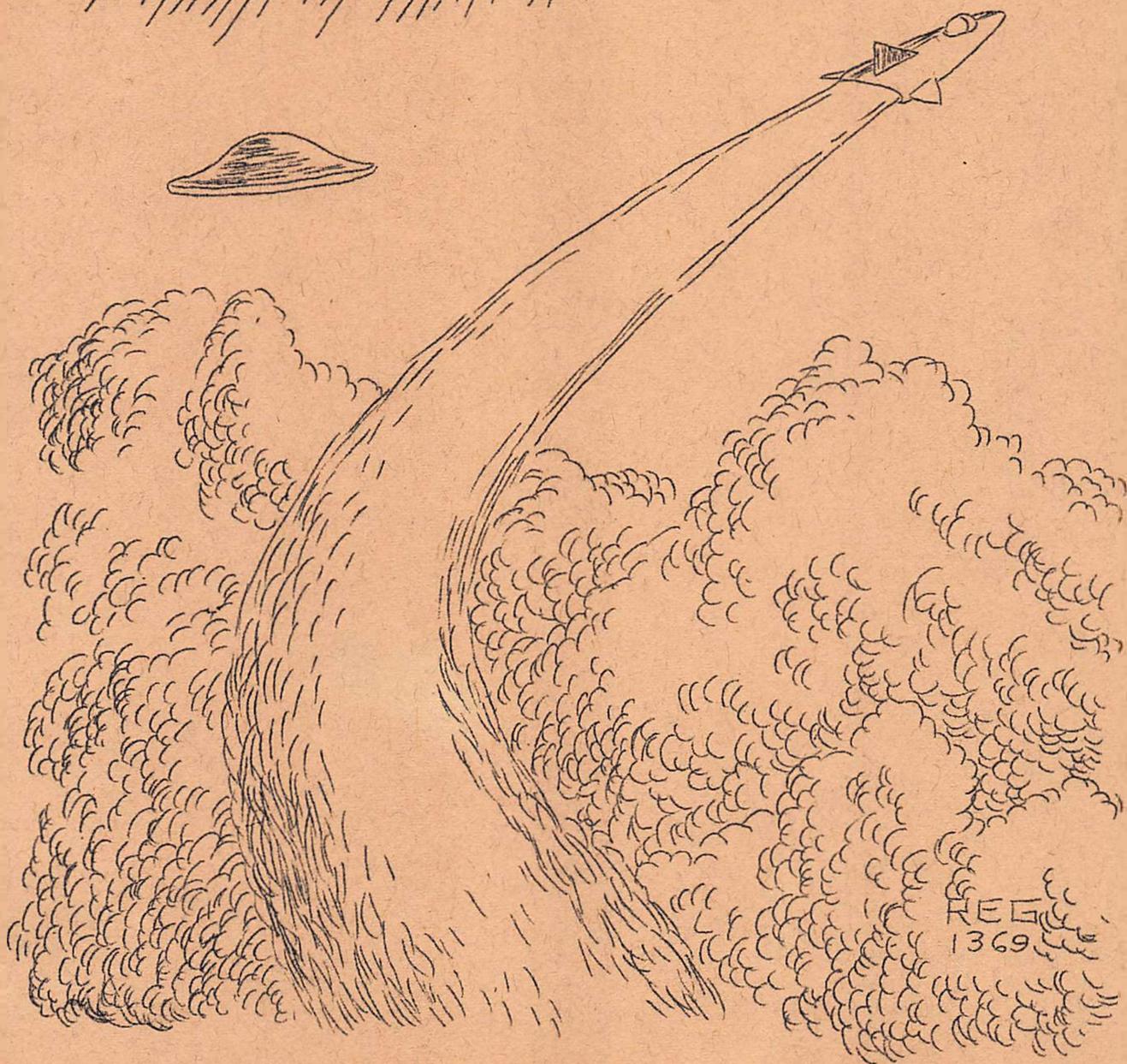
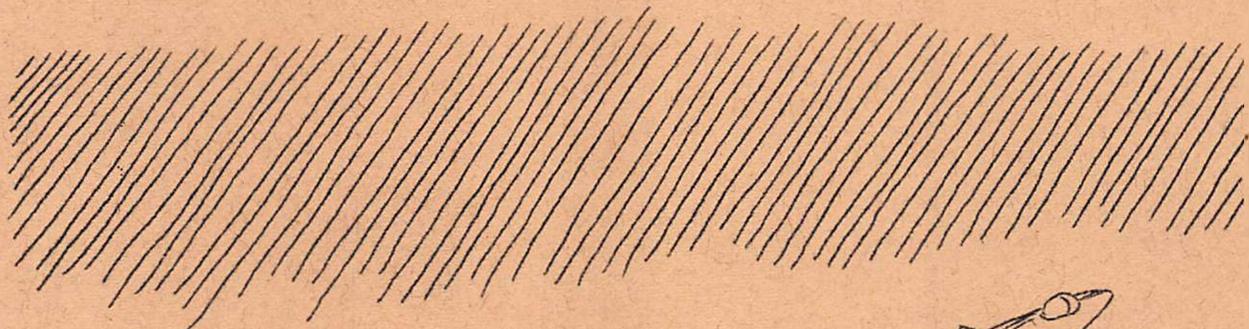


YANDRO



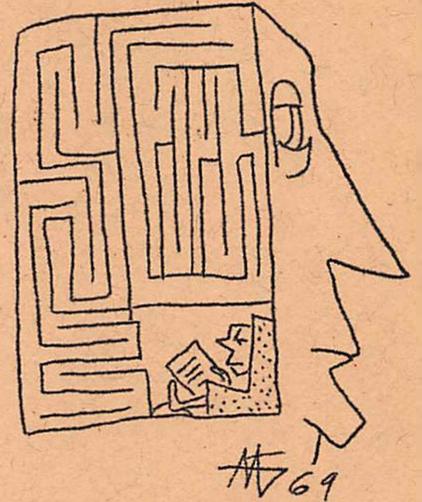
REG
1369

YANDRO

1
9
4

VOL. XVII
NO. 9

DECEMBER 69



Published more or less monthly by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348, U.S.A.
British Agent: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts, Great Britain

Price, US: 40¢, 4 for \$1.50, 12 for \$4.00
Price, Britain: 3/0, 4 for 10/0, 12 for 26/0

.....
"...an old frontier Colt .44 ... He pulled the trigger again, double action..."
"The Seeds of Gonyl", by Keith Laumer (IF)
.....

CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial)	JWC	2
A Column	Bruce Coulson	3
Rumblings (editorial)	RSC	4
A Few Words on World Convention Plans (article)	Alexis Gilliland, Bob Silverberg, and RSC	6
In Defense of Litterbugging (humor?)	Seth Poole	9
Difugality (column)	Dave Locke	10
A Soliliquy on the Death of <u>Star Trek</u> , After Reading John Lyly's <u>Euphues</u> (humor)	Dennis Lien	12
Palmer and Flying Saucers and Sub-Humans (art)	Reg Smith	13
Our Own Lindworm (verse)	Raymond Clancy	14
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)	RSC	15
Grumblings (letter column)		18
Golden Minutes (book reviews)	RSC	29

NOTE: The Gilliland and Silverberg material is reprinted from WSFA JOURNAL and LOCUS, respectively. WSFA JOURNAL # 69 (just received) includes replies to Gilliland.

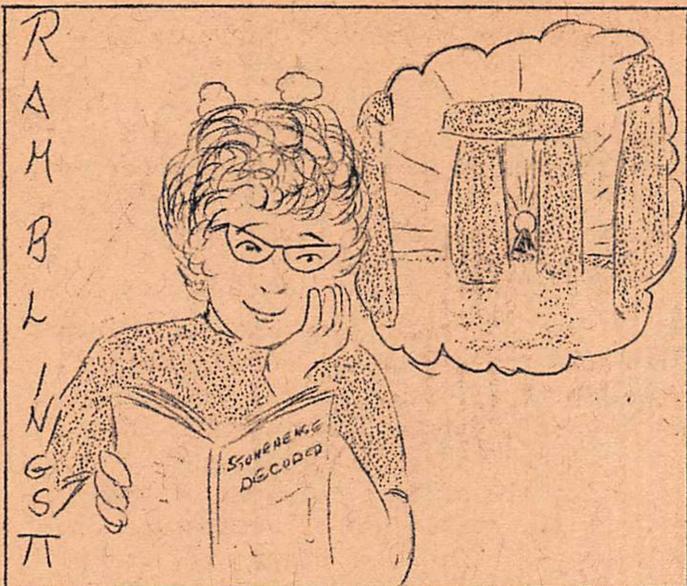
ARTWORK

Cover by Robert E. Gilbert - - - Cover Logo by Arthur Thomson

Page 1	Alexis Gilliland	Page 18 (Logo)	Richard Delap
" 2	JWC	" 18	David Lewton
" 4	Alexis Gilliland	" 19	Randy Scott
" 6	Jim Cawthorn	" 22	Arthur Thomson
" 7	Dan Adkins	" 23	Robert E. Gilbert
" 10	Mike Symes	" 26	Richard Flinchbaugh
" 11	George Foster	" 27	Alexis Gilliland
" 15 (Logo)	Arthur Thomson	" 29 (Logo)	Sherna Burley

.....
New Address: James R. Sieger, 1075 W. River Dr., Rt. 3, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin 53066
.....

Thomas Swann asks if I'm looking forward to the movie version of The Day of the Dolphin. I'm long past looking forward to a movie version of anything, but for those of you like me who didn't even know a movie version was coming, I'm mentioning it. RSC



I hope your seasonal cheer, of whatever persuasion, was as jolly as ours turned out to be (even though ours is of necessity non-alcoholic). My own particular cup runneth over. Buck gave me an even dozen Georgette Heyer novels, so I should be occupied at odd moments for the next couple of weeks: it would be less than that but we're visiting the DeWeeses in Milwaukee during part of that time, and I won't need to take any reading matter along, because they have plenty. I always catch up on back issues of Playboy while we're there, for one thing. The Heyer novels weren't all my Christmas, by any means. I've already finished Hawkins' STONEHENGE DECODED, and wished it were twice as long, at least. Makes me yearn to visit England and see

the real thing, or at least the replica in this country. With various sewing equipment, jewelry, two pounds of pistachios (and me trying to lose weight!) and various other oddments, I should feel sufficiently guilty about my good fortune to make a charity donation to the next dun that comes in the mail.

Among other things, we can now feel more akin than ever to Arlo Guthrie and his..philosophy? We'd accumulated a fair amount of garbage prior to Buck's day of vacation, December 24th, and that seemed as good a time as any to unload the stuff (we have to dispose of our own -- one of the prices of country living) before the deluge of cans and scraps and whatnot expected from holiday eating. I went along for the ride to the Montpelier, Indiana, dump, because I wanted to stop briefly in town on our way back and pick up some last-minute groceries. As it turned out, we didn't get rid of the garbage anyway. I never heard of a dump closed for Christmas eve, but there it was, with a very sturdy and forbidding chain across its entrance and probably an officer, or at least a constable, hiding behind a tree watching to see whether we'd pile the garbage in front of the entrance. We didn't. We've been warned. I'm just grateful that currently it's below freezing most of the days and we could store the garbage in sacks in an enclosed breezeway. It freezes solid before it soaks through the sacks and makes convenient bundles. But anyway, hello Arlo.

Enclosed breezeway...how's that for your sense of semantics? When we lived in Wabash we had a breezeway that wasn't, too; it had a door which was almost permanently shut at one side, cutting down considerably on the breeze (which we were grateful for in the winter...the fact that the breeze was cut down on, not the breeze itself, definitely). Here we don't really have a breezeway at all. I'm not sure what it is. It's a roofed, walled, and doored area connecting the house and two other buildings. Whatever it is....outdoor foyer?...indoor small patio?...it comes in very handy.

Speaking of semantics, when The Beatles "Oobladee" (I haven't seen the record label, so I don't know how they're spelling it this time around) came out, it would have qualified as nostalgia if it weren't so patently of the Now Generation. One expects terms like that to be very short-lived. Slang, whether in reference to clothing, activities, music, or whatever usually is very ephemeral. But I first heard Oobladee in the early Fifties. It may have been in use in the late Forties and simply have taken that long to filter out to the sticks; I don't know....somebody like Ted White or other jazz scene experts probably would. Oobladee hit the Midwest along with crazy, terrible (for marvelous), and dig in a slow-acting swoop. I ran with the bunch considered far-out, weird, and probably communist as well, and I heard it early. But I hadn't heard it much during the intervening years. Rather than having gone to the limbo where reside cat's pajamas, cement overshoes, and hepcats and all, it was just lying dormant, appa-

Featured on page 29 is Ivy, the Unicorn unicorn. Available for other appearances. Contact agent Sherna Burley, 1480 Rte #46 Apt. 123A, Parsipanny, N.J. 07054

rently. Rather like meeting someone again you've not seen since your early college years. 'Makes the ears prick up, I tell you.

Today is Saturday, and we want to get this in the mail before Wednesday, and I'd just as soon get it out of the way before Tuesday, so I'm typing away, and being interrupted by things like Buck referring to "the chicken house rabbit". I think he's going to see if the rabbit hutching in the chicken house can't become a rabbit frying in a skillet.

This has been the sort of winter, so far, when I'm not entirely happy with living in the Midwest, but I don't know if it would be any better elsewhere. The cold doesn't bother me all that much, and there's been a fair amount of snow, which I like. But since mid-November most of the people I know have been afflicted with stuffy sinuses, post nasal drip and morning sore throat. I assume there is some special weather condition, possibly compounded by air pollution, causing all of this. I wouldn't mind a week or so, but this long is ridiculous. And painful. Presumably all climates have their drawbacks, especially in our polluted atmosphere. (The last clear air, around Phoenix, is supposed to have vanished some time ago.) I didn't have sinus trouble last summer when we went to Cal, but I had a sore throat throughout the last half of the trip and for several weeks afterward....no infection, just a dry, sore throat. I gather it's fairly common.

I hope Alex Gilliland doesn't mind a slight alteration in his illo on the next page. I usually try to be as faithful as possible to the original drawing, but this particular one seemed so perfect for this issue's Rumbings column that I couldn't resist using it, after a tiny bit of editing. If you don't approve, Alex, yell, and I promise never to do that again.

1969 was a year that had a fair amount of lumps in it, not nearly so many, for us and for some other people, as '68, but all around about an average, fairly undistinguished year. Except for a few things like Moon landings. I wonder if 1969 will be a date future school children will be asked to memorize? Or will it be 1957, which was another first step year? In the long generations, how will we figure? How will our histories read? That's the sort of speculation that can leave you lying awake at night pondering the matter, and hoping you don't come up short. At least I hope we don't come up short. Plenty of things wrong, but as long as there are some people trying to improve matters, we ain't down yet. Hoping you are the same.... JWC

a column.....by BRUCE COULSON

Merry Christmas! And a Happy New Year! For I am sure that by the time this issue reaches you, time will have passed both of them.

In the book department I am reading Summers' YOU CAN'T GET THERE BY BUS, Willy Ley's ROCKETS, MISSILES, AND SPACE TRAVEL, and various Sherlock Holmes stories. I hope to have them done by the next time.

On animals, we have recently acquired two puppies, which do all sorts of fun things like chewing on shoe laces, have play-fights, eat table scraps, and generally have a lot of fun.

FACT: Chess names and moves were established during the time that the feudal system was in effect. This is evident in the names of the pieces: king, queen, rook, bishop, knight, and pawn. THEORY: Perhaps these names and moves had some bearing on the times. The king's move meant that his power was limited, The queen represented the nobles, with their great power. The rook represents the strong castles. The bishop shows the clergy, the move that the church was strong together, but weak separated. The knight's move means the variance between them. And the pawn represented the serf, his move that he was weak, and had to take most of the beating of the battles.

Until next issue, good-bye, and may nothing happen to mar your happiness!

BEC

R
U
M
B
L
I
N
G
S



All things come to him who waits. Ever since seeing an illustration in an old Bannerman catalog, I've wanted a kris. That wavy blade is so lovely and sinister. So the other evening we visited Shutz Bros. gun and leather goods shop in North Manchester (free plug; the best place to go for guns or any sort of leather goods from saddles to billfolds). Bruce wanted to look at some knives, and among those displayed was a "Naga kris". I hesitated about 30 seconds and bought me an early Christmas present. (Bruce got a Mexican "Bowie knife"; Juanita is a long-suffering wife and mother.) From the looks of the rather cheap but flashy wooden sheath, I suspect my kris was turned out for the

Phillipine tourist trade, but it has a suitably wavy 9-inch blade, double-edged. (It is actually a type of dagger and one can dream of one of the minions of Fu Manchu slithering about with it, waiting for an unsuspecting British diplomat.)

We have two canine acquisitions, also. There was this ad that said "Free Puppies", and since I still have hopes of getting a hunting dog..... We took two because they were small. (Together they weighed under 6 pounds.) The owner said they had beagle and chow blood, but I can't distinguish either. One looks like a miniature short-haired setter, and we aren't even positive the other is a dog. It is small, furry, with a round head and dark beady eyes, moves in a sort of scuttling wiggle, has a short triangular tail, makes a wide variety of squeaking noises, and eats steadily. So of course we named it Tribble - I mean, what else could it be? The more normal doglike puppy is Lessa, mainly because I wanted a stfnal name and female stfnal names aren't common, but partly because it's the one that came out and greeted us while all the other puppies cowered in their doghouse and is the one trying earnestly to be a watchdog and find still more ways to escape her pen. (They stay outside, in an old mailbox lined with cardboard and straw.) Both puppies are female, so there goes some money for spaying - particularly on Tribble. I'm going to keep a sharp eye on that one.

I've been going thru the 1969 stf mags. Next issue will have my Hugo recommendations, but there are a few items I want to share with you this time. This one's for you, Dean; "She carried a .20 gauge shotgun under one arm." ("The Screwiest Job In The World", by Bill Pronzini, in F&SF). Just so we're sure it isn't a typo, the ".20 gauge" is repeated later. I'm not positive of my math, but I calculate a .20 gauge would have a bore approximately 3 inches in diameter.

PLAGUE SHIP, by Harrison, in VENTURE, is highly recommended. This one has everything; a meteor hitting the spaceship and killing all the officers but the doctor and engineering officer; a solar storm, with the discovery that the meteor has also knocked out most of the radiation shielding so the pilot will be exposed to hard radiation; the engineering officer dropping dead of a heart attack; a fire; the ship going off course; oxygen running low; throwing out luggage to lighten mass; a mutiny; and a plague with of course the ship's doctor coming down with it. I don't know why the beautiful stowaway is missing; possibly because this was a truncated magazine version. In the book version (suitably retitled KITCHEN SINK SHIP), I am going to expect a beautiful stowaway, Harry, and it would help if she nobly jumps overboard to help lighten mass. You don't hardly get this kind of humor no more.

Campbell had one of his more hilarious editorials in the July ANALOG. Starting off with a name-calling objection to the banning of cigarette ads, he went on to his standard spiel that because smoking is enjoyed by so many people it must be good for you. (A hundred years ago most of the people in the world used opium; therefore opium was good for them.) However, in all his pages of wordage, not once does he offer any proof that cigarette advertising (which is, after all, what was banned) is a boon to

humanity. He is, in fact, in the position of implying that (a) tobacco is a product that is so wonderful that people will give up a portion of their food to obtain it, and (b) the producers of this item so heavily in demand are unable to sell it without highpressure advertising. It does not compute, Jawn.

Lynn Hickman suggested gently that maybe I was joking when I said in the last issue that ARMAGEDDON 2149 A.D. was written in 1962. Does 1928 sound better, Lynn? And I noticed one of my own goofs; I said Panshin's RITE OF PASSAGE was the first time anyone had improved on Heinlein. Not so; compare Heinlein's "Blowups Happen" with the original novelet version of del Rey's "Nerves". But it's a rare event, nevertheless.

The nearness of Christmas set me to thinking the other day. In every newspaper in the country you will hear Conservatives declaiming that this is a Christian country and Liberals deplore that it is a violent one, but nobody seems to have made the obvious connection. Consider: The most widely disseminated compendium of violence in the world is the Bible. Within those hallowed pages one can find battle, murder, rape, torture and massacre, and the perpetrators of most of this violence are spoken of approvingly as "God's Chosen People".

Shakespeare may run a close second, but "Macbeth", "Hamlet" and the rest of the blood-spattered masterpieces are mostly encountered by adults, whereas serving the head of John the Baptist on a platter is considered a fit subject for a Sunday School lesson. When Speck killed all those Chicago nurses (with a knife) it was reported that he was a comic book reader; the implication being that comics with their violence had given him the idea. But when Whitman killed even more people in Texas, the fact that he read nothing but the Bible was mentioned as an amazing coincidence rather than a cause. Earlier, another Bible-reader somewhere in the east went berserk and started potting at his neighbors with a Luger; once again nobody considered his source of inspiration. The problem is probably in semantics; the Bible is a "good book" and therefore it can't inspire evil. (Wanna bet?)

Speaking of semantics, I was amused some time ago when Jesse Unruh appeared on the Dick Cavett show. He and other Californian liberals "went out and collected a quarter of a million names on a petition" for stricter gun legislation, "but then the gun lobby came in, and...." Notice. "Lobby" has become a bad word, so only your opponents lobby. Collecting a quarter of a million signatures isn't lobbying; heavens to Betsy no! If you sign a petition opposing private gun ownership you're a patriotic individual; if you sign one for private gun ownership you're an evil lobbyist. The really horrifying part is that large numbers of people are influenced by this barefaced hypocrisy. The younger generation seems even more prone to belief in slogans than their elders, if possible.

I didn't review it, but thanks to Nan Braude I now have a copy of THE AMERICAN LUMBERJACK, by Stewart Holbrook, and it's every bit as good as I thought it would be. (All things come to him who waits, etc. Now if Nan can wait long enough she'll get the tape I promised her.....)

For any of you wanting to start Christmas shopping early for 1970 (by the time this appears it will be too late for this year) I would like to report on antiques. It seems that everybody wants them, and the prices keep going up. At a recent "show" I noted ordinary glass fruit jars priced from \$1 to \$5 apiece, highline insulators from 50¢ to \$5, empty one-pound tobacco cans at \$4.50 apiece, porcelain doorknobs for \$4.50 a pair, an old stove-lid lifter for \$1, and so on. Sales of replica spittoons remain brisk and may increase out of all reason if the slump in smoking continues. And I have been told that a local woman collects hatpin holders. She may, in fact, have a world's record collection of hatpin holders.... (Those who point out that Naga krisses aren't of much more practical use will be ignored.) Anyway, when you're trying to think of a gift for that person who's so hard to buy for, how about a highline insulator? (It just so happens that I have one I could let you have at a bargain....)

That winds things up for 1969. Next issue will be the Annish; until then, have a happy holiday, be it Christmas, New Year's, Hanukah, or whatever.

A FEW WORDS ON WORLD CONVENTION PLANS

by ALEXIS GILLILAND and BOB SILVERBERG

Ed. Note: I asked Alexis if he would do an article for Yandro on the Worldcon, similar to the "Fuggheads At the Break of Day" section in his con report in WSFA Journal, or, alternatively, if I could use the original material. He replied that I could use the original if I also used Bob Silverberg's letter in Locus #39. Silverberg agreed. I got no answers from my inquiries to publishers Don Miller and Charlie Brown, so I am taking their agreement for granted. RSC

The business meeting was a strange blend of small-mindedness and monumental stupidity. A faceless mob consisting mostly of Tony Lewis, Charlie Brown (Ed. note: Charlie Brown has since denied being present and Alexis says he was pretty groggy from lack of sleep), Elliott Shorter, Bruce Pelz, Bob Pavlat, Bill Evans, and George Nims Raybin was giving fandom the business. John Trimble, the chairman, acted as if he wanted to get the thing over with, and since he was running short on sleep too, this was understandable.

- The first step was something about the Hugos, which I missed.

The second step was the presentation and acceptance of the Raybin report, which called for a U.S. committee to meet with a European committee, and present the following demands:

(1) The Hugos stay English, and remain in custody of the Americans.

(2) The U.S. will continue to hold a big convention over Labor Day every year.

(3) We will generously let Europe hold a con at the same time, and the title "Worldcon" will go to Europe in even years, after Heicon in '70, and to the U.S. in odd years. In even years the U.S. Worldcon will be called a NASCON, for North American Sector.

As soon as the report was accepted, a motion was made that the report be passed as a motion. Even Raybin thought that was a bit much, but parliamentary procedure carried the day, even though a nominal discussion of the about-to-be-accomplished



fact was permitted.

At the very most, there were thirty fans present, about $1\frac{1}{2}\%$ of the con, and half of them had no idea of what was going on.

Subsequently, a motion was passed to rename the Hugo Award, changing it from Hugo Gernsback to Hugo Chauvinistic (by altering the inscription on the plaque to read "English language only"). The thought that a valuable commercial property like the Hugo might go to Perry Rhodan once every five years was simply too much for the good fan and true who were demonstrating their secret mastery.

So what does this all mean?

It means that Heicon '70 will be the last Worldcon ever held in Europe. The title "Worldcon", shorn of the Hugos and competing for U.S. fans with a U.S. con (actually North American, but the phrase is cumbersome), is going to be a nothing event.

At the meeting someone pointed out that Heidelberg was worried about a big U.S. con competing with them, and that was dismissed with, "Yes, but that's Heidelberg", as if Paris or Stockholm or London wouldn't worry.

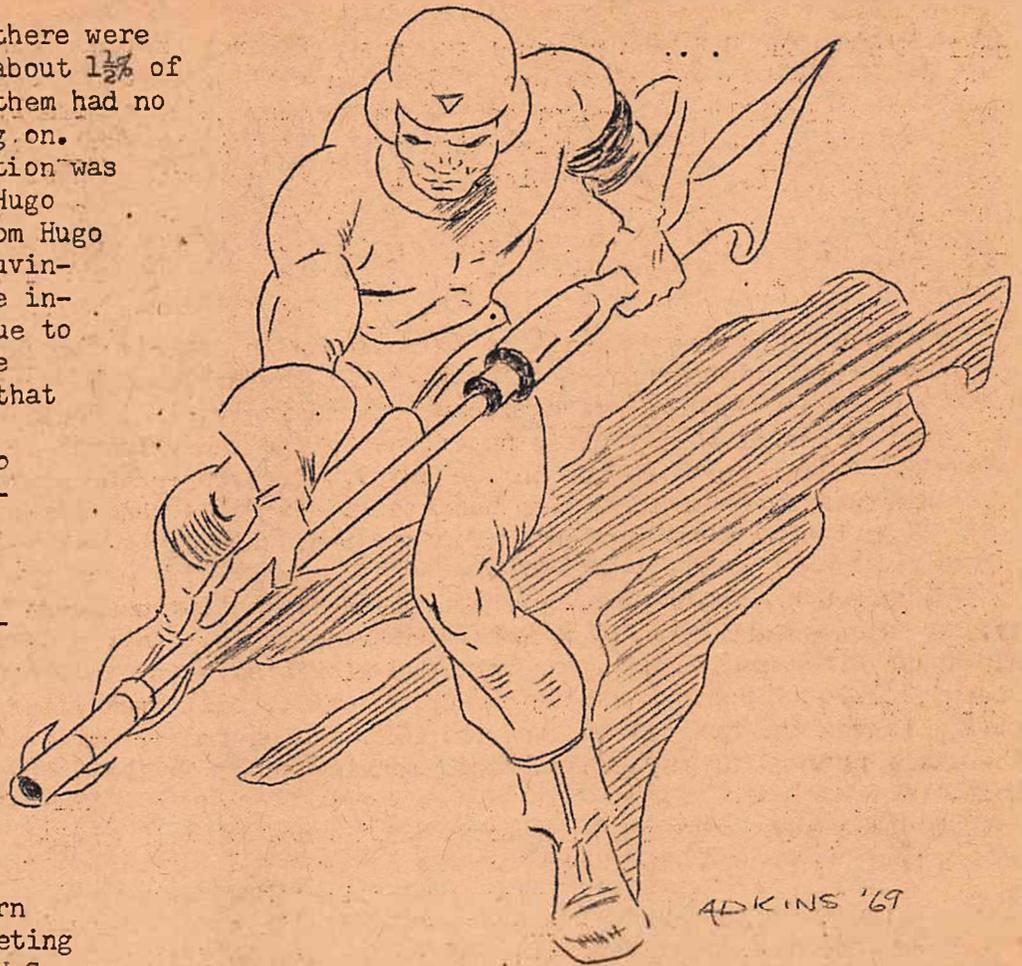
It means something else. The end of the idea of an International fandom. Giving Europe an empty title every other year is not my notion of just dealing with one's peers. Either European fans are our peers, or they are not. If they are not, somebody ought to explain to me--and to them--why not. (At the last WSFA meeting someone told me that European fandom was moribund and decadent, and we were doing them a favor by not letting them have Worldcons.) If they are, we should play fair.

What is going to happen under the present rule is this. The first time a committee wins the "Nascon" and doesn't like the title, they start calling themselves the "Worldcon", with or without quotes. My guess is 1972, out west. This will be the first Nascon, and probably the last. What will happen to the committee that flouts the wise and just rule just passed to call their Nascon a Worldcon? Nothing. What happens in Europe? The European Worldcon dies on the vine. Pity, pity, pity.

Either you support World Fandom in fact as well as in name and give them a con once in a while--including the Hugos--or you do not. The St. Louiscon, by its action, does not, and all the fair flowery verbiage "they" may choose to spout will not hide nor alter the fact.

-----Alexis Gilliland

One important point seems to be getting overlooked in the semantic quibbling over "World" versus "North American" conventions. If there is no major (i.e. Hugo awarding) con in the United States in a given year, many pros and hundreds of fans will make it their business to get overseas to the worldcon. We saw that in 1957 and much more dramatically in 1965, when the two London Worldcons were held. But if there's a full



scale con in the U.S., even under the name of North American con; only the most affluent fans and scarcely any pros will bother to go to the "worldcon" abroad that year. The pros will follow the Hugo; and I don't think it's hopelessly procentric of me to say that without a sizable delegation of the people who make science fiction, a convention simply isn't a convention. Unless the new rotation plan includes mandatory omission of the North American con every fifth year (Ed. note: this concerns an earlier plan for tossing the Europeans a bone), then fans overseas have been tossed a worthless bauble, a "Worldcon" attended by none of the celebrities who can lend true internationality to a convention. They'll have the title, all right, but not the personalities. Those who object to the voluntary renunciation of a full scale American convention once every fifth year should consider the act a generous attempt at stimulating greater outwardness among American S.F. people. They don't need to feel deprived of a convention during that fifth year, anyway, since there are plenty of regionals around, and some of them, like the Westercon and the Lunacon, are bigger than most of the Worldcons I attended ten to fifteen years ago. Is the proposed new worldcon scheme a cynical trick played on European fandom? Are we offering them a resounding worldcon designation while keeping the real stuff of a worldcon--the pros, the glamor, the Hugo, the BNFs--to ourselves? I hope not. The existing rotation scheme, requiring American fans and pros to go overseas once every five years to attend the major con of the year, has served admirably to stimulate international contact, and I trust that its essential features will be kept in the new system now evolving.

-----Bob Silverberg

Final Editor's Note: The problem seems to be that while fans are willing to talk about World Peace and Equality and International Cooperation as long as it stays on a national level where it won't directly affect them, as soon as they are asked to put their money where their mouths are and actually give up something of their own in order to achieve these high-sounding phrases of theirs, they prove to be just as greedy and hypocritical as that general population which they affect to look down on. At least, that was the result of the St. Louiscon business meeting. I don't think it's true of fandom as a whole, and one of the beauties of the semi-anarchy of fandom is that it is not bound by any rules passed at a business meeting unless it wants to be. If fans really want international amity, all they have to do, for a start, is ignore the motion passed at St. Louiscon. Then get together with European and Asiatic and Australian and South American fans (and African, if there are any); find out what they really want in the way of a rotation plan (I doubt that anyone really knows, at the moment; I've had three different suggestions from my own European correspondents, and rushing into things merely lets the louder voices dominate the majority), and vote the changes accordingly. To ensure success of a new Worldcon plan, the U.S. should drop completely any "National Convention" idea until the Worldcons are well established. Then after a specific time limit, the U.S. could perhaps be allowed a competing national convention--after all, Britain has a national convention competing with our Worldcons, and the only difference is that the U.S. has a bigger share of the world fan population than Britain does. We shouldn't be penalized for this, but we should forego competition with a new Worldcon setup until it has become well established. The Hugos belong to the Worldcon, Period. They have been American in the past because of the nature of the convention; it was impossible for even a British magazine or story published therein to be read by enough convention members to have a chance, and foreign-language fiction was simply ignored. (Someone awhile back wondered idly if fanzines--Yandro was mentioned--had much influence on the Hugo balloting. I can certify that Yandro didn't have enough influence to get the Carnell-edited Science Fantasy and New Worlds on the ballot, and God knows I tried hard enough.) But the Hugo was established as the award of the World convention, and should stay that way. U.S. professionals have their own cozy little award in the Nebula so they won't be de-

prived of anything (particularly since U.S. writers should be able to do well in European competition anyway.) So it comes down to the U.S. fans; are you going to cower in your holes and make your own awards meaningless because you're afraid of competition, or do you really think you're the best in the world? The St. Louiscon voted to cower, but what do you want?

-----RSC

Santa Claus is a dirty old man. How do I know? Well, what do you think you'd look like after going down 50,000,000 chimneys?

IN DEFENSE OF LITTERBUGGING

by Seth Poole

You've all heard radio and television messages asking us to stop litterbugging. At almost the same time we hear messages asking us to support conservation. Often the same person will ask both these things of us. It is my belief that such a person is the worst kind of hypocrite! Litterbugging and conservation, I believe, are one and the same thing.

After all, what does one do when he non-litterbugs? What does he do with his candy bar wrapper? He puts it in a wastebasket, and empties that into a burner, and burns the thing! Would he drop it on the ground and let it rot and put humus back into the soil? No! He has to burn it and pollute the air! This is what the anti-litterbugging groups want us to do.

I say no. I believe in conservation and the replenishing of American soil. Why pollute the air? I think we can agree on opposing that, but the most important argument for litterbugging is the positive one: not what litterbugging doesn't do, but what it does do. People are starving around the world. The soil is being worn out by repeated use. Perhaps we can find a substitute for steel and coal. I think we should conserve them also, but there's one thing more important. Can we substitute for the humus of the soil? Not yet, and it's going to be pretty hard stuff to get along without. Humus is turned into vegetables and trees. Trees are turned into paper; the paper is turned into litterbuggable products. If this paper is not returned to the soil, the soil will lose more and more of its humus. This humus will not be turned into vegetables and the starving people will be in worse trouble!

Still they cry, "Keep the streets clean!" Well, my friend, where there's a street there's a sidewalk, and where there's a sidewalk there are cracks between the cement, and where there are cracks in the sidewalk, there's soil! And where there's soil, there has to be humus, my friend, or we're going to be in trouble! If you want to be neat about it, bury your candy wrapper: it may take a few more years for the thing to rot, but at least it's a step forward. You'll find, however, as the air becomes more and more polluted, and the soil gets more and more stony, containing less and less humus, it will become a question of survival. We have to eat and breathe. Those who today say drop it in the trashcan, will someday be screaming: Litterbug Or Die!

Ed. note: Did you know that one of the greatest villains in the U.S. today is the individual who rakes leaves into great piles and either burns them or lets the trash collectors haul them away? Seth is working on a nationwide campaign to Let Leaves Lay. At the same time, he is studying the problem of how to educate the masses to differentiate between candy bar wrappers, which decay into humus, and no-return pop bottles and plastic wrappers, which don't. I suggested a solution of keeping after litterbugs, but forcing companies to sell candy bars unwrapped. Thus the humus isn't removed from the soil to grow trees to turn into candy bar wrappers in the first place, and we gain all around. Seth is considering the suggestion.

RSC

-- TWO YESTERDAYS, AND THEN SOME

Harry Warner's ALL OUR YESTERDAYS is undoubtedly the result of a great deal of research, record-keeping, organizing, and pain and strain. I published Harry's account of just how much pain and strain actually went into the making of this book. We have to commend him for the end result of all this labor, for I doubt that anyone else currently in fandom would have undertaken the task. Had they, it probably wouldn't have turned out nearly as well.

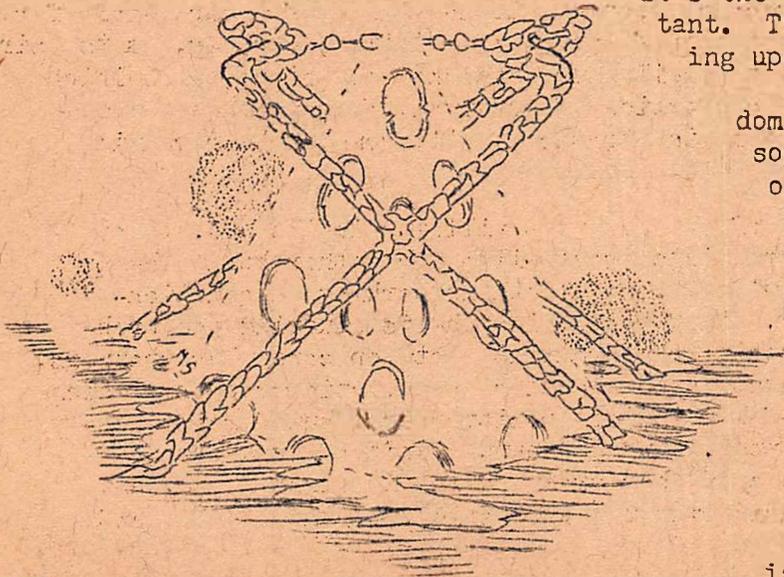
But it's a dull book, it's an embarrassing story, and fandom makes a little less sense after having read this than it did before. This isn't Harry's fault. He has recorded the history of the 1940s in a pretty straightforward manner. He gets in a few digs, which is surprising; I don't recall Harry dishing out this many licks in all of his last nine years' output lumped together. Relative to the rest of Harry's writing there appears here a large chunk of bias, but if you took it all out of the context of AOY it wouldn't amount to much. The history is well reported. What is lamentable is the history itself.

After reading this book, and while it was still warm on the shelf, I had the street corner impression that fandom in the 40s consisted of merely starting--and then destroying or just letting die--one fan club after another. Naturally, this wasn't so. There was just so much of this kind of thing that it gave me that impression. Actually, there were a lot of other things happening, too. Fans were jockeying in great power struggles, trying to conquer the world, having a go at communal living, or being ridiculous in more ordinary ways.

The entire history of fandom in the 1940s can be boiled down into two categories, into acts of energetic unimportance or outstanding gaucherie. This is the story of our early moments, and, hard work aside, to Harry Warner the need to tell it must have overshadowed the boring inconsequentiality of the story itself. To true historians, it's the recounting of history that is important. The nature of the history has no bearing upon the importance of telling it.

It's important to realize that fandom has somehow come by a measure of sophistication since 1949. With a lot of exceptions, fans today have a more realistic picture of fandom in relationship with the rest of the world at large. We still have the N3F, LASFS, power struggles, and a contagion of idiocy, but the perspective is better. These things are with fandom, but now they are not here to the extent where we might say that they actually are fandom.

However, science fiction fandom is still a weird animal. This "social



microcosm", as it's referred to on the dust-jacket of AOY, currently has a number of reasons for its existence. Science fiction is only one. It was only one back in 1940, but it's of less importance now. I wonder if our future is secure due to the fact that people will always want to express their viewpoints in print, and after comparing Harry's story of the 40s with my observations of the 60s I wonder what changes will be brought to fandom by the passage of another twenty years. Probably the same trend will continue; a little less idiocy and a bit more sophistication. But maybe there'll be a new wrinkle altogether.

One thing won't change. Someone in 1990 will probably express a similar viewpoint about the history of fandom in the 60s. And almost undoubtedly the history of the 80s will be no less dull than any history of fandom published to date.

Fandom is an interesting thing to be involved in, but it sure makes poor reading. The triviality of our history is underwhelming.

* * * * *

I'd just had lunch, and as I came out of the restaurant and started down the street to my car I happened to see this guy painting his window. He was across the street in a small building that had been vacant for a few months. With little attention to aesthetic qualities, and with many colors of paint, he was painting words like:

BOOKS PAPERBAX - THOUSANDS OF THEM MAGAZINES BUY SELL

I went up to the corner and crossed over.

As I walked into the place the odor of books, magazines, catfood, cats, ashes and rotten leftovers auspiciously assailed me. I'd read fan accounts of discovering new bookstores in out-of-the-way streets in big cities, and here I was on the west coast and in east Pasadena and there wasn't a doubt in the world but that I had definitely discovered something. I explored further.

The inside was about 20' by 25'. Immediately inside the door was a large table displaying dozens of magazines. They in turn displayed covers showing couples who were immensely enjoying each other's company. All the walls were covered with shelves upon shelves of paperbacks and magazines. As I remember it, there were three aisles, and the shelves of paperbacks dividing them were approximately six or seven feet high. The interesting thing about them was that the shelving was in four foot sections, and each tier was supported by a number of books stacked flat on the ends of the shelf below.

As if this didn't make traffic dangerous enough, bones, bowls of milk, bowls of food, and a dozen or more cats allowed anything but fancy footwork. To add an extra fillip, the dust and the ashes of burned books or magazines made seeing any of these other hazards quite difficult. While I was contemplating whether or not to wade into this I saw a pair of ankles off to my right and when I looked up I spotted a bearded, scraggly-looking small man with a paintbrush and a paintbucket. He asked what I wanted.

"I've got pornography," he said. "I've also got sci-fi, mystery, western, contemporary type-stuff. And I've got some really wild stuff in a crate out back. Have you ever seen any 3-D pornography comic books?"

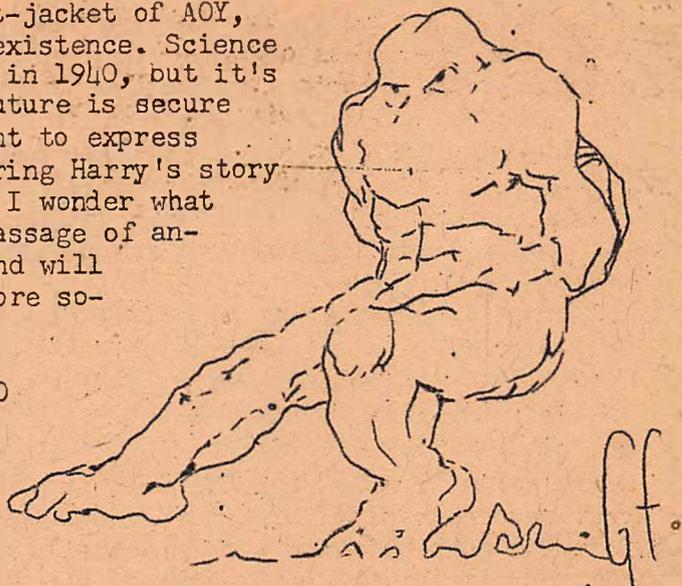
"Not since I was a kid," I told him. "I'd like to see your science fiction, and maybe pick up a few John D. MacDonalds that I'm looking for."

"How about some color stag movies?"

"I haven't got a projector."

"I've got some of the dirtiest photos you can buy anywhere. Dirtiest books, too."

"No, and I'm not interested in your sister, either. Can I look at your science



fiction?"

Uninsulted, he led me to the west wall and pointed out a shelving unit and a half. I'd followed his footsteps carefully, but now he had left me alone and I felt rather stranded. I saw a cat trip over a bone buried in the dust and ashes.

On my way to the cash register, with two books, I saw an east wall display (of all things) of National Geographic. Eight years worth of them were burned to a crisp, four years on either side of the outlet that must have started the fire. Three years' worth of either side of these spanned from well-charred to faintly browned. All of them, even the ones burned to a crisp, were still just as neatly stacked as they had been before the fire.

I showed him the two books and asked how much. He told me the price was on the inside front cover. They totalled a dollar, and when I reached into my pocket to fish for a nickle to cover the tax he said to forget it.

"I don't believe in sales tax," he informed me. "And next time you can bring in your sci-fi and we can trade. I'll give you two for three."

"You don't believe in money, either, do you?"

"Curse of the common people," he philosophized, leaning further back on the barrel behind the cash register. "Tell all your friends to bring in their sci-fi and trade or sell."

Two weeks later I ate in the same restaurant across the street, and the building with the cats and the books was empty again. Some business, selling office machines or something, has moved in there now, but somehow that street has a little less atmosphere than before.

Probably because they cleaned the floor.

A SOLILIQY ON THE DEATH OF STAR TREK, AFTER READING JOHN LYLY'S EUPHUES

DENNIS LIEN

"Ah, woeful wight, Dennis, what will now demand your attraction and attention? what your loyalty and your love? what your fancy and your faith? for Star Trek, slain, lies starkly upon the train of your thoughts, and makes mournful all excellence and meaningless all existence. For even as the narwhal gives birth alone to one alive, amongst a stack of stillborn corpses, so the network schedules solely one lively, amongst a sequence of situtation comedies. Ay, but this season its scripts have failed to catch fire. Ay, but my Fridays their fortunes have seen me still stalwart. Wherefore doth Star Trek lead but in loyalty? Wherefore trail but in Trendex?

But why wail my forfeited Fridays, while the cast cries for their severed salaries? Though the Enterprise crew hath frequently conquered great horrors, yet the executive cretins hath finally cancelled great heroes, and in requiring their timeslot untenanted, have rendered our galaxy unguarded. When Kirk falls away, then Klingons fare well, and when Spock sinks, Romulans rise. Though the schedule may survive, yet the Federation falls. The rejection of a Roddenberry is the garroting of a galaxy, and in the stifling of a starship is the undoing of a universe."

WANTED: The Man In The High Castle and ANALOG, Dec. 1965
Jeff Cochran, 424 Kiolstad, Placentia, California 92670

"Whoever wrote 'The Jam on Garry's Rock'...knew exactly what loggers wanted in the way of a song. It has everything: bad rhyming, or none at all; a meter that calls for plenty of grace notes; place names that can be changed to suit the occasion if not the meter; and an ungodly maudlin 'story'."

Stewart Holbrook

Palmer And Flying Saucers

And Sub-Humans

BY REGINALD SMITH

Ray Palmer has earned for himself a curious place in the history of science fiction. His tendency toward showmanship and his sometimes questionable business ethics resulted in articles in fan magazines attacking him with such titles as "Ray Palmer's Medicine Show" and "Calling All Crackpots". His publishing the Shaver Mystery stories got him a lot of publicity and turned many people against him, but it is my opinion that the history of science fiction would probably have been duller if Palmer had never entered the field.

Palmer has had little or no connection with stf since about 1957, when Other Worlds changed its name to Flying Saucers From Other Worlds. My interest in flying saucers is practically nil, but I happened to be glancing through some magazines at a newsstand when I came across a large-size publication with a typical science fiction cover. I quickly saw that it was the 86th number of a periodical called Flying Saucers, dated October 1969. I was about to pass it up when I noted that the editor was none other than Ray Palmer, so I decided to risk 50¢ to see what the old boy was up to at the present time. I've gotten my money's worth.

A magazine like this, of course, attracts various types of people. Some are obviously nuts, some simply overly credulous, others just curious about the subject. A fourth group would be the charlatans, who attempt to make money by appealing to one or more of the other three groups.

In Flying Saucers, the good old Rosicrucians are in evidence with a full-page ad, of course, but despite the fact that they are not a religious organization, they have the dullest ad in the magazine. The others are not so dull. A California firm offers a UFO detector for ten dollars. It has a "certified reacting time" of 1 millionth of a second, with audio and visual alarm systems. It's for "serious researchers", but since I'm not too serious I decided to save my ten bucks.

The most entertaining of the full-page ads is the amazing assortment of books offered by a New Jersey firm. One of the authors was put into a mental institution but "fought back". He had made trips inside UFOs to the Arctic and inside the Great Pyramid. The book is by Reinhold Schmidt. (Did Claude Degler ever use that name?)

"Welcome to Mars" were the first words that greeted William Ferguson when he got there in 1947 aboard a flying saucer. In at least two of the books this company offers the mysterious "men in black" are loose. They apparently terrorize UFO witnesses and investigators. One author was actually shot at by the men in black; unfortunately, however, they missed.

Author John Stuart became involved with "hideous monsters once he learned the truth about flying saucers." Another book claims that "strange space animals" have been released over the earth's surface. (Maybe these are hippies.) The BOOK OF ADAMSKI "discusses Adamski's fight with the silence group." It's too bad he didn't keep silent about that fight.

Palmer apparently also publishes a magazine called Search. In one section of the ad for this it states:

They are thought-provoking, challenging articles, typified by an upward-looking spirit of inquiry, ranging from the lowliest investigator, the child who asks "Mommy, where did I come from?" to Dr. Rhine of Duke University...

Possibly Mommy is urged to tell her child, "My dear, a little flying saucer brought

you."

Palmer also offers the entire Shaver Mystery in ten books for fifteen dollars, and it states that a 1,380,000 words in 2304 pages comprise this epic.

Regarding the articles in Flying Saucers, Palmer seems to steer a middle course. He has an intelligent editorial, and then prints an article called "Flying Saucer Researchers Charlatans". Prof. Condon of the University of Colorado says teachers and publishers who encourage children to believe in flying saucers should "be publicly horsewhipped, and forever banned from further activity in these usually honorable professions."

To balance this, there is a section entitled "Space People Warn Astronauts Not To Land On Moon." A man who claims to have special contact with the space people has various things to say. In this article Palmer jumps in with a few disclaimers, including one which says simply "Sic!"

There are forty pages in this well-printed educational journal, and I suppose anyone who wants to get a copy of this can send 50¢ to Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wis. 54406. In case you want to advertise your fanzine here, the rates are 10¢ per word and it is claimed that your ad will reach 30,000 people. This probably means the circulation is about fifteen thousand, since magazines usually claim each copy is read by two people. Among these thousands of readers are probably a few of the dreaded "men in black" and some of the saucer creatures. Maybe the "silence group" even reads it, but they probably keep quiet about it.

Speaking of the classified ads, they are well worth reading: "Can Head Bones 'Move'? Controversial Details, \$1.00."

The best of the classified ads, however, is the following: "Would like to contact people who have been classified sub-human. Mr. Robert W. Ramsden, Apt. 2-B, Cambridge Hotel, Cambridge, Maryland 21613."

Any Yandro readers who have received a "sub-human" classification within the last couple of years should write to Mr. Ramsden. He might turn out to be a very interesting pen-pal.

OUR OWN LINDWORM

by Raymond L. Clancy

There are no dragons in these modern days.
We have our quaint devices for quick flame.
No need at all for reptiles, eyes a-glaze;
The atom bomb can well devour a dame.
(I do not mention cities, fleets, or child.)

Who knows, it might drink up the waters all.
We need no toothy drake for we are wild
Enough. Perhaps a hero in a hall,
Like Beowulf, who watched his people well,
Went not amiss in these sad days of gloom.
Yet sooner shall I see the great worm swell
Than hope for leaders to avert the doom.
Man's hope is man. Or else the muttering wind.
Not those who lead, a thousand years behind.

YANDRO's Merry Christmas to its readers (even those offended by my editorial) is embodied in the Wildlife stamp at right. The National Wildlife Association is one of the leading organizations in the attempt to preserve a little wildlife and wild country, and to halt pollution. Write to National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th. St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036, for information. You get more than your money's worth from it.



STRANGE FRUIT

LOCUS #41, 42, 43 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457 - bimonthly - 6 for \$1.00) All sorts of fan and pro news; Heinlein has delivered a new novel to the publishers, a new publisher, Centaur Press, will bring out a paperback line of "adventure classics", various fans and pros got married, there are the usual assortment of conventions and club meetings. Each issue also contains fanzine and magazine

reviews. This is currently the leading fan newsletter.

Rating.....7

WINNIE Vol.4#1, 3 (Michael Ward, Box 45, Mountain View, Calif. 94040 - monthly - 7 for "a dollar and a stamp", denomination of stamp not specified). The new editor says that "Those who sent money to Jerry Jacks will be taken care of", which has a rather sinister ring to it. This is primarily west coast fan and pro news. Smaller than LOCUS, the #3 includes an extra sheet (proving that Panshin's MASQUE WORLD is a religious allegory), so inflation is already setting in.

Rating...4

OSFAN Vol.2#1 (Ozark S F Association, monthly? - a "nonattending membership" is \$1 per quarter; money to Linda Stochl, Rt. #1, Box 896, House Springs, Missouri 63051 - editor, Chester Malon) You might write and ask what all you get for nonattending membership; unless it's more than 3 copies of OSFAN, don't bother. Since the current issue covers a change in editorship and in club officials in general, it is devoted mostly to that. I'll have to wait and see what it turns into.

DECK 6 #3 (Kitty O'Loughlin, 51 Snell St., Brockton, Mass. 02401 - But on the inside it says the new address is 62 Dwight St, Apt. 6, Brookline, Mass. 02146 - no price or schedule listed.) Current project seems to be an organization devoted to getting out the word and acting when other good tv shows are in danger of being axed. (There isn't a show on this season that I even watch regularly, but I suppose if you're interested you might want to write for information.)

LOCUSSZZZ (Only clue to editorship is that it was mailed at Long Beach, California) This is of course a parody of LOCUS. Some of the material is funny, some isn't, and one item is, according to my information, in questionable taste. (Though I'm sure this is due to the editor's ignorance of the situation, rather than maliciousness.) You have to be careful when you try to kid fans, because they do some pretty weird things sometimes. Generally this is a moderately funny fanzine.

THE HEICON FLYER #1 (Don & Grace Lundry, RD #1, Old York Estate, Hightstown, New Jersey 08520 - no price or schedule) Information on the charter flight to Heicon. Total price will be in the neighborhood of \$200; exact price not known at present. There is much more news and explanations in the flyer; write for a copy if you have any chance of attending the con. I also have several throwaways from the Tradewinds Travel Bureau, which is handling the flight. (Obviously a professional travel agency can make a better deal with the airlines than fans could; and since Tradewinds is owned by Alan E. Nourse it is better acquainted with fans than another agency would be.)

I have some stuff here from Joe Sarno, 4717 N. Harding Ave, Chicago, Ill. 60625. Joe is buying trivia; radio premiums, Big Little Books, comic strips, super hero toys and that sort of junk. The Fantasy Collectors of Chicago meet at his home, the second Sunday of every month, 1 to 6 PM. This month they watched a "Shadow" movie.

LUNA MONTHLY #6 (Frank and Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St, Oradell, N.J. 07649 - monthly - 25¢) Digest-sized, multilithed newsletter. Deals more with pro than fan news, and the

coverage doesn't overlap that of LOCUS to any great extent. Quite a bit of foreign news, lots of books reviewed. Rating.....6

FANTASY COLLECTOR #131 (C. Cazedessus, Jr., P.O. Box 550, Evergreen, Colorado 84039 - monthly - \$1 per year in US, \$2 elsewhere) Digest, multilithed, 36 pages. A trade mag; whether it would interest you depends on how anxious you are to increase your inflow (or outflow) of books and magazines. All sorts of ads for all sorts of material, but with a lot of comics and Burroughs items (because, of course, those are big with collectors now). But there is everything offered from Arkham House to underground newspapers.

INDIANA SCIENCE-FANTASY NEWS (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Drive, Indianapolis 46226 - irregular - free) Newsletter of the new Indiana club. One page this time; future issues will be larger, it says.

DATELINE: COMICDOM #25 (Mike Raub, 128 W. Fairground St, Marion, Ohio 43302 - 15¢ - no schedule listed) A comics mag, devoted to letters, a few news items, and fanzine reviews. Material seems relatively sane, but fails to interest me personally because I'm not a comics fan.

SERENDIP #20 (John McCallum, P.O. Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 10¢) A journal of Postal Diplomacy (write to McCallum for explanations, if any are required). This issue is largely devoted to one of the hazards of long-term postal games; a gamesmaster got tired of his job and quit, and McCallum is trying to pick up the pieces.

COF NEWSLETTER #4 (Steve Parker, 629 Reinhard Ave, Columbus, Ohio 43206) Mainly an ad for a new fanzine, BILLBORED, which in turn is open for advertising. (At a rate of \$5 per page; maybe I'd better raise the ad rates in YANDRO. If I could get a reasonable number of ads for YAN at \$5 per page, I could quit work.) Write the editor for information.

BIBLIOGRAPHICA FUTURICA/FANTASTICA SF BULLETIN (Andrew Adams Whyte, Riverview (303), 221 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - monthly - 10¢) By the time he gets that title on a 4-page checklist, he doesn't have much room left for information. This is a checklist of the books, hardcover and paperback, published in Dec. 1969. (Stf books, that is.)

LOU'S APA #1 You know something, Lou? You didn't put your address on this anywhere, so you probably won't see this review. Anyway, this is 3 fanzines by (presumably) 3 different people; stapled together for a total of 18 pages. Open to anyone, he said; if you're interested and you can find an address for Louis Fallert anywhere, inquire. Reproduction is atrocious; material is only moderately bad.

FLIP #4 (Ed R. Smith, Route 2, Box 151-C, Matthews, No. Carolina 28105 - quarterly - 35¢) Small, fannish-centered mag; Ed Cox on the early days, Roy Tackett with a trip report (auto, not pot), movie review, article by Vardeman on the practical advantages of the space program. Pleasant, noncontroversial. Rating.....5

NOPE #9 (Jay Kinney, 215 Willoughby Ave, Apt. 908, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205 - irregular - 25¢) A humor fanzine. Trouble is, Jay's ideas of humor and mine don't mesh very well. The written material did produce a few chuckles, but even so it's closer to QUIP than to THE SCARR. And I kept looking at his cartoons and saying, "So?" I won't give you several pages of my theory of humor now (I'm not sure I could, anyway); get a copy of NOPE and see how you like it. My prediction is that it will be extremely popular with the type of fan who enjoys ingroup fan humor; if you are one, this is for you.

YORIC #2 (Ted Tom, 3434 Knollbrook Way, Corvallis, Oregon 97330 - annual? - 25¢) Fiction and an artfolio. I didn't think much of the art; the fiction was about average for fan fiction. (Though I have to admit that I read so little fan fiction any more that I might not know what the average for it is.) Rating.....3

THE NEW FORERUNNER #8 (Peter Darling, P.O. Box A.215, Sydney South, New South Wales,

Australia - monthly - 20¢) This issue is by Gary Mason, but Darling handles the next one. Australian news; possibilities of an Aussie Worldcon bid, 5 pages of furor over the Australian apa, club news, etc. Quite an interesting publication. Rating.....5

SCOTTISHE #53 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain - bimonthly - 4 for \$1.00 - USAgent Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201) Ethel has lots of book reviews in there, a sort of editorial covering the British chartered bus to the Heicon, various fan news, and British hospital politics. There is the usual assortment of good letters. Really too many book reviews for my taste, but still an excellent fanzine. One of my favorites. Rating....6

AMRA #51 (George Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101 - irregular - 50¢ or 10 for \$3.00) This is primarily devoted to Conan and Company, but the major item this particular issue is a long review of de Camp's DAY OF THE DINOSAUR by John Boardman, along with Boardman's comparisons of dinosaurs and dragons. Then there is a long review of James Mavor's book on Atlantis (Mavor espouses the idea that Thera was the prototype of Atlantis - well, that's his Theraory), lengthened out of all reason by Carter's retelling the original story. Then there are limericks, a short article by de Camp on the exegesis of names that Howard didn't use in Conan, etc. (Judging from that last, I'd say the Conan stories have been just about mined out of scholarly articles.) Some really lovely artwork by Roy Krenkel. Rating....8

MOEBIUS TRIP #2 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Illinois 61604 - bimonthly - 35¢) Primarily editor-written, with the help of a large letter-column and a more or less humorous article by Leon Taylor. This seems to be shaping up into a reasonably interesting fanzine. (I tend to review all fanzines with reasonably restrained enthusiasm.....) Rating...4

THE UNDERGROUND, Vol.12#3 (Wayne Finch, 616 N. 73rd. St., East St. Louis, Illinois 62203 - quarterly - 50¢) A caving fanzine. This issue introduces something new to me; caving fiction. (Will this become the new genre once slave novels are played out? Read it and see!) There are articles, humor, some remarkably good cartoons, some remarkably dull ingroup jokes, verse, columns, puzzles, a letter from Harry Warner, and reviews of other caving fanzines -- 11 of them, which is sort of mind-shattering. (I didn't know that many moles were literate.) All in all quite an excellent publication.

BEABOHEMA #6 (Frank Lunney, 212 Jupiter St, Quakertown, Pa. 18951 - quarterly? - 60¢) A high price, but you get 108 pages and 2 covers for your money. A huge mag, with material by Paul Hazlett, Piers Anthony, Gary N. Hubbard, Dean R. Koontz, Leo P. Kelley, Al Snider, plus book reviews and 40 pages of letters. There is some excellent material here; unfortunately in my case the sheer quantity of material is defeating. I don't have time to read 100-page fanzines, so I skim here and there, occasionally get interested enough to read a whole article or letter, and decide to go through it thoroughly (because it does deserve attention) realsoonnow. Rating..8

SPECULATION #24 (Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, Great Britain - irregular - 35¢) Major item here is a symposium on Heinlein, with comments by Harrison, Leiber; Galouye, Budrys, Brunner, Aldiss, Richard Gordon, Lowndes, Ellison, Harry Warner, G. D. Doherty, Bulmer, F. M. Busby, M. John Harrison (the first "Harrison" was Harry, of course), Poul Anderson, Jack Williamson, Spinrad, and Chris Priest. All in all, a perfectly lovely issue. (Most of the modernists among authors and fans of course try to look down on Heinlein as a mere entertainer, but there are some surprising defections in the ranks even there.) Rating...9

S F COMMENTARY #5, 6 (Bruce R. Gillespie, P.O. Box 30, Bacchus Marsh, Victoria 3340, Australia - monthly - 40¢) This continues in the vein of the lamented AUSTRALIAN S F REVIEW; serious articles on science fiction, British, American, and Australian. If there is a deficiency, it is humor; I enjoy reading about stf, but long scholarly articles about the use of past participles in a particular work tend to bore me. (This isn't that bad, but George Turner does speak of an inability to reach the core of an author, which is why I generally avoid George Turner's material.) However, this is generally a good serious mag, and not as stuffy as a certain American publication.

Rating...7

GRUMBLINGS.

Elizabeth Fishman, 2915 Princeton Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45406

No, no verses about Indians or jackrabbits--but you did give me an idea for a story. In fact I started a draft of it during my lunch hour and became so engrossed with it that I ran fifteen minutes overtime. The floorwalker (I'm a sales clerk) was leaning against my counter (ladies underwear and other accessories) when I finally sauntered in. He said nothing--just leaned and glared. After a while of mutual staring he asked, "Where were you, Fishman?"

I have to tell you, we hate each other. You see, he has a crush on my brother and my brother is rather fond of the girls in his life. He has broad shoulders and bedroom eyes and he drives the floorwalker crazy, especially so when he walks in with one of his mini-skirted conquests. I'll tell you this much, jealousy is more than green--it's red, purple and blue. My brother seems unaware of the whole thing, but I'm not. The floorwalker knows I know--he hates me.

"I was writing a story and didn't notice the time."

"So, the little salesgirl wants to be a writer. So, the little salesgirl wants the Pulitzer prize. But does the little salesgirl wish to keep her job, or does she fancy herself as a starving artist?"

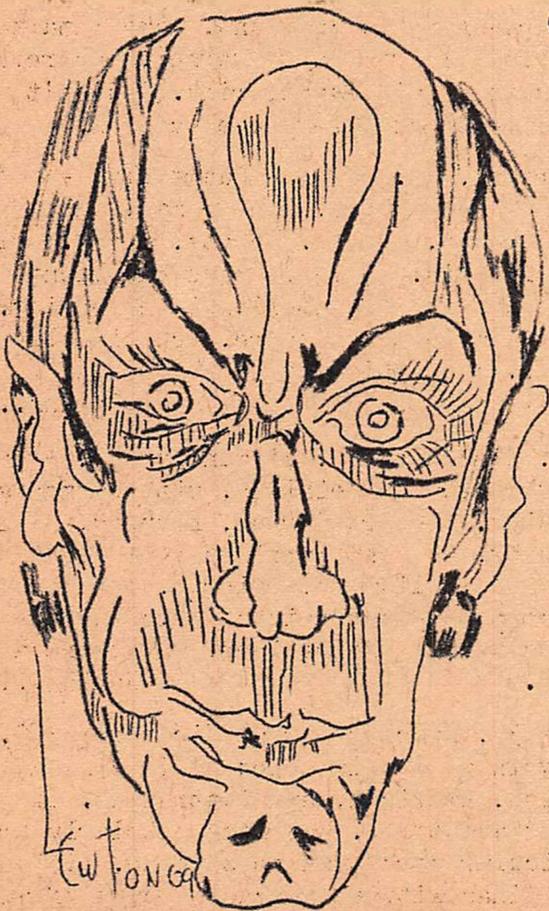
"Oh, that's all right. I'll keep the job for a while longer. Besides, you don't really want me to go--my brother wouldn't come in anymore."

That gets him every time. He stalked off.
(How does it feel to be a troublemaker, Reverend?)

Easter Rising. I know. It's about one of those Irish rebellions. There was a potato famine because the government taxed the rain. Jim Connolly and Molly Maguire led a machine gun march to the top of a high mountain and seeded the clouds with bullets. The clouds drifted on to the capitol and rained down for 26 days and 20 nights, destroying the whole government, including the ten tons of potatoes, and 40,000 quarts of sour cream kept hidden in the cellar of the capitol building.

You should consider yourself most fortunate that you have but one mailman to hate you--I have three, sometimes four. They alternate, haphazardly to say the least. Never know which one will show up. Since joining the N3F my mail has increased tenfold, and they resent it! Especially one. He complained about the fanzines I've been getting--just one more being added to his already large load of junk mail. And the other day I received David Gerrold's Otherwords. And on the front of it was printed "contents obscene". And this mailman told me that he bet I was one of those people who read Playboy. And you know what? I do.

I bought John Brunner's STAND ON ZANZIBAR a few weeks ago, and mean to get to it soon. Right now I'm finishing the Lord of the Rings trilogy. I'd never read it before and I don't know why it took me



so long. It's enchanting. I'm also reading "Experiment in Autobiography" by H.G. Wells. If you haven't read it, Buck, you should. I wonder what it's like to know one's self as thoroughly as Wells did, and possess the talent to make other people want to read about it? I don't know that I'd even want to know me that well-- could be an uncomfortable thing to live with.

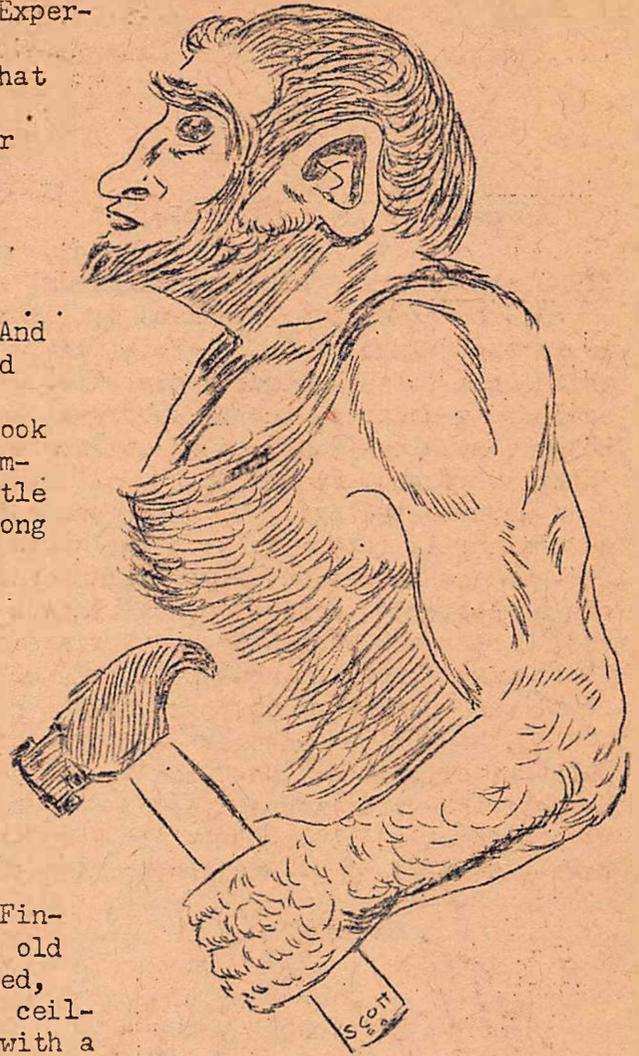
I really was excited about seeing my (poem*) in Yandro. In fact, so pleased about the whole thing that I could kiss you, Buck. And I would if you hadn't left the "h" off the word "plush" in the third line.

I did most of my Christmas shopping, too. Took care of some out-of-state friends and a few members of the family. Then I took my rotten little brother to see Santa. (Passed four of them along Main St.; skinny things ringing bells.) Getting there was unbelievable--a maze of twisting corridors with pink walls, signs at the end of each twist proclaiming "This way to Santa", red velvet curtains that had to be passed through at the end of each sign, and holly plastered all over the place. I don't know how long we travelled, but I kept expecting someone to pop out and yell "Halt! Who goes there?". (I figured my rotten little brother could grab the interloper's ankles and I'd take care of the machine gun.) Finally, and without incident, we did come to the old codger's den. He was enthroned in a high-backed, low-seated pink chair. The carpet, walls, and ceiling also were pink. And one wall was covered with a mirror--splashed with pink blobs. And there was holly plastered all over the place. On top of all this, it was apparent that Santa was a vacationing college kid out for a few bucks. Oh, where has all the magic gone?

Then my rotten little brother was in Santa's lap, his face aglow, his big mouth parted in a shy smile that showed the gap of two missing teeth. And as I watched him I began to feel some of that old magic, I really did. This is what it's all about, thought I. Kids. Innocence and faith. Magic and wonder--and then I noticed that Santa's eyes were on my legs. Those bushy white brows gave him the opportunity to furtively stare, and he was using said opportunity to the utmost as my rotten little brother proceeded to list his wants. He was just starting on the states of the Union when I decided enough was enough. I shifted out of Santa's line of vision. He ho ho ho-ed, slide Deane (my rotten little brother. Deane is a typing error.) off his lap, handed him two balloons and sent us on our way.

From there I dropped Rotten at the Tyke Shop so he could do his own shopping. I sneaked off to the toy department and bought a Tom Thumb typewriter for him, a cute hunk of junk that will keep him busy for the two hours it will hold up. At least it will keep him away from my writer.

For three months I've been looking for the pro sf magazines and I finally hit upon a lode of them. For years there's been a newsstand right outside the department store, but it never occurred to me to patronize it. The pornographic material hung all over it put me off. But my brother advised me to try it, so I did. I felt pretty strange standing in the middle of a cluster of men bent upon the pursuit of vicarious sex, But I did get Analog, If, Galaxy, and three collections of SCIENCE FICTION GREATS! A lot of it not so great.



/How does one comment on something like that? Probably just as well we dropped the "h" (I knew I'd been corresponding too much with Dave Piper), because Juanita doesn't approve of me kissing strange women. Or commonplace women, for that matter. Liz also sent me a clipping from Life showing the beagle who is now a Universal Life minister. RSC/

John Brunner, 53 Nassington Road, London NW3, England

I think I'll write a letter. It may help to take my mind off my troubles. Last night we had some friends for dinner, including a guy from Biafra who offered to cook us a genuine West African main course, and I was looking forward to that very much--only around six-thirty or seven p.m. I collapsed, feeling indescribably awful. I think it was what I'd had for lunch; at any rate, I can't think of anything else to explain the trouble. So during dinner (which smelled wonderful) I was laid out on my back groaning, and finally my dinner consisted of two mugs of hot Bovril--beef extract--and a couple of dry biscuits. And I love good food.

Today I feel improved, but weak, as though I'd been put through an electric wringer; hands shaky, mild slightly disoriented, the way one feels on the morning after sweating out a bad cold. All in all a good day to express sympathy with someone like Juanita who (heavens to Betsy) flakes out on novocaine.

Funny thing?? Hmm! My subconscious must be taking charge: I hit the query key there instead of the period, because I don't actually think it is very funny. But to resume: a well-known American writer who had better be nameless, who stayed a few days with us recently when passing through London en route to the continent, gave as one of his reasons for not attending many SF conventions that the last he'd been to was like a convention of the handicapped, what with the large wheel-chair contingent and the various speech defects, allergies, limps and what-have-you encountered during the weekend. Now me, I don't find this in the least strange; my entire life seems to have been made up of a cross-section of the whole gamut of survivable humanity--for instance, at my prep (English-type: expensive boarding school for ages seven to thirteen) school, the boy who had the boot-locker next to mine was spastic owing to a birth injury, and in some of my classes at school from age 13 to age 17 was a boy who was not only spastic but inconsiderately afflicted by his parents: he was surnamed Nutt, and his given name was Peter, so "Peanut" haunted his days and nights. Come to think of it, I used to be called "Bugs". But that I didn't object to.

I recall Anne McCaffrey and Gordie Dickson trading notes at a Milford Conference on their relative degrees of insomnia--to which I too am a victim; if I get to sleep less than an hour after going to bed it's a good night, and often I'm woken by something irrelevant, like the dog turning round, at four or five a.m. and find it impossible to doze off again for an hour or even two. And I used to have the entire classic pattern of migraine: the aura, with failing vision; the nausea; the actual pain, allegedly the worst the nervous system can transmit; and then the sick weakness lasting maybe one or two days. Nowadays all I get is the aura, which is permanently terrifying, because the symptoms are displaced to another area--I get this feeling I've just been shot in the stomach at the base of the breastbone, and the reason I changed over to my current doctor was because when (in desperation at my former GP's inability to help me) I called him in, he heard me through and then said at once, "Did you ever suffer from migraine?" Whereupon he prescribed me tranquillizers and a muscular relaxant, and my attacks now give up in five minutes with nothing more than a pill and a glass of milk...which is a change from the early days, when I'd lie and writhe and moan for hours on end.

The way I fixed my last migraine attack, incidentally, may be of interest to present sufferers. Since it always began with failing vision, I thought: well, suppose the brain is trying to make sense of visual signals which actually don't contain information? Why not? Well, maybe because the rhodopsin isn't being renewed fast enough. So I went out and bought a large supply of Vitamin A, and next time I had an attack I took a day's dose in one gulp, and--hell, that was the last migraine I ever had, and it aborted. I kept the treatment up for a few months, and then the stomach pains turned up instead. The British Migraine Association has that one on its list--now very long indeed--of anomalous cures. It might be worth someone else trying it, though I fear it

may only apply to cases identical with my own.

But to revert to the original point: I never attended a convention of bus-ticket collectors or vintage-car fans, to establish their incidence of physiological defects. But I sometimes wonder if increased involvement with one's fellow beings may not reflect an increased empathy due to inescapable reminders of the common human condition, such as illness or excessive awareness of personal shortcomings. (In this country, for example, it's notorious that people who join amateur Rugby-football clubs exhibit a lack of ability to relate within marriage and would rather be out getting so drunk with "the boys" that they fall asleep the moment they tumble into bed than returning early in time for a friendly and uxorious bit of screwing.)

Hmm! A notion pregnant with possibilities. I might put it into a book sometime.

Thanks for the kind remarks--again--about SOZ. In passing, I think people ought perhaps to be told that (a) I never received any official notification of my award from the Con committee, and had it not been for Randall Garrett calling me from California I'd have received no information for some two weeks following the date of the Con, when I saw an announcement in a fanzine; (b) the Con committee chairman hasn't replied to my subsequent inquiries, and (c) as at this date, 20th November, I haven't been sent the actual trophy..or, if it has been sent, it's by lame carrier-pigeon.

As an ex-member of two Con committees, including the 1957 Worldcon, I must admit I never felt that my responsibility ended with the final day of the event. I am growing progressively more annoyed. I am also getting tired of telling people who ask to see the bloody thing that I haven't got it and can't find out when I'm likely to get it.

Welcome to the happy band of Cabell appreciators; he was a terribly mannered writer, but he had a barbed wit which survives remarkably well. THE SILVER STALLION has been a favourite of mine for many years.

And please tell George Scithers that his account of the real-life "masked heroes" was excruciatingly funny. What in hell is it doing in a fanzine? I'd have expected to see it in a slick.

I admire your ability to get so much reading done while not only leading a regular-type life (irregular?) but also producing a substantial fmz at impressively frequent intervals. Me, I'm so far behind I have three unopened issues of the New York Review here beside me. There'll be a fourth much too soon.

Well, when Yandro won a Hugo at the 1965 London con, we didn't ever get notified by the con committee. Ron Bennett and George Scithers pooled resources to send us a telegram. And it took us 10 months to acquire the trophy, tho that was due more to problems in manufacture than to any deficiency on the Committee. Is anyone ever notified by the committee of his win, if he isn't present? Usually the practice is to hand the award to a friend of the winner who is present, to carry home to him. I never thought much of judging anyone by physical disabilities (which is nice, since I have myopia, bad teeth, asthma, high blood pressure, diabetes, and a stammer). When I find someone interesting, it's because of his mental processes rather than his appearance, and I find the mental processes of your American author somewhat disgusting.

RSC/

Billy H. Pettit, Control Data Ltd., 22 A St. James Sq., London SW 1, England

There is an American named Tom Paley living about 100 yards away. We had both been here for months before discovering each other. Tom is or was a folk musician. Played with the New Lost City Ramblers. Now has a group called the New Deal String Band. He played at my Guy Fakes Day party and made it a hit. (Though it was nice to finally have fireworks again that you could light yourself.) Met Tom through John Brunner, tho. He is trying to do some writing now. Has been a fan since the mid-40s, one of the LA branch. He spent a summer touring with The Dubliners and agrees with my opinion of them. He is one of the lost ones wandering around the world. But intelligent and interesting, enjoyable to meet. Late 30's I would guess, well read, and half a dozen professions behind him. Wife just ran off so he does get a little sloppy when drunk. But it is nice to have somebody like this around.

Also met Hans Stefan Santesson at a party a few weeks ago. He was on his way to Sweden for a few months. Asking about Swedish fans and so on. I think he could become an incredible bore with time. But it was a new experience for me. It was also the first time that my girlfriend had any contact with a group of fans. Unfortunately, John Brunner started displaying his knowledge of languages and words. Rosemary, being a University grad in French and German, was very unimpressed.

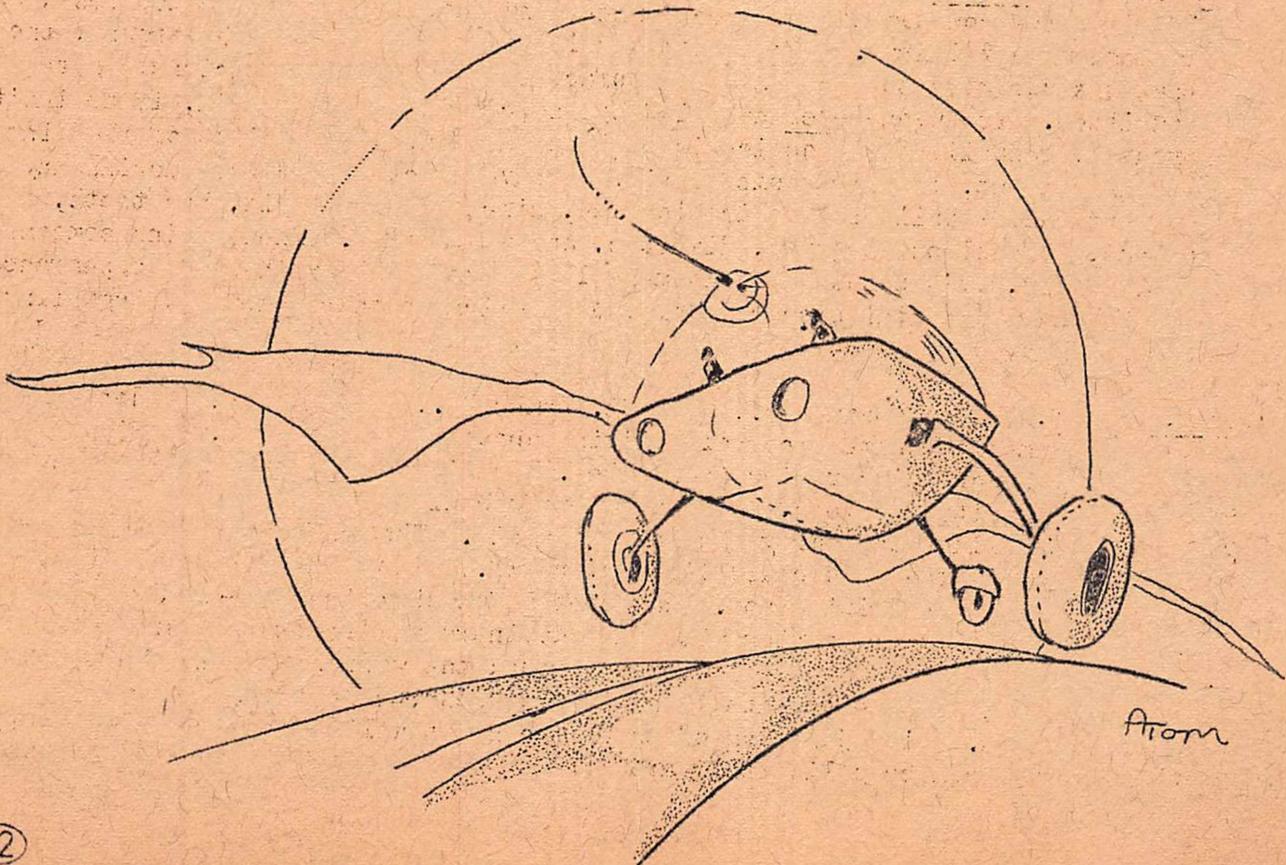
Rosemary also read the three Villiers novels in one sitting and showed me how tightly they were tied together. The emperor's son being mentioned in the first book, a main character in the second, and getting married in the third with Anthony Villiers and Trog on their way to the wedding in the fourth. Each book tightens up another loose end. I had enjoyed them but didn't know how connected they really were.

I was amused in Yandro 192 (which just showed up and caused this letter by inflicting me with a guilty conscience) where you mentioned how fans and pros liked each other and then in the next sentence mentioned the possibility of lynching Ellison. An awful lot of anger for old friends. And Wollheim and Moskowitz could just be preliminary squaring off. The last conversations I had with either of them showed a lot of firm opinions on both sides.

/Paley put out a couple of records for Electra--one "10" by himself and a "12" with Peggy Seeger. I have both. Paley has an atrocious singing voice (he'd fit in well with most of the current pop groups) but is a fascinating instrumentalist. We sat behind them once at a Worldcon and his wife obviously mistook one of my asthma cigarettes for marijuana. She didn't say anything, but she sniffed a lot, trying to pinpoint the source of the contamination. RSC/

David Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46220

Yandro 193 was one of your best. The editorials were excellent as usual. "Interstellar Empires & Stuff" was pungent and rather funny. Dave Locke's column was hilarious. Nan Braude's "A Shy Proposition" was good, but tended to end a bit abruptly. The reviews (both book and fanzine) were plentiful and informative. Tell Elizabeth Fishman not to feel badly about being so "neo" a fan. I met you when you came to Indy, had



been in fandom approximately 2 days, and learned that you published Yandro in the same time. What is a neo-fan? He's the slob that tells Buck Coulson an anti-clerical joke. Oh well! I can give her no consolation as to her "rotten kid brother" as I was one myself.

I am trying to start a rag of my own and would appreciate info as to who would like to contribute material. All of you nifty people out there--material (of nearly any sort) is needed

before January 31. Help an Indy zine. Brother can you spare a line?

.. Anyway, back to Yandro, an excellent issue in all (praise and adore Thomson for that excellent cover illo). Hope to see many more like it.

I know not of the Mystery field. But there is a caste system in the Comics field that puts the Asians to shame. There, either you are a pro, or you are nothing! When speaking of pros, you first put on your most reverent tones. When a pro contradicts himself, you nod in agreement; when a pro turns out to be a real creep naught is said about it--and only praise shall come from thy tongue. Yeesh!

/Any comments on comics' caste society, Don? It isn't that there aren't some stf fans and professionals who wouldn't like to do the same thing, but so far they haven't had much luck. There are too many people around like Bob Tucker, who can cut them down to size. (And I try to do my part, which is another reason for wanting to sell professionally. It helps in arguing with people of that sort if you've sold more than they have.) RSC/

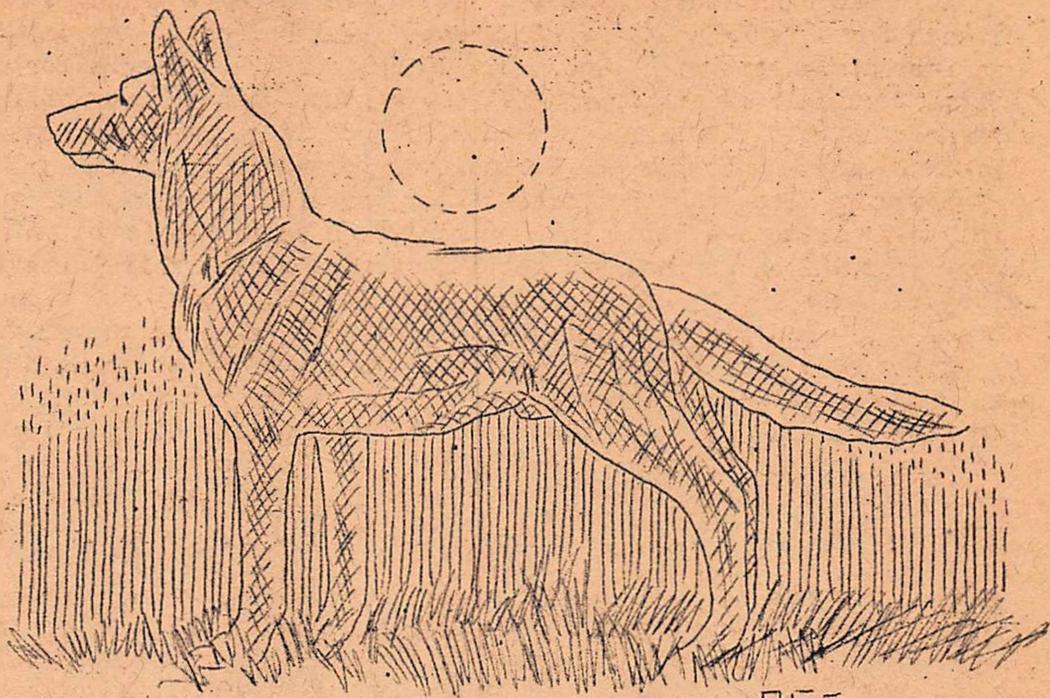
Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr., ##9, Duarte, California 91010

In response to Nan Braude's letter, it's my opinion that Reagan is doing a pretty fair job as governor. There's a lot of things I don't agree with him on, but as governors go he stands a bit taller than most I could name. I could name 48 or 49.

The really amusing thing about her letter, where she's writing about the idiocy of Reagan, is that she merely quotes him. She obviously felt it unnecessary to comment on the quotes, thinking that by themselves they were damaging enough. Sometimes idiocy can merely be pointed out, but I'm afraid that in this case the tactics don't wash. I can't see the idiocy. Let's look at her quotes once more.

The head of the Berkeley Planning Board, with tears in her eyes, says to Reagan (concerning turning a park into a parking lot): "The blood of the people of Berkeley will be on your hands." His reply, which seemed quite appropriate in the face of such a ridiculous display, was: "Fine, I'll wash it off with Boraxo." Cool. This isn't the kind of response other Governors would be prone to give, but it's probably the kind they'd definitely like to give. Providing any of them had that much wit.

Then she says: "His most recent fatuity was to veto a bill making it possible for people under 18 to get VD prophylactics more easily, on the grounds that this wasn't the way to solve the problem."



REG

Well, is it? Obviously not. And to further make the idea worthless, single people either over or under 18 wouldn't bother buying them anyway, and if they did they wouldn't use them. It ruins the "spontaneity". It's "premeditated". There's a loss of "gay abandon". It not only doesn't solve the problem, it isn't even an effective stop-gap.

So much for the damaging evidence. Now if she really wanted to point out idiocy by merely quoting, she should have dug up his words when he turned down the idea of payroll deductions for state taxes. I believe his words were: "Taxes should hurt." And hurt they do. Looks like we'll have to get a loan to cover the ones we'll incur for this year. Yarst.

/I argued with Dave personally; all I'll say here is that whether or not VD prophylactics are the perfect answer, they are a better answer than anything that Reagan has come up with, and vetoing the measure is sheer obstructionism. Over to you, Nan. RSC

Is there any significance in the fact that you agree with Reagan, Dave, when the circumstances involve people (things like riots, tear gassing, venereal disease and possible abortions) but don't when it involves money? JWC/

Nan Braude, 2644 Dwight Way #7, Berkeley, California, 94704

This brings me back to abortion. Honestly, I'm not really that interested in the subject, but it seems to follow me around. The NET show immediately proceeding The Forsytes is The Advocates, a series of debates on major controversial issues. I don't usually watch, as I am fairly well informed on most of them, but last week's debate was on That Topic, and I tuned in because I'd never seen a public debate on the topic and I was curious as to how it would go. The theological aspect got omitted completely (probably fortunately), and the general level of argument was poor: the pro advocate didn't put his case too well, and the anti advocate's main thesis was that if abortion were legal, millions of women would rush off to terminate their pregnancies for no better reason than a fit of pique (their doctors presumably cooperating). I think what moves me most about the issue is that one element in society is trying to impose by force of law on the rest of us their side of a highly debatable issue. The anti advocate's position was typical: he implicitly said that a pregnant woman was not qualified to determine whether or not to bear the child, but he was. I feel the same way about issues in which I sympathize with the point of view to be imposed: i.e., divorce laws.

190: I think Juanita should change the name of her column to "The Adventures of Rex the Wonder Mimeo." If only because you keep wondering what it's going to do next. As an impoverished student, I sympathize with her comments on high food costs. I eat a lot of curry, which can be made from chicken backs and necks. I have a couple of fish casserole recipes if she's interested. There's a charming book by Robert Farrar Capon called THE SUPPER OF THE LAMB, a "moderately high Anglican" cookbook cum observations on life. The author is a priest, a professor of Greek, an amateur musician, and the father of six, which qualifies him to comment on almost anything. He enunciates the basic principle of ferial (i.e., non-festal) cooking, which is "Never give anyone a whole anything." The title is less an allusion to the Eucharist than a reference to the fact that in the course of the book he tells you how to get 32 servings out of one 5 lb. leg of lamb. Anyway, you have it easy: a former roommate of mine once lived for a whole academic quarter on pumpkin.

Can publishers really make a profit with hardcover editions of books that are already available in paperback? I gather libraries buy them, but then lots of libraries today keep paperbacks, and some, like the UC library, have them bound. I can't imagine myself buying a hardcover edition of a book I have in paper already, unless it was used so frequently that it was falling apart, and the only thing that really qualifies is GAUDY NIGHT. My dissertation director, who is upset by the high price Princeton University Press put on his book on Spenser (\$13.50, lowered when he protested all the way to \$12.50), has been urging me to start a write-in campaign to get it brought out in paper, on the grounds that practically nobody can afford it, and that goes double for sf, I would suppose. I just glanced over at my bookshelf, and the only sf and fantasy

hardcovers I have are books unavailable in paper, at least when I got them. Of course, I have a special hangup: whenever I have the price of a hardcover book, I feel I ought to buy something for my professional library, not something recreational. And the Browns are collecting the Georgette Heyer hardcovers, but I think that's at least partly because they lend them out so much.

On the deterioration of paper: this is in one way a key to Western civilization, which evolved out of two rival traditions: the Hebraic emphasis on the written text (the Jews are called the People of the Book) and the Greek mistrust of writing and emphasis on oral tradition (the Athenian schools). The dichotomy is still very much alive, as I realize every time I sit in the library reading the Variorum Spenser while radical types exhort on Sproul Steps. Part of the reason for it is that the Semitic people wrote on nearly imperishable materials, like stone, baked clay, and metal, while the Greeks used papyrus. Some ancient scholar records having seen a papyrus scroll over 300 years old as if it were a miracle. The problem also applies to modern painting: I remember seeing an article on an art restorer in which he mentions that there are some paintings less than 100 years old which are already in worse shape than many Renaissance works. Again, it's inferior materials that causes the problem.

Bob Briney's quote from the Heicon Progress Report reminds me of a cherished memory: when we were stationed in Naples, the hotel which was leased as a combination Officers' Club and school did some remodeling. When they finished, they sent out a brochure advertising their new amenities, one of which was that now "fine food and drink will be dispensed with on the patio." We also have somewhere a lovely letter from the management of our apartment, with English translation provided, warning the tenants against "spittings from the balcony" and other small discourtesies.

About Kirby Hensley's legal troubles: they don't stem from his ordaining people. In addition, he will grant you a D.D. degree for \$20, no other prerequisite. The state is now prosecuting him under the anti-diploma mill law, claiming that he is not an accredited educational institution. I understand that his defense is that he's not claiming to be an educational institution, but is acting as an individual. I don't know whether or not the law allows individuals to grant degrees or not. Incidentally, I have been granted a degree that I didn't even know about. UC has invented one called Candidate in Philosophy, which you get almost automatically when you finish all requirements for the Ph.D. except the dissertation. The advantage of this is that it helps out people who take jobs, especially in college teaching, before they finish the dissertation. A lot of colleges base their salaries on the degree held, and these people would otherwise get paid as a mere M.A., despite all the more advanced work they have done. I must admit though that when I say I am a Candidate in Philosophy I feel like one of Kipling's babus who identify themselves as "failed M.A. (Oxon.)."

191: On your comments on DDT, this has become one of the major issues for the California farm workers, who feel that their health is endangered by working in DDT-sprayed fields. They feel so strongly about it that they are willing to lay aside the wage issue if the growers will negotiate on DDT. And then there is parathion, the common insecticide that was declared too dangerous to use in Vietnam, which got mixed with some flour and killed all those babies in South America...

I enjoyed Dave Locke on graphology/graphoanalysis. I suspect the "science" survives, like newspaper horoscopes and fortune cookies, because if you generalize broadly enough you are bound to be right about someone, somewhere, sometime, and people tend to forget the wrong ones, if they're already inclined to believe in some sort of mystic power. The only fortune cookie message I can remember, for example, is one I got at Trader Vic's, where I was taken to celebrate passing my Ph.D. orals, which said "Literature will not lead you astray!" I have done a little "analysis" since starting to grade student papers at Berkeley four years ago. I started with what seemed a fairly common-sense proposition: that there would be some sort of positive correlation between neat, orderly writing and intelligent, well-organized papers. 'Tain't so. Some of my brightest students write a scrawl that would tax the powers of Michael Ventris, and I've had some F papers that would win prizes in penmanship any day. The only correlation that seems to hold up is that girls generally write more neatly and legibly than boys.

To Andrew Phillips: The Bible is neither science fiction nor fantasy; it is not

fiction at all, as a general rule; but a compendium of myth, prophecy, poetry, and legend based on oral historical tradition. Books like Ruth and Judith might be exceptions. You may not regard the contents as true, but what distinguishes fact and fiction is whether or not the author regards it as true. And the dichotomy implies a distinction between art and reality that is a product of extensive cultural evolution and sophistication. Plato banished the poets from his Republic for telling lies; nearly 2000 years later Sir RPhillip Sydney stated "for the poet, he nothing affirms and therefore never lieth." These are two radically different views of the nature of art, and the Bible tends to get judged in Plato's terms as if its authors were sophisticated enough to make Sydney's distinctions, thus allowing its critics to have their cake and eat it too. Here's a puzzle for Mr. Phillips: the story of the Fall in Genesis is a myth embodying two human truths, that man is imperfect and suffers and that he has "fallen" from a perfect, harmonious, totally supportive environment to an imperfect and often hostile one--i.e., he has left the womb. Assume for the sake of argument that the story of the serpent and the pomegranate (which you probably thought was an apple) is false: is Genesis, as myth, true or false?

192: I am always being surprised at how other people can praise or blame literature for totally different qualities than I find valuable in it; just when I think our minds are in harmony. An example is your review of BRAN MAK MORN. You didn't think it was topflight Howard, and I thought it was one of the best of the lot. The qualities I admired were restraint, absence of excessive supernaturalism, and the attempt at creating a more believable than usual historical setting. Also the fact that Bran is more intellectual than your average Howard hero. I should have thought that these would make the book appeal to you more than the average sword-and-sorcery epic, since the excesses of the latter usually put you off. This one was closer to being a historical novel, and I was sure you'd prefer it. Of course, I've been spoiled for other people's Pictish stories by Kipling (in PUCK OF POOK'S HILL) and Rosemary Sutcliffe's superb MARK OF THE HORSE LORD.

The "exception that proves the rule" is not a mistranslation. The oldest meaning of "prove" (from the Latin probare, to test for goodness) has simply become uncommon. It still survives in a few idioms, like weapons proving grounds, galley proofs, the famous proof of the pudding (you Asey Mayo fan, you), and the aforementioned proverb.

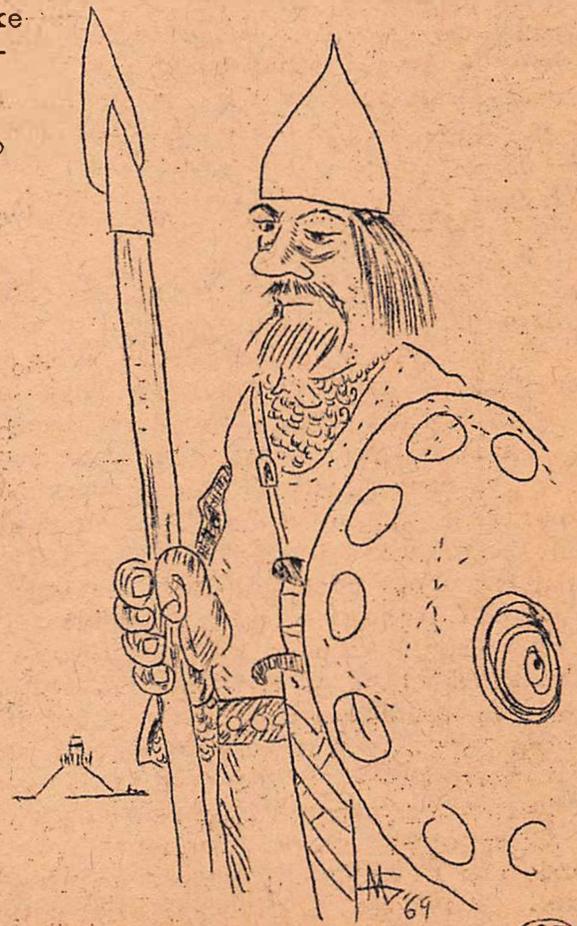
You remember that a few years back someone wanted to organize fans against the Vietnam war, and the idea was put down pretty energetically by a lot of people, including me. The consensus was that fandom didn't meet the requirements of a lobby: power and/or expertise. It has occurred to me that there maybe is a cause these days that fans would want to organize themselves on behalf of, as experts or at least people accustomed to thinking about such problems: ecology action. One of the main sf themes is "What will happen if this goes on?" and that is just the kind of thinking that motivates this movement. There has been a lot of debate about it in this area, chiefly over the filling and/or pollution of the Bay. It seems to take fannish-type minds to get it started, and then the mundane world gets excited about it and things get done. Not being the group-leader type, I am not offering to start "Fans to Save the Environment", but I would certainly support such a group; and I think that sf fans, being in general a future-oriented group, could properly speak qua fans on the subject.

This reminds me of a somewhat related topic: space exploration and whether or not funds for it are justified, when the money could be spent on such things as urban problems. Most fans, I suppose, are automatically pro-NASA, but I personally feel very un-

easy at taking such a position when I know darn well that my only personal involvement is going to be in paying taxes, which would be the same either way. It's not the fans who are going to have to go on living in ghettos if the money goes for space. I feel like the coach in the comic definition: a man who will lay down your life for the team.

Well, I certainly wouldn't object to fans organizing a "Save the Environment" group as long as they didn't call it "Fans to Save the Environment". Though I would prefer to see concerned fans joining the National Wildlife Federation or another already-existing conservation group. A multiplicity of groups working for the same thing is not usually an advantage. What fans really need to do is start writing letters to Congress. (Saving "Star Trek" two years in a row was nice, but not in the same category as trying to save the environment.)// Sorry about my sloppy terminology about mistranslations; yes, I did know that it was a change in the meaning of the original word--but it amounts to the same thing.// Trouble with BRAN MAK MORN was that it was so restrained that there wasn't any story left in some cases, and I believed his historical setting no more than I did on Conan.// The more intelligent person seems more interested in content of writing than in ornamentation. (Hyphen was one of the sloppiest looking fanzines you ever saw in your life, but its content made it one of the best.) And everyone tends to feel that if a piece of writing is intelligible to them, it should be to everyone. So--a lack of interest in legible penmanship, and side effects like the Coulsons owning 7 typewriters.// Very few hardcover books in this country are bought by individuals, except as an occasional Christmas gift. Since binding paperbacks is generally unsatisfactory because of the narrow margins (bench sewing is required to retain readability, and this is not as durable as machine sewing) and since buying a paperback and then binding it costs almost as much as buying a hardcover in the first place, I should think that the sales of hardcover reprints would be adequate. I hope so, anyway. I like to have my higher quality books in hard covers. RSC

I wish all doubters and objectors to the space program could have listened with me to the few minutes' summary of our potential future Hal Clement ticked off in the SFWA room at St. Louiscon. He made very good points for some very selfish (for our great grandchildren, rather than us) reasons for getting established in space--even more quickly than we are doing so. This is not a reason to short the ghettos; but it is a long-term imperative that wherever the money should come from, it should not be, for our progeny's sake, the space program. Even right now, complainers about the money being wasted instead of usefully employed were answered by Campbell with his acid: "Who do they think built the Apollos, brownies?" I suspect our unemployment situation would be even more painful were it not for the assembly lines putting together hardware all over the country. Maybe it must be abandoned on the Moon, but the workers put a lot of chicken in a lot of pots putting it together in the first place. Better that than unwanted dams and other line-the-politicians'-pockets boadoggles. JWC/



Bob Briney, 233 Lafayette St., Apt. #2, Salem, Mass. 01970

The Maurits Cornelis Escher book that you mention in your comments on Barry Gil- lam's letter is THE GRAPHIC WORK OF M. C. ESCHER

Meredith Press, New York, 1967, \$7.95

Contains 70 full-page plates, 4 of them in color, plus 16 smaller drawings, and an in- teresting text. The book may still be in print, and deserves a wider audience.

As for the Escher "dayglo" posters, the ones I have seen all carry Escher's name in minute print in the lower right corner. I don't know whether this indicates he is being paid for them, but at least the source is being acknowledged.

There are also at least two "dayglo" posters made from Wallace Smith drawings -- two of his illustrations for Ben Hecht's FANTAZIUS MALLARE.

If the poster craze continues, I wouldn't be surprised to see some Finlay or Bok pulp illustrations turn up as posters. (Remember that several years ago Lloyd Eshbach did print up some Bok illustrations on phosphorent paper? I still have -- somewhere - the endpaper illustrations from Taine's THE CRYSTAL HORDE on bright pink paper, and I recall seeing it on green and orange backgrounds as well.)

I assume you have seen HUMOR IN THE HEADLINES (Pocket Books). 200 pages of (I as- sume) genuine goofed-up newspaper headlines, such as "FIND SLAIN GIRL ALIVE", and 4-H GIRL WINS CONTEST AS BEST HOER IN COUNTY.

/We hadn't seen the book when we got your letter, but we picked up a copy shortly afterward, and I agree it's great. My favorites were the ones like "WEATHER IS THE CHIEF CAUSE OF DROUGHT" or the real weirdos like "TCILET TISSUE CHIEF GIVES WARNING ON". Highly recommended to everyone. //We have a screaming yellow reprint of the Cartier endprint for DARKER THAN YOU THINK. The one in the book is brownish orange, but either way it's a good illustration. (And a good book, for that matter.) RSC/

Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060

Gee, I haven't really read Yandro #193, I just discovered. That's unusual; I usually grab it when it comes in and read it through. Don must have grabbed this one first. At any rate, I know he loved Elizabeth Fishman's letter, because he chuckled over it and read portions out loud. That's telling him!

And I loved Elizabeth's comments on being caught at the Dayton Public Library. I knew there had to be flaws in that theft-detector...

Just as a minor information point, what did Humphrey do during the Kennedy- Johnson administration? (I.e., before he became vice pres but after Democrats were out of office?)

One comics fan persists in calling me Mrs. Thompson. Another didn't come up to us at St. Louis because he "didn't want to be a bother." Lordy. And you being a Successful Writer must get it in spades.

/Well, at least the overly humble fans are easier to get along with than those such as a certain Mr. I____, who do things like following you down a hallway and talking at you while you are pointedly ignoring them. Actually we haven't found too many shy fans; about the same number as the newly annointed pros who feel that Juanita is now One of Us and Above the Common Herd of Fans. (I don't get that because Gene and I published under a pseudonym and therefore that type has never heard of me.) Humphrey. Yes. Umm...well, it was a very short admin- istration... (I assume you meant "after the Democrats were in office"?) RSC/

We have lots more letters, but they're all too long for now. Next issue will be the Annish and probably a bit larger than usual and we'll have more room for letters. We have left over one from Terry Carr on Ace hardcovers and stuff, and letters by Ethel Lindsay, Marty Helgesen, Bruce Robbins, Louis Morra, and others, plus more by Liz Fishman which I am tempted to turn into a column - how would you like to be a col- umnist, Liz? Plus of course the letters we receive on this issue - you will write, won't you? And in closing, I leave you with those immortal words:

"A bad excuse is better than none."

(Nicolas Udall, 1541)



Book reviews may be a bit short for a couple of issues; I'm spending most of my time reading the 1969 magazines. However, there are a few books in the pile.

ALL JUDGMENT FLED, by James White (Walker, \$4.95) This account of astronauts in the not too distant future investigating a strange alien spaceship reads even better on the second round than it did as a paperback. It isn't particularly profound, but it's one of the best stf adventure stories to come out this year. By all means try a copy; if you don't want to buy one, nag your librarian to do it.

DEEP WATERS, by William Hope Hodgson (Arkham House, \$5.00) The story titles in this collection give you a clue as to what it's about: "The Sea Horses", "The Derelict", "The Thing In The Weeds", "From The Tideless Sea", "The Island of the Ud", "The Voice In The Night", "The Adventure of the Headland", "The Mystery of the Derelict", "The Shamraken Homeward-Bounder", "The Stone Ship", "The Crew of the Lancing", "The Habitants of Middle Islet", and "The Call In The Dawn". Hideous, crawling spongy growths out of the Sargasso Sea. However, though Hodgson overworks both the Sargasso and the moldy-human themes, the stories don't seem dull (to me, anyway). Some of the best, such as "The Voice In The Night", have been reprinted often, but "The Stone Ship" was both excellent and new to me, and there were other interesting stories. "The Sea Horses" could be run in F&SF tomorrow and accepted as a new story. I thoroughly enjoyed the book, but I must admit it's not for every fan. It's for special tastes, but if this is the sort of thing you like, it's pretty good.

DRAGONS AND NIGHTMARES, by Robert Bloch (Belmont, 75¢) Original publication date for these three stories isn't listed, but in his "Backward", Bloch mentions that they antedate the Lefty Feep series, so they weren't written yesterday. "A Good Knight's Work", "The Eager Dragon", and "Nursemaid To Nightmares". This is the Bloch fans know and love. The humor isn't absolute top quality, but it's an amusing way to kill time. (I read it while Juanita and Bruce visited the Planetarium in Chicago, and it came out just right; hour and a half for the tour, hour and a half for the book. Next time your family wants you to take them to a planetarium, bring this along.) Recommended.

THE WARLOCK IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF, by Christopher Stasheff (Ace, 75¢) Much the same could be said for this, except that it's a single novel and twice as long. It's an amusing, unpretentious, lightweight fantasy about a sort of super-spy who gets mixed up with witchcraft and Graustarkian plots. Except for that first sentence - couldn't anybody at Ace bother to change that "The asteroid hurtled in from Capricorn"? On a planet halfway across the galaxy from Earth? Bah. Otherwise mildly recommended.

CHANGE OF MIND, by Chris Stratton (Pyramid, 75¢) No relation to Thomas Stratton, in case anyone was wondering. A white district attorney has his brain transplanted into a Negro body. Not particularly good, but better than I had expected in advance, since it's a novelization of a movie. I did read it all the way through, at least.

THE BLACK CORRIDOR, by Michael Moorcock (Ace, 75¢) Which is more than I did for this modern-stf account of a man baring the secrets of his soul while he slowly goes crazy from loneliness on a spaceship. It wasn't telling me anything I didn't already know

about humanity, and the character and his delusions were equally uninteresting, so I didn't finish it. My problem in this kind of book is not that I lack empathy. Empathy I have; it's sympathy that I lack. My interest in the inner agonies of humanity is severely limited, and unless you are a close friend or an interesting character or both I don't much give a damn how your mind works - if it does - and I certainly am not going to read 180 pages about a thoroughly dull character.

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, by Robert A. Heinlein (Berkley, \$1.25) Presumably everyone reading this review has already read the book; if you haven't, rectify the error immediately. When this first appeared, I said that I didn't think this was Heinlein's best book, but it might prove to be his most important one. I'll still stand by that. Basically, this is a parody of the Christian religion; the religious aspects are so overpowering that there is already a Church of the Brotherhood of the Way in existence. It's also a sardonic look at modern society; Heinlein tends to make fun of the sacred tenets of liberals, which usually leads to frothing but irrelevant reviews of his books. It is anything but the straightforward story that Heinlein is noted for, but it does contain too much plot for the modernists. It's one of the basic books that every fan should read, at least partly because there is still so much talk about it, 8 years after its first publication.

MACROSCOPE, by Piers Anthony (Avon, \$1.25) Take equal parts of Doc Smith's Skylark and a handy astrology text, throw in a split personality and enough sex to qualify for "adult" status, and write. And write. And write. At 470 pages, it's longer than STRANGER. I didn't find it as good, but then I'm partisan toward Heinlein. This is readable enough, with the possible exception of the final confrontation between Afra and Schön to see which could out-subtle the other, which got wearing after 40 or 50 pages. Overall, I enjoyed this more than any of Piers' other books (which, since I can't stand Skylark or astrology and am getting pretty fed up with improbable mental conditions, must mean that the writing was pretty good). Try it and see what you think.

NOMADS OF GOR, by John Norman (Ballantine, 75¢) Well, if you're really interested.... This is the fourth of the series of excessively long (340 pages, this time) Burroughs imitations. I'm told this is one of the best of the sword-and-sorcery series, and when I consider the competition I'm sure it is. But it's not my cuppa.

GRIMM'S WORLD, by Vernor Vinge (Berkley, 60¢) Fairly typical swords and super-science plot, but the writing and characterization are much better than normal. Tatja actually behaves - sometimes - like a superwoman might, and Svir is pleasantly human. The ending is a trifle over-melodramatic, but otherwise an excellent adventure.

KAR KABALLA, by George H. Smith/TOWER OF THE MEDUSA, by Lin Carter (Ace, 75¢) In the Carter half, I managed to keep going beyond page 10, where the hero with his bare hands disposes of "seven or eight" trained killers of an assassin cult. After all, I'd barely started; the writing might improve later on. But after getting to page 28, where the Beautiful But Evil Queen relates her entire life history in a casual conversation with her chief henchman who has been with her thru most of the events related, I gave up. In a different mood, I might have found this hilarious, but at the time I didn't. (Incidentally, authors -- other than Carter, I hasten to add -- often complain about reviewers who put their plots or characters in capital letters. Well, fellas, if you'll quit writing in cliches, I'll quit pointing them out. Carter, as far as I know, has never made any public complaint about criticism, for which I admire him as a person. But since I just performed the heinous act, I was reminded to comment on it and to snap my fingers at the various pipsqueak objectors.) Somewhat surprisingly, the Smith half contains the best adventure story I've read in an Ace Double in years. For once an author has come up with something besides a noble barbarian; the society here is British Victorian and the action is closer to the Crimean War than to King Arthur. There is the usual world-conquering evil, but it seemed a trifle fresher in the new setting, and there is a lovely humorous-adventurous fight between a dirigible armed with a Gatling gun and a covey of gryphons. Not only the best Ace Double in years, but far and away the best thing George H. Smith ever wrote. Recommended, and if you're desperate for laughs you might try Carter's epic.

WORLDS OF THE WALL, by C. C. MacApp (Avon, 75¢) A portion of the book appeared in FANTASTIC in 1964, they say. I wouldn't have remembered it. MacApp is a good enough writer to keep the reader interested, but this is hardly an outstanding adventure-fantasy. The "explanation" at the end consists of several pages of double-talk which never quite convinces the reader that anything has actually been explained, and the background is improbable enough to require explanation. The action is very well handled; in fact, it's quite an interesting book until the ending.

THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER, by A. E. Van Vogt (Ace, 60¢) One of van Vogt's better novels (assuming you're willing to admit that he had any better novels.) It doesn't make a lot of sense, but it's sort of fun to read, and it contains one of those striking lines for which early stf was noted; "The right to buy weapons is the right to be free". I'm still tempted to suggest that to the National Rifle Association for their official slogan.

FIGURES OF EARTH, by James Branch Cabell (Ballantine, 95¢) Chronologically, this is the predecessor to THE SILVER STALLION. I didn't find it nearly as interesting as the other book. Dom Manuel's rise to power depends entirely on fortuitous coincidence, which might be interesting in a biography but tends to become monotonous in fiction. It's good enough; I don't feel that I wasted my time in reading it. But I don't feel overwhelmed by its majesty, either.

THE LAST MAYDAY, by Keith Wheeler (Pyramid, 95¢) A fairly standard example of the watered-down science fiction which passes as mainstream adventure. The nuclear confrontation novel seems to have become as much of a fictional category as the slave novel, though on a slightly higher level of literacy. Adequate.

14 GREAT TALES OF ESP, ed. by Idella Purnell Stone (Fawcett, 75¢) On the other hand, science fiction might be dragged, kicking and screaming, into the arms of the occult. (I note that Paperback Library is packaging a John Rankine novel for the occult trade.) This includes "The Foreign Hand Tie" by Randy Garrett (esper spies), "The Leader" by Murray Leinster (an esper dictator), "What Thin Partitions" by Clifton and Apostolides (espers in industry; one of the top stories in the book). Incidentally, if anyone knows the whereabouts of Clifton's heirs, the publisher has money for them. Heinlein's "Project Nightmare" concerns espers in the military, was first published in AMAZING, and as far as I know has never been reprinted until now - for the good reason that it's a pretty lousy story. Even Heinlein goofed occasionally. "Preposterous" by Fred Brown, is a lightweight vignette, but sort of cute. Then there is "Modus Vivendi" by Walter Bupp (a third-rate story about esper thieves and control), "Belief" by Isaac Asimov (a first-rate story about espers in a university), "I'm a Stranger Here Myself" by Mack Reynolds (a short gimmick story), "False Image" by Jay Williams (an overly sentimental first contact), "Ararat" by Zenna Henderson (also overly sentimental but with Henderson I don't mind), "These Are The Arts" by James Schmitz (interplanetary invasion), "The Garden In The Forest" by Robert F. Young (such a sweet story it's sticky), and Eric Frank Russell's article on Eusapia Palladino, "And Still It Moves". About an average-quality selection of science fiction for anyone not "psick of psi".

MEN ON THE MOON, ed. by Don Wollheim (Ace, 60¢) Originally published by Ace in 1958; refurbished to take advantage of the moon landings, with comments on the "moon plaque" by 28 stf writers added for the new edition. This is strictly a gimmick; nobody who knows anything about the writers will be surprised by anything they say. Paul Anderson thinks it's a great thing, Brian Aldiss thinks they should use all that money to help people (how is unspecified by most of these stf liberals; they merely scream that something should be done!) and so on. The stories are all antiques now. "Operation Pumice" by Raymond Z. Gallun (1949), "Jetsam" by A. Bertram Chandler (1953), "The Reluctant Heroes" by Frank Robinson (1951), "Moonwalk" by H. B. Fyfe (1952, and probably the best story in the book), and "Keyhole" by Murray Leinster (1951). All are good, competent stories; none - except maybe "Moonwalk" - are at all outstanding. This was the sort of bread and butter stf that was the backbone of the mags in those days.

13 GREAT STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Groff Conklin (Fawcett, 75¢) You want to sell an anthology to Fawcett, include the number of stories it contains in the title.

This is the third edition of the book that I own (you can tell when the edition changes because the price goes up - from 40¢ to 50¢ to, now, 75¢), so if you've been in fandom very long you probably have read it. If not, it's about an average anthology, with the original publication dates of the stories running from 1950 to 1957, with a single 1946 exception. Stories are "The War Is Over" by Algis Budrys, "The Light" by Poul Anderson, "Compassion Circuit" by John Wyndham, "Volpla" by Wyman Guin, "Silence, Please" by Arthur C. Clarke, "Allegory" by William T. Powers, "Soap Opera" by Alan Nelson, "Shipping Clerk" by William Morrison, "Technological Retreat" by G. C. Edmondson, "The Analogues" by Damon Knight, "The Available Data on the Worp Reaction" by Lion Miller, "The Skills of Xanadu" by Theodore Sturgeon, and "The Machine" by Richard Gehman. The Anderson and Guin stories are tops; some of the others are well worth reading.

ASTROLOGY ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS, by Edward Lyndoe (Fawcett, 60¢) I suppose if you're dumb enough to need an oracle, this will do as well as anything.

THE BLOOD CULTS, by Charles Lefebure (Ace, 60¢) Non-fiction and somewhat superficial commentary on 18 different cults, from the Mau Mau to the Penitentes. Some, such as the Knights Templars, are included merely because someone accused them of evil practices, since there is no evidence that they ever actually indulged in them. There were a few of the cults that I previously didn't know anything about; of the ones I did know about previously, I didn't learn any more from this book.

SEX AND SATANISM, by Brad Steiger (Ace, 95¢) A sort of general compendium; a history of Satanism, a few occult incidents, a chapter on how to counteract black magic, another on the difference between witches and Satanists, and one on the casting of spells. I suppose this could be as authentic as all hell, but I think I prefer Michélet for research and certainly for entertainment.

THE PRISONER #2, by David McDaniel (Ace, 60¢) Quite typical of the show. But then, I never liked the show.

TUNE IN TOMORROW, by Mary Jane Higby (Ace, 95¢) A fabulous book for anyone who remembers radio, and probably for most people who don't. Mary Jane made her living in radio soap operas, and her reminiscences of the era are fascinating. Like trying to speak - not sing - a commercial in F below high C, or getting from one station to another in New York by cutting through St. Patrick's Cathedral, or being asked to come down to the studio quick and take a part in a program she was listening to at the time. And there are loads of illustrations - the photo of Ed Begley as Charlie Chan is worth the price of the book.

THE GREAT RADIO HEROES, by Jim Harmon (Ace, 75¢) This is not, by a long shot, as good as the previous book; it's mainly nostalgia for those of us who Remember. But it's a pretty good book, all the same (anybody who likes "I Love A Mystery" can't be all bad). A reprint; came out a couple of years ago.

OUT OF THE LION'S PAW, by Constantine Fitzgibbon (American Heritage, \$3.95) This is from their new "Library of the 20th Century" and covers the Irish freedom movement from the Easter Rising to the Irish Free State. As usual with Heritage, loads of illustrations, which helped make the book for me. I have so many Irish rebel songs about Tom Clarke, Padraig Pearse, Jim Connolly, Roger Casement, Eamonn Ceannt and the rest that seeing their photos was like seeing old friends. The story I'd read before, but Fitzgibbon is better than most writers in bringing a little order out of the confusion of Irish politics. I'm prejudiced, of course, but I think it's great.

THE VALDEZ HORSES, by Lee Hoffman (Ace, 60¢) This was a winner of the Spur Award as the best western of the year. This is the second Ace printing. If you think you'd like to read a western for a change, this is the one to try. (Besides being good, you want to support fan writers, don't you?)

PHANTOM LADY, by Cornell Woolrich ("William Irish") (Ace, 75¢) Mystery. First time I read it I thought it was great; I went out and got two or three other "Irish" books. Since then I've tried to re-read it a couple of times and been utterly unable to. So..