



YANDRO

← 157

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Spring is sprunging and soon summer will be staggering in riding the heat waves, and it's time for all good fans within ride, walk, or crawl distance of this year's Worldcon in Cleveland to be thinking about said con -- particularly is it the duty of fannish artists to be thinking about said con. Because a con has also come to mean Project Art Show (known as The International Science Fantasy Art Exhibition for non-fan peasants like hotel representatives).

For newcomers, especially artists (developed and potential), a bit of info might be in order. Project Art Show, after much planning, finger-nail chewing and other agonies, put on its first exhibition at the Pittcon in 1960, and has been continuing its fine success at Worldcons and Westercons ever since. More and more the Fan art show has become one of the highlights of the convention, and frequently the work exhibited far surpasses the professional sf art work being offered in the auctions at the same convention.

The art exhibited is often freewheeling, different, and unfettered by the sometimes inhibiting demands of a magazine art director. Paintings, etchings, sculpture, needlework, metalwork -- the only limitations are size and practicality. Much of the work is for sale, and if a newcomer has thoughts of really impressing his non-fan guests back home he might consider the stir to be made by an original and unusual work of art for his home -- and plague on dimestore reproductions.

An art show is only as good as its exhibitors make it -- and that's you out there, freewheeling, different and unfettered fan artist. If you've never heard of the show before, get the info by writing: Bjo Trimble, 12002 Lorna, Garden Grove, California, 92641.

And if you have entered before, or know about Project Art Show and just never got around to entering, get the lead out. The show can be marvelous. It has been, and the Tricon has ever right to expect equally great results this year ... if you produce. That means getting busy now. Paint takes drying time, sketches need time to jell until you get that just-right effect....

Knowing artists, the most casual, unplanned bunch of people in an already ridiculously unplanned microcosm, I well know that April is not at all too soon to start yelling about something that will happen in September.

Get the info if you haven't (send money...\$1 will get you five issues of the show's bulletin)....and SOON, send for your entry blanks -- one per entry. Send to Bjo, and it might be very nice if you'd send along a stamped, self-addressed legal length envelope. The workers on Project Art Show put in a killing job, tons of love and time, gratis, and it wouldn't kill the chief benefitors -- the artists themselves -- to cooperate a little.

End of soapbox tirade for this time, but I'd better see a dandy exhibit at the con or this'll be nothing to the lecture you'll get come October.

At hand, two books:

COUNT BELISARIUS, Robert Graves, Pyramid, S-1288, 85¢

A highly author-tinted account of the general Fletcher Pratt selected as the victor in one of history's more decisive battles, the Nika revolt in Constantinople, this is less satisfactory than it might have been. For dramatic effect, Graves has employed some questionable accounts for his history, and I find them a bit disappointing. Also, Graves is a writer who lets his wit and erudition come between him and the story itself. This is excellent in his fascinating volumes on the Greek myths, but in a novelized biography, it's distracting. Paul Wellman's THE FEMALE, a far more imaginary account of the same events, is for me a far more readable story.

QUEEN VICTORIA, Elizabeth Longford, Pyramid V-1280, \$1.25

The authoress is the Countess of Longford, with eight children of her own, and strikes an authentic note in this biography, writing it would seem from experience. She does not let personal reaction intrude often, and the book is scholarly without being at all dry. As she herself notes, the period she treats was delightfully for the historian one of the most recording, diary, and journal conscious in the world. There is a wealth of material available for quoting, and the people of the time come vividly to life, speaking their own words, described by their contemporaries - both kindly and devastatingly. I regret the lack of illustrations (there are some, though few, and possibly there were more in the hardcover publication; I don't know, because no where could I locate a note as to whether or no the paperback has been abridged). Just as in a military history one expects maps, good ones, in a historical biography one expects portraits of all principals and many minor characters, and hopefully sketches of important scenes and locales. I found the portraits included too few to complement the text. Includes notes, index.

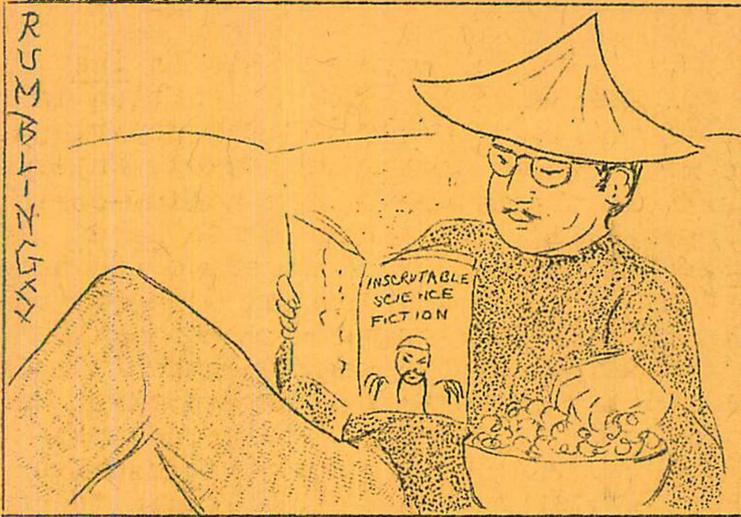
Despite my comments, I enjoyed both books. Don Bensen's a good editor, even if he doesn't answer his mail.

Is anyone else as irked as I am by the constant advertising slogan: Free Gift! In my innocence, I assumed as a child that gift automatically implied "free", unless one was warned by Cassandras. Madison Avenue has become an entire group of Sinons - or possibly they always were.

Sassoon was on the "Today" show this morning, pushing his modern blunt cut hair and castigating other hair styles as behind the times. Goes to show, I'm always out of step too soon. I was wearing a blunt cut dutch boy bob fifteen years ago...in fact, I wore that hair style to the Philcon in '53 and I'd been wearing it two years then. As soon as Buck felt interested enough to put his foot down, it departed for a traditional feathercut (or whatever they were calling it then). At the time the only ones who liked it were me (it was easy to take care of) and my roommate, who blunt-cut it off in the first place -- she had embraced sf and everything knew and different with delight, and in the 50's believe me this sort of hairdo was indeed "different".

Supposedly if I wait long enough they'll get around to me and my styles again. They'll have to. I'm not leaving here. After all, boots finally came in, after I'd been mad about them since I was nine or ten. All things come to the moss-covered rock...

JWC



I'm now an honorary citizen of Korea, with a fancy certificate of appointment to prove it. How does that grab you, gang? (I didn't even know that Korea was going around appointing honorary citizens, myself.) I guess it beats the time I was made an honorary Gold Star Mother, though.

This issue of YANDRO isn't very fancy, but it's being mailed out with genuine Einstein commemorative stamps, so treat it with respect. Actually, this is sort of a "cleaning out the files" issue. "Soldier"

was originally submitted to (and accepted by) INSIDE, 10, these many years ago. Has it been 10 years since INSIDE folded? Must be close to that. We have had it for several years and finally decided that we had to use it. I hope I can still locate the author; anyone who knows of a recent address for him please contact me. The fiction of Wolfenbarger and Katz isn't quite that old, but we've had each item for 2 or 3 years, at least. On the other hand, the items by Gorman and Riccardo Valla are practically new; not more than a few months old. The reviews, letters, and editorials are new, I hope. Someday I'll reprint an old editorial and see if anyone can tell the difference.

I notice that a couple of fans have mentioned Heinlein's The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress as a Hugo nominee. Personally, I consider that it probably does deserve nomination, but not this year. One of the five serial installments appeared during 1965; if you're going to nominate it I think you should wait until next year, when the awards for fiction published during 1966 are made. Restricting Lord Of The Rings to "Best All-Time Series" category eliminates one sticky problem in the "Novel" category (tho I'm still dubious about it being eligible as a "series". Since the entire category is rather dubious, however, I suppose you might as well vote for Tolkien if you want to.) On novels, I'll probably nominate The Weirwoods, by Swann, The Squares Of The City, by Brunner, and Dune, by Herbert, in that order. (This is not to say that I'll vote that way on the final ballot. Dune ranks third because I don't really think that it needs my help to get nominated.) Other categories were discussed in YANDRO #154, and I won't repeat them here; more comment on Hugos when the final ballot appears.

I've picked up a couple of antique books lately. One is strictly a collector's item; a Street & Smith paperback edition of She, published in 1919. (#75 of their "Select Library"). I've never read the book, and have no intention of doing so now, but I squandered a dime on it for the collection. The best part of it is a notice on the back cover. "Conditions due to the war have made it very difficult for us to keep in print all of the books listed in our catalogues. . . . if your dealer cannot supply you with exactly the book you want, you are almost sure to find in his stock another title by the same author, which you have not read. In short, we are asking you to take what your dealer can supply, rather than to insist upon just what you want. You won't lose anything by such substitution, because the books by the authors named are very uniform in quality." Or in other words, all the novels by a particular pulp hack are pretty much alike. True, of course, but the only time I've seen a publisher or

editor admit the fact.

The other antique is more valuable -- to me, anyway. This is The Phantom Of The Poles, by William Reed, published in 1906. My edition is published by the "Walter S. Rockey Company, New York", but the copyright notice says "Copyright 1906 by William Reed and Walter S. Rockey. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng. 1906". This is one of the hollow-earth books. Curiously, it is mentioned by neither de Camp and Ley in Lands Beyond, nor by Martin Gardner in Fads & Fallacies, tho Gardner spends some time describing a later book on the same subject by Marshall Gardner (relative?). De Camp and Ley stick pretty much to the original works on the subject, the best known being that of John Cleves Symmes; they don't bother with moderns like Reed. Reed's theories are certainly imaginative, and might well have been convincing in 1906. (Tho not very convincing, evidently; they weren't remembered.) In 1906, of course, explorers had been trying to reach both poles for years, without success. Reed's main theory -- and the basis for the title of his book -- was that nobody had reached them for the simple reason that they weren't there. After you get so far north the earth begins to curve in, and after a while you're going back south again. (Reed skirts this idea rather gingerly, because while he can cite numerous examples of odd compass behaviour near the poles, none of the erratic behaviour really backs up his own theory. He merely comes on strong about explorers becoming confused about their directions near the poles.) He has lots of other explanations for polar phenomena. The aurora is simply the reflection of huge grass fires (or possibly volcanic action, or both) in the interior. He cites numerous examples of water and ice being reflected in the sky -- so why not fires? Meteors -- all meteors -- are simply rocks thrown out from volcanoes. Since there are lots of meteors observed at the poles (are there? I couldn't say) and no volcanoes on the surface to account for them at those locations, then obviously they come from volcanoes in the interior. He seems to think that icebergs are caused by northern stream freezing at the mouth, with water from upriver flowing over them; obviously, such a condition is impossible unless "upriver" is the warmer interior of the earth. (He has heard of glaciers, but doesn't seem able to connect them with icebergs.) The colored snow of the arctic regions is caused by pollen from the interior becoming mixed with the snow. (He loses me there; I'd never heard of there being colored snow in the arctic, much less an explanation for it.) All in all, a quite interesting book. Incidentally, current issues of FATE and other occult mags have been carrying full-page ads for the "new" hollow-earth theory of "Dr. Raymond Bernard". Each ad includes a map of the hollow interior, plus several supposedly unanswerable questions about the polar regions. The map is lifted bodily from Reed's book, and the questions are obvious adaptations of Reed's discussions. It would be interesting to see how much of Bernard's book is simply reprinted Reed, but I'm not about to invest \$3.50 to find out.

Finally watched an episode of "The Wild, Wild West" the other night. I think I've been missing something; they have some real fantasy on that show. It wasn't so much the hero stuffing a package of black powder under an old bucket to blow himself up and over a prison wall. Mostly, it was the appearance of an Edison phonograph in a setting which I believe is supposed to date from the Grant administration. After that, the secret laboratory of the mad doctor, with the bubbling flasks each containing the living brain of a great scientist (remember that plot?) was something to be taken in stride. Bruce loved it; it was on his level.

Piser's INDEX has been completed and is in his hands.

(RSC)

How To Write Science Fiction

an instructive article by

DAVE JENRETTE

PREFACE

With stf on the down-and-out grade (as far as the mass market goes) editors are searching for stories in the old traditions, the stories that attracted readers back in the good old days. Inasmuch as these stories aren't too common of late we present a capsule course in writing this type story.

STARTING POINT

All stories should start with a point of interest, a narrative hook, so to speak. People who have read Ted Sturgeon's THE DREAMING JEWELS well know what a narrative hook is -- read its first paragraphs.

Ok, then, what are we most interested in? Money? Women? Science fiction? Well, yes, but survival is most important. In fact, it's the first law.

So what could be more interesting than having survival as the theme of your story? You can best do it by putting someone or something in danger. In early science fiction it was common to endanger a large city. As time passed this became rather old hat so they started off by destroying it. We forget how many times Kuttner along has destroyed New York. Purely wishful thinking.

Other writers, like Ed Hamilton and EE Smith, endangered entire worlds, systems, and even galaxies. If you're just a beginning writer, endangering entire universes is probably beyond your abilities (Don't be impatient -- maybe someday), so let's start small. We'll use the Solar System.

PLOT

There are several ways of endangering and depopulating worlds:

1. Alien invasion
2. Death of the sun
3. nova of the sun
4. worlds in collision
5. planetary disruption

There we have the basic methods -- to insure full-roundedness in our story and to avoid prejudice, we'll use all the methods (and any others that may occur as we go along).

Can't you see it already?



Far off in interstellar space is a Dark Star (always in capitals so readers will recognize its menace) steadily approaching the Solar System. Burrowed into the Dead World (same as Dark Star) are aliens carefully conserving their few remaining calories of heat. Starting to see the picture?

The Black Orb (same as Dead World) will make a fast pass thru the system causing the sun to nova and then promptly die (check #2 and #3). The nova will burn Mercury and Venus, but spare the Earth, allowing the aliens to invade it (check #1). Pluto will wander from its orbit and die in space, while Jupiter collides with Saturn (satisfying #4 and #5).



THE PLAYERS

1. The Hero - Captain Phewture, young, handsome, intelligent, plus trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courageous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. These types are not as rare as you might think -- after all: every story of this type has such a character. In addition, he has grey eyes. All heroes have grey eyes.
2. The Girl - she is beautiful, redheaded, and deeply and faithfully in love with the hero.
3. Assistants: no hero should be stuck with all the dirty work and should have assistants for KP and latrine duties.
 - #1 Boy - usually a robot, dumb but cheerful.
 - #2 Boy - an android, clever and cheerful.
 - #3 Boy - a preserved brain, intelligent, yet cheerful.

The characteristic of these three is their universal cheerfulness and their love of life. As assistants you'd think that Capt. Phewture wouldn't have to do anything, but it always turns out that the captain performs all the heroics. Those poor guys feel so unnecessary.

4. Miscellaneous - in case of need this category contains stupid policemen, mad scientists, world presidents, aliens, suspicious characters, dancing girls, and various other dupes.

Keeping in mind that good characterization often makes a good story great we proceed in this fascinating drama. It's time for a little action, it is, so let's have the Ebon Planet (Same as Black Orb) strike the edge of the system. Pluto is dislodged and an immediate call is given to Captain Phewture at his moon home.

THE PLOT SICKENS

Now things really start happening -- tidal waves engulf Neptune and Uranus, alien ships strike at Ceres base, and the divorce rate increases in Savannah, Georgia.

Captain Phewture apparently doesn't read the papers or watch TV (or maybe he doesn't get beyond the comics or Captain Kangaroo), because he never knows from nothing until the president of the Earth summons him for a quick consultation. We suspect that he just likes to be coaxed. At any rate Capt. Phewture is called.

At the time he is busily coloring pictures in his crayon book, but,

at an admonishing word from Krak, he puts them away. Quickly he dons his space gear, complete with utility belt. He packs into his belt the standard brass knuckles, ray gun, vitamin pills, tooth brush, long but breakable rope, short and unbreakable rope, assorted chisels, drills and spikes, besides an emergency kit. As an afterthought he throws in a couple of pair of socks and underwear— you never know what you're going to run into.

When Capt. Phewture arrives at the president's office he usually steps in thru a window or from behind a century plant. Never does he go to the front office and say, "I understand the president wants to see me." No, he has to do it his way. It drives the president's security police wild.

Quickly the president explains the situation, pins a medal on the Captain (from the last time), and gives him his orders. Capt. Phewture salutes smartly, about faces, and disappears into the men's room.

On the way back to the other side of the moon (where Phewture and the Phewturemen live) the Captain soothes his #1 and 2 boys with a sprightly tune from his Venusian nose flute (It is little homey touches like letting him play an instrument that make him a more believable, friendly character). #1 and 2 boys were arguing their usual cheerful little way about who was better -- robot or android. The good captain tries to settle the argument by telling them he is better.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

It is early in the story at dull times like these that the author has a little "time out" to explain how Capt. Phewture got to the moon, how he was raised, how #1, 2, and 3 boys got into the act, etc. This chapter is presumably for the poor souls who have never read a Captain Phewture story, but, let's face it, who hasn't? We'll let you in on a little secret: As soon as you start the chapter supposedly dealing with the captain's early life you say in capital letters -- THIS CHAPTER DEALS WITH CAPTAIN PHEWTURE'S EARLY LIFE. Immediately the reader skips it and goes on to the next chapter; the editor doesn't read it either. So why should you write something no one's going to read? Just open an encyclopedia and start typing from it. You're collecting a cool 1¢ a word so why not write?

ON WITH THE STORY

As they are still approaching the moon Phewture takes a look thru his telescope at the Gloomy Globe (Same as Ebon Planet) to estimate its speed.

"By Andromeda," he curses, "it's traveling at a speed of 1,783.333 miles per second!"

"How do you know?" eagerly asks #1 boy. (#1 boy often acts as the idiot who asks the detective to explain how he discovered the murderer in the whodunit and the yokel who asks "who was that masked man anyhow?" In effect, the #1 boy is asking the questions the reader wishes he could ask. The reader, universally stupid, just loves things like this.)

"Elementary, my dear Krak," said Captain Phewture with a shrug. "I take the speed of light and divide it by the speed of sound, getting 244.7. To that I add 1,543.633."

"Well," says Krak, "I can understand the first part, but why add 1,543.633?"

"To get 1,783.333, of course!"

"Oh, I see it now, of course," says Krak. "It all becomes crystal clear when you explain it so carefully."

THE STORY GOES ON

Oh boy, here's where the story gets really good. This is the time for exploits, for escapes. Capt. Phewture gets to Ceres Base and joins in the fight there. #1 boy gets captured by the aliens and the captain rescues him; #2 boy gets captured and the captain rescues him; #3 boy gets the same rescue. Eventually, Captain Phewture himself is captured and rescues himself with as clever a welding of busbars and utilization of utility belt as ever a hero performed (additional ingredients; chewing gum and the elastic from his garter).

This is the time of the pulse-pounding performances, the shattering duels in space, the pure joy of fighting. Heck, in one sequence Captain Phewture rescues someone who wasn't even captured!

Oh, the fights in space, the forays thru the dimensions, the gory wonderful panorama of it all. More worlds are destroyed, colliding and crashing; more vanish into outer space. Oh, this is wonderful, and just think: a penny a word. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (how's that for an easy nickel?).

AND ONWARD

The hero's girl is not forgotten (who could forget that wonderful 5'2", 42" bust, 21" waist, and 35" hips?) and, before a certain decisive battle, there ensues a particularly tender farewell. They stand alone in the gathering twilight on the space ramp, the space ship pointing to the heavens. The girl, Jane, has, as usual, neglected to wear any dress, hoping to attract the captain's attention.

"Well," he says, "it looks like trouble ahead."

"Yes, captain."

"I'm going up into the skies and fight those aliens and do you know who I'm going to be thinking of every time I pull the trigger and blast another alien into atoms?"

"No, captain."

"I'll be thinking of you. Isn't that something?"

"Yes, captain."

"I like you, Jane, not for your long red hair, or your beautiful body, or for your money. I like you for something else. Do you know what?"

"No, captain."

"I like you, because you're such a wonderful conversationalist."

With that he passionately shakes hands with her and walks off into the starry twilight. Jane stands there and cries, hot salty tears of utter and devastating frustration.

So much for mushy love -- it just clutters up the story. Just make a reasonable, believable boy-girl relationship and everything is just fine.

THE END DRAWS NEAR

Now you've been having a grand time blasting all around the solar system with CaptPhewture, but things are coming to a showdown. Try as you can, you can't prevent it. You've just got to end the story. This is the hardest part of all and shows the true writer. Here is one possible ending:

ENDING #1

Captain Phewture looked up into the gathering twilight as he climbed into the Meteor, his face a grim mask. The Phewturemen seemed to have lost a little of their cheerfulness also. They knew this was it. The captain had the only ship capable of fighting against the alien hordes.



Mars had been conquered,
Mercury and Venus had
plunged into the sun,
Jupiter and Saturn had
collided, and the dish
ran away with the
spoon. Up, up, up
(don't EVER forget
that 1¢ a word) up,
up, and up and up
plunged the space
ship. The aliens
were waiting,
their numbers
blacking out
the stars. He
fought, his
finger aching
on the trigger
and thousands

of the space ships met their doom, but he knew it couldn't last. The hull of his ship glowed cherry red, his engine room exploded, Krak wasn't cheerful anymore. Captain Phewture died.

The End.

Oh no, what is this! You can't do this! The editor of the magazine will have your head for this -- Capt. Phewture can't die! Are you trying to start a national crisis? The reader paid a hard earned 35¢ for that magazine and you can't cheat him like this. Let's try another ending.

Just like before until: The hull of his ship glowed cherry red, his engine room exploded, Krak wasn't cheerful anymore. Captain Phewture screamed and found himself in his bunk with Krak bending over him.

"Jeez, captain," he said, "you've been having a hell of a nightmare."

The End.

Oh no, this is worse than the other! Are you trying to tell the reader that all those hairbreadth escapes, those jovial escapades were all part of a dream? Are you trying to weaken the reader's belief in science fiction? You can't do this: The ending has got to be satisfactory.

OK, well how do you do this? The whole solar system is just a shambles and even Captain Phewture couldn't put together the shattered pieces of Saturn and Jupiter and how would he dredge Mercury and Venus from the sun's depths? I, personally, can't see a way out of it all, so I offer no third ending.

Instead, since you're the one who wants to be an author, I'll let you figure it out. This will be good practice for you.

At any rate, when you submit your story to Analog you will know that you're doing your bit for science fiction and showing the world just how good that old style of story writing really was.

The Real End

Editor's note: I forgot to mention it in the editorial, but as I recall this article was originally submitted to Lee Anne Tremper for MERLIN. (Not only is MERLIN gone, but so is Lee Tremper; it's now Lee Lavell.)

SOLDIER

don howard donnell

The deep cold of the pre-dawn hours has raised the ghosts of moisture on the silent battlefield, the mists moving so silently in the silver moonlight that the whole world sleeps without awareness of its presence.

The guns on the front are quiet, their dark silent muzzles pointed to the stars, stars so old and ageless that they look down with the knowing that man's death can never touch them.

In the sky the winds move, their domain untouched by the hot exhausts of the jets.

Sentries doze at their posts; campfires grow dim, finally becoming scattered red eyes dying in the cool blackness.

The soldier sleeps in his foxhole, a haunted, hunted, harried thing.

His rest is reserved, tense, expectant.

Then, as from far away, a voice, like a distant wind, calling. "Allan, Allan, you sleepyhead, wake up!"

He moves, his brain filled with a sick horror. He reaches for his gun; he looks, his eyes searching the night, his finger feeling the trigger, testing it. The sleep drains from him. He is alert, ready to kill.

"Who -- where are you?"

"It's me. Frank. Frank Jacobs. Don't you remember, Allan?" The voice is misty, swirling, like a nebula, bright, far.

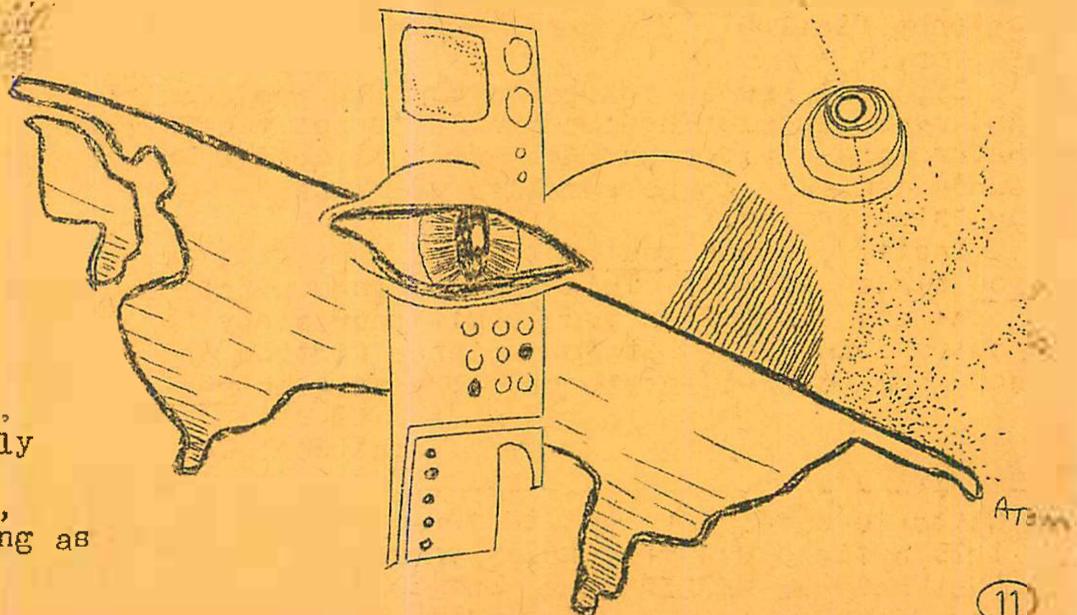
The soldier hesitates, remembering. "Frank! Frank -- where are you?" His voice is urgent now, yearning.

"I'm here, Allan, right beside you. Can't you see me?"

A chill nestles in Allan's stomach. Something cold grasps his back with pronged

fingers of fear. "I -- I can't see anything!" Suddenly, a reaction comes; his voice breaks. "Frank...you... you're dead! You were killed on that patrol two months ago. Go away! You're dead!"

Frank's voice is warm, friendly. "No. I'm not really dead, Allan. You still remember me, don't you? As long as



you remember, I'm still alive. Nothing can kill friendship or love. It lasts forever."

"No!"

"Try. Please try. Think. You can see me. Try, Allan, try!"

Sweat begins to run from the soldier's hair. The wind touches it. It is cold. A slight twitch comes to his mouth. His eyes open wider, just a trifle. "No, no, it's my mind! The war, it's got my mind! You're not there -- you can't be! You're dead!"

"I'm here, Allan. Believe that I am and I will be."

The soldier's voice is strange, like an unknown pool with many things swimming in it, undefined, pending. "Frank -- I...I can see you! I can! You're here! Right beside me!"

"Of course." The man was crouched beside Allan's foxhole, his hand holding the edge of it for balance. He was in a private's uniform, but he was clean and his face bore no sight of a beard. He smiled; his teeth were a row of ivory mirrors that caught the moonlight.

"You look good, Frank," Allan said in a small voice. "Good."

"How are you?" Frank returned.

"War's pretty tough -- it's been hell!"

"Of course. War isn't anything else."

"The guns are silent tonight. First time in a year. No barrage, no attack." His voice was still faint; its inflections held overtones of doubt.

"You still don't believe I'm really here, do you?"

"Well, war's a crazy business. When you didn't come back from the patrol...well, I marked you off as dead. How did you get back. What happened?"

"I was killed."

Silence on the silent, silent battlefield. The stars make no noise; the moonlight is quiet. The breeze is muted, the guns are still.

He said it in an even, measured tone. Very Normal. "You were killed?"

"Yes, a mortar landed three feet from me. It was over quick. I didn't feel a thing."

"War," murmured Allan, his eyes sad.

"What?"

"War. It does things to you. It warps your mind. You see things."

"I'm here, Allan. Touch me."

Allan recoiled. "No. If I feel you, I'll know I'm insane. I don't want to know. I'll wait. You'll go. You're not there. It's my mind. All this fighting."

"Here, I'll touch you." Allan emitted a faint choking sound as Frank leaned over and grasped him firmly on the shoulder. His eyes held a sick terror as he looked into the calm, peaceful face of the dead man. The pressure on his shoulder was very strong.

"Am -- am I dead too?"

"No."

"Then..."

"No!"

"Oh, God, God, God!"

"Stop it! Stop it, you'll wake somebody!" Frank looked around at the other foxholes scattered at intervals around them, and at the faint shadows of the men that slept in them.

Allan sobbed softly, his body heaving faintly with an inner doubt. He shook his head. He closed his eyes. He muttered to himself.

"Allan," came another voice from over the winds. "Allan."

He stopped.

"Allan," the voice insisted, "Allan, see me!"
"No!" he said. "No! No!"
"Yes," the voice answered gently. "You must."
"I can't!" A heavy sob broke the night's stillness. "Go away, all of you!"
A sleepy voice from another foxhole grunted, "Shuddup!"
"No!" said Allan insistently. "No."
The tone was stonger, the other misinterpreting Allan's cries. "Shut up, dammit! Pipe down or I'll throttle you!" The voice trailed off, muttering to itself.
The smell of a fresh, green land came to Allan. The voice continued, "Look, I'm standing right beside you, Look!"
Fearfully, from Allan, one word. "Laura."
"Yes." The voice relaxed.
"Oh God, leave me alone!"
Another voice from the stars. "I'm here too, Allan."
"Harry."
"We're all here. Believe!"
"No!" he said in a tight whiaper. "No, you're not here. You're all dead! Laura was hit by a car a year ago. Harry got it when his tank exploded. Frank on that patrol. You're all dead, hear? All of you! It's my mind that's gone. Yes! My mind!"
"No, we're still alive," Laura said.
"We're here beside you!" said Harry.
"Believe," added Frank.
Another silence.
"There is no death," began Frank. "Death is only a transition. People are linked together by love and friendship forever. We're here because..." his voice trailed off.
"Because why?"
"You'll see, soon."
"Allan, darling, don't you still love me?"
"I always have, Laura." His voice was filled with pure anguish.
"But -- it can't be. You're all dead!"
Slowly, patiently, Frank said, "You will be in fifteen seconds."
"Dead?" His voice was stunned.
"No, not really," hastened Laura. "That's why we're here. You'll be with us then..."
From far over the enemy lines came the sound of a heavy gun.
"I see," said Allan, finally. "I see."

EDGAR EGOBOO

Once upon a time, there was a planet called Rette. This planet was inhabited by some very strange people, stranger even than science fiction fans. It seems these people ate tobacco. Their favorite snack was a delicious crispy cigarette.

Now it came to pass one day that Edgar Egoboo, boy space traveler, landed in Rette. Now the Retteans, as might be expected, didn't like people to see their strange eating habits. Edgar found himself greeted by a very cold reception indeed.

Wishing to win the affection of the Retteans, he searched his mind for an idea. Since Edgar had a small mind, it was a very short search. Edgar recalled the method American soldiers had used in WWII on Earth. Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a pack of cigarettes and said:

"Wanta eat a Kool, son?"

WILSON TUCKER - ITALIAN TRANSLATIONS

compiled by

RICCARDO VALLA

NOVELS

May 30, 1954

The Time Master: "I Signori del Tempo"
cover by "caesar", 3 art works by "jacono", 128 pages,
130 liras. (The issue contains also Protective Mimicry
by Budrys and the 5th part of Heinlein's Universe)
I ROMANZI DI URANIA N° 45

Dec 30, 1954

Wild Talent: "Tele-Homo Sapiens"
cover by "caesar", 5 art works by "jacono", 128 pages,
130 liras. (The issue has also "The Ruum" by Porges
and the 4th part of Delay in Transit by Wallace)
I ROMANZI DI URANIA N° 66

Nov 8, 1956

Time Bomb: "L'Uomo Che Veniva dal Futuro" (The Man
Who Came from the Future)
cover by "caesar", 5 arts by "jacono", 128 pages,
130 liras (has also the 11th part of "Gli Inutili" by
Lina Gerelli)
I ROMANZI DI URANIA N° 138

Dec 3, 1961

To The Tombaugh Station: "L'Ultima Stazione" (The
Ultimate Station)
cover by Karel Thole, 3 unsigned illos, 128 pages,
150 liras (has the 5th part of "Una Storia da non
Credere" by Julian Berry (Ernesto Gastaldi))
I ROMANZI DI URANIA N° 270

Aug 23, 1964

Wild Talent: "Tele-Homo Sapiens"
reprinted with a new cover by Karel Thole. No illos,
160 pages, 200 liras.
I ROMANZI DI URANIA N° 346

June 1958

The City in the Sea: "La Citta in Fonda al Mare"
unsigned art work on the cover, 10 illos by G. Renna
(G.L. Rapuzzi), 144 pages, 150 liras (in the issue:
"La Quarta Avventura di Parn Kane", story by Woody
Gray /G.L. Rapuzzi/ and the 5th part of "I Semidei"
by Giovanni Ottani)
I ROMANZI DEL COSMO N° 13

Aug 15, 1960

The Lincoln Hunters: "Mi Chiamo Ben Steward" (My
Name is B.S.)
unsigned cover art, 7 illos signed "E. Ton", 144 pages,
150 liras (in the issue: Aaking by Seabright and the
5th part of "Duello Eterno" by Manrico Viti)
I ROMANZI DEL COSMO N° 57

Oct 1954 The Long Loud Silence: "Il Silenzio della Morte" (The
Silence of the Death)
192 pages, pb size, 200 liras
Biblioteca Economica Mondadori N° 13

STORIES

King of the Planet

Galaxy, Italian Edition, April 1961

The Recon-Man

URANIA, N° 380 (April 18, 1965)

THE QUESTION



The Question is whether
I should feel guilty or not.



You know the only reason
you're in the Chamber of Commerce
is to benefit your business.



So when the Chamber Prexy asks
me to approach a new resident
for membership, he must expect me
to throw in a pitch for my own
life's blood.



So I did tell Martin Luther
King I could get him a great
buy on a new Cadillac -

The Year of No Other

fiction by

BILL WOLFENBARGER

"The world is going to end," he said simply.

Martha looked up from her sewing and said, "What wa--"

"I said that the world is ending. It's closing, Martha. The world itself is closing up and is leaving us for what ever is left." The silence droned a while.

Martha was embarrassed. "Paul! I've never heard you talk this way in your whole life." (A dreadful pause.) "What is the matter, Paul?"

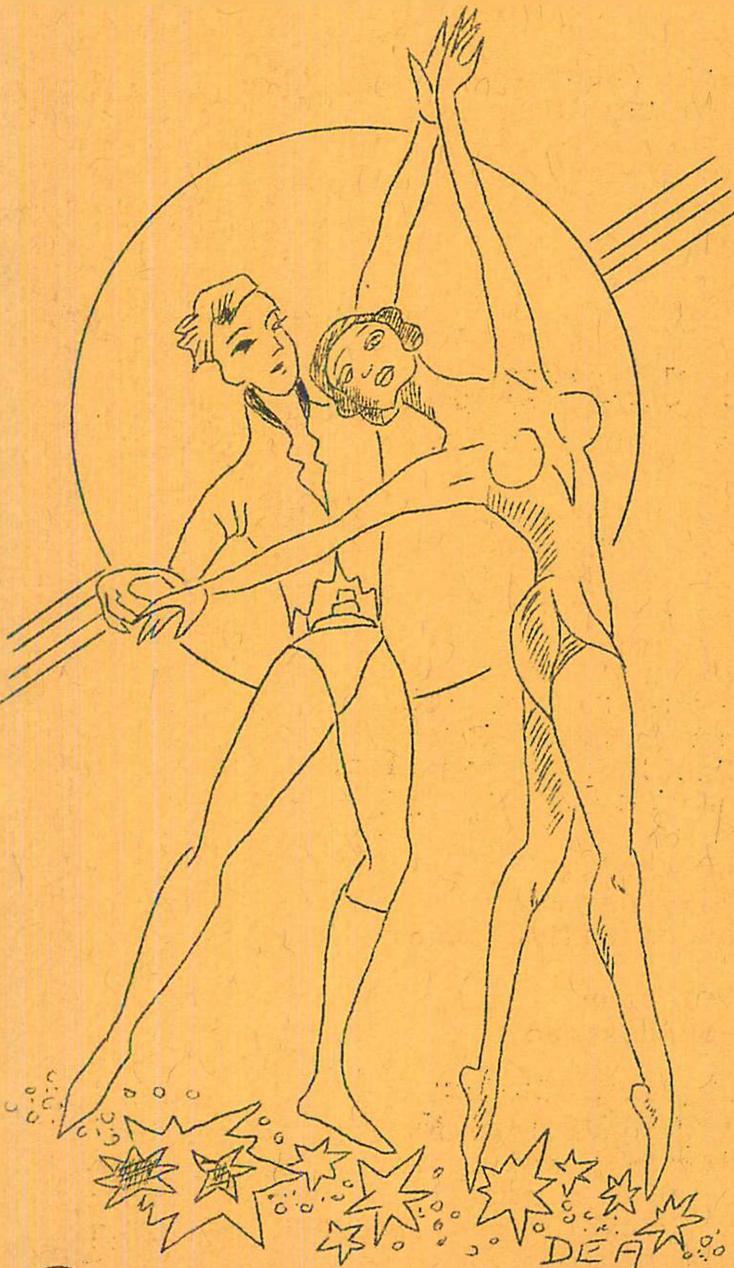
"Yes," he spoke to his wife in half-abstraction. "But that's just it, darling. What is the matter??" He looked at her. "Something is going wrong, and it is going to continue going wrong." The next thing she knew he was staring into the firelight. "The feeling is in the bones. I feel it all stiff and hard and terrible here in this room." Paul nodded absently, throwing a finger at the fire as he spoke.

Martha didn't know what to do. The depression was a hell, of course...but after all, a bearable hell. She thought the only thing she could do was to be by her husband. There was nothing really left but to let him feel her presence nearby, and to get that strange form of combustion from the word "love", being by him right here and right now. And still, deep, deep inside Martha there was a furious and disquieting embarrassment.

Somehow, nothing seemed to have changed.

Paul could feel her skin co-existing with his own, and at long last he spoke.

"I think the depression is closing, as we know it, Martha dear." And as if in intense con-



centration, this came from his mouth:

"But yet I feel there is still something around is, something that wants with a kind of dead hope to tell us (the both of us) what is happening in the world tonight, and about what will be happening. The message itself is scratchy and juggled, but the ending, the over-all result is clear to me in a disturbing way. The world is ending...the long slow inevitability has come. And I think, Martha, I really think, that we will be witnessing mankind's final parade."

Above, the night silence thudded to below.

What is being left in that house? There is the four roomed house, really better than most, and in the very private place where they are there are to be found two chairs, a sewing kit resting patiently in one of them, a work-and-study table, and Martha and Paul Hamilton before the fireplace. The only true means of communication they have is in each other. A second-hand radio to be sent for just next week. And on the wall, a little clock, faintly scratching out December 7, 1941.

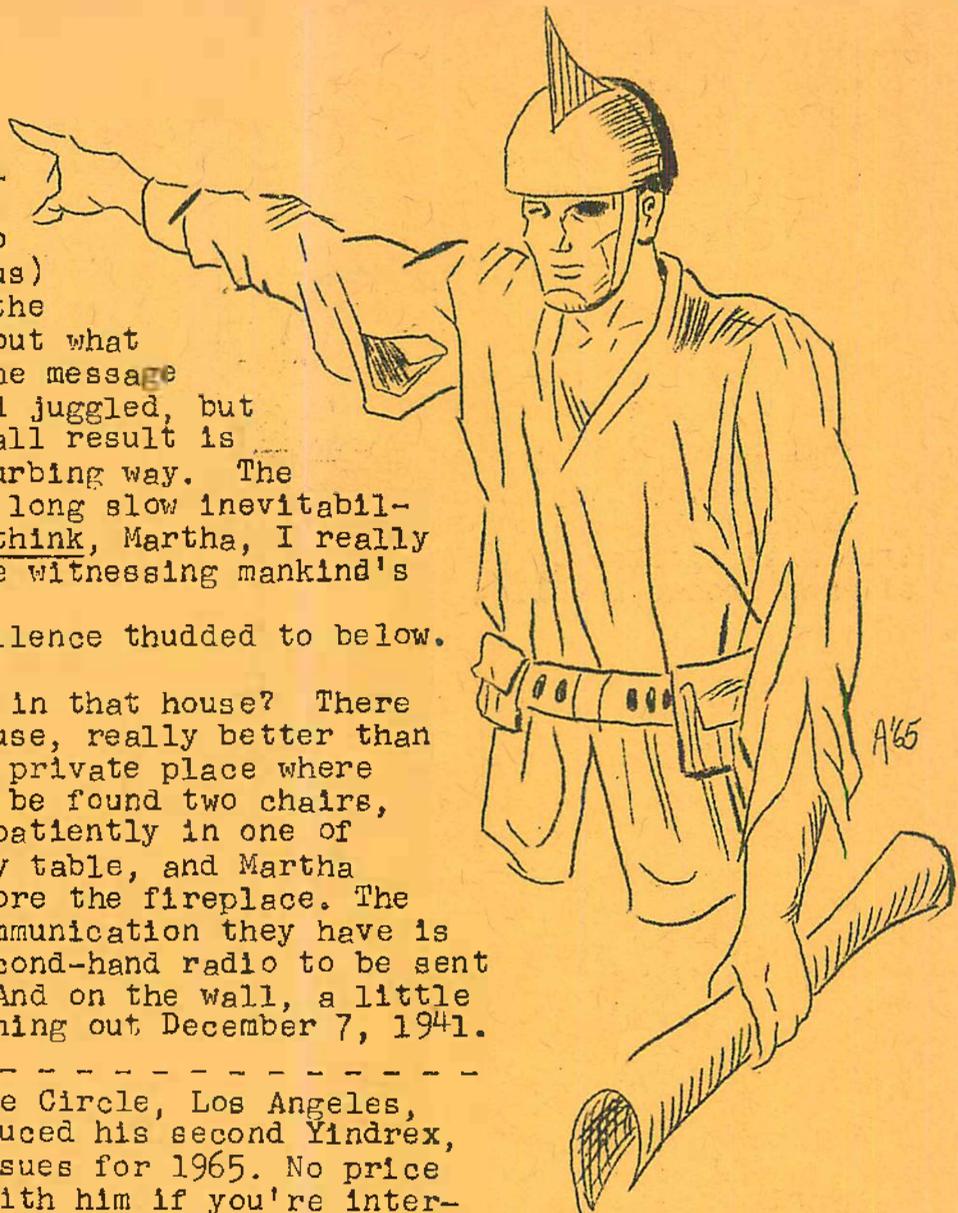
Bill Glass, 350 De Neve Circle, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, has produced his second Yindrex, covering all YANDRO issues for 1965. No price listed; get in touch with him if you're interested. (I doubt if he'll give it away, though.)

GAP

by Rick Norwood

Gently scurrying hands
Among the shuffled papers
In search of the essential pencil
Chance upon
That last, long letter
Several months unanswered.

Those Great Old Days Of Radio Dep't: "Radio can be used to present exaggerated claims with greater authority and credibility and without alienating the listener." from a study done for ABC Radio, quoted in BROADCASTING and CONSUMER REPORTS



Golden Minutes

CHILDREN OF THE LENS, by Edward E. Smith, Ph.D. (Pyramid, 60¢) This is the final book of the famous "Lens" series. Personally I consider the entire series highly over-rated, but it's something every true fan should have in his basic library of science fiction; for historical value, if not literary. It was by far the biggest thing of its time. Possibly Tolkien's Lord Of The Rings has caused more fan reaction than the Lens books; possibly not. Certainly nothing else has, unless you want to count the negative reaction produced by the Shaver Mystery; I don't believe that even the Burroughs revival produced as much comment in fandom. This final book is also one of the better ones of the series, though I don't quite believe it approaches Gray Lensman in quality. Kinnison and his family are still tackling the same old problems in much the same old way, and it gets a bit wearing. The children provide some variety; but despite the author's elaborate explanation of how unique each one is, they all appear to be stamped out by the same cookie-cutter. Buy it by all means, since it's historically important to the development of sf -- and if all you care about is slam-bang action in the comic-strip manner, you may well enjoy it.

THE DAGGER AFFAIR (THE MAN FROM UNCLE #4) by David McDaniel (Ted Johnstone) (Ace, 50¢) This series is still improving. Johnstone has caught the flavor of the show much better than any of the preceding authors ("he had strong aptitudes for theoretical mathematics and for destroying the world") and he produces situations that one can imagine Vaughn and McCallum appearing in, and lines that one can imagine them actually speaking. In addition, he has produced a very good history of THRUSH (tho I wince a bit at the California fan syndrome of tying everything in with Sherlock Holmes). However, the idea of Thrush worrying about its public image is a good one and quite worthy of the show. Johnstone also has a name to go with the Thrush initials; I was under the impression that a name had appeared on the show once, but Juanita thinks that Ted is also being original here. If he is, more power to him.

THE ISLAND OF FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) This is the next-to-last book in the series and the Evil Doctor is closer to his public image than he was in the last couple of these novels that I read. Also, it's closer to old-time science fiction, with a drug to prolong life, a disintegrator, zombies (scientifically produced zombies, of course), anti-gravity, an invisibility machine, etc. As usual, he is defeated by dumb luck and divine intervention (the only possible way, since he can obviously out-think all of his opponents rolled into one.) Somehow the Doctor's evil schemes seem much more realistic (and interesting) than all of Boskone's machinations in the Lens books.

DOPPELGANGERS, by H. F. Heard (Ace, 45¢) This is philosophical science fiction, with much moralizing on the nature of man and power, and very little story. We start out with the ultimate in dictatorships opposed by the ultimate in criminal undergrounds (or so it's advertised). Actually, the underground doesn't amount to much and the story concerns the uses of power by the dictator and Our Hero, who is the Leader's understudy (or doppelganger, according to Heard's definition). For thinking fans --- maybe.

DOOMSTAR, by Edmond Hamilton (Belmont, 50¢) A good rousing space opera, with plenty of thrills plus the advantage of characters who talk like people instead of ragtime cliches. As far as I know, it's an original novel, and not one of Hamilton's old stories dredged out of an obscure magazine, so you needn't worry about having read it before. Good for an evening's entertainment.

THE BRAINS OF EARTH/THE MANY WORLDS OF MAGNUS RIDOLPH, by Jack Vance (Ace, 45¢) I believe that Brains is original -- I don't recall having read it before -- but I wouldn't guarantee it. It's basically a light-weight novelet (or novel, if you prefer) on the "we are possessed" theme that Eric Frank Russell worked so well in Sinister Barrier. On the whole it isn't nearly as good as the Russell treatment, though it does contain an interesting dilemma: "This entity can perceive things which I cannot. How can I discover if he is telling me the truth about them?" The other half of the book contains 6 of Vance's numerous Magnus Ridolph stories from the early '50's; "The Kokod Warriors", "The Unspeakable McInch", "The Howling Bounders", "The King Of Thieves", "The Spa of the Stars", and "Coup de Grace". I didn't care much for this series when it first appeared; while the idea of an interstellar con man is interesting enough I'd read too many of the Col. Humphrey Flack stories in the POST, and the good colonel could outmaneuver a second-rater like Ridolph with one hand tied behind his back. I'd even bet on Johnny Fletcher and Sam Cragg against Magnus. However, any sort of humor is fairly rare in stf, so I guess the series should be considered a gallant attempt, at least. For people who enjoy reading about scheming, or are hard up for laughs.

THE PUSHCART WAR, by Jean Merrill (Tempo, 50¢) A mildly amusing saga of how a bunch of little guys (pushcart merchants) get even with the big bullies (trucking firms). A good juvenile fantasy, and worth a couple of hours of your time if you have that much to spare.

THE GREAT CHAIN OF LIFE, by Joseph Wood Krutch (Pyramid, 75¢) Natural history from a philosophical or possibly religious viewpoint. Students can find lots of annoying questions with which to bug their biology profs when the subject of "higher animals" comes up. (Why is a mammal "higher" than an insect? Krutch shows that according to accepted scientific standards -- ability to survive and social evolution -- the insects have it all over mammals, possibly even including man. Of course, they may not list animals according to elevation any more, but they did when I went to school.) Krutch attacks Darwin with vim, vigor, and graphic examples. (I know that over the years Darwin's original theories have been so modified that they would be unrecognizable to their originator, but, to the layman, they are still presented as Absolute Truth, and this book is designed to educate the layman.)

A SEAL'S WORLD, by Frank S. Stuart (Pyramid, 75¢) Fictional natural history. In general approach, it's similar to Sally Carrighar's Icebound Summer, but much better done. Stuart's seals are less humanized than Carrighar's animals, and more believable. Presentation is more factual and less concerned with the plight of the poor little cuddly defenseless waifs which I found so objectionable in Carrighar's treatment. Stuart doesn't obviously take sides in his story, and he makes it far more interesting. Well worth your money.

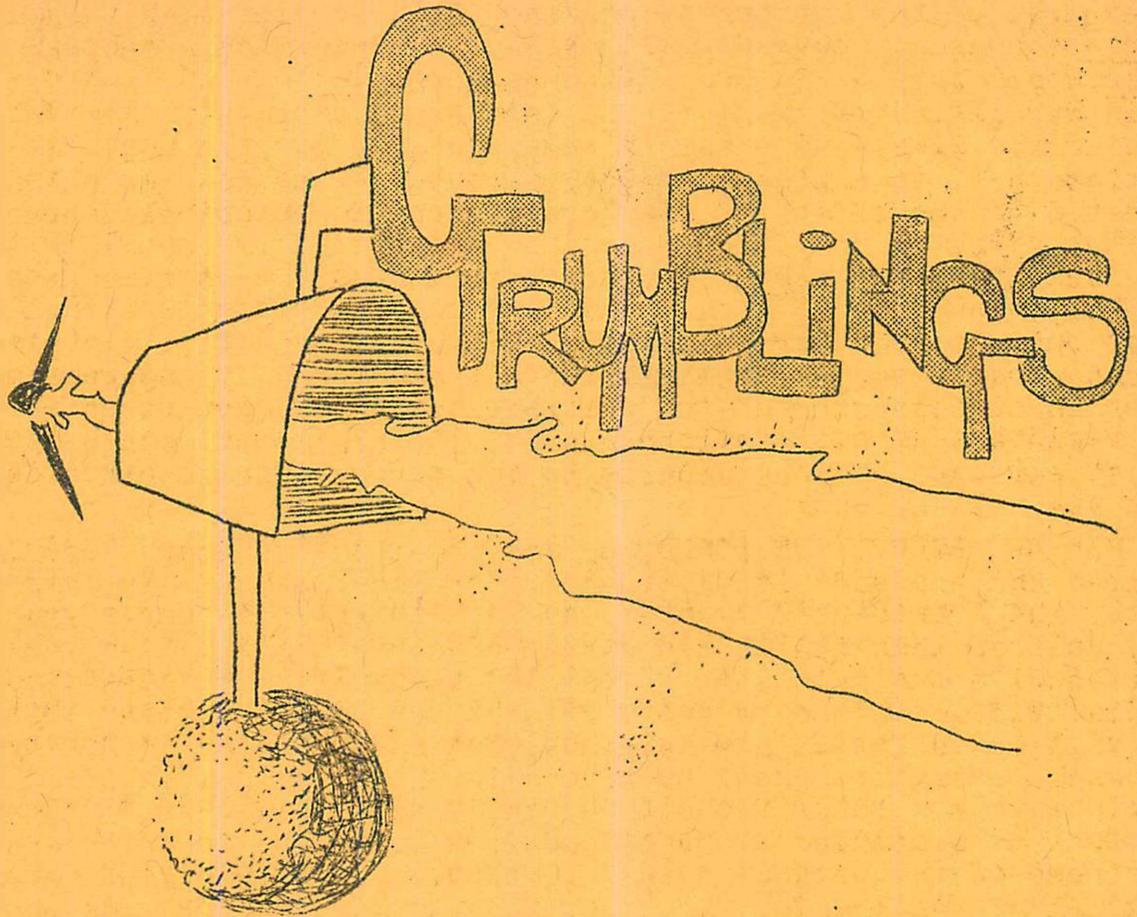
ORDEAL, by Nevil Shute (Lancer, 60¢) Prophetic??? asks the back cover blurb. Well, no, if you must inquire. This is a World War II book written in 1939. It's concerned entirely with the bombing of England; no land or naval battles are so much as mentioned in the entire book. As

an example of the horrors of bombing, it's far inferior to Wylie's To-morrow (though of course Wylie has the overwhelming advantage of writing after World War II and projecting an actual attack of that war into World War III. Shute was writing at a time when nobody knew what massed bombing was like, and presents an example of how the most liberal extrapolations fail to approach reality.) Shute, of course, is primarily interested in the effect of the "ordeal" on his principal characters, but I can't say that I was. I just can't empathise very strongly with a woman who faces the terrible agony of doing without maid service, or a husband who has to abandon his house and take up living quarters on his yacht. I not only don't understand their feelings, I don't really give much of a damn about them. I might remark that Shute vastly underestimated the strength of character of the British people -- a few bombs fall, and all the residents of his fictional city quit their jobs, leave their homes, and stream out to carry disease to the surrounding countryside. Pretty weak tea, all around.

THE MAN WHO BOMBED THE WORLD, by Joseph Milton (Lancer, 50¢) Ian Fleming squared and crossed with a touch of Charles Beaumont. In this new series novel, the President's Agent is so sophisticated it hurts you to look at him, and has this italicized stream-of-consciousness flashback interspersed with the main story. The plot is typical of today's super-spy novels; villain plans to set off World War III by bombing China. (No, the villain is not Chiang Kai-Shek, but an American Bircher type.) Also as usual, everything used by anyone in the book is identified by brand name. Makes you think the author really knows his stuff (unless you happen to know something about the subject yourself, in which case the phoniness of the method is easy to spot.) People who like James Bond books should also enjoy this one. (Not to mention the kids who take PLAYBOY seriously.)

WALL OF EYES, by Margaret Millar (Lancer, 50¢) A fairly typical gothic; a bunch of neurotics cooped up together and working out their frustrations on one another. However, the central part of this plot is the murder mystery, not the love interest, which makes it more palatable than most of the type.

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON, by Carleton Beals (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1943) Here's a "fantasy classic" (in stf, everything over 20 years old is a "classic") I picked up at a Goodwill-type store for a nickel. I recall trying to read it as a child, but it had too much of that mushy love stuff for me to take at the time. It's a straight "historical-novel" plot, except that it's the "history" of the 1950's, written in '43. I suppose it could be considered a parallel-worlds story today. Anyway, heroic engineer is trying to get assistance for his plan to develop the Amazon Basin, hampered by his neurotic wife, the machinations of various South American dictators, and World War 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, in which the Japanese and Germans have conquered the rest of the world and are launching simultaneous attacks on South America. Naturally, he conveniently becomes acquainted with the dictator's beautiful mistress, the beautiful sister of the gallant revolutionary leader, etc. The military actions are nonsense, but the political and geographical background seems to ring true (if you suspend your disbelief concerning South American revolutionists who are too impossibly noble to be true). Oddly, the final chapters appear to have been cut badly; momentous events occur which are not even mentioned in the summing-up, and cryptic references are made to other events which have not occurred; not on stage, anyway. It's 500 pages as it is; another hundred might have improved it. Not bad, though; at least as good stf as Doubleday is putting out today.



Ben Jason, Chairman, Tricon, P.O. Box 1372, Cleveland, Ohio, 44103

In looking over the past batch of Hugo Nomination Ballots that have arrived, I find that LORD OF THE RINGS is being placed in the NOVEL category and the BEST ALL-TIME SERIES category. Please advise your readers to place the Tolkien stories in the BEST ALL-TIME SERIES category. While technically correct for them to place LOTR in the Novel category, the committee has decided to restrict the Tolkien stories to the Best All-Time Series to make room for other nominations. Besides all this, it wastes one category.

Don Wollheim, 66-17 Clyde Street, Rego Park, N.Y., 11374

Good issue, this 155, very much so. Particularly like Panshin on Vonnegut, though personally I think CAT'S CRADLE was the best of his work to date.

I note Mike Deckinger's comment about some Ace titles and especially DR. BLOODMONEY. I must admit that that particular title change tickled me greatly—though few seem to have shared my particular fascination with it. The author's title was IN EARTH'S DIURNAL COURSE, which looks impressive but means nothing. No doubt we were thinking of catching some of the interest in the Kubrick picture—but the book is that kind of book. Our art director, however, failed utterly to package the book's cover to fit that approach. Which can happen in a mass production operation like ours.

Nettie Ott

A while back George /Barr/ mentioned something about our being the only odd ones in town (science fiction wise). Well—while spending some time in the hospital, I met a nurse who is an old stf fan. The way she

talked, she was one of the originals. Name of Joan Pippin Feeney 'Pip'. We traded some paperbacks and talked a good bit. Glad to find out that there is at least one more of the breed in S.L.

In issue #154 I enjoyed 'Chirps Off the Old Bloch'. It tickled my funny bone. My husband couldn't see anything to it. Who's right, me or him? Any how, ever since, everything I say seems to come out punnishly.

In #155, enjoyed mostly, 'Procrastinator's Planet' and 'Population Problem'.

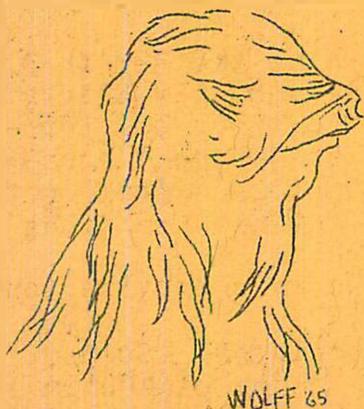
/same letter/George Barr, 2480 South Fifth East, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84106

Buck, don't just read THE 10th VICTIM, see it. It's marvelous. The filmmakers have exaggerated all the currant trends in decorating, and all of the houses are full of the most outrageous popart, huge comic strip panels, and all of it so casual. No big point made of it, it's just there. And the costumes...you get to see quite a bit of Ursula Address.

The other day I read the most recent(I think) issue of Galaxy. It's the first I've bought in ages. The lead story was called "Under Old Earth", and was the second most incomprehensible thing I've ever read. I bring it up because the first was Kurt Vonnegut's SIRENS OF TITAN. Is this almost abstract way of writing a new trend in science-fiction? If so, I may be through reading all but the old reprints. These two items are the only two pieces of science fiction I've ever completely disliked.

"Population" was thoroughly enjoyable even if it did broadcast its end right from the second paragraph. Well, actually from the title: the second paragraph only told the method. No criticism though, I really did enjoy it.

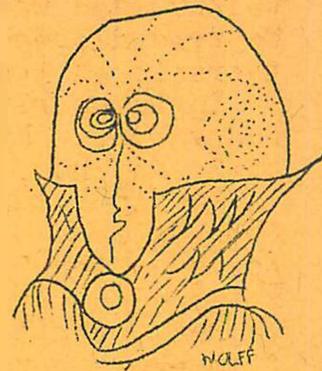
I've only been to Canada once and only spent one day there, but I noticed no anti-U.S. feeling among those I met. I was on concert tour with the Salt Lake Symphonic Choir, and the people were wonderful. It surprised me very much that I could tell as soon as the ferry docked that I was definitely in another country. It felt different. The attitude of the people was more leisurely and relaxed and friendly without being nosey. After the concert, a few of us went hunting for a cafe and found a small one just closing for the night. But the proprietor recognized that we were from out of the country and stayed open an extra hour and a half to accommodate us. And there weren't really enough of us to have made it financially worth his while. He and the waitress sat down at the table with us and talked the whole time. I loved the city. And the hotel was easily the most beautiful I've ever stayed in. And though it was still winter here in Salt Lake, the weather was mild in Victoria and I've never seen such flowers in my life. I'd really been expecting snow.



This Tolkien argument is fascinating. I loved the books all three times I read them, but the only part that really concerns me about the controversy is that no one has yet explained, to my satisfaction, just what this loss of copyright might do to the books themselves. Are they still protected from abridgement and alteration, or can any old body take them, change them, rewrite them, or add to them, and still pass them off as the originals? Poul Anderson is the only author I know of whose work even approaches Tolkien's for

style, but I'd hate to see even him try to add anything to what we already have. If there are going to be any more books about hobbits, I want Tolkien to write them.

Nice back. Cover, I mean. I'd been told that I was going to hear a lot about Jerry Burge. About him I don't care. But I sure wouldn't mind seeing a lot more of his work.



/Feeney is obviously before my time; I never heard of her. Maybe Tucker can comb a memory out of his long white beard. I doubt that anti-American feeling in Canada is anything a casual visitor would run across. Canadians being normally polite. Haven't the vaguest idea what the copyright hassle does to the status of the hobbits, but I doubt if it changes them, as long as Tolkien has a good lawyer. Part of the Burroughs books are no longer copyright, but Burroughs, Inc., ran "Barton Werper" and his Gold Star Tarzan books off the stands, just the same.

RSC7

James Sieger, S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route 3, Muskego, Wisconsin, 53150 Shucks, thought you knew all about that disgusting filth called "The Vanishing Prairie". It's been attacked by censors before, because there's this scene of the actual birth of a buffalo in it. Now, you can't have innocent children seeing this and becoming Corrupted, can you? What would happen to the country if teenaged girls started giving birth to illegitimate buffaloes?

But then, as an old Disney fan I can testify that his films are full of lots of shocking things. Didn't you read of the censor who declared that the teats of a cow in one Disney cartoon were "unfit for a child to see"? You're missing something.

Sir Reginald is being too unkind to Hubbard and FINAL BLACKOUT, I think. Making too much an issue of "Hollywood", though it's common practice to use the town-of-abode's name in forwards. (Damn, forwords) (I MEAN, forewords.) Admittedly, dimwitted ol' me never noticed the inconsistencies he pointed out.

Can find no comment on Panshin-Vonnegut. But isn't he afraid of being sued?

Harr's illo on page 19 is too grisly too suit me. (Now someone will imitate Panshin and claim that I'm distasted because of it being too close to home. Like secret dreams of eating my hand. Or sumpin'.)

Howcome you didn't mention the Lolita plot in THE GENOCIDES? For that matter, even the author seemed to miss the angle of a middleaged man falling in love with a thirteen year old girl.

Nelson's article is an interesting companion piece to the length DAMN lengthy article in American Heritage. The latter inadvertently pointed out one legitimate reason for dislike of the USA: it was our own forebears who in the Revolution's peace treaty dictated the present boundaries of Canada; and they deliberately made sure the Canadians would get very little arable land. This was evidently to prevent the Canadians from ever becoming strong enough to be a serious threat.

Incidentally, all tourists think they're God, even when they're touring other parts of their own country.

Also, we've often come across Canadian money in business. Coins, anyway. I once had a large "collection" of Canadian money picked up this way. So it does circulate here. Admittedly, when I once tried to

pay library dues with a handful of Canadian pennies, they were refused but that may have been because the quantity caught her attention.

Canadian coins are generally accepted here -- I've never had one refused, at any rate. But try and pass a Canadian bill sometime (especially one of their pink \$2 bills). While U.S. bills circulate quite freely in Canada, Canadian tourists in the U.S. either have to change their currency or load up a couple of bags full of small change. RSC/

Alexei Panshin, 2515 Arrowhead Rd., Okemos, Michigan

Just received the new Yandro today, forwarded to Chicago from Michigan. As a footnote to the Vonnegut article: on March 10, Holt, Rinehart and Winston is reissuing PLAYER PIANO, and on May 11, Harper and Row is issuing MOTHER NIGHT in the hardcover edition it deserves. They will be doing the same thing for CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE, so I am informed. Given some spare time, I may have a new article for you shortly.

We got the same information from John Boston, a day or so later than Alex's card. RSC/

Jay Kay Klein, 219 Sabine St., Syracuse, N.Y., 13204

I think I will butt out of your Yandro literary discussions. Leastwise as long as convention bidding, etc., isn't a redhot topic. But I will say something about the use of "shag" which for some reason has been cropping up in the zine: "shag" as used in archaic slang for rough-and-ready-behind-the-barn sex was in common usage in the early twenties, possibly even earlier than that, but apparently died out in the early thirties. My literary source for this usage is the Studs Lonigan Trilogy, where the term appears quite frequently in common usage among the teenage characters.

Yandro, the shaggy fanzine.... RSC/

Don Thompson, 5786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio, 44060

You know what one of my pet peeves is?

I'll tell you what one of my pet peeves is.

One of my pet peeves is people who publish my change of address in their fanzine and then send the fanzine to my old address.

That's what one of my pet peeves is.

I could be reading something into Conner's remark, but I deeply resent his statement that, if he were my boss, he "wouldn't send me out on any story dealing with the Klan or race relations in general, for that matter. I think a good reporter can, to a reasonable extent, set his own emotions aside in order to record a news event as factually as possible."

I think a good reporter wouldn't hold a man to be a bad reporter because he had strong opinions and expressed them to friends unless these opinions showed up in published stories.

My comments on the Klan were for Yandro, not the Cleveland Press. I have written many stories about persons I personally disgusted and was disgusted with; I defy anyone to find bias in them.

I don't cover Klan stories; if I did, I could do so in such a manner that my opinions would be my secret.

But don't judge my fannish writing (in this case a letter to Buck which he had the option to print or not) and my newspaper writing by the

same standard. Buck doesn't demand objectivity, he doesn't get it. The Press does and gets it; it would get it even if it didn't demand it.

Anyway, I have a better chance of covering race relations than you have of becoming my boss, so it's a moot point.

Dennis Lien, the stories in THE AUTUMN PEOPLE most certainly are reprints from EC, not originals for the book. I have all the issues in which they appeared; I assure you they're reprints.

I give up, Buck, what word did you type into "non-gome movie" in Lien's letter? Pardon, Juanita must have typoed it.

/I looked over that typo and I can't figure it out, either.
Knowing Lien, it could be practically anything. RSC/

Larry Crilly, 170 Reid St., Elizabeth, New Jersey, 07201

My ad in Yandro a few months ago elicited no response. I suspect most of your readers aren't interested in publishing fanzines. However, I still want to get rid of my ditto machine. My offer is still open. I'll ship it C.O.D. if the buyer doesn't trust me with his \$50.

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

"Final Washout" was a good article. I never rated FINAL BLACKOUT a classic, but I did consider it above average despite its faults.

I really don't consider Vonnegut an exceptional writer or a poor one. He ranks about average with me, and doesn't move me too much one way or the other.

P.S. Miller rated SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC as Doc Smith's best novel, for what it's worth. I personally rate it near the bottom of Doc's stories.

Derek Nelson's article on Canada was quite informative and thought-provoking.

Don and Margaret Thompsons have an interesting mag-review-disguised-as-a-letter. Gee, I got the impression that they were trying to be a bit critical.

Jurgen Wolff, 1234 Johnson Street, Redwood City, California, 94061

Your front cover is artistically competent but otherwise I can't say much for it. Perhaps the fact that he has an all-black background and thus had to leave a small white border around the figures gives it that static quality. I like your bacover much better. Jerry Burge draws beautifully ... the only problem he has is occasionally with action, but in this case the whole effect is supposed to be peaceful, so that doesn't apply. Also love that Barr illo on page 14 with the whatsis peering into the turtle shell.

Other than some spelling trouble (please don't mention the typos in the last Lucifer) Bruce seems to be doing fine. Only 8 and already sarcastic and bitter. He will be a great fan!

/He likes egoboo, too; I suppose he'll be wanting his own fanzine in a few years. RSC/

Bill Glass, 350 De Neve Circle, Los Angeles, California, 90024

Volume XIII was quite good considering the fact it only contained 11 issues. However, the supplement to issue #148 jumped the page count to 432 over last year's 406. You also review around 120 books, approximately thirty more than last year's 90-some. (Where do you get the time?) Probably the most enjoyable pieces in volume XIII were Ted White's articles on Chandler and Android Avenger, as well as the follow-

ing discussion, the LOTR controversy, and Alexei Panshin's article on he and Heinlein. Good year.

Willem Van den Broek, 1128 Birk Ave.,
Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103

I may give If my Hugo nomination this year, although I don't know if it's fair for me to vote for one when I haven't hardly been reading any of the others. I have at least one issue of all the other promags; do you think if I managed to read through each of those I could vote fairly enough? Speaking of Hugos, did I hear you say that the Tolkien

stuff is eligible? If it is, I intend to promptly nominate STAR MAKER, THE TIME MACHINE, and a whole bunch of other old classics reprinted last year. It just doesn't seem right. Would THE THREE SIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH be eligible? Now there was quite a book! I have to agree with Brunner that Dick is probably the best writer producing sf in quantity these days; I just ordered a bunch of his old pbs from Howard Devore that I didn't have yet.

Do you know if THE WEAPON MAKERS is actually out yet? I think I heard someone grumbling about the idea that it was to be reprinted (I guess it must have been you from the sound of it), but I haven't seen it myself. I have sort of a special interest in this one because a year or so ago I wrote DAW and asked him if he might consider reprinting it. I really do want to see that one, even if it is crummy.

Re Final Washout: I've never read FINAL BLACKOUT but I've heard enough about it that I was very curious, and I thus found the review interesting. Hubbard's wonder and enthusiasm in the fact that he would write so much and so fast without any great effort may have been one of the factors which shoved him off the deep end into dianetics. I've heard that he has written about this (self admittedly) phenomenal output of his, saying that it was made possible by his being hitched up with his engrams or some such thing.

Do you know whether or not Moskowitz' second sf history has come out yet or not? Some time ago SFTimes said it was at the printers, but that was about the last time I've heard anything of the book or of SFTimes.

I see that Isaac Asimov is doing a "novel" for Post. Something about reducing a vessel to microscopic size so that it can be injected into a scientist's bloodstream to carry the passengers to a blood clot in this scientist's brain. How did Ike ever think up such a wonderful plot! I didn't even bother to read it all.

Regarding the Panshin review: As you know, I am an extreme enthusiast for Vonnegut's writing. He certainly deserves to be well known and widely discussed in science fiction circles, and Alex does a fairly good job in bringing him to our attention. However, Alex shows either gross carelessness or extremely bad judgment in the way he deals with THE SIRENS OF TITAN by revealing to us the meaning (meaningless) of the message carried by the robot. This final revelation in the book should definitely have been left to the reader, because it can have a tremendous impact. Why? Because it is so ABSURD: and this last absurdity is a fitting climax to all the other absurdities that Vonnegut has shown us earlier in the book. It is the ultimate in absurdity, and it deals a crushing blow to all that's left of sanity in its universe. I fear that in revealing this too

soon Panshin may have robbed the book of some of its best effect for many fans who perhaps have not read it yet.

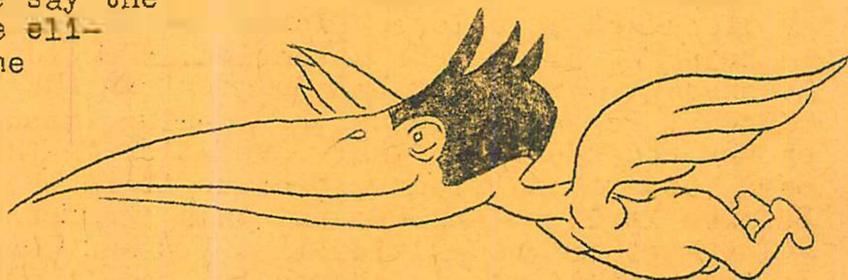
SIRENS is a tour de force of absurdity, and I understand that this may have some connection with the tradition of Existentialist writing, especially the French novelist Camus. But I think the effectiveness of the novel is greatly enhanced by its use of the medium of science fiction, because it must present by far the easiest and most fruitful means of dealing with the ultimate, hilarious--tragic extreme of the idea as Vonnegut wanted to handle it. It shows what science fiction has to offer when it is used as means to a greater end rather than as an end in itself. Vonnegut also shows in this book how he can write circles around the usual run of sf writers and how he can outdo them in imagination with little apparent effort. I dare anyone to deny that his description of the Venusians is one of the best pieces describing an alien that the genre has yet produced, and in an offhand manner he invents a robot that is more original than anything science fiction has otherwise come up with in that respect for years. I would have to place THE SIRENS OF TITAN among the best five science fiction novels ever written.

There is a lot of this absurdity attitude running through Vonnegut's novels, and it seems to be an idea which people either fall head over heels for or else find themselves entirely repulsed by. I can't say I entirely agree with it myself, but it certainly does produce some wonderful writing. I would recommend anybody who enjoyed Vonnegut to get hold of Joseph Heller's CATCH-22 as soon as he possibly can. I mentioned this book before, Buck, and I can tell that you haven't read it, because if you had you would immediately have gone into a ranting, foamy mouthed rage at the mere thought of it. For if you disliked the way CAT'S CRADLE told its story (and I won't agree that it's "undisciplined") you would perfectly abhor CATCH-22; I guess you couldn't strictly call either one a novel technically. But the way Heller puts together all the events of the book, and keeps returning to them, and keeps driving it in, and keeps driving in the insanity of war, is an unforgettable experience.

Of course, if you disliked ROSEWATER and CAT'S CRADLE there is still a chance you'll go for PLAYER PIANO, and I hope Vonnegut will go back to writing some more true novels like this now. I have a feeling that he finds it easier to write in this CRADLE-ROSEWATER manner, which really consists of a series of loosely connected stories each with its own humorous point; but he certainly has shown that he can also do great things (I realize I'm overworking my superlatives, but I can't help it) with a conventional novel, and I'd like some more of that, too.

I should think he would find it easier to write in the CRADLE manner. Hell, I can write funny disconnected fragments; I can't make a novel out of them, but then I've never tried just tossing the all together and shipping them off to a publisher.

You didn't hear me say the Tolkien books were eligible; you heard me ask if they were eligible. They aren't eligible for "Best Novel" per Jason's statement in



this issue. Haven't heard that either a reprint of Weapon Makers or Moskowitz' second sf history is out. Come to think of it, what second sf history? If you mean his second book on sf writers, I don't know about it. If you mean the sequel to his history of fandom IMMORTAL STORM, it isn't out yet, won't be for some time, and is being written by Harry Warner, not Moskowitz. I dunno; the revelation of the robot's message in SIRENS didn't have any impact on me, but then I was pretty disgusted with the book before I got that far. I didn't think much of PLAYER PIANO, either, but for different reasons. Mainly, Asimov didn't think up that plot; it's a novelization of a proposed new tv series, or movie, and (to answer a question from Paul Hemmes) he's doing it for the same reason Ted Sturgeon did VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA -- money. RSC/

Don Hutchison, 147 Leacrest Road, Toronto 17, Ontario, Canada

As a Canuck reader I guess it behooves me to comment on Derek Nelson's article; mainly because it's one of the best I've seen on the subject.

Not all our criticism is based on prejudice, however. As in most close friendships, your blemishes are more apparent to us than they are in your own rose-tinted mirrors. This is prejudice? I don't think so. Let's face it, one would have to be blind not to see signs of dry rot in modern America. What bothers Canadians is that most of your ailments -- at least as far as we're concerned -- are mighty contagious. When you sneeze, we come down with pneumonia. We are, you see, not that much different -- whether we'd like to be or not.

I disagree with Derek that the average Canadian is basically anti-American. The fact is Canada is sitting on a needle right now. We have to decide whether we really want to be a separate entity, whether we're prepared to pay the economic price of nationalism. The present effort to maintain a national identity against Big Brother has rubbed a lot of us rather raw. You probably like us better than we like you because you can take us or leave us -- you we have to take, blemishes and all.

The average Canadian is preoccupied with the U.S.A. We think about you, talk about you, read, watch and listen to you most of our waking days. The fact that you hardly ever notice him, and then only to perpetuate ignorant cliches, drives the poor Canadian nuts. That's why the poor boob is always running after you waving a fistful of statistics, pointing out our gross national product growth, the size and splendor of our major cities, the modern subway systems, skyscraper buildings, etc., etc. -- all to no avail. My own personal solution would be for us to actually turn our country back into the cliché you guys imagine, since the cliché is infinitely more appealing. I'd love to wear one of those jazzy Mountie uniforms and go chasing after renegade Eskimos the way Nelson Eddy does.

I think Derek also understated the importance of economic domination in the mind of the average Canuck, at least as of recent months. Right now the hottest issue in Canadian-American relations concerns the manner in which the present U.S. administration has of imposing its policies on American business by a process of not-too-subtle executive arm-twisting through a system of "voluntary" -- and ruthlessly enforced -- guidelines. To appreciate how these "guidelines" effect and could possibly cripple our entire country I'm afraid I'll have to wave a dull statistic: in our country, the seventh largest manufacturing country in the world, just about one-half of the entire manufacturing plant is owned by American firms. We are, you might say, an industrial subsidiary of the United States.

Normally, this is fine so far as Canadians are concerned. Having a land of almost infinite natural resources and an equally unlimited need for investment capital, we have few of the complexes about "foreign ownership" that many other countries have. The catch is that the U.S. government MUST recognize the fact of American firms in Canada as a basic and integral part of the Canadian economy. The real fear in Canada right now is that Johnson's "guideline" arm-twisting could develop to the point where it gives substance to what the extreme critics have been saying all along: that the invasion of U.S. capital subjects Canada to policies stamped "Made in Washington"; that the special relationship that has always existed between the world's two largest trading partners is in fact no protection against presidential interference in Canadian affairs.

However, unlike most of Uncle Sam's problems these days, it's still a family affair. Like most family squabbles, it effects one of the parties greatly and the other party is hardly aware that a serious problem exists.

Nelson to the contrary, we don't hate you. We just want you to know that we're around.

310840 Sgt. RF. Smith, Moorebank Sub Area, Milpo, LIVERPOOL, N.S.W., Australia

I suppose I'd better comment on that rather aggressive letter (or at least that portion wherein he aims in my direction) from Ben Solon...I don't think I implied that Heinlein "owes" fans or fandom anything, but come to think of it that's not a bad idea either; and I would further suggest that if every fan, everywhere, boycotted Heinlein's work eventually he might miss something -- even money. Why, then, do the majority of pros consider the fans and fandom worth a bit of their time and activity, and how many of them have got unpleasant over fan criticism produced on a serious and intelligent level? I might add that that paragraph of mine was based on a reasonably lengthy period in fandom, but it most certainly was not worth getting serious about and definitely not worth becoming irritable about! Relax...

I am greatly tempted to get stuck about certain other portions of Ben Solon's letter, but...what's the use? Change the phrasing and the writer's name and how many similar letters in how many fanzines have we read over the years? I'll agree with one thing he says there: it most certainly is a "pretty disorganized LOC"!

Agreed, Buck: if I want "style" I know where to go for it, and I don't expect or want it in science fiction. Of course, it helps if the author can write...

Nice to see and read that Berry account of Bob Bloch's visit. It's almost too fannish for Yandro, which has gotten rather staid and sercon of late (that'll make 'em bite, I bet...)

Also pleasant to see you recalling the past, with the "John the Minstrel" cover illustration. Did you ever have one for "Yandro" (mountain, I mean, of course) in the far past? (If you knew the number of times I've had to explain what "Yandro" means to curious people...)

Wish I could remember that sf yarn about the ETs who heaved back Earth's garbage; it's been niggling at my mind for days. It's Juanita's fault! I'm reminded also of Walt Whitman's poems about the Earth being one vast cemetery.

Hmm...I must have caught the science fiction bug someplace else; only thing I remember about KING KONG was what a delectable dish Fay Ray was.

Strange Fruit



I have a larger number of fanzines to review than usual, and even less inclination to review them. So I shall be ruthless in cutting my comments to the minimum. (Besides, Ruth only publishes for apas.)

INVADER #9, 10 (Joe Staton) "Restricted to a closed mailing list." So no review; I'll comment RealSoonNow.

STAR WAGON (Steve Stiles, US51554738, HQ & HQ Co. T/Sch, Box 683, Fort Eustis, Va. - irregular; - free) An artist in the army. Gee, he isn't being subconsciously serious and he isn't imitating Dan Adkins, so what can I say about him? That he writes better than he draws? That ought to go over big.

THE TERREAN #15 (Rich Mann, 249B So. Nevada, Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota 58201 - monthly? - 25¢) Produced for TAPS, which seems to consist entirely of writing letters to the editor and having them published. I know the best part of a fanzine is the letter column, but aren't you overdoing it a bit? Recommended only to fans who have been around a while and can figure out what's going on.

MANNDATE #7 (Rich Mann, address above) Good lord, Rich; here we rallied round to demonstrate how educational fandom is, and you're reading something like Campus Nymphs? Your mother will think we conned her. Ah, how sharper than a serpent's tooth, etc. The least you could do is read Beowulf in the original. . . . A lot of the issue is devoted to comments on other fanzines of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, but there's a history of Columbia (the country, not the university) for those who go for more serious reading material.

JODADES #2 (John Zaszczurynski, 1037 No. Hermitage, Chicago, Illinois 60622 - quarterly - 20¢) This is a regional chapter fanzine of the Burroughs Bibliophiles. If it's typical of Burroughs mags, I see why ERB-DOM got nominated for a Hugo. It is, I suppose, interesting to rabid Burroughs fans, or to sword and sorcery fans (future issues are supposed to cover more of the sword and sorcery field than just Burroughs).

SATYR #1 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708 - bimonthly - 25¢) He's chosen to use the title "Deimos Publications". I once thought about using that name myself, but didn't. However, John fails to follow thru with the idea I had; a huge colophon announcing "We give you Deimos for your money". John is mostly interested in the visual aspect of stf; films and tv. I think he has atrocious taste, but every man has a right to his own opinion, even if it's wrong. A pretty fair beginning, considering his subject matter.

BOLETIN DEL CLUB DE FANTASIA Y CIENCIA FICCION (Club de Fantasia y Ciencia Ficción, 2 No. 270, 2do., La Plata, Argentina) A great fanzine if you can read Spanish (and if they'd included pages 9 thru 12, which they didn't in my copy).

HYDRA #7 (Pete Campbell, 15 Wilson St, Workington ((I thought that was Wokington?)), Cumberland, Gt. Britain - irregular - 5/0 per year or free for a show of interest) All sorts of material, from an article on meteoroids to a weird objection to spraying malarial mosquitoes to a very funny item proving that art critics can't tell abstract sculpture

from elephant dung (literally!)

HAVERINGS #20 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - bi-monthly - 6 for 25¢ - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif.) But, Ethel; you just got me converted from "England" to "Great Britain"; you can't switch over to "United Kingdom" now! An entire fanzine made up of fanzine reviews -- pretty good reviews, too.

S F TIMES #434 (James V. Taurasi, Sr, 119-46 27th Ave, College Point, New York 11354 - irregular - 50¢ per copy) This is the last of the allegedly monthly issues; 10 pages of stf news and ads, with a special Doc Smith memorial issue and a copy of BARSOOMIAN TIMES as extras. The quarterly issues will presumably be larger; forecast is for 26 pages. (They won't be losing any money on the deal, that's for sure.)

RATATOSK #30 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) A much better financial bargain in a news mag. Unfortunately, none of fandom's newsletters covers all the news; if you're exceedingly nosy, you have to get all of them.

INFINITE FANAC #1 (Michael Ward, Box 387, 3 Ames St, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - irregular - free) Mike has the sort of mentality I appreciate - insane. Most of this is comments on other N'APA publications, but there is a fascinating bit on the food situation at M.I.T.

NO-EYED MONSTER #5 (Norman Masters, Box 79, Ortonville, Mich. 48462 - quarterly - 25¢) As a bonus, or possibly a penalty, you also get MERK-MAG, edited by John Merkel. Neither is terribly good, but Masters' side is the better. Largely devoted to amateur fiction. There's nothing really wrong with publishing amateur fiction, as long as one doesn't overdo it.

ZINGARO #6 (Mark Irwin, 1747 Elmwood Drive, Highland Park, Ill. 60035 - quarterly - 25¢) Largely reviews; fanzines, books, movies, tv. An article on why we should go to the moon that is aimed at the wrong audience; most fans are already convinced.

ERGO SUM #39 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada - irregular - free "to anyone who has something interesting to say") This presents the personal philosophy of the editor. Judgments of it are therefore relative -- I don't always agree with him, but I must admit he has more on the ball than Hugh Hefner.

STRAY NOTES #9 (Atlanta Folk Music Society, P.O. Box 7813, Atlanta, Ga. 30309) For all you guitar-strummers and protest-marchers out there.

National Fantasy Fan Federation material -- for information on this nationwide fan club, write Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 37754. I have here TNFF, the official club bulletin, concerned with club news like names of officials, doings of committees, and all stuff like that there. Then there is Art Hayes' BULLZINE #52, which seems to include a lot of the same stuff that I received as introductory items when I joined the club. (Since I just let my membership lapse, maybe this is a sendoff.) Third item is COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #4, from C.W. Brooks, 911 Briarfield Rd, Newport News, Va. 23605. Hmm; I did promise you that reprint article, didn't I? You can still have it, if material from outsiders is eligible. (I was a member when I promised it, if that helps any.) This is strictly for collectors of stf mags and books.

HIPPOCAMPELEPHANTOCAMELOS #2 (Fred Hollander, Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Calif. 91109) Recommended to people who like humor.

NYARLATHOTEP #2 (Ben Solon, 3933 No. Janssen, Chicago, Ill. - irregular - 30¢) What might have been the best fanzine of the month is virtually ruined by poor mimeography. (I didn't list the Zip Code in the address, for example, because I couldn't make out what it was.) There is quite a variety of good material presented, and most trufans will probably consider it worth while to struggle thru the presentation in order to get to the content. I'm excessively sensitive to poor repro; for one thing, my eyes aren't too good, and for another, I've read too many fanzines to pay a lot of attention to any one, so I tend to read the ones that are easy to read and ignore the ones that are a struggle. Beginning fans should probably try a copy, to sample some quality material.

AUSLANDER #2 (Ed Cox, 14524 Filmore St, Arleta, Calif. 91332 - bimonthly - 20¢ - coeditor, Dave Hulan) Another good one, this time impeccably mimeographed. Lots of reviews, humor, a good lettercolumn, and articles on stf. One of the best of the new mags.

A CAN OF PAINT, A POT OF GLUE, AND... #1 (Katya Hulan, P.O. Box 422, Tarzana, Calif. 91356 - irregular - 10¢, maximum sub 50¢ for 5 issues) Something entirely new in the fannish scene; a fanzine devoted to interior decorating. I suppose it's a good idea, since this is decorating from the fannish viewpoint -- what to do with all those books, how to make that beaded lampshade a conversation piece instead of something to cringe at, etc. Not for me, though; I don't much believe in taking suggestions from anybody -- even as nice a person as Katya -- on how to "improve" my house. I enjoy the interior decorator's nightmare that I live in, and I couldn't care less whether or not it's fashionable or even artistically designed. It's me, and it stays that way until I decide to change it. (This fanzine was sent to Juanita anyway; I guess I'll have to keep an eye on her for awhile.)

PAS-tell, March '66 (Bjo Trimble, 12002 Lorna, Garden Grove, Calif. 92641 - highly irregular - 5 for \$1.00) This is the fanzine published by and for fan artists. All artists should get copies; fanzine editors may well want it for such things as Ted White's definitive article on color mimeography. (And ordinary fans may want copies just to see how artists get that way.)

AI #2 (Jim Schumacher, 418 Kenoak Drive, Pomona, Calif. 91766 - 20¢ - bi-monthly - co-editor, Jim Keith) Reviews and fiction. I'm always a bit startled when some younger fan reviews a 1950 mag as an ancient classic, so I was happy to see the editors go over some sample issues of WONDER STORIES from the 1930's.

QUIP #2 (Arnie Katz, UB Apts, #479B Allenhurst Rd, Eggertsville, N.Y. 14226 - quarterly - 30¢ - coeditor, Len Bailes) This concentrates on fandom itself, rather than science fiction. Len and Arnie have picked up columns from Ed Cox (who seems to do columns for everybody these days -- I wonder where he gets the time?) and F. M. Busby (who was going to do a column for YANDRO once but never got around to it), plus fanzine reviews by the ever-controversial Ted White. (Ted, incidentally, considers my fanzine reviews "over-rated" -- well, so do I, dammit. In fact, judging from the last poll I saw, nearly all fanzine review columns are over-rated. Ted does a good job, however; nice long meaty reviews. Then there are reprints; of in-group fan humor by F. M. Busby, and general wacky fan-type humor by the Willises. All in all, a worthwhile investment.

Did you know that Pfaelzer's of Chicago is selling boxes of 16 6-oz filet mignons for only \$34? That's only \$5.67 a pound for steak.....