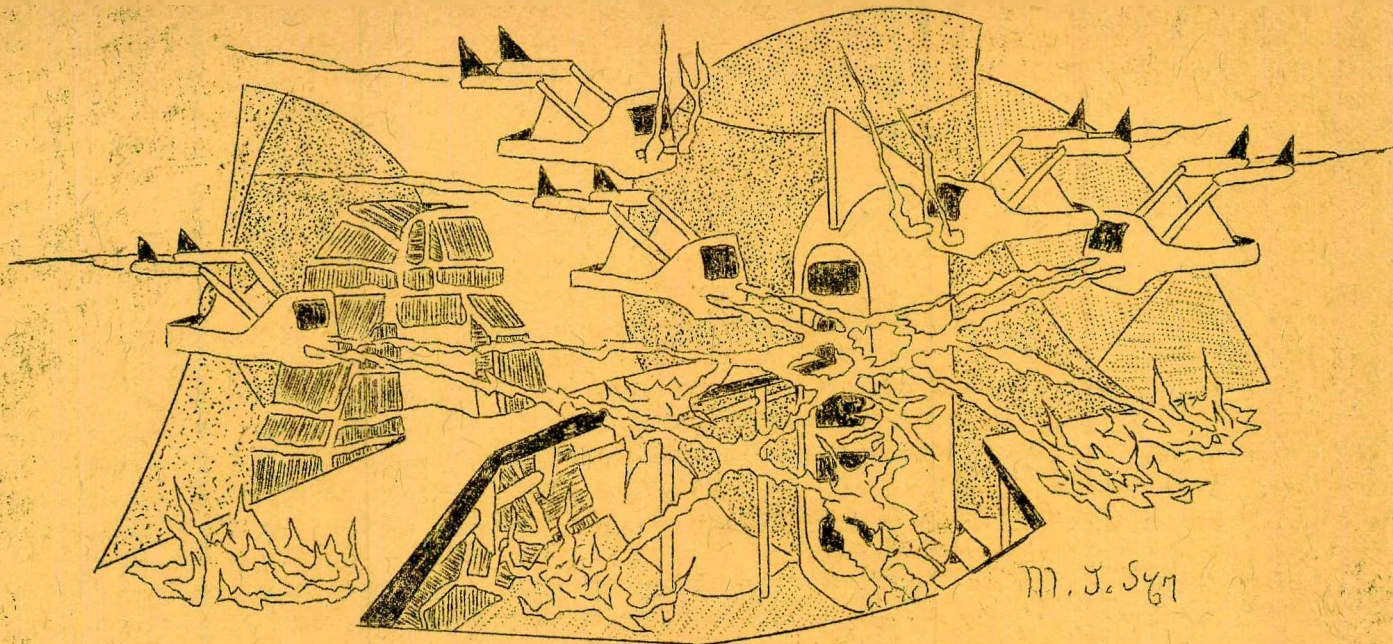
In "Fiesta Brava" the supermen have relatively limited powers, and the organization behind them doesn't step in to save the day at the last minute. The four of them are just powerful enough to overthrow the government of a police-state planet in about a week without hurting anybody. Analog superman never hurt anybody except bad guys. The story is by Mack Reynolds, is in the United Planets series, and like all Reynolds' stories it is dependably entertaining.

"The King's Legions" is not about supermen. It is about men with a super weapon. It is the conclusion of Christopher Anvil's "Oggbad-fiend of space" series, the story of three spacemen who never grew up and the slightly omnipotent spaceship which mothers them. These three do-gooders kill bad guys by the score. You know they were bad guys because they are dead. They looked to me more like dummies....the kind JWC likes to set up so he can knock them down again. Our trio of incompetents get into hotter and hotter water, in spite of the fact that all of their preposterous stratagems work perfectly, until their fairy-godmother steps in at the last instant and saves the day. It is all good, clean fun....very clean, since none of our fun loving spacemen is interested in girls.

Almost by definition a superman story is not expected to be believable. Perhaps I should be satisfied that the two stories mentioned so far are amusing. "Lost Calling" is slightly less slick, slightly less formula-ridden, and somewhat more substantial than the other two. It is still a superman story.

"The Pearly Gates of Hell" is an amusing twist on the frustrated suicide plot.





F&SF A story need not be surprising to be entertaining. It happens that all of the stories in the September F&SF are fairly predictable. You may not know exactly how each one will end, but the ending, when it comes, is no surprise. This does not mean that none of the stories is worthwhile. It does mean that they must have something to offer in place of novelty.

The salvation of "Out of Time, Out of Place" is that it does not have the obvious "shock" ending. There is a twist, but it is not the expected one, and the groundwork for it has been laid. It is not intended to catch the reader by surprise, and the story goes on from there. Still, it has all been done before.

"The Cyclops Juju" and "Night of the Leopard" have "classic" horror plots. In "The Cyclops Juju" you know something horrible is going to happen, but you don't know quite what, and, more important, you don't know when. Everything is written in a matter-of-fact style that is very effective.

"Night of the Leopard" starts out well. The picture of the African village is truly horrifying and probably realistic. Then, fantasy enters into the story, and real-life problems are given a fantasy solution. It is easier to kill a monster than it is to wipe out ignorance.

"The Saw and the Carpenter" is an sf detective story. It goes down smoothly, and you may not guess who-did-it, but it follows the tried and true detective story formula.

"Donny Baby" is a real shocker, even though you know exactly what is going to happen. As in "The Cyclops Juju" the shock is achieved by understatement.

Even the most predictable of American science fiction has more twists and turns of the plot than do the few Russian stories I have read. The Russians seem to see nothing wrong in a straightforward presentation of an idea, with almost no action. I suppose it is only jaded readers who need trick endings. In the early Gernsback days, when ideas were new, the stories were often as uncomplicated as in "A Secret from Helas" by I Yefremov, which seems bland today.

FANTASTIC I really should not bother reviewing this issue of Fantastic. The trouble with "The Longest Voyage" is obvious. It is the story of an "epic" space flight to Jupiter. Much is made of how far Jupiter is, and what a great thing a trip there and back would be. But the same plot, almost word for word, could have been set on the Earth-Moon run. The "epic" is fake.

I need not warn you away from "Same Autumn in a Different Park". It is obviously not worth the trouble it takes to read it. Of course, we all know that being difficult to read is a sign of High Literary Quality.

IF (combined with WORLDS OF TOMORROW) "Bride Ninety-One" is not up to Robert Silverberg's recent, very high standards, but I doubt that anyone could write a really outstanding story around the admittedly beautiful Gray Morrow cover. A similar situation occurred several years ago when Amazing ran a cover that was also a mixture of Western and Science Fiction. James Blish, I believe, had to write a story around that one. The cover was by Emsh, and was effective. The story was not so good. As Blish protested in the letter column, it was a cover that it was next to impossible to write a good story around. I believe Pohl is the only editor around who insists that the cover of the magazine must illustrate a story inside. Some of his claims that a particular cover and story go together are very farfetched.

It is hard to write a story about domesticated human beings. A human being that is completely domesticated is no longer human, in a sense, and it is hard to identify with such a character, or even to care what happens to him. "To Serve the Masters" I did not find very interesting. A more substantial criticism is a blatant error in plot logic. The masters are characterized as paranoid by our standards, going to extreme lengths to avoid any risk to their lives. Yet they allow an experiment to be carried out on all of them at once, where something may easily go wrong. Surely, if they would take the risk at all, they would run a test first.

"Venus Smiles", part of the Vermilion Sands series, is a showcase for J.G. Ballard's excellent prose. I almost said his "unarguably excellent prose", but people argue about such things all of the time. Nevertheless, whatever you think of the plots, the prose is outstanding. Apparently this story is at least in part a rewrite of a previously published story, as pointed out by Willem van den Broek in the letter column of Yandro 175. Fred Pohl is touchy about using even partial reprints, so this may be the last Ballard story we see in If.

"A Bowl Bigger Than Earth" is an alternate afterlife to the "Riverworld". Philip Jose Farmer must be thinking a lot about life after death these days. Here he explores the problems of a sexless afterlife. This is a story not only worth reading, but worth thinking about.

----- HOW TO COMPARE WRITING

This was sent to us by Gene DeJeese, who offers the following explanation: "This is a selection of excerpts from a theme in Bev's class. Everything up to the first '+++++' is continuous. The ellipses are the author's."

The articles in "Time" magazine of January 6, 1967 and "This Week" January 9, 1967 about the controversy between the Kennedy's and William Manchester's novel on the assassination of John F. Kennedy, The Death of a President can be compared by explicit statements, by selection of material, by emphasis given to the material, and by connotation to detect the degree of slants of the two authors.

Both authors in these articles are very direct in their statements about the controversy. They do not try to bias the reader in favor of the Kennedys or Manchester. They seem to present information that a controversy is present.

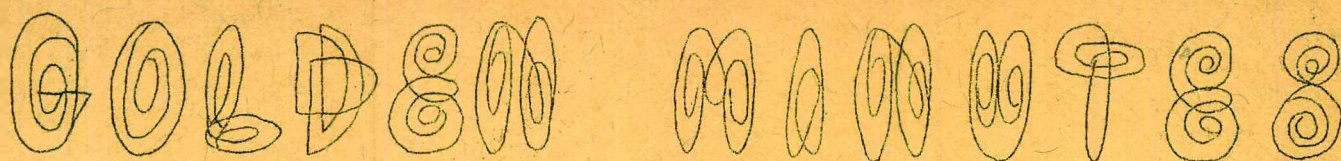
However, the selection of the material in the "Time" magazine about the content of the book slants the two author's views. "Look" magazine has brought out numerous details of the book which the author does not know what to expect. He says that "Look" magazine serialization have grown so numerous and detailed that official publications promises... "are" as fresh as the story of Beowulf." Beowulf is an outdated story. Some of the content in the following support the authors unanticipating material.

1) "Jackie Kennedy sent a letter expressing hope for freedom ... to Soviet Krushchev after the assassination

2) Arthur Schlesinger Jr. asked Kennedy's Democratic...chairman...if the party could deny the 1968 presidential nomination to Lyndon Johnson.

+++++
At first she thought this unknown author would be perfect for writing about her husband's assassination because of his previous book on JFK.

+++++
His painstaking effort, although very controversial as shown in the selected material, should be given more credit. Both articles are very connotative or suggestive.



ONE MILLION CENTURIES, by Richard Lupoff (Lancer, 75¢) A big novel for sf; 350 pages. It's a bit slower-moving than I personally like (if I'd written it, it would have been around 275 pages). But this is personal opinion rather than criticism; there are readers who like the slower-paced stories, and it does give more room for loving description. This is pure sword-and-sorcery; the science is pretty well non-existent. (The hero is quick-frozen and awakes in a magic world of the future.) Lupoff is at his best when describing the people of the future world; the way they think and talk. They come across as real people; the reader can become interested in their actions. He is not at his best in describing background. For one thing, I'd like to know what those "tunnel beasts" eat in between invasions -- very slow metabolism, evidently. Also, the bit about shooting down the Terasian struck a pretty false note. (A) I don't really believe in that pogo stick in the first place, but it is at least an amusing invention. (B) You try shooting an arrow sometime with a bunch of kumquats stuck on the shaft and see what you hit with it. Especially when you're aiming at a target which is almost out of range of an ordinary arrow. (C) Granted that the butterflies are attracted by the smell of the fruit, I am not convinced that "a cloud" of them would follow the flight of two or three fruits stuck on an arrow when there is an entire jungle full of the things closer at hand. I'm not even convinced that one would follow. The language problem has both good and bad aspects. The hero learns it far too fast -- but this is a standard ploy in this type novel and not a particular fault of Lupoff's. Presumably the reader is expected to ignore it. The idea of having the different societies speak in a different idiom is a good one, and accents the differentness of the groups far better than the usual tactic of everyone sounding like he came out of the same slum. The idea that a race originating in the cast-off infants of a city would speak the same language of the city-dwellers, however, is on a par with Tarzan's ability to learn English because of his noble blood. It just ain't likely. (It's also unnecessary, when a couple of sentences would have been enough to change it.) On the whole, the characterization is good, the action interesting, and the scientific flaws will presumably be ignored by sword-and-sorcery fans. If the writing isn't quite up to the merits of Robert E. Howard it certainly isn't far short of it, and is vastly superior to most modern examples of swords and sorcery.

THE ARSENAL OUT OF TIME, by David McDaniel (Ace, 50¢) Another interplanetary spy novel, this has the virtues of McDaniel's "U.N.C.L.E." books; it is mildly humorous and doesn't take itself too seriously. We have an archaeologist who is conscripted into being an inept spy, a professional spy who isn't much more ept himself, and a beautiful girl who goes around saving both of them. (There is this hidden arsenal of the Aliens, which just happens to be hidden on a planet with which Earth is not on particularly good terms, so our hero has to go there and ferret out The Secret without the local authorities knowing anything about it.) Entertaining.

LIVING WAY OUT, by Wyman Guin (Avon, 60¢) A collection of 7 short stories, including the classic "Beyond Bedlam", an item which, 16 years after its original publication, is still one of the most original and best-written examples of psychological science fiction. If you haven't read it, get this book and do so. Other stories include "A Man of the Renaissance", "My Darling Hecate", "The Delegate From Guapanga", "The Root and the Ring", "Trigger Tide", and "Volpla". None of them are as good as "Bedlam", but most are good, and "Volpla" and "A Man of the Renaissance" are very good. Ignore the cover, which has nothing to do with the contents, actually or symbolically. But get the book.

FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON, by Daniel Keyes (Bantam, 75¢) When I first heard that Keyes had expanded his memorable short story, I was skeptical. Okay, now I've read it, and I'm convinced. This is every bit as good as the original short -- which means it is as good as anything the field has produced -- and it's a full 200 pages long. Keyes has expanded his work without losing any of quality of the original; indeed, the novel is probably better than the original story. Read it yourself, point it out to any non-fans who express interest in science fiction, and sneer at people who say the field hasn't produced any quality literature.

THE COMING OF THE TERRANS, by Leigh Brackett (Ace, 50¢) A new collection of Brackett's old stories for PLANET and STARTLING. Pure adventure, without a bit of science in the lot.....and also pure entertainment. At a convention once, Leigh Brackett commented -- in a discussion on the realities of Mars -- that she expected to find Green Martians and thoats when our first manned expedition arrives, and that if they aren't there, they should be. I'm sure that a lot of fans agree. But if I ever get to Mars, I want to see Valkis and Jekkara and the rest of the Low Canal towns. People have accused me of disliking sword and sorcery fiction. I think the problem is that I tend to compare it all to Brackett's stories, and the comparison tends to make other authors look pretty poor. Anyway, whatever its subjective quality, this is the sort of s&s that I like.

THE SPACE OLYMPICS, by A. M. Lightner (Norton, \$3.95) Another juvenile (with a remarkably bad dust jacket; I hope it doesn't detract from sales). This is aimed at younger readers than the "juveniles" by Heinlein and Norton (and Ted White, for that matter) that we are more used to -- those are juvenile only in respect to the hero being a teen-ager and an enforced lack of sex; in other respects they are adult enough so that some of Heinlein's have been run as serials in places like ASTOUNDING, F&SF, and BLUE BOOK. This is definitely for younger readers -- I would guess at not more than 10 or 11 years for stf-oriented kids (future fans, in other words) and perhaps 14 as a top age-level for the general populace. (And I could be too high.) The ideas are much simpler than those of adult stf, and the science is at the lowest-possible-denominator level. Within these restrictions, the book is well enough done. I wouldn't recommend it for any VANDRO readers, but it might be a suitable present for that niece or nephew that you never know what to buy for. (If the kid reads at all, that is -- and if he doesn't, why are you wasting presents on him?)

CITY, by Clifford D. Simak (Ace, 60¢) Not a novel, despite the cover blurb, but an excellent series of short stories. I re-read it, and was surprised to find it seeming a little dated....but then, it's over 20 years old, which is pretty old for stf. And, dated or not, the story of the end of Man and the rise of the Dogs is still well worth reading. (If it isn't as good as the best of today's fiction, such as FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON, it's still an improvement over the average magazine fare.) It has also been reprinted a lot, but if you haven't already read it, you should.

THE ANSIRS AND THE IRON THORN, by Algis Budrys (Gold Medal, 50¢) I noted no important changes from the story that was recently serialized in IF. If you read it there, you know it. If you didn't read it there, it's a pretty good story, which can be considered either as blood-and-guts adventures on an alien planet, or as the adjustment of an adolescent to sudden adulthood. (Fans -- some of whom never do seem to adjust to the fact that the world is not the way they would like to see it -- may not like it, but it is a good book anyway. Unpalatable truths are still truths.)

THE SYNTHETIC MAN, by Theodore Sturgeon (Pyramid, 60¢) A reissue of the story originally published -- in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, of all places! -- as "The Dreaming Jewels". Pyramid first published it 10 years ago. It's still a good story of a non-human faced with human emotions and human problems. Not one of my favorite Sturgeon stories, but a good one.

It strikes me that I've been remarkably enthusiastic about the books this month. Well, it seems like it has been a good month for stf. (Though I suppose it could be that I'm in a good mood from having a new typewriter to play with.)

SEEKERS OF TOMORROW, by Sam Moskowitz (Ballantine, 95¢) We pretty well thrashed out the qualities of this some time back, when the hardcover was published. Briefly, the writing style is dry and pedantic, and Sam is more than a little careless about differentiating between facts and personal opinions. I didn't check everything, but the number of typographical errors seems to be less than in the World editions. However, admitting that the book has faults, if you are interested in the background of science fiction writers, this is IT. Not only is it the only general survey of stf authors ever published (barring Sam's own companion volume) it is the only one ever likely to be published. I should think it would be a must for most fans. (Just don't regard any statement in it as gospel -- books of this sort are bound to have a few errors in them.) Also, while it may not be as well written as some fans would like, it is at least as well written as the average literary biography. This takes up 22 authors of the "Golden Age" of stf; Heinlein, Kuttner, Bradbury, Sturgeon, Asimov, van Vogt, Clarke, Hamilton, de Camp, Russell, etc. There is also a single chapter which lumps together some minor writers and some newer ones, though there is nothing on such modern authors as Zelazny, Ballard, Delany, Niven, or even Brunner, who has been around since the early 1950s. Hopefully, Ballantine will also issue Sam's volume on earlier stf authors in due course.

BORN UNDER MARS, by John Brunner (Ace, 50¢) This was also in the magazines recently; I didn't read it there, so I can't vouch for any difference in the versions. Essentially, it's an interplanetary spy story again; entertaining, but nothing extra. If you enjoy action and mysterious Plots, here they are.

AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT, by Arthur C. Clarke (Pyramid, 60¢) An excellent novel, but one that has been published so often by so many publishers (and in so many versions) that it should be familiar to the fan. Again, if you haven't already read it -- either in this version or revised as THE CITY AND THE STARS -- you should. It is an almost perfect example of what fans mean when they speak of "the sense of wonder". A plot explanation would mean little; this one stands or falls on its description and concepts.

THE LIVING DEMONS, by Robert Bloch (Belmont, 50¢) Only Bloch would open a preface with "It seems there were two Irishmen... Their names were Burke and Hare." He was famous for black humor (among other kinds) before there was such a term. (I always think of it as Bloch humor, by the way). For that matter, only Bloch would write a story about a love potion and title it "Philtre Tip". The stories are mostly from the old WEIRD TALES, and mostly consist of ghoulish humor. Recommended for those who like that sort of thing.

THE ROAD TO THE RIM, by A. Bertram Chandler / THE LOST MILLENNIUM, by Walt and Leigh Richmond (Ace, 60¢) I didn't finish the Richmond half. I can take only so many stories that provide "scientific" explanations of Adam & Eve, the Greek myths, the Hindu myths, the Velikovsky myths, Egyptian religion, Atlantis, etc, etc, and this wasn't one of them. I will say this seems to ring in more different mythologies than any fictional account since Shaver's, but then the writing didn't seem to be much of an improvement on Shaver, either. The Chandler half was entertaining; it ties into the rest of the Rim series in being an incident in the misspent youth of John Grimes. Not one of Chandler's best, but moderately good.

MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES, by E. R. Eddison (Ballantine, 95¢) The second in Eddison's somewhat overrated Mezentian series. In some ways it is far superior to the better-known WORM OUBOROUS; more of the action makes sense, and Eddison seems less dedicated to overwhelming the reader with his vocabulary. The story is a medieval historical romance, with no fantasy element, but very well done.

THE YEAR'S BEST S-F: 11th Ed., edited by Judith Merril (Dell, 75¢) It's a long way from being what the title states, but it's an interesting collection. It includes a total of 36 items, and I'm not about to review all of them, but I'll comment on a few. The book started off badly, with "Something Else", by Robert J. Tilley. I know Balzac is supposed to be a great writer, but I never liked "Passion In The Desert" well enough to enjoy it as rewritten by someone else. It's the sort of story that lends authenticity to critics who say that stf writers are behind the times. The second story is by Ballard, so I didn't bother to read it. There are good items, though. My favorite is Robert D. Tschirgi's "A Singular Case of Extreme Electrolyte Balance Associated With Folie A Deux", but then I have this weird sense of humor. The story is one I've loved ever since first seeing it in WORM RUNNER'S DIGEST, and I have forcibly read it to several visitors. I remembered and enjoyed Walter F. Moudy's "The Survivor", though I was surprised to see it in a Merril collection. There are a lot of stories from British magazines and US mainstream mags like MADEMOISELLE and PLAYBOY that you may not have seen previously. Mostly, you're just as well off if you don't see it this time, either, but there is enough good material to be worth 75¢. Also, this sort of stuff is the coming thing in science fiction, or so the critics inform me, puffing solemnly on their pipes and/or cigarette holders. I guess it's no worse than past efforts; it still presents 10% worthwhile efforts and 90% crap. My main objection is that in the old days even most of the crap was entertaining if not literate, and you didn't mind wading through it to get to the goodies. The New Wave crap, though, is a dead loss.

VOICES FROM THE SKY, by Arthur C. Clarke (Pyramid, 60¢) A collection of short essays. There are several on future developments in space, four on communications satellites, and a varied assortment including Clarke's Kalinga Award acceptance speech (mostly a spirited defense of science fiction), a tribute to H. G. Wells, and a short article on the sort of letters he gets. (Including "the most unusual offer" which was from a man wanting Clarke to use his name in a story. Gee, Arthur, I've only co-authored 2 books and I've had 3 or 4 people ask if I'd use their name in a story. Are your readers afraid of you?) I loved one prediction: "Eventually, letters should never take more than a few minutes to be delivered to any point on the Earth". You can tell this was written by an Englishman who has had very few dealings with the US postoffice in recent years. He is also considering "just how one sets about designing an electronic anthropologist". (Try that one on your friends, Kay; they're not indispensable.) A fine book; highly recommended.

STRANGE PROPHECIES THAT CAME TRUE, by Stewart Robb (Ace, 50¢) The title is a come-on; some of the related prophecies have supposedly "come true", some of them are going to come true in the future (according to the author), and in a few cases the author gets so wrapped up in the prophecy and the prophet that he never remembers to say whether it came true or not. There must be a market for this stuff.....certainly nobody buys it for the clear beauty of the writing style. (I suppose if it's true that there's one born every minute, there must be a lot of them walking around and buying books.)

GAMES, by Hal Ellson (Ace, 60¢) Every so often I am tempted into reading fiction other than stf -- as usual, this is a disappointment. It's from a movie; "based on the screenplay by Gene Kearny, from an original story by Curtis Harrington and George Edwards". Don't bother to see the movie, either. It's all about this rich bored couple who play exotic practical jokes and accidentally kill a delivery boy with one of them, and how this preys on their minds (the author charitably assumes that they have minds) and eventually, with the help of this mysterious sinister cosmetics saleslady (no, I am not joking) they destroy themselves. Maybe it's black humor; at least it would be if it was funny.

MARK TWAIN TONIGHT!, edited by Hal Holbrook (Pyramid, 75¢) This is wonderful humor and should be in the library of every fan. Can't be too highly recommended.

Grumbings

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

The question of professionalism in such a context can become very complicated. For instance, why must "fan" and "professional" be mutually exclusive terms? True, "professional" and "amateur" are generally so considered; but "fan" implies one's interest in and participation in the activities of one's fellow enthusiasts; so from this point of view one can be either, both, or neither fan & profes-

sional. And should the rule be, once a pro, always a pro? In other words, is it like virginity? I should consider myself an ex-pro SF writer, not having written any science fiction in eleven years. But I do write a little fantasy (mostly my Conan collaborations), so I'm still a pro imaginative-fiction writer... And so on ad infinitum

I don't know that "fan" and "professional" must be mutually exclusive (although that seems to be a traditional definition), but I would think that a Con Committee which instituted a separate series of Fan Achievement Awards in order to "benefit fandom" considered the terms pretty much mutually exclusive. Bob Tucker leaps to mind as a professional writer who is also a fan (or vice versa), but even there I don't think I'd approve of him competing in both categories. Gaughan not only has more experience than more fan artists (and probably more talent, though that can hardly be considered an "unfair" advantage), but he also had the only name on the ballot that a good many voters could recognize. RSC/

Irv Jacobs, Post Office Box 574, National City, California, 92050

Correspondents continue to make references to "Fans to End The War". I've leafed through several back issues of Yandro, but cannot locate the original item which started the discussion. In what issue did the original letter appear? At any rate, the idea of a FETW seems to have infuriated or at least irritated several readers, plus the editors of Yandro.

Did "Mingus/Chute" violate some sort of unwritten law that requires a person to conceal his membership in fandom if he wishes to take asstnd on any other subject of a controversial nature? Undoubtedly there is a subtlety here that has completely escaped me. Otherwise readers would not be tossing around the word "idiotic" with might and main.

If I wished to start an organization called Fans to Legalize Abortion, I believe I would be entitled to announce that fact to the editors of Yandro, without calling forth a flood of anguished cries from those who fear I would somehow or other associate all fans with my new group.

A number of businessmen have recently joined forces to oppose our government's policies in Vietnam, yet no one in his right mind would claim they are speaking for businessmen in general. So why all the static about FETW? I agree with them, and would be happy to associate myself with them; but I do not question the right of other fans to form a rival group: Fans for Victory in Vietnam.

Admirers of Dean Rusk and his "domino" theory are prone to constantly drag in the Munich analogy. Let me toss in one of my own: Those fans with the ruffled feathers, who grumble about FETW being in bad taste, bring to my mind those well bred, "good" Germans who found Hitler and National Socialism to be distasteful. It was all quite controversial and they decided that they Did Not Wish To Become Involved

Is the writing of Arthur Leo Zagat considered out of date? His name never seems to rate even a mention on anyone's list of all time favorites. I used to enjoy him very, very much.

Did those businessmen style themselves Small Business to End The War? I don't give a faint damn what Chute's private opinions are, but I object to his appointing himself a spokesman for fandom. If you wanted to start a Committee to Legalize Abortion, I

might join it. If you started something called Fans to Legalize Abortion, I would probably tell you to mind your own business. And I sure as hell do not want to become involved with anyone who thinks he can do anything about the war in Viet Nam by marching in a parade. If he wants to do it as a private citizen, fine -- but not as a representative of a group to which I belong. I think our current society -- and the honesty of those who "march for peace" --- was summed up neatly in a headline in the Fort Wayne newspaper: PARATROOPERS SUMMONED AS WASHINGTON PREPARES FOR PEACE DEMONSTRATION. (They needed them, too, didn't they?) ... I remember only one story by Zagat, "The Lanson Screen". I have a fond regard for it, but other Zagat stories are totally unmemorable. RSC/

Bill Pettit

Last night I just got back from my second trip to Puerto Rico. (The first was a couple of weeks ago. I went down to work on a display of equipment for the Postmaster's convention. Wanna know why the PO is so bad? They spend their budget for trips to Puerto Rico. The convention was at Uncle's expense. It makes me very angry. And there were hundreds of them. Our display was of an information system and had as necessary information all the names and members of family present. It was a long, long list.) The recent trip was to the Aricebo Ionospheric Observatory. I don't know if you have seen pictures of it or not. It's a 1000 foot dish built into a valley. The horn is mounted from the top of three mountains. It was fabulous, and one of the most enjoyable trips I've ever taken. I had to live on site for a few days. We have a computer that reduces a lot of the data. The stronomers were some of the most friendly and enthusiastic people I've met. Any time I was standing around, somebody would come and explain their work, answer all my child-like questions, and just talk. I've never had such fine treatment. And I learned things. This is also a big radar set. Or several sets and receivers. The spherical dish allows many receivers to be used at one time because of different focuses (foci?). But the man who showed me around most was engaged in mapping the surface of Venus by radar. I got to watch a couple of runs and then see the results. He has found mountains, plains, and what looks like a large area of medium-sized boulders. And, not surprisingly, a very large crater. As time goes by and he has more information, he expects to see other craters. I was very surprised at the

amount of detail he had found. I was there when the first information came back from the Russian soft landing. The conversations were, well, engrossing. Also it turns out that he has measured the rotation of Venus and it is related to the conjunction of the Earth. And the same goes for Mercury, which has always been thought to have one face toward the sun. Another man was very far along on a complete radar map of the moon. The whole thing just snowed the hell out of me. I went up in the

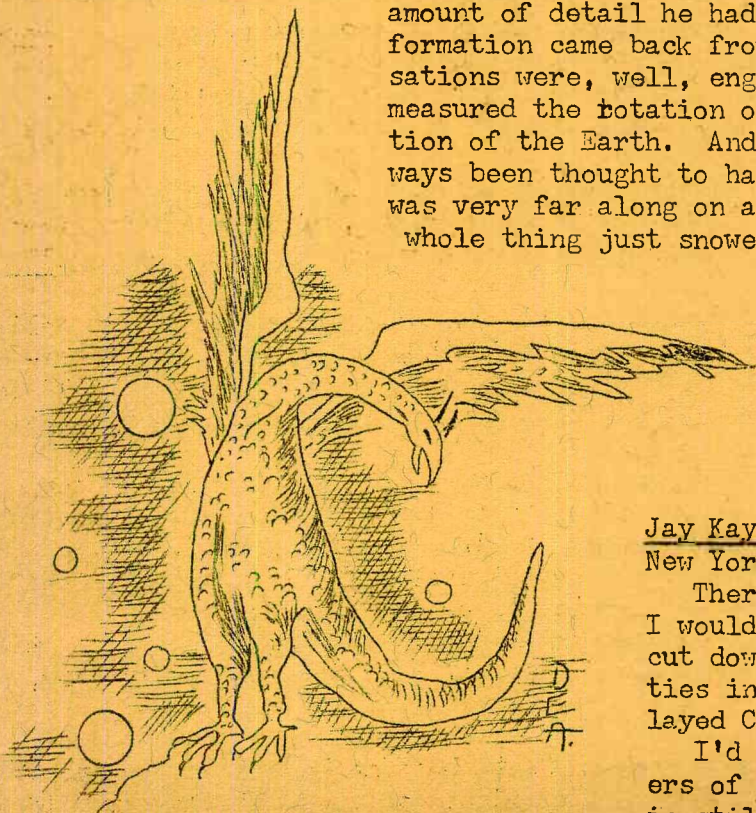
horn, I watched tests, people took valuable time and talked and answered questions. I'm going to write a long report on the trip. It was really a very pleasant experience.

[Need a publisher for that report?]

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Dr., North Syracuse, New York, 13212

There have been a good many things in Yandro I would have commented on, had I more time. I've cut down considerably on most spare time activities in order to continue work on the long-delayed Convention Annual #4 - Tricon Edition.

I'd appreciate it if you would let the readers of Yandro know that the Tricon picture book is still in process, and is worked on regularly.



It will eventually be finished, and rank in historic interest with the recently published Matthew Brady pictures of the Civil War.

Mike Montgomery, 21 Washington St., Denver, Colorado, 80203

I've been saving this article since 9/26, and your mention of sughlike brought it to mind again: SENATE EPISTLE WINDS UP IN D.C.'S DEAD LETTER FILE.

Washinton--A new note on the "God is dead" theory turned up at the Capitol, of all places, A Senate Post Office employee reported receiving a letter addressed to "Jesus Christ, United States Senate, Washington, D.C." The letter was stamped "Deceased. Return to sender."

From the Denver Post, 9/26. St. Louis in '69!

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

They say you should write about things you know from first hand. Do you think Ace (or MGM) would frown on making Napoleon or Illya a hay-fever sufferer?

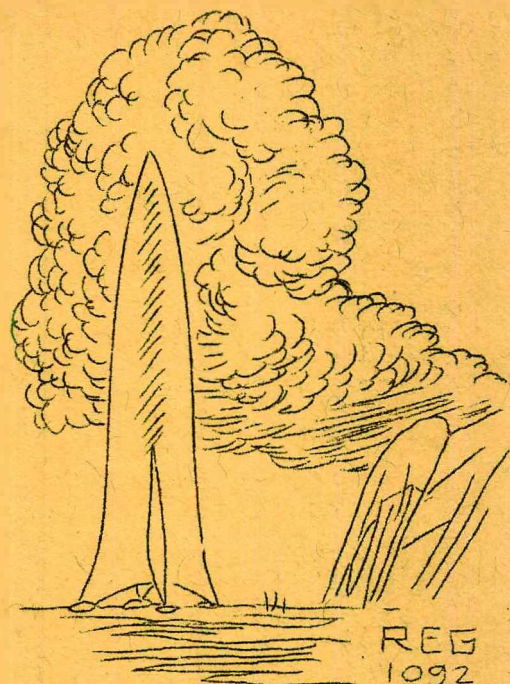
I didn't intend to make the sf convention sound really bad--it was actually only the banquet on the last day that left the bad taste. (Figuratively only: most people said that the food itself was very good.

Everyone seemed to like Ted White's SECRET OF THE MARAUDER SATELLITE so much that I decided to take the risk: I bought a copy. Read it last night, and you know what? Everybody is right! It's one of the best and most entertaining sf books I've read in ages. Have also read Dick Lupoff's ONE MILLION CENTURIES, which I enjoyed much. Mostly because of the little fresh touches that kept popping up every once in a while. The book as a whole is just one more interminable, (almost) adventure story.

My copy of Burroughs' I AM A BARBARIAN arrived yesterday. (Nice dust jacket by Jeff Jones.) It may be a while before I get around to reading it: I sampled the first few pages and gave up. I think reading Rosemary Sutcliffe's books have spoiled me for other historical novels of Roman times. Especially those written in ERB's 8th-grade prose.

Am currently reading VOTAN by John James. I saw a copy at Alex Panshin's apartment, and after reading the first two paragraphs I decided that the book was one I wanted to read. How could I resist a book that opens: "Well, if you really want to know how it was I came to be chained to an oak tree, half-way up in the middle of nowhere, with wolves trying to eat me out of it, I'll tell you." It is a "historical" novel set in Western Europe in the second Century A.D., and appears to be based on the same gimmick as Poul Anderson's THE GOLDEN SLAVE. So far, it is very enjoyable.

Don't let Harlan's oversell keep you from buying DANGEROUS VISIONS. It is certainly worth \$2.49; in fact, at that price it is a bargain such as I never expected to see the SFBC offer. In size alone it is impressive: 550 pages, 6"x9", 239,000 words. So far I have read only a few of the stories, and browsed through others. For the most part they do not seem to be the bold, taboo-breaking shockers that the blurb promises, but they are certainly entertaining. Del Rey's "Evensong" is a brief allegory which is a variation on the "For I Am a Jealous People" theme; Bloch's "A Toy for Juliette" is a sequel to "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper," and Harlan's "The Prowler in the City at the Edge of the World" is a sequel to Bloch's sequel; Joe Hensley's "Lord Randy, My Son" is a variation on the theme of his earlier collaboration with Panshin. All good. As are Miriam Allen DeFord's "The Malley System," and the stories by Silverberg, Pohl, Anderson, Brunner, Laumer, Zelazny...Some evening soon I am going to tackle Philip Jose Farmer's short novel....



Do get the book.

While I am in the book-recommending line, let me second Nan Braude's nomination of John Fowles' THE MAGUS as a book to be read. If you haven't done so already. It is available in paperback, from Dell (#5167, January 1967). Other goodies: John Barth's GILES GOAT-BOY, also available in paperback. And, if you are in a Western mood and can find a copy (it is too recent for a paperback edition), Lee Hoffman's THE VALDEZ HORSES. I was skeptical about the latter when it was recommended to me, my previous acquaintance with Lee Hoffman westerns having been restricted to THE LEGEND OF BLACKJACK SAM. But the recommender was right (I think it was Panshin): THE VALDEZ HORSES is an excellent book. On the strength of it, I went back and read her Ballantine paperback BRED TO KILL. That, too, is good.

A couple of passages that recently caught my eye while I was browsing through the nether reaches of the local newsstand:

I stood there. I wanted to turn and run but I was so terrified, I was rooted to the spot. "Lemme alone," I chortled.

"Good Lord above! That's Gunn's gun---the gun of Godfrey Gunn!"

While cleaning away the latest pile of junk on my desk, I found a couple of notes prompted by things in earlier Yandros. Like your mention of Russell's "Second Genesis" not qualifying as a "new writing" in sf. Not only did it appear in magazine form in 1951 or -52 (the copyright is dated 1951, by the McCall Corporation), but it was included in Russell's collection DEEP SPACE, which had both hard-cover and paperback editions in the U.S. and a hard-cover edition in England. So it doesn't even qualify as "never published in England," which might have been some excuse for including it.

Did I tell you about the bat in my air-conditioning unit? For a couple of days before I left for New York I kept hearing occasional small noises in the air-conditioning pipe--scurrying back and forth, and suchlike. I was sure it was a mouse (it sounded too light to be a rat or squirrel---we have had them in the past). Finally, on the morning I was to leave, just as I was cooking breakfast I heard the rustling again, followed by a long slither and a thump. The beast, whatever it was, had fallen down the cold-air outlet just outside my apartment, and was trapped in there. The only way to get him/her/it out was to take off the grating inside the apartment. But, thought I, if I did that the animal would scamper out and get lost under the furniture or in a cupboard or among my books...I searched for some sort of spray or powder that would anaesthetize the thing, with no luck. Time was running out, and I had a train to catch. So I finally grabbed the bottle of Windex and sprayed it like mad into the grating. Immediately there was a great deal of fluttering and squeaking and scrabbling about. I kept spraying, and eventually the squeaking got weaker and weaker. So I placed a large cardboard box in front of the grating, unscrewed it and took it off. No sound or movement. I poked around with a yardstick, and finally scooped out a small, soot-covered wing-flapping beast, squeaking feebly and (fortunately) so sick it was unable to get more than a foot off the ground. I took it outside and dumped it in the alley. When last seen it was staggering toward the shelter of some nearby bushes...

I suppose you have heard that next year the U.S. is issuing a stamp in honor of Walt Disney....He can get on a stamp, but General MacArthur can't.....

/That's what he gets for fading away. Fortunately, our bats have stayed outside, so far. And I'm sure Harlan's book will be an even bigger bargain in paperback, and so far I've been able to control my impatience to read it. RSC/

HAVE SOME BUTTON SUGGESTIONS/BUMPER SLOGANS/INTERLINEATIONS by George Wells

Romney Drinks Coffee.

Frodo Is Dead!

Gus Hall Is An FBI Agent.

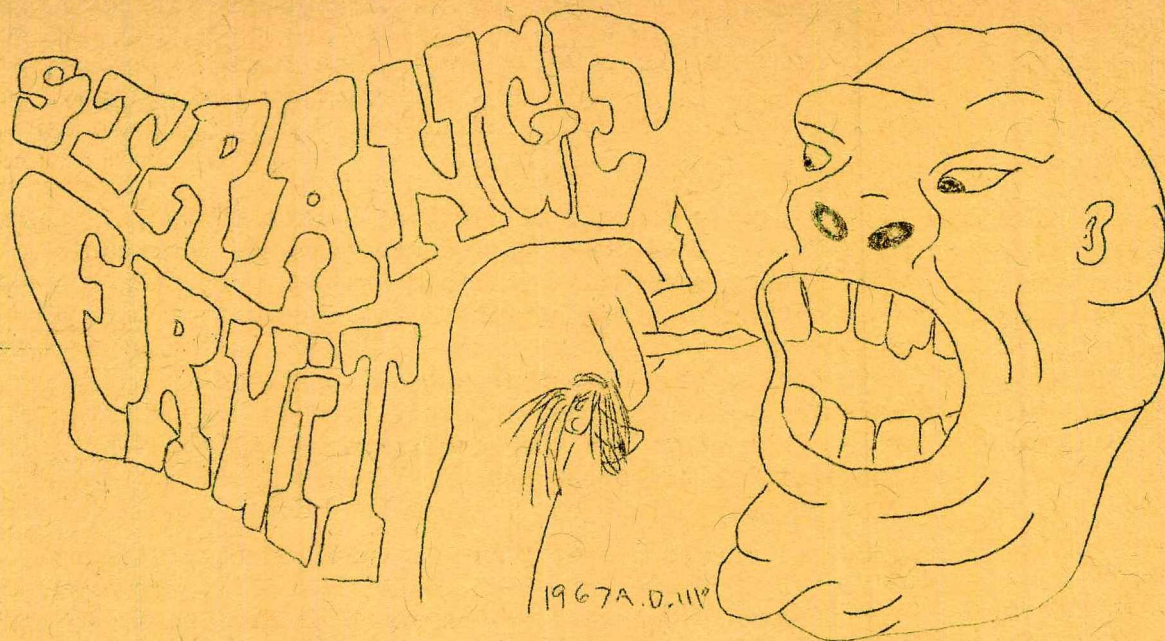
Catholics Eat Jesus.

Lynda Johnson is not a female impersonator.

Reagan For President: Bring Death Valley To Washington.

Ed Brooke Is A Blue-Eyed Devil.

God Is Not Dead: He's In His Second Childhood.



Now that we have the new typewriter and we won't have to waste so much space on them, maybe I'll go back to monthly fanzine reviews and avoid this monster column every other issue.

BROODINGMAG #67, 68, 69, 70, 71 (J. A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 10¢) A postal Diplomacy journal. These games seem terribly popular; if I had time, I might try one (though I was never at my best when required to cooperate with people). If you're interested, I'm sure the editor would be glad to explain how the thing operates. Issue #68 airs another fan hoax; "Eric Blake" is really a pseudonym for John Boardman. This has been fairly open knowledge in fandom for well over a year (I assume that anything that I know must be open knowledge or I would never have learned it), but apparently it was news to Diplomacy fans, and some of them are quite annoyed that they let themselves be suckered into a game in which Boardman and "Blake" were both players. Since a good part of the strategy seems to consist of guessing what your opponents will do, it isn't surprising that Boardman and "Blake" wound up as winner and runner-up. Now there are arguments over the ethics of the procedure. Nothing like Boardman for injecting a little excitement into the game.

S F WEEKLY #193, 196, 197, unnumbered, 200, 201 (Andy Porter 24 East 82nd St, New York, N. Y. 10028 - more or less weekly - 3 for 25¢) This seems to be the only fan newsletter still being regularly published. (Ever thought of using initials and calling it THE A. P. JOURNAL, Andy? Think of the prestige.) So if you want to know what's going on in the fan and pro field, this is it. You'll learn such things as that Arnie Katz changed his address, Stranger In A Strange Land is in its seventh printing, Hugo Gernsback died, 1450 people attended the NyCon, Harry Harrison has become the new editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, people are looking for Larry McCombs, and the St. Louis club is planning an Ozarkon the last weekend in July. Along with this come occasional copies of a letterzine by Dave van Arnam and book reviews.

OSFAN #28, 19 (I think he means 29) (Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Missouri 65201 - monthly - 10¢) Up until now, this has been pretty much for local fans, but in #29, Hank states that he is expanding it to take in a wider area of interests; book reviews, general news, etc.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #46, 47 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - monthly - 5 for \$1.00) Washington and east coast fan news, book, magazine and fanzine reviews, letters -- look out, Don; you're going to end up with a general circulation fanzine yet. Worth getting for the reviews.

FANTASY NEWS #5 (Harry Wasserman, 7611 No. Regent Rd., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217 - irregular - 35¢) A big thick fanzine, devoted to the horror or "sci-fi" movies. (I wonder if we could get the repulsive term, "sci-fi", restricted to bad movies? I suppose not.) If you're a movie fan, this looks like a moderately intelligent publication, closer to "our" fanzines than to the semi-professional lithographed magazines and the gosh-wow crudzines that used to dominate the field.

TOLKIEN JOURNAL, Vol. 3 #2 (Tolkien Society of America, Center Harbor, New Hampshire 03226 - quarterly - 60¢) I dunno; there have been other fanzines devoted to a single author, but at least Doyle, Baum, Burroughs et al had written more than two novels. I have a feeling that the Tolkien fans are getting a lot more out of Lord of the Rings and The Hobbit than the good professor put in them. Ed Meskys is taking over from Dick Plotz as editor; Dick says that a 1500-member organization is too much for him, and I can't blame him. This is a fancy lithographed fanzine, with two major articles; one on whether Frodo or Sam is the true "hero" of the novel, and one titled "The Elder Ages And the Later Glaciations of the Pleistocene Epoch". Yes. It isn't my idea of an interesting fanzine (to read or to publish) but I guess they don't need my membership.

HAVERINGS #28 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - irregular - 6 for \$1.00 - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) This is 7 pages of fanzine reviews -- or "comments on fanzines", as she prefers to call them. If you're interested in getting more fanzines, this is the best place to find out which ones you'll probably like.

UCHUJIN #112, 113 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-okayama, Meguro-ko, Tokyo, Japan - monthly - price unknown) A very professional-looking printed magazine. If you can read Japanese, I'm sure you'll enjoy it.

SIRRUISH #5 (Leigh Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri - quarterly - regularly 25¢, this issue 35¢) Lots of stuff from the Ozarkon and Midwestcon, including Roger Zelazny's guest of honor speech, on literary modes and stf's relationship to the "mainstream". Book, fanzine and movie reviews, letters, and that rare item in fanzines; an entertaining piece of fan fiction. (By Alexis Gilliland.) There's a Gaughan artfolio, too. Seems to be a steadily improving fanzine. (Zip Code for address is 63010.)

AD ASTRA #3 (Paul C. Crawford, 505 N. West St, Visalia, California - irregular - 25¢) He says he'd rather have trades but doesn't provide any zip code and the post office won't handle fanzines without it. Which is why he probably won't get this YANDRO. The editor says the mag is mostly devoted to "visual stf"; this usually means films, but one of the lead articles is on magazine covers, which I guess are also visual stf. Neatly done, but nothing in it seemed terribly interesting.

BIBLIOGRAPHICA FUTURICA FANTASTICA #3 (MIT Science Fiction Society, Room W20-443, 77 Massachusetts Ave, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - monthly -- belay all that. I guess the place to send your sub money is Edwin W. Meyer, Box E, MIT Station, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - price is 25¢) This is simply a continuing bibliography; all fantasy and borderline books published in each month will be listed, with as much information about them as the editors can locate. For collectors and serious readers who don't want to miss anything remotely resembling fantasy.

LE SAC A CHARBON #2 (Michel Feron, 7 Grand Place, Hannut, Belgium - no price or schedule) This is simply a list of all the fanzines received by the editor during the last few months. A good number of fanzine addresses for anyone interested, but no reviews or ratings.

STEFANTASY #61 (Bill Danner, R.D. #1, Fennerdell, Pa. 16374 - irregular - for comment, contribution or trade only) The editorial concerns the problems of mail-order purchases. (I must say -- and hastily knock on wood -- that I've been ordering by mail for years, and never had any of the problems Bill relates. And I order a lot; until recently, I was so addicted to mail-order that I didn't know how to go about getting clothing and shoes to fit when I bought them at retail stores. But these things do happen to people.) John Carroll makes a shaggy dog story out of an old joke; unfortu-

nately, while it's a good joke it's one that I nfirst heard a good many years ago. A lovely letter column, and a hilarious cigarette "ad". One of the bright spots in fandom.

CUENTA ATRAS #93 (Carlos Buiza, Atocha 12, Madrid 12, Spain) A Spanish-language fanzine, with the usual fiction, verse, articles, reviews, etc. Heavier on fiction than most US mags, but my Spanish isn't good enough to allow me to tell the quality. With this came CUTO #1, the first -- to my knowledge -- Spanish comics fanzine. The editor is Luis Gasca, but no editorial address is given, so I guess you write to Buiza if you're interested. This issue features an article and bibliography on Rip Kirby.

THE PULP ERA #67 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St, Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - bimonthly - regularly 50¢, this issue \$1.50) And just about worth it, even if that is a horrendous price for a fanzine. Lithographed, over 120 pages, and featuring an article by Robert W. Lowndes on his experiences as editor of the Columbia publications. This just about has to be the best single item in a fanzine this year. There is a Prosser artfolio (airplanes, not girls), numerous articles reminiscing over the good old days of the pulps, several checklists, artwork, etc. A great item; I have read quite a few articles on "the old days" in professional mags, and Lowndes is better than any of them.

ARGENTINE S F REVIEW #5 (Hector Pessina, Casilla de Correo 3869, Buenos Aires, Argentina - irregular - price 30¢ in mint US stamps) A small printed mag, in English. The cover is an interesting montage of professional stf covers, primarily Spanish items. The editorial concerns flying saucers and interstellar visitors (I'm not precisely convinced that the two are connected, but.....) There are movie, fanzine, and book reviews -- the latter interesting because Spanish publications predominate.

DAIKAR #1 (Ron Miller, 2836 Kingsrove Ct, Columbus, Ohio 43209 - irregular? - 75¢) A fanzine printed on heavy stock. Interest is primarily on the works of Jules Verne, but also on all pre-Gernsback science fiction. There are articles on Verne, on the Disney production of "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea", on Georges Melies, on Verne's aircraft, etc. Too many of the articles seem superficial for such a prestige publication; the one on the Disney movie, for example, provides very little information for two pages worth of writing, and the article on the "green ray" phenomenon closes with the comment that a pure atmosphere might provide sunsets "the like of which you never dreamed of". Maybe, but since most sunset colors are caused by impurities in the atmosphere, I sort of doubt it. If you want pretty sunsets, wish for another Krakatoa. However, the mag is a start; lovers of the real old-time stf should support it. (Are you listening, Dick Lupoff and Ed Wood?)

SPOCKANALIA Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225 - one-shot - 50¢) Co-editor, Sherna Comerford (and I forgot; co-editor of DAIKAR is Lawrence Knight). Actually there may be a second issue of this, but it isn't certain. I don't know; after I said that a fanzine devoted to the author of two books was going it a bit strong, what do I say about 90 pages devoted to one character in a tv series? It's a bit much, but if any character deserves it, it's Spock. Major item is a reprint of Ruth Berman's "Star Drek", a sort of cross between Roddenberry and Pratt/de Camp, and very well done. There are articles on Vulcan physiology, Vulcan psychology, and Vulcan culture, along with quite a few minor items and some rather bad poetry. (I forgot the article on Vulcan emotions; sorry.) If all this strikes you as being more knowledge of Vulcans than you really care to learn, you just aren't a gung-ho "Star Trek" fan. The articles are all quite well done, though they delve further into Vulcanism than really interests me. (I'm not a gung-ho "Star Trek" fan; I make it a point to always watch the show, but I'm more interested in Nimoy the actor than in Spock the character.) For people who are deeply interested in "Star Trek" -- and there are a lot of them -- this is the best thing that has come along. Artwork, particularly that by newcomer Kathy Bushman, is excellent.

THE SCARR #120 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - quarterly - free for trades, contributions, or comment) The best thing to come out of Irish

fandom in some time (well, one of the best, anyway). Bob Shaw provides a lovely line; "...it is a strange thing to open your eyes on the world and discover you are Irish." I should think so; I'd certainly be crogged if it happened to me. George is still reading and reporting on bad stf, and opens and closes with an assortment of puns. It may be significant that those quoted from an 1847 book seem to be of about the same quality that Irish Fandom produces today.....

POT POURRI # 50 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - quarterly - no price listed) The best thing to come out of Irish....oh, I used that line, didn't I? Well, it's enjoyable. John presents one more or less serious article on the joys of telescope ownership, two fairly good fan fiction pieces, and articles on paper clip collecting and the problems of a fingerprint expert, plus artwork by Arthur Thomson and Eddie Jones.

LIGHTHOUSE #15 (Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St, Brooklyn, New York 11201 - quarterly? - 50¢) One of the giants; 96 pages of material by Samuel Delany, Gahan Wilson, Fritz Leiber, Damon Knight, Thomas Disch, Dick and Pat Lupoff, Harlan Ellison, Joanna Russ, and Terry and Carol Carr. Any resemblance to the contents page of an Anniversary Issue of F&SF is (presumably) purely coincidental. With all of this professional talent, I enjoyed the work of the editors and the letter column more than anything else. Though the other work was good enough -- except for Gahan Wilson, who was as irritating as anyone is who takes a basically sound position and runs it into the ground. And Delany always sounds like he's trying to show off his own literacy rather than entertain others. (I've heard from unimpeachable sources that he's great in person, but his non-fiction writing tends to annoy me.) However, Knight on literary values, Leiber on archetypes, and Pat Lupoff on dime novels are all interesting, and the other writers are close behind. Artwork is excellent; reproduction impeccable.

FANTASM #2 (Mark Podlin, 1878 Derrill Drive, Decatur, Georgia 30032 - irregular - 35¢) A comics fanzine. Offset; the editor says he needs at least 500 circulation to meet the cost of the printing. Comics fans seem mto have a very mercenary attitude toward their publications (almost as mercenary as mine), due possibly to the fact that comics purchasers are used to getting very little for their money. This one is devoted primarily to DC comics, along with a badly drawn adventure strip of its own, and an incredibly bad double page centerfold illustration.

PULP ADVERTISER AND COLLECTOR (James Hevelin, 6594 Germantown Pike, Miamisburg, Ohio 45342 - 10 times per year - 40¢) He says he's going to 20 pages next issue, which might justify that price. This issue is 7½ pages, with a short history and checklist of THE AVENGER and several ads. Printed, presumably photo-offset, allowing him to reprint original artwork. For pulp mag enthusiasts.

PARADOX #8 (Bruce Robbins, 436 S. Stone Ave, La Grange, Illinois 60525 - irregular - 35¢) This issue is devoted to a reprint of a stage presentation of "Frankenstein", written by Richard Brinsley Peake and first performed in 1823. Fascinating historically; somewhat amusing as drama. (But then, we are looking back from over 100 years of dramatic experience. And this was a musical drama -- not quite a musical comedy -- which doesn't help matters. Nothing dates faster than popular taste in music.)

SANDWORM #2 (Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112 - irregular - for trade or comment) Rambling editorial comment on books, fanzines, and Roy Tackett; Roy Tackett comments on milk and Tiffany Thayer, etc. Entertaining; nothing memorable but the sort of fanzine that brightens up a dull day.

JUTLAND JOLLIES #2 (Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Boulevard, Scarborough, Ont., Canada - tri-weekly - ten for \$1.00) Another postal Diplomacy mag. Presumably the editors know what it's all about. Oh yes; co-editor is Bob Lake.

Incidentally, most general-type fanzines -- with a few exceptions, such as YANDRO

No arguments about whose typo it was then, by God.

INFINITE HOOPIAS #1 (Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St, N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418 - quarterly - 30¢, or 35¢ if you want it mailed in an envelope) The usual reviews of books, fanzines, etc, which are pretty well done, and some allegedly humorous fiction, which isn't. (One of them by John Kusske; he must have run across it while cleaning out the bottom of his desk and passed it on to the nearest sucker.) I assume this will improve, but it has a long way to go.

SFPA NEWSLETTER #2 (Billy H. Pettit, c/o Mrs. Grant Harmon, 3211 Uvalda, Aurora, Col. 80010 - irregular - free) This is a letter substitute and generally refers to Southern Fandom; the editor says "a few outside copies" will be mailed. Since Billy mentioned in a letter I got today that he's going to be in the Netherlands for the next several months, I don't know if he'll continue the mag or not. That address up there, by the way, is the one to send stuff to until he gets a permanent European address.

AMPIPHOXI Vol. 2 #1 (Billy Pettit, address above -- irregular - "can be had by trade, letter of comment or a contribution. For the really desperate, a couple of five cent stamps may be used.") This is a fanzine for fanzine collectors; it intends to offer bibliographic information. (Billy isn't content to wait for Piser to complete his definitive Index.) This issue is mostly a statement of intent, request for contributions, and provides a sample of future contents by providing a checklist of all fanzines published in 1939. (He gets them all on one page.) Continuance is problematical; see above. I imagine there will be future issues, though.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES (James Ashe, R.D. #1, Freeville, N.Y. 13068 - more or less monthly - 30¢) Not too much news this time; the editor explains that the issue was delayed, so presumably some of the news became outdated. There is an essay on writing by Roger Zelazny, a batch of rebuttals to Norman Spinrad's ill-natured remarks in the last issue, a list of recent and forthcoming books, some book reviews, etc. Generally worth getting in addition to S F WEEKLY.

SIBELIUS #5 (W. D. Bogert, Apt. 202, 216 South Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212 - quarterly - 10¢) Remember the good old days of 10¢ fanzines? I see he used 9¢ postage (with printed matter rates coming in 2¢ increments, the correct rate couldn't be 9¢) I also see, while checking the postage, that the address label is marked "not for review". Sorry; the label is very light, and I didn't notice it before. Okay, I won't review it. You're saved by the bell.

GASLARK #4 (Don D'Amassa, 327 Hillcrest Drive, East Lansing, Mich. 48823 - no price or schedule listed) I'm not sure I'm supposed to review this, but he didn't mark it, so..... (This typewriter has a fully automatic period key; first time I've used it. Juanita uses it all the time; she punctuates that way anyhow.) Mostly fiction; well written but not at all my type. There is one article on our gradual undermining of the Bill of Rights, and another on miscegenation. (I find it interesting that until recently Indiana forbade miscegenation but accepted common-law marriage; in fact, I think that a strict interpretation of the law would have allowed a white and black to live together and sanctioned the arrangement, while insisting that a church marriage of the two was illegal. Indiana is not a terribly progressive state.)

STROON #8 (Anthony Lewis, 124 Longwood Ave, Brookline, Mass. 02146 - monthly? - 25¢) There is an article on "The Dynamics of an Asteroid" which went over my head rather abruptly - a course of high school algebra taken over 20 years ago does not fit one to handle pages of equations. There are more reviews of odd books -- at least this time I'd heard of one of them. (But the one which "traces in layman's language the history of Western bridge building" was new to me.) There is still more material on our rapid transit systems, another Holmes pastiche. The letter column contains a bit of metaphysics and at least one item lends support to Lebane's comment about "a parlor game"; the proposition that "our concept of God as perfect implies that He exists". Since if he doesn't exist there is little point in discussing the matter, and since existence must be proved before perfection is discussed, the matter seems eminently pointless, whether it can be proved or not.

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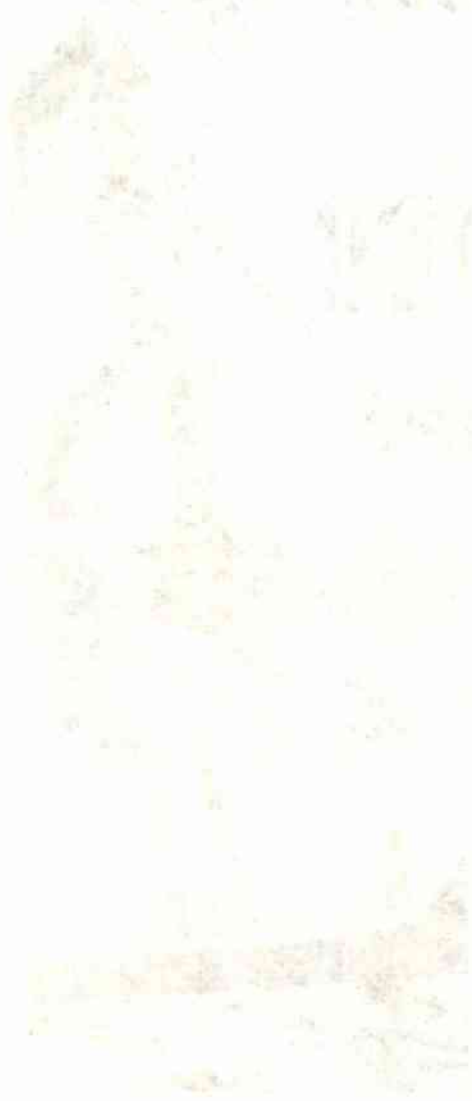
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Pop Music: STRANGE ENCHANTMENT (Vic Damone), AMI 'SUGAR & SPICE & EVERYTHING NICE' (Ami Rouselle), SONGS I LIKE (Dick Van Dyke), I'M A GIRL (Shani Wallis), STARS IN OUR EYES (4 Freshmen), NEW ROUTE (George Maharis), PATTY (Patty Duke)*, RAGS TO RICHES (Lenny Welch)*, INCOMPARABLE CORONADOS, MUSICAL SOUVENIR OF NEW YORK CITY, BANG BANG (Xavier Cugat), MAGIC MUSIC OF FRED WARING & PENNSYLVANIANS, CLOSER WALK WITH THEE (Earl Grant), SERENADE FOR LADY IN LOVE (Gunter Kallman), SERENADE FOR ELISABETH (Kallman), BLACK MOONLIGHT & SUNSHINE (Monty Sunshine), MOODS & MUSIC OF LARRY DOUGLAS, CAVALLARO PLAYS ELLINGTON, MOSCOW MULE & MANY MORE KICKS (Pete Candoli), AMERICAN PATROL, VIVA VERA CRUZ (Juan Davida), FAMILY ALBUM OF HYMNS (Roger Williams), I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN (Pete Fountain), BEST OF JOE HARNELL, LOVE AFTER MIDNIGHT (Herbert Rehbein Orch), MOST REQUESTED (Freddy Martin Orch), SWING HALLELUJAH (Christian Tabernacle Church), HOW GREAT THOU ART PRECIOUS LORD (Shirley Verrett), MARY LOU WILLIAMS*.

Humor: JOSE JIMENEZ THE ASTRONAUT, BILL DANA IN LAS VEGAS, HERE'S PETE BARBUTTI, "IF I WERE PRESIDENT" (Timmie Rogers), "IF THE SHOE FITS" (Vaughn Meader), HERE'S NYE IN YOUR EYE (Louis Nye), THE LOSER (Rodney Dangerfield), AIN'T THAT WEIRD? (Dave Gardner), HUMOR OF ROWAN & MARTIN, WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE THE WHOLE WORLD IS JEWISH*.

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