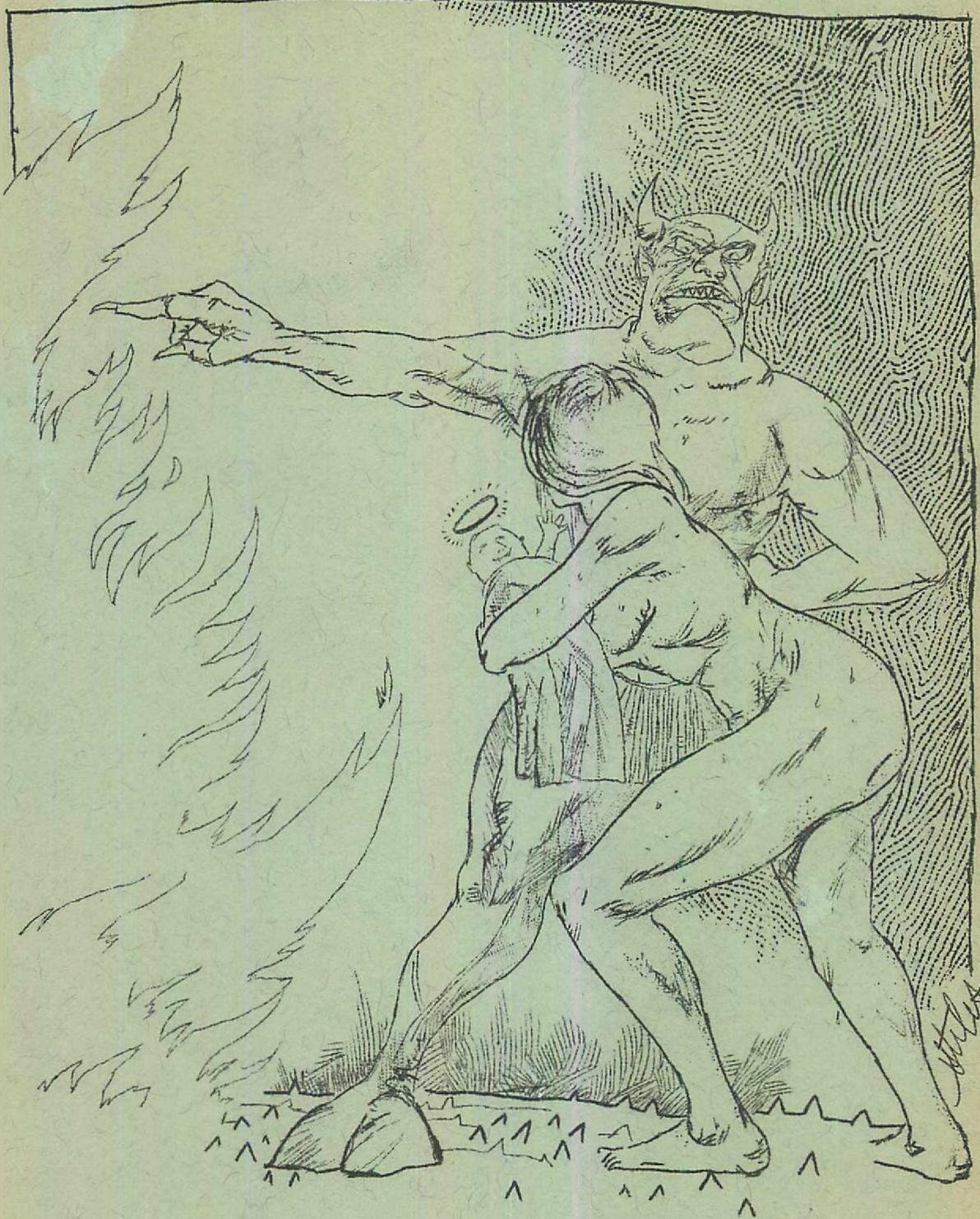


# Yandro





# YANDRO #165

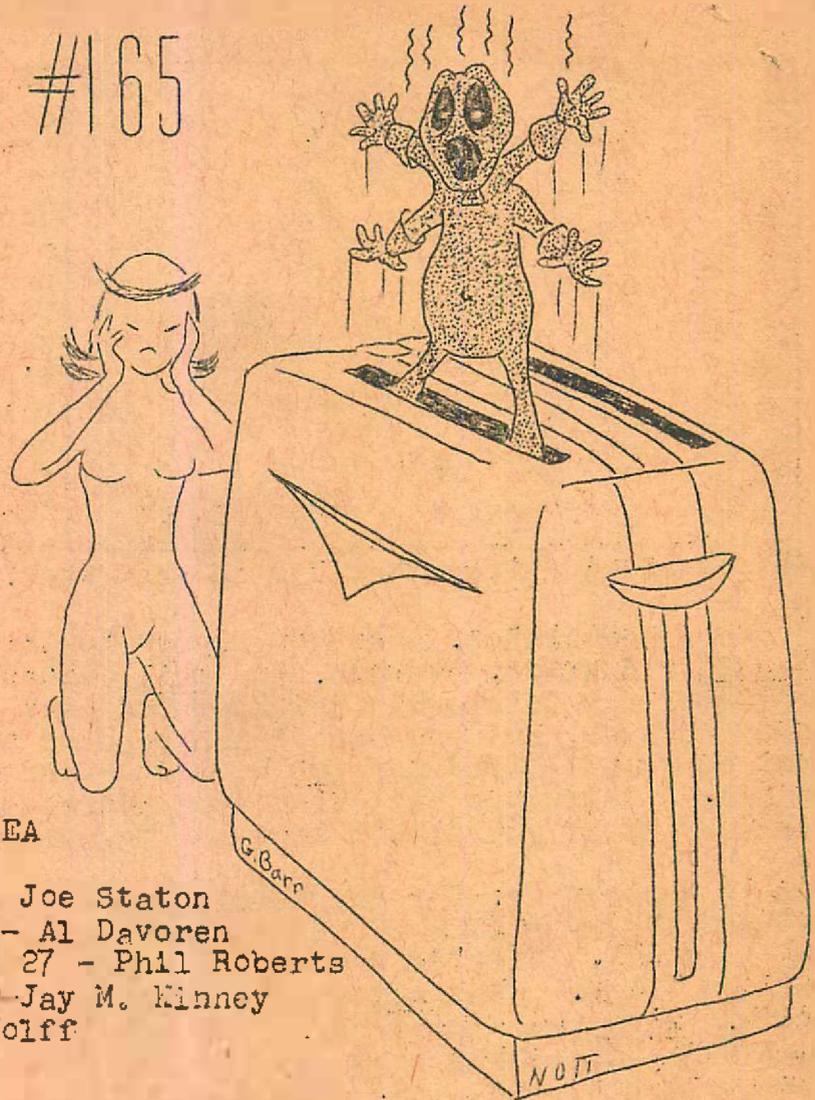
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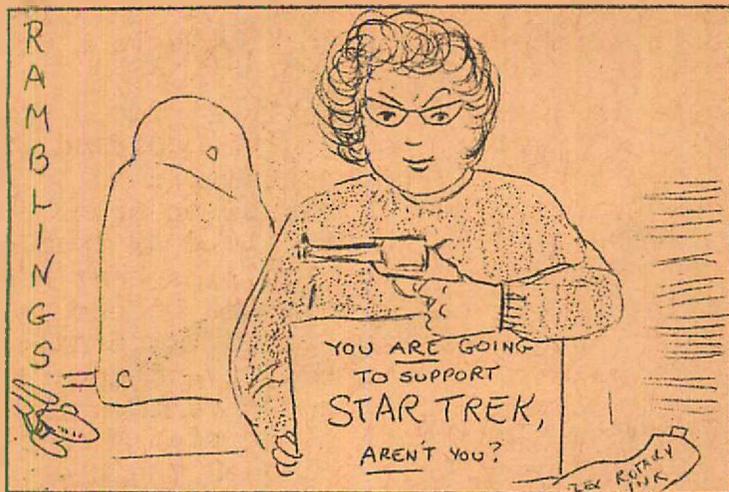
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## C O N T E N T S

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A Pre-Footnote to Ramblings: I'm not being conceited, but I have a special reason for wanting you to make "Ramblings" the first thing you read in this issue. And last minute thought: Readers who live in large metropolitan areas where a telephone call to a television station is not a billfold-busting toll call (it is from Hartford City) might consider phoning the station at 9:31 E.S.T. (or whatever time STAR TREK finishes in your area) and telling them how much you liked the show -- even if wasn't one of their best ones: CALL. (Make yourself heard when it'll help, not, as you usually do, when it's too late to matter.) NCW. JWC



On the opposite page you will find an open letter from Harlan Ellison; now constant and old-time readers of this fanzine are well aware that Harlan, in the past, has stimulated a considerable amount of disagreement on our parts, to say the very least. But on this particular matter, I am with Harlan all the way; I'm more than willing to climb on this bandwagon and scream my lungs out. And if you out there are as fed up as I am with remarks like: "Science fiction? Oh yeah, my kids watch *Lost in Space*, and wasn't that a stupid story they had on last week?".....get busy -- NOW.

I don't mean later, when you happen to think about it. I mean quit reading *Yandro* and write, address, and mail letter(s) or postcard(s) -- run, do not walk to your unfriendly neighborhood post office. *Yandro* will be here when you get back, and you can finish reading it at your *lelaure*. If we don't get busy, STAR TREK may not be here -- or may be seriously changed for the worse. Below you will find some addresses -- so don't give me any tired excuses about you didn't know who to write.

Don't misread me; for the people who enjoy *LOST IN SPACE*, *TIME TUNNEL*, *VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA*, and even *Lordelpus* *IT'S ABOUT TIME*, I wish no ill. They've had a hard day and they want to relax. Fine, enjoy enjoy, I say. But not at the expense of downgrading or cancelling STAR TREK. I've had a hard day, too, and I've got my own rights to sit down and enjoy something that doesn't stomp on my particular intellectual corns every turn of the plot.

STAR TREK certainly is not perfect, and it's made mistakes. But let's face it -- at the current state of serious, adult science fiction on television, the only way the series can go is down. Before we start throwing quibbles and complaints and nitpickings at the show, let's make sure it stays on the air. When it's solidly established, THEN you can scream at Roddenberry and his show. Right now, he needs help.....everybody get busy and write. I'll send you a stamp if you're too poor. Get friends and relatives to write, and your kids.

Where to write? For starters, your local station that carries the show, be it NBC affiliate, independent, cable or what. Tell 'em you watch the show and let them know somebody out there doesn't demand monsters or menaces constantly. I can't give you the address of your local STAR TREK station; my copy of *TV Guide*, lists Indiana's, so presumably your copy of *TV Guide* will list station addresses for your area. Central Indycans -- write channel 6; Northern Indiana fans write Channel 33 or 16. Get busy!

Write your local paper's TV review column. Our paper has one, and surely some rag in your area carries such a column.

Write: TV GUIDE, Radnor, Pa., 19088. Be brief and to the point.

Write: Desilu Productions, Inc., 780 N. Gower, Hollywood, Calif., 90038  
(They're picking up the program's tab; let them know you approve)

THE COMMITTEE: Poul Anderson, Robert Bloch, Lester Del Rey, Harlan Ellison, Philip Jose Farmer, Frank Herbert, Richard Matheson, Theodore Sturgeon, A.E. van Vogt

It's finally happened. You've been in the know for a long time, you've known the worth of mature science fiction, and you've squirmed at the adolescent manner with which it has generally been presented on television. Now, finally, we've lucked-out, we've gotten a show on prime time that is attempting to do the missionary job for the field of speculative fiction. The show is STAR TREK, of course, and its aims have been lofty. STAR TREK has been carrying the good word out to the boondocks. Those who have seen the show know it is frequently written by authentic science fiction writers, it is made with enormous difficulty and considerable pride. If you were at the World Science Fiction Convention in Cleveland you know it received standing ovations and was awarded a special citation by the Convention. STAR TREK has finally showed the mass audience that science fiction need not be situation comedy in space suits. The reason for this letter -- and frankly, its appeal for help -- is that we've learned this show, despite its healthy growth, could face trouble soon. The Nielsen Roulette game is being played. They say, "If mature science fiction is so hot, howzabout that kiddie space show on the other network is doing so much better?" There is no sense explaining it's the second year for the competition and the first year for STAR TREK; all they understand are the decimal places. And the Sound of voices raised. Which is where you come in.

STAR TREK'S cancellation or a change to a less adult format would be tragic, seeming to demonstrate that real science fiction cannot attract a mass audience.

We need letters! Yours and ours, plus every science fiction fan and TV viewer we can reach through our publications and personal contacts. Important: Not form letters, not using our phrases here; They should be the fan's own words and honest attitudes. They should go to:

- (a) local television stations which carry STAR TREK;
- (b) to sponsors who advertise on STAR TREK;
- (c) local and syndicated television columnists; and
- (d) TV Guide and other television magazines.

The situation is critical; it has to happen now or it will be too late. We're giving it all our efforts; we hope we can count on yours.

Harlan Ellison, for the Committee

of the investment and consider it money very well spent.

I have an address, but no title: 8966 Sunset Blvd, Hollywood, Calif, 90069. I suspect this is NBC, but am reasonably sure if you simply write STAR TREK at this address, it will eventually get there. (I have this address and Desilu's as returns on a thankyou note for an earlier letter I wrote. That's why the two choices -- apparently they're the same place.)

Write sponsors. Last issue I facetiously suggested girlfans buy a Playtex bra and send the box label and a letter to the manufacturer. I am no longer kidding: Do It. Write Dupont Teflon division (I don't have an address -- you'll have to dig like I will). If you smoke, buy whatever brand of coffin nails sponsors STAR TREK and send the empty wrapper with a letter.

I had other things to say, but this is something that won't wait. The other items will. Make your slogan: Help Make STAR TREK a hit. JWC



I have a comment or two on the STAR TREK thing. First, your letter doesn't have to be long; you need not go into great detail. Just write and say you enjoy the show. These letters are going to be counted, not scrutinized. Second, do not pass one letter around your local fan club and have everybody sign it. One fan can write all the letters, if he wants to, but they should be signed individually and mailed separately. (And, needless to say, they should be individually typed, not mimeographed.) Petitions carry less weight than individual responses.

A few issues back, I was muttering about how science fiction used to be a short story field. Okay, let's have a variation on all this "Best Novel" and "Best Book" listing. Just for fun, send me a list of your favorite science fiction short stories. 25 seems like a nice round number, but I won't be choosy; anywhere from 5 to 50 stories. Your favorites, remember, not what you may consider the "best", but what you liked. I will not publish individual lists, but I'll run a final tally of the best-liked (providing any story gets more than one vote) and if a miracle happens and I get, say, 100 responses, I'll see if P. Schuyler Miller is interested in publishing the results. (If I get 100 responses, I'll also faint dead away.) Just to start things off, here's a list of my own. I intended to do some research and provide my absolute all-time favorite stories, but as usual I put things off until this evening I went up to our unheated library and rummaged around. So if I had done a proper job the results might be changed a bit -- but the stories below are certainly favorites of mine; further research would probably provide more additions than revisions.

- "The Green Hills of Earth", by Robert A. Heinlein
- "Killdozer", by Theodore Sturgeon
- "Nerves", by Lester del Rey
- "A Pail Of Air", by Fritz Leiber
- "Twilight", by Don A. Stuart (John W. Campbell, Jr.)
- "Universe", by Robert A. Heinlein
- "E For Effort", by T. L. Sherred
- "The Sky People", by Poul Anderson
- "Requiem", by Robert A. Heinlein
- "Black Destroyer", by A. E. van Vogt
- "The Wheels of If", by L. Sprague de Camp
- "Who Goes There?" by Don A. Stuart (John W. Campbell, Jr.)
- "The Star", by Arthur C. Clarke
- "And The Moon Be Still As Bright", by Ray Bradbury
- "The Cold Equations", by Tom Godwin
- "Nightfall", by Isaac Asimov
- "To Serve Man", by Damon Knight
- "For I Am A Jealous People", by Lester del Rey
- "Quietus", by Ross Rocklynne
- "Dreams Are Sacred", by Peter Phillips
- "In Hiding", by Wilmar Shiras
- "The Only Thing We Learn", by C. M. Kornbluth
- "The Undecided", by Eric Frank Russell
- "Testament of Andros", by James Blish

"The Halfling", by Leigh Brackett  
"Arena", by Fredric Brown  
"Rock Diver", by Harry Harrison  
"No Woman Born", by C. L. Moore  
"The Little Black Bag", by C. M. Kornbluth  
"Surface Tension", by James Blish

There's 30 to start with. I tried to locate an E. C. Tubb story, but the one I wanted could only be found in the "novel" Alien Dust, and the individual story titles weren't given. I tried to avoid fantasy, primarily because fantasy is so much better written than science fiction that fantasy stories would swamp any combined list. But I did run across a few that I'll have to list:

"Call Him Demon", by Henry Kuttner  
"Where Is The Bird Of Fire?" by Thomas Burnett Swann  
"It", by Theodore Sturgeon  
"Jesus Shoes", by Alan R. Bosworth  
"City Of The Tiger", by John Brunner  
"The Murex", by Thomas Burnett Swann  
"Yours Truly, Jack The Ripper", by Robert Bloch  
"Born Of Man And Woman", by Richard Matheson  
"Interloper", by Poul Anderson  
"Old Devlins Was A-Waitin' ", by Manly Wade Wellman  
"The Man With English", by H. L. Gold  
"The Dolphin And The Deep", by Thomas Burnett Swann  
"Gyal of Sfere", by Jack Vance  
"The Exiles", by Ray Bradbury  
"The Coppersmith", by Lester del Rey

See what I mean? 15 of them, and I wasn't even looking for fantasy. You may object to my arbitrary division and complain that some of the stf list should be in the fantasy section and vice versa. It won't do you any good.

The envelopes that I ordered in September still haven't arrived, so this issue will be sent out with a mailing wrapper instead. Or at least, it will be to US subscribers; at one time all third class mail sent out of the country had to be in envelopes, so I'll try to scrape up enough to handle the overseas subscribers. Anybody know a good cheap source of 9 x 12 envelopes? I've been getting them for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ apiece, but delivery is getting terrible. I'll even pay a little more for the privilege of getting them when I want them.

Small game seems to be making a comeback in this area. I went hunting Thanksgiving and actually saw 4 rabbits; first time I've seen that many in one day for about 10 years. (I'm not depleting their numbers much, tho so far I've brought back something every time I've gone out. One rabbit or one quail; never more than one of anything.) Trouble is that I'm so out of condition that I can't stay out more than a couple of hours. Some post-atomic survivor I'd make.....

Fans seem to be following the "mail early for Christmas" slogans; it isn't even December yet and we've already received two Christmas cards. (To be fair, one came from Australia and one from Viet Nam and I can see reasons for mailing early from both places. Better to be a month early than two months late. We always wait until the last minute and then have to airmail all our overseas cards -- and then some of them probably arrive late.) The local stores are embarking on "the holiday season"; Santa Claus made his first appearance in Hartford City the day after Thanksgiving. Grmsh.

# A REPORT ON "USA WRITERS - SCIENCE FICTION"

by

roy tackett

The National Educational Television series, "USA: Writers", recently presented a half-hour discussion of Science Fiction. The panel for this interesting discussion of our favorite literature was made up of Dr. Paul Saltman of the Biochemistry Department of the University of Southern California, representing the scientists, Dr. H. Bruce Franklin of Stanford's English Department representing, I presume, literature, and Anthony Boucher, Theodore Sturgeon, and A.E. van Vogt representing the field.

Dr. Saltman, who acted as moderator and introduced the other panelists, stated that he was led to becoming a scientist because of his interest in Science Fiction as a youth. He asked Dr. Franklin to open the discussion.

Dr. Franklin, who has made a study of the field and written a book about it called FUTURE PERFECT, opened by saying that most SF discussions start with an argument about a definition of Science Fiction, go on without solution, and end with an even bigger argument going on. His own definition was that SF is fiction which extrapolates from the actual to

the possible--the fiction of possibility as distinguished

from realistic fiction

which is fiction of the actual and fantasy

which is fiction of

the impossible. Generally, he said, SF

deals with the future. He then discussed the

rise of the "romance"

form of literature

during and after the

great Age of Exploration

and the beginnings of SF in

the stories of fantastic voyages, both

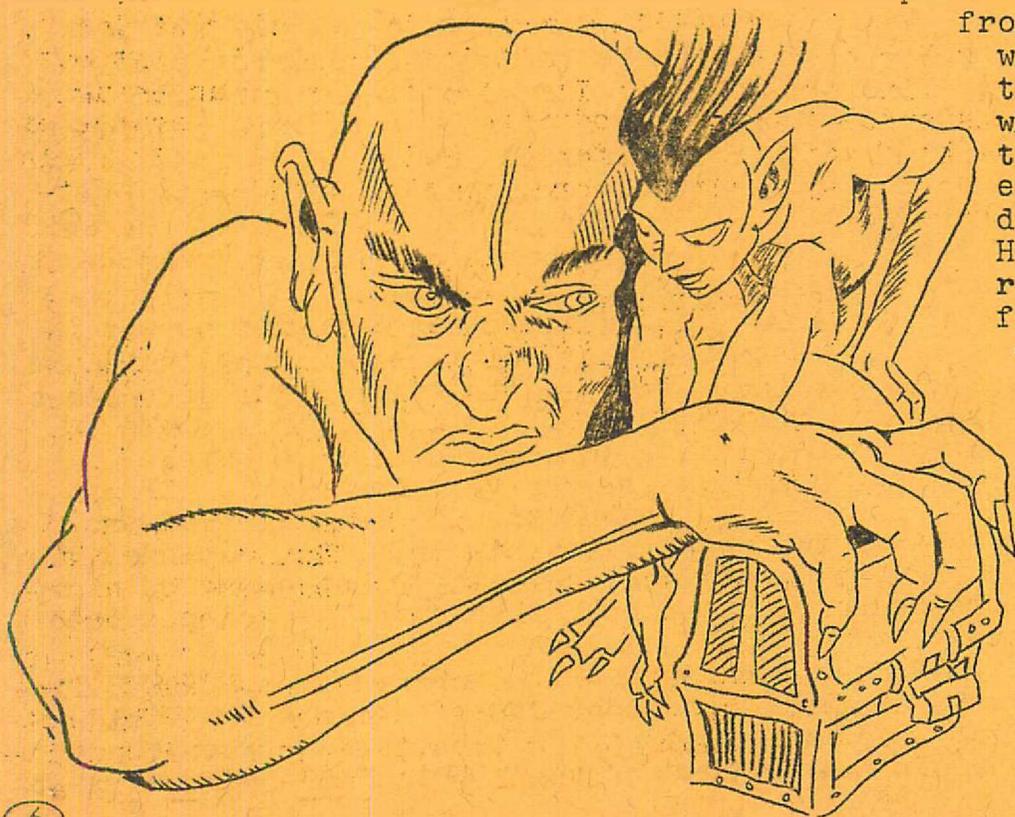
on Earth and thru space, and in the

future-set romances that followed. It

was during this period, Dr. Franklin

said, that the concepts of different

periods of time were



actually realized and writers began thinking that the future might be different.

SF, as part of the mainstream of literature, reached its peak during the 19th Century when it served as a vehicle often used by almost every major American writer. However, the beginning of the 20th Century saw the introduction of "realistic" fiction as a reaction to the romances of the past. Realism was in and the romances went into decline and with them went science fiction -- into the dime novels and pulp magazines. SF experienced a revival in the 1920's, Dr. Franklin said, at the end of the 1930's, and again in the early 1950's.

Dr. Franklin concluded his opening remarks by stating that SF is generally considered a sort of literary fad but a study indicates that it is actually the realistic school that is the fad and SF is much nearer the mainstream.

Dr. Saltman next asked Theodore Sturgeon for his definition of SF.

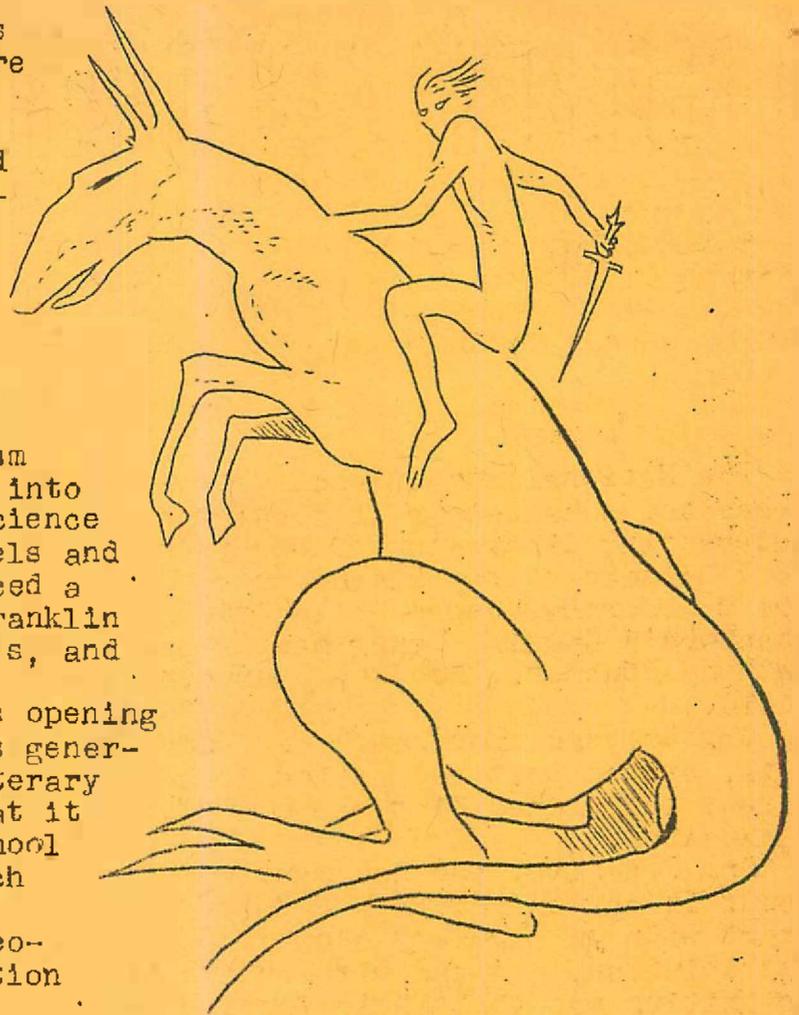
Sturgeon said that no one ever agrees on a definition of SF and that he wouldn't try. In answer to a query about his own work he declared that he tried to write stories of humanly understandable problems with humanly understandable solutions, but cast into such a narrative form that the scientific aspects of the story were absolutely necessary. The public, Sturgeon said, seems to enjoy SF as long as it is not labeled as such and quoted several examples to illustrate his point: "Dr. Strangelove; LORD OF THE FLIES; ON THE BEACH, etc. He said that he considered LORD OF THE FLIES and other sociological works as SF although he finds others frequently disagree with him.

Van Vogt said that his interest in the field started when he was in school and discovered the concept of geological time and that there was such a thing as scientific meaning. That led to the reading of science fiction and eventually to the writing of it. To him SF is a field in which a writer can enlarge his universe and expand his concepts.

The matter of expansion, said Boucher, was very important. SF can do what realism can not, and that is expand the personal view of the author and allow him to take the reader with him into this expanded view.

Early SF, van Vogt commented, was very scientific but short on story content. Later writers began with a story, then wove the science into the fabric of that story.

Boucher gave John W. Campbell credit for the change from SCIENCE fiction to science FICTION, stating that under JWC's guidance the field shifted from dry, thinly-disguised scientific treatises to actual pulp entertainment fiction. In the revival of the 1950's F&SF and Galaxy at-



tempted to take this pulp entertainment fiction and make it into fiction where the stories stood on real literary merit. They were not completely successful, he said, and quoted "Boucher's Third Law -- that the microcosm mirrors the macrocosm"; and while SF contains some very dreadful junk it also contains many excellent stories of high literary content and the proportion of junk to excellence was about the same as in the literary mainstream. Pressed for some examples of literary excellence in SF, Boucher referred to the work of Sturgeon and Judith Merrill as two examples. And Bradbury, of course, ranks very high in the mainstream, altho there is considerable question as to his being a science fiction writer, he said.

Dr. Saltman asked why Ray Bradbury was not accepted by the fraternity as an SF writer.

Van Vogt answered that it was because Bradbury was anti-science: his theme is leave well enough alone. Bradbury is a poetic writer who seemingly writes within the SF framework, but is not at all concerned with such things as scientific accuracy.

It is this ignoring of scientific accuracy that makes a hard core of SF writers resentful of Bradbury, Sturgeon put in; everyone classes Ray as an SF writer, but he is not one.

Dr. Franklin observed that perhaps what was needed was a combination of Bradbury's poetry with the scientific accuracy of the writer of hard SF.

Boucher said that the field ranges from hard SF, as exemplified by the writings of Hal Clement on the one hand, to Unknown-type fantasy on the other, and that there was a whole spectrum of stories in between the two extremes which generally couldn't be classified one way or the other and it really wasn't important; what was important was what the author had to say. Contrary to popular opinion, the SF writer is not writing about the future but is mirroring his own times. What he has to say is the important part.

Dr. Franklin put in that the SF writer is a prophet in that he extrapolates now to then.

Van Vogt, in a flanking movement, returned to Boucher's earlier mention of SF being changed into pulp entertainment fiction, pointing out that from this came SF's "Golden Age", and the modern SF story. Essentially, he asked Boucher what was wrong with pulp fiction.

Boucher replied that there was some good material in the pulps, particularly the early detective pulps.

"Pulp," said Sturgeon, "is a type of paper, not a measure of literary value."

Dr. Franklin moved in and veered the subject by asking if, in view of the different vehicles for presenting SF (magazines, hardcovers, paperbacks, etc.,) the writer attempted to direct his work to a specific audience.

Sturgeon replied that all of his stories are letters directed to someone. When he writes, he sees someone across the desk from him and writes to him. That someone, he said, must be representative of the entire audience; you do not write for a specialist.

Dr. Saltman pointed out that his approach must be successful, inasmuch as Sturgeon is the most widely anthologized living author in the English language. He used this as a springboard to cite SF's broad appeal.

Boucher disagreed. The SF label makes for a limited audience, he said, pointing out that the best SF magazine circulation is only about 100,000, and that considering paperbacks and all, the entire SF audience could be numbered at no more than half a million.

Such figures are deceptive, van Vogt allowed, for while the size of the audience might remain fairly constant with a top figure of half a million, the make-up of that audience was constantly changing as older readers turn to something else and new readers take their places. He quite frequently meets people who once were regular SF readers but who have left the field and now dip into it only on occasion. A good estimate, he thought, was that over the past 40 years there have been around 20,000,000 SF readers: "the era is permeated with this junk".

Dr. Franklin said that perhaps the limitation of SF's appeal could be because it is such a didactic and absorbing literature. It is a delightful teacher, and this sort of thing is not at all popular.

Dr. Saltman declared that, speaking as a scientist, he knew that scientists were definitely concerned with Science Fiction and the images of science and the scientist it presents. (General comments to the effect that SF writers try to present a good image and that the concept of the mad scientist and his beautiful daughter went out of style 30 years ago. Van Vogt: We might try bringing him back. Saltman: Oh, no. We have enough trouble getting grants as it is.) Saltman said that, as a scientist, he was interested in knowing if SF writers actually read about science.

Sturgeon said that he soaked it all the time. The basics of Science Fiction are "What If?", "If this goes on," and "If only". His story ideas come from science. He will read of some new development and say "What if this were now in everyday use?", and from that a story develops.

Saltman: "Then you try to keep your stories scientific?"

Van Vogt said he thought he could give an affirmative answer for the group assembled there. He said that he was not a scientist, but did much reading of generalized, popularized science and made an effort to keep his science as accurate as possible. He recalled that when writing for ASF he would call Campbell for information on particular points, and if John didn't know himself he would get in touch with someone who did.

Boucher said that he thought those present tried to maintain scientific accuracy, but speaking as an editor he knew that many SF writers were scientific illiterates and speaking as a reviewer he knew that many publishers didn't care.

Saltman called time and asked Franklin to sum up and give a prediction as to the future of Science Fiction.

Dr. Franklin said he thought that SF, as it is presently constituted, had reached a dead end and that it would now return to the mainstream instead of remaining as a specialized branch of literature. SF has had and will continue to have a tremendous impact on writers, and more and more of them are using various aspects of the field as they experiment in new writing forms. If he had to predict, he said, he would predict that within 20 or 30 years there would be no portion of the mainstream of literature that had not been influenced by Science Fiction.

\* \* \*

All in all an enjoyable discussion with little for your reporter to comment on. The remarks by Dr. Saltman would seem to indicate that Campbell is correct when he says that the SF audience is heavily loaded with scientists. And I suspect that Dr. Franklin is correct in his assumption that specialized stf is at a dead end.

I think the only quarrel I have with the discussion is with those picked as representatives of the field. Of the three, van Vogt is the only one actively writing today. I haven't read anything new by Sturgeon in quite some time, and Boucher has done little, if anything, in SF since giving up the editorial chair on F&SF. I would be much interested in seeing a continuation of this discussion with some of the more active writers on the panel. I think things would be different if the panel included Frank Herbert, Roger Zelazny, and (shudder) Harlan Ellison, for example.

# THE RECEPTION

fiction by

W.G. BLISS

Rikik rattled about in the garbage can. Giants and more giants. Giants and bigger tremendous giants even. If some one were to do more exploration of this place, it would be others rather than he. Resign he would first.

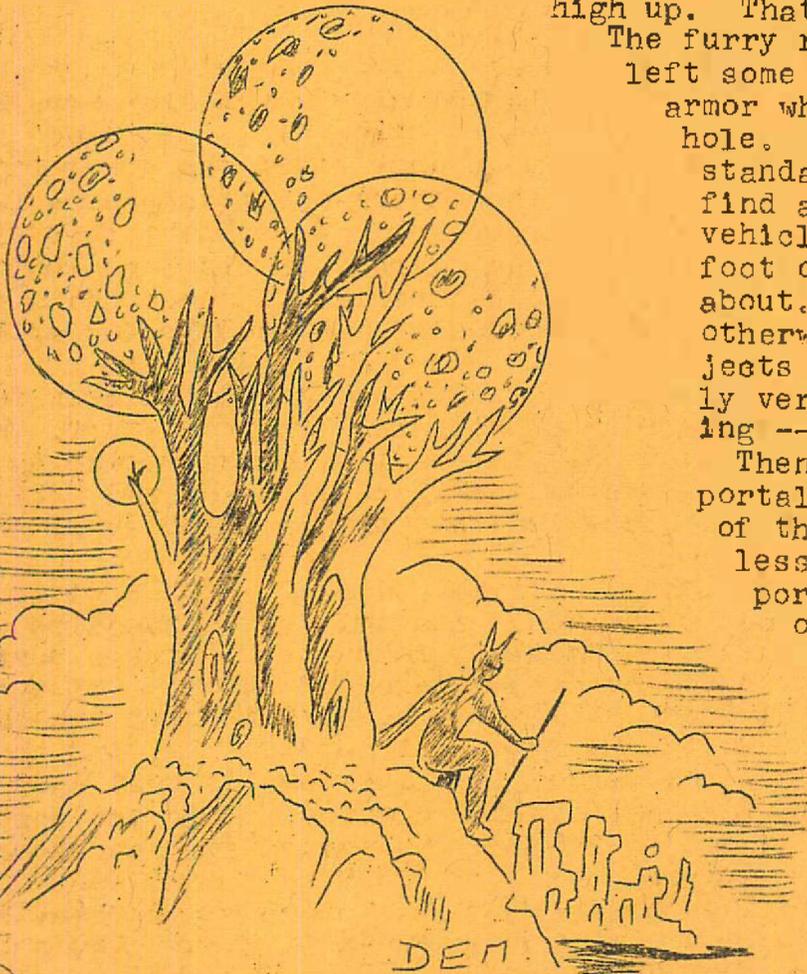
He sat on a stale onion and fumed. Fine reception one got on this planet. The lid was lifted from the can. An object came bouncing down. The lid slammed back down. He shined his armor suit lamp on it. Well at last. It was worn and chipped, but it was indubitably a communicator. He wrestled a knob with both hands. It turned, moving a dial scale. He struggled with the other knob. It clicked. The device hissed softly. He carefully turned the other knob and found a setting that gave faint sounds barely above the faint hiss. It was the same babble of the giants. It was just as unintelligible as before. He did not have time to puzzle it out. He wrestled the on knob off.

He kicked the side of the garbage can in exasperation. Land and hide the shuttle craft in one of those big plants high up. That should have warned him.

The furry resident of the hole had left some new scratches on the body armor when he evicted it from the hole. Try and make contact in a standard, orthodox manner. Then find a pile -- discard? -- of vehicles and mannikins at the foot of the tree and scattered about. The scale of things is otherwise disturbing. These objects in bad repair and evidently very crude, most non-functioning -- models?

Then the giants came out of the portals that swing in the openings of the buildings. Odd. They are less than half the height of the portal. More arrive, five from other buildings. Giants, these would be anywhere. Gozoks, these must be mere children of the giants!

Logic would have it that they were of a responsible age to be allowed unattended. They would have to be mentally competent. Else, simply unheard of any-



DEM.

where.

With children the I draw a picture - you draw a picture routine. The suit light certainly did get their attention quickly. He traced a long series of drawings on the bottom section of the building this container was next to. They paid strict attention with much gabbling among them. But pantomime until his armor suit system could not cope with the perspiration and they did not react.

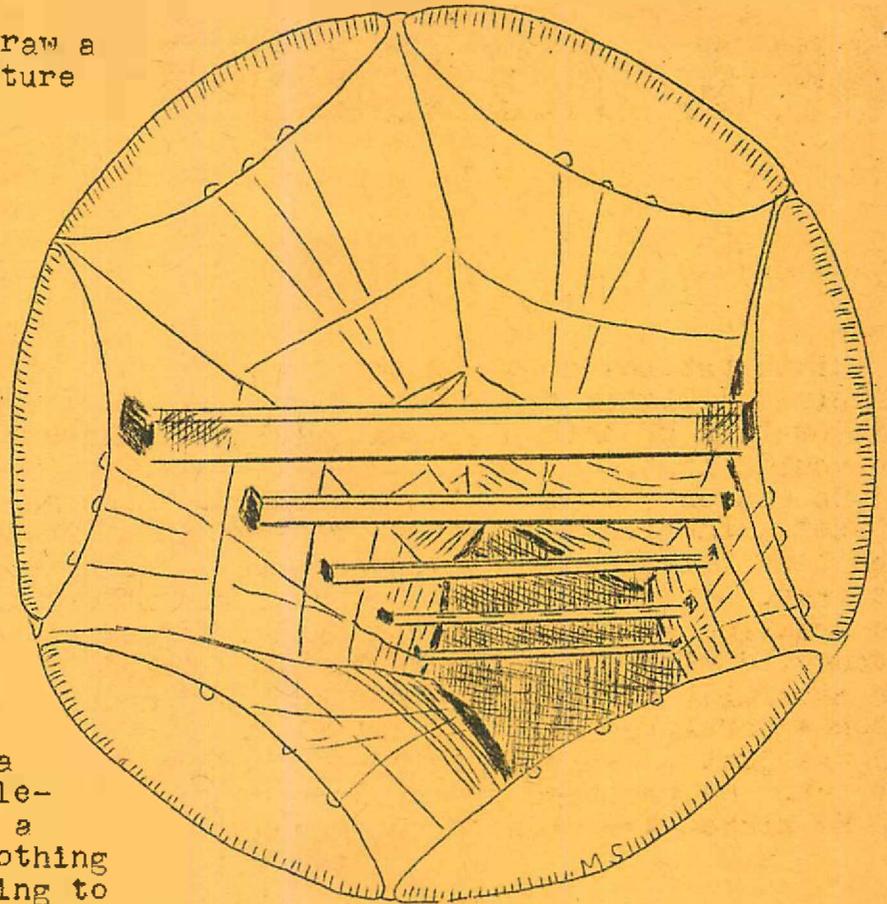
Again he traced more pictures with greater care on the next higher board. Stood he did and pointed dramatically at the pictures which were a surface change of the molecules that would fade in a short time. There was nothing like accidental besmirching to get one off on the wrong foot with aliens, even for such an essential purpose. The giant children watched him for a while and made short exchanges of speech.

One of them without warning picked him up ungently. The armor creaked. It tried to run with him, but the others easily captured it. There was uproarious exchange among them. There was no doubt that either he would be pulled from the captured one's grasp or his legs would be damaged. The suit was strong, but there was tremendous force being exerted. The leg joints could be twisted loose as well as his own articulation.

He played his emitter weapon around. One of the giant children fell on him as it dropped and pressed him partially into the soft turf. With long effort he struggled from under only to see the immense towering giants come and hastily remove the defunct children. He waited motionless until they were gone and then crawled into the pile of models and rested.

After a long while there was the space vibration of another giant. It gathered up the models. It had wrinkles in its skin and correction lenses for its eyes. It was less controlled of movement; it was obviously an old giant. It went over the area and picked up the rest of the model objects and then placed them noisily in the container by the building where he had futilely drawn the message. It noticed him, and then he was in its tremulous grasp. He turned the light on the suit carspace on and waved his arms. The old giant hastily carried him to the container and flung him into it. He landed in what was evidently a soft goey hemisphere of a rejected foodstuff.

The faint light that came through the side seam that was partially rent faded entirely. There had not been any sounds of giants for a long



time. He aimed the emitter and cut an exit hole in the container. Scaling back up the tree without daring to show a light was tedious. He shined the suit light into the hole. The furry inhabitant was definitely in it. He rayed it as it leaped. It fell clear of the limb. He looked aghast at his small shuttle vehicle. The beast had succeeded in puncturing it hopeless in sixteen places. He examined it frantically. The vitals had somehow been missed. The armor suit power supply would not last long enough and he would freeze before he would arrive back at his ship. The ship would then automatic back to the nearest beacon station with him still in the shuttle. At least there would be the record in his frozen dead brain to read out; the warning of this place of giants. That thought was no consolation at all.

-----  
Whatever happened to Ed McCurdy?  
-----

### NO PLACE TO RUN TO

by E. E. Evers

The clock just says what time it is  
It never says it's late ---  
Tho' there's young men armed with hellfire  
An' old men armed with hate ---  
An' there aint no place to run to  
There aint no place to hide --  
An' my hands they get so heavy  
From hangin' at my side.

The map shows all the borderlines  
Defended by the brave  
But where are all the hospitals  
The orphan homes, the graves?  
The news has nice clean atom bombs  
An' justifiable war  
An' a schedule to integrate  
An' free milk for the poor.

The mother she is workin'  
To keep her son in school  
The older brother's savin'  
To buy a swimmin' pool  
The sister she's in college  
Studyin' sex appeal  
An' the son he's watchin' the tv set  
Learnin' to kill an' steal.

I asked a wise man for the time  
He only said "Too late"  
For young men armed with hellfire  
An' old men armed with hate."  
Cause there aint no place to run to  
There aint no place to hide  
An' my hands they are too heavy  
For hangin' at my side.

(Author's note: Tune is somewhere around "The Thresher" and "Orphans of the Night" but not as pretty and as much beat as you can without stepping all over yourself.)

# The Future of Science Fiction

article by ..... ALEXEI PANSHIN

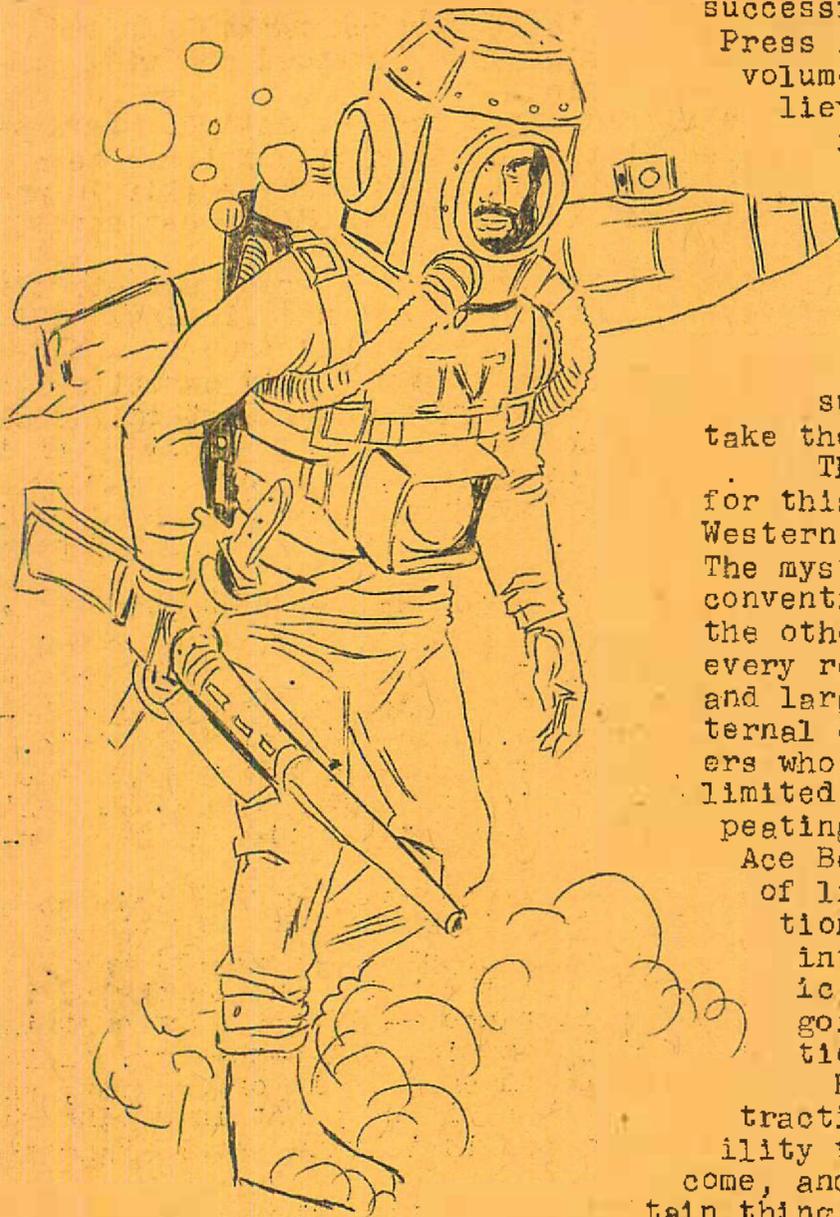
During the past couple of years, I've been writing articles on science fiction with some regularity, as well as one book on the subject. The thinking I've done has led me to some fairly well-defined opinions on the future course of science fiction. My opinions are, of course, merely opinions based on my particular tastes and prejudices -- I make no claims for being exhaustive, or even being right. These conclusions just seem likely ones to me.

First, I don't think science fiction is going to grow particularly in popularity, and to this extent will remain minor. Most people are simply not prepared intellectually or emotionally to accept it. I know people myself who are intelligent and educated, but to whom the difference between a planet and a star is simply tiresome, if not incomprehensible. I know many people who can, perhaps, look at tomorrow, but to whom the day after that is a frightening thing, not to be thought about. I don't see any reason why this situation should change at any time in the foreseeable future.

A concern with facts and change are the basic stuff of the science fiction that we value. Science fiction that ignores facts and change can be made less frightening, and hence more popular, as we all know. Hollywood science fiction and the sort of sf that winds up on the best seller lists -- ADVISE AND CONSENT, for instance -- is the sort of thing I mean, and inasmuch as it is superficial, stupid, false-to-fact, timid, foolish or dull, it is minor in another and much more important way, and it is certainly bad as science fiction. There is no point in having what we want if the only way we can manage to have it is minus everything that attracted us in the first place.

I think that it is apparent, too, that by far the bulk of the good science fiction published as something else is as lacking in wide popularity as the good science fiction published within the field, and for exactly the same reasons. I very strongly doubt that even a "1984" is read widely. It is known to almost every literate person and it has a high critical reputation, but it is certainly going to be rejected by very nearly the same audience that rejects Heinlein or Sturgeon or Vonnegut. It may have a few hundred thousand more readers because of its critical reputation, but in a population of 200,000,000 a few hundred thousand extra readers hardly count as a wide audience.

This brings me to my second conclusion: I think the critical reputation and importance of science fiction is going to widen tremendously. I think this trend is already in evidence. In the past few years the number of critical books on science fiction has increased to a degree that would have seemed unlikely ten years ago. There is not only Advent's steady contribution of books, but major publishers have been showing interest in critical works on science fiction. Kingsley Amis' NEW MAPS OF HELL is one example, but in addition there have been Sam Moskowitz's books (the plural indicating to me, at least, that the first one was



successful) and Southern Illinois Press is issuing another general volume (by Fritz Leiber, I believe). I myself have had an inquiry from a publisher of a series on American letters as to my interest in doing a general volume on science fiction, though in view of a recent traumatic experience I'm very far from sure that I care to undertake the job.

There are some clear reasons for this increasing interest. The Western is limited by its setting. The mystery novel is limited by its conventions. Science fiction, on the other hand, is unlimited in every respect. Its failures, by and large, have not come from internal constrictions but from writers who freeze in the face of unlimited possibility and end by repeating the gospel according to Ace Books. Because of its lack of limitations, the science fiction field is bound to have an interest for the literary critic, and its best example are going to increase science fiction's literary stock.

For me, science fiction's attraction lies not only in its ability to prepare us for what is to come, and by this I mean the one certain thing -- change -- but in the unique opportunity it offers for placing familiar things in unfamiliar contexts, and

thereby yielding fresh insight and perspective. The unfamiliar seen against the unfamiliar is all too apt to seem chaotic or irrelevant. The familiar seen with the familiar is...merely familiar, the same thing seen for the thousandth time. Within science fiction, one can take a John Carter and send him to Mars, or bring a spaceship full of Martians to New Jersey, and either way see something that couldn't really be presented any other way. I know, for instance, of four stories that try to answer the question, "What is a human?", and every one of them is science fiction because science fiction allows us the opportunity to set an unfamiliar example of humanity against the familiar next-door variety and thereby obtain perspective impossible to get otherwise. This is the sort of thing I value in science fiction, but the unlimited nature of science fiction offers room for other tastes.

To say that science fiction is unlimited is not to say that it can't be categorized, and I'd like to do this, at least for the sake of pointing trends.

First, there is the story of entertainment and adventure, serious or

otherwise. WAR OF THE WORLDS can serve as a familiar serious example; unserious examples can be found all over the paperback racks. In the ordinary course of things, this kind of story has provided and will continue to provide the bulk of science fiction.

Second, there is another well-explored area, that of satire. Perhaps the best critically received science fiction up to this point has been satire (and if you listen to Kingsley Amis, it is the only really important sort of science fiction). 1984 and THE SPACE MERCHANTS can serve as examples.

The third area may overlap the first two areas to a great extent, but I still felt it deserves separate mention: poetic science fiction. THE DYING EARTH is more than just adventure, and the same is true of A MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS and CHILDHOOD'S END. I don't know of any examples that give a satirical monster's-eye view of us, but there certainly could be some. Since poets are never present in large numbers, I suppose this will probably be a small steady item in science fiction in the same way it is now.

The last two categories are those that I see as increasing in importance within science fiction and as becoming more common:

First, the story of distorted perception, the world as seen in a funhouse mirror. I think this ultimately comes to us from ALICE IN WONDERLAND by way of Henry Kuttner, in particular (THE FAIRY CHESSMAN, for example), Algis Budrys's ROGUE MOON can serve as an example, and Philip Dick seems to write nothing else.

The second is a sort of story that appeals to me and that I think is tremendously viable for all that it was hardly ever been done. This is the story of people in a strange-to-us, but normal-to-them situation. Science fiction has concentrated almost as a matter of course on the atypical situation, as adventure is almost always atypical. Science fiction does have a unique potential for developing new and different contexts for things to happen in, but most science fiction has never stood still to examine the ordinary person functioning normally in a strange world. In fact, examples of this in science fiction can almost



often be found in terms of chapters, like the early portions of John Wyndham's RE-BIRTH, rather than in terms of whole books. The person who has come closest so far to consistently presenting the strange-but-normal is Robert Heinlein, again most often in terms of chapters, but occasionally as in FARMER IN THE SKY and BEYOND THIS HORIZON in full-length stories.

My last opinion is of literary reputation, and I don't care to try to justify it by long discussion. It is that the one writer in science fiction since Kurt Vonnegut -- that is, the one new writer in the last ten years or so -- who strikes me as having a real chance of amounting to something is Roger Zelazny. I think, too, that Frank Herbert is probably the most undervalued present science fiction writer, and van Vogt the most overvalued.

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Whatever happened to Cynthia Gooding?  
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#### SERCONISM - RUSSIAN STYLE

(Being notes collected by Alex Panshin, who did not want his name credited but is getting it anyway - we're generous to a fault.....)

1. Vladimir Nemtsov, in Izvestia, January 19, 1966: "Science-fiction literature should be put out in mass editions available to the millions. It is especially necessary for young readers, to inspire them with dreams and fire youthful hearts with the desire to make these dreams come true. The building of a communist society is our foremost dream. Today we are all working toward this, including science fiction."

M. Fedorovich, Doctor of Economics and Russian Republic Honored Worker in Science, in Literaturnaya Gazeta, February 10, 1966: "So, while wishing the science fiction genre comprehensive future development and welcoming the appearance of new books by science fiction writers, one cannot but remember at the same time the demands for social clarity in the authors' positions. It is necessary always to keep in mind that every Soviet book, including science fiction, is not only entertaining reading but also, first and foremost, a means of educating man."

2. (In a critical discussion of Russian science fiction by Brandis and Dmitrevsky in Literaturnaya Gazeta, February 1, 1966, the following:) "As for the scientific level of some books, it is enough to adduce one typical episode; a starship runs into a cloud of cosmic dust, which 'settles' on the portholes. To 'clean the glass', a cosmonaut makes his way outside the ship, taking with him a vacuum cleaner!"

An American science fiction writer would have had enough sense to provide his ship with windshield wipers.

/Well, he was cleaning a vacuum, wasn't he? Why not a vacuum cleaner?  
RSC/

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Dean Grennell is now Associate Editor of GUN WORLD magazine. I'm not sure if his personality is that overwhelming or if the rest of the staff were pretty fannish to begin with, but the magazine is beginning to bear a startling resemblance to a slick-paper edition of GRUE. (Including one series that I swear must be reprinted from the original GRUE.) One of the recent featured, illustrated articles concerned the proper way to stalk insects with a Daisy air rifle..... RSC

# THE MYSTERY OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM

review by ----- michael viggiano

During his lifetime Edgar Allen Poe wrote only one full-length novel, THE NARRATIVE OF A.G.PYM OF NANTUCKET. The complete unabridged edition appears in a Signet Classics paperback THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER AND OTHER TALES OF EDGAR ALLEN POE. The novel ends on a cliff-hanger; Poe tells us in a note at the conclusion of the novel that Pym died suddenly and the last few chapters were lost.

As an adventure-sea novel, the novel compares favorably to the sea-going tales of Robert Louis Stevenson and the early travel romances of Herman Melville. Pym stows away on a whaler, is involved in a mutiny and subsequent adventures as he is slowly traveling towards the direction of the South Pole. The vivid scenes and mounting suspense and horror which appear in Poe's stories are evident in this novel. However, after an escape with his companion Dirk Peters from natives, Pym and Dirk are once again beset with dangers, and the narrative ends.

Why was the novel left unfinished? Basil Ashmore suggests that "the narrative" is actually Poe's own allegorical autobiography, and that the symbolism became so out-of-hand in the later chapters that to Poe "any artistic completion of the novel seemed impossible". Whatever the reason for it being left unfinished, here was a chance for an ambitious author to finish the novel by writing a sequel to it: the most famous attempt was that tried by Jules Verne.

Jules Verne's sequel was titled LE SPHINX DES GLACES. It appeared in a nineteenth century issue of the British Boys Own Annual under the title AN ANTARCTIC MYSTERY.

This novel can only technically be called science fiction. It is an adventure novel primarily, attempting (by including even more puzzles in the opening chapters) to satisfy the mystery left by Poe's unfinished work. Captain Len Guy, the brother of the captain who was lost in the Antarctic in Pym's narrative, sets out to solve the mystery and more importantly, for him at least, to find his brother.

Verne's novel does tighten the loose ends left by Poe adequately, but it does not contain any of the fascinating ideas and inventions that appear in Verne's most popular works.

In 1960 Arco Publications in England, and later Associated Booksellers in America, brought out both the Poe and Verne novels in one edition under the title THE MYSTERY OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM (192 pp, \$3.00). Due to the notability of these two authors, the book may be found in most public libraries. THE NARRATIVE is abridged, with Jules Verne summarizing parts of the novel himself. This makes for a more exciting book than the original, but it hampers the characterization, and deletes most of the interesting background material written by Poe.

Basil Ashmore comments on the Poe novel, giving evidence to support his claim, which I mentioned before, that THE NARRATIVE is an allegorical autobiography. He points out that even the syllables Arthur Gordon Pym and Edgar Allen Poe have an obvious resemblance. But as Ashmore

rightly remarks, a work of fiction must be enjoyed for its own sake, and taking Ashmore's advice, I ignored the symbolism and found the novel entertaining.

The Jules Verne novel is introduced by I.O. Evans, and in this version the novel is titled THE SPHINX OF THE ICE-FIELDS. It is still, however, a pulp novel. This does not have to be a fault, but in this case while the novel does not contain the virtues of the pulp novel, it contains many of its vices: it is poorly-written (even by Verne's standards), and unoriginal. Maybe Arco Publications has done a service by bringing these two works together in one volume; however, to read the Verne novel after Poe's masterpiece (in its complete edition) is like having a soggy tuna fish sandwich after eating filet of sole.

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Did you know that the Prudential Tower in Boston is the tallest building in the U.S. outside of New York City? Did you care?  
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WORLDCON INTERLUDE (While Listening To Ed Wood Speak On The SF Criticism Panel):

Anonymous: Anyone knows that starving authors write better.

John Brunner: Except they get too weak to lift the manuscript up to the post office counter.

(To be fair, we admit that Ed came back and said that he didn't mean that stf authors were overpaid. But it sounded like that's what he meant.)  
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PLANET POEMS

II: Venus

by Rick Norwood

I am the modest bitch.  
I cover my breasts with veils,  
For I am old  
And I know men desire  
Hidden parts.  
So I drape myself  
With thick silks,  
Leaden furs  
That they may come in to me  
Where I am so very warm.

-----  
F. T. Ashley, 3915 South Coco Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90008, operates a book search service. He is expanding operations and invites fan inquiries for those hard-to-get volumes.  
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SUPPORT STAR TREK!

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Maggie Thompson sent us a recipe (clipped from a magazine) for carrot and beer soup. Yes indeed.



REG  
967

# GOLDEN MINUTES



THE STAR MILL, by Emil Petaja (Ace, 40¢) This is, like the earlier SAGA OF LOST EARTHS, a story more or less inspired by the Kalevala. As a slight improvement over the latter book, THE STAR MILL probably represents Petaja's best work to date.

(It still isn't very good, but at least you can finish it without becoming totally disgusted with the story, author, and publisher.) The plot is the usual sf-adventure one of cosmic Menace, gateways to Other Worlds, Bold Heroic adventurers, and rabbits pulled out of hats by the gross in the final chapter. Totally incredible, but moderately entertaining.

THE GATES OF CREATION, by Philip Jose Farmer (Ace, 40¢) A sequel to MAKER OF UNIVERSES. Since the previous book ended with the hero getting the girl and preparing to live happily ever after, this one must of course start with his wife disappearing, so he can repeat all his previous adventures in the course of finding her for the second time. Farmer being a better than average writer, the sequel does introduce some new twists (including a villain who isn't at all who you think he is) but the general idea of the book is pretty similar to the earlier version and just as unbelievable now as it was then. Pure sword-and-sorcery fantasy, with characters a bit more human and the plot a little better constructed than the Petaja book. Again we have "gateways" to other worlds; the gimmick this time is a "Lady Or The Tiger" setup with paired gates and the heroes invariably choosing the wrong one (and never thinking to go back and try the other one, although occasionally they could quite easily).

ALL FLESH IS GRASS, by Clifford Simak (Berkley, 60¢) An original novel, which is excellent at first, and entertaining all the way up to the end, which is, to say the least, disappointing. Apparently Simak wrote himself into a corner, because after setting up his plot so that the army is going to wipe out the hero and his friends with an H-bomb, the book ends with the hero coming up with an "alternate solution" that any reader can see with half an eye isn't going to change the army's mind one bit. (Even if you can quibble that it might change things in the real world -- which isn't likely -- it has no chance whatever of changing the inflexible "military mind" that Simak has set up in the novel.) Of course, Simak doesn't actually show everyone living happily ever after; maybe he means to imply that the hero has finally cracked under the strain and he and the aliens are going to get wiped out. That would at least have the virtue of logic. It's a "First Contact" story; the only drawback to the main part of the book is the amount of time spent on uninteresting small-town stereotypes at the expense of more interesting data on the aliens and their world.

THE LAST PLANET, by Andre Norton (Ace, 45¢) Worth getting if you don't have any of the earlier Ace editions. It concerns a Patrol spaceship, forced down on an unknown world in the times of a decadent stellar empire.

The problem of course is survival for the crew and for another shipload of castaways controlled by the villain. Closer to the traditional PLANET STORIES type of adventure than are most of Miss Norton's books. No unusual aliens are encountered; this time the only aliens are members of the Patrol crew. Reasonably well done, and worth reading by people who object to the "juvenile" nature of most of Norton's books. The only "juvenile" thing about it is the lack of a love interest -- and considering the quality of the love interest in most sf-adventure, we're just as well off without it.

WORLD OF PTAVVS, by Larry Niven (Ballantine, 50¢) A shorter version appeared in WORLDS OF TOMORROW. It's a good novel which has been around a while but which I only read recently. Alien contact with some new twists.

THE WEAPON MAKERS, by A. E. van Vogt (Ace, 45¢) I had always regarded the "Weapon Shop" series as van Vogt's best; thus it comes as rather a shock to see how bad this book really is. ("What's the charge?" he asked resonantly. And into those words he put all the subtle, tremendous power of his trained voice, his vast experience in dealing with every conceivable type and group of human beings." /A good trick if you can do it./ "...he stood there in a wild surmise." /In case some of you out there don't know, that isn't English./ "He glanced at the Infinity Drive, and it was still in gear." /Golly, a four-speed transmission; low, intermediate, high and Infinity. I wonder if he has a stick shift?/ "...the stellar drive had attained a supernatural oneness with some great basic force.") The plot is the ultra-complicated sort that has made van Vogt's name a byword among fans. It depends mostly on coincidence, and contains a few logical holes that the reader isn't supposed to notice because of the fast movement. Van Vogt was the first author to apply the methods of the pea-and-shell game to story plotting.

UNTELEPORTED MAN, by Philip K. Dick/THE MIND MONSTERS by Howard L. Cory (Ace, 50¢) The Dick half was a novelet in the Dec. 1964 FANTASTIC. Dick is still mixing morals with adventure, but this time he has decided to abandon subtlety and drive home his point with a sledgehammer. However, you can ignore a couple of paragraphs and have a good story. The Cory half is low-grade sf adventure, liberally sprinkled with the names of California fans. (Cory, I am informed by one of the fanzine newsletters, is actually the Jardines, California fans -- and occasional writers of watered-down pornography, if I recall another newsletter item correctly.) There is the usual alien planet, a not-very-believable set of aliens, the Villain, the hero, and the Big Question of the hero's real identity. Very professional, and somewhat boring.

THE SILVER BRANCH, by Rosemary Sutcliff (Dell, 50¢) A historical novel of Britain during the fall of Rome, when Carausius was Emperor of Britain. Not as good as the author's previous SHIELD RING, but with plenty of adventure, intrigue, and swordfighting. More believable than the average sf adventure.

STRANGE BONDS BETWEEN ANIMALS AND MEN, by Dr. Webb. B. Garrison (Ace, 50¢) Despite the title, which is obviously an attempt to hook America's large number of crackpot readers, this is a moderately good book of natural history. (Original title, Codfish, Cats & Civilization.) As both titles more or less indicate, the book describes the way in which various animals have affected civilization; things like the modifications in modern city architecture made in an attempt to discourage starlings, the disease-spreading capacity of flies and rats, the widespread effect of a change in diet by the Colorado beetle, etc. Much of it has been done before, and done better; a few chapters seem both original and informative.

DAKTARI, by Jess Shelton (Ace, 50¢) This seems to follow the typical plot of the show very well; there is a Mystery, Judy the chimp hides the evidence and then is hailed as a saviour when she reveals it at the end of the book. I suppose an idiot plot is more believable when your idiot is a chimpanzee. There are 16 pages of publicity photos from the show. Bruce grabbed the book with great glee when it first arrived, so some of you might consider it for your children -- especially if your children watch the show.

WATCHERS OF THE DARK, by Lloyd Biggle (Doubleday, \$1.20) An interplanetary private eye -- not a particularly bright one. (Working for a computer which in effect rules the galaxy, he wastes months setting up his own chain of "operators" to answer questions that the computer could have told him at the beginning of the book if he'd thought to ask. His lame excuse is that he didn't know it was possible to ask the computer direct questions, although any of his associates could have informed him that it was. A penchant for doing everything the hard way is the only reason this short story was ever padded out to novel length.) The characters are occasionally charming, always two-dimensional, and maybe "homey" enough to provide a reason for reading the book.

The first Conan novel is out from Lancer, complete with introductions, a map of the Hyborian countries, and a plug for AMRA. Sword-and-sorcery fans may rejoice.

This past month I've caught up a bit on my magazine reading, and discovered that there are still a few gems among the dross in the magazines. Best single story I've read recently is "Be Merry" by Algis Budrys, in the Dec. IF. About equal in quality is the "Pavane" series in the British IMPULSE, by Keith Roberts -- particularly "The Lady Anne" in IMPULSE #2, and "Corfe Gate" in #5. These aren't on your friendly local newsstand, but you can get them from dealers such as F&SF Book Co. Or you can wait, hopefully, until someone brings the 5 stories out in pb form. "The Scarlet Lady", in IMPULSE #6, continues that magazine's apparent plan to have one good story per issue. (It's by Alistair Bevan, whoever he is.) I was a bit disappointed in Swann's "The Manor of Roses" in the Nov. F&SF; possibly I was expecting too much, because it's a good story. But Swann seems more at home in the Greek myths; British myths and legends seem a trifle morbid for him. Brunner's "Productions Of Time", a two-parter in the Aug. and Sept. F&SF is, as usual with recent Brunner stories, excellent.

SKYLARK DUQUESNE, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 60¢) The final book of the famous "Skylark" series. As most fans know, this one was first published in IF in 1965, while the other books of the series were first published between 30 and 40 years ago. It makes a difference; the present volume is by far the best-written of the series; possibly the best-written of any of Smith's works. For the first time there are real characters, instead of cardboard cutouts, to go with the ideas. (The characters aren't well-drawn, you understand, but they're at least up to the current average.) Unfortunately, the book makes numerous references to the earlier novels in the series, so that you really should wade through them before tackling this one. But it isn't absolutely necessary; it might be better to try this one first and then read the others if you feel you can stand them. The book does finish off the series in grand style with extras and bit-players dying like flies (not even the Lensman series contains more galactic slaughter) and all the central characters living happily ever after. Typography is bad even by current pb standards, with words and lines getting lost and mislaid all through the book. (Fortunately, Smith doesn't need to be read word-for-word.)



### Les Nirenberg

P.B. #16 was mailed out to paying subscribers only. Sorry, but I got pretty strict about that towards the end. It was costing me a fortune to produce the thing and each issue was a complete loss. It cost me approximately 35¢ per copy to produce and the wholesale price was 35¢. I'm sure you can understand the feeling you get when you go shopping for paper and ink, and pay that vicious mechanic when he comes to fix your press. What got to me most tho, was the smug look on his face when he told me: "This ink roller is out of round and you'll have to replace it. But don't worry, it only costs \$40." Or stand there and watch him drinking coffee while little flash cards reading "\$16.50 Per Hour" flipped in my brain. Anyway, I should tell you?

My address has changed a couple of times since then. People who send money to the Islington address needn't worry. My parents live there and they won't steal the money. My new address is: Apt. 414, 660 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada.

It might interest you to know that Tuli Kupferberg, author of such famous pamphlets as YEAH (a satirical excursion), Sex & War and 1001 Ways to Live Without Working, is now a big sellout as a member of the Fugs, four dirty-talking, satirical, funny rock and rollers now capturing the hearts of teenyboppers all over the world. If you want to read some very funny stuff get the above pamphlets. Tuli has printed other things too. The only place that handles them that I know of is the Paperbook Gallery, 6th Ave and 8th Street in New York.

Tell your readers for me that their sticky quarters will be treated famously upon arrival here.

### David C. Piper, London

My suggestion as to how you could get your sub list down is to publish Pickering from front to back.

Actually the raison d'etre of this letter is a little bit of useless information for what it's worth -- I came across it last week and thought you might be mildly amused. On the 8th November (I think) New Zealand has a General Election and the present cabinet is slung out. One of the ministers retiring from politics is a Mr. Eyre and he is the Minister... wait for it... The Minister of Defence AND Minister in Charge of Tourism and Publicity. There isn't enough work going around in any one ministry to keep the bloke going full time so they double up -- but the above two are pretty strange bedfellows, wouldn't you say!

The best defense is a tourist trap? ...

RSC

Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd Street, New York, NY, 10028

Gene DeWeese's comments about Tralins' COSMOZOIDS caused me to pick up the thing (I'd already bought it, much to my dismay, although the cover was nice ((which is why I bought it, I'm afraid)) ); my Ghod! It's a pile of trash, which is worse than a lot of the stuff I reject from F&SF...it's a wonder how incredibly bad stuff like this can be published. Matter of fact, I think I'll go see Belmont and ask them whether they need an assistant editor (I'm still looking for a job).

The Black Muslim salesmen work in Rockefeller Center, although they're always just outside the property line (in the case of most buildings in NY that have city-owned sidewalk adjacent to private walkways, there's a thin bronze strip with the legend "Property Line. Right to walk within this area does not mean management assumes responsibility for any accidents which may result..." or something like that. I'm sure that as soon as these fellows walked into Rockefeller Center proper they'd be arrested and sent to the hoosegow as fast as possible.

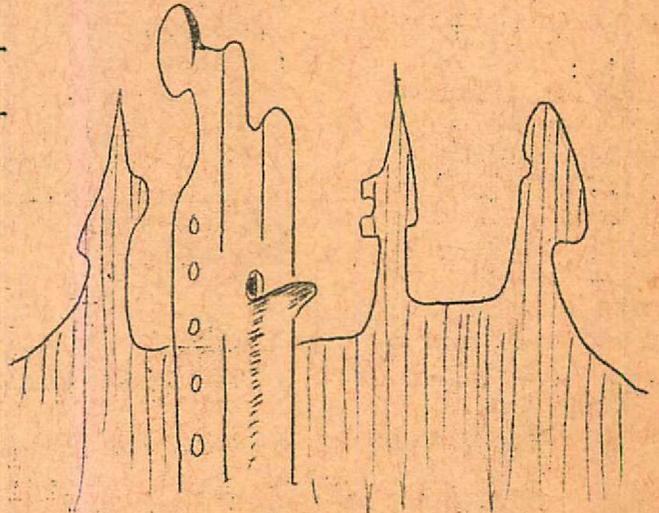
I read in the NYTimes that the Chicago Post Office plans to destroy large amounts of third-class matter because of the tremendous jam-up in processing. They'll call the senders (usually advertising firms or mail-order houses) and ask their permission, and then destroy the stuff, refunding the postage. Seems it'll be cheaper to destroy and refund than to sort and send. Fanzines and like that evidently won't be affected. I've been sending Algol at Book rate: 10¢ first pound, 5¢ each additional, and no one has bitched about it so far. It beats 14 or 16¢ third class for a zine so thick...

Fanzine reviews are interesting, as always. Not necessarily good, certainly, but interesting they are. I'd appreciate it if you'd give more detail to illos and report about them. Ghod knows you use enough of the things in Yandro...

Trouble is that Juanita is the art editor. I could comment on the illustrations, but my comments wouldn't necessarily mean anything. (You may not think my comments on the writing mean anything, either, but I do.) RSC  
There aren't either enough illos in Yandro; but Buck keeps insisting he has to have some room for written material. You watch out, Andy Porter. One of these days, I'll review the fanzines, and then you won't have any idea what was in the fanzines except the illos. JWC

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

We have several of the new American TV shows on our television as well. T.H.E. Cat I don't care for, too dull, THE FELONY SQUAD is old DRAGNET scripts, THE MONROES is a maudlin Western which probably seems better in colour but is nothing in black and white. DAK-TARI is Tarzan without Tarzan, and there is the usual run of mediocre British series designed for the American market, like THE SAINT, THE BARON, etc -- none of which are worth remembering. BAT-



1966 AD 14 (23)

MAN is against The Penguin for the third time this week, and THE GIRL and THE MAN FROM UNCLE alternate each week, but THE GIRL is nothing after the appearance of Emma Peel of THE AVENGERS, now happily filming another series I'm glad to say. Still no sign of any decision on colour television here yet -- and TV dealers can't sell sets because of the squeeze on money and credit. You have to put 45% deposit on most things these days. If they had colour it would add a lot to the sales.

TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION continues with some real old horrifying chillars from M.R. James and Co. His THE 13th ROOM last week with the two rooms blended into one; the other half containing a demon was genuinely frightening, not like most horror films, which are laughable more than anything else. Equally so was OLD MRS. JONES, who haunted a house to tell the inhabitants that her body was buried inside a medical statue. It sent a chill even down this old hardened spine, and it takes a pretty grim thing to do that these days.

In fact, it is probably the best thing you could get to a photographed Weird Tales, I should think.

/You know, almost every fan I know who has seen "The Avengers" has raved about how good it was. But Juanita and I saw a couple of episodes when it was on and decided it wasn't worth tuning in again. The principals were competent actors but not memorable -- I go for people like Martin Landau, Michael Pate, Jack Palance, and now Leonard Nimoy and Michael Dunn -- and the plots were serious secret agent stuff, which is far more improbable than most science fiction. Secret agents who take themselves seriously are usually big fat bores. I put up with "Mission: Impossible" for the sake of Landau, but "The Avengers" had nobody like him.

RSC7

Irv L. Jacobs, P.O. Box 574, National City, California, 92050

Your mention of DUSTY AYRES AND HIS BATTLE BIRDS led me to the discovery that the complete editorial department of Corinth is located right here in San Diego, at 5839 Mission Gorge Road.

I gave them a phone call and caught the complete staff in a meeting. I spoke with the lady editor (whose 12 year old son enjoys Dusty Ayres very much), and the art editor. They are having distribution problems. The local newsstand distributor puts few if any of the titles on sale, and I may have to order them from you in Hartford City! So far there are 22 titles, and sales have been poor (they admit). The art editor asked me if I thought the original pulp covers would be preferable, and I said: you bet! Let's have our nostalgia all the way.

If pulp fans have any suggestions, please drop them a line. I would very much enjoy seeing the original covers used for the reprints, from the old pulps. I told them that the recent Doc Savage reprints had beautiful covers, and the lady editor said: these big NYC publishers allow their artists 5 days to draw a cover, while Corinth gives its artists just one day to draw the cover.

Does anyone have a copy of G-8 AND HIS BATTLE ACES to loan the editor? They had never heard of any of the old "Popular Publications" such as DIME DEFECTIVE or THE SPIDER. I believe that G-8 could be reprinted, along with many of the old interior illos which were so well done.

/Tell them to get in touch with their superiors. As far as I know, Corinth is a subsidiary of Regency -- in fact, one of their books had "Corinth" on the cover and "Regency" on the title page, or possibly vice versa -- and Earl Kemp works for

Regency and I'm positive he's heard of G-8 AND HIS BATTLE  
ACES. And the whole shebang is run by Bill Hamling, for-  
merly of Imagination, who should know the pulps pretty  
well. RSC7

Reg Smith, 1509 N. Mar-Les, Santa Ana, California, 92706

I am constantly amazed at the amount of written material you get thru each month. You read a lot of non-stf material, and all the magazines and paperbacks in the stf field (or at least most of them) and also read all kinds of fanzines; and then comes your editorial in Yandro 161 and you say "The last few days I've given up on stf and started reading Phoebe Atwood Taylor detective stories" and mention a whole batch of her books. I get the picture of you reading while shaving, while eating, while driving to work, etc. What you need to do is figure out some way of reading while sleeping. You should get one of those things that are put under the pillow and connected, I believe, to a tape recorder. (I've heard of them but I don't know the details of how they work). These things have, I believe, a large selection of slow-speed tapes involving lessons in foreign languages and (probably) stories read by people (perhaps even some stf). I don't know how a person can sleep while a little voice is squawking under the pillow, but I've heard such machines are successful.

You have seen, I suppose, Lowndes' new magazine, Famous Science Fiction, by now. It reminds me somewhat of the old Wonder Stories. He must be making some small amount of money for his company or he wouldn't be able to bring out new magazines like he has. I would be very surprised to learn that the circulation of any of his magazines was over 7 or 8,000. The magazines are so cheaply produced, however, that they can probably sell that amount (or even fewer) and still make a profit.

/Now I know I'll have to subscribe to Lowndes' mags: Famous Science Fiction hasn't shown around here at all. Well, I can wait until after Christmas; he isn't going to sell out before then.

Doesn't everyone read while he's eating? Juanita and I do, and I assume that Bruce will as soon as he gets good enough to hit his mouth without looking at what he's doing. Speed? Well, it varies according to what I'm reading. I got thru SKYLARK DUQUESNE in about two hours, but it took me roughly the same time to read the much shorter PEOPLE OF THE REEDS, because the latter was both harder and more interesting. RSC7

James Toren, Box 417, 27 W. Main Street, Amelia, Ohio, 45102

I agree that STAR TREK is a pretty good tv show, but I rather liked TIME TUNNEL. Sure, some of the dialog and situations are pretty corny, but some of them are well handled. I wish they'd do more shows taking place in the future, though. Speaking of STAR TREK, could someone tell why when they've a teleportation beam they need to bother with this great monster of a star ship?

/Of course, being smart, Roddenberry doesn't have his characters stand around explaining their science. (If your audience is smart they don't need explanations and if they're very smart your attempts at explanation may just make you look silly.) So actually they probably don't have a reason for using a matter transmitter aboard a spaceship. But I can work one out. Usually a matter



transmitter is considered to work on a basis similar to radio and tv, right? That is, it scans its subject, transmits the scan via electronic waves, and reassembles the object at the end of transmission, like a tv picture only in 3 dimensions. Okay, radio waves are generally considered to be limited to the speed of light, right? I've certainly read enough stories about how intergalactic communications are fouled up because spaceships can go into "hyperspace" and thus travel faster than radio communications. So, granting both postulates, matter transmission is limited to interplanetary use, simply because it takes too long for the beam to cover interstellar distances. In fact, now that I've thought about it, I'd like to see some explanation of those stories where matter transmitters are supposed to work instantaneously over interstellar distances.

(Maybe starting with Dick's UNTELEPORTED MAN; or did he include an explanation that I don't remember?)

RSC7

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53211

I finally heard of someone who not only takes King Dinosaur-type movies seriously but thinks they're absolutely fabulous and scary as hell.

And she's 24 years old.

She saw THE CRAWLING HAND last Saturday and was telling a relative, who works at AC with me, about it, and what a great movie he'd missed. Figuring I'd probably seen anything on tv to do with science fiction or horror, he asked me about it today. After I told him a bit about it, he went back to work muttering about the apparent mental age of his relative.

Just to give you a very brief idea: It was made in 1963, and a government-operated program to put man on the moon is headed by one person who seemingly has dictatorial powers. He has six astronauts only, and he's been sending them up one at a time. So far he's lost 2 and is planning to send the other 4 up together; he figures that the reason the first 2 were lost was that they went mad in the loneliness of outer space, so he's going to make sure the next ones have company. Anyway, sometime after the oxygen is supposed to have run out for the second astronaut, he gets in contact with the base and keeps telling them to push the Destruct Button and blow him and his ship up. Believe it or not, someone does (the chief doctor, played by Kent Taylor). And they don't even go to look for the pieces after it is blown up over Hollywood.

So, the next day, a young student in California finds the astronaut's hand and forearm on the beach. Being a premed student and interested in this kind of thing, he takes it home and puts it on a kitchen shelf in the house he's rooming in. Of course, it (the hand, etc.) starts creeping around that nite and kills the landlady, leaving fingerprints which are identified by the FBI as belonging to an astronaut, who nobody knows has been sent up to the moon, other than, apparently, the half dozen people immediately involved. Enuf?

It is for me.

Fred Clarke, 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Illinois, 60635

Thanks for reviewing GGG #21 and sending the review issue. I was expecting a much more unfavorable review, as another film-zine pubber told me "I sent Coulson a copy of \*\*\* in trade and he ripped it to shreds in

the fanzine review column as if I'd written review copy all over the cover." Generally, I got the idea from most fans I talked to that you hated film fanzines, and I just sent GGG to you out of curiosity to see what you'd do to it: I see, however, that you don't hate them; you don't even have enough interest in them to bother.

I was happy to see that Juanita liked STAR TREK (that's about as close to films as you can get), as I'm nuts about the show myself. Unfortunately I work every night of the week, but I usually manage to take off about every other Thursday to catch an episode. I usually record them and I hope to be able to present some photos and an article about the show next issue. I'm wondering whether it'll be possible for the show to get a Hugo from the Nycon? It certainly deserves one as it's better than TWILIGHT ZONE (matter of opinion), but the trouble is there isn't any category of dramatic presentation any more.

I found John D. Berry's comments about monster fandom (oh how I hate that label) very amusing as I happen to know quite a few such fans who shun stf fandom, considering it sort of an un-interesting branch of their own fandom. What I don't understand is why can't stf and film fandom get together? Most sci-fi film fans that I know read science fiction, and most stf fans that I know watch sci-fi and horror movies, and actually both fandoms are made up of the same type people, only with slightly different interests. Perhaps stf fandom feels fortunate at being ignored by film fandom, but it irks me the way stf fans usually look down at or ignore film fans. It was a real farce to include film fandom in the panel at the Tricon: "Should Specialized Fandoms Secede from Stf Fandom". I don't think Bill Obbagy said more than three sentences.

[I certainly can't guess which monsterzine editor you referred to. I rip so many magazines to shreds these days... Note Scithers card farther on and write the Nycon Committee to have a dramatic award. I agree with you that STAR TREK, as the first and only good science fiction series on US television, certainly deserves one. (Qualifiers because the British have had what I understand are good stf series on tv, notably the "Quatermass" productions, and we have had good fantasy, such as TWILIGHT ZONE, on our tv.) BSC]

Kay Anderson, 23<sup>4</sup> Shangri-la NW, Albuquerque, NM,  
87107

Let me figuratively shake your hand or hug you, or something. I also am a STAR TREK fan and every time I try to tell a "real" sf fan how much I like it, I get a look like I really should try to find my rock and crawl back underneath. I do like it. I think it is the best thing ever done on TV in the name of science fiction, and pretty good stf even comparing it with the written stuff.

STAR TREK uses decent plots (I loathed THE PEOPLE TRAP, too) and gets some scripts by professionals. One thing I particularly appreciate is that they use stf devices such as warp drive, matter anti-matter reactions, tractor beams, and matter transmitters without explaining them to death for the benefit of the viewers who don't read science fiction. I always gnash my teeth when a character makes a speech to another character and goes through a long-winded explanation of some-



thing the other guy should know about. It would be like saying, "I'm going to drive to the store in my car, which is a four-wheeled vehicle driven by an internal combustion engine utilizing a fuel derived from catalytic cracking of certain petroleum derivatives..."

I like DeForest Kelley as McCoy. I do wish that after using the same threat on three consecutive shows he would think of something to do besides write people up in his log. Nimoy I really admire. Spock is a difficult part, and it would be very easy to overplay. Nimoy manages to be a convincing non-human (all right, half-human) as much if not more by some subtle differences in the way he moves and stands and talks as by means of the make-up. He is the only actor except for Michael Rennie as Klaatu that I have ever seen play an extra-terrestrial without pulling a shambling monster routine.

I'm looking forward to this weekend (we get STAR TREK on Saturday nights) to see how they get out of the court-martial in the two-parter. The scenes from the voyage of thirteen years before are actually from their unsuccessful pilot of a couple of seasons ago. I'm afraid that in their effort to use the old pilot and save some money that they are going to contradict themselves or bend Spock's character out of shape. I thought William Shatner chewed on the scenery a lot, but Jeff Hunter really makes him look like a fine actor. And Nimoy has certainly done a lot with Spock since then, like quit smiling so much.

George H. Scithers, Box O, Eatontown, New Jersey, 07724

Newsley Notes from All Under: The Tricon business meeting did so transact some business: Stories are divided into three categories, break-points as 10,000 and 35,000 words, concommittee with authority to move story by 5,000 if it seems appropriate to different category. One year eligibility only for stories of any length; serials' date of eligibility count from year of appearance of last installment. Author may designate which version of multiple-version story is to be eligible. No concommittee given Special Award, but concommittee may establish a one-year, elective award (same authority that Loncon meeting gave Tricon committee, which resulted in the once-only "Best Series" award). (Nycon III does not so plan.) Automatic run off ballot mandatory for final ballot, not for nomination ballot. In future, a bid for con will be considered as a promise to abide by the Worldcon rules.

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois, 61745

Does Jack Speer read Yandro?

If so, he should cast modesty aside and step forward to claim title to the smallest fanzine published. No, I don't recall the title nor the date, so I can't quote the proper page number in the Favlat-Evans-Piser Fanzine Index, but Juanita probably can. She should remember every scrap of minute information she put to stencil for that job. All I remember of Speer's opus was that it was as small as a shrunken quote card, was illustrated, and that successive issues were distributed hourly at some convention or regional conference -- perhaps one of the Philly Cons, before 1944. Now, if Speer does read your old yellow fanzine, watch him push forward to tell me I'm mistaken. He'd rather catch a faltering memory off base than to gather in prizes and fame for the \*blank\* this-or-that fanzine. Fake fan, of course.

If you and your loyal readers don't stop chattering on and on about this or that player, this or that program, I'm going to chuck my job and stay home and watch TV just to find out what all of you are talking about. Here I am out in the cold. Once or maybe twice a year I regret having to work for a living and missing something on the Glass Eye. Only this week,

an educational station near here offered a program into the research work being done on Barnard's Star B, by the staff of Sproul Observatory. I set my oldest son to watching it, with instructions to pass along all worthwhile information learned, but that was unsatisfactory. Gist of the matter is, long observation of the star has produced persuasive evidence that a planet is circling it, that the planet is probably as large as Jupiter, but more cold. If anyone has further information, or can tell me where to find same, I'd appreciate it.

The descriptions offered for Michael Dunns suggest that he is the dwarf who appeared in the picture "Ship of Fools" a year or two ago. If so, you'll probably see that picture on TV soon; it was a failure at the boxoffice and will probably be dumped before long. He was no villain there, but instead the unwanted offspring of German parents who kept him touring the world -- anything to keep him away from home so that family and neighbors wouldn't have to look at him. The script writer turned him into a kind of omniscient little god who would look properly horrified when anyone suggested going home to Germany to live the good life; either the dwarf did read the future and knew what was coming beyond the end of 1933, or the scripter foolishly created an anachronism.

Is the name Illya Kuryakin taken from "Doctor Zhivago"? A town, of the same or very similar name, occupies an important part of the plot and the action in the picture. It's located away out into hell-and-gone beyond the Urals, about a week's rail journey from Moscow. Old rail fans Morse and Evans will surely enjoy that much of the picture, at least: ten to twelve minutes of rail travel from Moscow to Kuryakin, in the dead of winter, in rebuilt Russian rolling stock of World War I vintage. It was so blamed cold in the picture that some of our patrons complained the theater was too cold; the camera creates an intense power of suggestion.

What the heck, Buck, even you might like the picture if you're the history buff I take you to be. (If you can swallow the admission price, that is.) My only complaint, a minor one, is that they gave the Russians too many rifles. I thought the Russian troops facing the German lines in 1917-18 were so poorly equipped that they couldn't fight if they wanted to -- not that many of them wanted to, after a while, but there wasn't supposed to be that many rifles at hand. A few of the minor players have some pretty thick English accents; it's a bit of a struggle to understand a teenage girl in the opening and closing scenes, even though she's supposed to be a Russian orphan.

I'm going to send a batch of movie reviews to Briney, those reviews published in our trade journals which reveal the plot, the ending, and everything. I can't bear him fretting about all those wonderful pictures he doesn't see. I have one here which tells whether Mamie van Doren played the Navy or the Night Monster -- now he can know without spending a cent or losing sleep.

The only other world-shaking intelligence I have for you is that Jerry Lewis is around in a new picture called "Way..Way Out". In it, he is sent up to the moon to man a weather station.

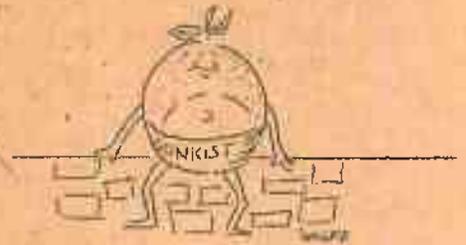
I rather thought that would grab you.

[I haven't seen the movie, but the only town with a similar name I remember from the novel DOCTOR ZHIVAGO was 'Yuriatin'...admittedly a close pronunciation to Kuryakin. And your description of Dunn's role in "Ship of Fools" sounds like the script writer borrowed heavily from the character of Oscar in Grass's THE TIN DRUM... JWC7

# STRANGE

reviewed  
by I S C

# FRUIT



Newsletters; these report fan and professional news, gossip, changes of address, etc. Everyone should get at least one, just to keep up on the pro news; if you're interested enough in fandom you'll probably enjoy all of them. (By the way, what happened to the new schedule and vital changes and stuff that were promised for S F TIMES awhile ago???)

DEGLER #153, 154, 155 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - weekly - 4 for 25¢) All sorts of items; from a notice that Wally Wood sold out 1000 copies of his pro/fanzine WITZEND and ordered 2000 more to the news that Berkley Books has been purchased by Putnam and will start publishing new Heinlein books in pb form (but no promises about reprinting his old and as yet unpaperbacked juveniles, dammit.)

RATATOSK #41 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 3 for 25¢) The usual fan and pro news; not as interesting as DEGLER this round, though it usually is.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #32, 33 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - biweekly - \$2 per year) Washington, D.C. club news, plus book reviews, magazine reviews, and in one issue a list of new British books taken from Ken Slater's catalog. The first few issues of the JOURNAL were for Washington area fans only; now it's worthwhile for almost anyone.

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #16 (John Boston, Box 2841, Station B, Vanderbilt Univ. 37203 - final issue) The end for one of the best information sheets on new books. Lack of time; too bad.

I also got an issue of Al Andrews' RALLY, but I'm not sure I'm supposed to review it. So I won't.

CAPA-alpha #25 - This is a publishing association for comics fans. Central mailers and the people to whom you should devote your queries are Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060. They must be desperate for new members; they know my opinion of comics fanzines and they sent me this for review anyway. (I guess I shouldn't have revealed at the TriCon that nobody pays any attention to the contents of a review but the editor.) Onward. This whole mess is -- with one exception -- bound into one giant magazine, but since each section is titled separately I'll review it that way. First the exception which is:

BATMANIA #10, by Billy J. White - The idea of an entire 26-page magazine being devoted solely to Batman is pretty mind-shattering to begin with. Obviously you can't fill 10 issues of a fanzine with major articles about one character, so much of the material is trivia -- which advertisers are using Batman or imitations in their ads, reprints of Batman newspaper cartoons and other such fascinating items. (Probably Robin's divorce suit will be the feature item in the next issue.) The tone of the material is about what you'd expect from people who have Batman for "our idol". Well, the printing is nice, anyway. And it's popular; the cover claims "over 1100 Batmanlans". (At that, I wouldn't mind seeing a Batman club with more members than the Burroughs Bibliophiles; it might shut up a few fans who seem to think that quantity is everything.)

XAM! #4, by Dick Bryor - A small mag with very poor ditting. Material

seemed about average apa quality; what I could read of it wasn't much different from the material in FAPA, the Cult, or any other apa. There's even a page on sports car rallying.

FUNNY WORLD #2, by Mike Barrier - Much the same applies here, except that the printing is easier to read and Barrier is a far more interesting writer than Pryor.

HEAVY WATER #17, by Fred Patten - One of the better items, with a rundown of French comics (no, they're nothing like French postcards, unfortunately) and a couple of pages of good mailing comments.

BATS IN THE BELFRY #3, by Steven Kelez - Possibly the last bow from an art-oriented fan who is entering the army. The beginnings of a comic strip with fairish artwork and the usual ungodly horrible story line.

BABBLE ON, by John Brosnan - More bad dittoing, but legible this time. Brosnan is a James Bond fan as well as a comics fan, which makes two strikes against him. He's also an Australian, and seems to have the usual trouble with the Australian Customs.

HOUSE OF INFO -1 KA #25, by Tom and John McGeehan - Lists and trivia, including an alphabetical list (or review, if you prefer) of 56 fanzines: (I wonder how Cazedessus likes getting ERB-dom listed in with a bunch of comics mags?)

RAINY DAYS #12, by the Thompsons - A couple of pages of news and reviews.

GULLY FOYLE #7, contributed by Ryans & Kuhfeld, according to the index - This is an 11 x 17 foldout, a multilithed copy of the "Gully Foyle" comic strip taken from Bester's The Stars My Destination. The artwork is good, and the strip seems an accurate adaptation of the book (from the little I could judge; this strip adapts about one paragraph). The first more or less "adult" adventure comic since EC folded.

BRAMSTON #2, by Gary Mason. - An extremely long and extremely dull article on comics censorship in Australia.

FANTABULON #4, by Sherman and Wayne Howard - A fairly intelligent rundown of the new tv season (meaning they like some of the same programs we do), mailing comments, and a pastiche of the Commando Cody tv series which I can't judge for accuracy. (I didn't even know there was a Commando Cody tv series -- what did they do, run the old movie serials over again?)

If all this is your idea of fun, write the Thompsons.

MOJO NAVIGATOR R&R NEWS #9 (Mojo Publishing Co, 2707B McAllister St, San Francisco, Calif. 94118 - weekly - 10¢) Comics fanzines aren't enough; now I have to get 10 pages devoted to pop music. Greg Shaw is managing editor and presumably the one I'll send the bomb to. If you like this sort of thing, here it is.

I have here an ad for FILMFORUM, an offset fanzine published by Roar Ringdahl, boks 495, Drammen, Norway. Irregular, 4 for \$1.40. Movie stuff.

NOPE #3 (Jay Kinney, 606 Wellner Rd, Naperville, Illinois 60540. - irregular - 15¢ - publisher, Dave Herring) More comics, in addition to fiction and verse. (You say nothing is verse than fiction? Shame on you.) Hey, Jay, make up your mind. On the contents page you say you will take the money; in the editorial you say send it to Dave Herring. Should I accuse you of producing a red Herring? Especially since later on you say don't send anybody the money. The humor is a bit crude in spots, but reasonably funny. (I'll refrain from saying the same about the verse, even tho it is a type I dislike. It might even be good.) A mildly promising new fanzine.

QRM #0.01 (Edwin W. Meyer, Jr., for MIT Science Fiction Society, W20-443, 77 Massachusetts, Ave, Cambridge, Mass. 02139) An ad for a new fanzine which will be sent free to anyone who sends in his complete address (with zip code) The editor requests contributions.

BROBDINGNAG #48 (J. A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada) A Postal Diplomacy fanzine. Subscription to last until the end of the two games being reported on is \$2.00. Back issues available, but the amount they cost was illegible on my copy. (I should care; I'm not going to buy any.)

PAS-TELL #21 (Project Art Show, 12942 Ranchero Way, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640 - irregular - 5 for \$1) The fanzine of, by and for fan artists. This issue presents a recap of the TriCon art show; the winners, articles from the judges explaining why they voted the way they did, a list of entries, purchasers, and prices. The issue is rounded off with a lettercolumn in which various fan and pro artists ask questions, offer advice, etc. A must for artists.

ISCARIOT #9 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35216 - Irregular - no price listed) This one consists of a 21-page article by Steve Pickering on religion in science fiction, a half-page editorial and a Jeff Jones cover illustrating Boucher's "Quest For Saint Aquin". It's quite a readable article (the paragraph of gibberish concerning Believer's World excepted), although not about a subject I'm terribly interested in. Possibly Pickering's best writing to date.

MOONWEB #0 (Vern Bennett, P.O. Box 705, Hawthorne, Calif. 90250 - quarterly - 20¢ but the next one will be 25¢) This is a "trial balloon" for a new fanzine. Material includes the plot line of "Invasion Of The Body Snatchers", a eulogy to Forry Ackerman, a fanzine review, and some reprints from elderly fanzines. 7 pages in all, which isn't much for 20¢. Moderately promising.

LES SPINGE #16 (Darroll Pardoe, 11 Cheniston Gardens, London W.8, Great Britain - for trade, review, contribution or comment only) An old fanzine from a new editor. This is Pardoe's second issue, and I must say it looks much neater than it did when Ken Cheslin was running it. Material seems devoted to mild humor; there is a good lettercolumn. Samples are free; try one.

SCOTTISHE #41 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, Gt. Britain - quarterly - 4 for \$1 - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, California 94701) One of the very best fanzines. In this issue, Ethel discusses Josephine Tey, Frances Varley comments on a 1940 children's encyclopedia (with a moral on every page), Ken Potter describes the terrors of caravan (known as "trailers" this side of the Atlantic) life, there is an excellent lettercolumn and Ethel comes back with more nursing anecdotes. (All this may not sound terribly exciting, so I'll just say that SCOT is one of the half-dozen or so fanzines that make reading all this crud worth while.)

DYNATRON #29 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - quarterly - 20¢ in 4¢ and/or 5¢ stamps) Letters, fan fiction, verse, editorial, and a review of "Isle Of The Undead", one of the real genuine old classics of fantasy from a 1936 WEIRD. Loads of fun (the review, not the story.)

NO-EYED MONSTER #9 (Norm Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Lake Road, Ortonville, Michigan 48462 - quarterly - 25¢) Another Pickering article, this time one of the bad ones. It seems to be written to prove that Pickering is an intellectual and everyone who disagrees with him is an anti-intellectual. In addition to being pompous, it is dishonest (phrases like "we sociologists" imply that Pickering is one, when actually he's only a student), contains misquotes (and I emphatically dislike having idiotic quotes that I never said being attributed to me, Steve; insults I don't

mind as much as misquotes). What I said was that fans aren't opposed to intellectualism, only to pompousness. Filtered through Pickering, this comes out as "what Robert Coulson has called 'intellectual pomposity' ". In quotes yet. The article is full of Pickeringisms like "ostensible ambiguity" and outright fabrications such as "The sercon individual, being the science fiction fan and critic, is under constant social pressure from contemporary fandom". Apparently Pickering is desperate to impress somebody -- anybody -- with his ostensible erudition, and his lack of success has produced a trauma of gigantic proportions. I thought he was getting over it, but apparently not. The mag also contains an excellent editorial, some mediocre fiction and a fair lettercolumn. Back-to-back with this is THE UNKNOWN Vol.2#5, by John Merkel, with more fiction. Very little artwork is used, which seems to be a good thing.

A copy of DEGLER! #156 just arrived. Same comments as previously. (One news item here is that there is now a pseudo-Cult, formed by fans who were listed as members in a hoax publication. To differentiate between the two, the newcomers might be considered the Overly Conscientious Cult, or OCCult.....)

TWILIGHT ZINE #20 (Cory Seidman, 56 Linnaean St, Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - quarterly - 25¢ - co-editor, Leslie Turek) This has a con report, the start of a history of the magazine by one of its numerous editors, a set of "Clereviews" by John Boardman (certainly the most original fanzine item this month, and one of the best), an installment of "Tomm Swift And His Electric Chair" by Mike Ward (which sounds remarkably like some of the stuff Gene DeWeese and I used to foist on unsuspecting YANDRO readers), a mathematician's Genesis (which is funny as is, and would probably be a lot funnier if I knew more about mathematics) and a letter column. With it came APPALLING STORIES #19, a somewhat overdone parody of ANALOG. (Or at least, I think it was supposed to be ANALOG.) All in all, one of the real bargains in fanzines.

STROON #4 (Anthony R. Lewis, 124 Longwood Ave, Brookline, Mass. 02146 - for contribution or comment, I guess) Another M.I.T. mag. (You can tell by the full-page illustration.) A Sherlock Holmes parody reprinted from PUNCH, filk songs, a Cordwainer Smith bibliography, and letters. Another Good Humor magazine from M.I.T.

HUGIN AND MUNIN #1 (Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada - irregular - free for comment) A publication of the Carleton University SF club, dedicated to bringing fandom to the non-fan student and vice versa. First issue is terribly serious; fiction, verse, and a couple of articles on space. None of them are terribly good, but they are acceptable as a first effort.

COSIGN #4 (Robert B. Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202 - monthly - 25¢) New clubs everywhere; this is from the Central Ohio S F Society. Material is fairly typical, in type and quality, of a fairly new fanzine; it's probably better than #1 was and future issues will undoubtedly be better than this one.

ODD #14 (Raymond and Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108) The layout and contents of this mag remind me forcibly of the fanzines I read when I first entered fandom. Not surprising, since the last previous issue was published 14 years ago, about the time I was first entering fandom. A thoroughly competent and varied publication, even tho very little of the contents interested me personally. The Fishers and I seem to have different outside interests. (So if you dislike mine, by all means sample theirs.)

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