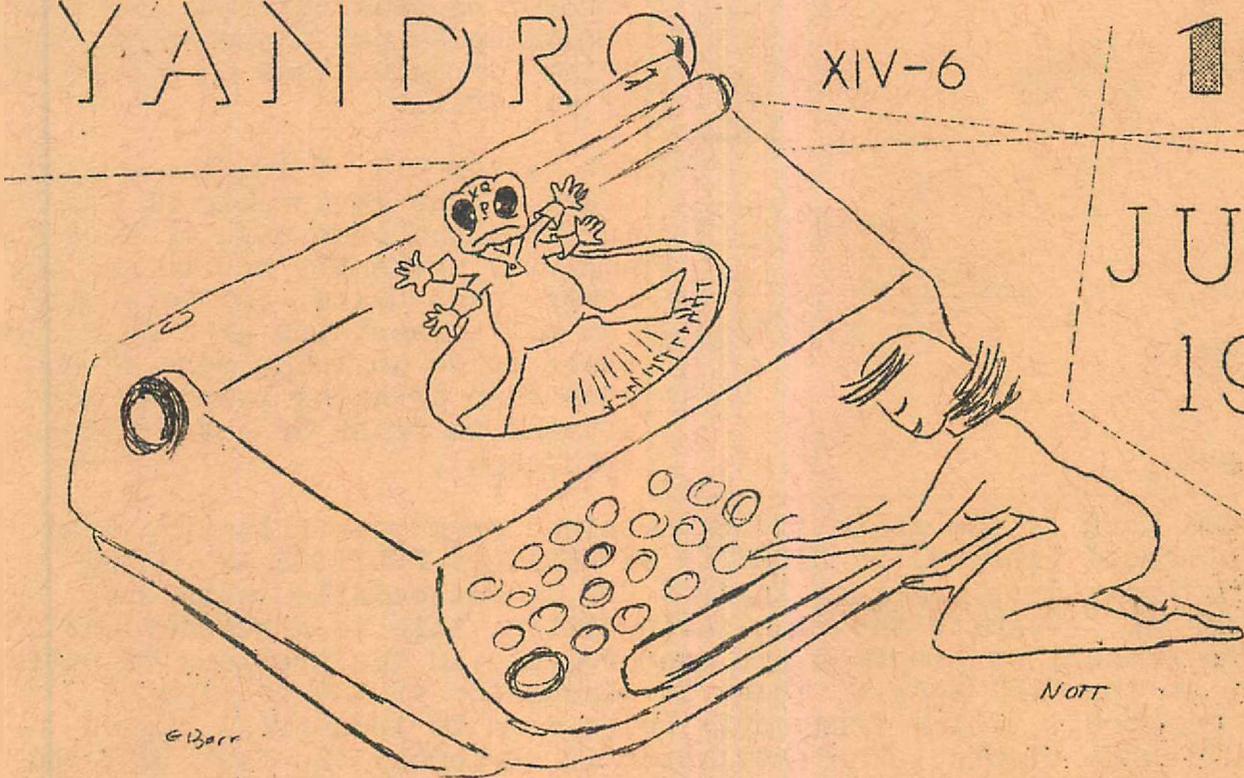


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JUNE  
1966



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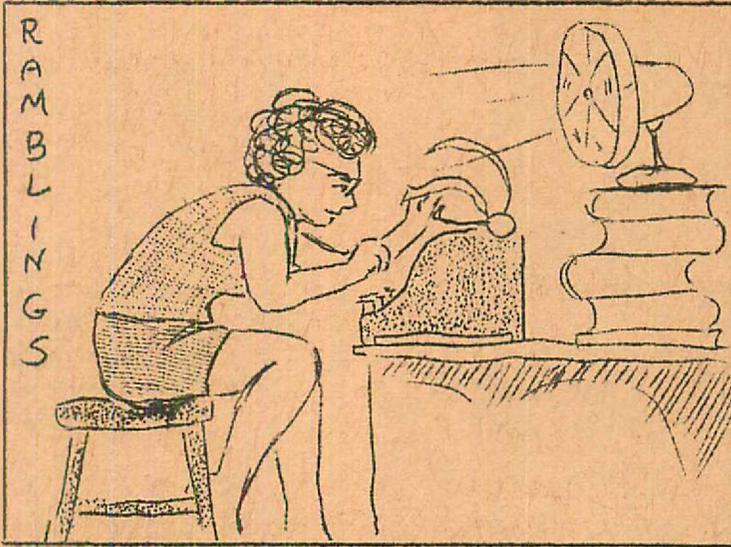
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" 6 . . . . .	Jim Cawthorn	" 21 . . . . .	Al Davoren
" 7 . . . . .	Jim Cawthorn	" 24 . . . . .	Jurgen Wolff
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That's a sneaky way to get out of writing as much editorial as usual; volunteer to put the changes of address for this issue on a page of my editorial.

But, after all, I imagine a good share of the readership is suffering thru the same wave of heat and humidity presently afflicting the lower Great Lakes, and hopefully you will sympathize with my reluctance to do anything more strenuous than drinking lemonade and sitting in front of a fan (electric-type).

Recommended book of the month (to be obtained from your friendly, with it, neighborhood library) is DISASTER BY DEFAULT: POLITICS AND WATER POLLUTION, Frank Graham, Jr., M. Evans & Co., in association with J.B. Lippincott Co. Despite the flag-waving title, this is a current and depressing account of progress and non-progress in the problems of water pollution in the U.S. today. There is discussion of the problem of "states' rights"....which frequently boils down to industrial rights versus citizens' rights. The bottleneck is obviously the fact that the states scream bloody murder whenever the Congress, Surgeon General or and other Federal representatives suggest cleaning up the filthy situation, yet the majority of local governments won't do anything about the mess until liberally threatened with court action, new laws and whatnot.

Having seen and smelled the pollution problem in a city like Chicago, I am continually grateful I live out in the sticks. The impression steadily grows that while I may not live so high on the hog as the city slicker, I may well live longer - instead of dying of typhoid or something equally ough.

I would not, for example, for any sort of economic consideration, care to live near Arthur Kill..."an 11-mile-long, narrow stretch of saline water dividing New Jersey from the western shore of Staten Island...The it flows directly into Raritan Bay from the north, it has no aquatic life at all, has a dissolved oxygen reading of zero even in the winter (which is considered quite extraordinary by sanitation engineers), and is officially classified as a sewer...a giant slug of pollution 6.4 miles in length, 'moving to and fro with the ebb and flood of the tide,'...

---

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Joe Staton        effective immediately  
Springer Hall  
Murray State University  
Murray, Kentucky    42072

Rich Brown        effective July 15  
c/o Peter K. Williamson  
11849 Terrace Drive  
Kirkland, Washington    98033

Richard Mann     effective immediately  
GMR #1, Box 4378  
Chanute AFB, Illinois, 61866

Bill Glass        effective immediately  
3177 W. 5th St.  
Los Angeles, California, 90005

apparently forever trapped there, like a monster in some hideous primeval fen." DISASTER BY DEFAULT, p. 91

Now there's a fantasy plot for you -- the Pollution Monster, It Had The Power to strike nausea into the strongest heart; all Man's weapons were useless.....

It definitely discourages any urge to move to the charming east coast. But rural America's not much better off. Ten miles south, a small town called Eaton has built its own efficient little sewage disposal plant downstream from the town, and one hundred feet from the area's busiest highway. Unpleasant, to say the least.

We have our own well and septic tank, but even that is not given much praise in the pollution analysis. The author mentions the soapsuds in the tapwater problem, and the soap industry's apology: to the effect that we should be grateful -- the soapsuds tip us off that there is leakage from some nearby septic tank and more harmful contaminants are probably also in the water. "...as if a proprietor of a 'greasy spoon' restaurant were to say, 'Isn't it a wonderful thing you see lipstick on your coffee cup, because that shows our dishwashing procedures aren't very sanitary.'"

Yes, it certainly is a wonderful thing, if you happen to be a soap salesman. The book is recommended, but not for reading while eating.

I used to be able to spell Asimov without difficulty before I became aware of all the jokes about various and weird misspellings of that name; now I've got the Indian sign and I goof up every time. On the other hand, I seem to have no difficulty at all with Moskowitz, though I've seen that interestingly mangled numerous times, too.

Incidentally, some usage buff out there: What rule may one apply to possessives of proper names ending with sibilants? Apostrophe s, or merely an apostrophe? Is it Moskowitz' or Moskowitz's? Jones' or Jones's?

And one rule I do know, and see no excuse for breaking (it's so ridiculously simple) is ITS versus IT'S. Look people, young fans (male, usually): if you can break the phrase down to "It is", use an apostrophe -- but please....the grammar, don't break its back.

Though I am crow jim to an almost overwhelming degree, there's finally a civil rights measure going through the legal mills that I view with some reservation. This is the open housing bill. We've rented all our lives, and I view the situation with a considerable amount of detachment....despite the fact that if we were selling I'd probably lean over backwards to sell to non-Caucasians. If a homeowner just wants out, turns his property over to a realtor and says sell the thing and get me the money, I agree -- yes, complete non-discrimination in selling should be the rule. After all, the color of the money is the same. But if some character is imbedded in his prejudices to such an extent he gets frothy at the mouth about who buys his house, and if he cares enough to handle the entire transaction himself, then fine, let him wallow in his narrow little mind. See, I'm tolerant enough to even tolerate bigots, up to a certain point.

JWC



People are still sending me things. After reading my mention of the 1915 British newspaper, Nettle Ott sent a copy of the Salt Lake Herald for April 16, 1898. ("Orators Of The Senate Urge The Nation To War" - "Infantry, Cavalry and Light Artillery Ordered to Concentrate on the Gulf") Couple of items worth mentioning; it seems that we were negotiating with Chile and Argentina for the purchase of the Chilean cruiser O'Higgins and several Argentine gunboats -- I wonder if we ever actually bought them?

I've never seen it mentioned in histories. Somehow it seems so American of us to rush out and try to buy a navy on the eve of war. Then there is the little item headlined "INSULTED THE FLAG", subheaded "Unexplainable Conduct of Students of California University" and datelined "Berkeley, Cal. April 15". Do you suppose it's something in the air in Berkeley? I mean, after all, one doesn't find the students of Purdue or Kansas State or Arizona Mines running around insulting the flag and badgering congressmen and so on. Not continually for 70 years, at any rate. What does it all mean?

Then I seem to have a sample copy, or subscription, or something, to CANADA MONTH. No proof of who sent it to me, but I suspect Derek Nelson, since it's a rather conservative journal. Right, Derek? Thanks. Rather interesting, in places.

Dean Grennell sent along a sample issue of his new fanzine. It's called AMERICAN RELOADERS ASSOCIATION BULLETIN, and Dean says it has a circulation of 4000 and it helps pay his salary. I have a feeling that the gun fans are better organized than stf fans -- or maybe there are just more of them to begin with. It's apparently a very sercon mag, but trust Dean to start changing the image ("I rummaged up one of my "planet-wrecker" loads for the .44 Magnum...and...drew a bead on the hapless can of water..."). I also have the August issue of GUN WORLD, which has either been utterly overwhelmed by the Grennell personality or was a pretty happy-go-lucky, carefree sort of publication to begin with. (It even has the "vague pornography" joke, which Dean credits to Walt Willis and I thought was originated by Bob Bloch.)

Sword-and-sorcery fans might be interested in a Dell novel; The Shield Ring, by Rosemary Sutcliff. No sorcery, but lots of swords; the story is based on the resistance of a Viking (ex-Viking, really) colony in Britain after the Norman Conquest. Cover is by Leo R. Summers, an artist not unknown to stf fans.

I've just finished The Blue Grotto Terror, by Carl H. Claudy, an old Grosset & Dunlap juvenile that I bought off Howard Devore. It's rather dated ("If I can control it, I make war impossible, because too dreadful") and some of the passages now have different implications from the one the author intended. ("Let be, you mastodon!" he cried. "It's I, myself, Alan Kene, very much alive, old thing, but I won't be if you don't stop pawing me. What a brute you are, Ted!" ...And people complain about Batman and Robin?!?) I still liked it, though. While all the other dull, dated stf "classics" are being exhumed for the paperback trade, why doesn't someone bring out new editions of Claudy's books? There were at least 5 of them; in addition to the above, there were The Mystery Men Of Mars, A Thousand Years A Minute, The Land Of No Shadow, and Return To Mars. (Not sure that

last was ever published in book form, never having seen it listed anywhere. But it could be; I read it as a serial in AMERICAN BOY.) Then there were enough short stories for a collection or two -- and as I recall, the short stories were much better than the novels, and good enough to stand up against current competition, such as it is. One of them, "Tongue of Beast", was published in the Winston anthology Year After Tomorrow, along with severely edited versions of Land Of No Shadow and Master Minds Of Mars, the latter I assume being the same as Mystery Men of Mars. But there were others; I recall "The Creeping Danger" and "Holes, Holes, Holes", and vaguely recall others whose names I can't remember. What the hell, if Sol Cohen can bring back G. Peyton Wertenbraker and David V. Reed and sell the results, and Belmont can sell "Maxwell Grant's" cruddy Shadow novels, why can't someone paperback Carl H. Claudy's works? He was a better writer than any of the above-named.

Mark Kennedy sends in a Canadian publication which reviews Zane Grey's "Nevada", Fu Manchu, Doc Savage and Sam Spade as part of the current "pop" revival. The author, one James Purdie, reveals himself as terribly conformist by implying that nobody really keeps house the way Peg Bracken says she does in her I Hate To Cook Book and I Hate To Housekeep Book. I got news for him; Juanita keeps house that way. (Except that Peg is trying to get along with square neighbors and Juanita doesn't have to -- another of the joys of country living.)

The local paper announces that a state park has been proposed for Blackford County. (We may have to move; the county is only about 15 miles long by 12 or so wide; there's hardly room for us and a state park both.) This is to be devoted to Indian lore, and located on the site of an Indian village. There will be a recreated village, museum, etc. Now I'm all for this sort of thing, but while reading the proposal I got an idea. Somewhere in this museum you install a concealed record player (or tape recorder, if you prefer). Along on one wall you have this button, labeled "Recorded Indian Ballad". And when you press the button you get Buffy Sainte-Marie doing "My Country, 'Tis Of Thy People You're Dying". As Juanita says, it would never go over -- but couldn't you shake up a hell of a lot of people that way?

All the replies to Alex Panshin's review of Seekers of Tomorrow have pointed up the fact that it is manifestly unfair for a reviewer to blame the author for typographical errors in a book. On the other hand, how is the critic to know that the typesetter didn't print precisely what the author set down, errors and all? Authors, at least some of whom are human, do make errors. It's similar to the problem of the author who says his latest work was butchered by an unfeeling editor. Maybe it was; it happens. (On the other hand, the manuscript could have been worse than the finished product; that happens, too. The only way to tell is to compare the manuscript with the finished product, which is hardly practical.) The best that the critic can do is to say whether or not the book is bad. And a factual book filled with errors is bad, no matter how excellent the manuscript was. (Of course, I don't know that Seekers of Tomorrow is filled with errors; I haven't read it. Several fans seem to think that it is.) SaM's defenders have said that the book contains loads of new information. But if there are X number of errors in the information they are familiar with, how many are there in the stuff they can't check? What good is new information if it's wrong? (And if you know absolutely what is correct and what isn't, what did you need the book for?) Now, if someone wants to write in and say that Alex's claim of errors is exaggerated, I'll be happy to print it. (I'm not trying to defend Alex; I think he and SaM are both big enough boys to look after themselves. I'm just trying to find out if Seekers is worth \$6.00 of my money -- I'm Scots.) RSC

# IT'S WITCHERY

by count von liebfraumilch

Like a ghost out of the past, the SK&F Psychiatric Reporter dug up an old favorite of fandom in the July-August 1963 issue. I repeat:

In 1945, I ran across a plump, lively witch near Allentown, Pennsylvania. When I expressed an interest in her arcane profession, she invited me to visit and talk about it. As we sat in her front parlor, whose modest furnishings included a few skulls and animal skeletons, she explained to me that she was a "good" witch, a "healer" -- she spent most of her time curing chronic complaints. She did mention, though, that part of her job consisted in providing charms and pations to ward off the "craziness" that might result from another witch's evil hex. (Here, she was apparently involved in what might be called a kind of "preventive psychiatry.") Deeply representing any hint of quackery, she assured me her patients received such satisfactory results that she saw as many as any physician in the area. So busy was she, in fact, that she was finding less and less time to pursue her favorite hobby--writing short stories for a pulp magazine, Weird Tales.

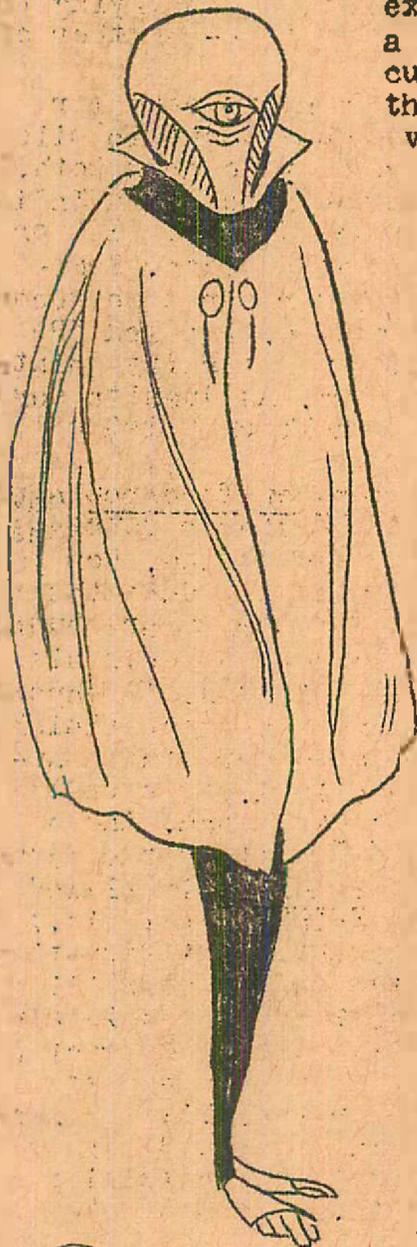
Since you may not be familiar with the Reporter, it's published by Smith Kline & French Laboratories, Philadelphia, and is published bimonthly for psychiatrists and others interested in psychiatry. The magazine is written by employees of the firm, in this case Gustav Gumpert.

Gumpert also quotes a release from Reuters press service: "Modern drugs are luring Nigerians away from their age-old reliance on spells and fetishes and the traditional witch doctor is fast being replaced by the trained pharmacist."

Bah!

Nigerians may be abandoning the witch system of medicine but Americans are flocking to it in ever-increasing numbers. Maybe because of the high price of drugs.

The most famous witch in Carlsbad, N.M., is Mamma Morris. She's a very pleasant--and popular--married woman slightly beyond middle age. She likes to have neighbors over for afternoon tea.



Witching is a means of making pin money. She finds lost things, tells an occasional fortune, and "guarantees" a few romances--little else. So I guess she qualifies as a good witch.

The quality of her powers is up for debate, but not by those who use her services.

A lost ring, for example, she will assuredly reveal with wrinkled brow, is near water. The pleased housewife rushes home and turns her house inside out searching for the missing wedding band which is "near water."

The ring will turn up in the bottom drawer of a bedroom dresser, which coincidentally is not more than five feet from the water pipe that guzzles under the house on its way to the bathroom.

Mamma Morris, of course, had guessed that the ring might probably be near the kitchen sink because most housewives remove their rings to wash dishes.

However, to the housewife who now has her ring back, Mamma Morris has made a great triumph in the art of witching.

One day, she told a friend of mine, a man old enough to know better, that she knew where to find the loot of a stagecoach robbery.

According to the legend, in the days of the early west a stage on the Butterfield Trail was held up by robbers. The robbers made off with enough gold to fill the cavities of every outlaw that ever galloped through a Saturday afternoon movie or television show.

Somewhere in them there hills near Carlsbad, the outlaws buried the gold.

Here, the legend becomes really interesting. Some old timers will tell you the gold is buried under an old adobe shack right in Carlsbad. The shack -- an ex-brothel and saloon--is still there, still lived in (the owner even has a "room for rent" sign poked in the barren soil that passes for a front lawn). Buy the old woman who lives there a bottle of wine and she'll spin legends of Billy the Kid and John Wesley Hardin till your ears hurt.

But others say the robbers buried their gold in the hills overlooking the small town of 35,000.

Unfortunately, you can see the town from anyone of half a thousand foothills of the Guadalupe. I've hiked miles and the town was still visible behind me.

However, Mamma Morris claimed she knew the right one or could find it. My friend, by the name of Jones, was to supply the elbow grease for the digging.

In a jeep, off they went to search for the treasure. Just like hundreds of citizens before them. Some of whom never made it back -- giving rise to another part of the legend: If you're looking for gold and you hear the ghostly beat of the hooves of the outlaws' horses, it's really them riding to protect their golden hoard.

Between the sound of the hooves and the legend, so called, the result is supposedly death.

While digging on that hilltop several miles from town one winter a few years ago, Jones claims he heard the beat of those hooves coming



fast across the short grass.

He broke and ran to the jeep and he and the witch cut a dusty to town.

They've not been back.

And no, they never saw the horses--just heard them.

I've never placed much credit in the tale myself. Jones is the same man who saw some of those flying saucers which belonged to Ray Palmer.

But Mamma Morris does exist and she does practice witchery.

So, at least Allentown, Pa., and Carlsbad, N.M., have witches. I've also heard of witches in Alabama and Texas. In Texas, there aren't as many now as there used to be.

But the practice still flourishes.

I once met a 40-year-old witch in Texas. She was studying for her Masters Degree in English at Texas University. Witching was an amusing preoccupation with her...she only told a few fortunes. Mostly at parties.

"I talk to them a few minutes, then tell them what they've told me about themselves and they believe I have mysterious powers," she said.

So much for witchcraft.

---

## PROTEST SONG (TUNE: "BLACK GAL")

*from napa state hospital, california*

There's a place where the wandering and vacant mind  
Is banished to nevermore

There's a place where the wandering and vacant mind  
Is locked up behind closed doors

Forget, forget what you ever were  
Forget what you ever will be  
Forget and be like what we are  
That do these things to thee

You're confined, you're confined for the good of your mind  
Sorry if it hurts your soul  
You're confined, you're confined till your heart goes blind  
Confined till your spirit grows old

Forget, forget what you ever were  
Forget what you ever will be  
Forget and be like what we are  
That do these things to thee

We'll take your books we'll take your clothes---  
Forget what you ever will be---  
And if this doesn't kill your soul  
We'll take your memory

Forget, forget what you ever were  
Forget what you ever will be  
And when you learn that this is right  
Then you'll get liberty

..... INCOGNITO

# OUT OF THE

# SILENT PAST

review by

STEPHEN PICKERING

PERELANDRA, OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET, THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH, by C.S. Lewis, Macmillan Books, 95¢ each, New York.

Religion has often manifested itself in varied forms, whether thru perceptive social criticism, as in Robert Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, or in fascinating concepts as formulized in Anthony Boucher's "The Quest for Saint Aquin" (NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME, Holt, 1951). However diverse the writers' approaches may have been, one fact remains: there is a lack of useful examination of religious science fiction, as well as a lack of its proponents. Harlan Ellison has stated that science fiction, during the past decade, has set up taboos against certain themes, despite the field's purpose for free thinking, objective criticism, and speculation. And religion is a subject with which the science fictioneer should be concerned -- when man expands into the stars, he will take his thoughts, attitudes, prejudices, achievements, and superstitions. Even if the situation here is precarious, the expansion cannot be stifled; man will go anyway, stubbornly, with a certain amount of provincialism and mediocrity of thought.

C.S. Lewis, long-time reader of science fiction, is an example of a philosopher who has sensed man's religious spirit, and presented it in the Perelandra Trilogy. According to Sam Moskowitz, Lewis, in writing the Perelandra books, borrowed "much more than the superficial plot from Stapledon. From Stapledon, an agnostic, he borrows an entire religious philosophy as it applied to the space age." And Lewis' debt to Stapledon and science fiction did not go unrecognized. In EXPERIMENTS IN CRITICISM Lewis wrote: "In the good old days I noticed that whenever critics said anything about /science fiction/, they betrayed great ignorance. They talked as if it were a homogeneous genre. But it is not, in the literary sense, a genre at all. There is nothing common to all who write it except the use of a particular 'machine'. Some of the writers are of the family of Jules Verne and are primarily interested in technology. Some use the machine simply for the literary fantasy and produce what is essentially Marchen or myth. A great many use it for satire; nearly all the most pungent American criticism of the American way of life takes this form, and would at once be denounced as Un-American if it ventured into any other. And finally, there is the great mass of hacks who merely 'cashed in' on the boom in science fiction and used remote planets or even galaxies as the backcloth for spy-stories or love-stories which might as well or better have been located in Whitechapel or the Bronx. And as the stories differ in kind, so of course do their readers. You can, if you wish, class all science fiction together; but it is about as perceptive as classing the works of Ballantyre, Conrad and W.W. Jacobs together as 'the sea story' and then criticizing that."

OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET, the first volume in the trilogy, was published originally in 1938, saw several editions, including paperback editions published by Avon in 1949-50, and Collier in 1964. Christopher Morley called it "...a delicious book, full of wisdom and savor." But

it is more than that. It is a tour-de-force in Lewis' free-thinking religion. The main character is a Cambridge philologist, named Ransom, who is kidnapped through mysterious means, and transported to Mars, a world in which Man had not experienced the Fall. The planet is impressive. Ruled by an energy-like angel, Mars is inhabited by three species: "birds" who write history and map the stars, are eighteen feet high; fishing and poetry is handled by "otters", seven feet in length; and "frogs" are the artists and mining engineers. All have souls, per se, according to Lewis.

Response to the novel was favorable, although a few critics felt that Lewis was being too maudlin and idealistic, particularly in the absurd idea (so they said) that intelligent life existed elsewhere. But, Lewis felt otherwise, and named the Earth the Silent Planet, because of man's lack of communication with other stars since the Dawn. Each planet is dominated by a particular angel of certain powers (e.g. The Mormons' theories are analogous to Lewis' basic premise), all of whom compose some aspect of the Christian/Lewis God.

PERELANDRA, #2 in the series, appeared in 1944, and the title denotes Lewis' name for Venus, the world which the kidnapped Ransom visits. (Mars is Malacandra.) Through the help of the planet's Angel, Ransom destroys the Devil's representative, a villainous physicist named Dr. Weston, but not before Weston has seduced Venus' "Eve" (the whole world is an allegorical picture of Judeo-Christian mythos), and the

planet subsequently experiences the Fall.

Three years later, 1947, marked the advent of the final volume, THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH. The Devil again makes an attempt at destroying man through mankind's own sciences. But in a climax which raises the critical eyebrows of the science fictioneer, Ransom, through some esoteric



process, brings the legendary Merlin to life. With Merlin's magic, and the assistance of Venus' Angel of Goodness and Justice, Ransom overthrows the Devil's plots, but destroys the book's credulity as science fiction in the process.

Lewis' writes in characteristically English style -- a certain pause, and assimilating of one's surroundings, no matter how alien, the patient almost exasperating characters. One would be tempted to call this satirical fantasy -- others may say science-fantasy. The latter would be more logical; philosophy is the speculative part of the sciences, and Lewis has speculated about man's most astonishing creation: religion.

## A COLUMN-----bruce coulson-----

Well, friends, I'm back again. (I was delayed because my typewriter broke down.) I am pleased with the mail I'm getting (that is the mail that talks about how good my column is). By the way, I'm using my mother's typewriter. I hope Dad gets mine fixed fast enough so I'll be able to use it again next Yandro.

P.S. For those of you who don't like my column, I have 2 suggestions: 1 - stop getting Yandro; 2 - don't read the column.

Say, do you know that I was sick after I printed that column? Well I was. And I printed this after the first day I was kept home.

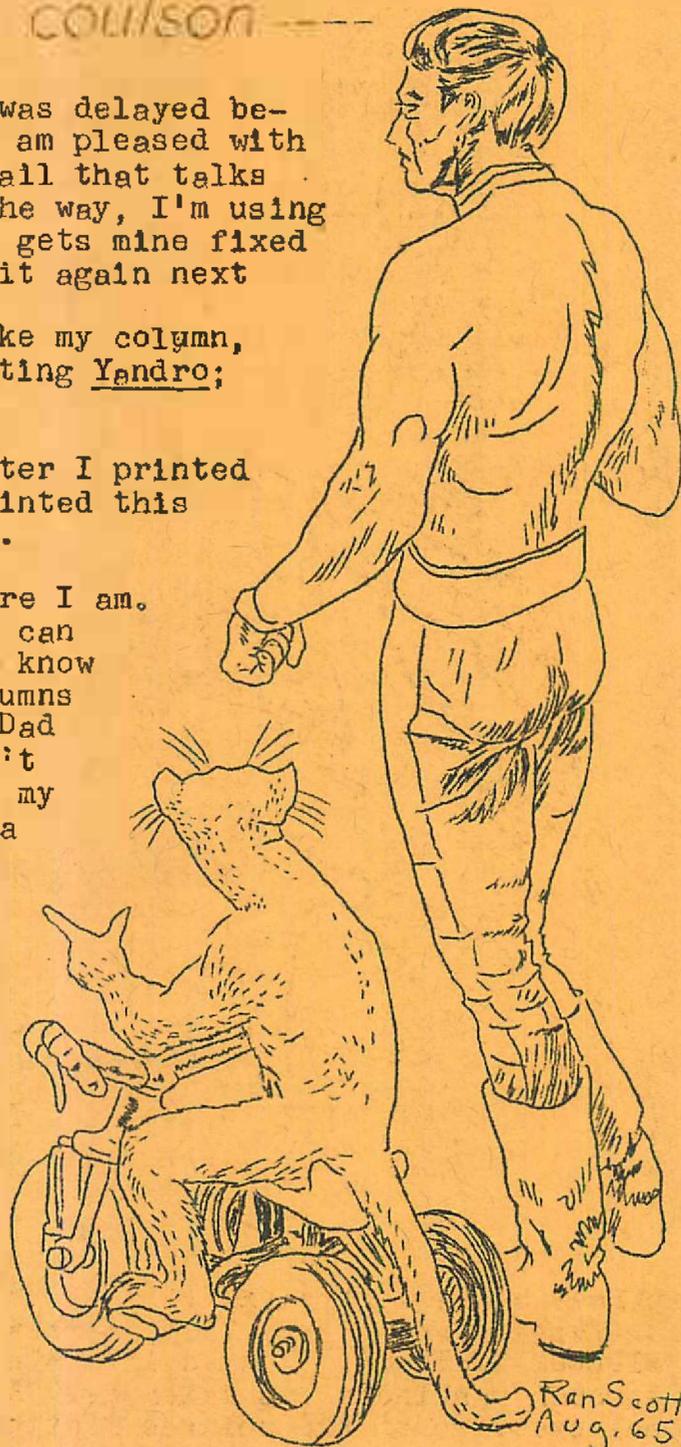
But I got along all right and so here I am. I'll be glad when school stops so I can pay attention to these columns. You know what? I don't know how long my columns will last. They might stop now if Dad blows his top! (and I hope he doesn't do that!) So don't be surprized if my column suddenly stops. Or you get a line that says this is the last copy. Goodbye.

### ----- PREVUES OF COMING ATTRACTIONS submitted by Alex Panshin

Robert A. Heinlein (in an article, "Ray Guns and Rocket Ships", in the November 1952 School Library Association of California Bulletin): You would not expect a Martian to be named 'Smith'. (Say -- how about a story about a Martian named 'Smith'? Ought to make a good short. Hmmm--)"

/It might have at that. I wonder why he never wrote it?

.....Alex Panshin/



# GOLDEN MINUTES &

THIS IMMORTAL, by Roger Zelazny (Ace, 40¢) A shorter version of this novel, under the title "...And Call Me Conrad", is up for a Hugo this year. It stands a good chance of becoming an all-time sf (or fantasy, if you prefer) classic; if you haven't read it, you should.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, by Jules Verne (Pyramid, 60¢) An elderly sf classic which Pyramid has chosen to reprint in its "Adventure Classic" series -- maybe adventure sells better than sf. Presumably all of my readers know the general outline of the story -- but how many have actually read it? It's surprisingly good; possibly the best story that Verne ever wrote (as well as the best-known). Worth reading; Verne's writing is somewhat archaic now, but it's still better than that of most modern sf practitioners.

SAGA OF LOST EARTHS, by Emil Petaja (Ace, 40¢) This is undoubtedly Petaja's best book for Ace. (It still isn't terribly good, but it's far better than anything he's done before.) The story is based on the Kalevala, in much the same way that Lester del Rey's Day Of The Giants (magazine title, "When The World Tottered") is based on the Norse sagas. The results aren't as good as del Rey's, but then Petaja isn't even in the same class as a writer. If the adventures are rather unbelievable, they're entertaining enough to be worth 40¢.

THE X FACTOR, by Andre Norton (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.25) For once, Norton has given us a full background instead of tantalizing hints. Oh, there are plenty of unexplained things about the "brothers in fur", but more is told about them than is usual with a Norton alien race. However, I found more than the usual difficulty in sympathising with her hero -- possibly because I don't approve of young men stealing spaceships because they feel unappreciated. (Even if it does solve the problem of how to get this sensitive but cloddish young man onto the alien planet.) The members of the archaeological expedition were interesting and real people, but the space pirates seemed pretty much cut out of cardboard. Almost as though the author wasn't really much interested in them but included them for the sake of plot complications. And it is a rather involved plot, with telepathic aliens, fearsome monsters, savage pirates and bewildered archaeologists, in addition to the hero.

ISLANDS OF SPACE, by John W. Campbell (Ace, 45¢) Another of Campbell's early attempts to out-mechanise Doc Smith. This is a sequel to his earlier Black Star Passes, with Arcot, Wade and Morey in another simple-minded adventure which leaves them plenty of time to lecture one another. "It's been shown that if a white dwarf -- or a black one -- is increased in mass, it begins to decrease sharply in volume after a certain point is reached. In fact, no cold star can exist with a volume greater than about one and a half times the mass of the sun -- as the mass increases and the pressure goes up, the star shrinks in volume because of the degenerate matter in it. At a little better than 1.4 times the mass of the sun -- our sun, I mean: Old Sol -- the star would theoretically collapse to a point." If this sort of conversation whets your sense of wonder, by all means get the book; there's plenty more where that sample came from. The

plot is simply a journey in space, meeting odd stars, weird gravitational effects, nasty aliens, nice aliens, etc., etc.

INHERIT THE EARTH, by Claude Nunes/DAWNMAN PLANET, by Mack Reynolds (Ace, 50¢) The Reynolds half appeared in ANALOG under the title "Beehive", and Ace duly notes the fact. (Ace has improved vastly in the past few months in regard to giving notice of previous publication, and I thank them for it. From having been the worst company in that regard, they have improved until they're now one of the best.) This is also a sequel to an earlier Ace novel by Reynolds, Planetary Agent X. I'm afraid I'm not terribly fond of attempts to write interplanetary spy novels, but Reynolds' works are smoothly done. The Nunes half, apparently an original, is interesting even though it changes emphasis midway in the story. The author presents as his central characters a race of miniature androids, designed by their creators to "inherit the earth" after Man kills himself off in atomic conflict. To this effect, they are different from men; doll-sized (to make them acceptable to humanity before the cataclysm), impervious to radiation, without aggressive tendencies, etc. However, while the author keeps repeating that they are different from humans, he never makes them seem any more alien than your next-door neighbor. And the story, which started out as an exploration of the phrase "the meek shall inherit the earth", turns into an ordinary adventure novel -- entertaining but without any particular meaning. Worth your time, if you have plenty to spare.

PRESTER JOHN, by John Buchan (Pyramid, 60¢) Another in Pyramid's "Adventure Classic" series -- this one is an African novel somewhat in the Haggard vein but better written. Indeed, for a popular novel written in 1910, it is excellently done, and marred only by the stench of racism and a hero who is so inept that even the author makes excuses for him. The racism, however, is enough to ruin the book for most modern readers, since a lot of it is based on the sheer wonder of the fact that a Negro can be an intelligent, forceful personality. The hero's constant amazement at the fact that his Negro adversary is more powerful, intelligent and charming than is the hero, becomes definitely wearing after a couple of hundred pages, even though it is undoubtedly an inaccurate depiction of the typical white man's attitude of the time. (Pardon the blank spaces; effect of changing one's sentence structure while first-drafting a review on stencil.) I kept having the feeling that Buchan's description of the Great Native Revolt bore an uncanny resemblance to the 1956 Hungarian revolution as described by a Russian officer. Still, the book did hold my interest, even while annoying me.

THE TRAIL OF FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) The Evil Doctor once again strikes and escapes, getting rejuvenated in the process. He is more of an Oriental Menace in this book (7th in the series) than he was in the later ones, but he still seems to accomplish very little, for a man with his power and intellect, faced with foes who are lucky but not terribly bright. More entertaining than a lot of stf I've read, but not enough so to make me a Rohmer fan.

BEYOND HUMAN UNDERSTANDING, by S. Robert Tralins (Ace, 50¢) It didn't take long for me to become annoyed with this one; the first page of the introduction contains the sentence, "All but several of the accounts published here have never before been seen in print." This is English? However, the writing of the accounts themselves is quite interesting -- if you're willing to take the author's word as to what happened. He not only doesn't list sources, he doesn't even use full names, just initials. You may think he's telling the gospel truth; I'm afraid I don't. (This is another of Ace's supernatural series; a mediocre one.)

BROOD OF THE WITCH-QUEEN, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) This was an annoying volume. I believe it could have been Rohmer's best book, and quite possibly a fantasy classic. The occult-based plot is interesting and well-handled in most places. But the writing is perhaps the poorest Rohmer ever did. Always addicted to having his heroes ask stupid questions, in this novel he surpasses himself. Having a character say "But what does it all mean?" a couple of dozen times in the course of a book produces -- in me at least -- an almost irresistible urge to strangle someone, preferably the author. Similarly, his constant harping on the "unholiness" of the villain's acts is hardly apt to inspire horror in this materialistic age. This does, however, produce one lovely bit of unintentional humor. "To my certain knowledge, the late Sir Michael and yourself have delved into the black mysteries of Egypt more deeply than any men /sic/ of the present century. Yet Antony Ferrara, little more than a boy, has mastered secrets which you, after years of research, have failed to grasp. What does this mean, sir?" (It means, sonny, that your old man aint too bright.) A book like this, which could have been great and fails miserably, is far more disappointing than your run-of-the-mill trashy stf. I'd like to see someone else do a better tale of an ancient Egyptian sorcerer come back to life in modern England; it still could be great.

THE GOLDEN SCORPION, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 50¢) Another Oriental Menace. The plot seemed familiar; I suspect that he stole it from one of his own earlier books, but I can't bear to do the required research. There is less general idiocy on the part of the heroes than there is in the usual Rohmer epic; one suspects that perhaps these police officers might possibly be able to catch criminals. There is also less of the what-does-it-all-mean? jabber, for which thank God. The plot is the usual one of the Mad Scientist; a fairly typical example.

TONGUES OF THE MOON, by Philip Jose Farmer (Pyramid, 50¢) Pyramid is circulating the 1964 edition of this one again. After Farmer's early short stories, I keep expecting to find some important philosophical statement in his novels -- and I never do. As far as I can tell, this is strictly space opera, not terribly well done. Has Farmer lost his enthusiasm for science fiction, or what? Certainly he has done better than this. Being by Farmer, it's good enough to afford a couple of hours or so of mild entertainment, but Farmer is capable of doing so much better that all of his recent work has been disappointing.

ISLANDIA, by Austin Tappan Wright (Signet \$1.25) This is science fiction only by the courtesy that accords all Utopian novels that title. It is, however, very well worth your buck and a quarter. This is a novel made from one man's "private universe" or dream world. Wright, like a lot of stf fans, wrote hundreds of thousands of words about his dream country -- a couple of hundred thousand of them appear in the novel, which in the paperback covers about 950 pages of rather fine print. The nation of Islandia is an idealized farming community; precisely the sort of Utopia one would expect from a successful corporation lawyer with back-to-nature leanings. His farmers work; I doubt very much that they work hard enough to support themselves. This is a minor drawback of utopias, none of which are ever practical. One doesn't expect practicality in this sort of novel. However, Wright's characters are real enough; so painfully real that they rather spoil one for reading the average stf novel afterwards. I found myself worrying over what was going to happen to John Lang and Dorna and Nattana and Gladys and Dorn and the rest; the first time that's happened in the past few years. For this kind of writing I can forgive Wright if his nation never became believable.

# CRUMBLINE

Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa.

Thanks for another fine issue of Yandro. I'd have written sooner but decided to refer the video-tape hassle to John Carroll, and a good thing, too. He tells me that with the tape equipment in current wide use it is impossible to stop the tape for a still, for this kind of machine uses an assembly of four heads which rotate at right angles to the direction of the tape. This recorder is, as John says, "unbelievably complex, what with all sorts of automatic switching, servos, etc."

There is, however, a new type of equipment which is much simpler and allows stopping the tape for a still. This one uses a single head with its axis at right angles to the tape-direction, about which the tape makes a full turn in a spiral. The head rotates at the frame rate of 30/sec so that when the tape is stopped it scans a single frame repeatedly. I coggle at the extremely small diameter the drum containing the head must have, since the tape speed is the normal 15ips, or  $\frac{1}{2}$ " per frame. It's hard to see how a 2" tape can be wound in a spiral around a drum about  $\frac{1}{6}$ " in diameter, but it works, for John tells me he has seen it. Of course, and this must be the answer, the tape in this process may be much narrower than 2".

But the fact remains that, whether or not he is familiar with the principle of operation, Brunner is perfectly correct in describing the action he does in his book. Carroll says that some of the new "home" (parentheses are his, presumably because they will sell for around \$1000) video-recorders will use the helical scan. Whether or not they will be equipped with the necessary (and probably expensive) additional mechanism for stills is open to question, but it will probably be available at extra cost.

Anyway, I owe Brunner an apology and tender it herewith if you care to relay it. If I had not nit-picked and if Brunner had not replied I might never have found out about this marvellous new development in the world of tv--a development that will, no doubt, be made full use of by Madison Avenue to work out ever more nauseating tv commercials. Alas!

John Brunner, 17d Frognaal, London, NW3, England

Thanks for the new Yandro which I just received. But ouch.

My comment on Bill Danner's letter was in reply to a private communication from you, not a reaction to something which had already appeared in the magazine, and I never envisaged you putting it into print. One may use terms in private conversation where the other party is fully acquainted with the subject which would not be appropriate in front of an audience of several hundred people. Please convey my apologies right away to Bill Danner for the fact that my rude answer has been so exposed when I imagined it would go to no one but himself - and I think you should add Yandro's apologies, too. This wasn't fair.

The above, naturally, I do want you to print.

And now, very briefly: my congratulations and thanks to Thomas Stratton. As a result of his trouble and of your own footnote to the first of my two letters in this issue just received, I took my first look in literally six years (to within a week, by golly!) at the actual game, and with a slight sinking of the heart was reminded of a point that was in my mind when I was plotting the book, but which escaped my attention

when I was actually writing the relevant passage - I imagine, because I'd muddled my notes, a recurrent falling of mine on the rare occasions when I actually use any.

You'll perhaps recall that after being had up in front of Judge Romero and convicted of the offense for which he was fined a thousand dollars, Tezol was given time to raise the money. Now as far as I could tell when matching the moves of the game to the real-life events they correspond with, no power in the world could enable Vados and Diaz to ensure that the expiry of this time coincided with a desire on the part of one or other of them to make the equivalent move. Similarly, as Vados explains to Hakluyt at the end, when one of the players made a move he did so on the board first, and his opponent waited until the real-life counterpart of it had been engineered.

The difficulty of bringing about move 17 (B x RP which is not actually the RP but the QKtP on the R file) led to a delay, and during this delay Tezol's period of grace was up. Forgive me for speaking so generally, but I'm within shouting distance of the end of my current novel, and I can't spare the time to read the chapter concerned and give page and line references; I'm speaking from my newly-prompted recollection of an idea that is more like seven than six years in the past.

But, in outline: what I had in mind was that the intransigence of the passage of time in the real world was at this point to come close to making Diaz abandon the game, claiming that Romero's imprisonment of Tezol constituted an illegal (because out-of-sequence) extra move for White. This momentary slipping of the grip the players have on their pieces appears in the action on pp. 175-6, where the city threatens to erupt into open violence with the hanging of Arrio in effigy. Using that as a means of persuading Diaz that if he gives up the game disaster will follow, Mayor (still on the scene until the TV station is burned down 18 pages later) arbitrated the dispute and secured Vados's reluctant consent to the jailing of Tezol being counted as his move 19, even though it did not follow Black's move 18 in real time. As a result (and this does show clearly in the action) Dalban as QB threatens and disposes of Mayor in the space of a single night, without waiting for another White move to intervene.

I am now, with abeissances in Stratton's direction, going to write in an extra paragraph of explanation in Vados's confession to Hakluyt, which will sew this up for good and all. It ought to have been in the Ballantine edition. Sorry. I hope you don't feel cheated by having so much of the story (this is the second chunk) appearing serially in Yandro!



✓Okay, apologies to everyone. I thought you were aware that fanzine editors consider every mis-sive not marked "Do Not Quote" (or the abbreviation thereof DNQ) as fair game. Anyway, it didn't appear to be a terribly rude letter -- for fandom, that is. RSC/

Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, New York, 11220

Yandro #158 was instrumental in jolting me from my fannish lethargy. It's an average issue, but it hit me at about the right time (i.e., when I was looking for a good excuse not to be working...)

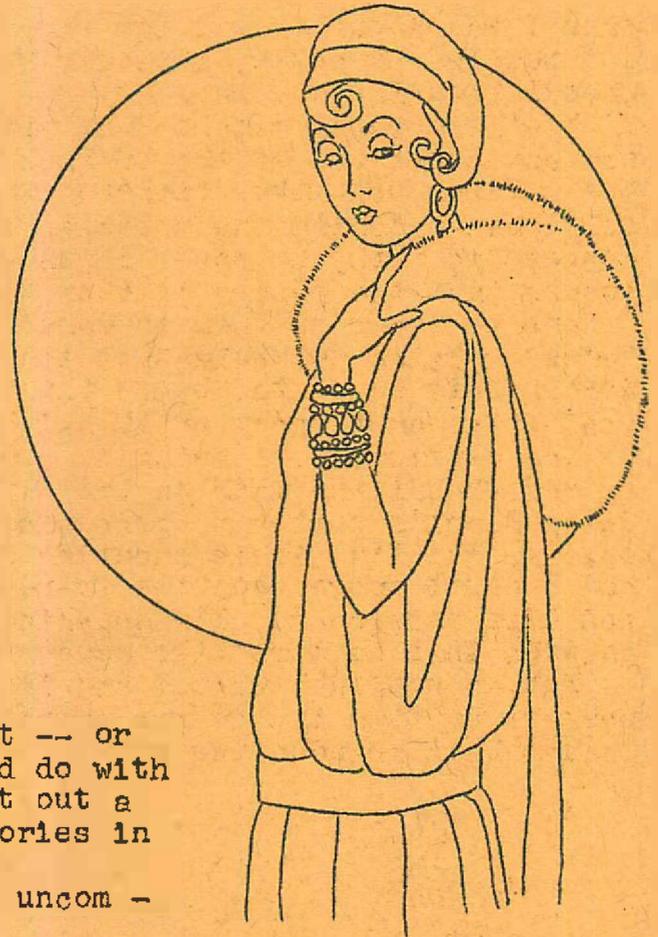
Panshin spares no punches on Sam; I enjoyed his review of SEEKERS, but it seems to me he was a good bit harsher than the other reviewers I've read on the subject. Does this indicate bias on their part -- or his? I'd love to see what Alex could do with a Colliers Book anthology Sam brought out a few years ago with one of his own stories in it...

Gene DeWeese's bit is lovely, but uncom-mentable.

"Kingsley Amis: A Practical Nightmare" is a practical nightmare all right: Pickering's. Recently I waded through a wad of his prose of roughly similar length, for the purposes of rebuttal, in Algol. I'm not going to attempt the job again here. Skimming his densely-packed, prolix and ineptly-constructed prose is difficult, but I observe that Mr. Pickering is still up to his old tricks: inappropriate quotes, non-sequitur arguments, and just bad writing. I am struck, however, by his penultimate line: "This has become an ostensible trend perhaps now more than before, and, too, Mr. Amis will likely coerce his opinions with more knowledge. My WEBSTERS tells me: "ostensible: apparent; seeming; professed." "Coerce: 1. To restrain or constrain by force, especially by legal authority; curb. 2. To force; compel. 3. To effect by force; enforce -- Syn. see force." I suggest someone coerce Mr. Pickering to learn the ostensible English language, and to cease inflicting his turgid thoughts and prose upon us until that time.

As a Sturgeon fan and a Western fan, I was looking forward to reading THE RARE BREED. But not only did I not finish the book; I have no desire to see the movie either. For Sturgeon another KIND AND FOUR QUEENS it was not.

John Brunner's letters on his work on SQUARES OF THE CITY was fascinating, but I think that it must be said that he failed to write a successful novel, and that the device of using a chess game is not an excuse -- only an explanation. I am not a chess fan, so I read the book simply as a book. I found the forewords and afterwords a bit of a muchness, but they didn't put me off that much. What did put me off is that very thing which I am sure caused John most of his problems: the



action and motivation often seemed arbitrary. I did not feel that the book flowed as a novel should; the rhythm of the pacing did not feel right. The ending was abrupt and unsatisfying; the actions of the two "Kings" served more as an explanation to the reader than validly motivated action. I liked Hakluyt's occupation, but was never convinced that he (and Brunner) really knew what he was doing; the expertise wore thin. Basically, I think that if John were to say "To hell with the chess gimmick; let's make a good book of it!" he'd rewrite it quite differently, and a lot better.

Good news for you and Jim Goodrich: This summer we'll be publishing a brand new novelette by Thomas Burnett Swann in F&SF. It's the cover story, and Burt Tanner did us a lovely wraparound. I think that makes a rather nice showcase for Swann...

/I must admit that I didn't exactly like the ending of SQUARES OF THE CITY; despite this, I thought it an excellent book, and more worthy of the Hugo nomination than several of the entries on the final ballot. RSC7

L. Sprague de Camp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, Pennsylvania, 19085  
Many thanks for Yandro No. 159, and for the kind remarks about my wife's and my little book. That Palladino had "hoodwinked" the earlier investigating committees is to my mind not a dogmatic statement but a reasonable inference from the subsequent exposure of her methods; but of course I could be wrong.

/Reasonable to you (and me), yes - but what would Camp-bell say? (Or does anyone care?) RSC7

Dainis Bisenieks, 1033 Pomona, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103  
Budrys is a Lithuanian; his father is/was one of the top men of the Lithuanian government in exile. I am a Latvian, though.  
About SILVERLOCK: There is at least an excuse for all those characters of myth and story being in the novel end, like in Disneyland, going thru their acts just as the hero is passing by. Commonwealth stands somewhere between a "real" fantasy world and a dream world. Like Norton's WITCH WORLD, it is a place designed to develop the hero's character; it will either make him into the kind of man he was meant to be, or break him. He starts out as an I'm-for-me-first type with no real zest for life; a typical product of 20th Century urban America. This world, Commonwealth, asks of him the response of a whole man: he cannot get by with less.

The two novels of George MacDonald that were reprinted in one volume not long ago - PHANTASTES and LILITH - are based on the same idea. In both, the young hero's human qualities are tested and developed in a kind of FAERY QUEEN world. If you've read TREE AND LEAF, you will recall that Tolkien thought well of MacDonald's works. A report has reached me that he'd been asked to do a preface for a new edition of them. He felt obliged to re-read them all - and found that he didn't like them any more!

If he thought, maybe, that he could write better than that, he would have been right! Too many things in those books are, in Auden's phrase, "shy-making". The hero is not sufficiently characterized; I cannot believe that the anguish he suffers as the result of his failures is real; I cannot believe in the possibility of his really, irrevocably coming to grief. I am told, at the end, that he has changed, but I don't think

am shown it.

I could make the same objections to SILVERLOCK. There is an excuse for all those characters of myth and story, as I say, but only the final chapters reveal it. Meanwhile, at many points, I groan and say, "This is too much!" If all these guest appearances (cameos, I think they call 'em in movies) were purely in a spirit of fun (as in the INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER series), I could take it. But the book falls between the two seats of comedy and seriousness. Then, the characterization. To succeed truly, a story of this sort needs depth. I do not think we get it. Silverlock is shown, at the start, as a heel; he does shameful things and gradually learns better. But all this is clumsily told. And the ending: his half-success at the Spring of Hippocrene and the return to the "real" world...it is at just this point that I can take an interest in his character and wish to see how it develops. But there the story ends!

The Hugo Ballots: 160 returned, out of how many con members?? Nu?

/But what difference does it make how many convention members returned Hugo ballots on the first round? It's the con members who return the second ballot who count. (Where is that second ballot, by the way? Isn't it about time for another Progress Report?) RSC7

Dick Lupoff, Merry Hell, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12603

Maybe it's just a beautiful spring day (at long last) or Friday or whatever is making me feel nice, but Yandro 158 seems to be the best issue in a long time...just the right combination of Coulson folksiness (I mean that in a complimentary sense), the light touch in much of the material -- and yet not the total frothiness of the "faaanish" stuff of which we had too much a couple of years ago.

Juanita's comments on the neos discovered via Lin Carter's If column brings to mind the Indiana Hobby Fair and Ray Beam's resulting article in Xero a few years ago. (Six years? Good lord!) ((Spa fon? Squa tront?)) And the whole matter of getting newcomers into fandom.

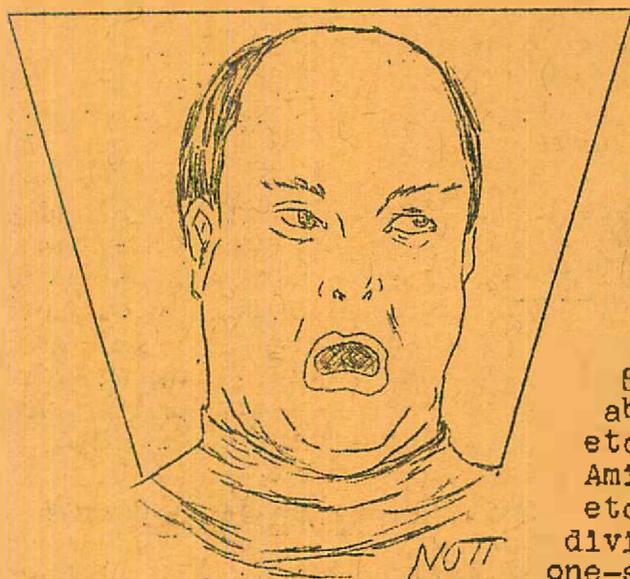
Perhaps the main change resulting from the switch of the bulk of sf publishing (other than the decline of the short story in favor of the novel...all to the good, in my opinion) is the loss of the magazine "features" -- the fanzine reviews, editorials, and letter columns, which served -- especially the fanzine reviews -- as fandom's main source of recruits. Maybe Lin's column will bring in neos, with all their good characteristics and all their bad ones.

Buck -- Haverings may be the best fanzine review fanzine around... it's also the worst. Hmmm.

I was very interested in Alexei Panshin's review of SEEKERS OF TOMORROW; to a large degree I agree with his gripes, but I must also say a little in SaM's defense.

On the agreement side, I must say that SaM is, indeed, no stylist. His prose tends to be painfully clumsy when it is not utterly grotesque. Also, his research tends to be more extensive than accurate, so that he leaves the reader alternately admiring his access to and knowledge of old periodicals, obscure works by prominent authors (or obscure authors) ...and annoyed by the errors in his statements.

Further, I'll agree with Panshin that SaM's decisions are frequently wrong, usually unsupported, and almost always presented in a pompous, dogmatic fashion that makes them objectionable even when they're not entirely indefensible.



Panshin may also be justified in griping at the typos in the book, but I think he'd better blame the publisher than the author. (Having come through a similar experience myself, I sympathize with Moskowitz on this point.)

But there is something to be said for SaM too, and since Alexei didn't say it, please let me. And that something is that SaM's books are the only game in town. There have been many books about stf as literature, social criticism, etc.: Bailey, de Camp, Nicolson, Bretnor, Amis, Blish, Knight, Davenport, Eshbach, etc. And there have been "books" about individual stf authors, ranging from special one-shot fanzines (Nowlan's "Ray Bradbury Review") to full fledged books about Verne,

Wells, Poe, Lewis, etc.

(One must not omit Panshin's own sadly aborted Heinlein opus.)

But nowhere else is there a book of the type of SaM's EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE and SEEKERS OF TOMORROW. Chapter by chapter, author by author, SaM gives us career sketches and some biography and bibliography of virtually every major figure in the history of science fiction. Alexei more-or-less acknowledges this in his last paragraph, but so grudgingly as to make it more a knock than a compliment.

That's half it. But, one is tempted to say, anybody could have done what SaM did...leastways, if he had had the research facilities of SaM's collection and the time and inclination and perseverance to do the fantastic amount of research that SaM has done. Well, maybe "anybody" could have done it, but "anybody" didn't do it. SaM did. And he got his stuff published not once but twice (in magazine form, and then as books).

And, for all the flaws that the books have -- heaven knows they have them--- I still take off my hat to SaM for producing them. I know they have proved useful to me in the past, and I expect them to in the future.

You can tell Gene DeWeese that I saw that picture: ~~William~~ Forrest Tucker plays the professor, and his daughter is some starlet who never made it. She shortly turned to porniefilms (they pay better) and wound up marrying Kenneth Duncan.

Pickering follows up his article in a recent Algol (which, by the way, was excellent) with another triumph of fannish humor. If he can keep this up he will inherit the togas of Tucker, Bloch, Leman and George Wetzel.

Regarding your review of HPL's CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, take another look. That old Salem Wizard didn't return in soul form and possess his descendent. The descendent revived his ancestor in the flesh (remember them "essential saltes") & the ancestor then bumped off the poor kid and impersonated him. I think it's HPL's best story, and it would be quite a chiller if he hadn't hamhandedly given away the "surprise" ending in chapter 1.

This Batman serial business in the lettercol arises from the fact that there were two Batman serials and they had different casts. Hence, two Batmen (mans?), two Robins, and a whole different lineup of villains, girl friends, spear carriers, etc.

Artwork was all pretty good, with a special piece of rutubaga mold for Randy Scott's lovie water louse on page 10.

/Hmm; the Lovecraft must not have been a memorable book, if I couldn't remember an essential plot ingredient from the time I read it to the time I reviewed it. You're right, of course. RSC7

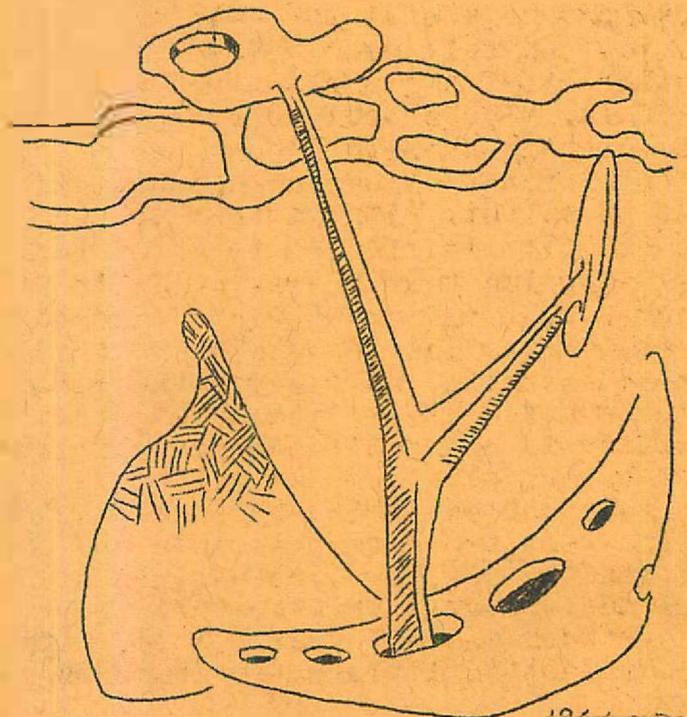
Pete Weston, 9, Porlock Crescent, Northfield, B'ham 31, United Kingdom

Stephen Pickering is a shocking writer. He sent me something that I could not possibly use, and it was full of verbiage. You are aware of this, I see, but still let him into your own zine. The Amis article was not as bad as most he's written, but still, what exactly did it have to say? I'm sure there was a point, but how terribly expressed, and how very many big words and complicated phrases. I wouldn't have used this piece at all, and even heavily cut and rewritten it would still be suspect since Pickering's tastes are as suspect as is his writing ability. Don't use this chap's stuff, Bob. Let Niekas have it! (Even Sapiro doesn't want it, I gather.)

My hackles also rise at Good Old Alex Panshin's piece. Now Alex can write - probably not as well as he thinks, but still, pretty competently. This piece is interesting, it may even be valid criticism. But why be so hard on poor old SaM? The whole piece shows its prejudices too much for a technical criticism - one gets the feeling that the reviewer is sneering, has an ax to grind, is almost - outraged! I don't consider it Panshin's job to be outraged, and this tone detracted from the value of the article. Again, I wouldn't have used it in ZS, unless first rewritten to remove my objections. I am pretty sure this piece will or has already caused a feud, and unnecessary one. Please ask your authors to ease up on the vitriol!

Actually I would rather like Lin Carter to review ZS in If - admittedly it would be more work, but I reckon I could absorb another 100 subscribers to my advantage. My fanzine seems to be one of those requiring periodic transfusions from moderately wealthy fans. Re

Your reviews - and they're not first-drafted? Ugh, how could you! Read none of the books except MINDSWAP which got me flaming mad, or to be moderate, let's say I agreed with your review. Don't like the NWSF series at all. Agree with you on WATCH BELOW. I have a Brian Aldiss review of the book which cuts it to pieces. But the latest New Worlds praises it! Letters - haven't much interest in SQUARES OF THE CITY now I've read it and been bored stiff. Budrys in Galaxy about sums it up I thought (and also for that other over-rated monstrosity, DUNE) There are no worthy books for the Hugo this year - Heinlein probably deserves it most by a short lead. Hey, you never did reply to Nexus, which one did I send, want some more? (That's my fanzine, produced for kicks, available to 'friends' only). I think I'll have fun and send you some



1966 AD 110

Birmingham SF Group Newsletters, to see what you make of them.

Keep sending Yandro, Please, your life sub to ZS is recorded and I've got Panshin's long 2nd chapter for October. It runs to 18,000 words, so he says. Whew!

[Of course my reviews are first-drafted; it's just that they are first-drafted on stencil. It's the second draft that is omitted. (One of the ways to save time in fandom is not to waste it in rewriting stuff you've already written; at least 99% of my fan writings are composed on stencil or -- if they are sent to another editor -- done as a first draft, blue-pencilled by myself, and sent out. I believe I've done two rewrites in the past couple of years, on items where I read the first draft and didn't like it myself.) Judging from the response -- none favorable -- the Pickering article was a mistake. Well, you can't win 'em all; see if you like this one any better. As for Panshin, I consider that it is the duty of a fan to become outraged at what he considers bad writing, and vitriol is acceptable as long as the author is willing to accept the abuse he will get in return. (It is not the duty of a critic to blame an author for typographical errors; I accept the blame for not editing Panshin's article in order to remove the inferences that every error in spelling was Sam's personal responsibility. This is such obvious nonsense that I didn't even think about the inference being present, but since several readers commented on it, I guess it was.)

RSC/

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, New York, 13212

The day after Yandro 158 appeared, I had the pleasure of having dinner with Sam and Chris Moskowitz and spending an evening at their home in Newark, N.J. Sam was mildly annoyed over Alexei Panshin's denunciation of SEEKERS OF TOMORROW in this issue. But Sam was also amused at the same time. He explained why to me, and I would like to pass this along to the readers of Yandro.

Alexei certainly looked very deeply into little details, and made some biting comments on them. In view of this, a letter from Alex to Sam written a few years back was both revealing and amusing. First, the letter was dated 1956, when it pretty obviously should have been dated 1963. Incredible, if petty, mistake number one. Then, the letter was unsigned, with the sender's name merely typed in -- a social blunder made especially glaring since Alexei was requesting a large favor from Sam. Lastly, there was no return address on the letter!

At this point I was struck by the similarity between Alexei's letter and something Isaac Asimov humorously expounded on during the recent Lunacon. Isaac went into great detail on the many letters he received from schoolboys who request simply incredible amounts of information from him so they can write a term paper and then they fail to include a return address.

Alexei announced to Sam that he had undertaken to prepare a critical work on Robert Heinlein, but didn't have the slightest idea where or how to start. And could Sam suggest how to go about this? Would Sam provide all the material he has on Heinlein since Alexei has no source material at all? The letter went on in this vein for some length, along with very detailed and specific questions as well.

Sam was unable to reply, of course, since he hadn't the slightest idea where to reach Alexei. Eventually, Sam did secure the address when Alexei wrote again in response to the fandom grapevine that informed him of the letter's oversights. Sam did not supply the requested help and source material since he is, after all, a professional writer and editor with commitments of his own. The help requested by this fan would represent a very serious amount of time from Sam's own writing. Incidentally, the hardest job in critical writing is the gathering of source material and information - to this extent Sam would have been writing Alexei's book for him. At any rate, Alexei's critical study of Heinlein was prepared without Sam's help and is now being published in a fanzine.

Sam's two books, SEEKERS OF TOMORROW and EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE bear the imprint of the World Publishing Co. Not only does a major book publisher think well of Sam's books, but the reading public as well. Both books sold out the complete edition of 4000 copies each in fifteen days, and another printing is being made. Even more revealing than this are the literally dozens of favorable reviews Sam showed me clipped from metropolitan newspapers and national periodicals. These are unfailingly complimentary. In particular, Vincent Starrett in the Sunday, April 17th Chicago Tribune "Books Today" section writes glowingly and at considerable length. Starrett and the others failed to detect either errors of scholarship or flaws of style. Apparently Alexei Panshin is the only critic to do so.

Much of Alexei's criticism is concerned with typographical errors. Sure, Sam's books have typos - so do all books, from the DEVIL'S BIBLE on down. Sam's books went through the usual routine common to all major publishing companies, including normal proofreading. As for style, Sam has one all his own just as any professional writer develops over the years. Sam's earnestness when it comes to science fiction does incline him toward portentousness, a forgivable trait considering the subject. However, I think it unjust to hold this earnestness up to ridicule - there's little enough serious material on the history of science fiction appearing in print. In fact, can you think of anyone's except Sam?

More, criticism of Sam's writing style is not important. After all, it is not a work of fiction being judged, nor does Sam set himself up as a poet. What he does is search sources that probably no one else in the world possesses to delineate origins of ideas and other historical data. These are then condensed into a quick summary, without the footnotes and long, learned bibliography that Alexei apparently feels needed. However, Sam is writing a popular survey, not a textbook. He has certainly done all the necessary research, and could come up with bibliographic references that would turn a Gorgon to stone. Unfortunately, these items would be beyond the reach of all but a handful of people. For instance, who would have the March, 1924, Weird Tales? And there are a lot of rarer magazines than that in Sam's research library.

This library of Sam's is immense, consisting of every English language science fiction and fantasy magazine ever published, every conceivable magazine containing science fiction stories, books containing science fiction, and associational material. Indeed, Sam goes further and has files full of newspaper clippings on events and people in science fiction, plus every fanzine he could get his hands on in thirty years of collecting. His files are bulging with correspondence illuminating fascinating corners of science fiction - including that letter I mentioned from Alexei. Sam even showed me my own dossier, containing letters I'd written him nearly twenty years ago.

Sam deserved a vote of thanks for the service he's done  
fandom as our Royal Historian. Alexei may wish to argue  
that's simply because no one else has undertaken the task,  
and I will only smile along with Sam in reply.

But, if Sam is writing "a popular survey,  
not a textbook", then style is important.  
(Although it is less important here than  
in many cases, since, as Lupoff points out,  
there is nothing similar to compare it with,  
so it cannot be said that so-and-so did the  
job better.) Incidentally, not having read  
the book, I have no personal opinion about  
it at all. But I'm willing to publish the  
opinions of others, pro or con. RSC/

Frank M. Dietz, Jr., K.S.F., 1750 Walton Avenue, Bronx,  
New York, 10453

Wolf  
-5-

Alexei Panshin does seem to be trying to draw blood,  
with his "review" of Sam's book. I felt it unjustified  
since Sam is in no position to have time to proofread the  
thing before it's printed, which a volume of this sort should have. I'm  
far more willing to believe that Sam knew the correct information when  
he first wrote his articles, and these few errors pointed out have come  
about thru the transcribing; Sam has about the best research library in  
the science fiction field. And, thru his years of experience in the  
field, I'd be far more willing to accept his opinions and conclusions  
than those of many others who have been around the field as long, defi-  
nitely more so than latecomers like Alexei. I offer no defense of his  
criticism of Sam's use of English, however.

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

Leave it to Alexei to be first with the review. Still, I had hopes  
of being the first to point out that "Gravy Train" typo, but Briney  
ruined that later in the issue, darn him. (After a couple hundred pages  
I was getting rather groggy, Sam obviously was, and I figured many others  
might also be, enough so not to notice the error, which was one I find  
quite unforgiveable.) But most of the other ones aren't, and on top of  
that, the copy I got out of the library (I'll still buy it, but reluc-  
tantly) in place of pages 27 through 58 had random pages from the next  
three chapters. Grrr... I also found the excessive references to possi-  
ble influences on a story the most annoying of the many faults of the  
book. This is a risky business even when the proximity of the stories  
seems obvious, but Moskowitz attributes influences to obscure stories  
from minor magazines with only vaguely similar ideas and appearing dec-  
ades earlier, which were probably never even read by the authors in  
question. And Moskowitz' incessant worship of Stapledon seems almost  
juvenile. Thus BRAVE NEW WORLD relies on sensationalism and isn't near-  
ly as "serious and philosophical" as Stapledon's LAST AND FIRST MEN. Sam  
seems to do best on material that was written down to his own level.  
Simak, he informs us, is a mystic, and Vonnegut lacks the beneficial in-  
fluence of several solid years of writing for the pulps where things are  
simple and can be understood. But I found his treatment of Doc Smith  
and van Vogt sympathetic and fair. I would say the greatest point in  
favor of the book, however, is the biographical material which is often  
fascinating (take del Rey; Gad what a history!) and the knowledge shown  
here and there of some of the inner workings of the publishing business

in science fiction and how certain stories were rejected, etc. It is not a worthless book, although possible misleading in places, I'll admit. But at any rate I find it infinitely more worthwhile than what Alexei himself has shown us of what he considers criticism should be in his Heinlein effort. Sorry.

Pickering seems to write better for Yandro than many other fanzines. This means you are working on him, for which I thank you. Someday I'm going to find out what this guy is trying to say. Nevertheless, the article served two useful purposes for me. First it brought to my attention the Holiday article by Amis; and second it gave me the beautiful phrase (?) of "redundant repeat". That's a beaut!

You know, it would be a really great project for some fan to compile a list of articles and important reviews and criticisms of science fiction appearing outside the field. I have a small list of my own, but I'm sure it doesn't begin to scratch the surface. I think these articles are important and revealing and a good list of them would be very useful in making them more readily accessible.

I just got a Penguin paperback edition of Russell's novel THREE TO CONQUER, the first British pb I've ever gotten. It's rather startling and pleasant to get, rather than the usual garish sensationalism, the pastel tones of Max Ernst's "Orange Blossom" on the cover. Almost as if SF belonged outside of the comicbooks, perish the thought!

∟I'm rather tempted to agree with Moskowitz on Vonnegut; maybe I should buy his book, after all. RSC

Well on the project list, let's see: the fan should not be in publishing (so he'll have enough time to work on the compiling), he should have an interest in the results and should be in an area near a large college or university library with its myriad bibliographic resources. Remind you of anyone? JWC7

Don Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio, 44060

The "Wilson Wucker" typo (more particularly, Briney's comment on it in Y159) reminds me of the time Hyphen typoed publisher Funk & Wagnalls as "Funk and Wagballs."

I spotted it while reading the issue and went into spasms of laughter. My then-roommate, James Fenimore Cooper Jr, inquired of the reason for my levity and I told him.

His eyes widened a bit, he nodded, and then said: "Well, it's the lesser of two evils."

In re Rick Norwood on sf in ce klasrum, I recall several people used to come to me for help in picking stories to read aloud in college speech classes. Kind of like being an anthologist without portfolio (or pay). I used to give them ones with punch (Bradbury's "The October Game" was one, I remember) and vicariously savor the reaction of the class to the story.

Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif., 94301

So you have found a Californian who thinks THE OXBOW INCIDENT contains erotic sex, eh? I'm glad; think how shocking it would be if it contained any other kind.

∟Easy to see you're not a farm girl. What's



so shocking about a couple of Holsteins getting together? (It isn't as though they were buffalo, after all....) RSC7

Charles N. Reinsel, 120 8th Avenue, Clarion, Pennsylvania

Re: Bob Briney. There were two (2) Batman serials:

1943: Batman - Lewis Wilson  
Robin - Douglas Croft

1949: Batman - Robert Lowery  
Robin - John Duncan

Re: "Wonder Mother". This is from the record "Sunday Morning with the Comics": Resprise #6210. This also has Batman, Tom Mix, Jack Armstrong, etc.

Nettie Ott, 709 Colorado St., Salt Lake City, Utah, 84116

I mistook the Cawthorn on 6 for an Adkins, and the face on the Adkins on 7 is beautiful. The face on the Scott on 10 reminds me of someone I know. But I'm not sure just who. And my 12-year old is crazy about the hairy knees.

I am taken with the pg. 19 illo. I really like it. Britton sounds so familiar that I am positive that I've seen more of his (?) work. But for the life of me I don't know where. I can't find anything in the zines I have here at home. Enlighten me.

You talk about Jon Hall and Maria Montez. Well, this past month they have been running all of their old films on T.V. George and I have really been living.

When I was a kid, I papered the walls of my bedroom with pictures of movie stars. I actually glued them on. (If one of my kids tries a stupid trick like that, I'll kill 'em.) And they became rather unsightly because of all the gooey good-night kisses bestowed upon them.

Am I dating myself when I say that my favorites were Turhan Bey, Helmut Dantine, and Kurt Kreuger? And George had it so bad for Maria Montez that I could get almost anything he owned in trade for a picture of her. He became somewhat of an expert and authority on her life and movies.

And George and I both read the Doc Savage book FEAR CAY. He counted and underlined the words--bronze man, metallic man, golden man, and the man who seemed to be made of metal. And then I went through and caught the ones he missed. In a book of 138 pages, those words appeared 123 times. And that doesn't count the times it said 'gold-flecked eyes'. Do you think the author was trying to put something over?

With all this to-do about pornographic literature and such, they are removing books from news-stands like crazy. And I find Chaucer just as delightful as the books that are banned. They say that one of the Judges, while researching the subject, developed quite a taste for pornography.

[I'll go along with you on Dantine, tho I never say much of Bey and Kreuger. (I saw Dantine because I was an Errol Flynn fan...apropos of nothing, I see that Sean Flynn has been wounded while photographing Viet Nam for a French magazine -- like father, like son, I guess.)

Ed Wood, 6553 Green Way, Apt #2, Greendale, Wisconsin, 53129

I fear that in his efforts to see the trees, Mr. Alexei Panshin (Yan-aro #158) has missed the forest. I read Sam Moskowitz's SEEKERS OF TOM-

ORROW and was enthralled both by the subject matter, and the awesome amount of information he has assembled about the twenty two important science fiction writers and personalities which form the real subject matter of the book. By directed chance, these expanded articles from Amazing Stories do happen to become a history of science fiction from about the mid-30s to 1965, with side probes into the 20s in regard to Edmond Hamilton and Jack Williamson.

I am sure Moskowitz is laughing all the way to the bank at Panshin's dislike of his style and opinions. This is not to say that Panshin should not point out the inconsistencies and mistakes in the book. Every person has his own opinions and I should imagine that all opinions are "questionable" (Panshin:page 7, line 40). All joking aside, can Panshin truthfully say that he learned nothing new about the people that Moskowitz has written about in the book? If he knew all these facts, then I truly must bow to Panshin's mastery and expertise in science fiction. Panshin seems to have missed the real scholarship Moskowitz displays in digging up facts. There is none of this sterile copying of someone else's book or work, common to the academic field.

Mr. Robert Briney in his letter was more charitable, which is saying a lot, knowing the dislike Briney has for Moskowitz's style. I also spotted a number of typographical errors in the book, but since I am known as a notorious nit-picker, I shall pass this time. Any reader is welcome to find his own and enjoy his "superiority" over Sam Moskowitz. Sam's eyesight is poor and has been growing worse with time. He really should pay some competent New York or New Jersey fan (there are many) to go over the galley proofs of his books and remove the typos and to recheck names and titles and quotes -- tedious but necessary. Panshin did not call the book dull, which in a negative way must be considered a compliment. What was it that was said about Henry James: "Such stately prose, such magnificent style, such absolutely marvelous grammar and the dullest writer in the English language."

Having read SEEKERS OF TOMORROW just after the article by J. Vernon Shea about Lovecraft in the May 1966 Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, I was saddened to realize that H.P. Lovecraft was not unique in his lonely eccentricity, but had many companions among the fantasy/science fiction writers.

Les Sample, 4213 Willingham Drive, Columbia, S.C., 29206

If you read TRUE TALES FROM THE ANNALS OF CRIME AND RASCALITY by St. Clair McKelway (Vintage:95¢) you will learn such interesting things as:

In Colonial America, the downfall of the wampum system of money established by certain Indians and adopted by settlers was caused by the wholesale importation of counterfeit wampum manufactured in undercover counterfeit wampum factories in England.

King Henry VIII, outraged because he had been victimized by embezzlers, promulgated the first anti-embezzlement statute in 1592. This was pretty damned good, since, according to all of my other references, Henry would, had he been alive in 1592, have been 101 years old.

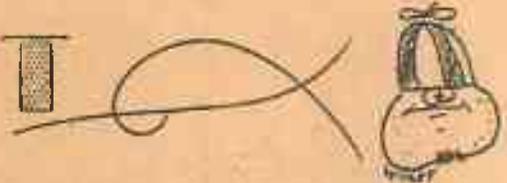
The most successful counterfeiter in U.S. history (from standpoint of remaining steadily productive for the longest period of time before being caught) produced only one-dollar bills, and one of his plates was so bad that the word "Washington" was spelled W-A-H-S-I-N-G-T-O-N.

The book is filled with all sorts of goodies like that -- a veritable treasure trove of humor.

△ We sometimes keep letters around for months, as well as contributions.

RSC/

# STRANGE FRUIT



A few odds and ends to begin with. Gregg Wolford sent NOT QUITE AUGUST, Dwain Kaiser sent BY STRANGE UNSEEN GODS #14, and a certain pair of fans who objected violently when I even mentioned their last publication sent another copy of it. Then Bill Pettit sent a bunch of incredible puns masquerading as an apazine, and the Atlanta Folk Music Society sent a copy of STRAY NOTES, which appears to have strayed completely out of sight.

I also have an ad from the Tolkien Society (dues, \$1.50 per year) from which you can get such things as fanzines, lapel buttons saying "Frodo Lives" and various other impedimenta. Queries to Dick Plotz, Tolkien Society of America, 159 Marlborough Road, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226.

MACABRE #15, 17 (Joseph Payne Brennan, 91 Westerleigh Road, New Haven 15, Connecticut - 40¢ - irregular) Joe Sarno supplied these copies, saying I might be interested. Presumably any horror-fantasy fan will be at least interested in this semi-professional magazine published by a writer well-known to readers of WEIRD TALES. Material reminds me of the later days of WEIRD; some good material and some terribly bad stuff. (I'm judging here by professional standards; it's all at least competent by the standards of fanzines.)

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #11, 12 (John Boston, 816 So. First St, Mayfield, Kentucky 42066 - monthly - 4 for 25¢) Notices and reviews of new hard-cover and paperback books. Excellent for collectors and readers.

RATATOSK #33, 34 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) Fan and professional news items. In #34, Bruce lists his choices for Hugo nominations (and manages to pick the wrong one in every category....) Here's where to find out what is going on in fandom, when one is in need of an editorial deploring current trends.

THE COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #5 (C. W. Brooks, Jr, 911 Briarfield Rd, Newport News, Va. 23605 - irregular) This is an NZF publication; I'm not sure if you can get it without joining the club or -- as I do -- contributing occasionally to the magazine. Write the editor and ask, if you're interested. This is strictly for stf collectors; checklists of illustrations and stories, occasional descriptions of magazines and off-trail books, a trade column, etc.

THE COLLECTOR'S ADVOCATE #2 (Owen C. Girley, 2207 Greenwell St, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70805 - 5 for \$2.00 - quarterly) A much fancier mag than the one above, being offset instead of mimeographed, and with interesting artwork. It doesn't really provide any more information for collectors -- but it provides as much, and without overlapping. Anyone with a large interest in past stf publications and their collecting will want both.

LORE, #4 (Jerry Fege, 193 Battery Pl. NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30307, and Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle SE, Atlanta, Ga. 30316 - cash to Burge and all other mail to Page - irregular - 3 for 50¢) And if you're really interested in knowledge of early stf, you'll want this, too. A large part of each issue consists in answering the questions of readers; a valuable service. There is more indexing -- Ed Wood's Checklist To FANTASTIC

UNIVERSE is enclosed as a rider with this issue. There are articles on people like Burroughs and Thomas Burnett Swann (you never did send me his address, Pettit). Aside from the irritating error of calling The Lord of the Rings a trilogy (I thought we'd got that stamped out), the material is interesting and knowledgable.

MICROMEGA #3 (Carlo Bordonì, Avenza, Viale XX Settembre, 211, Italy - 50¢ or 5 for \$2) An Italian fanzine, apparently of the general type (articles, fiction, convention notices, reviews, etc), and containing 70 oversized (by US standards) pages. At the moment, I have 2 copies, one from the editor and one from Harold Piser. It seems the editor is looking for a US agent, and both the editor and Piser thought of me. I'm not taking the job, though, so it's still open. Piser mentioned that if prospective agents would apply through him (at 41-08 Parsons Blvd, Flushing, New York 11355) he would add his own analysis of your qualifications (if you have any, that is) to your application. It would seem to be an interesting fanzine to read if you can read Italian; I can't guarantee what it would be like to agent for, but I've had worse jobs than collecting money.

Kalki #2½ (James N. Hall -- and nobody has answered my query if that "N" stands for "Norman" -- 202 Taylor Ave, Crystal City, Missouri 63019 - irregular - free for comment) This is an interim issue, devoted to advertising the Ozarkon and reassuring the faithful that another regular issue will be out, realsoonnow. Generally, it is devoted to the works of James Branch Cabell.

SIRRUISH #1 (Hank Luttrell, Route 13, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood Missouri 63122 - irregular? - 25¢) Hank explains why he's starting over on the numbering, but I'll bet Piser doesn't forgive him for it, anyway. (I wouldn't, if I was indexing fanzines.) Major item here is a pair of articles on Bob Dylan by the editor and Paul Gilster. It would seem that Dylan epitomizes the philosophy of today's Younger Generation, which is a hell of a thing to say about any generation but seems justified by the praise accorded him by all sorts of media. There is a list of "100 basic fantasy books"; I might note that I've read 83, and I've tried desperately to read several others and simply couldn't stomach them. (Needless to say, I disagree somewhat with the list.) There are other items on stf and the comics.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #22 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - biweekly - \$1 per year) Washington area news, plus reviews, and, for those who care for that sort of thing, a con report. Worthwhile for the reviews, which are good (meaning they agree with my own opinions).

TRUMPET #4 (Tom Reamy, 1709 Debbie Dr., Plano, Texas 75074 - "three or four times a year" - 60¢) A professional-looking printed mag that would be improved if the editor didn't review quite so many cruddy stf movies. (Although there are admittedly an awful lot of cruddy stf movies to review, if one has one's heart set on them.) Main item here is a comic strip adaptation of Anderson's Broken Sword with art by George Barr. Lovely art, even if you don't like comic strips. There is also material on Tarzan, somewhat dated in spots, and various other columns. TRUMPET is up for a Hugo this year -- winning a Hugo doesn't necessarily mean that the winner is the best in its field, but it's an indication that somebody likes it.

ISCARIOT #18 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35216 - irregular - free to interested parties) Primarily a serious mag. This one has an article on UNUSUAL STORIES, a review of Heins' bibliography of Burroughs, and letters. Generally very well written.

THE SOLARITE #5 (John Boland, 2328 47th. St, Moline, Illinois 61265 - irregular - 40¢) This is a fat 60-page fanzine. It features fiction -- John even says that he pays for stories, just like a pro. (And more than some pros -- such as Ray Palmer in OTHER WORLDS -- did.) There are also articles and reviews; nothing said about payment for them, though. The fiction isn't at all bad for amateur work; John's writers have even, in some cases, conquered the major problem of trying to cram too much story into too little space. Along with this came an ad for PHOTON which strikes me as the most unintentionally hilarious ad since Ken Kreuger circulated the blurb for a "Bantan" novel. If you enjoy amateur fiction, this is a good place to get it.

TWILIGHT ZINE #18 (Leslie Turek and Cary Seidman, 56 Linnsean St, Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - third class mail c/o Dave Vanderwerf, P.O. Box 430, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - irregular - 25¢) A better than average issue of fandom's fun-zine. I was particularly taken with the translation of "Goldilocks And The Three Bears" into Fortran, but "Tom Swift And His Electric Chair" also had its moments. There is also a crossword puzzle, for fans with time to kill.....

HIPPOCAMPELEPHANTOCAMELOS #3 (Fred Hollander, 1032 Kagawa St, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272 - quarterly? - 25¢) Here we have humor (steam mimeographs and backyard UFOs), letters, and a continuation of a terribly serious -- or at least straightfaced -- dissertation on the physics involved in teleporting matter from Venus to Mars. This began in the last issue, inspired by a bad stf book whose title I disremember. An excellent fanzine (unless one is trying to write a letter of comment on it, when it can be exasperating).

FEEMWLORT #5 (Greg Shaw, 2545 Lexington Way, San Bruno, Calif. 94066 - irregular - 30¢) Steve Pickering and Larry McCombs go into the question of fannishness vs. serious scholarship. I dunno; Steve showed signs of being a valuable addition to fandom until he began imitating the worst aspects of Leland Sapiro (without Sapiro's better traits, like thorough research). Ben Solon has a lovely review of "The Silencers" (which has been damned by every fan whose writings on it I have seen). It makes me glad I don't see many movies. A good verse by Mark Mandel; letters, and Pickering again, in a fairly good review (despite grammatical lapses) of The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress. It's a good fanzine, despite the editor's dissatisfaction. What happened to all the fabulous fan humor writers, Greg wants to know. I wouldn't mind knowing that myself; YANDRO has been altogether too serious the past couple of years. (But don't send me any "faen" humor; I want it related to stf or unrelated to any aspect of the field. Nothing that depends on fandom itself for its jokes.)

O.D.T.A.A. #2 (Bill Glass, 3177 W. 5th. St., Los Angeles, California 90005 - irregular - no price listed) An interesting idea; Bill sends a few pages a week through Apa-L; then, more or less at the end of a year, if I read him right, the extra pages from the weekly issues are assembled into a genzine. This sounds horrible, but actually the results are pretty good. The humorous filler items seem the best ("Draw Me And Win The Secret Of How To Cloud Men's Minds!"), but there is also a parody of THOR Comics, the script of the musical "Hello, Frodo!", verse, reviews (another movie it seems I don't want to see is the new "Beau Geste"), and an index to YANDRO. The whole thing runs 90 pages, so don't write and say "please send me a copy of your fanzine"; ask him what he considers adequate remuneration for parting with a copy of his valuable publication. (You might snow him sufficiently to get a free copy anyway.)

FIN