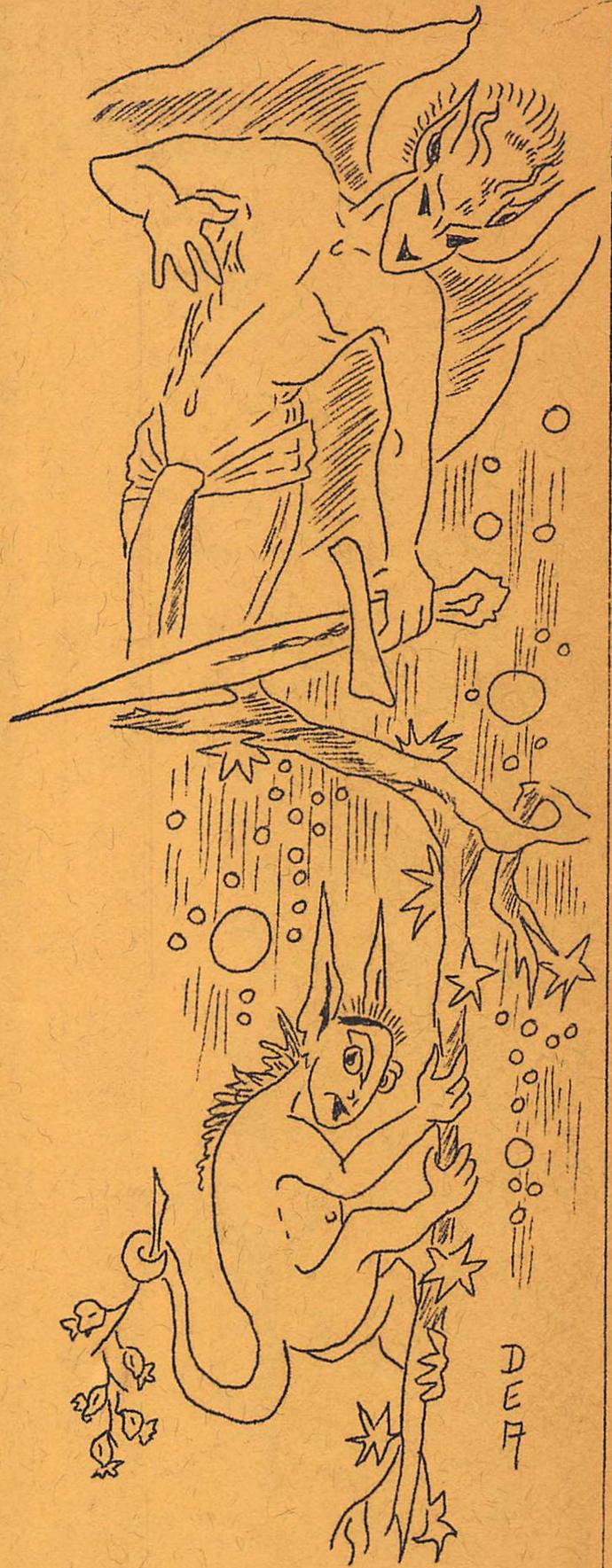
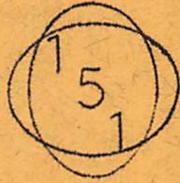


# Y A N D R O





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This has been one of Those issues. No doubt you caveat emptor types have heard of and watch out for water-inflated hams. And of course the old-time cattle drovers used to water their stock to get a better price. Trust us to run in to another branch of the practice -- watered ink.

We were stuck this way before, only not so bad, and at that time we complained to the company that there was water in

their paste ink. They huffily informed us that their ink is an oil-based ink and therefore it isn't possible for it to have water in it.

All we know is that when you squirt the stuff (like thick salad oil) out into a jar, the "clear stuff" (we shall hereinafter avoid calling it water) settles to the bottom and the black stuff, presumably the ink, comes to the top. Chemistry is not my strongest subject, but I must say I find myself doubting the company's word on the lack of water in their products.

In the end, that turned out to be the solution -- open a tube and pump the stuff into a jar, then skim off the ink with a plastic Dairy Queen soda spoon and ladle it - carefully - onto the inking strip of the Gestetner. Ordinarily the ink is so thick and pasty you spread it on directly from the tube, like black toothpaste. But with this "diluted" ink, this most definitely did not work. Sometimes nothing came out but this "clear fluid", which merrily ran down the machine, dripped all over the roller, the paper, the silk screen, the stencil and me when I tried to mop it up.

That wasn't too bad though. It's when it came out of the tube "clear fluid" and ink mixed. After all, any residue of water just dried, or at most fuzzed the lettering slightly on the first few sheets that ran through the machine. But the mixture resulted in great globs of ink - runny type - slopping all over everything in reach with great enthusiasm and giddy abandon. Much worse than any open drum non-silk screen mimeo I've ever worked and struggled with (and what's worse, when ink drips on the roller, it's harder to remove with a Gestetner machine, because it's harder to get the roller itself out.)

So, if your copy happens to have blotty, smudgy or otherwise ech pages, I'm sorry, but complain to Speed-o-print, and now that I've learned the jar trick (a jar, with a lid -- we settled on this after tipping over the initial receptacle, a plastic coffee cup -- yuch!), the next issue should be less messy.

And besides, I've almost used up this batch of ink.

Maybe the next one will be worse -- there's that possibility. - - - - -

NEW ADDRESS: 3108<sup>40</sup> Sgt. R. F. Smith, Moorebank Sub Area, Mil. P.O.,  
Liverpool, N.S.W., Australia

Has anyone but me been struck by the unnerving resemblance of astronaut Ed White to Tom Smothers? Physical and occasionally in speech. And the effect wasn't diminished by his "here-we-go-gathering-nuts-in-May" performance during the space walk. Some of his remarks during the press conference just underlined the similarity. I keep expecting him to say "quack quack quack" or giggle idiotically.

When I first read that some people were taking "The Man From U.N.C.L.E" seriously, I thought they had to be putting it on. Nobody could take that seriously. And when Cleveland Amory apparently didn't get it, I put it down to his preconceived prejudices against anything he thinks is going to be V\*I\*O\*L\*E\*N\*T. But now I believe I've solved the riddle. It's merely that their senses of humor are arrested -- or immature. Bruce loves UNCLE, and is quite unhappy it will be on so late that even on a non-school night, he really can't stay up to watch it (I sourly conclude the networks are carrying this cult of adolescence too far -- either that or they really don't want the show and are trying to think of some way to kill it off without wanting the direct blame). But he rarely gets the humor. He thinks the show is exciting -- sort of his version of a fifteen chapter serial on a higher level -- and he even read the paper back supposedly inspired by the show (for the exciting parts)...but he doesn't get the humor. When the reruns were on at a decent hour, he was allowed to watch a few... and while he loved them, he couldn't understand why we were laughing.

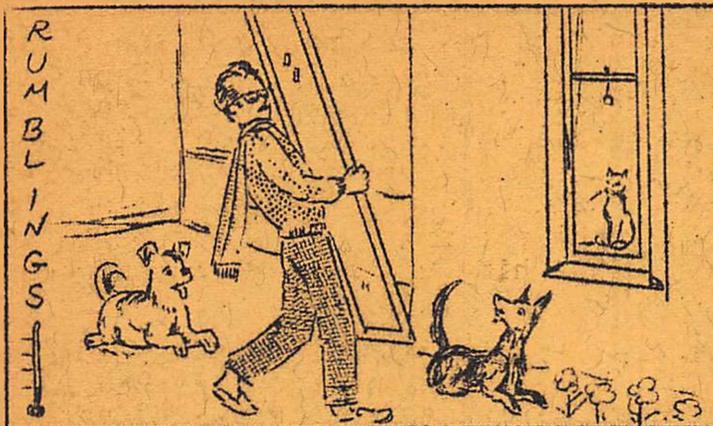
How about that. Perhaps UNCLE is the first successful two-level drama on tv ... sort of a yuk Henry James of the boob tube.

One axiom I hear quite a bit is that people get more conservative as they get older. Then perhaps I'm regressing. Where once I had no hesitation in putting myself down as a Republican, I now, when asked, list myself as an independent. I haven't voted straight ticket since the second election after I was old enough to vote. Of course, I've always had a little of the Ogden Nash philosophy - "except for the name/ they are identically the same" -- all crooks. This is an easy attitude to fall into in Indiana, with State Treasurers helping themselves from the road fund, and the Governor forbidden to succeed himself and tending to grab all he can while the grabbing's good.

But economically, I think of myself as conservative. Emotionally, I would prefer to go my own way, untouched by the government - laissez faire to the hilt. But rationally, I quite realize this country is no longer small enough to support this philosophy. Whenever we visit our best friends in Milwaukee, we use with much satisfaction a federally-built highway system; I believe the states should have built this highway system for their citizens -- but they didn't. And wishing doesn't make it so. The fact remains that one gets much more response writing one's Congressional representatives and Senators than those in the state legislature. Part of the power was possibly usurped by the federal government, but I'm cynical enough to suspect a great deal of it was frittered away by selfish and do-nothing state legislatures themselves. So I'll continue to resent big governmentism and continue to feel irked with my own local government which spent years waving its arms and speechifying and then screamed bloody murder when Big Brother stepped in and finally mopped up part of the spilt milk.

Hoping you have your own sponge...

JWD



Well the Hugo voting ruined the whole bit, to quote Asimov. We're no longer the world's best second-rate fanzine. A complete rundown of the final voting follows; this is copied from SKYRACK, which I believe is the only one of the newsletters which printed the complete voting breakdown (plug). Personally I would be happier if we'd been voted in by fans perceptive enough to give the novel award to Davy instead of to the poorest novel on the ballot, but

then I shouldn't look gift horses in the teeth and all that. Anyway, sincere thanks to those of you who voted for us (all 69 of you) and to all our 1964 contributors who made the magazine worth voting for. In the following breakdown, the number in parentheses is the number of votes received on the final ballot.

BEST NOVEL:	<u>The Wanderer</u> , by Fritz Leiber	(52)
	<u>Davy</u> , by Edgar Pangborn	(48)
	<u>The Planet Buyer</u> , by Cordwainer Smith	(34)
	<u>The Whole Man</u> , by John Brunner	(26)
BEST SHORT FICTION:	"Soldier Ask Not", by Gordon Dickson	(60)
	"Once A Cop", by Rick Raphael	(47)
	"Little Dog Gone", by Robert F. Young	(37)
BEST MAGAZINE:	ANALOG	(63)
	WORLDS OF IF	(35)
	FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION	(34)
	GALAXY	(30)
BEST ARTIST:	John Schoenherr	(58)
	Ed Emshwiller	(56)
	Frank Frazetta	(26)
	Jack Gaughan	(22)
BEST PUBLISHER:	Ballantine	(54)
	Ace	(50)
	Pyramid	(33)
	Victor Gollancz, Ltd.	(20)
BEST DRAMA:	"Dr. Strangelove"	(99)
	"The Seven Faces Of Dr. Lao"	(41)
	"Mary Poppins"	(1 - write-in)
BEST FANZINE:	YANDRO	(69)
	ZENITH	(35)
	DOUBLE BILL	(28)

And don't write in to say the various totals don't match; I omitted the various "No Award" votes, and not everyone voted in every category.

Speaking of voting and the like, I note that a recent Gallup Poll states that while 30% of registered Republicans have at some time written a letter to their congressman, only 14% of the Democrats have done so. I wonder if this indicates anything about the basic philosophies of party members. Republicans are generally regarded as more conservative, and possibly believe more in the efficacy of individual effort. I'd like to see a poll on which party has more members who have taken part in mass demonstrations; I'll bet the Democrats would have a huge edge. Liberals

seem to place more faith in group action (and to care more for the rights of groups than for the rights of individuals). Personally, as a Republican I have written so many letters and postcards to my (Democratic) Congressman that when we were in Wabash I was on his mailing list for a mimeographed newsletter that he published (and I was startled to find that at least one Democratic precinct committeewoman was not on said mailing list). And either he listened to my comments or he was pretty smart to begin with, because he generally voted the way I wanted him to. (Rep. Roush; a good man.)

The next worldcon will be the Tricon, in Cleveland (Labor Day weekend, 1966). If you're impatient, we have a card from Lou Tabakow announcing an October-Con, to be held on Oct. 30, 1965, at the Greentree Inn, 1935 Cleveland Road (routes 2 and 6). Presumably this is in Cincinnati, tho Lou did not say. He did say that there is an indoor pool and sauna for fans who go to cons just to go swimming, and room rates are \$12.00 for a double and \$15.00 for a twin -- mention Science Fiction Group when making reservations. We might be there, if I have a job by then and if I feel up to the drive. Since we will be helping Gene DeWeese move on one weekend in Oct, I'm not at all sure that I'll be up to going to Cincy shortly afterward.

At present, my blood pressure is back down to normal (or a reasonable facsimile), but no jobs have appeared. We may have to move again, but that's the sort of idea that would send my blood pressure back up, so I don't think about it any more than I can help.

Shortly after mailing out the last issue of YANDRO, we received a special delivery letter from Doc Barrett, which said: "Doc Smith died suddenly on the west coast of a heart attack. His daughter, Vera Trestrail, is flying to the coast to make all the arrangements. No other details known." This is a big loss to science fiction. I have never appreciated any of Doc's fiction, but I was a great admirer of Doc himself. (I think most of the people who knew him did admire him.)

George Wells sent a clipping from the New York Times Book Review: a partially accurate and completely smug assault on specialized science fiction by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. From it, I got the impression that Vonnegut considers himself a pretty high-quality writer, and is terribly miffed because the rest of the world doesn't agree with him. He's terribly unhappy over having to associate with mere science fiction writers, and devoted to writing about adult (that is, neurotic) relationships. Personally, I hope he gets out of his "file-drawer" -- he shows no promise of ever writing anything that I need to read.

Looks like World War III might just start without any help from the U.S. I would appreciate the irony if it did; all those liberals demonstrating against the U.S. policy in Viet Nam (did anyone ever demonstrate against the Chinese policy in Viet Nam?) caught with their pickets down just because their Hero, good old pacifistic India, took over Kashmir by military force back in 1947, and has consistently refused to allow a plebiscite to determine the wishes of the population. (To a liberal, the will of the people is paramount unless it happens to go against one of the liberal's friends. He thinks this makes him morally superior to a conservative.)

Thanks to Bob Briney, I have a couple of issues of GRUMP, a new magazine edited by Roger Price and "For people who are against all the DUMB THINGS that are going on". The first two issues aren't terribly funny -- the contributors seem to be trying too hard to be sophisticated. But it has its moments. (230 Park Ave, New York, N.Y. 10017 - 35¢ per copy).

# NUTCRACKER

A REBUTTAL

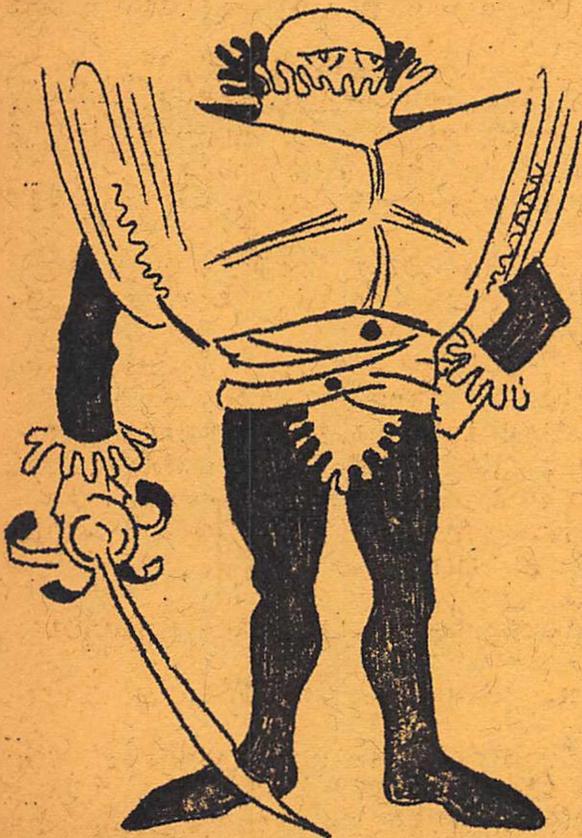
by alex eisenstein

Ted White's column in Yandro #149 raises a couple of hoary old chestnuts that should be crushed once and for all. The first, to wit: that the major practitioners of science-fiction are and were writers with poor styles but goshwow ideas. Certainly there is a kernel of truth in this chestnut; i.e., I would never dispute an assertion that science-fiction is mainly a vehicle for ideas. But I simply must take issue with the notion that the established s-f writers have no merit in their prose styles.

In particular, I question the following remark: "A.E. van Vogt never was and never will be an even passable English prose stylist." Admittedly, van Vogt is not expert in the use of the English language; also, the quality of his writing is extremely uneven.

But what is it about THE WORLD OF NULL-A that excited fans when it was serialized in Astounding? Certainly not the ideas; I think everyone is now convinced that there were no revolutionary ideas in WORLD OF NULL-A. What is it, if not the style with which the novel was written, that drew admiration from the readers? Of course, Campbell gave the book a big editorial build-up, but I find it hard to believe that he could have fooled all of his readers even some of the time, despite the Twain aphorism. (I hasten to add that, in the above conjecture, I am not speaking from experience; I have yet to read WORLD OF NULL A. These comments on the popularity of the story are offered entirely in a spirit of speculative wonderment: I really want to know what caused its success, if not its style.)

Ted's discussion of style emphasizes the clever simile, the colorful metaphor, the poetic phrase. While these attributes are in no wise empty virtues, they are not, as we Jews say, the whole magillah. There is something more to good style than the excesses of Ray Bradbury's overwrought metaphor; more, even, than the wry similes of Raymond Chandler. It is more than the sum of all the various and catalogued stylistic devices -- anticlimax and inversion for



emphasis; irony and understatement for humor; euphony and rhythm for readable, graceful sound. To name but a few.

Style is something greater than its readily identifiable parts, important as these parts are. It is the flavor of dialogue, the feel of narration; it is the smell of action as well as the texture of description. It is the heartbeat of the author, the fingerprint of his soul. It is the subtle kinesthetic sensation by which the reader identifies not only the writer's personality, but also the mood of the story, the aura of a scene, the slant of a paragraph, the tincture of a phrase, the connotation of a word.

In its gestalt form, style is inseparable from content. The style and text of a story are more than intertwined; each is infused with the other (which is why it is hellishly hard to quote style, except for the cogs and gears we call simile and metaphor). Style is the yang to the yin of content; either is flat, stale, and indigestible without the mellowing influence of its partner.

But back to van Vogt. It is time for us to examine an exemplary quotation:

- [An alien expedition has just revived two men from their dead skeletons, and is about to revive a third...]
- (1.) The third man sat up, and looked at them thoughtfully. "From the stars?" he said finally. "Have you a system, or was it blind chance?"
  - (2.) The Ganae councilors in that domed room stirred uneasily in their curved chairs. Enash caught Yoal's eye on him. The shock in the historian's eyes alarmed the meteorologist. He thought: "The two-legged one's adjustment to a new situation, his grasp of realities, was unnormally rapid. No Ganae could have equalled the swiftness of the reaction."
  - (3.) Hamar, the chief biologist, said, "Speed of thought is not necessarily a sign of superiority. The slow, careful thinker has his place in the hierarchy of intellect."
  - (4.) But Enash found himself thinking, it was not the speed; it was the accuracy of the response. He tried to imagine himself being revived from the dead, and understanding instantly the meaning of the presence of aliens from the stars. He couldn't have done it.
  - (5.) He forgot his thought, for the man was out of the case. As Enash watched with the others, he walked briskly over to the window and looked out. One glance, and then he turned back.
  - (6.) "Is it all like this?" he asked.
  - (7.) Once again, the speed of his understanding caused a sensation. It was Yoal who finally replied.
  - (8.) "Yes. Desolation. Death. Ruin. Have you any idea as to what happened?"
  - (9.) The man came back and stood in front of the energy screen that guarded the Ganae. "May I look over the museum? I have to estimate what age I am in. We had certain possibilities of destruction when



I was last alive, but which one was realized depends on the time elapsed."

- (10.) The councilors looked at Captain Gorsid, who hesitated; then, "Watch him," he said to the guard with the ray gun. He faced the man. "We understand your aspirations fully. You would like to seize control of the situation and insure your own safety. Let me reassure you. Make no false moves, and all will be well."
- (11.) Whether or not the man believed the lie, he gave no sign. Nor did he show by a glance or a movement that he had seen the scarred floor where the ray gun had burned his two predecessors into nothingness. He walked curiously to the nearest doorway, studied the other guard who waited there for him, and then, gingerly, stepped through. The first guard followed him, then came the mobile energy screen, and finally, trailing one another, the councilors.
- (12.) Enash was the third to pass through the doorway. The room contained skeletons and plastic models of animals. The room beyond that was what, for want of a better term, Enash called a culture room. It contained the artifacts from a single period of civilization. It looked very advanced. He had examined some of the machines when they first passed through it, and had thought: Atomic energy. He was not alone in his recognition. From behind him, Captain Gorsid said to the man:
- (13.) "You are forbidden to touch anything. A false move will be the signal for the guards to fire."
- (14.) The man stood at ease in the center of the room. In spite of a curious anxiety, Enash had to admire his calmness. He must have known what his fate would be, but he stood there thoughtfully and said finally, deliberately, "I do not need to go any farther. Perhaps you will be able to judge better than I of the time that has elapsed since I was born and these machines were built. I see over there an instrument which, according to the sign above it, counts atoms when they explode. As soon as the proper number have exploded it shuts off the power automatically, and for just the right length of time to prevent a chain reaction. In my time we had a thousand crude devices for limiting the size of an atomic reaction, but it required two thousand years to develop those devices from the early beginnings of atomic energy. Can you make a comparison?"
- (15.) The councilors glanced at Veed. The engineering officer hesitated. At last, reluctantly, he said, "Nine thousand years ago we had a thousand methods of limiting atomic explosions." He paused, then even more slowly, "I have never heard of an instrument that counts out atoms for such a purpose."
- (16.) "And yet," murmured Shuri, the astronomer, breathlessly, "the race was destroyed."
- (17.) There was a silence. It ended as Gorsid said to the nearest guard, "Kill the monster!"

This long passage is, of course, from van Vogt's "The Monster," published in ASF in 1948. The science is painfully inadequate, even for the story's period -- a device that counts exploding atoms is nothing more than a geiger-mueller counter, adjusted to subtract background and normal decay radiations, and then to divide the remainder by the average number of particles released by each fissioning atom. It sure as hell didn't require some 11,000 years of development, or even 2,000 years for that matter. And there may be several dozen different types of reactors, but certainly not a thousand (van Vogt couldn't have known this in '48, but he

could have guessed that there aren't a great many ways to moderate an atomic pile).

Some sentences in the passage have definite rhetorical and/or stylistic inadequacies. In paragraph (5.), sentence #2, the word "he" should be replaced by "the man"; otherwise, the pronoun could refer either to Enash or the man -- its antecedent is ambiguous. In addition, van Vogt displays a fondness for superfluous commas by setting off the adverb "gingerly" in paragraph (11.); this weakness shows also in the frequent bisection of a compound predicate by a comma preceding the conjunction.

And in paragraph (14.), the third sentence is somewhat uneuphonious, containing as it does three words with the suffix "-ly", almost in succession. The second sentence of the same paragraph would better read, "Enash, despite his own curious anxiety, was forced to admire the creature's calmness," -- the original phrasing lacks sufficient emphasis on the identity of the anxiety-ridden character.

Now I don't think I'm defeating my purpose by pointing up these failings of van Vogt -- because most of them are minor. Even the pronoun-antecedent difficulty is relatively unimportant; the context makes the reference fairly clear.

Compensating for all technical deficiencies is a style that gradually establishes a tension between the aliens and the earthman. Every phrase spoken by the human conveys quiet confidence, tranquillity, and uncanny knowledge, while every word uttered by the Ganae explorers reveals their increasing insecurity and even trepidation in the presence of the reanimated earthling.

Though van Vogt's scientific premises are shaky, his logic is sound and dramatic: the completion in paragraph (15.) of the syllogism set up in (14.) constitutes the penultimate indication of the primitive inferiority, the comparative frailty, of the Ganae race. The final portent of mortality is paragraph (16.); which contains the implied question: "If this super race died, what shall become of ours?"

Finally, exposing the previously repressed and rationalized fright of the Ganae councilors, paragraph (17.) releases the pent-up tensions of the whole passage: "Kill the monster!"

That is style.

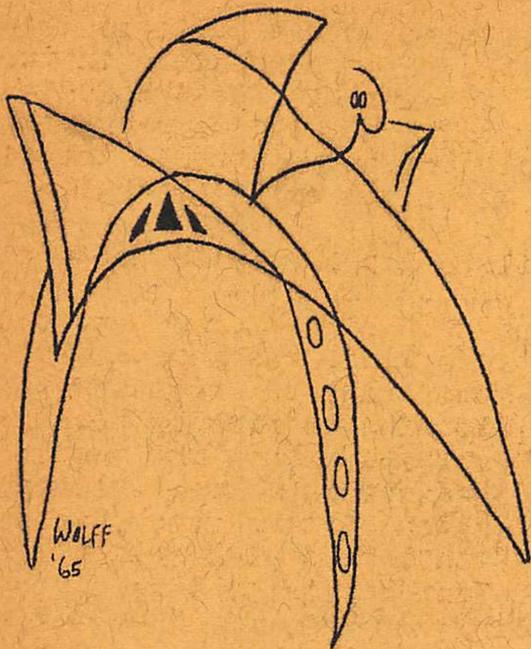
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Ted acknowledges the stylistic mastery of Theodore Sturgeon, yet he does so only as an afterthought to a statement that cites Bradbury as s-f's only contribution to the literary world. (he also mentions Algis Budrys as a model s-f writer, but only in passing). Although Bradbury may be the only s-f stylist recognized by the mundane literateurs, and although Sturgeon may be the first author many fans would name in such regard, and although A.J. Budrys's last few stories possess a subdued stylistic polish equal to the best in the mainstream, these three writers by no means comprise the exclusive cream-top and all-hallowed canon of our beloved genre. Science-fiction can claim many other authors of comparable stylistic quality. What of Alfred Bester, what of Charles Beaumont? What of John Wyndham and Brian Aldiss? What, f'godsake, of Avram Davidson and Damon Knight? What of the recent flowering of Allen Kim Lang, with the publication in F&SF of "Thaw And Serve"? (A story whose style is not as experimental as Tom Wolfe's "Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby," but is much more successful in its effect on the reader; and the story itself has a double-edged philosophical importance.)

Most of the above are not just finely polished in their writing;



their styles display distinctive, positive merits. To my mind, Alfred Bester is one of the very few writers who can utilize an omniscient viewpoint to best effect. The feeling of immense scope that imbues the standard Heinlein novel, because of that author's carefully-wrought backdrops -- this Bester accomplishes through a tone of haughty grandeur that is impersonal yet sardonic, unlikely yet convincingly authoritarian; and he does it in the space of a few introductory paragraphs. (The two stories I have in mind are HAVE SPACESUIT - WILL TRAVEL and the serial verison of THE DEMOLISHED MAN.) At the opposite end of the spectrum, Allen Kim Lang creates, in "Thaw and Surve," the ultimate in first-person narratives: a jive-talk style that delineates the characters of his protagonist in several novel ways, all consistent and all sharply-etched.

A few authors with mainstream styles and mainstream objectives, such as Walter Miller, Kurt Vonnegut, and Edgar Pangborn, consistently hew the strange forests of s-f. The number of mundane stories each has written can be counted on the fingers of one hand; technically, they are s-f writers, not cross-overs. They understand s-f devices, ideas, and conventions, thought they usually employ them for mundane purposes (and, I think, usually botch the stfnal speculations; but that's another article). These three are writers of flawless style, impeccably polished; there is no real reason not to include them in any list of competent s-f stylists.

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How does the clause, " 'They always do,' " sum up the character of Carmen Sternwood and even the "whole confused plot" of Chandler's THE BIG SLEEP? The statement, in or out of context, doesn't strike me as terribly profound. I'm not sure that it would seem any more meaningful even if I read the whole novel.

I know this isn't true of all mysteries, though I'm not competent to judge mysteries in general. I do remember one mystery, however, that had everything Ted described -- and more. It was a movie; one I'll never forget, either. It starred the remarkable Humphrey Bogart, the inimitable Peter Lorre, and the incomparable Sidney Greenstreet.

Its title was THE MALTESE FALCON, and it had all the attributes that Ted discusses in his article -- cynical wit, snappy dialogue, and a profound, one-line summation of the story's theme. It even had a mentally-unstable anti-heroine who finishes the film holding the short end of the stick.

The difference between the film verison of THE MALTESE FALCON and the usual run of murder mysteries (movies or books) is that FALCON was scripted and directed as a sort-of parody of the archetype. It destroys all sorts of phony romantic notions perpetuated by the field, yet all the while using the stock situations and the stereotype characters (the sinister fat-man, the psychotic punk-gunsel, the unbalanced "heroine," the frail and polite dandy) -- albeit stereotypes fleshed out by good casting and brought to life by excellent acting. For an example of myth-demoli-

tion, there is a sort-of running gag (everything in the movie is de - ceptively sort-of), reiterated by most of the major characters in turn, to the effect that Sam Spade the detective (Bogart) is "delightfully unpredictable...one never knows what crazy thing he will do or say next next." Time after time, this idea is exploded, but no one in the film ever quite catches; time and again, Spade shows and explains that he acts only in rational self-interest.

But let us inspect the finale of the film and the concise profundity contained therein.

The Maltese Falcon, a small metal figure of a bird of prey created in the 15th Century as a symbolic tribute to a king, was supposedly fashioned of gold encrusted with precious gems and later coated with dull black enamel to hide its value. The figurine is finally found, but its possessors discover that its black surface is not the result of heavy enameling: The Falcon is solid lead and nothing more. Sidney Greenstreet, who hunted the legendary Falcon for fifteen years, wears a stunned expression for several seconds, then laughs with relief. He declares the lead object a ringer, a fraudulent duplicate, cast from a mold of the original in the hope of leading him astray. Escorted by Peter Lorre, he leaves Bogart's room to continue the search for The Maltese Falcon in Calcutta, from whence the lead fake was shipped. He first asks Bogart to accompany them, but Bogart declines.

Bogart's secretary arrives, eyes the Falcon, and asks, "What is that?"

Says Bogart-Spade: "The stuff that dreams are made of."

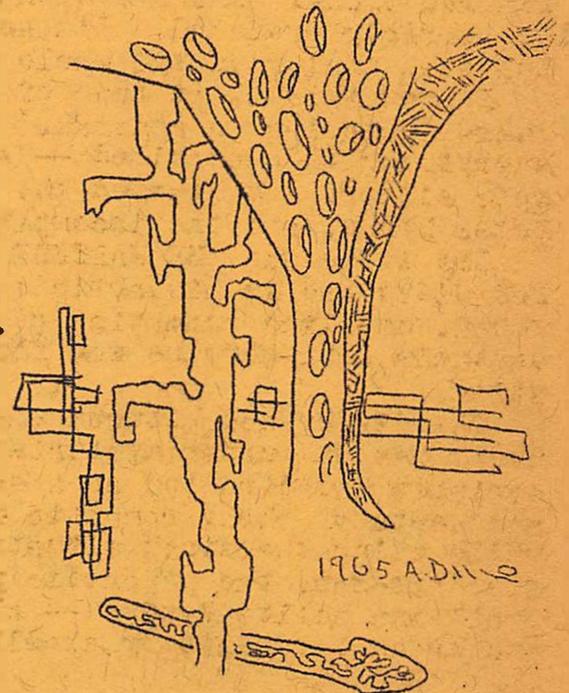
The implication is, of course, that the lead Falcon is the real one, and that the bejeweled Falcon is a fabulous fantasy that grew around the ordinary fact of the symbolic tribute.

The stuff that dreams are made of. We always go on searching, those of us who dream, no matter how false our dreams may be -- no matter if we are confronted with the insubstantial, unlovely reality behind our dream objects.

On the third page of his article, Ted says, "There is one immediate difference between science-fiction and mysteries: science fiction has the Sense of Wonder." He implies that even good mysteries don't have a sense of wonder, their only "ideational" content being the puzzles of their plot structures. He also implies that s-f is the only field of fiction that can produce a sense of wonder, and this is the second grizzled chestnut \* that should be stomped into oblivion.

Some mystery stories do have a sense of wonder; I think that the film version of THE MALTESE FALCON is a prime example.

The sense of wonder is not awe of the unknown; it is the thrill of grasping transcendental knowledge--knowledge that is, in some sense, immutably and universally true--or the thrill at the prospect of such an insight. Bogart's ironic phrase expresses a viewpoint concerning the nature of the romantic mind: it



\* What, you forgot the first sentence of this article? Go back and reread it!

will be true as long as romantic minds exist. It is quite an idea to conjure with, and a philosophy with which to probe one's own soul. Similar or complementary views may be found in other works of fiction, most notably in Clifford Simak's "Jackpot" and Alfred Bester's "Time Is The Traitor," both of which are definitely science-fiction; but the relationship between those two stories is, as I mentioned once before in a different regard, another article.

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Whatever happened to Menasha Duane?  
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BETA LIBRAE TOUR

by E. E. Evers

Through the green tunnel of sunlight  
the world curves away like underwater;  
reflex makes you float-walk like a seadiver  
suited and sealed through the thick atmosphere;  
the clouds are a heavy sargasso of seaweed  
as seen by the fishes below  
but the carbonated sea is frothy as cloud.  
Earth merges sea and land in a swamp,  
this world merges sea and air in something out of a  
confectioner's shop.  
I never met a man who didn't laugh when he heard of  
it  
or did laugh when he saw it.  
Most of the life-forms are lighter than air  
and red to look black in the green of the sunlight:  
globular rinds full of jellylike flesh;  
it would be worse if they were intelligent  
how would you like to talk to an animated maraschino  
cherry  
by the side of an ice cream soda sea?  
Why do the earthlubbers expect the alien worlds  
to be earth turned inside out,  
or one facet of home blown up planet wide,  
or a pipedream circling a sun?  
Other worlds have dreams of their own.  
But by the time your eyes believe your brain  
you're too used to the scene to care.

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Whatever happened to Neal Wilgus?  
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ADDRESS CHANGES:

Ruth Berman, International House 437, Piedmont and Bancroft, Berkeley,  
California 94721 (good thru January)

Mike Domina, Box 227, 71 East 32nd. St, Chicago, Illinois 60616

Betty Kujawa, Apt. 508, Sutton-Place South Apts., 500 Osceola Ave,  
Winter Park, Florida (10/10/65 thru 4/1/66)

Ben Solon, 3933 No. Janssen St., Chicago, Illinois 60613 (from 10/1/65)

Charles & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, New York 10453

NOTE: Dean Grennell's Route 2, Box 441, Germantown address is no longer  
good; I'll publish his new one if he asks me to. (After his ex-  
periences with uninvited guests, Dean is a bit choosy about pubs)

# STRANGE FRUIT

fanzine reviews by RSC



NOTED: STUNK #11, 12, 13 (Bragg); BETA ETA ZETA #7 (Kling); STRAY NOTES #3 (Atlanta Folk Music Society); TIGHTBEAM #32 (N3F); SIRRIUSH #4 (Ozark S F Ass'n.); LIGHT WATER #3 (Barr); TABOO #2 (Kusske); HOMBREN #42, 44, 43, YOUR OWN PERSONAL GOLD MINE #5, TIMPANOOGAS #2 (Mann); BOROGROVE #8, 11, 12 (Wolford); INTERAPA TIME #2, WESTERCON PROGRESS REPORT #1 (Kaiser); SANDSKRIPT #14 (McInerney).

RATATOSK #18 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - bi-weekly - 3 for 25¢) One of the numerous fan newsletters. This issue includes items on book publication, Gilbert & Sullivan, deep-freezing corpses, British and east coast fandom, and apa activities. Rating..5

FOCAL POINT #12, 13 (Rich Brown, 180 E. 88th. St., New York, N.Y. - bi-weekly - 3 for 25¢) Another newsletter, tho #12 includes a con report and fanzine reviews in addition to strict news, and #13 includes a ballot for the FOCAL POINT Poll, which is to substitute for or augment the Fan Poll (depending on whether or not Fan Poll officials get off their butts this year). I tossed my ballot in the nearest wastebasket, but I'm sure lots of fans who are desperate to vote for something will send theirs in. As a rider with #12 came Ted White's GAMBIT #52, devoted to jumping on Dave Kyle and boosting New York for the '67 consite. I'm not much in favor of either one, but I can't honestly say that I'm much affected. Rating...6

SKYRACK #82 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Great Britain - monthly - 6 for 35¢ third class, 6 for 70¢ airmail - USAgent, me) The British news mag. Personally I prefer it to any of the US newsletters, but I've always been somewhat of an Anglophile (despite fans like Charles Platt). Recommended if you're interested in British fan and professional news. Rating...6½

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #429 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th. Ave., College Point, New York 11354 - monthly - 15¢) A newsletter devoted to US professional news, an hysterical and idiotic attack on the Syracuse convention bid ("Fandom will have suffered a setback that it will never recover from." -- Well, you wanted the atmosphere of smoke-filled rooms, Madle; now you have it and how do you like it?). There is also an account of what Ed Wood has been reading, the results of the 1964 S F TIMES poll (which make a little more sense than their last poll results did), and in their companion FANTASY-COMICS several news items about comics, the most interesting of which is that Warren's CREEPY is to have a companion, EERIE. It must be selling well. Rating...5

DIFFERENTIAL #35, 36, 37 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada - more or less monthly - 3¢) A fanzine of personal opinion, verse, humor and philosophy. (What is the point of demarcation between personal opinion and philosophy, I wonder?) I usually dislike the verse (I dislike most modern verse; I'm not even too happy over some that I publish, but it's handy to fill odd spaces.) But I generally like the rest of the mag. With these came FANCOM #6 and 7, an irregularly published mag with comments on fandom. All five of these issues were one-sheeters, which is typical. Rating...6

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Whatever happened to Jerry Greene?

Received a notice for a Boston Science Fiction Convention on Sept. 10, 11 and 12, but I somehow doubt if this YANDRO gets out in time to do anyone any good on that one.

AND-OR SOMETHING! (Dwain Kaiser, 5321 Mountain View Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada - free - one-shot - co-editor, Lynn Pederson) I have always felt that one-shots are great fun to put out, but not much fun to read. This one seems typical.

MORGUE #1 (Ken Leach, Route 3, Airline St, Cassopolis, Michigan 49031 - irregular - 50¢) This is one of those unfortunate comics fanzines devoted entirely to bad comic strips. (There is some question as to whether there is such a thing as a good comic strip, but at least some of them have good artwork. MORGUE has terrible artwork.) It's an imitation of the old EC type horror-humor comic, if that's any help. It's also multilithed, which points up the bad artwork; if it had been dittoed, he could have blamed the machine.

ROBERT BLOCH BIBLIOGRAPHY (Graham Hall, 57 Church St, Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, Great Britain - one-shot - 25¢ - US Agent, Niekas Publications, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301) A comprehensive bibliography of Robert Bloch's writing, including radio, tv and movie appearances as well as books and magazines, plus a short article on Bloch by Samuel Peeples. The whole thing takes up 31 pages and is a must for collectors.

ZEUS #1 (Jim Sanders, Apt. 5W, 147 W. 108th. St., New York, N.Y. 10025 - irregular - 20¢) Most of this is devoted to a couple of Midwestcon reports which I didn't read. There is also a biography of Laurence Janifer -- it's a good article, but it's going to take more than this to overcome the bad taste left from his professional work (for "biography" up there, read "autobiography"). There is verse, fanzine reviews, and a run-down on membership of the New Jersey fanclub of which this seems to be an official publication. At least, this first issue isn't filled with bad fiction. Rating.....3

STAMP #1, OBSCENITY ON JOHN GRONOUSKI #1, and THE AMAZING SFPA-FEN #1 (Joe Staton, 469 Ennis St, Milan Tennessee 38358) The first two are one-sheet complaints about the post office (and they must have been effective -- I received copies just a week or two before Gronouski was sent to Poland; they said as ambassador, but I suspect the salt mines). The other item is a fan comic parody of the Marvel group. I'm not at all sure that putting me into a comic story doesn't constitute grounds for a lawsuit, but I guess I can stand it if the rest of the readers can. No price is listed on any of this stuff; I guess he's giving it away.

ENTMOOT #1 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, California - no price or schedule - co-edited by David Hall) Hall published this issue; Shaw is supposed to do the next one. This is a fanzine devoted to Tolkien, and the editors say that it's mostly to announce that such a mag is being published. (In other words, a polite plea for material.) I assume from this issue that it will be devoted to the sort of Tolkien esoterica that I couldn't care less about -- whether hobbits had high-pitched voices, what is the inner meaning of every proper name he used in the book, etc. If someone does a biography of Tolkien I'll read it, but I have too many other things to do to bother with this stuff. Presumably lots of fans with time on their hands will appreciate it, and the editors seem capable of putting out a well-done fanzine. Recommended to fanatic Tolkien fans.

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Whatever happened to Hal Hostetler?

CONGLOMERATION #2 (Larry J. Montgomery, 2629 Norwood Ave, Anniston, Alabama 36204 - no price listed - if it wasn't issue #2 I'd call it a one-shot) Why anyone would send me a fanzine devoted entirely to a description of a convention (the Deep South Con III) I can't imagine. (Well, there is also a Jerry Page sword-and-sorcery item that's not bad.) Recommended to devotees of con reports.

CLARGES #3. (Lon Atkins, Box 228, Chapel Hill, No. Carolina 27514 - no schedule listed - 25¢) Another big fat issue. Roger Clegg's explanation of the South African political situation is still the best item, but it is closely followed by an article by Charles Wells, detailing how computers will soon be doing all the work and how happy everyone should be about it. (I'm happy about it, but I doubt that our neighbor -- who is a terribly typical bank clerk -- would regard the idea with joy.) Also verse, a con report, etc. With this came APACHE #1, the ultimate solution to the apa problem. Every Man His Own Apa! Forward into the world of the future! One of the funniest items I've seen recently. Rating....6

FEEMLOWORT #3 (Greg Shaw, same address as before, - quarterly? - 25¢) Even bigger than CLARGES, but not as interesting -- at least, not to me. Too many pages taken up in con reports. There's in interesting editorial on classifying fanzines, good art, fair verse, reviews, a dictionary of elf-terms from Tolkien, and a pretty good article by Steve Barr analyzing current "mainstream" fiction. (Tho why an outspoken Burroughs fan should object to unreal characters and situations, I can't imagine.) I can't really criticise his column, however, since I don't read much mainstream fiction. If I want to read about reality, I read factual accounts. Over 50 pages in this one. (This fanzine, not this column.) Rating...5

ISCARIOT #17 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35216 - irregular - 25¢ "preferably in stamps" - publisher, Billy Pettit) This is a serious science-fictional fanzine, from Rob Williams' parody of book reviewers to Jerry Page's revelation of the fact that some of today's children have never heard of Buck Rogers to lettercolumn arguments over the merits of Burroughs. Good artwork. ISCARIOT is one of those fanzines which publishes good, solid, well-written material that somehow never manages to rouse my enthusiasm. But it might be just what you're looking for. Rating....5

MANNDATE #5 (Richard Mann, 249B South Nevada St, Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota 58201 - quarterly - 10¢) This is the era of fanzine articles on other forms of fiction; Rich keeps up his part by glancing briefly at western pulps. Most of the mag consists of SFPA mailing comments, but it closes with Richie Benyo's book reviews. Rating...3

ZARATHUSTRA #2 (Cindy Heap, 14 Lee Garden Park, Rochester, New York 14624 - monthly -- free for comment - co-editor, Joni Markwood) I'm prejudiced in favor of this one; it still reminds me of the old EISFA (tho we never had purple covers). Joni's con report is definitely the best of its kind for this year. McInerney's trip report isn't so good, but I liked the Heaps' "Twelve Issues of Fanzine" and the letter column. Rating.....6

KIPPLE #85 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland 21212 - monthly or oftener - 20¢) I dunno; when Ted writes about American education or religion, he strikes me as well-read and experienced (at least as a victim), but when he turns arm-chair strategist, I start doubting his conclusions as fast as he makes them. Somehow I suspect that Johnson knows more about the subject than Ted does. Rating....6

Since typing the preceding stencils, I have received SKYRACK #83, containing a LonCon report and the complete results of the Hugo voting which I intend to swipe for my editorial this issue; RATATOSK #19, full of the usual fan news and a half page of address changes; and KIPPLE #86, containing its usual social and political commentaries. All good fanzines, but my reviews of earlier issues in this column will cover them adequately.

ZARATHUSTRA #3 (Cindy Heap, 14 Lee Garden Park, Rochester, N.Y. 14624 - monthly - free for comment - editor, Joni Markwood) Cindy is publisher, in case you wondered; her address is given because with fanzines it's usually best to contact the individual who actually mails the thing out. Devoted to light humor and book reviews (I assume the article on how to play Russian Bank is terribly funny and I just didn't get it). I enjoyed this when I got it, but on re-reading it for review, I can't quite see why. Not up to the last issue, at any rate. Rating....4

THE WSFA JOURNAL #6, 7 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Glenmont, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - bi-weekly - for WSFA members only) See Don about a corresponding membership, if you're interested. The JOURNAL is still interested in news items, primarily those related to East Coast fan doings. Aside from local club news, these issues contain short convention reports and news of forthcoming conventions.

AN AUTHOR INDEX TO IF (Don Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91606 - one-shot - free) This was initially distributed thru the NZF. I don't know if Don has extra copies; write and inquire if you're interested. (If you don't get any response, he didn't have any extras.)

PARADOX #6 (Bruce Robbins, 58 Revonah Ave, Stamford, Connecticut 06905 -- irregular - 30¢) Main items are a story and an article by David H. Keller. There is also a "Checklist Of Sexy Science Fiction Paperbacks" and other odds and ends. Bruce says this is his last pb checklist, since Brad Day is in the process of publishing his comprehensive pb index. I assume that future issues will still be slanted towards stf collectors, however. Not recommended for ultra-fannish types. Rating.....5

AMRA #36 (Amra, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois 60690 - irregular - 8 issues for \$2) This is AMRA's controversial issue, with one review attacking Almuric and two more giving Wizard Of Lemuria a well-deserved lambasting. (I see I didn't read the book carefully enough; Harry Harrison lists all sorts of idiocies that I didn't notice.) There are also a few favorable reviews of various items, AMRA's justly-praised artwork, and a surprisingly good poem by L. Sprague de Camp. Rating.....9

THE BARSOOMIAN #9 (Paul C. Allen, 84 Charlton Road, Rochester, New York 14617 - semi-annual - 35¢) Another Burroughs mag. This issue, at least, devotes most of its space to the Martian series and The Moon Maid, which are somewhat more readable than Tarzan. The writing quality is better than that of most Burroughs fanzines I've seen (tho I haven't seen them all and have no intention of doing so). I have never seen any point in the endless rehashes, complete with glossaries of words and psychoanalysis of characters, of the works of any author, even one that I like. But if you enjoy this sort of thing, here it is.

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #2 (John Boston, 816 South First St, Mayfield, Ky. 42066 - irregular - 4 for 25¢) Devoted to advance news of forthcoming science fiction and related material, I find this a very useful fan newsletter. Joyous news here is that L. Sprague de Camp is writing a book about the Scopes trial, which leaves me drolling with anticipation of what de Camp's acid commentary can do with a really meaty subject like this one. Rating...6

# GOLDEN MINUTES

THE BREATH OF LIFE, by Donald E. Carr (Norton, \$3.95) It isn't science fiction, but it's an important book, and, more important to the casual reader, an entertaining one. The subject is air pollution. There is an historical/scientific background (probably familiar to most YANDRO readers but a necessity for the average layman), a study of the disasters which have already occurred, an explanation of what substances in the air will kill you and why, an explanation of how these substances get in the air, and a summation of what is and what the author thinks should be done about the matter. The writing is acidly humorous: "...Manchester, where Londoners claim the people are waked up early every morning by the sounds of the birds coughing." And in reference to the position of the automotive industry: "...one begins to be sold on the idea that carbon monoxide should be pumped into offices to refresh the white-collar employees." Recommended reading for everyone, whether you agree that it seems logical (as I do) or whether you feel, as the author admits some people will, that it is "a highly personal diatribe by a screwball from Los Angeles." I don't expect everyone to rush out and buy a copy (but I do expect everyone to rush out and demand a copy from their friendly local librarian.) And if it ever makes paperback, get it.

As long as I'm listing non-stf at the beginning, I might as well continue with a couple of spy novels I got recently.

BARON SINISTER, by Joseph Milton (Lancer, 50¢) On the whole, this seemed better than preceding novels in this series, but I found more specific flaws; maybe I was looking harder. There is the obvious James Bond influence; our hero specifies the precise brand of everything he uses, from guns to liquor (and there is the usual predilection for brands which are unusual -- never mind whether it's any good, Charley; pick something the reader can't check up on). For example, our hero uses a derringer pistol; a "Williamson five inch .41 caliber, adapted to self-contained cartridges." After my experience with the LeMat revolver some time back, I'm not prepared to state that there is no such thing as a Williamson derringer; in fact, the description sounds precisely like something gleaned from an old gun catalog by somebody who didn't know anything about firearms. I am quite prepared to state that there is no possible reason for preferring a Williamson to a Remington, which is  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inches long and packs two shots. (If our hero had used a Remington, the author would have had to introduce another flunky before getting into the sword-waving scene.) Grennell can undoubtedly produce half a dozen modern guns which are superior to any derringer and smaller, but I sort of like the old Remington. Occasionally the author's pseudo-authenticity gets him into language difficulties: "They never acted natural when it was unnatural to act otherwise." However, I have read worse spy novels (to my sorrow). Alex Panshin, who has an aversion to the literary "high, proud breasts" should note that in here one set of breasts is "firm, tauntingly upright" and the other is "firmly arched"-- like unto the Mackinac Bridge, I suppose.

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Whatever happened to Dennis Campbell?

THE MAN FROM UNCLE #2, "The Doomsday Affair", by Harry Whittington (Ace, 50¢) Here's one of the spy stories that is worse than Baron Sinister, tho it's an improvement over the first Man From Uncle volume. What this series needs is somebody like Eric Frank Russell to write it. Whittington seems to be a conscientious plodder who has watched the series and is trying to make his book fit it. He doesn't succeed; the attempts at humorous dialog in particular are pretty flat, and the charm of the tv show is its humor, not its drama. However, as I said, this is an improvement over the first book, and if the book series continues to approve it will very shortly become worth reading. (Bruce thought this one was very good, but he's not quite 8 yet -- you might want to get this for your children.)

ROGUE DRAGON, by Avram Davidson (Ace, 40¢) Heartily recommended, expecially to fans who read the magazine version in F&SF. The book makes sense. It's probably Avram's best novel to date, in fact; lightweight and full of action, but much more entertaining than any other novel he's done. The sort of thing PLANET STORIES used to run, but better done than 90% of PLANET's yarns.

TWELVE TALES OF SUSPENSE AND THE SUPERNATURAL, by Davis Grubb (Crest, 50¢) One of the best fantasy collections I've read in years. Half of the stories originally appeared in various slick magazines, one is from WEIRD TALES, and five are apparently original. Most are "country fantasy", somewhere in between Manly Wade Wellman and Russell Kirk, but one based on the tv industry is as outrageous as anything by Bloch. Get it.

TRIPLANETARY, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 50¢) One thing about Smith; he gives you a big book for your money. This is the best thing I've read by him to date. His attempts at conversation are as inane as ever, but there are fewer of them; most of the book is descriptive. (And the description is centered more on events and less on the workings of his machinery.) He's no biologist -- one of his aliens, within five minutes of seeing his first human being, remarks "the smallest one, the female, stays so close to the larger male" -- but in general he avoids such pitfalls. This is the book which, after some jury-rigging, became the first novel in the "Lensman" series. Any fan interested in the evolution of stf should have a copy.

THE HUNTER OUT OF TIME, by Gardner F. Fox (Ace, 40¢) This may be the best novel that Fox has ever done; at least, I managed to get all the way thru it. Based on time travel, but as usual with second-rate time stories, the differing cultures are treated precisely as though they were separated by space instead of time; except for the conclusion, there is no thought given to the idea than an action here and now may influence events in the future. I've read worse (but not much worse).

STAR OF DANGER, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Breen) (Ace, 40¢) According to the chart given in the front of the book, this is, chronologically, the first of Marion's Darkover series. It's also one of the best, despite -- or possibly because of -- the fact that it is a "juvenile", with marked resemblances to Andre Norton's writing. A critic of one of her earlier novels said that she left too much background unexplained -- this is definitely not the case here. The background is all there, where a fan of exotic backgrounds like myself can enjoy it. The hero is a teen-ager and there is no "sex interest", but I don't object to that, as long as the story is entertaining, and this one is.

THE MINDWARPERS, by Eric Frank Russell (Lancer, 50¢) Russell has tried a cross between a stf and a spy novel. (Tho his mindwarping device is closer to the elaborate gimmicks of current spy novels than it is to science fiction.) It comes off fairly well; it isn't too good an example of Russell's writing, but it's far superior to the likes of Milton, Whittington, Fleming, and the rest of the currently popular crew. (Even when he works an idiot plot -- if the hero in this novel had the sense of a 10-year-old, most of the story would disappear.)

OWL'S WATCH, edited by George Brandon Saul (Crest, 60¢) This anthology contains good stories; the major objection would be that too many of them are overly familiar. Surely everyone by now has read Poe's "Morella", Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter", Jacobs' "The Monkey's Paw", Saki's "The Open Window", Dunsany's "Two Bottles Of Relish", and Conrad Aiken's "Mr. Arcularis"? Others, however, are lesser known; Bierce's "Boarded Window"; "The Cigarette Case", by Oliver Onions; "The Face", by Lennox Robinson; "The Conjuror", by St. John Ervine; Coppard's "The Tiger", "Desire", by James Stephens (tho I've seen that in quite a few other places, come to think of it); "The Old Chevalier", by Isak Dinesen (a particularly pointless bit of nothing); "The Demon Lover" by Elizabeth Bowen; "The Catbird Seat", by James Thurber (not a horror story or even a fantasy, but enjoyable); "The Lady On The Grey", by John Collier; "The Vermilion-Headed Man" by the editor (the poorest story, by far, in the volume - Saul is a much better editor than he is a writer); and "Ancient Dominions" by Dermot O'Byrne (also a non-horror and no more than border-line fantasy story). An extra benefit is the listing with each story of the author's full name and the dates of his birth and death; items hard come by for the casual reader. In general, if you don't already own most of the contents, this is a good book to get. The stories are good (with the exception of Dineson's and the editor's) and if you haven't read them it doesn't matter how familiar everyone else is with them.

THE WATER OF THOUGHT, by Fred Saberhagen/WE THE VENUSIANS, by John Rackham (Ace, 45¢) I would like to see Harry Warner review the Rackham half of this. Much of the background centers around classical music, and while I think Rackham has made several statements that just aren't so, I'm not familiar enough with the field to pin him down. He could be right. The action consists of the usual bunch of overemotional individuals doing the predictably stupid things to cause a conflict. I've read better. In fact, I read better just by turning the book over, since the Saberhagen half is a first-rate stf novel. The action is a trifle melodramatic for my taste -- I really prefer novels where the hero isn't a captive of the villains for 3/4 of the book -- but otherwise the plot, background and characters are all well done.

STRANGE MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE, by Harold T. Wilkins (Ace, 60¢) Not just another imitation Fort book, since the author includes strictly legal "mysteries" and true-horror accounts of people walled up alive, as well as the mysterious disappearances, flying saucers, etc. The writing style is that of a pleasant, erudite back-fence gossip. It's probably agreeable to most readers, though it would help if the author weren't so offensively anti-Negro, anti-Catholic and even anti-Aztec. The good points include a lengthy account of the disappearance of Ambrose Bierce; an event that I had previously only read allusions to. (I didn't really need a complete life history of Bierce along with the disappearance, but it was well enough done.) Some of the others are equally interesting, and the author seldom spends too much time on the duller ones.

THE WORM RE-TURNS, ed. by James V. McConnell (Prentice-Hall, \$3.95) I'll have to get myself a copy of this some day. (I'm reviewing it because I just finished reading Gene DeWeese's copy.) This is a book of short humorous articles, all based on scientific theories. As McConnell says, "the better you understand the Freudian jargon, and the more you know about behaviorism and biochemistry, the more amusing many of the articles will seem." Quite true, and what makes this an ideal book for fans. Most of the fans I know have an excessively wide range of knowledge; it may be a bit shallow in spots, but it's generally deep enough to allow comprehension of humorous references to a subject. (I couldn't make a living out of any of the sciences covered, but I managed to find all of the material pretty funny.) I may even try "logogenetics" some time; it sounds like the ideal way to get a story accepted by Bonfiglioli for SCIENCE FANTASY. Anyone who shares my sense of humor will get a tremendous kick out of this one.

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, by Anthony Burgess (Ballantine, 60¢) This is a modern version of Evan Hunter's "Malice In Wonderland", crossed with strains of 1984, one of Ellison's talks about his days with kid gangs, and a Russian dictionary. There is an afterword by a British critic, saying what a brilliant writer Burgess is, but who's going to believe a critic who had to compile a glossary before he could understand what the writer was saying? (Most reviews have stressed the originality of Burgess' gang-slang, to the point where I really wondered if I could understand the book at all. I needn't have worried; since the glossary was there, I looked up three words, but I could have done without an exact definition. Burgess' brilliance is demonstrated by the use of completely unfamiliar words which are fully understandable in context.) The story itself isn't all that original, and the central character is the most thoroughly contemptible little rat I've encountered in years (which makes identifying with him -- for those who like that sort of thing -- pretty hard). Read it for the realism, and the way Burgess handles the language.

GLADIATOR, by Philip Wylie (Lancer, 50¢) Somehow, I'd never got around to reading this until this edition appeared. It's one of Wylie's early books (copyright 1930); considering its age, it's not half bad. The writing is crude, compared to later Wylie; but it's pretty slick in comparison to most stf of the period. The superman theme isn't new (but then, neither is the book), and the hero is even less logical than Stapledon's nut, but the story is entertaining despite the faults. It reminds me a bit of Vardis Fisher's Orphans In Gethsemane, except that the writing isn't as good, and Wylie's hero is a real superman while Fisher only thought he was. Worth getting, if you don't have the earlier Avon edition.

EXPERIMENT IN CRIME, by Philip Wylie (Lancer, 50¢) Lancer seems to be reprinting all of Wylie's books, or at least all they can get rights to. This is strict formula stuff; an imitation of Clarence Buddington Kelland, in fact. Bumbling hero with unsuspected resources, beautiful wise-cracking heroine, sharp elderly personality (an elderly woman this time; a mild change) and a sinister crime ring. I enjoyed it tremendously, but it is not a book for every reader. You need a soft spot for this sort of corn.

THE MOONBEAMS, by R. Vernon Beste (Lancer, 60¢) The cover blurb calls this "today's best spy novel". I must admit that it's the best one I've read recently, but I'm not that much of an expert, and I'm enough of an optimist to feel that surely some spy novels must be better than this. It stands out by not being strictly action; the author attempts to show how people really behave under stress, poses philosophical questions and so on. It makes rather slow reading, but there is some substance there.

# GRUMBLES

Don Wollheim, Ace Books, Inc., 1120 Avenue of the Americas, New York 36, New York.

I guess Ted White has a point when he indicts me for not having a professional attitude. If I had been less my "old continuous fan self," I should have asked for a refund of his advance when he failed to make his deadline. In his righteous ire, Ted however has conveniently forgotten that Bob Tucker was not alone in that book -- in Chapters X and XI there were a whole flock of fan names that had to be changed.

But the crowning "indignity" I visited on Good Old Ted he failed to mention at all. ANDROID AVENGER was a July release, and the \$500 due on publication would properly have been paid on July 15th, according to office procedure. Good Old Ted called me up in June and asked if as a special favor -- fandom, old friends, all that -- could I intervene and get him his \$500 a month earlier so he could afford to go out to the Westercon on July 4th. And -- you can start laughing now -- I did! Got the publisher's okay and the chief bookkeeper's nod, disrupted the accounting dept., and got him his check on June 22nd. Wherewith Good Old Ted did get to the Westercon in time to make a loud barking attack on the hand that had just fed him!

Lancer Books, take him away!

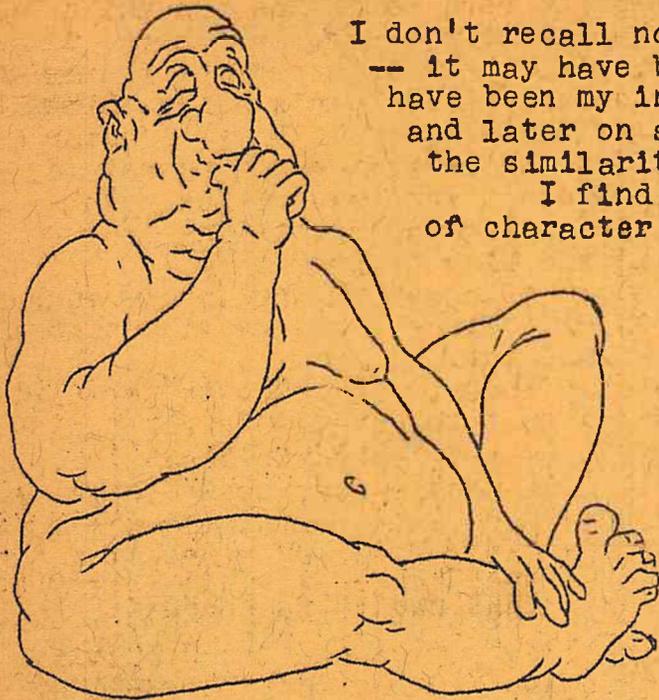
P.S. Best comment on the work was your own review of the thing. The ending is as Good Old Ted wrote it. And the name of the girl, Hoyden, was one concession we were fan-foolish enough to make to Good Old Ted. We didn't like it, but Good Old Ted was vehemently determined to keep it. It was, as you said, "pretty damned silly."

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois, 61745

By one of those chancy turns of fate which continually plague we star-begotten fans, I bought a copy of THE MURDEROUS ANDROID AVENGER MACHINE in the same week Yandro arrived bearing Ted White's disenchanting report on the book. Read his novel one evening, and his column the next. If the bomb does not fall on New York in the near future, Ted will soon grow a thick skin to protect himself from evil old editors like Wollheim.

For Wollheim is evil; he has been so for the thirty-odd years I've known him, and in those early years he frightened many a neo stiff with his ungentlemanly snarls. Strangely enough, he does have a sense of humor (as his combat duties in the old Staple Wars will testify) but he works overtime to keep that humor concealed as if it were a weakness. I believe that is the essential difference between us. I find it amusing to put a fannish name on a character, whereas he is so woodenly serious he considers the act childish.

Ted reports a misunderstanding on Wollheim's part about the name "Charles Horne" in my early detective books. Charles Hornig had no part in it. The hero was called Charles Somethingelse in the manuscript, but the Rinehart editors didn't care for the name and asked for a new one. At that time, I suppose, good old Anglo-Saxon names were in style.



I don't recall now who suggested the surname "Horne" -- it may have been one of the editors, or it may have been my inspiration, but it was substituted and later on someone in fandom called attention to the similarity to Hornig.

I find myself agreeing with Ted on the point of character names. Assuming that his book will sell a hundred thousand copies, plus or minus so much, only a few hundred of those hundred thousand readers will care a faint damn whether the hero is named Bob Tucker or Bob Tanner. The hero could have been named Don Carr, or Terry Wollheim, and those hundred thousand readers would not have batted an eye because none of the names have a particular meaning to them. And of course it is true that no commercial publisher publishes for the few hundred people in fandom, so again a hero's name will have no effect on sales, and almost no effect on story enjoyment.

(Please note, Buck, that the only name which gave you pause was "Hoyden".) Again, I find these names amusing, even entertaining, but Wollheim considers them childish.

He really can't help himself, first because of his sober-sided view of life, and second because he is thoroughly trapped in the Editorial Sand-pits. Most, if not all commercial editors are. Of course the legal angles are of paramount importance to editors and publishers, but running close behind in the editorial minds are a rigid set of traditions and suppressions handed down from old man to young. These hoary rules and regulations may not make sense to the outsider, but they exist, and new editors abide by them because they want to keep their jobs while old editors abide by them because they have learned to believe in them. One of the cardinal rules seems to be: no character may be named after any person in the publishing industry.

Legalities aside, why? I even had to delete the names of my agent, and one of my editors, from one book or another. Why? Who, among the hundred thousand readers, gives a faint damn? The prohibition exists only in the editorial mind, for some strange and erratic reason.

Let's hang around and examine Terry Carr ten years hence. At this moment he is still the breezy fan editor with few, if any of the professional prohibitions clinging to him, but if he remains at the Ace factory what will he be like in ten years? Odds are, Wollheim will have thoroughly and successfully indoctrinated him with the long list of Thou Shalt Nots, and Terry in turn will be applying them to the new novelists of that day. A pity.

As for Ted White, he has a choice of two paths: knuckling under to the various rules of the different publishers, or remaining a Not-Pro like me and taking his chances. I don't care a moldy fig what some fans say, I am not a pro. I make my living elsewhere, and write books as a hobby -- for fun and money. When the book sells, I buy a new car or whatever; when it doesn't sell, I drive the old one for another year. I've followed this hobby for twenty years, and failed to sell only three of twenty books. I can't complain. (But I insist Wollheim is evil.)

Robert E. Briney, 176 E. Stadium Drive, West Lafayette, Ind., 47906

The other evening I made an attempt to read one of the pbs which has been sitting on my shelves for months (since you were last here, in fact): Colin Kapp's TRANSFINITE MAN. Now there is a perfect source for some of those quotations that seem to curl Eisenstein's hair. Like:

"'One day,' said Dalroi, I shall probably kill you. Human failings, the lust, the greed, and the cowardice, I understand, but you are a scowling enigma. I don't know what black principles motivate you nor what ghastly solace your twisting long - ings crave. Knowing you is like the kiss of death!'"

I abandoned the effort after a couple of chapters, and read B runner's THE WHOLE MAN. I'd been putting this off, since I had just re-read the three magazine stories when the book came out.

Just got my copy of the MIT club's sf index. It comes in two parts, back-to-back like an Ace double, except that the pages are alternated. On the right-hand pages is THE BLACKDEX (mimeographed in black ink) containing the index-by-title; on the left-hand pages, upside down, is THE BLUEDEX (mimeo'd in -- guess what?-- blue ink) containing the index by author. Of course, when you turn the thing over and start from the other end, it is the BLUEDEX which is on the right and the BLACKDEX which is upside down on the left... IT's perfectly clear, really. Unfortunately, the index omits the "Thrilling" group and the Columbia magazines (Future, etc.) as well as Venture and the many short-lived titles of the early 50's. Mention is made of plans to revise and expand the index, sometime within the next year. I hope they mean it.

Yes, Terry Southern is half of the author of CANDY. Mason Hoffenberg is the other half. They tell me that CANDY is supposed to be a satire on pornography, or rather a parody thereof. I can't say I caught the message. A book which I found much funnier, and also better as pornography, was Chester Anderson's THE PINK PALACE. Not to mention Rosalind Erskine's two "Passion Flower" books, which are on a somewhat higher plane.

Current reading includes the recently published HISTORY OF THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING, 1862-1962. It is a fascinating book. One of the most interesting features is the sort of reverse-telescope view of history which it gives: people and events are treated only in terms of their importance to the Bureau. The



Civil War was important because it was one of the direct causes of the founding of the Bureau; World War I caused a crisis because the Bureau was not prepared for the printing of the vast quantities of war bonds, etc. The reason I bought the book, of course, is the information it contains on the production of postage stamps. I've recently become very interested in the technical aspects of stamp production, and this book has much information not available elsewhere, plus many interesting photographs and anecdotes. Did you know, for example, that the Bureau used to employ currency laundering machines? Much of the currency that was returned for redemption was not actually worn, but just dirty. The Bureau decided to economize by washing these dirty bills and reissuing them. This practise was followed from 1909-1918, but had to be discontinued during the war because war-time currency was printed on cotton-fiber paper rather than linen, and the cheaper paper couldn't withstand the laundering process. Laundering of bills was not resumed after the war, because of strong complaints from the Secret Service. They claimed that the washing process changed the appearance and feel of the paper to such an extent that even experts could no longer tell the washed bills from high-grade counterfeits...

One stamp field in which sf-type people should be interested is "science fiction on stamps". Not the general run of rocket and astronaut issues, but just those stamps whose design has a definite relation to science fiction. Such as the French stamp with the scene from one of Melles' early sf films, or the Monaco series picturing various Jules Verne stories. There are also some recent issues of Poland and Hungary which feature imaginative rockets of the future -- some of the designs look like they were taken from old Malcolm Smith cover paintings...

Some of the space topicals are so damned attractive that I can't resist buying them, regardless of their speculative status. For example, the miniature sheets of East Germany which Berry mentions, which are essentially one large space painting in which individual parts of the design have been separated by perforations and turned into postage stamps. There is a recent issue of Czechoslovakia of the same type. And then there is the set of ten triangular stamps issued by Jordan in honor of the U.S. astronauts. They were issued in joined pairs, with one stamp in each pair featuring a scene of a space vehicle being launched or in flight. The stamps were produced in multi-color photogravure, with lettering in silver, and are really eye-catching.

The best single source for keeping up with new issues, I have found, is SCOTT'S MONTHLY STAMP JOURNAL. With very few exceptions, most new issues are listed in the Journal within 8 or 10 weeks after issue, and are listed not only by country but by topic; also, most of them are illustrated. The Albania "Riccione" overprints which Berry mentions were listed in the Journal as space topicals, as were the Paraguay "space ambulance" ones. There must also be some British stamp dealers who have "topical new issue" services, frequent bulletins and lists, and I believe even a mimeographed or printed periodical, devoted to space issues, put out by the "space" branch of the American Topical Association. I've got the address around somewhere, if Berry wants to contact the Association.

Les Sample, 4213 Willingham Dr., Columbia, S. Carolina, 29206

Lewis Grant's "The Great Celestial Clock" was an interesting piece, but whatever in hell possessed you to publish it? It certainly is not the type of material that I would have expected to find in the pages of Yandro.

Reginald Smith's discussion of Russell Kirk's book, THE SURLY SULLEN BELL, takes top honors for #148. Although I haven't previously read all

of the stories in the book, I'm beginning to wish that I had.

Speaking of books, have you read GHOULS IN MY GRAVE? It is a collection of eight horror-fantasy short stories by a French writer, Jean Ray, with whose works I was previously unacquainted. The book is quite good -- I suggest that you read it if you haven't already done so.

Ray Bradbury's latest pb, THE MACHINERIES OF JOY, purports to contain "21 marvelous stories by 'the top science-fiction writer in the U.S. today'". Don't you believe it. Nostalgia there is in plenty; attempted "literariness" there is in plenty. But stories? There is hardly a story to be found anywhere in the book. Of course, this is not surprising when one realizes that most of the pieces come from two sources: Playboy and The Saturday Evening Post.

/You're liable to find anything in Yandro that we consider interesting. Haven't picked up GHOULS IN MY GRAVE; I'll give it a try. I passed up both it and a Davis Grubb collection from Gold Medal because I was short of cash at the time. RSC/

John C. Boland, 2328 47th Street, Moline, Illinois, 61265

I can't say as I found the articles very interesting. The one on the dating systems was better than the other; I dislike ghost stories (and Russ Kirk) with a passion.

I've got a gripe, and the Yandro lettercol seems to specialize in gripes. Late in February, I sent off two-fifty to that jerk who published Science Fiction Review. A buck of it was for ten issues of the pub, the other buck-fifty for a thirty-word plug for my amazine. I got one issue of SFR (#38), heard not a damn word about the ad, and have since heard not a thing about my other nine issues! I got the cancelled cheque back better than a month ago, I've written Franson twice, the first time very pleasantly, explaining the situation, asking him to correct it, and even enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply! The second letter, sent over a month ago, was somewhat less pleasant in tone. Not a word, either time. From the ad sections in the promags, I see I've been writing to the correct address, I've given Franson mine, so why no answer?

/Fanzine editors are notorious for being careless with other people's money. I can't blame anyone for failing to record a subscription payment (ask Alex Eisenstein), but ignoring two followup letters is somewhat beyond the bounds of decency. You're not alone; a recent catalog from Ken Slater carries the information that he hasn't heard anything from the mag since February, and I believe he was their British agent. Maybe they'll start up again, but plenty of fanzine editors in the past have walked off with money that didn't belong to them when they folded their mags. RSC/

Seth A. Johnson, 339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, N.J., 07088

If you could also give an occasional plug to Fanzine Clearing House I would really appreciate it since I'm constantly short of them. I've already sent three labels for you to mail on my behalf, but it would be far better if some faneds would get in the habit of sending an occasional bundle.

Lupoff's article on Burton Werper was interesting all right. I just wonder now if the same people will incorporate under another name



and continue issuing "Werper" books for another year or two until the law catches up with them. For my part even Werper Tarzan is better than no Tarzan at all. Wonder though if the ERB people couldn't pull the same stunt? In the meantime maybe someone could revive Ki Gor, who was also pretty good in this department.

For those fan editors who don't know about it, Seth sells fanzine "bundles" at a nominal price to stf readers who are interested in finding out about fandom. It seems to be one of the more practical recruiting methods. All pay goes into advertising and postage; you must donate your fanzine. But for editors

who want to build circulation, it's a good idea. Continuing a fantasy series doesn't seem to work too well. Of course, THE WIZARD OF OZ is still going strong, but neither Derleth's extension of the Lovecraft mythos nor the De Camp and Nyberg additions to Conan seemed to work too well. Of course, if you're desperate for Tarzan-type fiction, there's Maurice Gardner's "Bantan" series... RSC

Rick Brooks, R.R. #1, Fremont, Indiana, 46737

Ted White's column was interesting. Wollheim ain't as good as he was in the good old days. Quite a comedown from being Wollheim who speaks for Boskone trying to win fandom over to the powers of darkness. Now he only harasses authors like White and Ellison and Boskone is reduced to "pirating" the works of Tolkien and Burroughs. I regret voting for Ace in the Hugo balloting.

Bill Conner's letter was sobering. Who the hell can you trust in this unhappy world? Doing things to me for my own good is bad enough, but slanting the news for my own good is even worse. Shag 'em all, as they say in Australia.

"Golden Minutes" is always well received. Most of the time you are able to recognize good books (i.e. - books I like). You did bomb out on two books -- THE BLACK STAR PASSES and THE WELL OF THE WORLDS, both of which are among my favorites. Kuttner and Moore write like Merritt, and I'll forgive a writer almost anything that can give me such vivid settings. In fact, I consider THE MASK OF CIRCE in Startling 5/48 to be better than any of Merritt's, tho I will admit that it's close. I do agree with you on MASTERS OF THE MAZE and LORD KALVAN OF OTHERWHEN. The latter is good. Piper knew what he was writing about and if Davidson would have skipped his message, (whatever it was) he could have done this well.

Man, wait till you read some of my comments on Merritt some day! I can't even finish his stuff, most of the time, tho I did struggle all the way thru the first couple I encountered. (I had more enthusiasm for fantasy then.)

Bob Briney (address earlier)

By placing my letter (in Y150) opposite to one from Wollheim himself,

you greatly increased the probability that he would see the derogatory words relayed from the Westercon. I won't ask if this was intentional. One of those words is definite cause for an apology. To the best of my recollection neither White nor Ellison nor any of the other panelists employed the term "crook". The word was used (without conscious choice or thought) in my letter to express the general anti-Ace feelings of the panellists. So: apologies to Messrs. White and Ellison for putting a word in their mouths, and to Mr. Wollheim for adding, however unintentionally, another straw to the camel's load.

And a faint damn to you, Buck Coulson, for letting it get into print in the first place.

[It wasn't intentional, I assure you. Couldn't have been, since I don't even know where specific letters will show up. I edit the letters and type my replies on paper; then Juanita takes them, usually in whatever order I've left them, and cuts the stencils. (This has been since my eyesight got worse a few years back. Occasionally to make things come out even I cut the last couple of pages of lettercolumn directly on stencil.)

RSC/

Milton F. Stevens, 3989 Beverly Glen Blvd., Sherman Oaks, California  
The articles by Ted White and Ed Gorman have almost convinced me that I may have overlooked something in ignoring the mystery field. The straight mystery element has never interested me in the least, but crime and the emotions surrounding crime have been the central theme of several books which have interested me.

When I read BRIGHTON ROCK I was fascinated by the way Graham Greene used a murder motif as a background for a search for salvation. The killer is a nineteen year old hoodlum who has absolute faith in the Catholic Church. The novel revolves around the weird and utterly believable mind that can resolve religious faith with the necessity for murder. I'd be interested to see if Raymond Chandler could do anything more interesting in the way of characterization.

James Suhrer Dorr, 824 East Cottage Grove Ave.,  
Bloomington, Indiana, 47403

Although I have not read Mr. White's novel & really have no intention of doing so in the predictable future, 'Hoyden' seems a rather charming name to me. But then I am saddled with a heroine named 'Knimpfo' (the 'K' is pronounced so I assume it is not a pun even though Doug originally intended it to be one)...

Relative to the placing of eyeglasses on corpses I should certainly hope to be buried with my spectacles on at such time as becomes necessary; and a hearing aid too if I should be using one of the devices by then. But I am a pagan: I should also want a few sandwiches and a bottle of beer in the coffin with me, as well as a coin to pay the ferryman. And if some unscrupulous undertaker palms that last item, I should probably haunt him. I am rather against embalming: what happens to the blood they pump out anyway? I would not be surprised to learn that it is dumped down the sink (or worse); a



proceeding that strikes me as being somewhat undignified.

Mr. Coriell's letter (Yandro 150) confuses me. It does not jibe well with Theology as I know and use it. (I personally prefer Marvel Comics to ERB, but then nobody asked me.)

Ronald R. Eberle, 100 Elmhurst Ave., Syracuse, New York, 13207

Panshin has all my sympathy. If he ever decides to write Heinlein a poison-pen letter, let me know. I can get the poison at half-price.

"Do what you want as long as long as you don't bother other people. And if you happen to be other people, don't be bothered too easily."

- Robert A. Heinlein

I was sorry to hear that the Barton Werper books have been discontinued. Yeah, I said 'sorry'. True, T&THE SILVER GLOBE was lousy, and T&THE CAVE CITY and T&THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN and T&THE SNAKE PEOPLE weren't much better. However, T&THE WINGED INVADERS showed definite improvement and was, in some places, damned good. Werper still isn't another Burroughs, of course, but then, who is?

[I'll nobly refrain from answering that...

RSC/

Ben Solon, 3915 N. Southport, Chicago, Illinois, 60613

A word of warning: in the back of the current issue of F&SF, in the classified section, there is an ad for something called "The Catalog of Collected Magazines"; do not buy this. The publisher has been advertising this catalog for over a year and I've yet to see even a proof sheet of the thing.

[Richard Witter's F&SF Book Co. is also advertising this for sale, and Witter is careful to note anything in his catalog which isn't out yet. If you've ordered something from any mail-order dealer and received no satisfaction, write him a letter of complaint. Give him time to answer, and if you still get no service, send the facts to the Postmaster General and politely request an investigation. There would be less mail fraud and less sloppy bookkeeping, if more customers did this.

RSC/

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

I'm glad to see the Nott-Barr characters on the cover as well as the contents page: I never get enough of them. Here's a suggested situation for some future contents page: the Barr hexapod is hopelessly entangled with a large pretzel, and the Nott-girl is trying desperately to extricate him.

Ted White and Ed Gorman are agreed on the importance of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler as writers and as formative influences in the "tough" school of mystery fiction, and I'd go along with that. Ed is more right than Ted, though, about the epigoni who are currently churning out the stuff. The writers Ted names are good commercial craftsmen who write great quantities of saleable material, and apparently have a public, but they shouldn't be classified anywhere near Chandler or Hammett. They are more the contemporary equivalent of the prolific pulp hacks of an earlier period (and I don't mean that in a really derogatory sense -- the pulp writers included many good craftsmen too). Sadly enough, the general quality of mystery fiction today is probably better than average sf, but the best of "our" writers, like Brian Aldiss, Cordwainer Smith and Kurt Vonnegut, stand head and shoulders above the best of the mystery

writers.

Buck, I also was disappointed with Delany's BALLAD OF BETA-2, but I don't think the Cordwainer Smith influence was the main reason for my disappointment (as you know, I like Smith). I think the trouble was the structure of the story: the important action had all taken place long before the story began, and the main action was simply the protagonist's finding out what had happened. This weakened the story and left the reader with a feeling of "So what?" I suppose Delany was experimenting with involved narrative techniques, but I didn't like it.

Can't be structure in itself; Josephine Tey's THE DAUGHTER OF TIME is told the same way, and it's a perfectly fascinating story. RSC/

Ed Gorman, 1621 Ellis Blvd NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 52405

I enjoyed Ted's column on Chandler and the mystery field in general more than I have anything in Yan in recent months. He puts more stress on Hammett than I do, however. Chandler was much superior to Hammett, though several Hammett books are extremely well-written. As for Hammett making things safe for Hemingway...that's a debatable point. Hemingway was always pretty much unto himself. Certainly, Hammett's style anticipated the tone (if not the fiber) of early Hemingway...but "Up In Michigan, etc., would have done just as well without Hammett's prose efforts. Chandler, on the other hand, was and still is a big influence on our better prose writers. For instance, there's an interesting correlation between parts of several Chandler books and Norman Mailer's THE DEER PARK. Of course, when Mailer tried to do quasi-mystery stuff (AN AMERICAN DREAM: if you have to categorize the thing, it fits best in a more mundane Chandler category) he crapped out. Ted's article makes several points mine should have included; particularly the point about the plot existing to create good scenes. I don't know how seriously Ted meant his "dedication to these same goals" but ANDROID AVENGER indicated that he meant it pretty seriously. I've read the book twice now and found it better the second time through. Ted did a hell of a good job on the thing. You know, in places AA is even subtle -- a rarity nowadays!

Don and Margaret Thompson, 3518 Prospect Ave., Apt. 15, Cleveland, Ohio, 44115

The other night, as I sat on the couch, I looked over at Don's foot (I do things like that sometimes). "Don," I said, "there's a mouse by your foot." He looked down. The mouse looked back. Don wiggled his toes at the thing. It didn't budge. Don clonked it on the head with his scissors and took it into the bathroom. He flushed it down the toilet. Stupid thing never even squeaked. We feel terrible about it, but we're filled with renewed confidence -- who needs a gun to protect oneself against raging beasts?

I mean, after all...

Bob Briney (address earlier)

I received three good sf books during the past week or so, all published by Chilton Books. Two of the books comprise Poul Anderson's complete "Flandry" series: AGENT OF THE TERRAN EMPIRE and FLANDRY OF TERRA. A total of three "novels" (well, they looked like novels when they were serialized in the Ziff-Davis mags and reprinted by Ace, but they are sort of cut down to more modest proportions when published by a publisher who uses large pages and normal-sized type) and four short-

er stories. It has been long enough since I read the stories originally that I'll probably enjoy reading them again.

The most impressive of the three books, however, is DUNE. This is the hardcover version of Frank Herbert's two analog serials. At the Westercon, Herbert referred to the book as "the only 200,000-word novel ever to have been expanded from a haiku (this is known as 'padding')." Anyway, the book is 412 pages of small print -- and large (11"x9") pages at that. Not only does it have the text of the novel itself, but there is a glossary of terms, a double-page map, and four appendices on Dune's ecology, religion, etc. The dust jacket is one of the Schoenherr covers from analog. It is certainly the most ambitious single book ever to have come out of the sf field. And nowhere, in the book or in the jacket copy, is the term "science fiction" mentioned. The original serializations in analog are not credited.

The only flaw in the ointment is provided by the writer of the jacket copy, who somewhat backhandedly remarks that "DUNE will be long discussed as the penultimate in writing of the distant future." There's nothing like really unrestrained praise...

"Dr. Fred Shannon, one of the nation's foremost snakebite authorities and co-author of a snake bite manual for the armed forces, died early today of snake bite." --(UPI), Los Angeles, 31 August.

Then there was the man who walked into the automobile dealer's lot leading a three-month-old baby camel, and got a \$173 trade-in value on the purchase of a new car. In Perth, Australia.

The world is full of wonders. Perri Press has at long last refunded the money sent in for advance orders for the second volume of Don Day's magazine index. To be precise; my advance order of \$6.50 has been refunded, but since this was done by means of a printed form-letter, I assume it is part of an Overall Plan. The refund check had to go through three forwardings to catch up with me; it was years ago when I gave up hope of ever hearing from Perri Press again, so I stopped informing them of my changes of address...

George W. Price, Advent: Publishers, P.O. Box 9228, Chicago 90, Ill.

The Discon Proceedings is on the way to Dr. Dupla. It is my painful duty to inform you that you owe Advent \$2.50. Contrary to popular rumor, the \$1.00 price applied only to Convention members who signed up with the Committee prior to publication. That is, who paid their \$1.00 to the Discon Committee. See the note on the back of the title page. It seems to me, in fact, that Yandro has been guilty of spreading that false rumor, so perhaps you might insert a small correction of the same.

/I guess this is small enough..... RSC/

Andre Norton: Best things I have read lately in the adventure line were Piper's LORD KALVAN and Laumer's GALACTIC DIPLOMAT -- have the huge volume of DUNE sitting here now but have not been able to get at it since I am doing research reading on medieval history etc. for a new book which I should begin the first of next month.

By the way, THE MOON OF GOMRATH, Garner's sequel to WEIRDSTONE, is now available in England as a Penguin. Also, Harcourt Brace is bringing out Eager's KNIGHT'S CASTLE in a new pb series known as Voyager Books.

/I've just discovered a copy of Richard The Third, by Paul Murray Kendall, which is interesting but certainly does a lot to destroy the "romance" of the time. It's a fine place for a literary visit, but I wouldn't live there. RSC/

Becker Staus, 104-A Cramer Hall, Pershing Group, Univ. of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri 65202

Don't you think it's about time the N3F had an Assassination Group to deal with FIAWOLs, neos who try buttering you up, and other famous monsters of fandom? I mean a really efficient group, specializing in off-beat killings. I think you should head it.

Take Wollheim for instance. If an N3F member wanted him bumped off, you could check and see if Wollheim is in the public domain as a person. If so, you could reprint him in a "double" format. Ted White should be allowed to make whatever corrections he wanted in the text before publication and be permitted to change Wollheim's name to "Irving Lumpwamper" or something. The format would allow Harlan Ellison to rip off the part he wanted, thereby killing him physically and mentally. (The fact that one-half of him sold 200,000 more copies more than the other half would make him incurably schizoid.)

You'd have to give warning, of course. The Mafia sometimes sends white roses to an old-buddy-soon-to-be-deceased so why not send a Dollygram holding a bouquet of white roses? Or a copy of YANDRO printed with yellow ink on black paper?

What do you think?

/I think one of us belongs in the nut hatch, but I'm not sure which one. RSC7

DEAN A. GRENELL: Enjoyed Bill Conner's letter the most of the lot, I think. It is time he found out that most newspapers and magazines have long since decided what is best for the common man and their major content is little more than thinly sugarcoated propaganda intended to steer the world toward the bright, new tomorrow which they envisage. LIFE, for example, is so fanatically dedicated to the cause of colored supremacy that they will probably not be content till EBONY outstrips them in circulation. LIFE's reaction to the rioting in Watts, for example, was to have their ace sobsister gush about a Rhodes scholar (or something) from there and to quote his reaction about being proud to have come from Watts, for the first time...this, plus siezing the excuse to hang out a fresh batch of anti-firearms diatribe. The same manifersterings of Creeping Big-Brotherism is sickeningly apparent in the news monopoly which tells the good burghers of Milwaukee and environs what they should think. There are two papers, the Journal having purchased its competitor, the ex-Hearster Sentinel a few years back after the Sentinel was on the rocks due to a long siege of labor trouble. The pair is ferociously anti-gun in their editorials and they seem to feel that the ultimate evil is when someone sets up a Bingo table at some hamlet-held Fireman's Picnic. Abuse of the privilege of bearing arms is a sickening thing. Abuse of the privilege of a free press is, to me, vastly more sickening. Aargh.

/Considering the number of lynchings that have occurred in this country, don't you think someone should investigate the evils inherent in the ready availability of rope and clothesline cord to irresponsible citizens? You should see the anti-gun clippings Alan Dodd sends me from Britain. Ours aren't half bad. RSC7

G. H. Scithers, somewhere in Europe: I don't see how a letter to 7 people which contained the admonition that recipients not refer to Kyle's unfortunate error can be equated to Kyle's general distribution thing.

/It must be easy, since Kyle and I both did it..... RSC7



# A ROUND OF CARDS AND ALE

Being reader commentary on paperback editions of The Lord Of The Rings:

RUTH BERMAN: Since Ace has offered Tolkien an "honorarium", I don't see that anyone, legally or morally, can shout "Thief! Thief! We hates it forever" at Wollheim. The only proper grumps are at Houghton-Mifflin for stupidity, and the U.S. government for its screwy copyright laws.

RICK BROOKS: Since the 95% copies of the RING volumes will have extra material, I'll buy them. There is the best novel that I've ever read. I dote on all the fringe information that the author includes. I read this for the third time last week, and it seems to get better every time. I hate like the devil to wait for the SILMARILLION. Just like waiting for Christmas when one is very young. Wollheim does put up a good defense for himself, tho. I am afraid that I side with Mr. Shir-Cliff in this matter. When Ace snatched the ERB novels, that was the fault of ERB, Inc. for letting the copyright lapse. Tolkien is getting shafted for no fault of his own, and I feel that Ace has acted very shabbily in this matter. I also think that the main reason that the volumes weren't given to any paperback publisher was that JRR Tolkien and his publisher were too ethical to make another publisher pay royalties when he could be scooped by a third publisher for nothing but printing costs.

ROBERT E. BRINEY: As far as I am concerned, it is things like the appearance, physical make-up, and price of competing editions that determines whether I buy one or the other (or, more often than not, both). It is certainly deplorable that because of the carelessness of hard-cover publishers or because of peculiarities of copyright law, an author's works can be deprived of legal protection, and the author deprived of royalties. However, deploring this situation will not keep me from adding to my library an attractively designed and reasonably priced edition of the author's works. I like the appearance of most of Ace's books (while being somewhat less than enthusiastic over the contents of some of them...), and greatly admire Jack Gaughan's artwork; because of the latter, I have already bought the Ace editions of the "Ring" books. I will probably buy the Ballantine editions too, especially if they have the "extras" already announced: a new foreword and an index. Without these "extras", however, I doubt that they would offer any competition to the Ace editions. The above comments apply directly to the Tolkien books. ERB is another matter entirely. In Tolkien's case, it was the U.S. publisher who failed in his duty to protect the books by copyright, while in ERB's case it was the carelessness or forgetfulness of the author's estate itself. Until the Ace editions of the public domain ERB titles came out, no other publisher showed much interest in the books; certainly ERB Inc. had made no effort to keep the books in print. But when it was noticed that the Ace editions were immensely popular, the bandwagon acquired an astonishing number of passengers... The Ace editions have some of the finest cover art ever to appear on paperbacks, and make a fine display on the shelves, whereas the Ballantine "authorized" editions are poorly designed, more crudely produced, featured execrable cover illustrations, and cost more. The only ones I bought were ones not available in other pb editions.

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Whatever happened to Ed McNulty?

JAMES ("Chez") DORR: I have difficulty imagining the grand old man of Anglo-Saxon studies being too crushed over the loss of a few dollars in royalties but, if I had any intention of buying either edition, I think I would prefer the Ballantine to Ace's privateered (in deference to Mr. Wollheim's sensibilities) edition if only for the extra material it contains. As to Mr. W's enlightening explanation of printing costs, I suppose then that the extra 14 cents go partly towards paper or binding or some such. Ace books have never seemed very well made to me and I should imagine that the difference between a book that will survive many re-readings and one that is likely to fall apart during the course of the first reading might just be worth the extra price.

ROY TACKETT: Under the present circumstances I must plead guilty to being one of those who is rather indifferent towards the whole thing. Several fans have complained about the "dirty deal" given Professor Tolkien by Ace Books. The fault lies not with Ace but with the hardcover publisher who goofed in the first place by not having the work copyrighted. I can't see that Ace has done anything so terrible in taking advantage of this and, indeed, they've done a bit of a service in making the work available in a low-priced edition.

Which is neither here nor there insofar as these comments are concerned. I plead guilty to being indifferent to what edition I buy simply because it is so difficult to get anything here in Albuquerque. All too many books are not available here, whether because of our local newsstand ~~dis-~~ distributor or because of indifference on the part of the publishers I can't say. I do know that many businesses based in the east express little interest in this part of the country, presumably because they figure nobody lives here and what the hell, New Mexico, that's a foreign country anyway. Perhaps book publishers fall into this category. I ordered my copy of The Lord of the Rings by mail from New York simply because it isn't available in this town of 300,000 non-existent people. Of the books you mention in "Golden Minutes" this time, I have exactly two. I picked up Conklin's 5 Unearthly Visions in Los Angeles and found The Day New York Went Dry on the stands here about a year ago.

I may be unnecessarily harsh on eastern book publishers, for I also know that our local distributor seems to consider himself the sole judge of what shall appear on the newsstands here; there are some lines he doesn't handle at all and with others he picks and chooses, sending back the books he doesn't want to handle. He has admitted sending back some books that he felt weren't proper public reading.

So, for Mr. Shir-Cliff -- I'm sorry but this is one reader who takes what he can get. If book publishers are really concerned about selling their books they should take steps to see that the books are available to the public.

RSC: If more letters arrive later, we'll have another symposium in the next issue. Personally, I feel that the ethics of the case rest on Wollheim's statement that Houghton-Mifflin absolutely refused to deal with pb publishers until Ace discovered that a deal wasn't necessary. If this is true -- and it's supported by the facts that (a) nobody has denied it, and (b) no other pb publisher did produce an edition in the 8 to 10 years following hardcover publication -- then Ace has not deprived Tolkien of a thing. You cannot "deprive" a man of something that he doesn't have and isn't going to receive anyway. In fact, you could say that Ace had done Tolkien a service; he's now receiving royalties from Ballantine, whereas otherwise he wouldn't be getting them from anybody in the pb field. As I see it, the sole villain of the case is Houghton-Mifflin. The U.S. copyright laws may be complicated, but a book publisher is supposed to know them, complicated or not.

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