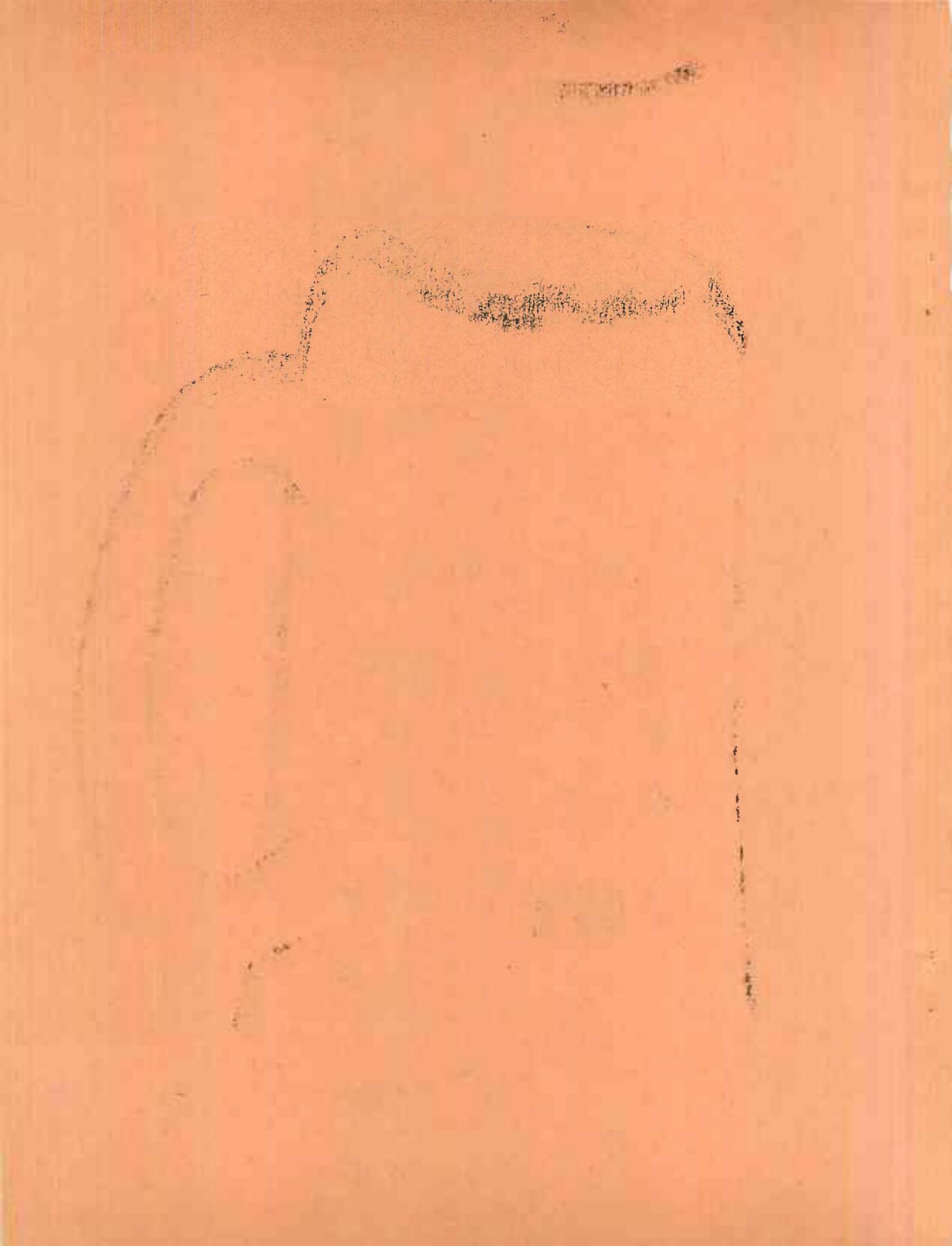


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VOL. XVIII NO. 7

OCTOBER 70

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The only fanzine to be awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Insanity.

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Cover by Alexis Gilliland

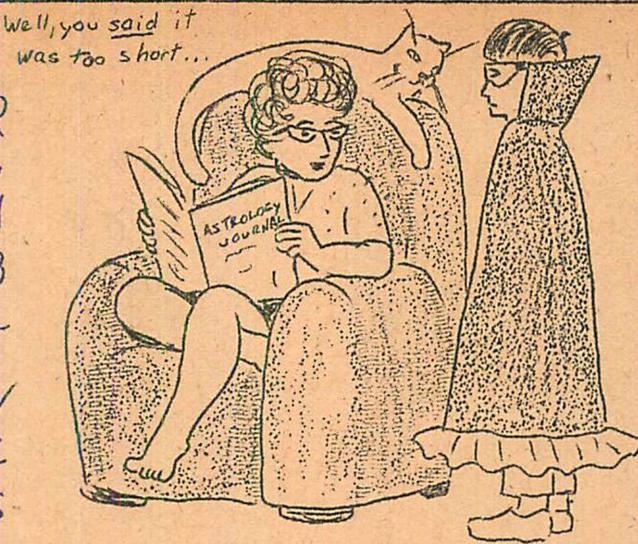
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HAPPY HALLOWE'EN ISSUE

I don't know if Juanita will mention it in her editorial or not, but the Nov-Dec IF has one of her stories in it. Buy a copy and then write in to say how marvelous it is and demand more by the same author. RSC

Hank Davis sends us a clipping about women with metal-reinforced bras holding up air flights because the metal detectors used to check for weapons register positive. That's one problem Bergey never thought of.

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Well, you said it
was too short...

Allo, allo, testing, testing. Well, at least it's October while I'm writing this and we hope will still be October when we mail it. It should have a Halloween postmark, except I don't think they put postmarks on bulk mailing permit stuff.

Press problems this time, but I think they will turn out to be minor -- like I think I need a new screen. That and a tune-up (oil and clean) should be about it. But some of you will have tiny ink spots at inappropriate places on certain pages. Apologies, especially to the artists and writers who happen to be on those particular pages. I finally coped with the situation with one of the better benefits of our technological society -- scotch tape. Marvelous stuff. Except it came off twice while I was running a page. It's possible it peeled off onto a page and wasn't caught during collating, so one or two of you may get a fringe benefit with your copies. Or it may have wrapped into the innards of the machine, and mean even more that it needs a tuneup. Oh well,

At least it's something that can be fixed with scotch tape. Try fixing a multilith malfunction with tape. Fout,

A rather unhappy piece of news from Maggie Thompson: Rex dealerships, at least in this general Central/Eastern district, seem to be in trouble. Foulups in the NYC branch office, supplier, whatever. (All Rex owners go down and bug their local agent and hint that you may switch brands when you next buy your \$1000 machine with all attachments (we should all live so long.) This is discouraging. I rather like the Rex so far. It may be puppy love because it's the first electric I've owned. But the operation does seem moderately uncomplicated and easily repaired. I've heard sad things about Gestetner in this area for some years, and now perhaps Rex is going the same way. I just may have to go to Roneo if my present little workhorse gives up the ghost. Roneo seems to have a go-gettum current attitude and be enlarging sales like mad...Rex's and G's loss.

For your notebooks on spinoff on the space program, to answer those people who complain about "boondoggles" and "what has the space program ever done for me?": something that rather indirectly but right in the breadbasket affects the city dweller -- those pork chops and steaks are being brought to you more and more frequently under far more sanitary conditions. There's a product called Agri 500 currently being pushed to feeder lots and livestock farmers in this area. No, it doesn't fatten the steers and hogs or protect them from exotic diseases. It makes their concrete feeding areas considerably more disease-free. It's a concrete sealant, and apparently a much better one than anything previously on the market. It enables the owner to really clean out the mess and produce healthier cleaner animals for market, because it stops the build up of all sorts of nasties in the porous concrete. And the company is pushing heavily and often the sales point that the product was developed at Complex 11; or whatever, to seal the pad so the Satlums wouldn't melt the concrete and generally foul up operations. (I've wondered idly if something designed for such a purpose mightn't harden the feedlot concrete so thoroughly that it would be tough on the critters' feet, but comfort of the livestock -- unless it affects weight gain and eventual sale -- rarely enters into considerations.)

Chalk it up along with corning ware and self-propelled walkers for paraplegic kids and other little things like that.

I think I have brainwashed myself. I have a non-waterproof watch, and I've had trouble

with watch repairs -- without being stupid and dunking my watch up to my elbow -- because insidious moisture crept into the works. It's a problem a lot of women who work regularly in the kitchen encounter. It doesn't seem worthwhile to take off your watch when all you're going to do is wash off a piece of lettuce, and of course you'll be sure to keep the water off the watch. Well, I subconsciously talked myself into not taking a chance; I automatically take my watch off -- unfortunately I do this automatically every time I walk into the kitchen, whether I'm going to cook, wash something, or just get a Fresca or look at the clock or whatever. Fifteen minutes later I discover I'm not wearing my watch, and until I finally realized what I was doing, spent many puzzled moments searching for the thing, wondering if the band had broken without my realizing it, and I'd dropped it down a sewer somewhere. Bah. Reflexes are ridiculous.

As I write this the off-year elections are just a few days away. I'm not one of the vast horde of apathetic voters the surveys are turning up this year. I'll be voting, and I'll be watching the returns that evening, with some apprehension. Mitchell's remark about the swing "so far right that you won't recognize it" scares me. Because I'm afraid if that happens I will recognize it. I suspect what he had in mind was a resurgence of the Joe McCarthy era. McCarthy was certainly not the only leit motif of the time, but he was perhaps something that held still when you pointed at it -- long enough to become identified with the mood of the times..

The point is, I remember. And even people who would now be classified as mildly conservative (meaning they wouldn't vote for Wallace but are worried that things have gotten out of hand and really wish for a bit of the good old days -- which never were) weren't terribly happy then. Really. It was a period not of apathy but of tippytoeing. The most innocuous statements by the most reserved people were occasions for others to look away nervously and suddenly pretend that they didn't really know this old friend. It was a tremendous don't-make-waves aura.. And I have a feeling that now the aura would be a lot nastier...that anybody who stepped out of line would not only be ostracized and blacklisted, but squashed. By the pendulum swinging too far the other way. I've been through it, and it was terribly unpleasant and a great set back for a lot of very necessary social advancements in this country...and I hope my apprehension is unnecessary. To find out if it is, I'll be sitting with everything crossed next Tuesday night, after having cast my vote. Hoping you were and are the same... JWC

A COULUMN

BEC

School isn't as bad as I thought it would be. Except for Phys. Ed. the subjects are pretty good. We get our report cards next week, so you'll have to wait until next month to find out whether I passed or not.

All people interested in joining APA ~~55~~ contact me. Until we have elections (if we have them) I am in complete charge.

Umf. I was talking about school in the beginning, so I might as well give a run-down on the teachers (those that I know). Mr. Norris, the shop teacher, is half way between Old & New style teaching*. The science teacher, Mr. Nusbaum, is nice and so are the others. The one exception is the phys. ed. teacher (I'll remember his name when this gets in print) who seems to me rather arbitrary.

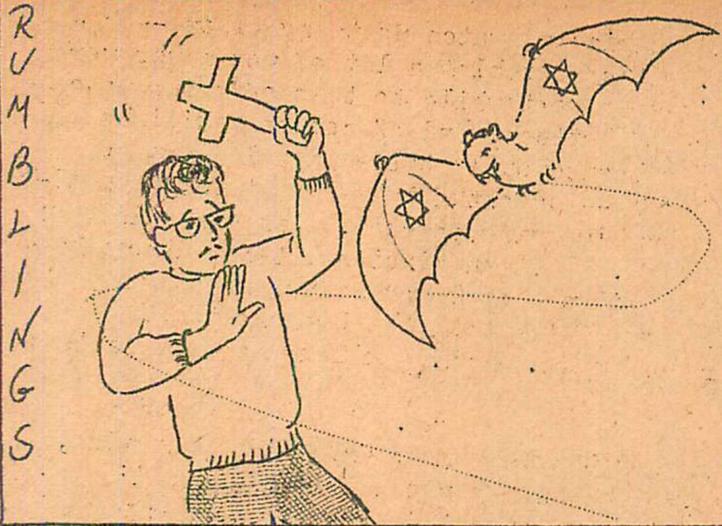
Lessee now, I finished the Lloyd Alexander series and liked it quite well. The symbolism is different but it does resemble the LORD OF THE RINGS

Oh yes, I'm going to be a columhist on the school newspaper. It's going to be a cynical one, and I'll try to publish excerpts in Yandro.

Pax Mundus.

BEC

* Old Style = do what I tell you and no back talk. New Style = ask questions and argue.



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for the post office at one time or another. Okay, which one of you guys.....?)

Plight of the American farmer department: We got this flyer in the local paper from the local Goodyear store; they're having a sale on tractor tires. Price for a rear tire on the "light work utility-type tractor"- on sale, mind you - is \$49.90 plus tax and an exchange tire. From there the prices go up, to a high of \$249.90 plus tire and tax for the largest tire. One tire. In the same catalog is an "all-weather" auto tire for \$10.95. Any of you city types still think how nice and easy life is down on the farm?

I am bombarded with clippings. Don Thompson sends one about "The Fox", a sort of masked rider for ecology. Apparently he has been doing things like dumping a load of dead fish in the lobby of an East Chicago steel company, plugging plant drains that flow into rivers, etc. I always wonder about the amount of truth in such accounts, but it sounds nice. (He always leaves a note, explaining why and signed "The Fox". Constructive Hallowe'en pranks, anyone?)

British newspapers are still preaching on the horrors of privately owned weapons. The latest clipping from Dodd is objecting to the fact that you can join a shooting club which will lend you a weapon. (There are no statistics purporting to prove that such weapons are ever used in crime; the mere fact that they are in existence grates on the writer's Puritanical soul.)

Dodd also sends one on barbed wire collectors, including the interesting bits that one rare form of barbed wire sells for \$125 for an 18" strand, and that there are already people in the business of faking antique barbed wire. (There was an illustrated article on this in ARIZONA HIGHWAYS awhile back.)

Fred Patten sent a batch of book reviews, including one item; Ballantine is now offering a fancy boxed paperback set of LORD OF THE RINGS for \$7.50. (My original British hardcover edition only cost \$9.25, including postage from England.)

Autumn is upon us, and like that. Anti-freeze in the cars, storm windows in the house, the garden harvested (quarts and quarts of beans, corn, tomatoes, carrots, beets, a sack full of onions, and 11 parsnips. Plus strawberry popcorn drying on the shelving that I'm going to use to hold fanzines, realsoonnow. Storm windows and doors presented an interesting problem when I suddenly realized that we had decided not to use an outside door into the library, and put a bookcase in front of it. And of course the screen door was hooked on the inside. Okay; remove books, remove bookcase, open door, unhook screen, replace screen with storm door, hook storm door, replace bookcase, replace books. And now we're set until something happens to the storm door - at least our dogs aren't like Thompsons' and aren't likely to go crashing through closed doors with attendant problems to both parties.

We're adding to our animals; we've been adopted by another cat. This is one whose

Hah. You thought we'd put out that magnificent 200th issue and fold, didn't you? (Well, Earl Evers didn't think we would fold after that magnificent 200th issue, but the rest of you did, deep down.) No such luck. You can't get rid of us that easy.

Item in the paper today saying that two moon dust samples are missing somewhere in the US postal system. They were sent registered mail from Nassau Bay, Texas, to two different points in New York, and never arrived. (I was going to use this as an example of our mail delivery, but then I happened to think of all the fans who have worked

previous owners used to live here, and the cat isn't about to leave just because they moved down the road a piece. It used to hang around the barn with occasional attempts to get into the house (which were repulsed). But then it started in on the dogfood - occasionally before the dogs had finished - and I said what the hell and started feeding it. (It still doesn't get in the house, and complains loudly about it, but I can imagine the results of letting it confront Juanda. It's already brought problems to Mrs. Wellons' cat, Mickey; now Juanda beats up on him when he's inside and the new cat whips him when he pokes his nose outdoors. Mickey is getting just a wee bit neurotic.) I'm sure the newcomer has a perfectly good name already, but I named him Klux because he's pure white. I suppose his formal owners may come to collect him some day, but as long as I'm feeding him I figure he's mine in the interim.

Thomas Stratton strikes again; Gene and I now have sold a story to FANTASTIC. Title, as I recall, was "By The Book".

Today we received a fanzine, with 24¢ postage due. I refused to accept it, of course, but I want to mention the problem because there still seem to be fans around who do not know postal regulations. Namely, if you put an airmail stamp on a fanzine, that fanzine is charged for at airmail rates and it doesn't make any difference how many times you stamp "Third Class Mail" on it. So don't do it, because I won't take it and it will just cost you the extra to get your own fanzine back. Do not use airmail stamps unless you intend the object you're using them on to be sent airmail.

I was nostalgically playing some old Tom Lehrer records the other night, and I suddenly realized how much more relevant one of the songs was now than when it was written. I refer, of course, to "The Old Dope Peddler".

Any Canadian fans care to comment on the present troubles in Quebec? Derek? Boyd? John? Anyone?

Good old US post office; the Christmas stamps are being issued on Nov. 5, and the Thanksgiving stamp on Nov. 21. I see that the P.O. got tired of constant controversy over the Christmas stamps; religious themes were objected to by non-Christians, and non-religious themes roused the ire of fundamentalists. So this year they're putting out one of each - anyone care to bet that this leaves both sides dissatisfied?

What price a Law and Order administration? Did you see where the Internal Revenue Service "raided" the Senate and White House and confiscated illegal fully automatic weapons (Chinese-made AK-47 automatic rifles) from President Nixon, two White House aides, four Senators, four Representatives, and three governors? "Gee, fellas, it's only an old war souvenir. You surely don't think that I..."

Gee, this has been a quiet month. Nothing I can fulminate against. A minor point for those kids who are having battles with parents about long hair; Juanita was reading an account which pointed out that the past 60 years or so is the only time since the landing of the Pilgrims when long hair and facial hair on men has not been dominant in this country. The crew cut and clean-shaven look were aberrations, and we are now returning to the norm. And a few things are being done about pollution; our neighboring town of Marion now has an outfit that reclaims old glass. They even pay you for it. We took over (listen to that "we")... Juanita took over 6 cases of no-return pop bottles and received \$1.08, which works out to 3/4¢ per bottle. Not a lot, but better than putting them in the trash.

And it's about time for me to start my annual prozine perusal. Next issue's book reviews may be a bit short... But then I have lots of books I want to get read, too. Not having read any 1970 magazines, I'm anxious to find out if the change to bi-monthly made any difference to IF and GALAXY, if Ted White has continued to improve AMAZING and FANTASTIC, if the Clement serial in ANALOG and the Swann in F&SF are as good as I expect them to be. I'm even working up a bit of the old-time enthusiasm for reading stf mags. Now if I just had a couple of weeks off from work.....

As you may have guessed, I've spent a lot of time on this editorial with very little to show for it. Better luck next time. (I will note down points of interest....) RSC

AN ALTERNATE APPROACH TO ADDICTION

ARTICLE BY

alexis gilliland

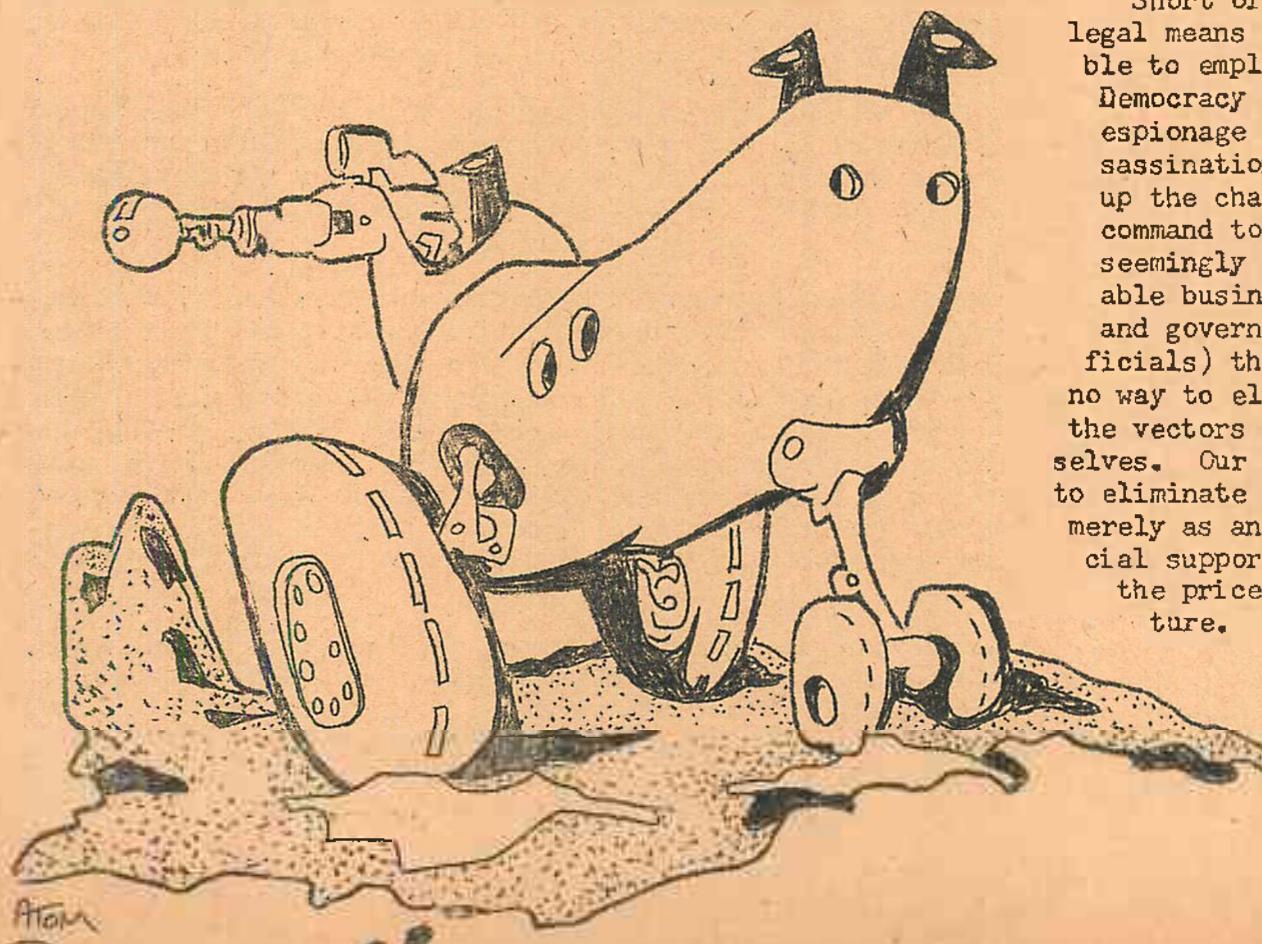
If we assume that drug addiction is a contagious disease, rather than a crime, we find that we are suffering from an epidemic which official policy has made possible.

What is the vector by which the disease is transmitted? With malaria, it is the anopheles mosquito. With typhus, it is unclean water or food. With drug addiction, the vector is supposedly the pusher.

Since official policy is to subject the pusher to very severe penalties, and to harass the user unmercifully, it would seem that we are engaged in the right course of action. By analogy, we are treating a malaria epidemic by swatting mosquitos and scouring their hapless victims.

The actual vector for drug addiction is the fantastic profits available for the high-risk importation of drugs. The pusher, and his superiors, are motivated by money.

The way to end malaria is to drain the swamps where mosquitos breed. Bubonic plague is brought under control by eliminating the rats who harbor the lice which transmit the germs. How shall we approach the men who traffic in narcotics?



Short of extra-legal means impossible to employ in a Democracy (i.e. = espionage and assassination, going up the chain of command to kill seemingly respectable businessmen and government officials) there is no way to eliminate the vectors themselves. Our attempts to eliminate serve merely as an artificial support for the price structure.

What can be done is to eliminate the profit motive that impels them. If there was not even a moderate profit to be made from the import of narcotics, the pusher and his cousins would abandon the effort.

How do we eliminate the profit? The most obvious method is by direct competition and price cutting. Make heroin available free to anybody who wants it, and the pushers will have great difficulty getting their price.

Why this should be done relates to another economic consideration, the rising crime rate, with the systematic oppression of small businesses operating in the affected areas and the increased number of crimes perpetrated to support the narcotic habit of the criminal. I have seen newspaper estimates putting the rate of Negro crime inspired by narcotics as high as 90% of the total. Clearly, if we are concerned only by the economic aspects, giving out free heroin is the key to the millennium.

There are two other aspects which must be considered. The first concerns the user-society relationship.

Starting with the individual, it is obvious that giving him all the heroin he wants is not treating his disease. He, as an addict, is sick, perhaps mortally so, and he should have free access to treatment if he wants treatment. The argument in support of this stand derives from the decision to make heroin freely available to addicts. The addict may or may not elect to take the cure. That is his business. Society should give him the opportunity to escape from his sickness as often as he wishes to make the attempt. Society should, in fact, encourage him to do so, with no penalty attaching to failure.

The basic organization for this program will depend on three institutions. First, the clinics. Dispersed in the areas where addiction is (to follow our analogy) epidemic, they will dispense heroin, up to a maximum daily ration, on the presentation of a credit card keyed to a computer. The computerized credit card keeps track of individual intake, and prevents (or at least inhibits) the use of floaters withdrawing excessive quantities of the free drug for resale.

The second institution, the hospital, is coterminous with the clinics. That is, if you wish to kick the habit, the clinics are full of propaganda advertising the hospital. Moreover, the first stage treatment, whether methadone or some other drug or technique, is instantly available so the addict may escape from his addiction at the very place where he goes for his drug. Once he has made the attempt, he is referred to the regular hospital where drugs are not available. Commitment is voluntary, although the individual may be compelled to remain for the full treatment. However, nobody has to take the cure unless he wants to.

The third institution is the home.

Once an individual reaches a certain level of intake, he can no longer obtain a sufficiently massive dose from the clinics, and he is remanded to the "heroin house". He has a bed and board, and all the heroin he wants provided he ingests it on the premises.



Any time he is bored with the food, or wishes to reduce his intake, either going back to the clinics or taking the cure, he is free to do so. It is his life, and he has a choice of how he wishes to spend it. If he chooses to take the high road, then there is presently a vacant bed at the heroin house as the dust bites another junkie.

So much for the individual. The second consideration derives from the individual's relationship with society.

Basically, the areas where the clinics, hospitals, and houses would be located are Negro areas. Whites would be given service, but the preponderant clientele would be Negro. Despite the fact that by eliminating the vector transmitting addiction we have eliminated -- not addiction -- but the spread of addiction and related crime, we have an institution set up that is itself a secondary source of infection/addiction.

An uninformed observer might suspect that official policy was to reconcile the Negro to the corrupt and unjust system in which he lives by blowing his mind with heroin. Certainly it is hard to get a revolutionary movement started among addicts when the first blow for freedom will serve to cut off their supply.

The danger is that the proposed treatment will be employed not to eliminate the sources of addiction, but to serve as a tranquilizer for a minority group that is entitled to all the anger and outrage which it feels.

Hook the urban Negro on heroin, supplied free by the Government, and urban unrest fades into glassy-eyed disinterest.

To avoid this possibility, ingenuity and care have to be employed in setting up the program and disbursing the drugs. A provision has to be made for phasing out the clinics as demand falls off, without firing the personnel (to prevent bureaucratic drug pushing). Also, a steady drumbeat of anti-narcotic propaganda has to be initiated in the schools.

The present anti-narcotic propaganda fails since the prosperity of the pusher is a clear demonstration of one of the very few ways in which the urban Negro can make it. Show that heroin is for losers, show that addiction is socially repugnant, strip off the glamour and show the addict as the miserable client of a shabby bureaucracy, and free heroin will have little appeal for the young.

Nevertheless, our institutions remain as a secondary vector for addiction.

Probably we can never eliminate addiction entirely. However, if we can establish that heroin is the solace for the derelicts and incompetent bums who have failed everything and everywhere, we have at least shifted the focus of infection to a less vital area of the body politic.

Indeed, to ease such people from the brutality and oppression of reality might in fact be a considerable service. Thus, on the one hand, our "new" addicts can serve as horrible examples, while on the other, a welfare measure has been introduced which will ease the pain of a condition it is not within human power to correct.

Heroin is, after all, a drug, and properly used a drug is a boon to humanity.

----- NEW ADDRESSES

Bill McDermitt, 220 W. Washington St., Apt. 1, Hartford City, IN 47348

Ron Bennett, 110 Green Park, Vieux Chemin de Binche, 7000 Mons, Belgium

Ben Keifer, 711 Wards Corner Road, Loveland, Ohio 45140

Liz Fishman, 312 East Drive, Oakwood, Ohio 45419

John & Bjo Trimble, George Barr, Alicia Austin, 869 Irolo, Los Angeles, CA 90005

John R. Isaac, 6344 W. Rowland Ave., Littleton, Colorado 80123

Dave Piper, 7 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex HA4 6BZ, Great Britain

Larry Crilly, 170 Reid St., Elizabeth, NJ 07201, still has mint stf mags, circa '61-'64, for sale for as little as 24/\$10.26.

Lou Ann Price, 13738 Settlemen Acres Drive, Brook Park, Ohio, has 50 or so fanzines for sale; contact her for price.

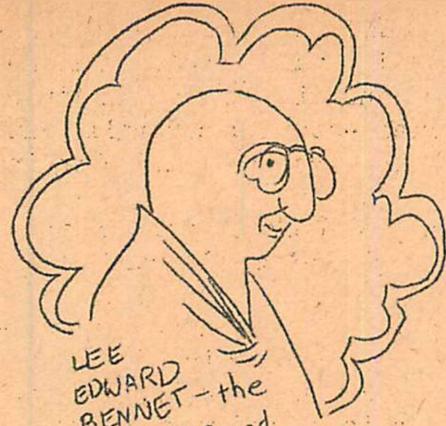
And of course the editors have a fair assortment of stf books and magazines for sale. I'm going to make up a list, RealSoonNow. Meanwhile, if you're missing something from the last 10 years or so, inquire, I might have it.

CIRCUMVENTING BUCK COULSON IN THE NAME OF INNOVATION

☆ or ☆

PUBLISHING A THICK TWO-PAGE FANZINE FOR SPITE

jeff cochran



LEE
EDWARD
BENNET - the
ALOYSIOUS and
AMBROSIA

Once upon a time in a far off land unbounded by smog lived a man named Robert Coulson who liked to make Observations. In fact, this man published a magazine called Yandro for the express reason of spreading his Observations to unsuspecting and naive millions. One day he got up and said:

"Whatever happened to thick two page fanzines? It can't be done any more."

Pleased with his Observation, he wrote it into a fanzine review surreptitiously, slipping it past the watchful eyes of his wife and child and dog. He mailed off many copies and wrung his hands with glee in anticipation. It was his primary joy in life to make Observations, and he was only truly happy when reveling in their glory.

One copy reached a Mr. Lee Aloysious Edward Ambrosia Bennet, who read it avidly. While reading it he let a "Yandro for best fanzine" slip past his guard, but he did catch the Observation in time. Turning it over carefully in his hands and studying it, he said:

"Aha!"

And:

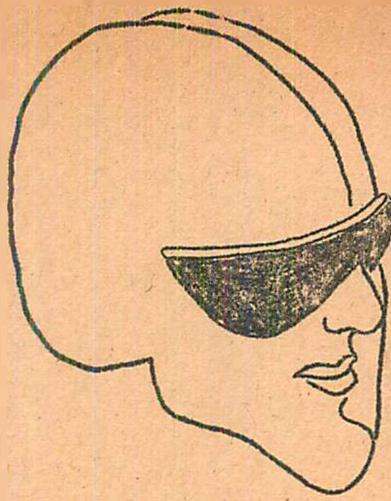
"Robert Coulson says that it cannot be done -- a challenge! He has thrown down the gauntlet. So be it--- I will make a thick two-page fanzine. In the name of innovation."

So he set to work. First, he decided, I shall need ideas. But where does one get ideas? Puzzled, he asked the great and well-known Rickety Guise, the secret master of all within arm's reach. But the great Guise could offer Lee no help. So Lee contacted a brown Locust, which he knew of from the news. But the brown Locust offered no help except to say, for some odd reason, that Lee should present his thick two-page fanzine to Robert Coulson in 1972, when (the brown Locust claimed) he would be at the height of his glory. Having little truck with cryptical statements, Lee left.

For a time Lee thought there was no hope. But he experimented, In his first attempt Lee sandwiched a wooden board between two pieces of mimeographed insults. He gave that up, though. The lumber cost too much to mail and for some odd reason the samples he tried to mail all had decomposed before the Post Office had gotten them to Robert Coulson's residence. He tried foam rubber, but the brown Locust told him that if he used that he would be padding his insults. He tried glass (too heavy), plastic (but the Locust told him that the plastic would melt in Robert Coulson's fiery breath). He even wrapped his fanzine around a bottle of Scope, but the Locust stopped that one, too. He said that there was already a green phantom shadowing Route three.

For days on end Lee Aloysious Edward Ambrosia Bennet moped and pined around, looking for the Answer with which to repudiate the Observation. He must have lived an unnaturally pure life during this time, for the gods smiled and he was blessed with a vision.

When the trip was over, Lee got up and realized his destiny, and the Answer for which he had been searching. There was only one man in the world who could help him with his quest. Following the dots (oops, wrong age level. I mean bread crumbs), he reached an



office with a door labeled "CHIEF MAP FOLDER -- DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WELFARE". Inside was a man in a loin-cloth, folding maps. All around him were a multitude of grease-stained men in grease-stained coveralls with grease-stained souls. They lay prostrate and chanting before the map folder.

"Who are these people who bow before you, and why do they bow and chant and sacrifice credit cards to you?"

The map folder answerered: "There men are gas station attendants, and they praise me for the devious ways I fold my maps. My maps confuse people, and when confused they stop at gas stations, and when at gas stations these attendants can try to sell them something. That is why they worship me, and the double-crossed S which is my sign."

"Can you help me with my quest, o map folder? The gods directed me to you. I have a curse upon me, to build the first thick two-page fanzine and thus save countless millions from the evil Observations of Robert Coulson."

"Yes, I will help you, for you are honest and clean and brave and trustworthy and.. ..how much?"

After concluding negotiations, the map folder said: "Attend closely, for here is your Answer..."

The Map-folder took two sheets of paper, six cubits on a side with three feet of extension at the foot of the paper closest to the corner. He folded it, intricately, blindingly fastly. By and by it was done, and measured 1"x8 $\frac{1}{2}$ "x11". The Map-folder then bonded the overlaps of each sheet together, and trimmed them short. After that he guided Lee through its twisted pages and had Lee fill it with insults, sly accusations, and Observations of his own. Then they refolded, entitled it Curse You in honor of its intentions, and mailed it.

Pleased with their work, they went off together to partake of another bottle of Vision.

Robert Coulson received their creation three days later. He glanced at it, shrugged, and said: "My God, another 100-page fanzine. Don't recognize the title, either. Hmm, must be a first issue. I'll get to it later. No time, no time..."

He tossed it on the table and turned away. Behind him the dog jumped and bit the fanzine, taking it out to play with in the yard. Coulson, in the other room, beamed -- and made an Observation.

A FANNE'S LAMENT
by Sharon Towle

The fluff of a kitten's fur -
The kiss of the dewy grass -
Small consolations these,
But they are all I have.

Clear and exquisite in themselves
These little treasures be,
But cannot stop misfortune -
O cannot fight for me!

The laws that hold me bound -
The evil the law accepts -
Had I a watchdog, I only could ask
His help when the law permits.

But gossips, insulters, scorners -
Aye, what defense against these?
The thousand-armed hate of average man
Hath a million eyes and stings!

ON SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CINEMA

ARTICLE-REVIEW

MICHAEL VIGGIANO

Science fiction movies are one thing everyone thinks he is an expert on and I have my own views on the subject; but now there is a well-researched book on the subject. SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CINEMA by John Baxter (A.S. Barnes and Co. 1970, 240 pp., including many photographs, \$2.95) is one of a series of volumes by the Tantivy Press on cinema, and John Baxter, the author of this volume, besides writing about films is no stranger to the field of science fiction literature.

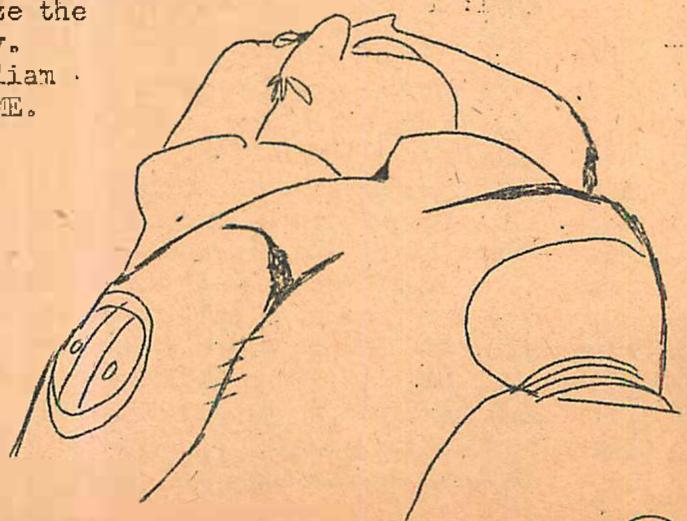
A fact that many science fiction readers may forget is that the audience producers of science fiction films aim at is not necessarily the same audience as that which reads science fiction. Furthermore, as Baxter indicates, science fiction and film do not go together quite as smoothly as, say, the western and film. There is a tension between the media of film and that of science fiction literature. In the latter, the author usually has an optimistic view of science and the progress of mankind (the exceptions to this, such as 1984, are usually by authors who do not mainly write science fiction). Science fiction is "visionary" literature; man sets out to conquer the stars and/or time. However in films of this genre the directors hint at a danger in tinkering with the unknown. John Baxter states that the most used line in the history of science fiction in the cinema is "There are some things Man is not meant to know."

John Baxter's book is probably the most comprehensive book written about the subject title. Baxter gives us the plots, historical importance, and social backgrounds of early films, including the first science fiction film, a sixteen-minute short by Georges Melies, A TRIP TO THE MOON.

One of the most important films in this period is HOMUNCULUS, directed in Germany by Otto Ruppert (1916). It is the first using the theme of the manlike creature created by science and thus the forerunner of the Frankenstein movies.

Crucial to the making of a science fiction film is the director of the film. He can turn a hackneyed plot into a grade A film or butcher a great idea. Modern film criticism emphasizes the integral whole of a director's works just as literary critics analyze the works of Robert A. Heinlein or Ray Bradbury.

Baxter devoted an entire chapter to William Cameron Menzies' THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME. I saw the movie again recently, (along with THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES (a minor, but amusing, film) at an H.G. Wells film festival. The movie has also been shown on television several times. It is probably a watershed in stf films equivalent to the mark CITIZEN KANE made on films in general. All the details of the making of the film are in Baxter's book. He said that the film will probably please fans who criticised



Stanley Kubrick for his alleged distaste of science in his movies; though mankind is almost destroyed by the misuse of science, the film's point of view is that man can not turn his back on progress but must accept its challenge.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME is not the only film which is dealt with in depth in this book; it is filled with fascinating information ranging from how the special effects were done in Fritz Lang's classic METROPOLIS to the success of the BBC QUATERMASS series which appeared on British television in the fifties.

The last quarter of the book is devoted to films of the last ten years. One of the new trends is the handling of serious topics, such as the threat of nuclear destruction. ON THE BEACH is called "one of stf's legitimate masterpieces", perhaps because of the way it treats its subject matter. However I disagree with Baxter; Stanley Kramer, the director, has a habit of taking controversial subjects and treating them in simple terms. For example, GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER, where Sidney Poitier portrays a handsome black Dr. Schweitzer. ON THE BEACH is an expensive film with big stars, but the film is long and as boring as the book. Fred Astaire, as a scientist, was entirely miscast.

Meanwhile, Baxter treats a brilliant film like DR. STRANGELOVE in a few words. I seem to agree more with Baxter on old films than the newer ones. He comments on 2001 but does not add anything that has not been discussed before in magazines. The films of directors like Stanley Kubrick and John Frankenheimer (MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE, SECONES) are as different from their predecessors as William Burroughs' NOVA EXPRESS is from Edgar Rice Burroughs' JOHN CARTER OF MARS. However, William Burroughs loves Eric Frank Russell's books and in literature as in movies there is room for both the more commercial type of work and the new wave stuff. And one can't tell the quality of the movie by its category. PLANET OF THE APES is a good adventure yarn, though its social commentary falls flat, while BARBARELLA, which tries to have it both ways, is neither adventurous (to the kids), satirical (to the adults), or significant (to anybody).

The outlook for the future of stf in the cinema seems promising as many directors feel that the stf medium may be the only one in which they can express their hopes and fears about the world, just as modern writers have turned to black humor. This is my view of the subject, but Baxter is just as optimistic.

Finally, at the end of the volume is a filmography of over a hundred and fifty movies. From Baxter's comments and my own filmviewing I come up with the following list of ten all-time greats which should keep list-arguers happy. (In chronological order):

- HOMUNCULUS (1916; director Otto Ruppert)
- METROPOLIS (1926; Fritz Lang)
- KING KONG (1933; Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack)
- THINGS TO COME (1936; William Cameron Menzies)
- LOST HORIZON (1937; Frank Capra)
- THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (1951; Robert Wise)
- THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS (1953; Eugene Lourie)
- FORBIDDEN PLANET (1956; Fred McLeod Wilcox)
- THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN (1957; Jack Arnold)
- 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968; Stanley Kubrick)

/Note by RSC: The book is now out in a paperback edition for \$1.25 from Paperback Library. I don't know how complete; it's listed as "edited by Peter Cowie" and I suspect the editing wasn't too ept; there are too many places where an actor is familiarly named in the summation of a film when there has been no mention of him previously. Juanita read this version and announced that she didn't agree with either Baxter or Viggiano. Certainly I don't agree with anyone who lists "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms" as an all-time great film. (A trend-setter, undoubtedly; great, no.) Baxter has numerous minor errors, such as calling Forrest Tucker a "super-annuated American star" when he played in "The Abominable Snowman" (super-annuated character actor or bit player, maybe; star, no) and calling the monster in "20 Million Miles To Earth" a Tyrannosaurus Rex. But generally these aren't too bothersome. (Some of his value judgments, such as calling "The Monolith Monsters" "a worthy exercise in the tradition of desert fantasy and horror" are harder to take.)

Golden Minutes

DREAD COMPANION, by Andre Norton (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$4.95) One of Norton's better ones. Ultra-masculine readers be warned that the central character is a girl - but then ultra-masculine readers would probably be afraid to admit that they read Norton anyway. The general plot is that baby-sitting of the future will have its problems, particularly when the kids are being mentally manipulated by an alien. There is more plot than is usual for Norton, and the characters and background are handled with her usual competence. Highly recommended to anyone who likes adventure-fantasy. Somewhat more adult than usual - about as adult as most fantasy, for that matter.

DOWNWARD TO THE EARTH, by Robert Silverberg (S F Book Club, \$1.75) The colonial official returns to the newly independent country to atone for his sins. I'm not a great admirer of Silverberg's fiction, but this is well enough done. The ending is no surprise whatsoever, but Gunderson is more interesting than most stf heroes these days and the background is very well done. Too much action for it to win any awards, but I enjoyed it more than I have any other Silverberg novel.

THE SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME, ed. by Silverberg (S F Book Club) This is undoubtedly the best stf anthology to appear since the Healy-McComas Adventures In Time and Space. It contains several of the same stories, in fact. It is not really for the veteran fan, except for nostalgia, but it is an invaluable compendium for newcomers. Every story in it is a recognized classic in the field. They include "A Martian Odyssey" by Weinbaum, "Twilight" by Campbell, "Helen O'Loy", by Lester del Rey, "The Roads Must Roll" by Heinlein, "Microcosmic God" by Sturgeon (not one of Sturgeon's best, but almost any Sturgeon is excellent), "Nightfall" by Asimov, "The Weapon Shop" by van Vogt, "Himsy Were the Borogoves" by Lewis Padgett (Kuttner), "Huddling Place" by Simak, "Arena" by Fredric Brown, "First Contact" by Leinster, "That Only A Mother" by Judith Merril (her only really great story), "Scanners Live In Vain" by Cordwainer Smith, "Mars Is Heaven!" by Ray Bradbury, "The Little Black Bag" by Kornbluth, "Born Of Man And Woman" by Richard Matheson, "Coming Attraction" by Fritz Leiber, "The Quest For Saint Aquin" by Anthony Boucher, "Surface Tension" by James Blish, "The Nine Billion Names of God" by Clarke, "It's A Good Life" by Jerry Bixby, "The Cold Equations" by Godwin, "Fondly Fahrenheit" by Bester, "The Country of the Kind" by Damon Knight, "Flowers For Algernon" by Daniel Keyes, and "A Rose For Ecclesiastes" by Zelazny. The cover blurb, "Here are twenty-six of the best science fiction stories ever written", is all too true. They are to be read, and cherished.

THE BOOK OF THREE, by Lloyd Alexander (Dell Yearling, 75¢) This is Alexander's "Prydain" series, reviewed
THE BLACK CAULDRON, by Lloyd Alexander (Dell Yearling, 75¢) here some time back by
THE CASTLE OF LLYR, by Lloyd Alexander (Dell Yearling, 95¢) Maggie Thompson. I reviewed
TARAN WANDERER, by Lloyd Alexander (Dell Yearling, 95¢) the hardcover of the
THE HIGH KING, by Lloyd Alexander (Dell Yearling, 95¢) final book a couple of months or so ago. The books are now out in an oversized pb
format at remarkably reasonable prices. It's classed as juvenile, but it isn't much
more so than Lord of the Rings, which the series resembles to some degree. A lot of the
comments and description, however, still remind me of L. Frank Baum. "On the little
farm, while Taran and Coll saw to the plowing, sowing, weeding, reaping, and all the
other tasks of husbandry, Dallben undertook the meditating, an occupation so exhausting
he could accomplish it only by lying down and closing his eyes." (But while Baum's
Wizard is a humbug, Dallben turns out to be much more powerful than Taran suspected.)
In general, the books relate the combat against Arawn Death-Lord and the change in

Taran from a naive teen-ager to a responsible adult. Leavened with a great deal of humor and common sense, it is marvelously superior to most allegedly adult sword and sorcery. Highly recommended.

LUD-IN-THE-MIST, by Hope Mirrlees (Ballantine, 95¢) I almost passed up this one; despite being in the "adult fantasy" series, it didn't look very interesting. I would have made a mistake; it's not only a fascinating book but one that is so pertinent to our present society that it's hard to believe that it was written in 1926. The plot concerns a rather staid and stodgy community, defiantly blind to its own faults, which is disrupted by an influx of "fairy fruit", the eating of which gives large numbers of young people weird experiences and ideas which are incomprehensible to their elders. Mayor Chanticleer must fight villainy among both the fruit-peddlers and his own Establishment before bringing about a rather surprising solution.

ZOTHIQUE, by Clark Ashton Smith (Ballantine, 95¢) I think I have outgrown this brand of weird story; I was unable to finish the book. The stories are a sort of cross between Lovecraft and Howard. I think it's the plush language that gets me; I'm unable to take it seriously.

THE DREAM-QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH, by H. P. Lovecraft (Ballantine, 95¢) I had somewhat the same trouble here, though I did finish it. Partly with Lovecraft it's the names; he doesn't have the same facility here as he does in the Cthulu Mythos. I mean, our hero goes into this fantasy world and the first horrible characters he meets are the Zoogs. Now, no matter how it's described, "Zoog" is a funny name, and it's impossible to take the story seriously while they're on stage. The editor apparently didn't feel that Dream Quest was long enough to fill the book, so five shorter works are included; "Celephais", "The Silver Key", "Through the Gates of the Silver Key", "The White Ship", and "The Strange High House in the Mist". These aren't bad at all; "The Silver Key" in particular is a sort of Bradburyan tale, told better than Bradbury usually does.

TUNNEL IN THE SKY, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) The first of the Ace reprints of Heinlein juveniles. I read this again, for nostalgia's sake, and my first impression was "My God but that man can write!" He drags the reader into the story from the first word and makes the book almost impossible to put down. This is the one about the survival class on the alien planet which gets stranded. I'd forgotten one interesting item; the finish includes the same psychological twist that Silverberg used in his much-praised Hawksbill Station. Heinlein did it earlier, and better.

CREATURES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS, by Roger Zelazny (Avon, 75¢) Reading Zelazny is fun. You never know when you'll run across a line like "Osiris sits in the House of Life, drinking the blood-red wine", or "Out of the pages of history come the thundering hoofbeats of his war horse Bronze." This is a thoroughly entertaining story of battle between gods and immortals. The gods are given Egyptian (or sometimes Greek) names and occasional attributes, but the theme is closer to Christian; the revolt of the angels, with touches of other myths. Not to be taken very seriously, but great fun. Recommended.

THE E.S.P. WORM, by Robert Hargroff and Piers Anthony (Paperback Library, 60¢) I saw a review recently which was terribly critical of the various rabbits which are plucked from hats throughout this volume, along with some of the dialog. The criticism was technically correct but largely beside the point; this is intended as a humorous novel, and better-known writers than these have sacrificed a little internal consistency for a few more yocks. My main objection was that the hero was too much of an idiot for me to have any interest in him, and the humor was farce, which isn't my dish. I didn't find it interesting or funny enough to finish.

BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA, by Philip Jose Farmer (Ace, 75¢) The latest in Farmer's "Lords of the Universes" series, which appears to be running out of steam. This one is simply one long chase scene, well padded. The hero is back on Earth briefly, which allows Farmer to point out things he objects to in current society, but mostly it's pure action, some of it quite hackneyed. Not nearly as good as the last book in the series.

BEFORE ADAM, by Jack London (Bantam, 60¢) Pay your money and take your choice. The BEFORE ADAM, by Jack London (Ace, 75¢) Ace edition offers bigger print; Bantam includes an introduction by Willy Ley and an epilogue by Loren Eiseley. Bantam's cover is slightly prettier; Ace's is far more in tune with the story. The story is simply a few episodes in the life of a pre-human tribe who are in the process of becoming human. There isn't much plot, simply loosely connected episodes. Moderately interesting as an historical item.

OMHA ABIDES, by C. C. MacApp (Paperback Library, 50¢) This is an old one - 1968 - that I just got around to reading. Another group of noble humans fight free of alien domination. Not really bad; the hero is at least moderately interesting and some of the innumerable minor characters are very well done. The finish - the last couple of pages - seems hurried and not adequately foreshadowed. Sloppy writing or, more likely, sloppy editing. Otherwise, aside from wondering how the hero could get ripe blackberries and ripe black walnuts on the same day, I thought this was an adequate time-killer.

THE MAD GOBLIN/LORD OF THE TREES, by Philip Jose Farmer (Ace, 75¢) I had been looking forward to this, and I was vastly disappointed. Morrow's cover for The Mad Goblin is the best part of the book (but I wonder how Bantam is currently feeling about Ace, both this and the Before Adam duplication). For one thing, these aren't parodies of Doc Savage and Tarzan; they are pastiches. And for my money, the originals aren't interesting enough to make me want to read "straight" imitations. I suppose I'll have to get Farmer's original book from Essex House; maybe it was funnier.

TIME TRAP, by Keith Laumer (Berkley, 75¢) Another one to read extremely fast, without thinking or asking questions. Why, given the author's explanation, should Lincoln have turned up in Africa? Why do people in the Traps recall previous events when they are simply living one day, over and over, and every night things are snapped back to the previous night? How can they tell whether this day is different from the last one? Why is Roger immune? (Well, that one is answered, sort of. No explanations at all for the others.) There are some good lines. (One for you, Kay; "The rutabaga!" Roger choked. "It's still alive - and after me!") When the alien is questioned about invading Earth; "Why in nine pulsating universes would I want to do that? Whoever heard of invading the monkeyhouse at a zoo?" Mild fun, but I've read better.

THE LAST HURRAH OF THE GOLDEN HORDE, by Norman Spinrad (Avon, 75¢) This collection includes "Carcinoma Angels" (a gimmick story, brilliant the first time through, but don't try it a second time, as I just did), "The Age of Invention" (an overly broad parody of the Artistic Mentality), "Outward Bound" (the human race double-crossing its way into space), "A Child of Mind" (do you really want to find your dream girl? - the only drawback is that the basic idea is pretty ridiculous when applied to "lower animals" the way Spinrad does), "The Equalizer" (should the world be given potentially harmful technology which is it bound to misuse?), "The Last of the Romany" (the basis of a Quest), "Technicality" (gimmick story, well-done), "The Rules of the Road" (what if space isn't at all what we think it is?), "Dead End" (do you really want to chuck the rat race and get back to a more meaningful life?), "A Night in Elf Hill" (the ultimate dream), "Deathwatch" (a problem of immortality, but more of an attempt at tearjerking than a story), "The Ersatz Ego" (victory through happiness), "Neutral Ground" (mental space-travel), "Once More, With Feeling" (an emotional binge), "It's A Bird, It's A Plane!" (the question of sanity...), "Subjectivity" (a very precise title, there), "The Entropic Gang Bang Caper" (things are going to the dogs in as non-linear a manner as possible), and the title story, a Jerry Cornelius story, or how to write complete if amusing nonsense and have some readers find a Deep Meaning in it. Overall, quite good; one of the better books of the month.

THE FIRE-EATER, by Ron Goulart (Ace, 75¢) An interplanetary agent on a planet full of wizards. Roughly similar to Ace's earlier The Warlock In Spite of Himself, by Stasheff, only not really as good. A moderately amusing, lightweight novel.

THE PLANETS OF DEATH, by Michael Collins (Berkley, 75¢) The noble rebels who are looking for a Better Way of Life while being harassed by the Establishment. Spend your money on something better.

WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN? by Clifford Simak (Ace, 75¢) The various ways in which a good practical method of freezing people could change society. For the worse, mostly, because that's what makes conflict. Interesting, but not my type.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY, by D. G. Compton (Ace, 75¢)

THE STAR VIRUS, by Barrington J. Bayley/MASK OF CHAOS, by John Jakes (Ace, 75¢) They are out, if you're desperate. They might even be good, but I didn't think enough of the possibility to read them.

Incidentally, I note that somebody - Signet, I think - has brought out a new edition of Woodie Guthrie's BOUND FOR GLORY. Go buy a copy. Pass up some science fiction if necessary because this is better. I have the hardcover, so I simply jotted down the pertinent information on some scrap paper - and promptly mislaid the scrap, of course. Price was something like \$1.25, which is a tremendous bargain for anything this good.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE HISTORY OF THE 20s and 30s (American Heritage, \$19.95) The Jazz Age and the Depression. The author doesn't appear to appreciate fantasy. "Although books like Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises and Fitzgerald's This Side of Paradise, which spoke for postwar youth, made the best-seller lists, the public really preferred the faddish and trivial. Its first choices were such works as James Branch Cabell's Jurgen...." There is one other thoroughly unsettling comment. "There was, first of all, the doctrine of salvation by the child, the notion that a new generation raised with love and permissive understanding was going to transform our society. The world the children made was going to be a better one. (We are living with that world now.)" And it's true, kids; you aren't the first generation to break with the Establishment, and your brave new world isn't going to be any better than the current one. If you have a good library, or share my lust for fancy expensive histories, give this a try.

NIPPER, by Morrie Turner (Westminster, \$2.95) The idea appears to be a sort of integrated comic strip, somewhat on the order of "Peanuts", and I heartily approve. Unfortunately.... I think the main problem is that all too often the punch line is a platitude. There are good lines, but there aren't enough of them. It might get through to younger kids; older ones would sneer at it. Any attempt to alleviate racial tension should be applauded, but there are other attempts that deserve more applause than this does.

GODS, GRAVES, AND SCHOLARS, by C. W. Ceram (remaindered, \$2.98) First printed in this country in 1951, this remains one of the classics of popularized archaeology. It covers the beginnings; who the pioneers were, what they found, and why the finding was important. Winckelmann, Schliemann, Evans, Petrie, Champollion, Carter, Botta, Grotewold, Rawlinson, Layard, George Smith, Koldewey, Stephens, Thompson and their discovery of ancient Egypt, the Middle East, Greece, Mycenae, Central America. The writing is good; the subject, to me at least, is fascinating.

THE LAST EAGLE, by Dan Mannix (Tartan Book Sales, 50¢) The life of a bald eagle, told by an outstanding author. This is fictionalized natural history. I'm not terribly thrilled by the genre, but Mannix is a good writer and keeps it interesting. (And it's a plea for conservation, which I approve of.)

THIS HIGH MAN, by Milton Lehman (Pyramid, 95¢) A biography of Robert H. Goddard should be a must for any science fiction fan; this has a bonus of being very well told, and includes 46 photos of Goddard, his family, associates, and rockets. Goddard was, of course, a fanatic, but he was a fanatic on our side, and he did as much as anyone to get people to believe in them crazy Buck Rogers things. (The author suggests but does not come out and say that Dr. Huer was patterned directly on Goddard.) By all means get this one.

LOVE SONG, by Philip Jose Farmer (Brandon House, \$1.95) I was rather hoping for sexy fantasy, but it turns out to be a very pedestrian sex novel. Abnormal sex, of course, but then I gather that's what's selling now. Remarkably bad, for Farmer.

THE LEGEND OF BLACKJACK SAM, by Lee Hoffman (Ace, 60¢) Reprint of a western that isn't nearly as humorous as it tried to be.

TENTIETH CENTURY DISCOVERY, by Isaac Asimov (Ace, 60¢) This would seem to be a juvenile, and as such it's quite good. It's a brief introduction to what has gone on in science over the past 70-odd years, part of the necessary background to the study of why the world is like it is today. The five sections cover pesticides, inquiry into the origin of life, the structure of matter, the solar system, and space travel. There have been plenty of other twentieth century discoveries, but this is enough for one book, certainly. It's up to date; I found out several things I hadn't known before (but then it's been some time since I did any regular studying).

KILLER SMOG, by William Wise (Audobon/Ballantine, \$1.25) A detailed account of the greatest pollution disaster the world has yet seen; 4000 dead in London in 1952. That alone is enough to make it interesting, but the author traces the history of London pollution (the first attempt to curb it came in 1306, but there was no significant success until 1956 - and the victory then may well prove temporary), as well. The point, of course, is that most of the eastern United States right now is so polluted that a similar smog could strike almost anywhere in this country. (Cynically, one might hope that one does, because nothing rouses a populace like a good, human-interest type disaster. But since, as an asthmatic, I'd be one of the first to go, I can't be quite that cynical. Read the book instead.) Very well written; highly recommended.

NEW WORLD OR NO WORLD, ed. by Frank Herbert (Ace, 95¢) This is an adaptation of the weeklong ecology series on the "Today" show. A lot of it is pretty common knowledge to anyone who is at all aware of what's going on; after all, the tv show had to be aimed at the millions who don't know and don't care - in an effort to make them care. But despite being in the nature of an introduction, it has its moments. "When somebody says I want to have five or six children, what they are really saying is I want to soothe my ego but I don't care what kind of a world those kids grow up in." (Paul Ehrlich) "It is all very well to say the American Indian had a beautiful balance with his environment. He didn't, the minute he had a gun." (Margaret Mead, on the truly universal misapplication of technology.) "Over a quarter of a million tons of crude oil are spilled in the waters of the world every year." (Charles Sebastian, who goes on to say that most of this spillage is deliberate.)

FOR US, THE LIVING, by Mrs. Nedgar Evers with William Peters (Ace, \$1.25) This tells, better than any other book I've ever read, what it's like to be a Negro in the South now. It doesn't make pleasant reading, though there is humor in the book; it's ostensibly a biography, not an accusation. (But it is an accusation, and it should give the reader an insight into such black reactions as the Black Panthers. You push anybody around long enough, and sooner or later he loses his temper.) Pass up a science fiction book this month and get this instead.

THE DEVIL'S SHADOW, by Clifford Lindsey Alderman (Washington Square Press, 60¢) A factual account of the original witch hunt, in Salem Village, 1692. Written apparently for teen-agers, but considering the lack of popular, factual accounts of the spectacle, this is worth getting by adults. It's a good beginning, anyway, until someone brings out The Devil In Massachusetts in paperback. It's one of those incidents in our history that everyone has heard of and nobody knows much about; this volume may educate a few. I think it's written down a bit too much; teenagers who read don't have to be patronized. But it does present the facts.

STAR, by David Meltzer (Brandon House, \$1.95) This is a slight improvement over the Farmer, because it is at times intentionally funny. But not a whole lot of improvement, at that. I'm afraid the conventions of sex-novel writing (quit snickering, Lewton) are sufficient to ruin any small talent the author may have.

THE EXTERMINATOR, by Patrick Skene Catling (Pocket Books, 75¢) If I'd judged this by the cover, I'd never have bought it. Actually it's a pretty good parody of the "rat race", and I have this sneaky suspicion that the author modeled Sam on Jerry Hunter. (Not on me; Jerry is more of a master of the outrageous statement than I am.) A quote for Liz: "All kids are rotten, but these three.... If rottenness were an Olympic sport, they could be rotten for America, and they'd win hands down, one, two, three."

THROUGH THE WRINGER

column by

liz fishman

A couple of Saturdays ago Ozzie, Rotten and I went to the Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson, and I've never spent a more fascinating day. Everything pertaining to aviation, in the slightest way, from the pieces of the Wright Brothers' original plane that Neil Armstrong took to the Moon, to Glenn Miller's trombone and sheet music, to a real space capsule. I couldn't get over those planes used in WWI; for the life of me, I don't see how they held together in the air, why they didn't just fall apart then and there -- they're nothing but wood and tin. The planes from WWII were somewhat better, but not much.

By the time the Korean War came along planes were longer, sleeker and sturdier, and, it seemed, much safer -- until I went through one, that is. They took the wings off a busy battler (which to Ozzie was an unparalleled crime) called "Command Decision" (shot down fifteen Migs and had Snow White's dwarves painted on its black side), then sat the mutilated body in one of the buildings so people could go through it. And as I did I felt horrified at the thought of three or four men being entombed in the thing while being fired upon in the air. It couldn't have been more than six feet across and certainly less than that high inside; you had to stay stooped over when walking through. As fascinating as it was to go through the plane it was just as depressing to remember that this was a product of men and war, and it was being shown with pride in its kill accomplishments (the whole museum, except for the space exploration section, gave me that feeling). And what was almost funny: as I emerged from the back of the plane a Boy Scout master was standing under the gunner's window enthusiastically telling and explaining, graphically and with sweeping gestures, how the gunner sights and blasts

the enemy to "burning shreds",

and his open-mouthed troop

taking it all in in awed

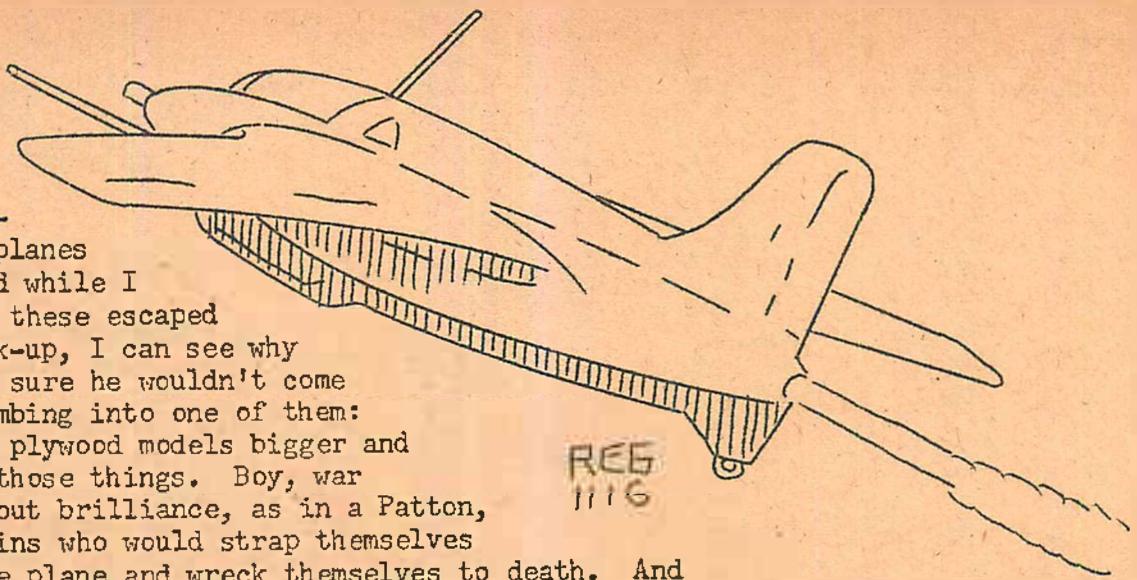
silence. Ah well, I sup-

pose there is more than

one way to earn a mer-
it badge.

There was one section that displayed uniforms from WWI and II, and the thing that struck me most was the smallness of the men in those days. It especially shows in the boots and shoes; Rotten has bigger feet than some of those men had. And

the Japanese clothing showed them to be even smaller. Which reminds me, there were several kamikaze planes on display, and while I don't know how these escaped the final crack-up, I can see why a man would be sure he wouldn't come back after climbing into one of them: why, Rotten has plywood models bigger and sturdier than those things. Boy, war either brings out brilliance, as in a Patton, or the mushbrains who would strap themselves into a kamikaze plane and wreck themselves to death. And brilliance or mushbrainism, war makes no sense anyway -- except to fill museums, I suppose.



Right next to the uniforms was a display of Japanese POW effects: mess kits, glasses, notebooks, things like that. And beside each one was a label indentifying the object, some of it getting rather silly when the object was undeniably what it was seen to be. And for some reason I found it hysterically funny when I came to a big label that proclaimed, "Fork". And, sure enough, there it was, a fork. Ozzie finally pulled me away, hissing, "Can't you be more quiet?" (he embarrasses easily, a stage of life, you see). Still laughing, I went along with the arm Ozzie had in his grip, gasping, "Did you see that label. It was a fork, prongs and all. Isn't that remarkable?"

"Will you keep it down? People are looking at us!"

"Oh, where's your sense of wonder?"

"With me. I've always wondered where the bulk of the family insanity lay." I had nothing to say to that. And I still don't.

We came to another case of things taken from Nazi headquarters in some now forgotten German town that was liberated by American troops. The most prominent thing in the display was a more than life-sized black cast-iron bust with three bullet holes in it (our boys were rather enthusiastic about the liberation: shot up the whole building). I pointed out the bullet marks to Ozzie and Rotten and said, "Now why couldn't that have happened to the flesh and blood Hitler?" A cigar-chomping, pot-bellied man standing next to me intoned, "That ain't Hitler."

"Yes, it is, that's Hitler," I answered.

"Np, it's just some German officer."

"No, don't you see that Fuller brush under his nose, and those beady eyes under the bullet hole? It's the Fuehrer himself."

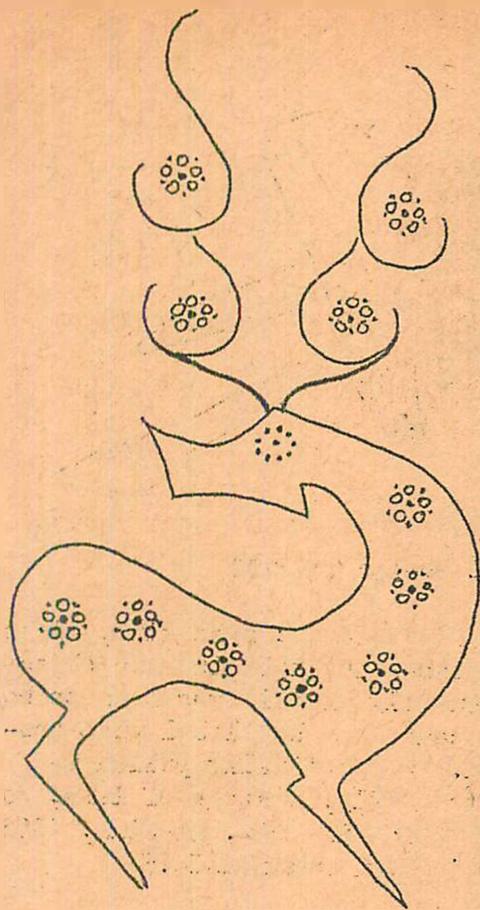
"Now look, honey, I was there in Germany and I'm telling you, that ain't him."

By this time Ozzie had my arm again, but I was still under the effects of the fork label and I wasn't going to let this go, especially now that a crowd had gathered; I felt something was at stake here. "And I'm telling you, that's the maniac himself, the one, true and only." The fellow squinted at me through the cigar smoke curling around his eyes, then bent down to look at the bust on a nose-to-nose level. Coming back up, he grunted, "Goddammit, you're right." The crowd applauded and I turned to them and said, "Oh, it's nothing. I just know my Hitler, that's all."

My arm was going numb under Ozzie's frantic grip and I politely asked him to release it, but he pulled me over to the case and pointed out that there was a long list of everything on display right above it, and there, under #12, was listed the bust of Hitler and everything about it. "So?" I asked blankly. Oz rolled his sexy eyes toward Heaven from which help never comes and muttered, "So why did you have to argue with him? Hell, the information's right on the card."

"I wasn't arguing, I was communicating. And did you hear that applause?" The poor boy groaned and we went on with the tour. Altogether, a day well spent.

GRUMBLINGS



L. Sprague de Camp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova,
PA 19085

I am interested, for professional reason, in locating one or more groups of original letters by Howard Phillips Lovecraft. I have reason to think that these letters have passed through several hands since originally sent and received and that they are now in possession of one or more collectors, probably in the western USA. I am especially eager to track down Lovecraft's letters to Robert Ervin Howard (1930-36) and to Fritz Leiber (1936-37). None of these is in the Lovecraft collection at the Brown University Library or in custody of my esteemed colleagues Derleth, Leiber, or Lord. Any information that would enable me to locate these letters or to get in touch with their possessors would be a valued service not only to me but also to the scholarship of imaginative fiction.

John Trimble, 269 Jirolo, Los Angeles
CA 90005

Some final words re the NASFiC/WorldCon business passed at St.LouisCon, and dropped by HeiCon:

At BayCon, a committee was appointed to look into the matter of a National U.S. con. This committee contained a number of non-U.S. members, and it conducted its affairs both by mail and at various regional conventions in the U.S. between BayCon and St. LouisCon. The majority report of the committee favored the establishment of the NASFiC/ (North American S F Con) arrangements which came out of the StLouisCon business meeting.

During the pre-business meeting at StLouisCon, the majority of the several dozen attendees agreed that if the committee's report was submitted as simply that, and it was left to HeiCon to institute the plan, it would be a bad idea...looking too much as the European fandom was forcing ideas on North American fans. So it was decided to submit the report as a set of motions to enact the NASFiC, thus leaving it up to HeiCon to decide the matter by either ratifying the StLouisCon motions, or ignoring them, and returning to the status quo.

The HeiCon Business Meeting chose to consign the NASFiC to oblivion, and we are returning to the old 3-year rotation plan, with out-of-continent sites being able to bid at any time. Much, I am convinced, to the joy of the majority of us.

I think that the above would contribute to a general clearing of the air, and have chosen Yandro as a forum because a great deal of the discussion of the NASFiC idea, both pro and con, appeared in Yan.

Roger Bryant, 647 Thoreau Avenue, Akron, OH 44306

It sounds to me as though the moon-rock made a bigger splash in Ireland last January than the President did last week. Which, when you think about it, is very satisfying to the soul.

I never could understand the Consultation on Church Union. The fact that they can get together and talk things over is satisfactory evidence that the age of denominational separatism and mutual vituperation is over; and that is, after all, what they wanted to accomplish. So why can't they let it go at that? This effort for an organic union

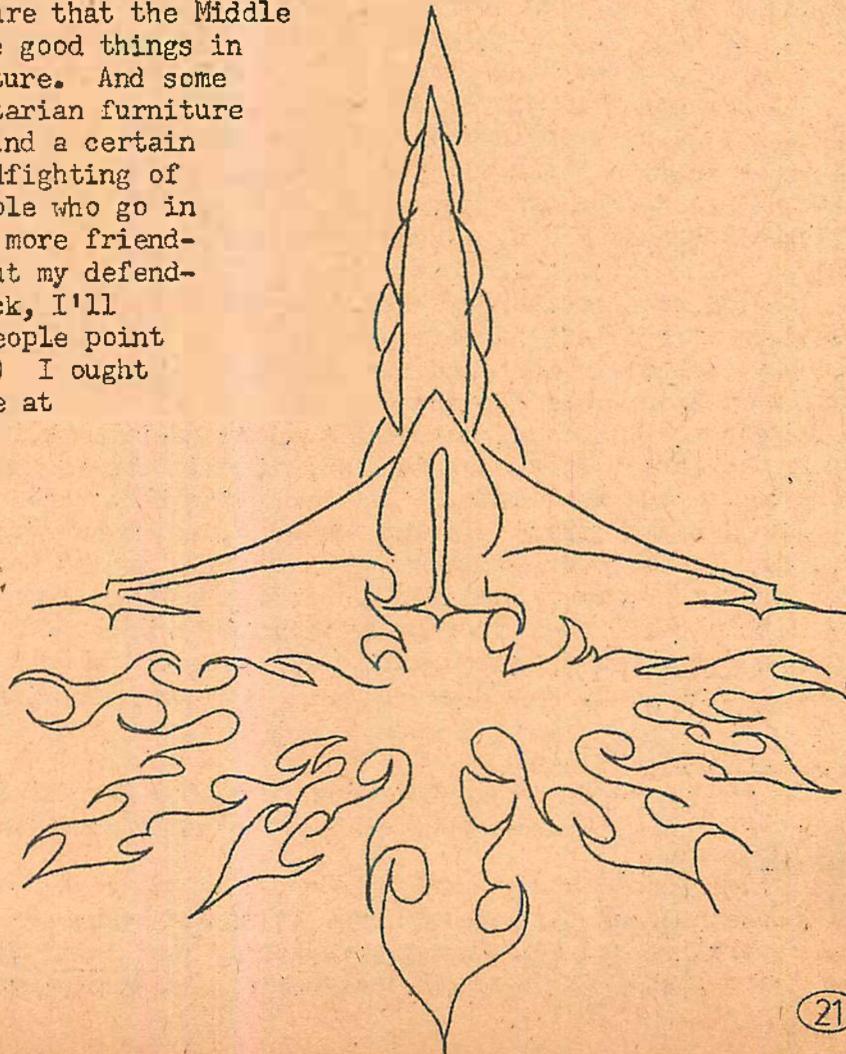
is producing only endless compromise. They're compromising on the wine, on the old trans-substantiation argument, on infant baptism, on the value of the Apocrypha, on the inspiration of books like Esther and the Epistle of James, on the method of inspiration itself, and heaven (if they decide there is one) knows what else. In the end, whenever they come to a deadlock where somebody won't give up their particular cherished belief, they agree to leave it up to the individual churches to practice as they please. Eventually all they're going to have is a church with no beliefs, only compromises. Why can't they just declare for the world that they have agreed that denominations can co-operate, that one doesn't have to belong to "our" particular sect to be a Christian, and then leave everybody free to practice their religion as they please? Or not to practice any. And perhaps use the fruits of the offering baskets for something more valuable than scholarly conferences.

(In case you're wondering, I was brought up in the Southern Baptist Church, whose delegates never did much care for COCU. But I no longer consider myself a Baptist...)

There are a couple of devoted Trekkies hereabouts; I've been trying to persuade them that there's another interesting fandom beyond the compiling of Star Trek concordances (I mean, really!). So I thought in my innocence I might be able to interest them by showing them the ST piece, hoping perhaps that they might look through the rest of the issue. But to my amazement, they reacted with what was almost an air of blasphemy. I've never seen a better display of righteous indignation at any church. Almost the way Matthew Harrison Brady must have reacted when he heard Gates' joke about man creating God. And now they're mad at me.

They didn't even ask who Philip K. Dick is...

I feel compelled to come to the defense of both the Mythopoeic Society (of which I am a member) and of the Society for Creative Anachronism (of which I am not). The SCA people I know (Michigan State U branch, mostly) are hardly "idiots who think things were better 700 years ago." They are people who are aware that the Middle Ages (like any Ages) produced some good things in many fields. Like art and literature. And some of the most comfortable and utilitarian furniture I've ever relaxed in. And they find a certain enjoyment in stimulating the swordfighting of that day. It's a sport; like people who go in for fencing, only less formal and more friendly --(and if you say anything about my defending swords by condemning guns, Buck, I'll hate you! I don't like to have people point out my inconsistencies, so there!) I ought to try to start an SCA branch here at Akron U. Maybe I'd be less overweight if I'd get out and play-act a swordfight now again. And I might (oh, hell, face it: I can't resist) add that swordfighting is evidence of one way in which things were better in those days. War is insanity in any age; this era is no better than that one. In that age, as in this one, wars were fought over the most ridiculous trivialities. But in 1370 they didn't have the capacity to destroy the world when they did so. Wars had the effect of revitalizing local gene pools



(referred to as 'ripine'), eliminating the weaker specimens in good Darwinian fashion (known as 'slaughter') and mixing various cultures to the benefit of all. The loss of life and property attendant upon it was deplorable, and I'm by no means defending the process, but it's better than the current state of things. Modern war has the capacity to destroy weak, strong and innocent alike, to pollute the genetic potential of the survivors, and to shatter cultures beyond any hope of reconstruction. I subscribe to Desmond Morris' theory of the physical postures and visual signals of surrender. According to him, the first 'overkill' began, and war got out of hand, when men first developed the technology to kill at a sufficient distance that they couldn't see their opponents giving up.

And (whew!) the Mythopoeic Society is a staid, quiet group of people who like the work of JRR Tolkien, CS Lewis and Charles Williams. They are linked together, of course, because they were close friends at Oxford. My own favorite is Williams, and it's because of my interest in him and his use of the occult in fiction that I belong to the Society. And if getting together for an occasional party or picnic (as they do in California, where most of the members and local groups are) is a measure of idiocy, well, then, I guess they're convicted. Poor Roystac, such viciousness directed at something he admits he knows nothing about. Tsk.

/I hadn't heard that the SCA people were recreating medieval furniture.
Or art, except in fairly limited examples such as scrolls and costumes.
What they seem to indulge in mostly is brushing up on courtly language
and whacking at each other with wooden swords. RSC/

Derek Nelson, 227 Sherburn St., Winnipeg 10, Manitoba, Canada

Mike Kring's mention of Killy's car reminds me of something. About a year or so ago Brundage wired Nancy Greene, who's sort of a national heroine to Canadians partly because she was such a great skier and partly because she was the archetype Girl Next Door, to turn in her Olympic medals and to hang her head in shame. She had done something commercial. The horror of it all... She told him politely to get lost.

Canada gets the shaft in international sport all the time, but other countries get it other ways. Like Britain, target by most Commonwealth countries, including Canada, because she wants to sell arms to South Africa. But... France, whom Canada is trying (again) to be chummy with, sells South Africa arms all the time. Do we object? Does black Africa allied with France object? Not on your bloody life.

Or take Gillespie's letter in Yan #198: "what writer...would want to be president of that benighted country" and "I sometimes think it a considerable disadvantage for anyone to live within a thousand miles of the USA."

Very nice. I even tend to agree with him. But consider the attitude involved here. The mental image of America abroad is of a society on the verge of disaster, overrun with slums, pollution, crazed cops, second-rate politicians, a collapsing economy, etc., etc., where it is not safe to walk the streets at any time, where man is constantly turned against man, where black and white hate each other on sight, where civil war is about to start (if it has not already), where the "young", seeking liberation, are barely holding their own against "repression", and so on.

It's all so much garbage. Most people in the US go to work every day, go home, go on holiday, and so, the same as people everywhere. (Except better, since more Americans have more material wealth than any comparable nation.) Crime: the US is near the top in per capita murders among Western countries--but not compared to the world. Its per capita ranking in sex crimes is lower than Canada, its prison population per capita much smaller.

Spiro is right. The media have a lot to do with this, for the media carry the American message. In most countries the media range between violently and viciously anti-American.

/I think the main problem of foreign images of America is that the people with these images don't realize that their precious countries are equally overrun with slums, pollution, and second-rate politicians etc. They

don't see how the American citizenry stands it because they don't realize that they're standing the same thing. (Biggest laugh of last year, for example, was a demonstration of Australian students against US racism.) RSC/

J. R. Christopher, 820 Charlotte, Stephenville, TX 76401

I was happy to be in your 200th issue, although I see I confused things. The proposed name for the merged church is the Church of Christ Uniting, as I originally had in my first paragraph. When I shifted it to "The Church of Christ United" (i.e., after the merger) I was making a mild verbal pun. The point is hardly worth correcting (I can't imagine the proposed title being used), but someone else may write in to point out the error.

I just received a copy of THE SHATTERED RING, the new book on sf. I've read the first two chapters, and find the use of sf as social prophecy interesting, but hardly what I'd like to see done. I suppose it's a question of what one gets out of fiction/literature. One can read Dickens for (1) social comment on the Victorian era, (2) aesthetic pleasure out of structure, style, etc., (3) psychological appreciation of characters and types, and (4) escape from the present. (Substitute Leiber or whoever, with appropriate variations.) The only appropriate response to the fourth point is, perhaps, to write an imitation -- if one is driven to respond beyond reading or re-reading. The second and third points are the usual literary criticism. The socio-political (or with some books, religious) first point bothers me: it is a response to a theme rather than to fiction as literature, and I keep thinking that this critic is reducing a story-teller to an essayist. But THE SHATTERED RING isn't that bad: the authors' orientation toward religious prophecy and parable keep them from completely destroying the form to get the meaning.

Don Lundry, RD 1, Old York Estates, Hightstown, NJ 08520

Keep Liz Fishman writing. I enjoy her column tremendously. The only problem I have is separating the fact from the fiction. Does all that really happen to her or is it the slight exaggeration of poetic license? Either way, it's fun reading.

I'd also like to thank you for the plugs you gave the trip to HeiCon. In spite of a larger than normal spate of cancellations we got off all right for the advertised special group rate of \$196, round trip. We held a typical con party going over and coming back - i.e., people wandering up and down the aisles talking to each other. Since someone fouled up and didn't seat us all together coming back, this bugged some murdanes into complaining. The only problem the plane personnel had was that we weren't rowdy enough to be told firmly to sit down. All we were doing was talking in the aisles. However, at one point the pilot did find enough turbulence to make us sit down with the seat belts on.

For the record, we had 77 people going over and 76 coming back. Drew Whyte decided to fly on to Japan rather than return with us. Only minor hassling with airport personnel - mainly to ensure we all went together. And to top off the trip, about $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ went through customs with no baggage check. We had expected the worst and, in fact, the plane load before us took 2 hours to get through customs. The ones that were checked out by customs had a very minor check - particularly after one customs agent was found to be an sf fan. He was distracted by Mike O'Brien who pointed out Jack Williamson, Larry Niven, and other pros who were on the plane.

Alex Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania NW, DC 20037

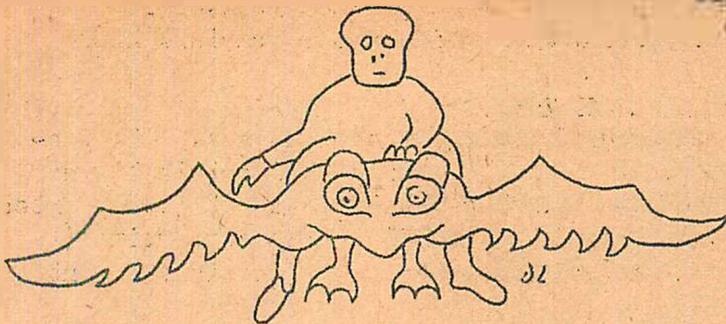
Well now -- there is spinoff, and then there is spinoff.

Consider, for example, the Minuteman I, a horrid device of immense sophistication, which has never, to date, been fired in anger.

Part of the system - for each of the 1000 missiles - was the \$234,000 D-178 computer which is being excessed as the missile is (sigh) phased out.

If you happen to be a Federal agency or a contractor therefor, you can get one for shipping costs (FOB Hill AFBase, Utah)...a real bargain.

Dr. Charles H. Becks of Tulane University has developed plans for a conversion kit which will beat this particular spear into a pruning hook for about \$25. For really



big money, like \$500, plus an excessed Fri-den Flexoriter, you get a fairly sophisti-cated minicomputer with paper tape capability on its input/output unit.

In June, 64 users formed a Minuteman Computer Users Group to pool hardware and software techniques, keep track of spare parts and have an excuse for throwing conventions. There are 108 machines currently available and another 500 coming up within the next 4 years.

Present uses center around laboratory instrument control and computer education. However, it is only a matter of time before they are put to work publishing fanzines.

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53211

According to Sternig, things are just as slow as Tucker and the rest have been saying. And it seems to be the "sales people", whoever they are, who are holding things up. The editors at Doubleday, apparently, want to get Bob Wells working on something, and they have agreed on a number of projects, but everytime the sale department people shoot them down. Incidentally, his (Wells') history of Milwaukee is coming out in a few weeks. From the excerpt in Milwaukee Magazine, it looks fairly good. "Milwaukee has developed a downtown area fully the equal of many a town half its size."

I read -- or skimmed, after the first few pages -- Aldiss' REPORT OF PROBABILITY A. Is he kidding? Is Lancer kidding? It's the only book I recall in which absolutely nothing happens. Sort of a contest to see how long he can go on describing a small estate in detail.

In case I didn't include it last time, here's a quote from the Aug. 10 issue of Aviation Week + Space Technology:

"Successful first hijacking of a Boeing 747 transport by a bearded young man dressed in combat fatigues and flaunting a Cuban flag emblem attached to a military-type beret has raised some questions as to the effectiveness of the new behavioral profile procedures for detecting would-be hijackers."

Went to see WATERMELON MAN last night and fell into a sneak preview - a real sneak. HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS. As Frid mentioned on one of the talk shows last week, Curtis went for broke on the gore. At the ending, at least, where they damn near killed off the entire Collins clan. From what I recall from the early days of the series, it looks as if they took the initial story, about Barnabas lustng (?) after Josette, jazzed it up a bit, and ended up by killing Barnabas off. Among other things, Grayson Hall got in a beautiful double or triple take when she first looks into a mirror and accidentally notices that Barnabas, who is standing just behind her, doesn't have a reflection.

Whole thing sort of reminds me of BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, except that here I'm familiar enough with all the cliches they're satirizing to see the humor.

Eleanor Arnason, 1700L Log Cabin, Detroit, MI 48203

Right after I moved here, there was a small riot about 20 blocks away. At the moment, they're having riots in the suburbs, which is fine with me. Just last week (before the suburban riots started) some suburbanite was telling me to move out to East Detroit (wherever that may be). I could feel safe there.

Once in a while I wander into a suburb (it's easy to do here - there are no natural boundaries). They give me the creeps. Everything looks plastic and dispensable. The kids rig themselves out in denim, tie-dyed shirts and beads, trying to look like hippies, then go to Arby's drive-in and eat Super-Arbys. (Plastic roast beef on a plastic bun.) Their guts belong to Mommy...

/The sort of thing that gives hippies a bad name. RSC/

Dave Piper, 7 Granley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex, HA4 6BZ, England

A few nights ago, I can't remember when exactly, that's how bad it is, there was a programme on...um...burials and morticians and embalming and cremation and etc. It had a very earnest interviewer and linkman. Very earnest. At one stage he was talking to a Funeral Director about coffins. OK. Now, picture it: very earnest interviewer and equally earnest and self-important and reverential-sounding Undertaker. This interviewer said to the other fella:

'Um..and this one here...what, ah, shape is this one, ah called...?'
To which the undertaker replied, in equally reverential tones:

'Um, ah, this one, ah, is termed, ah, coffin shaped...'

There was one other bit which springs to mind. Only trouble, if you never had The Goons over there or have never heard of them or the catch phrases they used it won't mean much. But, assuming you have or did, I'll mention it. The interviewer, talking to the same bloke, about the make-up of coffins:

'Um, ah, and this one (knock knock) I suppose this is good old English Oak?'
To which the other geezer replied:

'Um, ah, noooo, ah this is Japanese oak; you see, the trouble is, you can't get the wood!'

/That second anecdote is for our British readers; Alan Dodd used to tape
an occasional Goon Show for me, but I don't recall the phrase. RSC/

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis, IN 46240

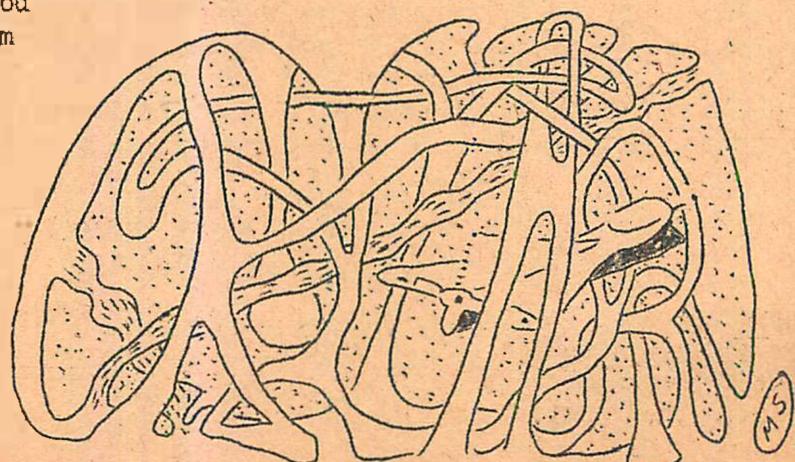
It has occurred to me that the Hank Davis bit really is a good parody of Philip K. Dick -- that it's not just dragged in at the end for a last laugh. To begin with, the basically misdirective approach: Dick novels never, never solve the initial problem in their plots. Then the stage-set universe, and speculations on same, the religion connected with communications media, and even the absurd name of the "real" scriptwriter carry out the Dick approach.

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 West Main Street, Jonesboro, Tennessee 37659

Were some of the drawings printed from electronic stencils, or is it just good tracings? The picture by Bo Stenfors on page 47 looks like an antique woodcut, and I wondered if it was possible that it had been traced.

Do the mail order sex merchants ever send you ads? There is some outfit in Brooklyn that keeps sending me material. They change their company name every time but keep the same box number. Recently I got an ad for some books that they consider so daring they want me to sign two statements before they will sell them to me. One says, "I hereby authorize you and certify with my signature below that I want to put my name on your preferred mailing list, entitling me to receive mailings of adult offerings as mentioned above, which I certify I have read carefully, from you, your agents, assigns, and affiliates. I further certify that I am 21 years of age or older." The other statement says, "I am an adult, being twenty-one years of age, or over. My age is _____. (You must fill in your correct age.) I am

interested in receiving material dealing openly with sex to satisfy my own private interests. I am not a postal inspector or a law enforcement official and have no intention of using the material I obtain from you other than for my own educational purposes in the privacy of my home. I will not resell the material I obtain from you, nor will I exhibit it to a minor or expose it to any person whose privacy might be offended.



I request you to send me all of your future brochures or advertisements, unless I notify you to the contrary in writing." If I had to swear to all of that to buy a book, I wouldn't dare do it for fear I might be put in jail as an accessory before the fact of lewdness, or something of the sort.

/That's one set of mailing lists I've kept off of. (Now watch three fans send my name in...) I got a catalog once from some outfit that wanted to sell me leather garments and whips, but I didn't buy any and they never sent me any more. I'm probably down as somebody who would turn them in to the Post Office -- come to think of it, I might. Yes, we use an occasional electronic stencil. RSC/

Earl Evers, 1327 Leavenworth St, #118, San Francisco, CA 94109

I feel sort of funny. Just sat down to read Yandro #200 and found most of it barely readable, meaning I can manage to get through it, but it's dull and really no fun. All the writing is good, yet it just doesn't turn me on at all. Guess it's just that most of the Yan writers these days aren't people I'd be able to rap with in person very well. (It's got to be the people, because I'm interested in most of the subject matter, in the sense that I discuss the same subjects elsewhere, with other fans, and dig doing it.) Maybe I really have grown away from Yandro type fanac... The thought gives me a pang of nostalgia; because I virtually entered fandom thru Yan. Of course I still find your column and Juanita's interesting, also your reviews, but the other columns and material and the letters just don't reach me, somehow. Like I say, I feel sort of funny about it, like meeting an ex-girlfriend for the first time in several years and thinking, gee, she's ugly and stupid.

Anyway, now maybe I begin to see how other people react to zEEen and some of the other fanzines I really groove on. I used to be able to identify with almost any well-written, well-thought-out piece of fanwriting, but somehow I can't any more. I see what various fannish fans mean when they say Yan is written by dull people. I get the impression it's a difference between "expanded" and "non-expanded" minds -- all the heads and young people in fannish fandom (and a good many young sercon fans) are just living with their sense of wonder turned up higher. They're also more emotional, reacting more strongly positive and negative. (God, Bill Wolfenbarger's little letter seems downright pathetic in its dull surroundings. I really feel for him. Unfortunately, I don't have an Apal mailings, so I can't help. His style is so much more vital than the rest of the issue it really hits me.)

Oh well, I have a sub now, so I'll just hang on to see what happens. Maybe Yan really has gone downhill contribwise since I used to groove on it so much. Certainly the Yan regulars of 61-4 are both different and more interesting than the present crew. Hmm, were we all writing the same things then we are now elsewhere, though? I know I wasn't, I was doing mostly bad poetry. But Ted White hasn't changed that much. No, I'm almost sure Yan has changed more than I have. I think in the old days you'd be more likely to run something like one of Redd Boggs's pieces putting down the space program than the Berry piece on Moon-rock nostalgia. (God, Buck, that was a piece of shit. Somehow I know it's supposed to be funny, but it isn't. It just isn't.) Or take Dave Locke's column -- if that's supposed to be a satire on column of personal philosophy, it doesn't pull off. If it's just supposed to be a column of personal philosophy, ecccchhh, In either case it says absolutely nothing.

/I doubt if the fanzine has changed. I think you've just expanded - or decayed, depending on the point of view - past us. But as for the fanzine itself changing, see below. RSC/

John Foyster, 12 Glengariff Drive, Mulgrave, Victoria 3170, Australia

I'm not exactly grateful that you sent me Yandro #199: the magazine is all right, but the number isn't - my first subscription copy was about number 87 or 88, which is far too long ago. But I'm sure you won't mind my saying that the magazine is quite recognizable.

The article by Joe Hensley was timely: I got a couple of copies of Moebius Trip and was even tempted to comment: but then number 4 arrived. Come to think of it, I may have made some remarks about Moebius Trip in NN. Actually I don't think this is so much Ed Connor's fault as a natural endproduct of the increasing tendency in some parts of fandom at least to devote a great deal of time to carving up personalities. I think my feeling is that if I think someone is a shit then it should be obvious to everyone else so that my comment is superfluous. If it isn't obvious, then either I have inside information or I'm a nut.

Not too excited by the item by S L Shalayne -- I feel that "tune and words: 'The Ballad of Harry Pollitt'" might have been more appropriate - the number of original words could almost be counted on the thumbs of one hand.

I'm glad I didn't read Alex Eisenstein's letter a couple of weeks ago: I might have got the jitters. Actually, from the tone of the letter, I'm rather glad not to have been in on this particular piece of controversy. I'm inclined to think that there may be even more noise now that the HeiCon is over: what do you think of the new set-up? (If it can be so described.)

/Hell, John, we now have readers who are younger than the fanzine, and how old do you think that makes me feel? / I'm agreeable to the new setup; now if we can just get the Hugos straightened out... / Agreed on this bit of character assassination. I don't like Harlan, and I make no bones about saying so, but I'll be damned if I'll go into the matter for several pages to amuse the asses who think that sort of writing is great stuff. RSC/

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

Enjoyed Y200. Top awards to Liz Fishman (as usual) and to Ron Miller's cartoons for "Star Hike". The latter was funny in spots, but fell apart at the end. (Which may be appropriate for a take-off on P.K. Dick...) It does have one classic line: "The sheep-god that has two hundred millions heads and spends eternity eating garbage." Yes,

Recently finished Katharine Kurtz's DERYNI RISING. I'd intended to put it off until later, but heard so many good things about it. All turned out to be justified. It's a marvelous book.

Saw an interesting double feature last week: EQUINOX and NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (or was it WALKING DEAD?). The former is in color, has a disorganized plot involving a book of "recipes for evil," four incompetents in the main parts, some imitation Harryhausen special effects...and a bit part played by someone named Fritz Leiber. No dialogue, but plenty of eye-rolling and grimacing. He looked like he was having fun.

The co-feature was a surprise. It started out in typical home-movie fashion, and I expected a crude grade-Z horror (in several senses). Not at all. Although filmed and acted entirely by people whose names were unfamiliar, there was nothing in the least amateurish about it. A tight, suspenseful, grisly and gripping tour-de-force, about a night when all the unburied dead come back to life as ghouls, killing the "normal" people and feeding on their flesh. Taken just as a horror flick, it is of high quality -- but it is also clearly a parable of modern life, and by the end of the film the parable has taken control; one comes out of the theater having seen a demonstration that the "normal" people are no less inhuman than the ghouls. Very unsettling.

/I believe that's a re-release, and that it was a film Roger Ebert reviewed in his Chi column, not favorably...mainly because the theater management pushed it as a "kiddies matinee". He thought it too grim for impressionable 7-8 year olds. Roger thinks grue and gore and sex and everything but the kitchen sink should be kept in the arrested adult category. JWC/

Reg Smith, 1509 Mar-Les Dr., Santa Ana, CA 92706

In your editorial several issues back you were talking about the short life of the paper used in books published today; also that microfilm didn't last so many years and some has already begun to deteriorate.

BOMBS WILL MAKE
YOU FREE... COOKIES
WILL ONLY MAKE YOU
FAT.



70

I was interested to see in the back of the book MAX BRAND, THE BIG WESTERNER this information: "The paper on which this book is printed has an effective life of at least three hundred years."

Apparently at any time after 300 years this book may crumble to dust, but the publisher (University of Oklahoma Press) at least seems to be aware that the problem exists and is using a long-lasting paper.

This biography is highly entertaining, by the way. It shows how a man can be highly neurotic and still sell over 25 million words of fiction.

I don't know whether "Thomas Stratton" has sold very much lately or not. Maybe you'd be more successful if you and your partner were more neurotic.

/The more one tries to sell, the more neurotic one tends to get. With luck, I'll eventually become enough of a bastard to be a big-name writer. (Anyone who says I'm one already had better be prepared to buy my next novel,) RSC/

Rick Brooks, RR #1, Box 167, Fremont, IN 46737

Got Yandro #199 about a month ago. Artwork rather good. I was interested in the Bush on p. 19 as the last few of her drawings that I've seen indicate a change to a more relaxed and free-flowing style.

Juanita: I never thought much of Sinatra (or Elvis for that matter). The comment that my Humanities prof made on modern art would fit pop music. He said that if you disliked modern art that signified you disliked our present culture. I liked that remark so much that I gathered it in for one of my own. Now I'm proud of disliking modern art instead of being defensive. Actually my art tastes are worse than yours as I listen to CKLW in Toronto, probably the most raucous station going. I don't really care for about half the music, but the rest I rather like. Besides, the CKLW's dj's aren't mouthing off most of the time.

I got rather shook up when I read Liz Fishman's account of being taken out of ladies' underwear. And in public, too. She is quite a gal...even sweet Old Bob Tucker says so. Will have to drop her a line and ask her if she's quit answering my letters now that she is famous.

And somebody does pay attention to your non-stf recommendations. I've ordered a copy of THE BASTARD WAR.

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard, CA 93030

Sept. 27. It's almost noon, and in the fifth day of a super-Santa Ana. There isn't any direct sunlight because of the pall of smoke over the area, but in the weird flat orange light that passes for sunlight the thermometer on the back patio says it's 100 degrees. Here in the study, on the NW corner of the house, the freebie temp-humidity gadget Gary got from an electronic company that wants him to think of them when he order components says it's 82 and less than 10% humidity. The wind is blowing steadily out of the SE, as it has for almost a week, and a fine rain of ash is falling, as it has for three days.

The last time I saw any blue sky was Friday, before the smoke in the south, from the Malibu fire, and that in the north, from the fire burning along the ridge from Simi Valley to Ventura, met overhead.

The grasslands had been ready to burn for a month, and lately when I'd drive up the Conejo Grade to LA the hills would sit there and shimmer in the heat, just quivering with eagerness to burn. The grasslands around the LA basin have burned since way back when; the stratigraphy is just one layer of charcoal, then a layer of soil, then a layer of charcoal and ash after another.

This seems to be a slightly different Santa Ana than the usual, according to the papers. The wind was stronger and hotter than usual to begin with, and it has certainly gone on longer. Usually a Santa Ana is a day or two. Someone said the heat of the fires has been feeding it, producing a fire-storm in some areas, and it has changed the wind patterns. Prediction is for two more days of it.

My avocado seedlings have died, and most of my fuschias. There is going to be a lot of damage in the groves.

Friday night when Hall and Sextons Canyons were burning over behind Ventura we drove over to see if we could help any of Gary's friends who live on the hill in Ondulando. The streets were blocked off and we couldn't get up to their area, but we could see that the fire was burning all along the crest of the ridge from Saticoy to north of Ventura, 10 miles or so. For a while we paralleled the ridge on the freeway, though it was a mile or so from us, and the flames were running along the ridge as fast as we were driving, about 15 mph. In two places fire had come down canyons into Ventura city limits and some sort of structures were burning there. It reached an oil well as we watched, and flames shot a couple of hundred feet into the air.

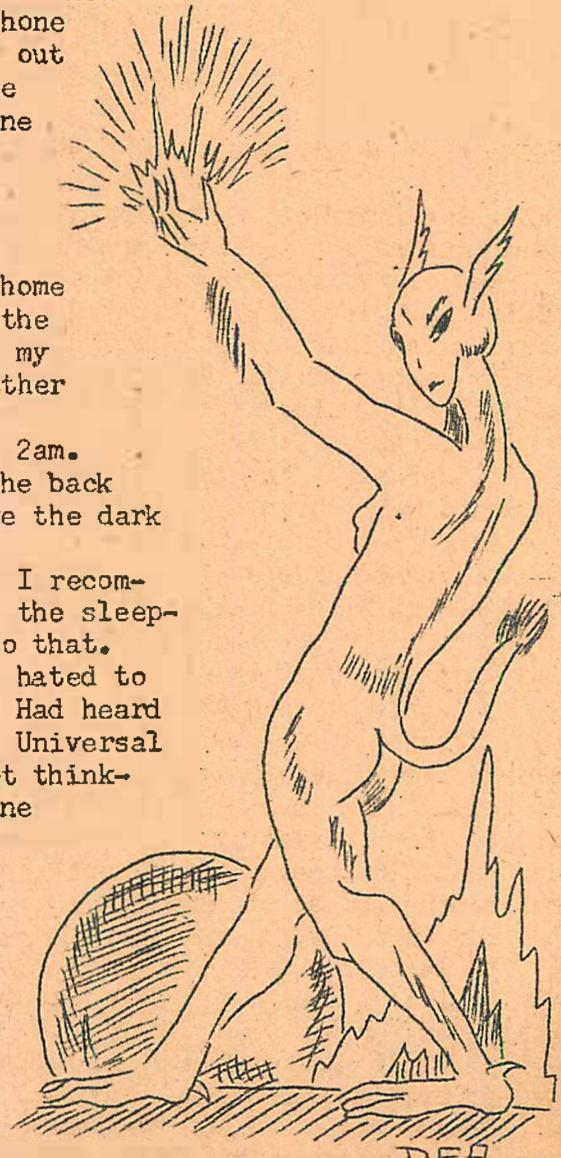
Some beachfront houses burned, which is unusual because usually even a road will protect you in a brushfire. This one has such strong winds the sparks fly a long ways. People would be in their houses listening to reports of fires in areas miles away, then suddenly realize they were on fire themselves.

I heard on the radio that houses were burning on Marine View, Calle Higuera, and Calle del Huerta; I knew some people on Marine View and tried to call them and see what the situation was. The phone gave that beep-beep sound it makes when the line is out of order. I see in the paper today that their place was a total loss. Their little pinto colt is the one used in the Ford pinto ads...he died in the fire.

End of a perfect summer. Earlier we drove out and collected Maura, reekingly spoiled after a summer spent with relatives in Albuquerque. What we should have done was leave Evan there too and come home by ourselves. One thousand miles of kid fights in the back seat. At regular intervals I would throw back my head and shriek "No fighting in the back seat!" whether anyone was awake back there or not at the time.

We went by Shiprock in full blazing moonlight at 2am. Evan is going to be a fannish sort: he sat up in the back seat, stared out at the rock floating ghostily above the dark scrub-forested mesaland, and muttered, "Monsters."

Saw a good movie last night, FORBIN PROJECT, and I recommend it highly. Reviews around here are calling it the sleeper of the year, and a masterpiece, and I'll drink to that. For my money it's better than 2001, though I'd have hated to miss the Zarathustra music of the spheres in 2001. Had heard from people that had seen pre-release screenings at Universal that it was a dilly. Thoroughly enjoyed it. I kept thinking that surely it was going to fall apart or someone was going to ask what it all meant, or start having hysterics and acting unlike a scientist, but it never happened. Braeden is so damn good as a scientist. I'll take his scientist portrayal over Gregory Peck's in MAROONED, and I like Peck, too. The ending is lovely. Colossus has a personality, as Hal did, but a totally different, inhuman personality. It has a sort of flat metallic double voice, a hair out of sync, like the voice of the Talosian in "Talosian Web". Richard Widmark stood in line with us at the movie. He said he wished he'd been offered the role of Forbin.



DEA

A Strange Fruit

Westercon 23 Program Book (Fred Patten, Apt. #1, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., Culver City CA 90230 - one-shot - \$1) Fred said they had a batch of these left to get rid of .(in which case the price seems a bit high, but...). Major attraction is the artwork. There is a very nice wraparound colored cover by Yoshio Ikemori; this is the best art I've seen from Japanese fandom. Inside are 14 black and white drawings illustrating the works of Jack Williamson, done by Bjo, Alicia Austin, Fabian, Mike Gilbert, George Barr, and others. I think my favorite is Bernie Zuber's study of April Bell. There are also short biographies of the guests of honor, Jack Williamson and Rick Sneary. Plus, of course, the convention program and lots of ads.

Locus #62, 63 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY 10457 - biweekly - 10 for \$2) Fan, pro, and convention news, including a notice that the Montreal bid for '74 has been dissolved and the Montreal committee is supporting a Toronto bid for '73. Well, that lets me support D.C. in '74, if they decide to try again. We'll keep on supporting Minneapolis in '73. Also, changes of address are listed, which come in very handy. (But note to subscribers: I do not check every change in Locus to see if the subscriber has already given it to me. Only if an issue comes back do I check - when I get around to it, by which time I've probably misplaced the Locus that gave it.) This is for fans who are incurably nosy about other fans, which seems to include the majority.

Rating....7

Winnie #50, 51 (Michael Ward, Box 41, Menlo Park, CA 94025 - biweekly - 4 for \$1) More news. Some emphasis on west coast news; otherwise much the same as Locus. Winnie's main failing seems to be that it relies too heavily on other fan newsletters for information, not all of which is correct. It's generally better to get your miststatements first hand. However, it's neatly lithographed and generally a good supplement to Locus.

Rating....6

Isfanews #12 (Dave Lewton, 735 East Kessler Blvd, Indianapolis, IN 46220) Local newsletter of the Indiana club, at least for this issue. Previously it was Chants Of Madness, Dave Gorman's personality-zine. But then, still more previously it was Isfanews and the Naptown newsletter. God along knows what Lewton will turn it into once he gets into his stride. So far it's free to club members and anyone else that Lewton wants to send it to.

Belgian News Sheet #1 (Michel Faron, Grand-Place 7, 3-4280 Hannut, Belgium - irregular - 20 for \$1 surface mail, 20 for \$2 airmail - cheaper rates to "Interested newszine publishers") Editor would also like mailing labels from people interested in receiving the mag. European news: a Eurocon will be held in Trieste in 1972, West German comics fans have formed a national organization, etc. One-sheet newsletter, this time.

Australia in Seventy Five #8 (Peter Darling and Robin Johnson, P.O. Box A.215, Sydney South, N.S.W. 2000, Australia - 50¢ per issue) I fully support the bid (how did I get tied up in firm con bid support for the next five years, anyway?) though I doubt very much if I'll attend the con. I'll send you some money, fellows, as soon as I get some. This one is concerned exclusively with the Worldcon bid, and it's quite interesting if you're interested in the bid.

The New Forerunner #9, 12, 13 (Gary Mason, 8-14 Warili Road, French's Forest, N.S.W. 2086, Australia - 20¢ surface mail or 55¢ airmail - irregular) #9 has a rather fascinating transcript of a Sydney club meeting. Sounds a bit like the old ISFA, only friendlier. (The current ISFA dispensed with all officers except treasurer - or to put it another way, Lee Lavell is club dictator - and there isn't any formal meeting except

for the auctions.) Otherwise, the fanzine tells you what's going on in Australian fandom. A rider with #13 is Dusk Newsletter, with a familiar slogan: "SAVE STAR TREK - WRITE CHANNEL NINI". (Australian stations are considering not running the entire series, or even all of the shows that haven't been banned by Australian censors.)

Rating.....7

Riverside Quarterly V.4#3 (Leland Sapiro, Box 40 University Station, Regina, Canada - 60¢ - quarterly - co-editor, Jim Harmon) Fascinating letter column; everybody from Philip Jose Farmer to Dave Lewton. A little of everything; fiction, verse, a deadpan analysis of the sex in Edgar Rice Burroughs' books (specifically, threats of rape; he finds 76), a commentary on Graces' WATCH THE NORTHWIND RISE, book reviews, and fanzine reviews. Several pages of advertising are in a separate booklet. Still, primarily, a serious journal. Since I find it extremely difficult to be serious about science fiction, I fail to appreciate RQ as I'm sure I should. Judging from the letter column, numerous intelligent fans and pros do appreciate it.

Rating.....5

Uchujin #147 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-Okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan - monthly) This has been a remarkably long-running fanzine, I just noticed. Digest size, looks printed, all in Japanese except for the one-page resume of the contents and Japanese fan news. Rather makes me wish I could read Japanese.

The Rohmer Review #5 (Bob Briney, 245 Lafayette St., Apt. 3F, Salem, MA 01970 - issues 5 thru 7 for \$2) This is the official publication of the Sax Rohmer Society. This issue includes an article by Rohmer, and various articles on Fu Manchu, plus one on the London River Police. Very neatly printed, and I guess fascinating if you're a Rohmer fan. I discovered that I wasn't that much of a Rohmer fan.

No-Eyed Monster #18 (Norman Masters, 720 Bald Eagler Lake Road, Ortonville, MI 48462 - quarterly - 30¢) Digest-sized. After a brief and not very illuminating look at "The Theological Aspects of the Cthulu Mythos" we get, on pages 11 thru 46, poetry. I thought most of it was pretty bad, but I'm not a particular admirer of modern poetry anyway. The two vignettes which follow aren't bad, for fan fiction. Recommended to all those people who want to read fiction and poetry in fanzines.

Rating.....3

Osfan #11 (Money to Linda Stochl, 5313 A Magnolia, St. Louis, MO 63139 - trades to Sue Watson, 6218½ Hancock Ave., St. Louis, MO 63139 - monthly - \$2 per year, which includes non-attending CSFA membership) Major emphasis seems to be on columnists, writing the sort of trivial material that most fan columnists do. This, in itself, isn't at all bad. The problem is that they haven't learned to make their trivia interesting. The selective emphasis, cutting of unnecessary facts, and occasional outright lying to improve the story, are all absent. Humor is there, but generally crude and unpolished. It reads too much like a high school newspaper.

Rating.....2

Dallascon Bulletin #7 (Dallascon Bulletin, P.O. Box 523, Richardson, TX 75080 - quarterly - free) Theoretically this is put out to boost Dallas in '73. Primarily it seems to be an advertising circular, with a lettercolumn and a list of "supporting member-ships" (some of them from people who are now members of a rival bidding committee). Aside from the ads for film and comic material, there are an amazing number for fanzines, most of them items that I've never heard of before and hope to never hear of again. But then, it is free...the Bulletin, not the overpriced fanzines being advertised.

The Somerset Gazette #2 (Noel Kerr, 85 Morgan St., Carnegie, Victoria 3163, Australia - no schedule listed - 35¢) Official publication of the Melbourne club. This is the convention issue; presumably some sadistic soul like Gary Mason told Kerr that I just loved con reports. At least there was one original item; brief "interviews with" (actually short statements by) convention attendees. Well organized to give the real flavor of the con. I might try it sometime. There are articles on comics and films - the latter with the startling comment that the movie "The Dunwich Horror" was advertised in Austra-

lia as "Dunwich" because the importers thought that the word "Horror" might prejudice their case with the censors. Australian censorship is incredible - though presumably right in line with the ideas of those reactionaries who move there from the States. (Australia is a lovely place to visit but I don't want to live there.) There is a moderately interesting letter column and a good news roundup. Rating.....6

Apollo, March 1970 (Justin St. John, 2760 Crescent Drive, Yorktown, NY 10598 - six-weekly - 50¢) The editor says "if you enjoy the new, the radical, the extravagantly unusual in sf, you will enjoy Apollo, a journal of the New Wave". And if you enjoy all this, get your money in now while you have an address handy, because I don't and Apollo will not likely get any further reviews here. Rating.....2

Touchstone #3 (Bob Sourk, 3665 Fairmount Ave., San Diego, CA 92105 - monthly - 20¢) Lists of conventions and fanzines, an interview with James Bama, primarily on the Doc Savage covers (which may well be his worst work), and short news items, mostly but not entirely on comics. Plus a few ads. Rating.....3

Norn #3 (David Brown, 4826 De Milo St., Houston, TX 77018 - irregular - 50¢) Film and comics material, mostly film. (Though there is a short article on Poe, as well.) The photos are nice; the written material isn't all that great, and the three-page comic strip has quite adequate art and abysmal writing. Rating.....3

Funnyworld #12 (Mike Barrier, Box 5229, Brady Station, Little Rock, AR 72205 - irregular - \$1) This is one of the big fancy comics fanzines which is worth the price. (One of the few, I might add.) Not to me, maybe, but to anyone with an interest in comics. It's a 46-page, full-sized fanzine, with pages 13 thru 37 devoted to an interview with Bob Clampett, one of the makers of movie cartoons. (And it's only half the interview, at that; the rest is coming next issue.) I'm not greatly interested in movie cartoons, but the interview was interesting in places, even so. There is also an article on underground comics, a few reviews, and a Carl Barks bibliography. The amount of interest this mag will have for you will vary according to how much you're interested in comics, but I think anyone would agree that it's a well-produced and quite professional publication.

SF Commentary #14 (Bruce R. Gillespie, P.O. Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia - monthly - 20¢ - USAgent, Charlie Brown, address under Locus) Primarily reviews, both short and long enough to be considered an article. Plus letters. Sam makes a plea in the letter column for more reviews of books of stature, and less of ephemera. A nice idea, but unlikely. I review the books I receive for review, plus those that I pay money for and read because I enjoy them. So, presumably, do other reviewers. (Sam lists for comparison a set of books reviewed by Walter Gillings in the Forties. Most of them are now "classics" in the field, true - but equally true is that most of them are garbage, and if I reviewed similar works now it would be because someone sent them to me, or because I bought them by mistake; chancy things to build a review column of stature on.) Rating....7

Random Jottings #1 (Mike Dobson, 1310 Buchanan St., Charlotte, NC 28203 - 40¢ - no schedule listed) God; fan poetry and a con report in the same issue. But then there's an article on a couple of folk records that have been reissued lately, and a fairly sensible one on non-conformity (not entirely sensible, but more so than most fan comments on the subject) and a fairly good lettercolumn. (In a first issue? Well, y'see, this fanzine supercedes Dobson's earlier Avernum, and there were letters left over.) Rating....5

The Bem & I #2 (Bill Mallardi, Box 368, Akron, OH 44309 - no price or schedule listed, but it goes to SAPS and the Double-Bill mailing list) Mallardi isn't going to win any fan cheers for his article on Kent State (even though it has considerable truth to it,

I disagree - and more liberal fans will start frothing, I imagine). Bob Bloch produces a plan to improve Worldcon hotel relations (similar to one he put forth in these pages about 8-10 years ago). I see L.A. has put at least half of it into effect; they raised the fees. Some mailing comments won't mean much to outsiders, but overall it isn't a bad effort.

Rating....5

Crossroads #10 (Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, RI 02912 - irregular - 25¢) Official publication of the Brown University club. A con report of the Westercon, a minor critique of Moorcock's writing, a confrontation between Justin St. John and J.J. Pierce, some other reviews, and a letter column. Pretty cover and all, but somehow it didn't seem as interesting as previous issues.

Rating....5

Science Fiction Review #39 (Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, CA 90403 - 8 times per year - 50¢) Every reviewer usually starts out by saying that SFR is currently THE fanzine of influence, because so many professionals meet via its pages to argue their differences. Obviously true; this issue has a letter by John W. Campbell, and when was the last time you saw his name in a fanzine? It has also won two Hugos in a row, though I am cynical enough to believe that this is mostly due to the same reason that Jimmy Taurasi won two; higher circulation than most fanzines. (And obviously, the subscribers like SFR, or they wouldn't be subscribing.) That's why polls taken by fanzines are always so unbalanced; the readers of one particular style of fanzine are those people who enjoy that particular type, and vote for it.) Personally, I'm not particularly fond of it - or of Geis - but it's still a very good fanzine and most fans consider it great stuff. So if you haven't tried it, get an issue. You won't know what you're missing until you do.

Rating....7

Green Fandom #5 (Caryl Bucklin, 1930 Iglehart, St. Paul, MN 55104 - irregular? - 10¢) co-editor, Linda Lounsbury) This is an extremely promising fanzine. The major trouble seems to be that it's been in the same promising stage for three issues now and hasn't yet become the brilliant gem of a small fanzine that it should have. Maybe if the editors wrote more of the material? (I naively assume that Norman Riger is a real person.) Something is needed.

Rating....4

Beabohema #11 (Frank Lunney, P.O. Box 551, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, PA 18015 - m more or less monthly - 50¢) A smaller issue, a transition to BAB's new image. Controversy has been mostly removed by the fact that nobody wrote letters. Material is reasonably good, although about the only thing I can empathize with is Gary Hubbard's comment that "There's a lot to be said for being alone." Future BABs are to be smaller and more personal, with less vituperation.

Rating....5

Spockanalia #5 (Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Apt. 1G, Brooklyn, NY 11225 - final issue - 75¢ - co-editors Sherni Burley and Deborah Langsam) One of the huge ones; 10½ pages plus covers. All on "Star Trek", of course. At this late date, I don't think I could bear 10½ pages, plus covers, devoted to ST. Juanita says it's similar to preceding issues; maybe a bit higher quality than usual. Which means that it's a pretty good ST. fanzine. No rating, since I haven't read it.

T-Negative #8 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417 - quarterly? - 50¢) Only 58 pages plus covers...38 pages are devoted to an ST story by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, and 3 more to a "letter" in the Jones-Anderson series of ST stories, leaving very little that I actually read. Ruth's bit on the last filming was very good, lettercolumn okay, news items okay if you're that interested, and here's two pages devoted to a crossword puzzle. Oh well. It's a very good fanzine if you're that fond of "Star Trek".

Embelyon #3 (Jim and Lee Lavell, 5647 Culver St., Indianapolis, IN 46226 - more or less quarterly - 35¢) For 49 pages, that's a bargain. (Price will go up one of these days, according to the colophon.) A bit hard to review, since there are columns by Juanita, "Sam Fath", Jim Dorr, Dave Gorman, and Andy Offutt, articles by Ted Pauls, Sandra Mies-

el, and myself, a poem by Dave Lewton, and a Dave Burton interview with Alicia Austin, along with editorial, letters, artwork, reviews, etc. If I say it's good I'm bragging, and if I say it's bad I'll catch hell at the next ISFA meeting. Maybe I should comment only on Offutt, since he's out of reach... Actually, I do think it's pretty good, I enjoy it and recommend it, and I'll even stick my neck out far enough to rate it.

Rating.....6

Serendip #48, 49 (John McCallum, P.O. Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular but frequent, 100 pages for \$1) A journal of postal Diplomacy, which is a game. Not particularly my interest, though some of the sidelines - such as the literal meaning of Agnew's original Greek name Anagnostopoulos - are quite fascinating.

Maybe #6 (Irvin Koch, Apt. 45, 614 Hill Ave., SW, Knoxville, TN 37902 - bimonthly - 75¢) Or for contributions; in a note he says that the high price is to try to get better contributions. (I say he desperately needs them, but then I don't like fan fiction.) This is specifically produced for those who want fiction in fanzines, and as such I'm glad to see it around, no matter what sort of reviews I give it. It gives me some place to send fiction writers (now that Lewton has dropped his fiction) and to point out to neofans who want to know where all the science fiction is in fanzines. I think it's a great idea - but I wouldn't read it unless you paid me. I do skim it, to see if the contents seem to be improving, but that's all. There are a few letters, most of which seem to be discussing Robert Moore Williams. Special Interest.

Conglomeration #4 (Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield, Cincinnati, OH 45237 - quarterly - this issue 30¢, others 25¢) This starts off with the editor's visit to the home of Ray Beam (I'm vastly tempted, for the effect, to say that it goes downhill from there, but actually it doesn't. I'm not sure it could.) There's part of a "novel in progress" by Andy Offutt (I'll wait for the completed version), a nostalgic article about science fiction in the early 1950s when the author was 8 years old, a rather bad erotic poem, a Harry Warner article on TAFF, fanzine reviews, letters, and a column on rock music. Actually, it's not too bad a fanzine.

Rating.....4

I have a group of apa-zines here. I'm not sure of their general availability or general interest.

Dimension 14 (Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St., NE, Minneapolis, MN 55418 - for Apa 45) Mailing comments, a short bit on the Lensmen, another short bit on conventions.

The Pointed Stake #2 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604 - for N'APA) Mailing comments and a short bit on the Museum of Science and Industry.

Ye Compleat SF Jackass (Ed Connor, for RAPS) About half devoted to a defence of Connor's attack on Ellison; the rest general comments.

The Military-Industrial Complex #1. (John Kusske, Route #2, Hasting, MN 55033 - for Apa 45) Mailing comments, generally quite interesting, comments on sex, and notes for an sf series that Kusske decided not to do after all.

Mind Waffle #1 (Steve Johnson, 1018 NW 31st St., Corvallis, OR 97330 - for TAPS) Personal-type comments and a few reviews. Not bad.

John McCallum mentions that SERENDIP is not biweekly; it is frequent but irregular, and published 31 issues in the last 12 months. (Well, that's close enough to biweekly for a fanzine....) He also mentions, anent my list of long-lived fanzines, that John Boardman's GRAUSTARK has put out 220 issues - or perhaps more by the time you read this. However, while I'm willing to accept all sorts of weird things as fanzines, I'm suspicious of Diplomacy mags unless they carry mainly articles about Diplomacy, rather than serving as a medium for the game. (GRAUSTARK may do this, for all I know.) That's like calling the postcards sent out in a postal chess tournament a fanzine.