



little men grow into big boys

GOSH!

Mr
Campbell
orta read
this....
.... you
betcha

ULTRASONICS

GUKATOSIS
HYDROSPLAT

VOL XXXVIII SCIENTIFIC YANKEE

SCIENTIFIC
AMERICAN

mike honge

MISTILY MEANDERING

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L. A. ONCE MORE IN '64.

"Mistily meandering
Upon a Monday morn
I maundered out to Mandalay
Where all the dawns are born..."

Walt Kelly, Potluck Pogo, p. 6.

I choose this for my title because it seems to define my thought processes so well. They meander mistily from Hither to Yon, and halfway back again before becoming completely derailed... However, here I am now in SAPS, and I shall have to see what I can do with them.

I, for the benefit of those who are really interested, am Fred Patten. Or Frederick Walter Patten, to be more formal. Or Frederick James Walter Patten, to use my Confirmation name, which I don't think I've ever used before. But you can call me Fred.

I am, until December 11, 21 years old. I live at the address given above, where I have lived all my life. My parents bought the house about 3 years before I was born. Since my birth, 2 sisters and a parrakeet have been added to the family, not counting my maternal grandmother who moved here with my parents. As a result, things are rather cramped, even without the large science fiction collection I am trying to develop. But I find it cheaper to live with my parents; and, as the house is in a nice neighborhood, convenient to my father's place of work, and as my parents prefer to buy such items as tape recorders and color televisions instead of moving, I shall probably remain here for some time. So my fanac will have to get along as best it can. Things will all work out somehow.

Remind me to tell you about that color tv someday.

I've just graduated from UCLA, with a BA in history. I'll be going back this fall to enter the School of Library Service there. As you already know, Bruce Pelz works there and Bob Lichtman goes to classes there, and the UCLA Library has decided it wants a complete collection of all science fiction hardbacks, paperbacks, prozines, and fanzines (address your donations to Stephen F. Schultheis, Honorary Curator, Special Collections, University of California Library, Los Angeles 24, California). So it is altogether a fannish place. Bruce, Bob, and I usually get together at lunch and chat. We've discussed forming a UCLA sf club - The Westwood Science Fantasy Society ("the other WSFS"). We were just kidding around, until we found that theres a faculty recreation sponsoring group that gives budgets to campus clubs. Like \$20 to \$50 per 4-month semester. So we may formally organize. We can just designate our lunch chats as official meetings, and get at least \$20 to boot. I wonder if we can really get away with it? /////

THOSE HIDDEN MEANINGS

Do you ever have the feeling that you're not getting all that's to be had out of something - that you're not "grokking in fullness"? I know I do. I'll see a movie or read a book, and usually enjoy it, or not, for it's action (most of what I read is action plot stuff) and not think much more about it. Then someone will say, "What did you think of the Message the author was trying to put across?", or, "Boy, what do you think Freud would have said about the way the author revealed himself in chapter 5?"; and I realize that I've missed all sorts of subtle nuances, and I feel like a clod. Why, there's one old movie that I've seen several times on tv (and I've read the book, too), and I never thought it was any more than a fairly good, but otherwise ordinary horror film. But then I got a schedule from one of those Cinema Arts theatres, and read about:

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

A Walter Wanger Production
Directed by Don Siegel

Screenplay by Daniel Geoffrey - Holmes Mainwaring. Based on the novel, "The Body Snatchers", and on the Colliers Magazine serial, both by Jack Finney. Produced by Walter Wanger. Camera: Ellsworth Fredricks. Music: Carmen Dragon. Editor: Robert S. Eisen. Special effects: Milt Rice.

CAST: Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter, Larry Gates, King Donovan, Carolyn Jones, Jean Willies, Ralph Dumke.

"India's Communists today began a crucial special congress called primarily to perfect their new political technique - the attainment of absolute power through respectability."

--P. K. Padmanabhan, Los Angeles Times' Asian Bureau, Los Angeles Times, April 7, 1958. Dispatch dateline: April 6, New Delhi.

"Categorically, INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS is a combination horror and science-fiction film. In essence, it is more than that: it is a propaganda film, a theme-picture, a political film, a film of ideas. It is in the direct line of descent of D. W. Griffith's classic extravaganza of 1916, THE FLYING TORPEDO, which foretold the invasion of the American West Coast by an unnamed Asiatic host, and it also properly belongs in the same category as such films and stories as H. G. Well's (sic) THINGS TO COME, Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS, Karel Capek's old allegorical fantasy, R. U. R., or, more closely, Orwell's ANIMAL FARM and 1984.

"It is a story of the massive infiltration of one culture by another through organized 'respectability,' and hence, of the sovietization of the entire human race. The horror and the science-fiction are merely the framework and springboard for the idea; they give the story its quality of futuristic fable.

"A thing-like vegetable, shaped like a giant pod, has the desire and the power to suck blood and to absorb the body of any human being whom it chooses to 'snatch.' The giant

pod thereupon assumes the person's physical identity. The victim loses not only his (or her) personal consciousness, but with it the most valuable thing he possessed from birth: his animality. Each pod has the capacity to reproduce, though not through sex.

"The invasion of the world by the body-snatching pods starts in a small, stifingly conservative town in a remote valley of central California. As the pods snatch body after body, the creation of a new social order, founded on a collectivist dictatorship begins. Any of the unsnatched individuals who try to penetrate the mystery of the new respectability, or who oppose the dictatorship, are branded as 'trouble-makers' and are marked for annihilation -- snatched or un-snatched.

"To achieve a state of absolute collectivism and total conformity, the body-snatchers obliterate the three key-elements that characterized their human victims: feeling, sex and the principle of individuality. 'Sex is a waste of vital energy,' said Lenin, who was married to a hideously ugly woman.

"The tragedy of the story is that the body-snatchers' invasion finds a friendly environment and fruitful soil in the prevailing psychopathic, theologically-dictated, anti-sexual puritanism of the American community. The victims, having already been brainwashed by the illusion and propaganda of moralistic 'respectability,' had bit by bit yielded most of their former liberty, long before the body-snatchers completed the process for them.

"INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS is one of the most gruesome films I have ever enjoyed. It is virtually guaranteed to cause you to wake up in the middle ((sic.)) of the night, screaming: 'Have I been body-snatched?' Has my wife's, or my girl's, body been snatched?' The implications of the ideological theme are nightmarish in the extreme" (Seymour Stern)

-- schedule of the Riviera-Capri Theatre, v. II, no. 9

(It says "No part of contents may be reprinted without written permission."; however, I shall trust that none of you will fink on me.)

I wonder if our local tv station knows that it's been showing a propaganda picture all this time? How many of you saw this, or read the book, and realized that you were seeing something with a Deeply Satirical and Political Meaning?

I am generally fascinated by books and articles claiming to reveal the Real Truth about something to clouds like me and the rest of the world who've been missing it. I currently work in the UCLA Library, where I get an opportunity to see many of the books before they are shelved. As with most libraries, they are not shelved with the dust jackets on them, and the jackets are usually free to whoever wants them. I've built up a small collection of jackets from books proving that "only with segregation can all men -- of all races -- be equally free." "This the author proves by sound reasoning and examples based upon proven facts..."; or that the Rockefeller business interests ordered the Axis nations to start World War II so that they could get rich selling munitions ("These letters make it clear that Rockefeller's Institute of Pacific Relations controlled the spy ring that instigated the attack on Pearl Harbor..."); or that, not only was FDR a Communist, the Roosevelts founded Communism, and Marx plagiarized it from them; or that the Great Seal of the U.S. really "represents the conspiracy for destruction of the Catholic Church, and establishment of...UN dictatorship..."; or many other things. I can quote at greater length if you're interested.

DEAD WARRIOR

BY JOHN MYERS MYERS

BOSTON: LITTLE, BROWN, & CO.

1956

355 P.

That "a man's home is where his heart is" is an old romantic concept that is generally accepted. Most people are born, live, and die carrying their hearts, and their homes, with them wherever they go. But occasionally a man will come along whose heart is not pegged down, and who is looking for his true home.

It is this sort of person about which John Myers Myers writes. In a way, he is a one-plot author. His protagonists are always "strangers in strange lands": Finnian, the Irish minstrel in 10th century medieval France; Mordaunt Godolphin, son of a Virginia plantation family, in frontier Mississippi; A. Clarence Shandon in the Commonwealth. All are searching for themselves; for something or someplace with which to identify. All hope to find their homes in these new frontier lands; yet (with the exception of Daunt Godolphin in The Wild Yazoo) at the brink of success they are disappointed and set to wandering again. But their experiences have not been wasted; though their efforts may have seemed futile, each has personally found the way of living with himself that was his true quest, so that wherever he does ultimately settle down, he will be able to face Life successfully.

Dead Warrior is more than this, however. While it is the story of a man, it is also the story of the frontier mining community of the American West, through its rise and fall.

--oOo--

I've started this damn review 5 times now, and I still can't get it to come out right. What I've left above is the only part that's any good, and it's still pretty bad. I hate myself when I try to be serious; I usually wind up pompous and long-winded instead. The fact that it's now July 14 and I'm composing on stencil doesn't help any, either; though frankly, I don't think I could write a good serious review of Dead Warrior if I tried a month. It's not that serious a book.

By "not serious", I don't mean that it isn't a good book. It is a good book, and I want to share it with Wrai Ballard and all the rest of you; that's why I'm still determined to say something about it, even if I can't do it justice. I just hope I don't botch the job so badly that I scare you away from it.

By "not serious", I mean that it has a lot of humor in it. And by "humor" I don't mean it's a comedy, I just mean that it's free, easy, and informal; in fact, it sort of has the spirit of the Old West about it. It's fun; it's a good Western; it's an education; and it's more than that.

To very briefly summarize the plot, then; Mosby Carruthers, the protagonist, is an Easterner of good family in his late 20's. Troubled with a temperament that won't let him settle down to any job that he doesn't really like, he moves to the West around 1880. He finds the West has an free, informal atmosphere that suits his own, but he is a little startled by the complete uncertainty of it, first really revealed to him when the entire population of a still thriving mining town casually abandons it on the rumor of a nearby strike where the gold is easier to get at. Though Mosby, now generally known as Baltimore, doesn't seem to realize it, he is beginning to mature; and he needs something in the West that is also maturing with which to identify. He finds this in Dead Warrior, a boom mining town in Arizona that he helps to found, where the gold is apparently in such quantity that there is no danger of the settlement becoming a ghost town in the future. From here, the story is as much of Dead Warrior as it is of Baltimore. The development of the town is viewed from its beginning: first canvas tents, then regular wooden houses. Prospecting gives way to serious mining. As wealth starts pouring from the mines, gamblers and robbers begin drifting into town. The first exuberance dies down; families move in, and regular businesses open for business along side the gambling halls. Need for law and order grows and is met by general lynch mobs, to take care of murderers; then a formal band of vigilantes, to handle all serious threats; and finally a regular constabulary, to take care of many crimes. The town grows; the old informality disappears. Civic officials are elected; and a class order begins to develop as churches and ladies clubs are established. A gambler tries to take over the town, but is defeated; in the aftermath, the business interests and the ladies' groups begin a drive for "respectability", which is slowly but ultimately successful. The gambling halls move from the center of town to less reputable districts. Dead Warrior generally becomes civilized. And Baltimore Carruthers, the leading citizen who is trying to make "his town" the biggest metropolis in the Southwest, becomes increasingly dismayed as he realizes that the ever-increasing social restrictions that all cities need is driving out the informal personality of the West that suited him so well. The final straw is broken when the town's "better elements", in order to disassociate the town from its rowdy past, have the name changed from Dead Warrior to Horaceville.

But this is the briefest of descriptions. It doesn't begin to mention such characters as Dolly Tandy, the most beautiful professional gambler in the West; Horace Bedlington, the Eastern mining magnate who makes his fortunes through stocks, bonds, and fine-print contracts; Charlie Barringer, the suave gambler who claims everybody as his friend - those who aren't don't live long; Faith Foster, the minister's daughter who insists that Baltimore becomes respectable; Dr. Orestes Hatfield, philosopher-turned-pro prospector; Hangtown Jennie, the local madam who finally gets Religion; and dozens of others. It doesn't mention the newspaper feud, the death of Three Deuces, "Alex Hamilton"'s movable saloon, or the establishment of the independent Duchy of Dead Warrior. In fact, looking back over it, it's so condensed it's slightly misleading. But that's ok, you can fix that when you read the book. You'll enjoy it.

Oh, I forgot to mention the poetry.

"The sheriff likes to shoot a gun
 And he is lightning on the draw,
 But, Lordy, he don't scare me none;
 He's mild compared with Lulu's paw -
 O-o-oh, the awful things that
 happen to a man.

I kind of likes to live in sin
 But Lulu's paw was bound we'd wed;
 And when the parson made us kin,
 "Now, son, you gets a job," he
 said.
 O-o-oh, the awful things that
 happen to a man.

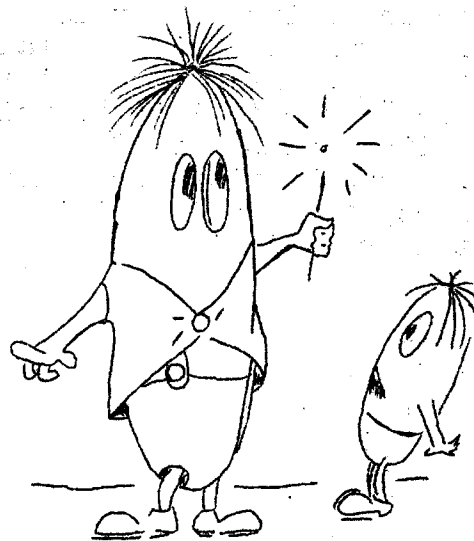
July 4 has just passed, and I celebrated it by going to my first American Legion 4th of July celebrations. These have been held annually in our Los Angeles Coliseum for as long as I can remember, but I never had enough interest to go. I wouldn't have gone to this one, except that I had a chance to act as usher; I not only got to see the show for free, I got paid \$7 (or \$6.05 after taxes).

The show was ok. A Little League baseball game, a parade, a circus, a demonstration by the fire department, and like that. But there was one part I really liked -- the fireworks as soon as it got dark. These were really spectacular. I don't know all the different variations of fireworks, but I imagine they must have had most of them there. The display lasted about 30 minutes, and the only sour note in it -- for me, at least -- was that two of the fanciest setups, the ones the announcer gushed, "Aren't they lovely, folks?", the most over, were titled "Atomic War" and "Atomic Fallout". If they think this sort of thing is pretty, let them go out to the Nevada test areas to watch it, and get away from me.

When I was much younger, there used to be lots of fireworks shot off around my neighborhood every 4th. Lately, this has died out. I don't know why -- fireworks are illegal in LA, sure, but they've always been illegal, and that never stopped anyone before. I should say, they are illegal in the City of Los Angeles. Now, any of you who are familiar with this sprawling metropolis know that it has engulfed other small towns to the point that often the only notice that you're leaving the city is a "City Limits" sign bolted to a lamppost in the middle of a block in a busy business district. The fireworks sellers just set up their stands in what is technically a separate city, such as Bellflower, Culver City, Maywood, or any of 20 or 25 others; and people buy their fireworks there -- those who don't care to make a family excursion of it and drive down to Tijuana for them. The booths were there this year, too; I guess people have just lost interest in fireworks in my neighborhood.

But between about 1945 and 1955, most families with children would buy one of the big boxes of assorted fireworks, with a brand name of Red Devil or Black Panther, that advertised "1½ hours of fun". After it got dark, we'd go out into the back yard, and my sisters and myself would stand around while dad or mom touched off the little glowing snakes and roman candles. Of them all, our favorites were always the sparklers -- those thick, long, stiff wires coated at one end with some solution that shot off small, brilliant sparks for about two minutes. Our parents set off all the other fireworks, but we could hold those sparklers ourselves, waving them about to make fiery trails in the air, and coughing in the pungent smoke they gave off. Sometimes we didn't get a full box of fireworks, but we always had a little box of sparklers. And when we didn't have a large box, we went over to a friend's house, and watched his fireworks. And about 9:30, we climbed on a low patio roof and watched the aerial fireworks from the Coliseum display; you could see those all over the city...

Those days are gone. I still like fireworks, but the sense of wonder that made them simply Great is gone, now.



"Is that a fusion reaction, dad?"

MAILING

COMMENTS

I bought the last mailing, but I didn't get a copy of the postmailing that John Foyster sent out. Do you have any extras, Mr. Foyster?

DIE WIS #5 How do you define "a nearly perfect collection of Pepsi bottles"? Do you mean that Ted E. White (who doesn't like to be called Bob Tucker) is a completist? Should we all send our Pepsi empties to him? What does he do with them - keep chili in them?

"THE SPIRIT OF HORSE CREEK" Not even a horse laugh here.

THE FIRST FOUR YEARS OF THE GREAT WAR (And it was over after four years, as I recall.) I knew an Armenian once. He was in my Boy Scout troop when I was in my Boy Scout troop. He was in my patrol, even, which was nice because we had patrol meetings at his house sometimes, and he was the richest kid in the whole troop. Or his dad was rich, which amounted to the same thing as far as we were concerned; he had a fabulous mansion that we held our meetings in, and we used to swipe booze out of the bar in the lounge. His dad is worth over a million; his hobby is racing cars, and he's sponsored several of the Indianapolis Derby winners. He made his pile in the garbage collecting business. It could only happen to an Armenian. You're right; it is Racial Discrimination.

POT POURRI #22 I'll have to listen to "The Planets" myself. What you say about the "Mars" section sounds like what Heinlein said about "The Nine Planets Symphony" in Stranger. ## I enjoyed your comments on "Hearts", mostly because I could follow them. It's about the only card game I know how to play. I'll have to borrow VIPER and read Donaho's comments to compare the two versions.

OUTSIDERS #47 The Spring '47 issue of FANTASY COMMENTATOR has a complete biblio. of the fantasy in ARGOSY WEEKLY. The last of the "Minions" series was Minions of the Shadow, a 5-part serial beginning in the Sept. 20, 1941 issue. William Gray Beyer is also listed as the author of "Let 'Em Eat Space", in the Nov. 4, 1939 issue. I also found Minions of the Moon great fun; and when I once saw a ten-year old Gnome Press ad listing Minions of Mars as a forthcoming publication, I wrote to Marty Greenberg asking if it had ever come out. He replied, "Minions of the Moon sold so badly that I decided not to publish Minions of Mars. Actually our original intention was to publish both of these together but the mss. was lost." (letter dated Feb. 29, 1960) I haven't read any of the other "Minions" stories myself yet, though I'd like to some day. ## I disagree that John Carter is the most stupid hero in fiction...though most of my candidates would also come from Burroughs' books. Barney Custer of Kansas, in The Mad King, in particular. That's the book in which Serbia, aided by Burroughs' imaginary kingdom of Lutha (the whole plot is a blow-by-blow steal from The Prisoner of Zenda, but with a happy ending), soundly trounces Austro-Hungary at the outbreak of the World War. Burroughs was never one to let History stand in the way of his romantic interest. Or logic, either, sometimes...

But if you want some really idiotic plots, try Grege La Spina's stories from the old WEIRD TALES. I find these heavy-handed horror tales, usually dealing with lycanthropy (most of the ones I've read, that is) strangely delightful. Her heroes are generally the most intelligent people, though that's not saying much. The stories usually consist of at least 25 pages in which the hero tries to find out what's happening so he can fight it, while the victims cry, "No! No! We are lost! But hurry and flee. Save yourself before it is too late!" But what's going on should be obvious to a two-year-old, especially as La Spina delights in strewing clues around in wild profusion. Also, her characters are hampered by unbelievably strait-laced Victorian customs. In Invaders from the Dark, the heroine knows that the Russian Princess trying to seduce the hero is really a werewolf. Yet, though she and the hero are on close terms, she cannot warn him because her husband has just died, and she is supposed to be in mourning. Even telling her friend that his life is in danger would be considered too forward an advance on her part. "In other words, Owen is letting that woman fool him with her studied wiles? Oh, and I can do nothing, quite nothing! I am tied down, helplessly bound, by the respect I owe to Mr. Differdale's memory!" Portia cried out in distress." (p. 43) (This isn't set in Victorian England, by the way; it takes place in Brooklyn in the 1920's.) These people aren't snobs, either; they're wholesome, innocent, hearts-as-pure-as-the-driven-snow ideals. The most unbelievable thing is that La Spina writes as though she believes this herself. Her dust-jacket biography says that "her interest in the supernatural and the occult has always been deep", so maybe she does... But still, I find that these melodramas have an old-fashioned fascination for me, especially after reading some of the "psychological study" novels being written in such profusion today. Some more quotes, if you're interested: "As the last words were flung down to me, she disappeared struggling into the room, as if pulled backward by invisible hands." (p. 5) "How those words lingered on her red, red lips! An involuntary shudder gripped me and made me tremble convulsively. I felt premonitions of evil; shook them off angrily; felt them return stronger than before at the princess's little side glance at me, a glance half amused, half tolerant, as of one who knew her innate powers but disdained to use them upon so entirely insignificant an individual." (p. 39-40) "It is not his body that is so much in danger; it is his soul that stands in such deadly peril that the very thought of it sickens me with apprehension." (p. 96) (All quotes taken from the Arkham House edition, 1960.)

SPACEWARP #74 I could talk to seals even before I read Dr. Doolittle. But then my voice changed... ## Your history of WARP is fascinating, if you happen to be interested in fan history, as I am. The reprints are also wonderful.

IGNATZ #31 I'm mildly envious when I see people listing all the states they've been to. Aside from the Seacon, I've only been out of California once, for a one-week excursion through upper Nevada. And I didn't see much scenery on the brief trip to & back from the Seacon; heck, I never got out of the Hyatt House the whole time I was up there, except to go to Mass on Sunday and to go to that free sf show at a nearby theater. I don't think I've gotten out of the LArea itself more than 6 or 7 times in my life. I can't say that I really care, though... Now that I'm in fandom, I hope to make most of the Worldcons, so I will be getting around more, even if it's not specifically to see scenery.

SPY RAY (OpCrif. CCVII) I'm glad to see someone who's criticising Coventry basing his complaints on a rather thorough reading of the material. Since one of the chief justifications for Coventry is that the people doing the stories are Developing their Writing Abilities (I think de Camp said the same thing about Shaver regarding the Shaver Hoax), good criticisms of plot logic should always be welcome. There's enough to criticise, Ghod knows. But as for your complaint about "High officials running around in disguise", may I point out that this gimmick, while not too plausible, is time-honored in fiction? I cite Harun-al-Rashid, Caliph of Baghdad (786-809) as an early example. Robert Louis Stevenson picked up the idea in his "The Suicide Club", and for a while in the late 19th century, there were a whole rash of tales involving nobility travelling incognito - George McCutcheon's "Graustark" series started that way. Regular science fiction and fantasy certainly doesn't lack stories of Important People leaving their seats of abstract authority for personal adventure, in disguise or not; or ruling from disguised positions - Asimov's "The Mule", and the whole Second Foundation; Hamilton's Zarth Arn in The Star Kings; Mervyn Peake's Titus Groan; Juille and Egide in C. L. Moore's Judgement Night; and Olivia Presteign in Bester's The Stars My Destination; to name a few (you can see how my reading tastes run).

ENGRAM #1 Of course, almost all of Heinlein's stories are classics because they are great pieces of fiction, rather than sociopolitical propogandizing. But I wonder how many of the ideas Heinlein expresses are his personal beliefs. I have heard much criticism of fans who think that, because Starship Troopers presented a favorable picture of the military, Heinlein must personally be a militarist. Certainly, a man should be allowed to express an abstract opinion for the sake of argument without everyone assuming that this must be his own personal beliefs. Heinlein himself has said that he doesn't believe in all the ideas he has put forth as Good Things. But Heinlein's stories constantly seem to stress two ideals. These are, conflictingly enough, the good use of power by a benevolent military elite, and the freedom of rugged individualism. The benevolent elite is shown in Starship Troopers, Space Cadet, "The Roads Must Roll", and, in a more political than military aspect, The Puppet Masters. Individualism is shown in most of his stories; some of his more memorable characters are D. D. Harriman, Lazarus Long, "Noisy" Rhysling, Doc MacRae in Red Planet, Hamilton Felix, The Old Man in The Puppet Masters, and Jubal Harshaw in Stranger (up to about page 250, at least). Further, Heinlein is usually critical of organized religion when he brings it up - see Sixth Column, If This Goes On --, and Stranger. Heinlein may or may not be promoting any of these views; in fairness, I have to admit that he's also written stories in which he reverses these stands. But he keeps bringing these views up, time and again. It makes you wonder...

WATLING STREET #12 I don't take any specific Vitamin C tablets, but I do take some things that my mother buys at the drugstore, or market, or whichever is selling them cheaper. These are those "multi-vitamin" pills, which are supposed to have about everything in them - the label lists 30 different vitamins and minerals. I figure that they don't hurt me, or cost me anything, so why not?

THRU' THE PORTHOLE #3 This would be a lot easier to read if the staples weren't in so far from the left margin. Of course I could restaple, but that would leave big holes in

the zine, and I like neat-looking copies. ## I enjoy your mailing comments, but I find John Baxter's defense of Brian Aldiss to be the most interesting piece in this issue. My own opinion of Aldiss' writing would seem to fall between Baxter's and Devore's, though tending more toward Baxter's praises. I don't think I've seen anything yet by Aldiss that I would classify as 'great', though most of what I've read by him is above average. I considered The Male Response, minus the sex (except at the end, where it becomes an integral and well-handled part of the plot), to be a rather good philosophical problem, whose relation to sf is only incidental. I haven't seen that anthology of his yet, and I haven't read all the stories in it, so I can't really judge it; but the mere idea of a sf anthology to "illustrate the breadth of sf, the various styles present in the field," etc., that doesn't include anything by Heinlein, Bradbury, Sturgeon, or van Vogt, to name but a few of the authors generally considered tops in the field, is somewhat startling... But there's one thing that's always puzzled me. Back about 3 years ago, I got an American pb collection of Aldiss' stories titled No Time Like Tomorrow. It contains a story called "Blighted Profile", which begins: "Yalleranda sat in the Vale of Apple Trees, watching the old man on a horse. She was eight,"... Some time later, I came across one of his British hardback collections - I think it was Canopy of Time - which also included "Blighted Profile", but this time it began: "Yalleranda sat in the Vale of Apple Trees, watching the old man on a horse. He was eight,"... I compared those two versions at the time, and as I recall, the only difference was that Yalleranda had undergone a mysterious change of sex. Why? I've never been able to figure out a logical reason.

PLEASURE UNITS #1 Possibly the fact that Seattle doesn't have a truly liberal newspaper has something to do with your not seeing much on peace marches. On the other hand, I don't think anyone would call the LA TIMES very liberal, and it carries a fair amount. The latest item was published yesterday (Sat., July 14), telling how some Western peace marchers tried to put on a demonstration in front of St. Basil's Cathedral in Moscow, and were sent packing by Soviet security guards as soon as they unfurled their banners. They had been warned beforehand by the police, but they apparently didn't believe action would be so final and so fast. "I had not expected this. I thought they would talk to us", one marcher is quoted as saying.

THE DINKY BIRD #2 What do you think of Aldiss' entire "Hothouse" series from F&SF being nominated for "Best Short Fiction" in this year's "Hugo" nominations? Especially since they've all been collected and published as a novel; The Long Afternoon of Earth (Signet pb #D2018)?

And I think I'd really better bring things to a close here, since it's going on 2:30 p.m., July 15; and I still have to take this over to the Rotary at Al Lewis' to run it off, then bring it over to Bruce's before midnight to get in under the deadline. All other zines were enjoyed, but I don't find anything of vital import to comment on. Two of the most impressive (and certainly the neatest) zines were HOBGOBLIN #8 and WARHOON #15; I may take to sending my artwork back East for Ted White to stencil for me (faunch!) The COVENTRANIAN GAZETTES were pretty; and I suppose you have to have dull, dry gov't by-laws and statistics if you want to build an air of reality for your myth-gov't, but I'm afraid I can't get interested in dull, dry statistics for any reason, not even Coventry. ///// Well, that's about it. See you next mailing.