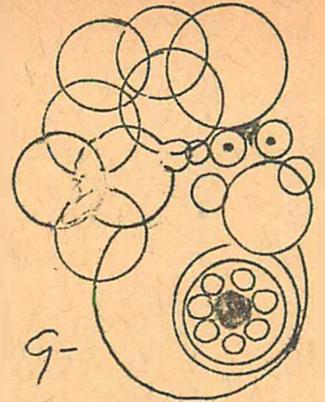




YANNISH



204 FEB 71

eighteenth
yannish

XIX:1

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CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial) - - - - -	JWC - - - - -	2
A Column - - - - -	Bruce Coulson - - - - -	3
Rumblings (editorial) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	4
Peering Around (column) - - - - -	Joe L. Hensley - - - - -	6
That Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff (article) - - - - -	Dennis Lien - - - - -	8
Through The Wringer (column) - - - - -	Liz Fishman - - - - -	17
The Passion and Martyrdom of St. Harlan Ellison -	Sandra Miesel - - - - -	20
Golden Minutes (book reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	22
Grumblings (letters) - - - - -	- - - - -	28
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	33

addenda: Hugo ballot and an ad for Toronto in '73.

ARTWORK

Cover by Robert E. Gilbert

Page 1 - - - - -	Grant Canfield	Page 14 - - - - -	Jeff Cochran
" 1 (logo) - - - - -	Mike Klaus	" 15 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn
" 2 & 4 - - - - -	JWC	" 18 - - - - -	Alexis Gilliland
" 6 - - - - -	Arthur Thomson	" 19 - - - - -	Al Devoren
" 7 - - - - -	Dany Frolich	" 28 - - - - -	Sandra Miesel
" 10 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn	" 29 - - - - -	Jackie Franke
" 11 - - - - -	Dan Adkins	" 33 (logo) - - - - -	Arthur Thomson

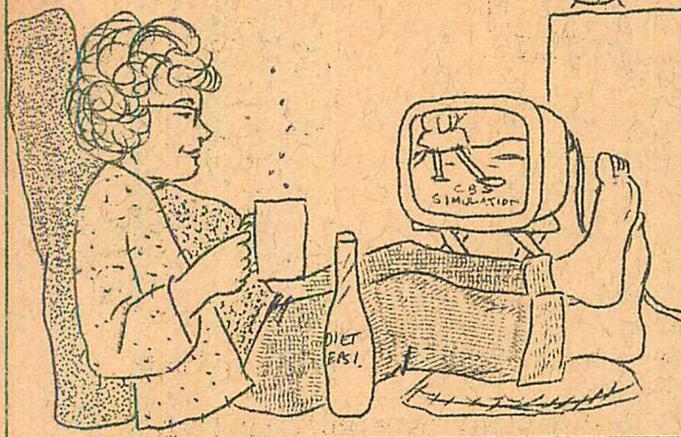
I'm not sure why I'm publishing all this favorable stuff about Harlan; I suspect I've admitted a serpent to my bosom. (But she writes good....)

"APOLLO 14 PASSES GRAVITY LINE"....headline in Marion, Ind. Chronicle-Tribune

Note from the NSF Manuscript Bureau; Gary H. Labowitz, 1100 Betzwood Drive, Norristown, PA 19401 - The Bureau circulates information on fanzine needs to NSF members. Also this "market letter" is sent to any fan on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed letter. Any fanzine may get on the list by sending a request to Labowitz and filling out a form. Material may also be submitted directly to the Bureau, which will mail contributions to fanzines requesting them.

FOR THE RECORD, DEP'T: Roy Tackett, Jackie Franke, Don Thompson and Gene DeWeese all pointed out that S F Hall of Fame did so appear as a regular Book Club selection. Correction noted, and passed on. Dainis Bisenieks, Don Lundry, Bob Briney, Joanne Burger and Tom Reamy pointed out that many of the "books we'd like to see in hard covers" have been in hard covers in Britain. (I knew this but ignored it, as British hardcovers are not available to the average US reader.)

RAMBLINGS 4:31:07



I suppose I really must take time out from watching Shepard and Mitchell play kick the rock and write an editorial. Besides, right now they've climbed back in the lem for their "sleep mode" or whatever they're calling lights out up (out?) there, and tv has decided they're temporarily uninteresting.

Third Moon landing or not, it seems like the second, because of the ill-fated camera on Apollo 12. Even if I don't have color tv I still enjoy seeing them climb down the latter and skip around and rubberneck just the way I would if I had the chance to be where they are. I find some of the emotion-

al edge of Apollo 11 is off -- after all, that was the very first time living proto-plasm from our planet had wandered around on the Moon. Just like all this crazy Buck Rogers stuff I'd dreamed about and read about for years and years. But I'm still extremely interested in the Apollo program. Although I'm going to be dead by the time this weekend is over; I feel I must be up to watch the EVAs and landing and all, put my ounce of long distance juju into the pot -- collective esp if you will. (And on top of the before the crack of dawn tv watching we're going to an ISFA meeting this weekend, which usually means up till 4AM Sunday morning and back on the road at some fiendishly early hour to reach home. I mean, any time before 5PM Sunday after that is too early, let's face it, when you're an old fan and tired.)

At any rate, I'm delighted to see the mission proceeding so well and will think powerful and helpful thoughts as hard as I can until they've splashed down, been picked up, and are out of quarantine.

And the program does have a few mundane friends. I heard a Westinghouse radio columnist -- Irwin Cannon? Anybody know how he spells his name? -- exulting over Apollo 14, quite the opposite of the typical mundane columnist or broadcaster who insists on downgrading the manned program. Of course, his approach was the old machismo and anti-technology angle (which is sort of fascinating when you think about it -- of all things to laud as a triumph for anti-technology: Apollo), the it's marvelous to find there are still things only man can do and what a triumph for the human spirit.

I applaud the sentiments but wonder about his motives. However don't kick allies in the shins and all that.

Speaking of tv as I was, obliquely, above, a current frustration for me is that Indiana finally has an NET station. Unfortunately, it's located in Indianapolis, and is UHF, naturally -- which means we can't receive it. Because of the small population and the central location of Indianapolis, and its four VHF stations, we do get a TV Guide designed for use by people throughout the "metropolitan Indianapolis area". Which means we get long and loving synopses and cast listings of all the goodies on NET, from THE FORSYTHE SAGA to CIVILISATION to THE YOUNG CHURCHILLS...but we can't get the programs, only read about them, and suffer and gnash our teeth. Station is operated by a bunch of sadists.

Additionally, by a strange quirk the opening for broadcasting of the NET station means that a large number of pre-school children in Indiana are being deprived of something very educational which they formerly had access to: SESAME STREET. While the NET station was a-building the Indianapolis ABC channel volunteered to run SESAME STREET. As soon as the UHF NET station was completed, it snatched the program back and the ABC

channel reverted to syndicated reruns, local talk shows or cartoons or whatever. And kids in the "metropolitan Indianapolis" district, which can reach out say 80-100 miles, theoretically -- allowing for typical reception of the three Naptown VHF commercial stations -- are suddenly bereft of SESAME STREET. A UHF signal won't reach out that far. This is one case where the building of public television does not seem to have benefited the public. Certainly not all of it. The Ft. Wayne ABC channel is still carrying SESAME STREET -- but that's the only NET program they carry. And the only one anyone expects to see carried out of Ft Wayne for the next ten years. Sometimes I think they're not too sure commercial tv isn't just a passing fad, and as for public tv, it's probably creeping socialism.

One thing they are very big on up there is opposing pornography, whatever that is (I know -- it means whatever you mean when you point to it). I believe earlier in these pages we detailed the adventures of their "tombstone ordinance" -- an attempt to make drive-in theatre owners running X films erect fences sufficient to hide the screen from those of tender age perching on tombstones in a nearby cemetery. One owner estimated the fence would be 100 feet high and he could sell tickets to see it as a tourist attraction -- and in the first high wind they'd have a small-scale catastrophe.

Recently several up tight groups rammed some anti-pornography thingies through the City Council (it is, after all, election year). The most voluble organization seems to be POP, Parents Opposed to Pornography. They certainly are sweeping. The ordinance they sponsored bans lewd and dirty and rotten and evil depictions of the human body in books, movies, live performances and tv. I would have thought the last item would be utterly safe, it's so emasculated and gutted of the slightest hint of naughtiness already. It's a very all-embracing, you should excuse the phrase, ordinance, and somebody should have a lot of fun in the courts. The mildly liberal Ft Wayne newspaper which we subscribe to didn't quite descend to laughing out loud at it, but a couple of their columnists got pretty satiric. At the City Council meetings a couple of guys from Ft. Wayne's only, so far as I know, underground newspaper got up and protested the whole thing, validly pointing out they've got a welfare scandal in the city, a bad rat problem, baby riots in the core area and a county trustee who hates poor people and thinks food stamps are his personal property. So why all this brochaha over a few X rated films? Of course, at least one of the young editors had been busted for pot, so his protest was promptly laughed out of the Council.

In the anti-porno drive the puritans took out a full-page newspaper ad, featuring the Statue of Liberty being crucified, by saying freedom is being killed in Ft. Wayne because the pornographers are thriving and liberty will only flourish after we suppress all these filth peddlers. Think about it. I get a trifle dizzy doing so. Hoping you are not the same... JWC

a column

Ah, marvelous graft! I saw one of our elected officials - school council - get candy from the school store he started. He said he paid for it, but...

To business. Anybody want a job done? I need money to support my habit (stamp, coin, and knife collecting). Collating done? Run off a fanzine? Chop wood? Anything?

Flash! The adventures of Sir Doog Live, a true knight of the middle ages, coming soon!

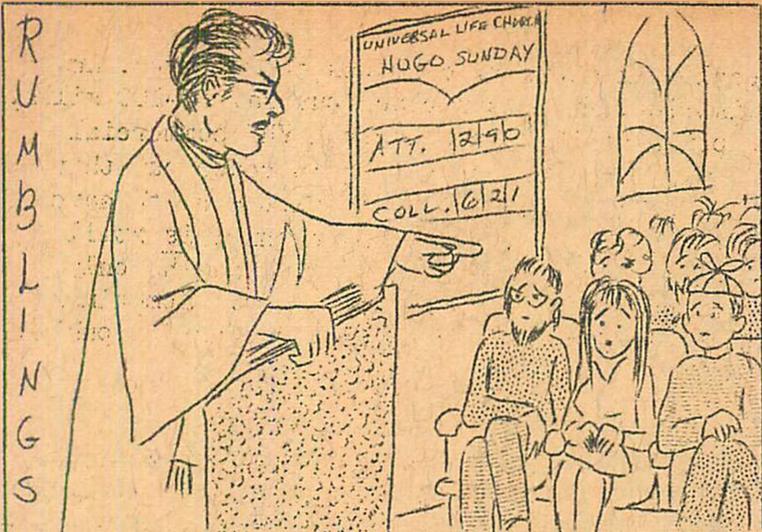
I am categorizing saleable items; I will announce them next issue (if there is any).

Celebrities of school: Two reverends, some workmen, Mr. Furniss, and some puppeteers.

We now have an intercom system and a small fountain (for those who are interested in school expenses).

Closing words: Do not try to burn down Roll's lumberyards!

BEC



Okay, the Hugo ballots are out, so it's time for me to ~~LIST THE~~ ~~TO THE~~ suggest a few items you might want to look at before voting. Incidentally, the Nebula first ballots are out, too; Juanita got hers. And a remarkable amount of garbage indeed has been nominated. (Most of the items actually in contention aren't too bad, though a few of them aren't too hot.) I see there is also pressure building in SFWA to increase the requirements so that "status-seeking fans" can no longer be members. Frankly, I think the problem is that some of the status-seeking pros don't like the idea that

mere fans are currently able to watch them make jackasses of themselves within the organization. However, this isn't getting us any farther along in Hugo suggestions. So: the following are listed in order; the ones I will probably vote for coming first. ("Probably" because I could change my mind before voting.)

NOVELS:

- Year of the Quiet Sun, by Wilson Tucker (Ace)
- Star Light, by Hal Clement (ANALOG)
- And Chaos Died, by Joanna Russ (Ace)
- The Tactics of Mistake, by Gordon Dickson (ANALOG)
- Ringworld, by Larry Niven (Ballantine)
- Orn, by Piers Anthony (despite flaws, it has the best alien since Tweel)

NOVELLAS (a stupid division; there aren't that many good ones)

- "Longtooth", by Edgar Pangborn (F&SF)
- "Ecological Niche" by Robert Chilson (ANALOG)
- "Walker Between the Planes" by Gordon Dickson (WORLDS OF FANTASY) (Remember, I liked PLANET STORIES)
- "The Snow Women" by Fritz Leiber (FANTASTIC)

SHORT STORIES

- "Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon (GALAXY)
- "The Ill Wind" by Jack Wodhams (VISION OF TOMORROW)
- "Selectra Six-Ten" by Avram Davidson (F&SF)
- "Fairy Tale" by John Brunner (VISION OF TOMORROW)
- "But Mainly By Cunning" by John Dalmás (ANALOG)
- "The True Worth of Ruth Villiers" by Michael G. Coney (New Writings in SF-17)
- "Bear", by Thomas Burnett Swann (Where Is The Bird of Fire?)
- "Car Sinister", by Gene Wolfe (F&SF)
- "Tom Cat", by Gary Jennings (F&SF)
- "Limbo Rider", by Sydney J. Bounds (VISION OF TOMORROW)

MAGAZINES

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. VISION OF TOMORROW | 4. AMAZING STORIES |
| 2. WORLDS OF FANTASY | 5. F&SF |
| 3. ANALOG | 6. FANTASTIC |

PROFESSIONAL ARTISTS:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| 1. Eddie Jones (VoT) | 4. David Hardy (VoT) |
| 2. William Stout (COVEN 13) | 5. Morris Dollens (for that one magnificent cover on SPACEWAY) |
| 3. Kelly Freas | |

FANZINES

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. WSFA JOURNAL | 4. S F COMMENTARY |
| 2. SCOTTISHE | 5. AMRA |
| 3. SPECULATION | 6. STEFANTASY |

And I will be extremely unhappy if SF REVIEW wins.

FAN WRITERS

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. Liz Fishman | 5. Dennis Lien |
| 2. Alexis Gilliland | 6. Bob Vardeman |
| 3. Pete Weston | 7. Richard Eney |
| 4. Ethel Lindsay | 8. Sandra Miesel |

FAN ARTISTS

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Bjo Trimble | 5. Steve Fabian |
| 2. Jim Cawthorne | 6. James Shull |
| 3. Arthur Thomson | 7. Mike Gilbert |
| 4. Roy G. Krenkel | 8. Alicia Austin |
| | 9. Tim Kirk |

Incidentally, I think Bjo deserves a Hugo for what she has done for fan artists as well as the fan art she has done.

And that seems to be it for Hugos. You aren't required to accept my suggestions, but arguing with them will get you nowhere, because it's my fanzine and competing propaganda will not be tolerated. So there.

On to the next item, which is this desk full of clippings people have sent me. Don Thompson sends the quote of the month: "Odor identification is very difficult to pinpoint because of the subjective and uncalibrated nature of the nose." spoken like an engineer by R. N. Rylands of the B. F. Goodrich Co. Several people have mentioned an item written by one Vivian Brown and syndicated in several newspapers, describing how "Clutter In Bookshelves Can Spoil Room's Decor", in which she comments that "if one has several large areas loaded with books, and the book bit spills over to every room of the house, then something is awry." (Frankly, I thought that was the natural course of events.) The books you should save, she says, are "first editions, beautiful bindings, classics and specially illustrated books", along with those containing "timeless information" on "gardening, antiques and so on". I don't think I want to get acquainted with a mind like Vivian Brown's. Alan Dodd sent more clippings on the libel suit of the Church of Scientology against a British Member of Parliament. I hope they lose.... Dodd also sent a page from the Los Angeles TIMES with a book review by Stanton Coblentz, inquiring if this was the old-time stf author. As far as I know it is: any information from L.A. fans? I believe Thompson sent the one about the warfarin-resistant rats in Britain, including a quote from the Ministry of Agriculture saying that these aren't either super-rats; they're just ordinary rats that the Ministry of Agriculture can't seem to kill. Sandra Miesel contributes a political headline; "Christ And O'Neal Active Crime Fighters!" Denny Lien sends an ad from someone who is selling popsicle wrappers at "below market value", and another one about an anarchist convention, one of the purposes of which is "to attempt to unite different types of anarchists". Right; have to get these people organized. And an Arizona teacher has been suspended for witchcraft. Someone (Ed Conner?) sent an item which mentions how editor Don Fabun has transformed Kaiser News "from a worker-prodding and product-plugging organ into a provocative commentary on modern society's problems and prospects". It is mentioned that Fabun's previous experience includes editing "a magazine of science fiction called RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST."

We had loads of letters this time, most of which aren't printed because Lien's item took up so much room. Next issue will also be larger than usual and we will try to get in most of the left-over letters. (We could have gone still larger this time but Juanita said an electric mimeo isn't all that much fun to operate.)

On the Hugo recommendations; I haven't read everything. In the first place, I don't have time; in the second place there are authors I automatically avoid; in the third place, Thomas Swann sent a note asking me to avoid the magazine version of The Goat Without Horns and read the Ballantine version in 1971. (Otherwise, considering the quality of novellas this year, Goat would probably have been listed.) But I think I have read more stf this past year than the majority of fans. And I might note that while I haven't nominated any of them for a Hugo, one set of stories I make it a point to read is the work of Sterling Lanier, I don't know who he is, but I like his work.

PEERING AROUND

column by

joe I hensley

I got a note from someone asking me about agents, which is an interesting subject and one dear to my heart.

My writer wanted the name and address of the one I have and I sort of got the idea that my correspondent thought that an agent, my agent, could sell something that the correspondent couldn't sell. That ain't so.

I obliged with the name and address of my agent figuring that Virginia could take care of herself. An agent is always looking for new writers and far be it from me (with my many scars) to try to determine what's good and what's bad.

But the letter got me to thinking and I remembered my many agents.

Right now I have Virginia Kidd and I hope I always have her for she's a joy. She's sold things in places I never would have thought of trying, she's been kindly and persistent. She runs her agency from that science fiction town of towns, Milford, Pennsylvania and she sort of specializes in sf, although she handles everything for her clients. She has people like Annie McCaffrey, Lafferty, LeGuin, Avram, and Juanita as clients. She buoys me up when I'm low, and chides me when I'm sloppy. And she sells my stuff. And that last is the most part of it.

She is my, let's see, fifth agent over a span that now approaches twenty years.

When I was in the service during the K-war I wrote to one of those agents who advertise in the writer's magazines. I'd sold a story to Planet and I had some stuff that was coming in the slick Navy magazine. I was editing a newspaper that had a circulation of like 12,000 and I figured that agent would take me on as one of his string of professionals like fast.

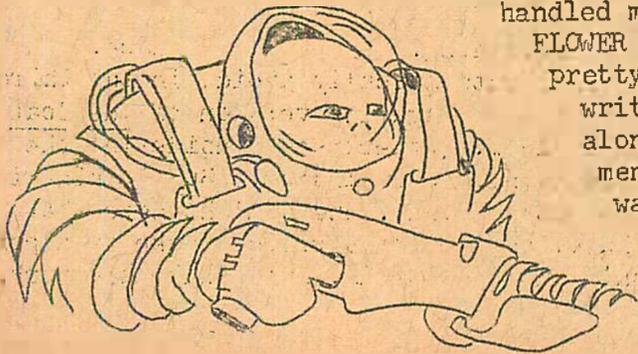
He didn't. He offered to read what I sent him if I sent along a reading fee. So I tried it a time or two until I got tired of it. I never sent him anything he wanted to sell and the stuff I sent him I wound up either selling later or retiring after it had been the rounds.

When I was in law school I had old friend Forrie Ackerman, who's a nice guy and was a nice agent. Trouble was that I wasn't doing enough stuff to be financially rewarding to myself or any agent. So, after a time, we drifted amicably apart and I sold my own stuff for a while again.

About 1959 Harlan wrote to his then agent, Anne Elmo, for me and I wound up with her.

Theron Raines, who worked in the Elmo office, actually handled my stuff. He was also handling C. Y. Lee (THE FLOWER DRUM SONG) and Henry Slesar, who was and is pretty prolific and pretty tough as a short story writer. When Theron left Elmo he took my stuff along. He sold a novel for me and some stuff to men's markets that I hadn't hit before. Theron was an exceedingly fine person. In New York he took me to dinner and I bought him drinks. He wore tweed clothes and had a sort of Yale accent.

I can't remember why we parted ways, but we did. Perhaps I left because I



just more or less quit writing about that time. I was in politics up to my neck (nose?).

Thereafter I had Meredith for a short time. I still recommend him highly to many writers, particularly those who turn it out in real quantity. He has some good science fiction people and they swear by him. For myself I had a feeling of relief when he sort of fired me. Recently I sent a very good writer who does a dozen books a year

and who wanted a NY agent to him. I think they'll make each other boon companions and I say this without anything other than the best of will towards both of them.

And now there's Virginia and she's put up with me for like four years now.

But Virginia can't sell stories that I write that are clinkers.

And if I didn't have Virginia I'll bet I could eventually sell stories of mine that are good.

Virginia can get me quicker answers from publishers than I can get myself. She can intercede on my behalf and get me more money in advances than I could get. She knows the ins and outs of marketing foreign rights and she has made me some good money there that I probably would never have made. For that she takes ten percent. She's well worth it.

She tells me when she thinks I've put together a bad one and she congratulates me when I've put together a good one. She's a first class sounding board and you can read real happiness in her letters when she's sold one for you.

But agents are only people with special knowledge. They know markets, know that those markets have to have enough to fill their magazines, make up their book lists.

So a good story will sell, correspondent. And that's whether you've got an agent or not.

NOTES ON EXAMINING YOUR OWN DUST JACKET: Mine came in the mail the other day, my first on a hard cover novel. With it came the notice that the book would be published in March.

The front and the spine are yellow, bordered in white. On the front the title DELIVER US TO EVIL is bold at the top and then repeats down the page proceeding right until it fades away. At the bottom it shows that it's a Crime Club (Doubleday) selection.

Inside there's even a picture. It's one that I used on the last campaign posters.

That should help. Those posters are still prized by local farmers for their ability to keep mice out of barns when posted at strategic places.

With that going for it it might make a best seller.

PLACES TO GET THEM CRAZY BUCK ROGERS BOOKS

Fantast(Medway)Ltd, 75 Norfolk St., Wisbech, Cambs. Great Britain (British stf)

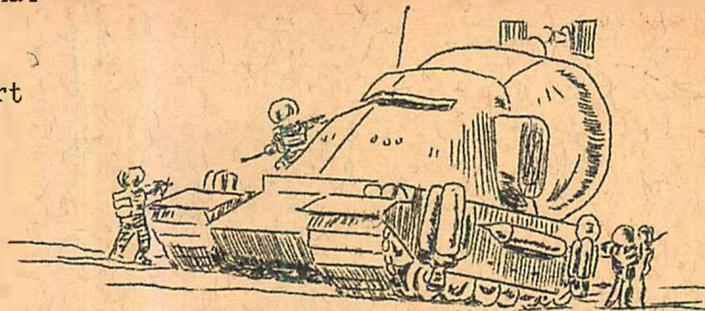
Tartan Book Sales, P.O. Box 914, Williamsport, PA 17701 (ex-library hardcovers)

Donald M. Grant, Bookseller, West Kingston, Rhode Island 02892 (originals and some secondhand. I have never dealt here. Prices on secondhand stuff seem high, but the stuff is quite genuinely old.)

Publisher's Central Bureau, 33-20 Hunters Point Ave, Long Island City, NY 11101 (remaindered items plus much stuff specially published for the discount trade. Usually good service - but not always, I hear)

F&SF Book Company, P.O. Box 415, Staten Island, NY 10302 (US and some British stf; excellent service. Prices on British stf are higher than Fantast - even when adding in postage from the latter - but service is much faster. However, this is mostly for US items; any book and most magazines.)

Niels Augustin, Postbox 9080, Amsterdam-1018, Netherlands, is selling all sorts of European trinkets; old playing cards, prints, etchings, coins, picture postcards, books, comics, etc. Also offering a free sample of a new magazine, LOVE.



THAT CRAZY BUCK ROGERS

ARTICLE BY

DENNIS LIEN

STUFF

Donald H. Tuck, in his Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy, devotes exactly eleven words to the first and last (December, 1936) issue of Flash Gordon Strange Adventure Magazine: "Very juv but 1st Sf magazine to have coloured interior ill." That's perhaps the kindest thing one can say.

I recently obtained a copy. I will defend that action; after all, I got it cheaply and resold it at a profit... But before reselling it, I performed another action that I cannot defend. I read it. And, ~~with~~ generous soul that I am, decided to tell the world about it. ("I keep getting these attacks of nausea, Doctor..."). Buckle on your sense of wonder, folks, and suffer with me.

The magazine, from the outside, looks exactly like a large comic book. Several things contribute to this impression: the large, 96-page format, the ten cent price, the blurb "illustrations in full color," the garish title and bright, shiny cover.

The cover depicts Flash, Dale, and Dr. Zarkov standing on a hillock upon an alien planet. You can tell it's an alien planet by the palm trees on the right and the view of Moscow in the background on the left (well, anyway, all the buildings look like the Kremlin, only they're yellowish-tan, like the rocks on the hill). Flash is in the center, dressed in a yellow playsuit with orange belt and booties. Flash looks for all the world as though he's just come down with a bad case of gas, but I suppose he's really just been hit by a stungun or something similarly futuristic. He is half collapsed to the left, into the arms of Dale, who is wearing a red, turtle-necked, long-sleeved, ground-length Mother Hubbard (a refreshing change from contemporary sf cover-girls in metallic bikinis -- I guess). Zarkov, on the right, is wearing a green sweat-shirt and red swimming trunks. He is glowering about menacingly, and is holding a ray gun -- pointing straight up. (Presumably he hopes to fend off an air attack.)

One wonders about the cover -- I mean, how many kids are going to buy a magazine the cover of which depicts the hero being kept from falling down by his girlfriend? Especially with no BEMs on the cover. And how many hardened fans would stand for a cover on which the only girl present is full dressed -- even if the magazine does have trimmed edges?

The Table of Contents lists "a 60,000 word Complete Novel -- Illustrated in four colors by Fred Meagher" (who also did the cover). This epic is entitled "The Master of Mars, by James Edison Northfield," and it takes up about two-thirds of the magazine. The rest is filled up by two short stories, one short-short, advertisements, two short fillers, and a letter column (no mean trick for a first issue). The contents page also gives brief blurbs for each story, supplies the usual information on subscriptions and manuscripts ("published monthly..."), and promises for next month: "Another thrilling, tremendous, trying /sic!/ FLASH GORDON adventure brilliantly written -- and illustrated with four-color pictures! THE SUN MEN OF SATURN -- a book length novel of another age and world. You can't miss it!"

The two fillers are titled "It Could Have Happened - In Our World" (the ants taking over) and "What's Going On In the Universe" (a modestly-titled write-up on the discovery of two new comets). The letter column will be saved for later, which now leaves

us with the (ugh) fiction.

"The Master of Mars" opens with a description of Ye Blackguard:

"Tall and lean was Pwami, Master of Mars. Tall and lean and austere. And in the royal blue Commander's uniform of the Martian Defenders he seemed taller, leaner -- and even more austere."

(Paid by the word is James Edison Northfield. Paid by the word for each word and for every word.)

Pwami is something unusual among villains, having been gleefully accepted as Dictator by the Martian populace some time before. Just how long ago is open to dispute -- "It had been a year, almost to the day..." - page seven; "For two years, Pwami, you have oppressed the people of Mars" - page eleven. I suppose Pwami might have put in a year of practice oppression before becoming Dictator, but it seems more likely that the author collapsed under the strain of trying to remember what he had said four pages previously.

The Martian electorate thought Pwami would be an improvement upon their previous Dictator, but they were wrong. He quickly rammed Evil Ungodly Innovations down their throats -- such as the abolition of national boundaries. "He even went so far as to abolish the old calendar..." Obviously a Communist plot, and I'll bet he switched over to the atheistic metric system and fluoridated the canals, too. (As we shall see, Pwami didn't go far enough. He should have abolished the Martian wristwatch as well.)

Dr. Zarkov, Flash Gordon's old sidekick and drinking buddy, has invented a super disintegrator so potent that its possession will turn the tide forever either for Pwami or the Good Guys. At least he says he's invented such a thing -- though he has not yet built it, and the formula exists only in his head. (Of course, Zarkov wouldn't lie, or he'd never be able to look Flash in the face again. So Pwami is probably justified in being worried.) A few beatings and a session in prison have not forced the secret from him, so he's currently out of jail but Being Spied Upon Day and Night. As soon as the Dictator, lurking in his private castle, explains all this to his toadies, a guard buzzes to inform him that three people are riding up to the Castle (on Central Martian horses, in case you wondered): Flash, Dale, and Zarkov. Pwami might well wonder what he's paying spies for, as this is the first he's heard of it. While they approach, Pwami learns from a toady why Flash is not in jail where he belongs: he was, but Zarkov refused to be released without him. Pwami accepts that as a legitimate answer, but I don't.

The Three Musketeers arrive, after exchanging a few noble sentiments with each other, and they are shown into Pwami's throne room. Pwami shows that he's evil by leering at Dale ("something that was unclean, that crawled"), just in case we had any doubts. (Any eleven-year old Flash Gordon fan knows what Pwami has in mind -- huggin' and kissin'.) Zarkov explains his invention, and holds up a bomb-bottle that he must have built when the spies were napping. He suggests a deal, to be "outlined by a man much more capable than I -- Flash Gordon. It is to his brain that the plan for the restoration of Mars must be credited." PoorMars...

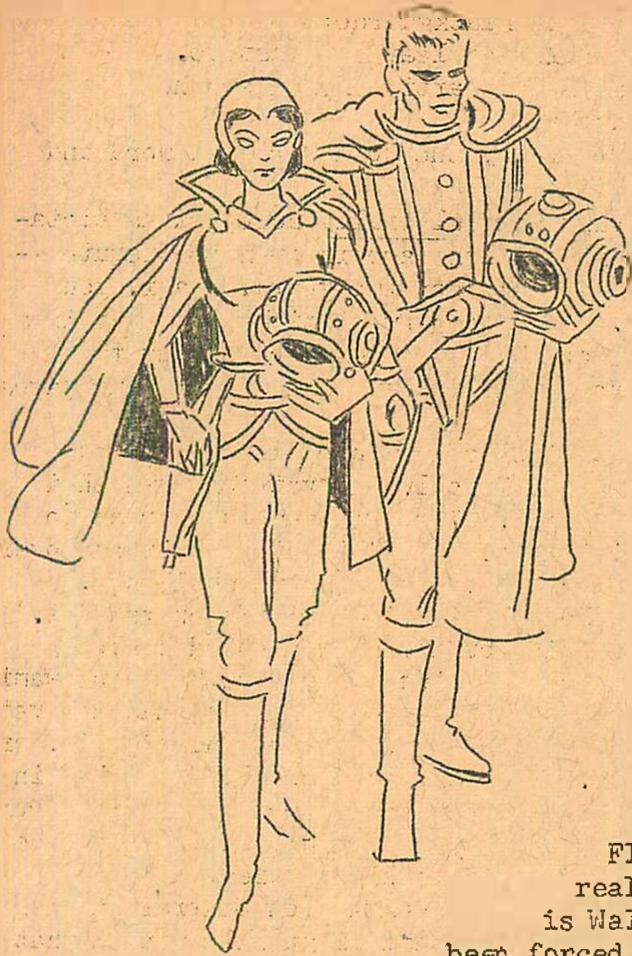
Flash suggests that Pwami abdicate, create a Martian Democracy, and run for President. The people would be so happy that they'd be sure to elect him in sheer gratitude. (Imagine Parnell trying to convince Queen Victoria to free Ireland with this argument.) Pwami pretty obviously treats this suggestion with the contempt that it deserves, but keeps his own council, saying only that he would rather have Flash as a friend than as a "protagonist." (He probably meant antagonist, but it doesn't matter -- no one notices.)

Pwami leads the Three to an elevator, then says that he's forgotten something and they should go ahead to his laboratory without him. Our Heroes (and Heroine) decide it might be a trap, but "we'll get nowhere standing here. Is this the button?"

It is and it is.

When the "electric petrifier" wears off, Flash is thrown into a Pythocra pit to make Zarkov talk. Pwami apologizes to Dale ("lovely one") but adds that "it is the blond idiot's fault", which is perfectly true and perfectly phrased.

The Pythocra is not a tooth disease, but a thirty-foot boa constrictor with poisonous breath. This scene is illustrated, in which the Pythocra is an orangeish-tan



dragon (wingless) who, instead of breathing poison, seems to be drooling blood. Flash is unhurt except for one tiny red scratch, probably caused by the engraver: Caption: "Like a gigantic spring suddenly released, the deadly Pythocra flung itself across the lead room, its thick slimy body ready to wrap itself around Flash's helpless form." Flash breaks its neck with his chains. Pwami thinks for a moment, then starts flooding the pit with acid. (See, that's why the pit is lined with lead. However, Flash isn't.)

Flash gets to the highest part of the pit, Pwami takes Dale and Zarkov away, and the guards remove Flash to provide sport for another day. (I say that's cheating, and I say -- well, you know.) The guard calls Flash "blond fool!" I preferred "blond idiot," myself.

Flash is chained and manacled to the wall of a stone cell. His manacles have a thousand volts going through them, and if he touches the steel door, he'll ground himself and fry instantly. This is a very neat trap -- so neat that Northfield apparently couldn't get Flash out of it except via the old guard-who's-really-a-good-guy-boring-from-within bit. His name is Walter -- really -- and his sister, Elaine, has been forced to join Pwami's harem. (Draw your own conclusions.) It is here we learn of Martian timekeeping, of which I

quote at length:

"What time is it? ...

"Six twenty-three past Zenith' ...

"...on Mars, where the day was slightly over twenty-four and a half hours long, the clocks were run exactly to the sun. So when the sun had reached its peak during the day it was known as Zenith time -- the equivalent of Earth's noon. Thereafter, until what would be equivalent of an Earthian midnight, the time progressed by hours and minutes.

But once the clocks reached the twelve hour period -- known on Mars as Phobos, because of the rise of that moon -- the hands came to a halt. And for exactly thirty-seven minutes, twenty-two and sixty-seven hundredths seconds they remained motionless. Then, starting once again on their trip down the other side of the clock's face. /Sic./ And then the definition changed from "past Zenith" to "toward Zenith."

So, while six twenty-three toward Zenith would mean that it still lacked six hours and twenty-three minutes of high noon, or thirty-seven past five in the morning on an earth clock; six twenty-three past Zenith meant exactly what it inferred -- twenty-three minutes past six in the afternoon."

I don't feel quite up to commenting on that one, except for an "I'm sorry I asked." Anyway, Walter helps Flash lure the Evil Guard, Hanko, near -- then, "with the speed of light itself, Flash struck." Pretty fast, all right. Flash dresses himself in Hanko's uniform, and starts out. A fellow prisoner, seeing all, calls to him in a "voice fraught with terror. 'Please,' it said, 'Release me too.'"

Flash shakes his head, slowly. "Not now, my friend. It is not time. But soon. Soon you will all be free. Have courage." Which is easy for him to say.

Not until he has left the dungeons does Flash realize that he literally doesn't know

where he is going, since he doesn't know where Dale is. Walter knew, but "in the excitement of the moment Flash had failed to ask, But Flash was not used to regretting anything he had ever done, or failed to do; for he realized that under like circumstances, he would be motivated by the same emotions." In other words, he's too dumb to learn, and he's used to making silly-ass mistakes. Perfectly true of many heroes, but unusual for one of them to realize it himself.

Flash does know that Dale's prison is in "the sky galleries", so he eventually decides to go upward. (A brilliant deduction for a man in a dungeon area.) A guard refuses him admission to the top floor - Pwami has standing orders to that effect. "You are undoubtedly just newly acquainted, sir, or you would know that." (I guess he meant "arrived".) Flash bribes the guard with the measly \$200, and finds Dale in the room of Elaine, Walter's sister. Dale tells him, while being crushed to his blond chest, that Zarkov has given Pwami the formula in order to save Flash. Some sidekick.

Pwami enters, wearing a heat-gun-proof vest, which gives him an advantage until Dale helps Flash beat him up ("she...hurled her lithe, alluring body through the air." Yes.) Another clinch.

Flash tells Elaine to stay - "You're safer here than on the outside." Then they find Zarkov and look for an airship to steal. Flash blunders into another trap, but his friends save him. Then they encounter a guard with leveled gun - and Zarkov jumps him while Flash knocks Dale out of the way. (Happiness is bumping into Dale Arden - very slowly.) Granted that Flash is still weak from the last trap (gas), it still seems strange...especially since Zarkov, as hero's best friend, must have spent a lifetime of knocking heroines out of the way of danger while Flash jumps villains. I'm surprised they didn't get their signals crossed and both leap at Dale from opposite directions, thereby knocking out Dale and leaving the guard free to kill them all. Perhaps the publishers were playing up Zarkov's heroism in hopes of a spin-off. -- Dr. Zarkov's Strange Adventure Magazine.

Be that as it may...

Flash is helped to the airship by Dale. Before taking off, he takes time to rip away the evil uniform he's been wearing -- flexes his muscles (those other than the ones in his head) and climbs in. Naturally this delays them just long enough for the bad guys to shoot them down into a nearby canal. Nobody else blames Flash, but I do.

The plane has a wing shot off...though if it will fly with wings in the Martian atmosphere, it should fly without them. Magic is magic. Anyway, Zarkov gets lost and is presumed drowned (HA!), while Flash and Dale are attacked by cannibalistic Shark Men of Mars.

Illustration: An underwater scene. Flash, wearing a red t-shirt with a white birdie on it, is battling one Shark Man, as two more and some miscellan-



eous fish approach. A Shark Man looks just like a light tan shark with arms, legs, and a red athletic supporter. Caption: "The silvery, slimy body of the Shark Man flashed in the darkness of the swirling waters, rushed toward Flash. Reaching out, Flash caught his arm about the fish man's neck." Notice how many of Flash Gordon's opponents tend to have slimy bodies?

-Flash kills one Shark Man, who becomes "a limp, flaccid, mass of blubber" - obviously he had some Whale Man of Mars blood in him - but they are captured anyway, and taken to their hidden city. (The Shark Men, who apparently live only in this one canal, do not breathe water - they're just good at holding their breaths. Their bodies are formed for "aquatic travel", though there is no mention of where they get the horses.)

Chained to a wall, Flash and Dale are fed and so well rested that Flash is strengthened enough to eventually beat up their guards. "How long they were chained there, Flash never knew...And so four days passed." They escape to the surface, but are grabbed by Pwami's guards. Flash is knocked out, and awakens...

Awakens in the space ship of Princess Illana, daughter of Grotta, King of Jupiter, who has secretly loved Flash from afar for the last year. She is bored with "Jovian men...Martians, Neptunians, Saturnians..." and thus bargained with Pwami for Flash Gordon. (Why Pwami, who now has an unbeatable weapon, needs to bargain with anyone is not explained.) Flash learns that Dale is once again Pwami's property, and explodes: "Now order this ship around before I forget my ethics!" The question is moot, since the ship is just then caught in the pull of a "magnetic mountain on one of the Planetoids," and crashes.

Flash soon learns that the planetoid is Tyron, for he and Illana are captured by "the dreaded Gorillamen of Tyron," and tied to stakes.

Illustration's caption: "Both Illana and Flash had been tied to the bole of large trees by the Man Gorillas. As the purple shades of night fell over the small planetoid, Flash watched the black shapes."

Illustration: Illana and Flash tied to the boles (plural) of very small trees and watching the brown shapes.

And now, back to our story...

Flash mourns Dale and Zarkov, then decides that's defeatist. He notices, "the lack of resistance that was flowing through his veins." (Instead of blood, like the rest of us.) He realizes that "he still lived," no mean feat for a mental giant like Flash.

Illana sees the Error of Her Ways, and apologizes. Flash says it's O.K., and Illana mentions that Zarkov is still alive and on the prison planetoid, Ceres. Flash saws through his bonds with the rough bark, frees Illana, kills a Gorillaman with her help, and they reach the ship. He repairs a radio, takes it to the other side of the planetoid to escape the magnetic interference of the mountain /!/ and calls for help. "Would the reversed condensers have the power to hurl his importunate words through the ether to Olympian ears of some Neith of space?" (A damn good question.)

A Martian ship, en route to Ceres, picks them up, Flash posing as Illana's pilot. Apparently the magnetic mountain can only pluck ships from space on one side of its twenty-mile diameter.

"The prison asteroid, Ceres, is perhaps the largest of that small belt of planetoids." (Emphasis mine.) Apparently no one ever bothered to make sure.

Illana tries to call Jupiter to get home, but is delayed by "disturbing elements creating a vacuum just under the stratospheric band." Meanwhile, Flash finds and frees Zarkov, who is near death and needs a dose of "Trapholyn, a powerful stimulant." Flash breaks into the infirmary, but he is discovered by Hoxor, the warden. He tries to bluff; that failing, knocks out Hoxor and frees Walter (remember Walter?), who just happens to have been sent to Ceres. Flash also frees Caldor, a rebel leader. A third prisoner is found dead...three pages earlier, while releasing Zarkov, Flash had decided to "free him later," making the third time in thirty pages that Flash had done so (selfish sort of hero...), though the first corpse resulting therefrom.

Walter has disturbing news, re Dale: "Pwami is arranging for a wedding ceremony that will take place as soon as he conquers Earth."

Wedding ceremony? Such a middle-class villain, always worrying about what the other Dictators might say!

Flash, Zarkov, Walter, and Caldor escape, taking with them Hoxor (as a hostage) and a mad prisoner (as a mascot, perhaps?). They zoom out to cut off Pwami before he gets to earth. Zarkov asks how they can hope to do so, and Flash tells him that "like all scientists your astronomy is creaky." (Including astronomers, I suppose.) Mars is in a bad position with earth at the moment, and Ceres in a good one, so that's all right.

And catch up they do. Now for a ruse. Flash, pretending to be Illana, calls for help as a derelict. It has taken Flash four days to think up this plan, we are told. I, for one, believe it.

Pwami, on his way to conquer first earth and then the universe, naturally stops to pick up a princess who was last seen heading toward Jupiter with Flash Gordon and is now drifting near earth and claiming her video screen isn't working. Well, Pwami isn't quite that stupid, yet. He does slap a paralyzer ray across the door of his own ship, to play safe.

Flash, Zarkov, and Caldor, who are that stupid, all step into it at once. Flash "rages inwardly," which is about all he can do at the moment. Hoxor, Walter, and the madman, who has done exactly nothing to justify his creation (ditto Caldor) are brought into the flagship and shackled with them. (Hoxor, too?) And the last idiocies are coming up.

The earth fleet arrives, and Pwami's triggermen, working the atom gun (Zarkov's invention) start disintegrating them, one by one. Pwami sneers at Flash and asks him if he'd like to try. Flash Pretends To Turn Bad, and says he would.

And Pwami lets him.

Of course, Flash misses deliberately and lies about hitting the ships and turning one into "a puff of whitish smoke." (If it disintegrates totally, where did the smoke come from?) Flash, still playing with the gun, seems to be having great fun, so much so that Pwami offers him a partnership. Flash has fooled Zarkov, and when the Good Doctor (apologies to Asimov) explodes at him - "I've always felt you might do that!" - Flash slaps him down.

Flash, proposing a toast, pulls a small bottle out of his pocket, (apparently no one searched him) and drinks from it. Flash pours out wine for Pwami's men - Pwami himself does not drink, unlike Flash, it seems - and leads them in a toast.

Ha ha! The wine is drugged - with a drug Flash just happened to pick up by accident in the infirmary back on Ceres - and Flash didn't really swallow much himself. All of Pwami's men drop, and Flash jumps Pwami, knocks him out, and unlocks the others' chains before collapsing.

A week later, Pwami and Company are on trial and facing certain death, Walter and Elaine are back on Mars, the madman is being treated, and Flash, Dale, and Zarkov are at the White House, talking to the President, who is horrified at Dale's near escape: "You might have been...the wedded mate of that swine." The atom gun is to be destroyed -- su-u-u-ure it is -- and Zarkov asks Flash why he had brought along the drugged wine.

Flash answers that he "thought it might be a good idea to be prepared for any eventuality." Batman would agree with him there - just last year, he scooped up a plate of message-bearing alphabet soup with the Bat-Alphabet-Soup-Container on his utility belt. ("The proper tool for every task, Robin.")

Zarkov admits that Flash had him fooled, and Flash complains that Zarkov's beard scraped his hand when he slapped his face (get your eyeball off my thumb...)

Mars offers Flash the Presidency. Flash asks Dale if he would make a good president. She says "No!" -- exclamation point and all -- the first sensible thing anyone has said since Pwami called Flash a blond idiot, way back on page sixteen.

Dale asks that Flash stay put for a while, and Flash promises to do so for "a long, long while." Zarkov looks up: "'A long, long while,' he echoed. 'At least a week.'"

Finis. But I'm still wondering about the magnetic mountain of Tyron, and why they brought the madman along at all, and how Zarkov knew he was supposed to jump the guard, and why Pwami wanted to marry Dale, and why Dale is called "Jane" in the caption of one of the pictures, and why the final picture speaks of Flash's bronzed body when it shows him with skin pinker than Dale's...

And what of the Olympian ears of some Neith of Space?

"The Saga of the 'Smokepot'", by R.R. Winterbotham.
A Letterhack in Planet once said that "R.R. Winterbotham has never written a good story, and he will die without ever having written a good story." Case in point.



Two years ago, the rocketship "Smokepot" was headed from Earth to Venus. A "navigator's calculation" - no computer, it would seem - put the ship a bit off course, and in trying to correct it, "a steering jet fused, leaving the craft powerless to turn." (That'll teach the company to farm out spaceship parts contracts to low bidders...) The "Smokepot" doesn't seem to have a radio with which to call for help. Probably it fused too. and no one seems to have missed them or noticed them. Following their parabola at the time, the ship spun around Venus and headed Out. "At length it crossed Pluto's lonely orbit and entered the Stygian darkness of outer space." (Apparently it had been bright as day up to that point, and all inner space.)

"In vain did Olney try to check the speed." That have a large but limited supply of food and water (every ship on the routine Earth-Venus run carries enough food for a few extra years, Just in Case?), and all the fuel they need, as they "have only to draw from the trail of meteors, which swarmed after the smoking rocket, to stoke the engines." (What mental images of Casey Jones that provokes.) "The meteors, attracted by the gravitational field of the ship, were largely metal and suitable for atomic reduction."

As if Captain Olney didn't have troubles enough already, his relief pilot, Turner, is mad. We all know he's mad because he is described "with whites showing in his eyes." (Any white ever show in your eyes?) And as "rolling his eyes." He also says 'Twill and 'Tis and spends his spare time building a rain machine to revolutionize agriculture.

The crew has only one duty, since the ship cannot be steered. They watch for an uncharted planet or "a large meteor." (One would think a few of them would also watch Turner, who's allowed to wander about loose, whites showing and all.) There they can land and repair the fused steering jet. (No, they can't turn everything off and do it in flight. I don't know why. Don't bother me.) Suddenly...

"A few stars ahead faded and vanished. The captain gasped. His lips moved and then his voice gave an exaltant hoot.

'Planet, ho!'..the 'Smokepot' had found an olive branch in the flood waters of space."

Just what does an "exaltant hoot" sound like? And when will Moby Dick enter, or Jahweh? One tiny planet covers up "a few stars," when our own moon blocks out none?

"A planet of night, probably colder than Pluto," they speculated huskily. "Get that probably. Two years out and Pluto long past and this new planet is only probably colder."

And guess what? It isn't, at that. It has an atmosphere. They land and Captain ~~Olney~~ Olney issues a few captain-like orders, such as no one is to go outside until the atmosphere has been tested. He also assigns Turner, of all people, to use the telescope, with these tactful suggestions: "Watch for anything that moves, you idiot. Find out, if you are able, if this planet is inhabited." See why all the men love their Captain?

The planet, of course, checks out beautifully. Its heat comes from an electrical current in the soil - not enough to be dangerous, just enough to warm the entire trans-Plutonian planet to a comfortable sixty degrees Fahrenheit.

Olney and a certain Plenck go out to check on a "huge jellyfish" reported by Turner (gee, just like Kirk, Spock, and McCoy making all the landing parties). Turner is left alone in the ship, as the rest of the crew is making repairs. (No - he behaves himself. Red herring.) The beastie is a great mass of glop consisting of small interconnected spheres - like ping pong balls tied together. Olney pulls a piece off (!) and ignores

the rest of it long enough for the vicious BEM to make an utterly unprovoked attack upon him. They make it back to the ship and find that the thing (a) secretes acid and hence dissolves anything, and (b) is neither animal nor vegetable (yes, it's bigger than a breadbox), but resembles Venutian Starnut plant.

The steering jet, taken inside, is repaired, but no one can go outside to put it back in place. The ship has been quickly covered with Starnuts (they're not potent enough to dissolve metal, it says here). Each chunk of Starnut is electrically charged, just like the ground, we learn.

Finally, Olney decides the things probably can't eat through rubber, either; so, donning a rubber spacesuit, he cuts his way through the mass with a flame pistol and repairs the tube. At this point, the beasties manage to eat through the rubber - it didn't stop them, just slowed them down. Olney looks like a goner, until...

A thunderstorm comes up and the Starnuts run for cover and Olney goes back in and the ship takes off for home.

A thunderstorm? Well, the Starnuts live on electricity. "The creatures retreated to shelter to avoid what might be compared to a sunstroke on earth."

A thunderstorm? Turner's rain-making machine, you ninny! ("What an invention he has, Sir!") It Really Works, you see, and when Olney got into trouble, Turner got it out, set it up, got it going, and caused the storm. All in about thirty seconds, I estimate.

Turner now looks "sane and sheepish." The storm "seemed to clear my mind a little, too, captain."

Olney asks him to go mad again, as he's more valuable that way. The End.

- A Thunderstorm?

"The Last War," by R.R. Botham. Only a nasty suspicious person would give credence to the gross canard that this might be a penname of R.R. Winterbotham, who wrote the preceding story.

Rai Ymra and Rula (male and female, respectively) are among fifty survivors in North America, holed up in a "spark coil, as the small electrified fortress was called in army slang." A robot plane is spotted and brought down, but not before it pinpoints the fortress. Almost at once, converging heat rays begin to melt the ground in a path to the fortress. Ymra orders his men into the "heat-resisting turrets," which don't resist very well. "Men suffocated long before their bodies were turned to steam in the heat." Suddenly the rays stop, and only Tula and Ymra remain alive, "standing at their posts." (In the open?) Leaping the melted muck, they start off to the east, from whence the rays came. They find the heat machine, desolate - "It was robot operated and the machine's own heat melted its operating mechanism." So they continue eastward and a robot plane falls in front of them. Ymra runs forward, hoping "to find an enemy to throw himself against - the last of the North American Federation would die on his feet, fighting to his dying breath." Reading the plane's tape, they find that they are (surprise!) the Last People on Earth. Fadeout... "The Earth was at peace." All in two pages.

"The Man Without A Brain" (no snickering now, fellows) by R.C. Vane and F.K. Young reads like a reject from Terror Tales. Although longer than the other two shorts put together, it is less funny. But it has its moments.

Two psychiatrists, tramping the woods in search of a lunatic who escaped three weeks before, seek shelter with a stranger who claims to be a world-famous psychiatrist cum surgeon cum phrenologist, who is currently experimenting on a condemned criminal to see if a man



can live without a brain. (Thereby insuring a steady audience for Flash Gordon Strange Adventure Magazine...) I'm not sure whether or not the authors had tongue in cheek when they described the ultimate goal as being able "to scoop out a man's brains as a monkey might scoop out a coconut," or in their description of the flip-top ivory cover replacing the skull for convenience, or of the "quantity of sterile cotton" packed into the interior of the empty skull "to keep out the cold." At one point, the Mad Doctor explains why he has covered his guinea pig with blankets to raise body temperature from fifty to sixty-five Fahrenheit: "Whether the additional heat is beneficial, I cannot say; but I prefer it so."

The Mad Doctor, seeking more patients, politely offers his guests a chance to achieve medical immortality; they refuse and point out that his previous subject has in reality been dead for weeks, and that said subject is the missing lunatic. At this the doctor reveals himself as an escaped criminal lunatic himself, and quickly drops dead of a cerebral hemorrhage. End of story. End of story. It's probably the best story in the issue, at that, being merely very bad.

There remains "The Editorial Mail Bad." First issues of new magazines have featured letter columns before - Startling, for one - but a reader always tends to be suspicious, unless the letter had been originally sent to a companion magazine, or are restricted to "Congratulations on your announcement in Flabbergasting Futuristic Dilemmas that old Flabby will soon have a companion magazine, Cosmic Tripe. Please let it have trimmed edges and publish a new Heinlein novel in each issue."

The sole letter in FGSAM (what an abbreviation!) falls in the latter category, except that the letterwriter (a) does not tell how he knew of the new publication, (b) signs himself only as "Kansas City", and (c) is pretty obviously either the editor or his brother-in-law. I quote at length:

Dear Editor: Congratulations. I've just been told by a friend that you are to publish a Flash Gordon magazine. It is high time. Have you any conception, I wonder, of the thousands and thousands of people who enjoy "fantastic" stories of adventures in other worlds than our own? /Gee, three magazine plugs in one sentence./ And we don't think it is at all impossible that within a century or so it will be just as commonplace to take a rocket train to Mars as it is to hop an airplane in New York bound for San Francisco nowadays. A rocket ship capable of reaching the moon, for instance, is scientifically plausible. It would be geared to travel at thirty thousand miles per hour, and it would take approximately eight or nine days to make the trip. /Flies for one hour each day and rests for the other twenty-three, presumably. Rockets have a strong union./ I've heard tell of an engine being seriously discussed by those who know, that can kick itself along through space. If this ever comes about, what is to prevent us from junketing here and there through the ether? I grant that all this is far off; so was the electric light a hundred years ago; the automobile and the radio. /"What's a radio, Mommy?/ I, for one, am not inclined to shut my eyes or close my ears to any mechanical possibility now or in the future. Flash Gordon is the type of individual who is making us all infinity conscious. He broadens our visions and lifts us out of ourselves..."

And more in this vein. That's why so many people are walking around these days with narrow visions and in themselves. FGSAM folded.

It's a shame copies of Flash Gordon Strange Adventures Magazine are collectors' items. Intrinsicly, they're worth nothing...but as camp (if you'll pardon the expression), Flash and his friends are at least worth the price of admission to three or four grade B Steve Reeves flicks. Strictly for laughs...

Hmmm. I wonder what "The Sun Men of Saturn" was about?

NEW ADDRESSES

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THROUGH 8

THE WRINGER

column by ----- LIZ FISHMAN

I'm still trying to decide: is it easier to be behind the counter trying to ignore a customer, or in front trying to get the attention of a clerk who is obviously trying to ignore my existence? Am I better off coping with the nuts who surround my counter, or am I happiest confronting a panicky clerk who is certain I just escaped some maximum security cell? Or are the more meaningful moments of my life spent wandering around and taking whatever comes my way from the lunatic fringe? These questions I deeply pondered as I dragged my rotten little brother downtown for his annual shopping spree in the Tyke Shopp, which is just across the aisle from where the fifty-third Santa we'd seen that day was ho-hoing it from his pink throne in the pink room with the wall-to-wall pink-speckled mirror.

While Rotten was being relieved of the nine dollars he'd saved from his lunch allowance, I decided to peer in on the Kringle lad to see if he could possibly be the same college kid they had last year. I'm not sure why I wanted to know, but the Tyke Shopp was verboten to adults and the waiting area was full of sour-faced parents who obviously wished they were sprawled out with a can of beer while "Search for Tomorrow" reeled off another squashy script; it seemed best to find something better to do than waste my good humor and scintillating personality on such unappreciative zombies. Thus, I wended my way to the stairs and pushed a path down through the crowd surging up. Finally reaching bottom, I promptly turned and pushed my way to the top again to retrieve a button some woman had removed when she grabbed my coat to keep herself from falling. I spotted the button on the third stair from the top just as a package-laden woman hid it from view with her foot.

The crowd in front of her was thick and wide so it would be a few moments before she'd be able to ascend to the next step; I hastily made my way to her side. Politely, and good-humoredly, I informed her that she was standing on my button. Almost baring her teeth, she growled, "I'm what?"

"Standing on my button."

The woman squinted at me, her face taking on a crafty look. In a low, smirking voice she said, "You'd like that, wouldn't you? For me to bend down and get some stupid button that really isn't there? You'd really like that, wouldn't you?"

Calmly, and with no real surprise (I lost that reaction long, long ago), I replied, "Not necessarily. If you'll lift your foot a little I'll get it myself."

Pushing her scowling face in mine, she hissed, "It doesn't matter how you work it, you're not going to pull that on me. Not on me. I know your kind is around now and I'm not dropping my guard for one moment."

Still calm, I queried, "You want to explain that?"

Her voice rising with hate for my kind, she explained that. "You're not fooling me one bit with that button routine, you purse snatcher!"

At this point my good humor was rapidly vaporizing, and in its place was indignation and an unreasonably strong desire to collect my button; I became relentless in the pursuit of my desire. "Look, you dingy dame," I said (indignation and politeness just don't mix, that's all), "you're going to return my button. And if you don't -- well, do you know, can you guess, imagine, conjecture, or visualize my next course of action? Can you? (Since I had no idea what I'd do if she didn't cooperate I thought



she might be of some help.)

Struck speechless for the moment, the woman glared at me while I studied the flecks of blue eye-shadow that clung to her overly-long false eyelashes, which gave her round and popping eyes a decided cow-like appearance. Before she could uncurl her lips and retort, a male voice boomed over my head. "Let the kid get her button, Felicia!"

Felicia lifted her bovine eyes to glare at the owner of the voice and snapped, "Don't be dense, Hal. She's apparently part of a gang that roams around snatching purses and wallets. And she's not very clever because she doesn't fool me."

It was then that the mass of bodies clogging the stairway began to move forward and I had no choice but to move with it, knowing full well that my button was now probably beyond retrieving. But I still had my indignation, my injured pride, as well as a strong desire to wound. Borne along, I soon found myself once again in the waiting area of the Tyke Shopp., and there, to my frustration, I saw Felicia had pulled ahead of me and was rapidly disappearing. Now some people can live with their frustrated desires, but not me; at the top of my lungs I yelled, "I am, too, clever, Felicia! I wasn't after your purse; I was wanted your shoe!"

From where I was standing I could see that Rotten was still in the midst of his shopping so I decided to renew my efforts to see who was occupying the pink throne, and as I turned toward the stairs a plump old woman handed my button to me. She said she found it at the bottom of the stairs and though it was mashed beyond further use she returned it because she liked doing nice things for people. I thanked her, dropped the button in my pocket, and went on to resume my mission.

There was a long line outside the throne, but it seemed to be moving pretty fast, so I joined it. Ahead, one of Santa's many, many helpers was handing out balloons and when I reached her she smiled, and I smiled, and her eyes darted around to find the kid(s) I had in tow; she stopped smiling. "Uh, don't you have a child with you?"

"No."

"But surely you don't want to...?"

"Yes."

"But...but...I mean..."

"And I want a balloon."

"Surely, you don't want..."

"A yellow one." And I took it from her. Gently. Her speech was degenerating into spasmodic gibberish.

"But, children, only...chil...young children...little...the lollipops and balloons.."

"There's lollipops, too?"

With a quick, stiff-armed thrust the lollipop was handed to me -- orange, my favorite. Smiling graciously, I continued on my way, never looking back (I hate the sight of destruction, especially when it's my own handiwork). The mother and two children following me caught up and the children had a fistful of lollipops and balloons each; it was obvious Santa's helper had gone catatonic. The mother regarded me curiously, finally asking, "Are you really going in there alone?"

"That's right," I said happily, "why? Is it dangerous?"

"Well, no, but aren't you a little old for this kind of thing?"

I unwrapped my lollipop and stuck it in my mouth. "I own stock in Ponce de Leon, Incorporated."

The woman's little boy asked me what I planned to hit Santa for this year and I told him. "I think a year's supply of gravel would be nice, don't you?"

The kid grinned. "Yeah, neat. Where ya gonna put it?"

"Oh, under my bed."

"What're ya gonna do with it?"

"Well, when spring comes I'm going to build a giant birdbath and..."

"Yeah, neat!" he exclaimed. "And all the birds in the world can swim and take baths!"

"Right. Which means I'll have to buy a bar of soap 600 feet long."

"Yeah!"

"And in the winter the water will freeze and the birdbath will be an ice-skating rink."

"Birds don't ice-skate."

"No, but my dog does."

The conversation had been so absorbing I didn't notice until too late that I was next in line to see Santa. He looked at me, and I looked at him, with balloon in hand and lollipop in mouth. I hadn't planned it this way; all I wanted to do was to peek in and see if he was that college kid; he wasn't. He was a nice fat old man. The nice fat old man decided to play along. "Well, well," he crowed, "don't be shy, little girl. Just come here and sit on Santa's knee. Ho, ho."

What could I do? I sat.

"And what would you like for Christmas, little girl?"

"What do you have?"

The little boy who had been standing behind me asked, "Do ya have gravel?"

"Gravel?" (He forgot to ho-ho. I notice things like that.)

"That's right," I answered. "Gravel. I want a year's supply of gravel."

"Ho, ho. I'll bet you do."

"Ha, ha. I'll take that bet."

"Well, well. Have you been a good girl?"

"Only when I have nothing better to do."

"Ho, ho."

"Ha, ha."

"Here's a present from Santa. A nice red balloon."

"I want a candy cane."

"Here's a candy cane. Ho, ho, ho. Merry Christmas."

"Same to you." Such a nice fat old man.

Rotten was just exiting the Tyke Shopp when I returned, his bag full and bursting. He dropped it quickly in a larger shopping bag so I wouldn't see his purchases, then looked at me askance. "Where'd you get the balloon and the candy?"

"From Santa Claus."

"Aw, you did not."

"Did, too. While I was waiting for you."

"Really and truly? Did you sit in his lap?"

"Is there any other way? You want to see him?"

He replied witheringly, "Don't you know I'm too old for that?"

"Want a candy cane?"

"No."

"Want a balloon?"

"No."

I dug in my pocket. "Want a button?"

"I want a hamburger."

"You don't know what's good, you know that?"

He had two hamburgers, a milkshake, a candy cane and part of an orange lollipop.

I broke my balloon and lost my button.



1966 A.D. me

THE PASSION AND MARTYRDOM OF SAINT HARLAN ELLISON

REPORTED BY SANDRA MIESEL

It is extraordinarily difficult to distinguish fact from fancy in the myriad legends of St. Harlan Ellison. However we have firmly established that our subject flourished in the middle of the twentieth century, immediately before the Wars. We have likewise established his occupation as a writer of fiction, essays, and screenplays. There is evidence that he enjoyed a measure of artistic and financial success in these endeavors.

While his existence is certain and his sanctity so widely accepted as to be indisputable, we are currently at a loss to reconcile the conflicting legends of his martyrdom. This is the most formidable obstacle delaying historically rigorous hagiography of St. Harlan. The contradictory traditions may be summarized thus:

Version A: St. Harlan was torn asunder by a horde of lust-crazed females after denouncing the lascivious mannerisms of popular singer Tom Gonad during one of the latter's public performances.

Version B: St. Harlan was torn asunder by a horde of outraged science fiction fans* after zealously admonishing them to put the betterment of mankind ahead of their personal pleasures. (Subvariants place the fatal confrontation either at a formal banquet or during a speaking engagement.)

Version C: St. Harlan was torn asunder during a meeting of some professional writers' society after exhorting them to higher standards of art and social consciousness. (The title of the society is unknown.)

Version C is the least credible of the three since this account is found in only a single source, a privately published newsletter. As it is difficult to understand why St. Harlan's self-proclaimed admirers would turn on him so viciously, A appears more probable than B, although B is the version almost universally accepted by the public.

However, all three versions agree that he was dismembered by an enraged mob after delivering some unwelcome moral declaration. The condition of his extant relics confirms the mode of martyrdom. At present we are concentrating our efforts on determining the exact circumstances surrounding it. (A forthcoming monograph will analyze St. Harlan's legend for motifs derived from Dying Savior God myths of assorted cultures.)

At no little personal inconvenience we have managed to visit several sites closely identified with our subject. There is a small shrine amidst the rubble of what was once Painesville, Ohio and another in an especially desolate region of western Pennsylvania.

His principal shrine is the Church of St. Harlan-at-Sherman-Oaks. Locally this is referred to as "The Basilica" but no papal authorization was ever actually issued. The so-called Basilica is an imposing edifice completely enclosing the ruins of the saint's own home. Though much damaged by war and vandals, this has been preserved un-restored as a memorial. The nave of the Basilica is decorated with a series of striking murals depicting St. Harlan instructing, counseling, admonishing, entertaining,

* For unfamiliar terms, see glossary.

exhorting, praising, consoling, absolving, denouncing, etc. In the sanctuary stands the life-sized prototype of countless devotional statues. Striking the familiar gestulating pose, St. Harlan's image is attired in the colorful garb of his period: tie-dyed bells*, flowered body shirt*, and of course the characteristic shades*.

A considerable number of first and second class relics of the saint are on display in the Basilica. Chief of these is his savagely battered but miraculously incorrupt head preserved in a jeweled reliquary. There are also pieces of kleenex* which had been dipped in his blood after martyrdom. According to reliable witnesses his blood liquefies annually on the evening before the first Monday in September but we were not present on this occasion to verify it ourselves. The most curious item in the collection is a transparent case labeled "The Clothes He Wore While Working". Unaccountably, it is empty.

The curator of the library attached to the Basilica generously allowed us to examine rare books and magazines containing St. Harlan's writings. In some cases stories have been lost but their introductions have survived. An invaluable picture of the saint and his times can be reconstructed from these publications.

The feast of St. Harlan is enthusiastically celebrated by young people throughout the Disunited States. Although the rites are of questionable orthodoxy in a few areas, in the district surrounding the Basilica custom prescribes community pageants reenacting his martyrdom followed by unstructured street parades and general merrymaking.

St. Harlan is particularly efficacious in healing psychological inadequacies but his intercession is invoked against the whole range of human misery. His best-documented public miracles have been cures of aphasiacs.

St. Harlan's remarkably widespread popularity vindicates our modern policy of canonization by acclamation. His edifying legend should be publicized throughout the Universal Church.

-----excerpt from field investigators' report submitted to the Sacred Congregation of Rites on the Feast of All Saints, 2075.

GLOSSARY

- "science fiction fans": Esf readers of the twentieth century. Their symbol was a cap surmounted by a whirling fan blade.
- "tie-dyed bells": Irregularly colored informal trousers. The name is derived from their flared shape -- they did not ring.
- "body shirt": The adjective is redundant since shirts have always been worn on the body.
- "shades": Tinted glasses worn indoors as well as out; not to be confused with window shades.
- "kleenex": Apparently in the last century cloth was too precious to be used for wiping the nose or other bodily orifices so paper substitutes such as this were devised.

NOTICES: Balticon is Feb. 12, 13, and 14, at Lord Baltimore Hotel, located at Baltimore and Hanover streets. Registration \$2 in advance to Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore, MD 21212, or \$3.00 at door. (Information from Brian and Sherna Burley, 38 N. Main St., Hackettstown, NJ 07840.)

From a Jack Anderson column: An Indian named Howard Rock publishes a local newsletter or newspaper named Tundra Times, which is in trouble financially. Any support is welcome, send to Howard Rock, Box 1287, Fairbanks, Alaska 99701. Either the column did not specify the cost of a subscription, or I didn't clip that part, but anything from \$1 to \$5 should get you something in return (and if it doesn't, you've contributed to an independent press in this country). I'm going to send something, as soon as I've paid off my bill for mimeo paper.....

There is a new Harlan Ellison book coming from Walker, and to advertise it Walker has issued a three-page biography of Ellison, by Ellison. Of interest to Ellison fans, the certain items (like "Cheech Beldone") have been omitted.....

GOLDEN

by rsc

book reviews

MINUTES

A FOR ANYTHING, by Damon Knight (Walker, \$4.95) This was originally published by F&SF in 1957, reprinted by Zenith Books in 1959 and by Berkley at some later date. It has been extensively rewritten, at least since the Zenith edition (I don't have the Berkley one). It is still, however, that type of story beloved by John W. Campbell; one that pokes holes in a supposed truism. In this case, the idea that we could solve all human problems by making everyone free from want. Especially recommended to liberals. It's a good story, too. Recommended.

EARTHJACKET, by Jon Hartridge (Walker, \$4.95) This one takes as background the solving of population problems by putting the bulk of the world population on reduced food and even reduced oxygen. Which of course leaves them just able to lie around and - with the help of drugs - dream. Later on we find the gimmick; the world is so restricted because it's actually all in shelters which have been lived in for hundreds of years since the bombs...and any of you can probably take it from there. But it's entertainingly told, and if it isn't nearly as profound as it looks at the beginning, it is fairly enjoyable.

JOURNEY OF THE OCEANAUTS, by Louis Wolfe (Pyramid, 75¢) I think Pyramid's new covers are supposed to appeal to the psychedelic crowd, but this one looks more appropriate to a third-rate comic book. The story is a little better, but not all that much.

"But we will be the first to place a man on foot on the ocean floor because, I am happy to say, we now have that capability."

The words we now have that capability struck Doctor Sparke like a blow. What did Doctor Bernhardt mean?"

Naturally, with that kind of a brain running things, the project gets into trouble right away. Actually, the idea of the book isn't bad at all, but the writing is excoriable. (Tell me again, Ted White, about how publishers buy good writing rather than original ideas....)

WHIPPING STAR, by Frank Herbert (Berkley, 75¢) Basically, this is an international-spy mystery plot, but Herbert does fascinating things with the background. It's sort of like watching a fireworks exhibition; none of it really makes any sense, but it's beautiful. Lightweight, compared to Dune, but quite enjoyable, and with as much suspense as any book has for me any more.

ONE MILLION TOMORROWS, by Bob Shaw (Ace, 75¢) Geis ought to love this. It's not only masculine, it's based on the old husband's tale that sterility and impotence are the same thing, or at least connected. Of course, in the book it's a drug-induced sterility, so it could be assumed to cause impotence as well, but Shaw never offers any rationalization for the fact. It's also a story about remarkably unsympathetic people. The most entertaining part in it was the party scene where Shaw gets to use up a bagful of his old HYPHEN. interlineations. Shaw was a fabulous fan writer, and he has done one short story destined to become a classic and other good ones. But I have yet to read a novel by him that I liked, or thought was well done.

THE HAND OF KANE, by Robert E. Howard (Centaur Press, 75¢) This is the second of Centaur's books on Howard's "Solomon Kane" series, and contains the stories "The Hills of the Dead", "Hawk of Basti", "Wings in the Night", and "The Children of Asshur". Two of these were found among Howard's papers after he died, so are brand new to readers. Kane is a Puritan who wanders around Africa having adventures, occasionally being protected and rescued by a friendly witch doctor. However, since the stories have

loads of action, and improbabilities never daunt a Howard fan. I can wholeheartedly recommend this to anyone who liked Conan. They are passably well written - somewhat better than the average sword-and-sorcery novel is today.

THE TREASURE OF ATLANTIS, by J. Allan Dunn (Centaur, 75¢) This is a "lost city" story resurrected from ALL AROUND magazine (a two-page history of the magazine is included as an introduction). Here, a lost Atlantean city is located on a Brazilian plateau. The author has assumed that Atlantis was Crete (not too bad a guess for 1916), so the beautiful princess is undisputably white, an indispensable attribute of romances of the time. The story has the typical flaws of the type (the hero's buddy strangles a 30-foot anaconda with his bare hands; Africa and South America separated during the time of the Minoan civilization) and the plot is pretty well predictable. But, unlike a lot of modern stories, the thing is fun to read. Pure escapist adventure, of course, but I see nothing wrong with that. I liked it, flaws and all.

If the above Centaur books aren't on your local newsstand (which isn't likely), they can be obtained from Donald M. Grant, Publisher/Bookseller, West Kingston, RI 02892.

THE BROKEN SWORD, by Poul Anderson (Ballantine, 95¢) This has been touched up a bit from the original 1954 hardcover edition, but unless you're Sandra Miesel I doubt if the differences would be noticed. (In my case, it's been at least 10 years since I last read the original, and I have no intention of making a page-by-page comparison, which would be necessary.) In any case, it's an excellent and rather unpleasant novel, and far more realistic than the average heroic fantasy. It probably fulfills the term "adult fantasy" better than anything else Ballantine has published.

ROCKET SHIP GALILEO, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) In the cover blurbs, Ace carefully conceals the fact that this is the first of the first of the Heinlein juveniles, the crudest, and aimed at a lower age level than his later juveniles. It is, in fact, a science-fiction equivalent of the boys' books of 40 years ago; The Pony Rider Boys on the Moon, as it were. Oh, the writing is better than that of the early boys' books, but the plot definitely isn't. For the 9 to 12 level, this might still be an excellent book, though a bit dated. For the adult, it has only historical value.

THE ROLLING STONES, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) This is one of his later juveniles, and a fascinating book for anyone. Not aimed at adults; keep that in mind, or some of the plot simplicities will annoy you. But a book about a thoroughly interesting family, on a trip through the inner parts of the solar system. The background is fascinating; the family members are a little too cute to be true, but are still entertaining.

RED PLANET, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) This is another of the early ones, aimed at a younger audience. But I believe it's more acceptable to adults (it is to me, anyway) than Rocket Ship Galileo, and it contains some of Heinlein's early ideas on the Martian civilization; there are echoes of it in Stranger In A Strange Land. The theme is a Heinlein favorite; colonial independence, and fair treatment for "natives". (Not to mention a pro-youth bias - "The youngsters will do the fighting; it behooves you to treat them accordingly.")

THE STONE GOD AWAKENS, by Philip Jose Farmer (Ace, 75¢) Having disliked most of Farmer's recent books, I put off reading this. When I finally got into it, it was a pleasant surprise. The background is similar to Genus Homo by de Camp and Miller; a human is miraculously preserved and reawakens in a far distant era when various animal species have evolved to the human-barbarian level. The action is a Quest across the alien landscape, similar to Vance's Big Planet or Farmer's own Green Odyssey (but better done than either one). The giant Tree, large enough to have plants, smaller trees, and rivers on its branches, is never really made believable, but the rest of the story is good enough that you can forget about it, at least part of the time. Pure adventure, but quite well done and entertaining.

RINGWORLD, by Larry Niven (Ballantine, 95¢) This one will undoubtedly be a Hugo nominee. Basically, it's a lot like the Farmer; a quest across a strange world, except that the questors are of three different races and constantly plotting against one

another. Plus some advanced science and engineering that I'm not at all sure I believe, but which I didn't try to check out, and a query on the nature of Luck. It makes a big book, and quite an entertaining one.

THE SECOND IF READER OF SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Fred Pohl (Ace, 95¢) Ten stories, originally published from 1957 thru 1968. "In The Arena" by Brian Aldiss (a theoretically significant story about slavery, gladiators, and courage), "The Billiard Ball" by Isaac Asimov (amusing if contrived item based on the laws of physics), "The Time-Tombs" by J. G. Ballard (I no longer read Ballard, so I neither know nor care what it's about), "Die, Shadow!" by Algis Budrys (Gods and human desire; the symbolism overwhelms what little story in there, which I don't care for), "The Foundling Stars" by Hal Clement (a gimmick story, which depends on the "surprise" ending; not one of Clement's best), "Toys For Debbie" by Dave Kyle (a fantasy based on human destructiveness, but a bit too contrived for my taste), "Forest In The Sky" by Keith Laumer (a Retief story), "AT The Core" by Larry Niven (the story which is sort of a prefix to Ringworld), "Under Two Moons" by Pohl (a parody of the old space opera, in novelet form; amusing), and "Masque of the Red Shift" by Fred Saberhagen (one of his "berserker" stories, a fairly good one.) Overall, mediocre.

QUARK #1, ed. by Samuel R. Delany and Marilyn Hacker (Paperback Library, \$1.25) I thought when I bought this that anything labeling itself "a quarterly of speculative fiction" and listing all the contributors on the cover in small print wasn't likely to be worth the money, and oh boy was I ever right! I assume that this aspires to be the American NEW WORLDS. It is in more of a magazine format than other collections of original fiction, with illustrations, verse, an article and an editorial in addition to the fiction. I would not say all of this is uniformly bad; some of it is worse than others. The only really readable contribution is Ed Bryant's "Adrift On The Freeway", which isn't much of a story but is an interesting idea. The rest is garbage.

ORBIT 7, ed. by Damon Knight (Berkley, 75¢) More original fiction. "April Fool's Day Forever" by Kate Wilhelm (a long novel about creativity, the "collective unconscious" and so on, all sorts of symbolism and Significance), "Eyebem" by Gene Wolfe (the advantage of the primitive in survival), "Continued on Next Rock" by R. A. Lafferty (another of his highly entertaining fantasies about totally unbelievable people and events), "To Sport With Amaryllis" by Richard Hill (an ironic view of the hip world), "In The Queue" by Keith Laumer (I suspect this was written to prove that Laumer could write meaningless drivel just as well as any of the New Wave writers - he can, too), "The Living End" by Sonya Dorman (another solution to the population problem; quite humorous), "A Dream At Noonday" by Gardner Dozois (I don't read Gardner Dozois), "Woman Waiting" by Carol Emshwiller (a psychedelic look at a waiting room), "Old Foot Forgotten" by R. A. Lafferty (indescribable, but good), "Jim and Mary G" by James Sallis (I don't read Sallis, either), "The Pressure of Time", by Thomas M. Disch (the religious impulse) and "The Island of Dr. Death and Other Stories" by Gene Wolfe (a child's fantasy world mixing with the unpleasant adult world; good). Overall - an extremely wide variety of material in this issue, but probably worth getting.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF-17, ed. by John Carnell (Corgi, 25 new pence - 60¢ equiv.) By far the best of the various series of original short fiction. If you don't want to wait for the Bantam editions (I don't), get the British ones from Ken Slater. This includes "More Things In Heaven And Earth" by H. A. Hargreaves (a novelet of the group mind; excellent), "Aspect of Environment" by L. Davison (improbabilities do happen; slight), "Soul Survivors" by Lee Harding (mechanical ghosts; a fine story), "Death and the Sense-perience Poet" by Joseph Green (carnivorous plants and the moment of truth), "Two Rivers" by R. W. Mackelworth (an interesting story which falls apart completely at the end - I'm surprised at Carnell), "The Hero" by Ernest Hill (a short-short on man's fleeting glory), and "The True Worth of Ruth Villiers" by Michael G. Coney (extrapolation of a future when a man's bank account is literally considered a mark of his fitness to survive; very good). Overall, a quite good original anthology.

SCIENCE AGAINST MAN, ed. by Anthony Cheetham (Avon, 75¢) John Miesel objected to the title - it's not even entirely accurate to describe the contents. But it's a good collection of stories; don't let the title and the cover put you off. "The Lost Contin-

ent" by Norman Spinrad (America as the future Egypt; our ruined descendents catering to foreign - mainly African - tourists come to look at the wonders of the past), "In The Beginning" by Robert Silverberg (one of his "urbmon" stories, most of which have been in GALAXY), "The Hunter At His Ease" by Brian Aldiss (the underprivileged ground down by technological warfare - William Tenn made the point for all time in "Liberation of Earth" and Aldiss doesn't even come close), "Man's Estate" by Paul Ableman (the degeneration of over-protected humanity), "Harold Wilson At The Cosmic Cocktail Party" by Bob Shaw (despite the title, an amusing fantasy of disembodied brains in a tank trying to make sense out of their new existence), "Statistician's Day" by James Blish (population control and social structuring in one neat package), "The Invisible Idiot" by John Brunner (computers and dreams; interesting idea), "Small Mouth, Bad Taste" by Piers Anthony (an interesting theory of evolution, but not too convincing), "The Ever-Branching Tree" by Harry Harrison (evolution again, in a remarkably poor story), "Sea Wolves" by Mike Moorcock (Jerry Cornelius And His Electric Body - I'm afraid Moorcock is not my type of writer), and "The Pentultimate Trip" by Andrew Travers (remarkably dull dream sequence). Overall - not bad; about equal to the Orbit collection.

FUTURES TO INFINITY, ed. by Sam Moskowitz (Pyramid, 75¢) "The Probable Man" by Alfred Bester (one of his early stories; a fairly standard alternate universe type, reasonably well done), "Rim of the Deep" by Clifford Simak (cops and robbers in an undersea setting), "Heil!" by Robert Heinlein (a vignette which was originally published in a fanzine and reads like it), "The Incurable" by L. Sprague de Camp (one of his early "Johnny Black" series; amusing but slight), "Beauty and the Beast" by Henry Kuttner, (don't judge by outward appearances; this would be right at home in Serling's "Night Gallery"), "The Dangerous Dimension" by L. Ron Hubbard (the powers of philosophy), "The Green Forest" by A. E. van Vogt (one of his usual involved military things; about average), "The Secret Sense" by Isaac Asimov (the problem of different senses; melodramatic), "The Piper" by Ray Bradbury (the pied piper of Earth; poetic but not terribly good) and "The Way Back" by Moskowitz (a fairly typical example of the fiction of the late Thirties and early Forties - not the top flight material which has often been reprinted, but the standard article that kept the magazines going). Overall - not too hot, but with a few quite good items.

Following are a few short reviews of older books that I just acquired or just got around to reading, or both.

THE PEOPLE: NO DIFFERENT FLESH, by Zenna Henderson (Avon, 60¢) The second of her "People" books, containing 6 stories of the series. Highly recommended.

STRANGERS IN PARADISE, by Christopher Anvil (Tower, 75¢) The first couple - as I recall - of Anvil's "Interstellar Patrol" stories from ANALOG, made into a novel. Mildly entertaining (I enjoyed them in the magazine) but nothing extra.

THE CARNELIAN CUBE, by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt (Lancer, 60¢) One of the best of their stories; recommended. I didn't buy it originally because I have the hard cover version. A wacky, fascinating fantasy.

THE MONSTER MEN, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 60¢) Reprint of the Ace edition; a sticky romance complicated by experiments in areas Man Was Not Meant To Know.

GREAT SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, ed. by Larry Shaw (Lancer, 75¢) Four novelets; "The Starcombers" by Edmond Hamilton, "Hunt The Space-Witch!" by Bob Silverberg, "The Man From The Big Dark" by John Brunner, and "The World Otalmi Made" by Harry Harrison. All of them the sort of fabulous adventure that is fun to read now and then; none of them particularly high quality.

THE KING IN YELLOW AND OTHER HORROR STORIES, by Robert W. Chambers, ed. by E. F. Bleiler (Dover, \$2.75) The important thing to remember here is that this is not the original hardcover which Ace reprinted awhile back at a much lower price. The five stories about the King in Yellow - "The Yellow Sign", "The Repairer of Reputations", "The Demoiselle d'Ys", "The Mask", and "In The Court of the Dragon" - are here from the original volume, and (in case you didn't read the Ace book) constitute a classic fantasy series that every fan should read. However, the five non-fantasies from the

original book have been removed and replaced by 7 of Chambers' other fantasy stories - "The Maker of Moons", "A Pleasant Evening", "The Messenger", "The Key To Grief", "The Harbor-Master", "In Quest of the Dingie", and "Is the Ux Extinct?". As these were originally published between 1896 and 1904 and have not been extensively reprinted ("The Maker of Moons" came out in a Shroud edition in 1954, but that's probably as scarce as the originals by now) they will be new to you. And they are absolutely fabulous stories; not at all as creaky as you might imagine for their age. The book is recommended even if you have the Ace edition; it's a must if you haven't. As a bonus, there is an introduction by Bleiler which gives background information on Chambers and his writing.

DEMONS AND DINOSAURS, by L. Sprague de Camp (Arkham House, \$4.00) De Camp has finally produced a slim little volume of verse. (But definitely not the sort of verse one associates with "slim little volumes".) There are 42 poems here; 8 of them appeared in YANDRO originally so you have an idea of what they're like. Other appearances were in AMRA, F&SF, THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR, IF, THE HOWARD COLLECTOR, FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, STARTLING MYSTERY, ERB-DOM, SPECTRUM, FANTASTIC STORIES, and various books, so it's unlikely that you've seen all of them, and even if you have (I'd seen most of them) it's worth the money to have them all in one place. Probably everyone will have his own favorites; in an introduction Lin Carter says his are "Heldendämmerung" and "Envy" while mine would be "Warriors" and "Tikal" and Juanita says "The one I'm happiest to get is 'Nahr Al-Kalb'." (Well, she said "Dog River", but....) And yours? get a copy and find out.

LOST CONTINENTS, by L. Sprague de Camp (Dover, \$2.75) A non-fiction classic back in print. Having the original Gnome Press edition, I hadn't really noticed the book's absence, but it has been 16 years since the original publication. It is subtitled "The Atlantis Theme In History, Science, and Literature". Due to the age of the original, it did not cover the Thera theory (Thareory?), but this edition has been updated to cover Thera, Jane Gaskell's Atlantean novels, and the current status of the continental drift theory, which received fairly short shrift in the original. The book covers just about everything about "lost" peoples; Atlantis, Mu, the Welsh, Jewish and Heyerdahl's Polynesian Indians, diffusion vs. independent invention of character traits, and so on, and does it all with the best of de Camp's sardonic wit. (It contains one of my favorite de Camp lines; speaking of Mayan glyphs which some people have described as elephants, he points out that the beasts depicted have feathers, and "Feathered elephants, as you know, are extremely rare." ...to which I have to admit that someone - Don Thompson, I think - replied "Feathered serpents, of course, are common".) Still, it's a fine enjoyable, informative book and I recommend it highly.

THE BATTLE OF MAJUBA HILL, by Oliver Ransford (Publisher's Central, \$1.00) This is the climactic battle of the First Boer War, told if not with brilliance at least with competence. There might be a few remaindered copies left around for history fans; I found it quite intriguing.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES (Dover, \$1.00) This is a facsimile edition of the 1833 edition, along with an introduction to the book and a bibliographic note by E. F. Bleiler. It's mildly interesting; the few well-known rhymes are backed with a lot of others, including scraps of folksongs and a good many verses which would be considered much too gory to put in a child's book today.

VOICES FROM THE SKY, by Arthur C. Clarke (Pyramid, 75¢) A reprint of the earlier Pyramid edition. This contains essays by Clarke on spaceflight, communications satellites, and various unrelated sciences. Recommended; it's quite similar to the Asimov and Ley science books.

THINGS, by Ivan T. Sanderson (Pyramid, 75¢) If you must read books on the supernatural, this is a good one. Sanderson comes across as a slightly more credulous version of Willy Ley (where Ley said that something was possible but not likely, Sanderson merely points out that it's possible.) He's a fascinating writer, and makes interesting side trips. (Pointing out that "fossils" are not necessarily all that old: "I assisted in chipping a 'fossilized' car tire track out of a solid sheet of limestone on behalf of a police department in Mexico; and bloody hard work it was too...") He covers all sorts

of odd facts and events, being moderately careful to be sure that they are facts and not someone's imagination. (I'm suspicious of a few statements, but most of them seem to be factual.) It's somewhat more interesting than the average science-fiction novel.

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS? by Lore Cowan (Pocket Books, 75¢) A fascinating compendium of superstitions, both common and obscurely regional (mackerel should always be eaten from tail to head to assure continued catches) and simply obscure, period. (Razors should be left lying with the blade pointing north and south to prevent it from getting dull - I don't know how you'd work this with an electric razor, particularly one with a rotary head.) Here's one for fans; don't speak ill of the dead, for fear of raising their ghosts. (This is one that is now regarded as a common courtesy; its origin as a superstition is the interesting part. There are others like it.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT WITCHCRAFT, by Hans Holzer (Pocket Books, 95¢) This is somewhat of an explanation and history of witchcraft. Unfortunately, Holzer isn't a very entertaining writer, and all too much of the book is devoted to present-day witches, who are not all that interesting.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MENTAL TELEPATHY, by Beth Brown (Essandess, \$1.00) I don't know if they are planning on a companion volume to explain physical telepathy or not.... This is as much a "how-to" book as an explanation, and I don't believe a word of it.

BEYOND ALL REASON, by John Macklin (Ace, 60¢) It certainly is. One more crappy "supernatural" volume.

YOUR DOODLES AND WHAT THEY MEAN TO YOU, by Helen King (Ace, 75¢) Moderately interesting, and about as scientific as witchcraft. There are so many possible doodles that a book this size can't cover them all, but quite a wide variety is represented.

WHATEVER BECAME OF...? Vol. II, by Richard Lamparski (Ace, \$1.25) Another assortment of minute biographies of famous persons with a word or two about what each is doing now. For nostalgia.

DEATH IS A DRAG, by Don Hoyt and Art Moore (Powell, 95¢) A quite good mystery, marred only by a totally unsympathetic central character - I don't know if the authors were trying to make him a "real man" (if so, they failed) or merely trying to give him some individuality and make him different from the bland heroes of most mystery novels. (if so, they succeeded). I was hoping all along that they'd do a switch at the end and prove him guilty of the crime. The explanation of the crime is pretty weak, but the mystery itself is perfectly adequate.

THE OUTRAGERS, by Bruce Fowler (Powell, 95¢) This is one of the "private-eye" novels. I don't know how good it is; I didn't like it but then I generally don't like the type anyway so I'm not judge. Gore, sadism and sex.

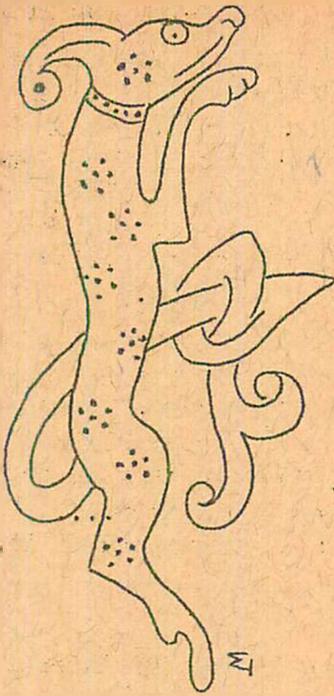
If the above Powell books aren't on your news stand, you can get them from Powell Publications, 18554 Sherman Way, Reseda, CA 91335. I'll have a couple more to review next issue; didn't get them read this time.

THE ALIEN ANIMALS, by George Laycock (Ballantine, 95¢) What has happened when animals were imported to new territories. Some interesting information. I knew, of course, that Europe had given us the starling and the English sparrow; I didn't know that we'd got even by giving them the gray squirrel and the muskrat (the squirrel kills trees by ripping off the bark, and the muskrat digs holes in dikes, ditch banks, railway embankments, canals, etc.) We haven't given them a fish to compare with the carp, though. A fascinating and occasionally frightening volume.

CHUANG TZU: GENIUS OF THE ABSURD, by Clae Waltham (Ace, \$1.25) I couldn't read the damned book, but if you're interested in Oriental philosophy and satire, here is one.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR, Nancy Mitford (Pyramid, 75¢) Best read in this order for a vivid LIFE & DEATH OF LOUIS XVI (Saul Padover (Pyramid, 75¢) picture of the dynasty and the times. Mitford's people are more lifelike, but Padover has more potent material to work with. They might be tempering reading for a modern political idealist, particularly an open-minded revolutionary (there are some, surely); the two books graphically depict the ignorance, not evil, of dynasts, and the painful fact that in a revolution a great many innocent bystanders get killed as well as an established system, and that what replaces the system isn't always an improvement.

GRUMBLINGS



Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM
87107

Christmas must be a female-type holiday, Juanita; you say you wallow in Christmas and so do Chrystal and the two daughters. I guess I tend to look more at the cost. But we sort of go for the holiday season and stretch it out. Chrys begins getting out decorations before the first of December; the tree usually goes up about two weeks before Christmas Day. We use a basin type stand in which we can put water which helps to keep the tree fresh. Decorating is a continuous thing, as Chrys and the girls are always involved in some sort of craft thing that results in useless pretties. Well, not completely useless, of course, as they are pretty and therefore satisfying. Every area has its own particular Christmas decorations/superstitions, I guess. According to Chrys the Christmas decorations must come down on New Year's Eve. I don't know why.

That's southwestern Christmas weather with all those bare branches and brittle twigs and dead grass outside. I'm dreaming of a brown Xmas?

One of the particular New Mexico touches that I really enjoy is the use of luminarias. This is a moderate-sized brown paper bag (about lunch size) in which you put enough dirt or sand to hold it upright and in place and then set one of those long burning votive candles. They are used in great quantities set a couple of feet apart and the soft light they give out is beautiful. According to local legend they represent the bonfires the shepherds set on the hills to light the way for the Christ child. The effect, when the streets are lined for block after block with thousands of luminarias, as are driveways, walks, and even rooftops, is quite breathtaking.

I read an article a while back (six months) in which the author (whose name I don't remember) seriously proposed the partitioning of North America. Let's see...Quebec and Upper New England would become New France; the southern states, most of the old Confederacy, would become New Africa; New Mexico, Arizona, parts of Texas, Colorado, Washington, BC, the Yukon, and Alaska would become Indian Territory. The Anglo-Saxons could have the parts of the country in which they now predominate. Fantastic!

He didn't mention what provisions would be made for such diverse groups as the Chinese, Japanese, Arabs, Puerto Ricans, Scandinavians, and very much et cetera.

One of the funnier things I've heard recently is that if the TV networks continue to carry anti-smoking spots they will be required, under the fairness doctrine, to furnish the tobacco companies with free time.

/Give each of the little groups a "free city" (like Danzig, remember?).RSC/

Richard Labonte, 53 Rosedale Ave., Ottawa 1, Ontario, Canada

The letter in Yandro provoked reaction on my side; I don't know about you, but I got letters from Sandra Miesel, and Connie Faddis, and a couple of old NFFF friends, who all wondered whether I had gone all radical and hippie and bombish. Which is certainly not the case; as a matter of fact, the reverse is true...the sorry taste in my mouth has left me without any interest, not with any burning passion.

I'm really sorry to see that Derek Nelson has changed his mind over the last few years, and no longer believes Quebec should separate if the majority want it. The reverse has happened to me--a few years ago I was one of the strongest defenders, in high school, of the One Canada theory. Now I accept a separate Quebec as the solution some people might find to Quebec's ills, to the ills of a repressed people. Emotionally I keep equating the concepts of a separate Quebec and a separate black country in

America; and emotionally I am repelled by the concept. I'm a Canadian, dammit, and my Canada has ten provinces, and Quebec is one of them. I'd really like to see Quebec stay, and I'd really like to see it possible.

But I also see prejudice and bigotry in non-French Canada, a frightening inability on the part of too many people to accept the fact that Quebec is not a province like the others, to use one of the jargon phrases of the day. Quebecers are not economically free in their own home, and there can't be any other freedom without that one. The way we run things, the economy is the basis of it all.

And it chills me to see Derek say he would tend to favour force to prevent the separation of Quebec, even if a majority of the population wanted it. That's scary! If I really want to be bothered by his statement, I can say that first; he is denying the people of Quebec the right to decide their own destiny; secondly, he is setting himself up as qualified to second-guess what people want... "they don't really want separatism, but they're being duped by the intelligentsia"; and thirdly, he's condoning the use of force to repress people because their best interests are going to cause him discomfort. He believes that might is right. He is, consciously or not, a racist.

Those are all the things I could read into his words; I hope I'd be wrong if I did, that if I met Derek and talked with him I'd discover that we aren't really that far apart.

"Blaming poverty on terrorists is like blaming the Viet Cong on Buddhism". Granted. But I blame terrorism on poverty, and I recognize that the poverty just makes things easier...it doesn't cause the trouble, just causes it to spread.

I only wish Derek would not confuse separatism--a valid political theory which is gaining popularity--with terrorism -- an inexcusable criminal tactic which deserves whatever reaction it gets.

My complaint is not that martial law tactics were used against terrorists; it is just that those same tactics were used against separatists who have condemned violence.

I hadn't, again, meant to write as much or as emotionally. Politics can really take up a lot of time, if you're not careful.

Jackie Franke, Box 51A, RR #2; Beecher, IL 60401

Books reviews (esp. NIGHTFALL and PRIME NUMBER). Me-thinks a mere listing of titles in an anthology is bordering (just bordering, mind you) on a copout. Your review of the Nebula Awards was more to the point, I, too, can read a contents page - but would like to have an idea of what to expect (which is la raison d'etre for a review in the first place. Or is it?

Did miss "Strange Fruit" and thought the Canadian issue was a bit overdone, but, it is your zine and you are the boss. Keep it up!

/Ah, but some of our readers can't read the table of contents, because they have to buy from a mail-order outfit, and they want to know how many of the stories they already have. (And with Asimov; I figure most readers already have their opinions about him; with over a hundred books published, surely everyone in the country has read at least one?) This might not mean anything with some writers, but Asimov is one of the very even ones; all of his stuff is about the same - good - quality./

John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada

For 203 the main item is the pair of letters from Derek and Dick Labonte. When you put in your appeal for Canadian views on the Quebec situation, two issues



back. I nearly sent in a few paragraphs. Well that I didn't as both Derek and Dick are much closer to the action than I am as well as being more politically aware. I agree with virtually all of what Derek said and most of what Richard said. Strangely, I passed through Montreal about 5 days after the discovery of the murder of Laporte when the War Measures Act was in force. There was a little more police surveillance in evidence at airports and railway stations than is normal, but, in other respects, everything seemed very much as usual. Letters I had from US Diplomacy players at that time seemed to indicate that they thought the most stringent form of martial law was in force. In Montreal itself, at least to the casual passer-through, there was very little evidence of the military, less than Labonte reports in Ottawa, in fact.

I would like to add my voice to the chorus of praise for Liz Fishman. One thing puzzles me, though. How do you contrive to get two columns from her for the price of one, one being the official column and the other in "Grumblings"? I am inclined to agree with that remark of Ethel's that Liz is too good to remain an amateur for long.

Your remark "in a fanzine you are reading about a particular endeavour or field... in a Diplomacy mag you are participating in it." would not, I think, go down well with your Yandro readership. Surely all zines have a high amount of reader participation. Cry, for example, was almost entirely letter column. I realize that landro is a much more balanced production. However, even with it, publish 3 or 4 issues in a row without a letter column and its popularity would nose dive. Not to mention that your own interest in it would probably seriously diminish. I know what you mean, of course. The editor of a zine like yours must put a lot into every issue, while the editor of a Dippy zine can coast from time to time and just let the games carry the issue. However, that is not the same thing as saying that there is no reader participation in a normal zine; there is a very great deal in all the good ones.

/I didn't mean participation so much as the type of participation. You have a letter column which is about like any letter column except a bit small. But Diplomacy mags go to people who are playing a specific game, not just to those indulging in our "mail-order cocktail party" (quote courtesy of Les Nirenberg). It's a different form of participation. The letter column is the only similarity of purpose. RSC/

Larry Crilly, 170 Reid St., Elizabeth, NJ 07201

And speaking of Analog, and Campbell, and racism (which we were, a few months ago), have you seen the January '71 issue of Scientific American? One letter-writer claims the magazine is becoming racist because it published a study of the correlation between race (color, really) and IQ, coming to the conclusion that at the present time we can reach no conclusion without more data; inherent and social factors cannot be separated as yet. Another letter, apparently by some prominent researcher with a PhD, says that the authors of the article didn't consider evidence that having 1% white ancestry increases the average black's IQ by 1%. The authors took up that statement readily, saying that if that were so, having 100% white ancestry in a black would increase his IQ by 100%, making him smarter than any white with white ancestry. At least there are still some people with a sense of humor. I suspect the magazine of making up all the letters themselves, at that; one of the letter-writers' names was Bigot.

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

1) The cover is delightful, even though I was surprised Juanda didn't have some sort of cat magazine between her paws.

2) I don't really think chicken in vanilla pudding would catch on but that Greek dish of chicken and tomatoes seasoned with cinnamon I mentioned is delicious, as is fried chicken in Bing cherry sauce (which I serve with potato souffle). The latter combination has given dinner guests pause.

3) Finally the astounding revelation from ART OF CENTRAL ASIA by Tamara Talbot Rice that the Huns wore silk underwear. (It was readily available via tribute payments or plunder.) This book is one of the Crown Art of the World series, crammed with interesting information -- a little too much for ready assimilation. The pictures aren't

as pretty as the ARCHEOLOGIA MUNDI/ ARCHEOLOGY OF THE WORLD series.

Are you aware that World Publishing Co. went out of business last month? They published the often-valuable Meridian paperbacks. Don't know when I'll ever get MOHAMMED & CHARLEMAGNE or THE HERO WITH A THOUSAND FACES now. If it's convenient, could you send us another Publisher's Central catalog? Now that Christmas is past we might be able to swing some books. (I have to get in the habit of checking the local bookstore's remainder sales.)

I blush to admit, there was an unfortunate error in "Peril on Pakora": I identified Gado Gado as Indonesian beef with peanut sauce whereas it's vegetables with peanut sauce. (Surely all your readers will scurry off to correct their copies this very instant.)

Another item for the "only in Indiana department": farmer describing a new advance in hog feeding: "It has all the exciting promise of a new science fiction novel."

Now at long last I'll turn my attention toward the items in #203. Curious how Christmas is "the thing" in northwestern Europe while Easter is "the thing" in south-eastern (and Russia). Not so curious when one thinks about the customs in pre-Christian times in each area. But I like Christmas too. It's the only time I'm organized all year long.

Made the mistake of trying to read #203 at the lunch table: Dave and Liz's columns almost had me choking to death on peanut-butter crackers. They both outdid themselves in hilarity this time.

Running Derek Nelson's and Richard Labonte's letters side by side gave remarkable impact. They gave views on the Canadian situation we could never hear in the mass media. (With fandom, who needs any underground press?) As a Canadian friend here sadly remarked, "Poor Canada has lost her innocence."

Last week I took the girls to the local Children's Museum. (It's quite nice for little ones.) One of the prize exhibits was a display of Victorian children's toys. Among these was a small set of blocks with the original box and instruction leaflet. This leaflet suggested several projects to build: a fort, a castle, and astonishingly, a mausoleum! Can you picture such an enclosure in a set of kiddies' blocks today? The Victorians were just a tad necrophilous.

/Having seen numerous stf novels with all the exciting promise of a new advance in hog feeding, I think it's only fair to balance things out. RSC/

Irv Jacobs, PO Box 574, National City, CA, 92050

I certainly do not agree with RSC's comment about Ralph Ginzburg. First of all I wasn't aware that Avant Garde had collapsed, but if it has, I'm sorry to see it disappear. Avant Garde is/was a most handsome publication. I think that Ginzburg would probably concede that during the last couple of years of publication the sexual revolution and history itself caught up with and maybe even bypassed this magazine so that it lost any claim to being avant garde. Its contents always seemed fairly conventional to me, but frequently contained excellent stories and feature articles.

It's hardly fair to say the Ginzburg "failed" with Eros. Until the magazine was "busted", it apparently was a great commercial success. At the time of its publication I could not afford what then seemed an exorbitant price for a subscription. But now that complete sets are selling for \$100 or more, charter subscribers can hardly claim that they were cheated. Incidentally, history done caught up with Eros too. Seen a recent flyer from the Publishers Central Bureau in NYC? In the flood of erotica "Classics" the contents of Eros would barely make a ripple.

As for Moneysworth, which is not a magazine but a 4 page newsletter, I've received 5 issues so far. Nothing startling, but there is something useful in each issue and I hardly think that 26 issues for five bucks (the so-called "introductory" price) is out of line. Certainly it is no substitute for Consumers' Report, but it does provide good supplementary reading.

Have you been receiving your copies of Forgotten Fantasy in Indiana? Distribution here is quite limited. I managed to get through Part I of THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR,

but I threw in the towel by Part II. The original illustrations are a delight, but the story should have remained a collectors' item. I wonder if others were as disappointed as I was? On the other hand, THE PARASITE by Arthur Conan Doyle was excellent reading.

/I haven't seen a copy of Avant Garde in months, but that is no guarantee any more, I suppose. Of course, I haven't been looking for it, either. I hadn't realized that Eros was that much of a success. I believe I saw all the issues -- Dale Brandon had copies -- and as I recall out of the whole lot there was one article that I felt repair the time spent in reading it. So I just casually assumed that with the price and content it wouldn't go. I should have known better; it had sex. Yes, Forgotten Fantasy shows up regularly here. I think that the illustration of the "sacred locomotive" in GODDESS OF ATVATAVAR was worth the price of the mag, all by itself. Haven't started to read anything in it, yet.

RSC/

Robert E. Briney, 245 Lafayette St, Apt 30, Salem, Massachusetts 01970

I'm glad you mentioned the Dover reprint of THE KING IN YELLOW. I had decided to pass it up, since I already have a copy of the first edition. What a boon that someone at Dover decided to throw out the non-fantasy pieces and include other Chambers fantasies.

Here's a query for you, or for Yandro's British subscribers: is there a reliable book dealer in G.B. who will give relatively speedy service to mail orders from the U.S.? Not just in sf, but in all areas of new and recent British fiction and non-fiction. The service provided by Blackwell's has become slower and increasingly haphazard within the past year -- it now seems that one has only a 50% chance of getting the books ordered, even if they are newly published, or taken from Blackwell's own published catalogs. And the firm seems to have an especial disdain for paperbacks. I have been waiting more than six months to get the first volume of Edith Pargeter's historical trilogy set in medieval Wales: THE HEAVEN TREES, THE GREEN BRANCH, & THE SCARLET SEED. The last two volumes arrived in a relatively short time, but without the first of the trio I can't begin to read them... Foo.

Bob Shaw, 6 Cheltenham Park, Belfast 6, N. Ireland

I have just read, with much interest and enjoyment, a copy of Yandro 200 lent to me by George Charters.

The items I enjoyed most were the letter col and Hank Davis's parody of Star Trek. About the only thing missing in the latter was the obligatory bit where the ship is gripped by a vast unknown force against which the engines are useless. This happens in nine out of ten episodes -- yet Kirk and company are absolutely astonished every time it happens. Actually, Kirk's nutty behaviour as described by Hank is almost equalled by some of his performances in the show. Did you see the episode where they decided to automate the Enterprise and Kirk was so dumbfounded by the shocking discovery that a computer can think faster than a human being that he went away to his room and sulked?

Another thing which disturbs me a little is the frequency with which the impossible event of finding a duplicate Earth society on an alien planet occurs. No attempt is made to explain why Romans or Nazis or Red Indians exist on these other worlds, and I begin to wonder if I am the only person left in the world who can't swallow an impossible premise. Is it done out of cynicism or ignorance? Recently I saw an episode with a rather good logical story about people who tried to invent an immortality drug, but were wiped out by a disease which hit at the onset of puberty, thus leaving a world populated by almost ageless children. Everything in the plot held together well except that -- to me, inexplicably -- the action all took place on a planet which was a duplicate of Earth right down to the last island and city. For Ghu's sake -- why?

/I get the impression you didn't care much for the show...I did, at least for the first season and most of the second. Those duplicate Earths are explained by a budget; special effects are e*x*p*e*n*s*i*v*e. And the Romans, gangsters, etc., were explained, sort of; usually as humanoid natives influenced by a monomaniac from Earth out for an "ideal" society/

strange fruit

APA-L #289 (Fred Patten, 11863 West Jefferson Blvd, Apt. 1, Culver City, CA 90230 - weekly - \$2.00) Actually I have everything from #281 thru 294, but Fred included a note in this one to review it because proceeds of the sale of 35 extra copies would go to the Bob Shaw fund, so I'll let it stand as typical of the lot. Like most apa mailings, Apa-L consists largely of mailing comments, which are intelligible if you've read previous mailings (or in other words, if I'd read the previous mailings, I could understand the comments in #289. As it is, I'll skip them, and note the original material.) Nice cover for the mailing, by Atom. Ted Johnstone presents an "outline scenario" for the adaptation of "The Black Adept", which seems well enough done. Greg

Chalfin goes into some math on what sort of Earth explosion could be seen from Alpha Centauri. Bruce Pelz reports on computerized sex. Leigh Edmonds writes about stf conventions in Australia. Fuzzy Pink Niven reports on a trip to Las Vegas, leaving me still somewhat puzzled as to why anyone would bother. Don Fitch reports on the American Indian Week show at Pomona, and speculates on what fans have in common, coming up with 12 items. I wouldn't have thought there were that many, but I agree with most of them. Milton Stevens has the first part of what may be a Doc Smith parody. Leroy King has a hospital report, and Fred Patten has a Heicon report. Bill Warren has a piece of fan fiction, and Beverly Warren a page of limericks. Larry Gale reprints a political pamphlet against public education. "Mayam" contributes a middle part of what seems to be a bad faan fiction serial. Len and June Moffatt have several pages of obscure verse by well-known writers (W.S. Gilbert, Dorothy Parker, Kipling, etc. Predictably, the only one I'd read before was the one by Ogden Nash.) There are various minor items, some of the mailing comments are understandable in themselves, and there are two older fanzines included, Maniki-Neki #3 and Otherworlds #1, for a total of 218 pages. It's a lot of material for your \$2.00, and the money goes to a good cause.

Skyrack's European Fantasy Trader #97 (Ron Bennett, 110 Green Park, Vieux Chemin de Binche, 7000 Mons, Belgium - bimontnly - 6 for \$1, \$5 airmail - we're his American agents) 24 digest-sized pages of sale and trade material. Hardcover stf, paperbacks, pulps, comic books, newspaper comic sections, general pulp mags (including some British reprint Western mags - I'm tempted to get one just for the hell of it), European hardcover comic reprints, and even a fanzine or two.

Stan's Weekly Express #65 (P.O. Box 207 (Davue Station), Dayton, OH 45406 - weekly - 4/\$1) A somewhat larger magazine than Skyrack, with the displays about equally divided between pulps and comics. Prices seem pretty high in a lot of cases (to me, at least; they're probably low enough to appear bargains to those used to comics dealers), but there are a few real bargains here and there.

Osfan #12, 13, 14 (Sue Watson, 6218 $\frac{1}{2}$ Hancock Ave., St Louis, MO 63139 - monthly? - no price listed) A variety of material - articles, humor, verse, and so on - from the members of OSFA. Very few of the writers ever appear in any other fanzine. This is not necessarily a bad idea; Irish fandom was another close-knit group which made a reputation in a few select fanzines. Unfortunately, OSFA doesn't appear to contain a Willis, Shaw, or Berry. I can't say how good the in-group jokes are, but there isn't too much there for an outsider. Rating.....3

Locus #68 thru 70 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 - bi-weekly - 10/\$2, 20/\$4) #70 is the annual art issue, with a special price of \$1.00. 31 pages of artwork by 19 different artists, plus an index and various ads. Quality ranges from good to...well, I wouldn't really call any of it bad, though there was some I disliked. The other issues are the regular newsletter type. Actually there seems to be more book and fanzine reviews than there is news, though. Rating.....6

Luna Monthly #18, 19 (Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, NJ 07649 - 30¢ - \$3.50 per year). More news, with columns on European news, film items, a list of new books, and a fairly long book review column. Rating.....6

Green Dragon #11 (Ed & Nan Meskys, Box 233, Center Harbor NH 03226 - irregular - no price listed) This is the official newsletter of Tolkien fandom.

The Walker Watchword, Fall, 1970 (Walker & Co., 720 Fifth Avenue, NY, NY 10019) Now if I had my fanzines sorted, I could tell if it was really Gnome Press which published half a dozen issues of a newsletter, with Bloch and Tucker as nominal editors, back in the 1950s. This is the first fanzine from a book publisher that I've seen since. Of course, it's primarily an advertising medium for Walker books, but there's an article reprinted from the Press Department of the Soviet Embassy in London, and ads for and notes about other professional publications.

Belgian News Sheet #2 (Michel Feron, Frand-Place 7, B-4280, Hannut, Belgium - irregular - 20/\$1) This one devoted entirely to news of the Eurocon.

I have 3 issues of Dave Lewton's RAPS mag, The Fiery Pith Helmet. Not reviewed because I forget whether Dave told me that I should review it, or that I should not review it.

The Legal Rules #3 (Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, NY 14534 - 10¢) A brave attempt to keep fans abreast of the current roles for world science fiction conventions. It's a good idea, and I heartily approve of the publication. (I'm too much of a believer in a fannish anarchy to pay much attention to it, however.) If you want to raise a stink at the next con over some convention practise, be sure and get this. (Or if you're just interested in the convolutions of fan politics, get it. It's an education.) Highly recommended.

Serendip #51, 53, thru 64 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 1¢ a page) Without doubt the best postal diplomacy fanzine that I receive. I think John's players are beginning to be affected by this facade of power; they're starting to issue grandiose orders to armies that don't exist. Next stop, Bellevue.

Science Fiction Comes to College (Jack Williamson, Box 761, Portales, NM 88130 - 50¢, or the description of another science fiction course) A list of 47 college courses in science fiction, in alphabetical order of instructors, together with a composite reading list of those courses. A supplement, with 6 additional courses, is appended. I guess stf has come of age at last (now we can all go downhill into the mainstream... streams are usually at the bottom of hills, you'll notice). The editor is particularly interested in information on new science fiction courses.

No Different Flesh #1 (Linda Stanley, 225 S. Occidental Blvd., #2, Los Angeles, CA 90057 - thrice yearly - \$1 a year) Actually the second issue of this fanzine devoted to Zenna Henderson's "People". The first issue was called a "recruiting issue" and apparently was quite successful. (Now the problem is what to do with all the recruits; anyone with a printable idea contact the editor.) Seriously, I regard the problem of a group of fans devoted to one small group of stories to be unsurmountable...there isn't all that much material to focus on. This, however, hasn't stopped Tolkien fandom from being a tremendous success - it may bore the hell out of me, but its members appear to enjoy it. Maybe the People fans can do as well. In this issue, Archie Mercer briefly reviews the stories of the series, and there are requests for material for future issues. (And while I'm not optimistic about the success of the group, I like them well enough to have sent in a contribution.) In a letter, Linda commented that "If it's one thing I don't want to happen it's to have this organization turn into a GOSHWOW thing." So they aren't going to become another form of Trekkie, and they could well come up with an excellent group. It's a good start, anyway.

A.R.A. Bulletin, #87, 88, 89 (Dean Grennell, PO Box 341, Covina, CA 91722) I doubt that Grennell's handloading fanzine will be of interest to many fans, but it does seem to cover the reloading field very successfully, as well as such associated items as explosives legislation and how to design a grip for a .44 magnum so it won't "rip your

arm right out by the bloody roots" on the recoil.

Uranian #3 (U of R Science Fiction Society, Todd Union, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY 14627 - irregular - .25¢) Gorgeous cover, by Victor Costanzo, Jr. A small fanzine; 20 pages plus covers. The usual reviews and letters in short columns, an article on Uranus that seem quite accurate but not exciting, fiction, a slightly overdone science parody, and an excellent parody titled "Genesis II". Neat, well-reproduced.
Rating.....4

Exit #10 (Thomas Jefferson Soyer, 465 Churchill Rd., Teaneck, NJ 07666 - irregular - 50¢) Editor written; only 7 pages for your money. I think he'd do better with cheaper reproduction and more material. What this amounts to is one fairly long column, with the major topic of discussion this time being "The Moody Blues." Rating.....2

Grafan #6, 7 (Editor: Walt Jaschek, money to Mike McFadden, 14 Joyce Ellen, Ferguson, MO 63135 - monthly - 3/50¢) This is apparently the official publication of the Graphic Fantasy Collectors of St. Louis. (Or, to put it more bluntly, it's a comics fanzine.) Major material is an interview with Denny O'Neil (whoever he is) which spreads over both issues and will be in at least the next one. There is other fiction, club announcements, etc. I don't give ratings on comics fanzines because I don't know or care enough about comics to be accurate on a 10-number system. But I'd put Grafan, generally, in a middle group; not a top-quality comics mag, but at least one which has articles about comics rather than presenting shoddy amateur comic strips.

Phucet #1 (Jack West, 711 West Spring St., Covington, KY 41016 - 30¢) This is the era of the lithographed crudzine, and Phucet is an outstanding example. It does have an excruciatingly bad comic strip, as well as mediocre verse and bad fiction. Note to the editor: don't send any more issues because they won't be acknowledged.

Vertigo # 7 (Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, NC 27298 - money to Edwin Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Rd., Durham, NC 27707 - 50¢) This is a special issue, almost entirely devoted to the history of the Carolina Fan Federation and biographies of the fans involved. How much you will enjoy it will depend mostly on how nosy you are about other people (I'm not, but most fans seem to be). No rating, due to special interest material.

Schamooob #8 (Frank Johnson, 3836 Washington Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45229 - 1/\$1) Lots of reviews; books, records, and fanzines. Lettercolumn, editorial, a parody of "Ultra-Man" (whoever he is), and a piece of fairly average fan fiction. The letter column is probably the most interesting part of the mag (maybe I'm nosier than I thought I was).
Rating.....4

Foma #III (Ann Arbor Fandom, Rm 322, Michigan Union, Ann Arbor, MI 48104 - irregular - 30¢) A large part of the mag is taken up with long and quite thoughtful book reviews. There is an article based on an interview with Kurt Vonnegut that explains quite clearly why I can't stand the man's writings. I wouldn't like him personally, either. Fiction, articles, verse, letters. Reproduction is not very good. I stopped in the middle of an article on "Statistics and Science Fiction" because key words kept being blanked out in my copy. But the parts that are readable are pretty good.
Rating.....5

Train of Thought #1 (Mike Towry, 3241 Mobley St., San Diego, CA 92123 - 30¢) Another comics fanzine, again of that middle class that is primarily about comics rather than imitations of comics. (There are some comics parodies that leave something to be desired in the writing, but aren't at all badly drawn.)

Moth #7 (Dave Piper, 7 Cranley Dr., Ruislip, Middlesex HA4 6BZ, England) This is an OWPA publication, but the mailing comments only take up 3 pages. Elsewhere you have the editor writing of the "joys" of school days, John Bangsund remarks on the problems of getting PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT in Australia and how the recent Penguin edition has put a lot of honest pornographers out of business, the editor comes back with some comments, and I have a fairly serious article that doesn't really fit the image of the fanzine but was all I could think of at the time. There are also two pages of unidentified

photos, presumably of fans and pros at the "Sci-Con". Rating.....6

Epic #11 (Harry Wasserman, 7611 N. Regent Rd., Milwaukee, WI 53217 - 75¢) This is a re-titling of Fantasy News. Along with the new title has come offset printing, allowing the use of photographs. Unfortunately for film fans, this is also the final issue; the editor says he's too busy making amateur movies and being involved with the underground press to keep up the fanzine. About half the magazine consists of film reviews - not just monster movies but all sorts of films. There are articles on the film industry, and a letter column which is mostly about films but wanders afield at times. I'm not a film fan, so I can't vouch for the absolute quality of the mag, but most of the writing appears sensible and informed to an outsider. Rating.....7

The Somerset Gazette #3 (Noel Kerr, 85 Morgan St., Carnegie, Victoria, Australia 3163 - 4/31.50) Official publication of the Melbourne club. A wide variety of interests is involved. John Foyster traces Australian fan history in his column. This is followed by an article on movie animation, some film reviews, and an interview with Stuart Leslie. Then there is a somewhat wild meeting report, followed by "Comic's Corner". Then comes the science fiction section, and an article on "Star Trek" fandom, and the letters. All reasonably well done; the major objection being that with this variety not too much can be said about any one subject, And even that is better than saying too much about one subject, Rating.....6

Potlatch #1 (Joyce Fisher, 59 Livingston St., Apt 6b, Brooklyn, NY 11201) This is published for trade and letters of comment; money is accepted reluctantly. Content is faanish; personal reminiscences and humor. Authors are the editor, Arnie Katz, and Walt Willis...well, two good ones out of three isn't a bad average. Rating.....5

Australian Science Fiction Monthly #1 (John Bangsund, Pareragon Books, GPO Box 4946, Melbourne 3001, Australia - 30¢) Serious reviews of and articles about science fiction, plus a page of Australian stf news and the organizational plans for a sort of Australian NSF. (Let's hope this one works.) Very well done, and will probably improve in the future. Rating.....6

Speculation #27 (Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK - irregular - 40¢, no cheques from the US, only cash please) This has the same photos as Moth, but Pete identifies them. This is one of the better fanzines in the world which are seriously devoted to science fiction. I always have a few reservations about the very serious fanzines because I'm not terribly serious about science fiction, but I generally like Speculation. Rating.....8

Osfic #24 (Peter R. Gill, 18 Glen Manor Dr., Toronto 13, Ontario, Canada - bimonthly - no price listed) This is the official publication of the Ontario (Toronto) club, but material is by no means entirely by club members. Judy Merrill writes about a trip to Japan; it's the best thing she's done in years. How can I continue to dislike someone who would suggest at a press conference that we should replace autos by flying carpets powered by miniature Japanese motors? (I can, but it becomes more difficult.) There is a story by Mack Reynolds with art by Jack Gaughan. Now, while this obviously reads much better than the average fan fiction, it is a practice I frown on. The average amateur fiction in fanzines is at least of some help to the amateur author. Reynolds doesn't need help, and I can get all of his stories that I want in professional publications. Articles by professionals (such as Judy Merrill's article in this issue) I enjoy; fiction by them I dislike. There are the usual reviews, letters, etc. Rating.....6

Let's Drink to That (Terminus, Owlswick, & Ft. Mudge Electric Street Railway Gazette, Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101 - \$2) Subtitled "A Compendium of E vents, Real & Imaginary". Or in other words, a list of what interesting events happened when. For example, on Jan. 23, the Principality of Liechtenstein was constituted in 1719, a patent was granted on the first machine for making envelopes in 1849, Raymond King Gummings died in 1957, and the "Trieste" reached a depth of 35,800 feet in the Marianas Trench in 1960. Isn't that interesting? You can also learn such obscure but interesting

facts as tthat the first keedoozle store was opened May 15, 1937, or that the freighter "Eridanus" stopped at an uncharted island and picked up a strange mummy and a copper scroll on May 11, 1878. A fannish conversation piece, and well-worth the money for someone with oddball tastes. Edited by Joyce Post.

Stefantasy #67 (William Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, PA 16374 - 20 Cruzieros) Danner is getting bitter in his old age; Stef isn't as blithely humorous as it once was. But it's still interesting, the "ads" are still funny, and it's a good fanzine to have. Warning, though; Danner runs a restricted circulation publication. If you can scrape up the exact price (not the US equivalent) or convince him that you're worthwhile cultivating, he'll send it to you. Otherwise not. Rating.....8

Science Fiction Review #41 (Richard E. Geis, PO Box 3116, Santa Monica, CA 90403 - eight times a year - 50¢ @) Now that the "faanish" circles have begun denouncing Geis, I suppose I should start defending him, to keep my purity. (But he's gone downhill. His collating is shot to hell; I got three sheets of pages 5/6 in my copy...) Actually I can't see any changes; I still dislike Geis's personality (in the fanzine; I've never met him in person) and I still think it's an excellent fanzine that I don't care a lot about. Nevertheless, Ted White has an excellent column, Norman Spinrad's lies about fandom for a mass circulation magazine are reprinted so I can read them, there are dozens of reviews, none of which I read, and a long lettercolumn which I read in part and enjoy. Rating.....7

Curse You, Red Baron! Vol.II#8 (Dick Eney, 6500 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, VA 22307 → Eney's Viet Nam report; this time on Cambodian refugees. A fascinating account.

No #6 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417 - irregular - 25¢) John Boardman gives the history of the "Illuminati" myth, the editor has a long report on Andrew Lang's CUSTOM AND MYTH, and Anthony Tollin gives a surprisingly interesting report on the Toronto Fan Fair. (Whenever a con report is even slightly interesting, it surprises me.) No always seems a rather unusual fanzine - like its editor. But I like it. Rating.....6

Warhoon #27 (Richard Bergeron, 11 East 68th St., NY, NY 10021 - 60¢) I haven't seen a Warhoon for some time (according to the editorial, it hasn't been published for some time, but it won a Hugo back there and I wasn't even seeing it then). However, it is perfectly familiar, down to the black ink on blue paper, and the solid pages of type published by one of fandom's better artists. The material is generally concerned with fandom, new and old, and is generally amusing but hardly bears out Terry Carr's column where he says this is the only "great" fanzine going. (It's the only high-quality fanzine going that is still producing Sixth Fandom material, certainly.) It reads very smoothly. Rating.....8

Prism #4 (Tim Roth, 7821 Lamar, Prairie Village, Kansas 66208 - 25¢) Official publication of the Kansas City club, apparently. Mostly fiction and verse, about average quality. Fairly interesting letter column. Rating.....3

The Wsfa Journal #73 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, MD 20906 - bimonthly - 50¢) Along with this came Son of the WSFA Journal #11, 12, and 13, and Journal Supplement TWJ-1 and -2. Supplement #1 is Richard Delap's magazine reviews for March and April 1970, and #2 is a con report by Jay Klein. Sons are mostly listings of contemporary items; fanzines, books, magazines, conventions, etc; a sort of newsletter to keep you up on what came out when. The editor adds comments on quality, generally to the fanzine listing. In the main magazine, Thomas Burnett Swann writes on Robert Nathan (but he doesn't mention my favorite, BUT GENTLY DAY), Bob Jones continues his dissection of Thrill Book, David Halterman discusses chromosomes, Jay Klein has a meeting report, Alexis Gilliland contributes an article on the present status of test-tube man and future implications, plus another fabulous verse, Mark Owings bibliographs Edmond Hamilton, Delap gets through May and June 1970, there are book, movie and fanzine reviews, and letters.

Scottisha #56 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, UK - US Agent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, NY 11201 - 30¢ @) This is the issue after the 15th Annish, so there is a good lettercolumn, The editor's "Natterings" comprise a Heicon report this time, and while I didn't enjoy the column as much as I usually do, I liked it better than I do most con reports. Ethel also reviews books, both US and British. The only outside material this time is my article on the greatest military victory of the American Indian (which is not the Custer "massacre"). So I might be considered prejudiced in rating the mag (of course, I like my writing), but even if you don't give a damn about Indians the rest of the mag is excellent.

Between Worlds #3 (Stephen Compton & Wellman Pierce, 6532 Estates Dr., Oakland, CA 94611 - irregular - 35¢ @, 3/\$1) Some rather good book reviews; I even got interested enough to read them, which I seldom do with other people's book reviews. There's the second part of an article on "Science Fiction, Futurism, and Population" and an editorial which is mostly concerned with sf authors who lectured recently at Stanford. Moderately good lettercolumn. All in all, this was much better than I expected.

Rating.....5

The National Fantasy Fan Vol30#5 (Dave Lewton, 735 East Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46220 - 35¢ @) Actually you're only supposed to get this if you're a member of the N3F, but various publishers have sent me copies off and on for publicity purposes. If you want to know how to join, write to Dave, not me. This is very well reproduced on the Lavells' fancy expensive mimeo. And every issue (as far as I know) contains one column invaluable to fans; Don Franson's "Information Bureau". This is precisely what it says; if you have any question pertaining to science fiction, write in and if Franson doesn't know the answer he'll locate someone who does. Otherwise the editor takes the N3F to task, which makes amusing reading, particularly to a former member, but won't achieve anything. There is a "Neff News" column which reads just like the society squibs in our small-town newspaper. Arnie Katz explains the Bob Shaw fund. Stan Woolston reports on the business of the club (is he still president?). Bob Weinberg has a "Collectors' Corner", K. Martin Carlson has a continuing column on N3F history, and the editor has 4½ pages of fanzines with an admonition to members to quit hiding in N3F and get out and sample the big fan world. This is one of the best issues of TNFF I've seen (which isn't saying a lot, admittedly). Maybe the club is looking up a bit.

Embelyon #4 (Jim & Lee Lavell, 5647 Culver St., Indianapolis, IN 46226 - 4 times a year - 50¢ @) Big one; 75 pages plus covers. Major continuing item is the interview with a fan artist, combined with an artfolio by the interviewee. Mike Gilbert, this time. Andy Offutt writes about writing, Leon Taylor writes about Robert Sheckley, Juanita, Jim Dorr, "Sam Fath" and Dave Gorman have columns, there are reviews, editorials, letters. Good artwork, excellent reproduction. Material ranges from adequate to...well, not "excellent" maybe, but very good.

Rating.....7

I Drank the Water and Lived! and Sandworm #11 (Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112 - 50¢ or letter) Water is a Heicon report. It is, in fact, that incredibly rare item, a good con report. Sandworm is a pretty small issue; 4 pages of book reviews and 5 of editorial comment, plus cover. The book reviews are so-so, but the editorial comments are good.

Rating.....7

Dynacence #2 (Mike Juergens, 257 Florence St., Hammond, IN 46324 - 35¢ @) A little of everything, including a comic strip. (It's better than most amateur comics, but it still isn't very good.) Reviews, an article and bibliography on Samuel Delany by Leon Taylor, sticky verse by Cy Chauvin, a fair lettercolumn, fan fiction, editorial. Repro not too hot. Not at all bad for a second issue; very few fanzines are winners from the start, and this may develop into something excellent.

Rating.....4

BeABohema #14 (Frank Lunney, PO Box 551, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, PA 18015 - 50¢ @) I was going to say this was a small mag, but it's 27 pages plus covers. It just seems small after the earlier issues. Fair amount of discussion of rock music, which passes me by. Editorial, column by George Hay, reviews, letters. It's a well-done personality-zine, and I suppose I can't object to that, since somebody recently called Yandro

a personality-zine. I don't really seem to blesh too well with Frank's personality, but that's my problem; you may consider it ideal. Rating.....6

Military-Industrial Complex #3 (John Kusske, Route #2, Hastings, MN 55033) This is an Apa-45 mag, and mostly devoted to mailing comments, but Kusske's comments are long enough and cogent enough to be interesting even if you haven't read the mag commented on.

Maybe #9 (Irvin Koch, Apt 45, 614 Hill Av SW, Knoxville, TN 37902 - bimonthly - 75¢) But I'm getting it at the behest of first co-editor Hank Davis, it says. (What did I ever do to you, Hank?) Andy Offutt is the only fan I know who writes New Wave letters; an example is presented here. Most of the issue is fiction, which I didn't read (I was going to read the one by Janet Fox but decided the chances were I'd be disappointed, and I don't want to be disappointed with as pleasant a name as Janet Fox. Make sense? Well, that's what makes an interesting column, they tell me.) I did read and enjoy Hank Davis's column, which sort of rambles about books, magazines, and fanzines. Leon Taylor has an article on Dean Koontz, and there are letters. I suppose I can't rate it since I've admitted to not reading most of it. It works on an interesting idea, though; each of the four editors (Koch, Davis, Rick Cross and Janet Fox) is responsible for a certain section of the magazine and can accept or reject material for that section. The beginning of the "super-fanzine" that Seth Johnson was always trying to get me to see the beauty of. (If Seth were around, I'd send him a copy and say "See, I was right!" - and he still wouldn't agree with me because he liked fan fiction.)

SF Commentary #16, 17 (Bruce Gillespie, PO Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia - USAgent Charlie Brown - 18/\$3) Letters and literary criticism. This should be bracketed with Speculation; if you like one you should certainly like the other. I very seldom agree with the criticism, but it's interesting to get other more or less intelligent viewpoints. (I never have the time or enthusiasm to try to refute them; these people consider science fiction as a serious form of literature while I consider it an entertainment; so I enjoy the critiques and then forget them. But - unlike the critiques in some fanzines - I do enjoy them. Mostly.) Rating.....7

Energumen #4 (Michael Glicksohn, 267 Saint George St., Apt. 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, Canada - quarterly - 50¢ cash, no cheques) I think I'm confused. For some reason I always start this expecting a faanish type fanzine, and then I find things like Paul Walker's 5 pages on Delaney's NOVA, and Angus Taylor's 4 on Ballard, and Susan Glicksohn's 5 on THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR (all of these favorable, which is rather odd in this day of slashing criticism). Well, Rosemary Ulyc't does a better than average con report, and Greg Benford provides an example of the old-time faan humor (that I never cared for especially...) And there are letters. Reproduction is excellent, artwork is fair to excellent. Rating.....6

Oljeto #1 (Bill Waters, 837 Lorraine, Springfield, IL 62704 - quarterly - 40¢) Offset repro, quite well done. Contents are heavy on fiction, which is pretty much like all the other fan fiction. (I do think that fan fiction has improved quite a bit in the last 40 years or so, however. It used to be Godawful, but, projecting a linear improvement, the stuff might even be readable in another 10 years.) There are a couple of poems which still are Godawful, particularly the one by "fejos". (I wouldn't have signed my right name to that, either.) There are book reviews, which are okay. I don't agree much with Dave Drum, but I don't see why Waters shouldn't enjoy UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS if he wants to; I haven't read it, but my only theoretical objection to the list of contents he gives (and I have read quite a few of the stories) is that I don't think much of excerpts from novels in an anthology. I want my stories complete or I don't want them at all. Artwork ranges from bad to quite good. Rating.....2

Canticles From Labowitz #6 (Gary Labowitz, 1100 Betzwood Dr., Norristown, PA 19401 - 25¢) There's a 16-page story here by Darrell Schweitzer. It's no better, really, than the stuff in Oljeto, but it is longer. This is backed by a Ted Pauls review (half of the book reviews in this entire collection of fanzines are by Pauls, I might add), a couple of poems that aren't too bad, two con reports and a letter column. Considering

my general objections to fan fiction and con reports, this just wasn't my type of fanzine. Good reproduction, very little art. Rating.....2

The Essence #something-or-other (Jay Zarembo, 21000 Covello St., Canoga Park, CA 91303 quarterly - 50¢) Zarembo is definitely not my type of editor; his editorial personality is almost enough to make me give up the fanzine right there. Not quite, though. Major emphasis here is on art (which is excellent) and layout (which is overdone). But there is also a fine article by George Barr on courtesy to fan artists. Every fanzine publisher and most non-publishers should get it, read it, and remember it. If Zarembo had printed nothing else, it would have been a fine fanzine (in fact, it might have been a better fanzine than it is now, since the other printed material is mediocre). Rating.....7

Algoz #16 (Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt 3J, Brooklyn, NY 11201 - irregular - 75¢) You can tell Andy hasn't published for awhile; Ted White's column is on the ouster of the Smothers Brothers. (And once again, I find that I agree pretty much with Ted.) Dick Lupoff reviews books, Greg Benford writes about writing (never out of date), Gian Paolo Gossato discusses stf in Italy, J.J. Pierce objects to the New Wave, and there are letters from all sorts of people, mostly interesting. I dislike the style of all the artwork, but it's well enough done, and reproduction is excellent. (Steranko cover, Dave; you'll have to get a copy.) Rating.....7

Rataplan #6 (Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183, Australia - free) Bruce Gillespie provides another rarity in fandom, good faan fiction. There's a con and meeting report, and an article on Sappho (and by extension on poetry in general). A good variety. Rating.....5

T-Negative #9 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417 - 50¢, 3/\$1) I'm afraid that when it comes right down to it I don't like amateur "Star Trek" fiction any better than I do fan fiction in general. But the publication of the "Star Trek Question and Answer Panel" from Funcon '68 was thoroughly entertaining; one of the better items of the month. Special Interest

While I was typing this column, I received several fanzines. Most were simply added to the stack and reviewed, but Apa-L #295 and Locus #71 arrived after Juanita had cut the stencils. Comments on the earlier issues apply, except that Locus #71 seems to have a bit more news than usual. Also got EXIT #11 and 12, along with a note from the editor saying that the price of #10 should have been 20¢, and the price of current issues is 10¢. Also, as I should have pointed out, this is an apa-zine; APA:NESFA, whatever that is. Later issues are dittoed except for a fairly good cover on #12, and have more mailing comments. Still not my type of fanzine, but a much better bargain than I thought. Younger, rock-oriented fans might enjoy it. LOCUS #72 also arrived.

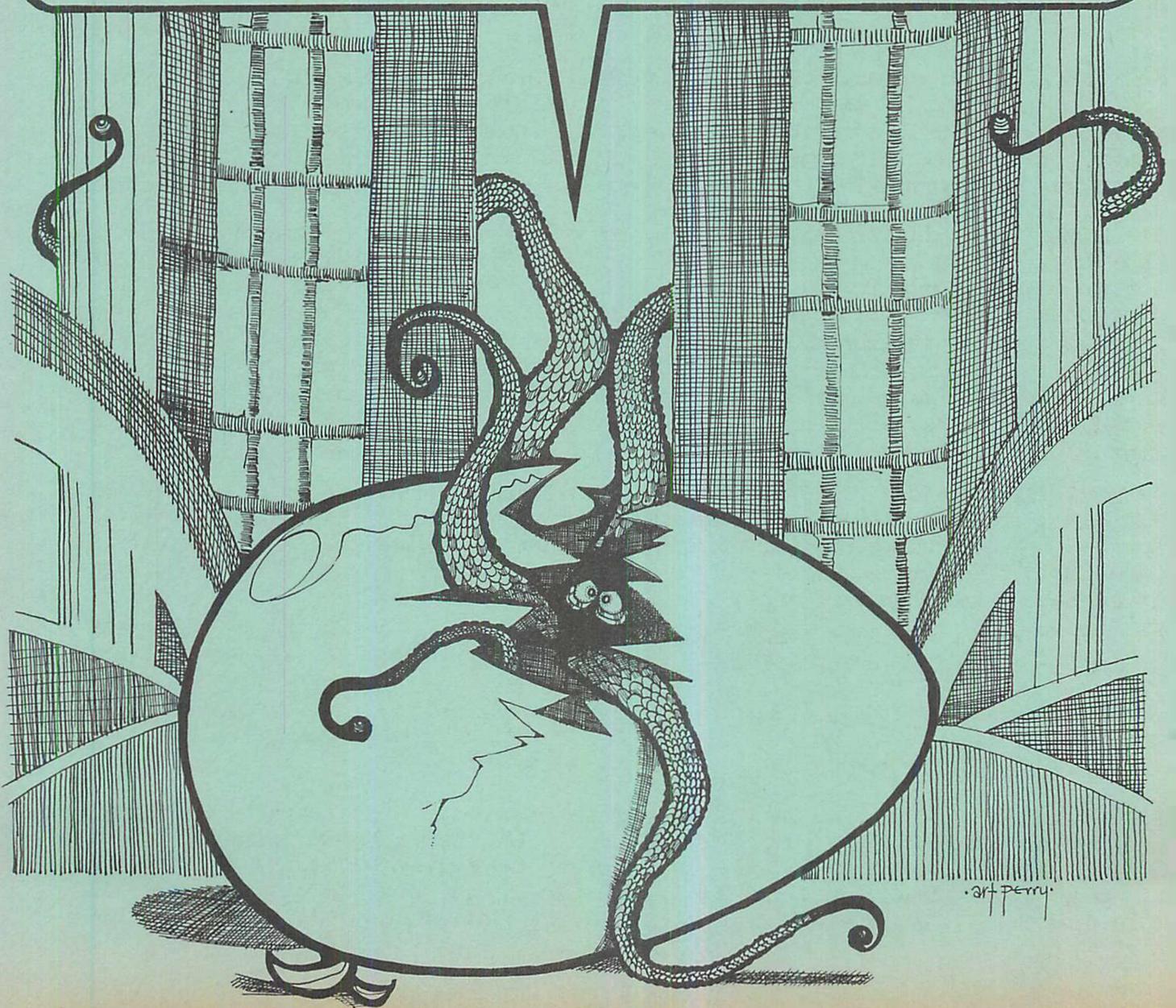
THE GAMESLETTER Vol.7#24 (Don Miller, address earlier, irregular, 20¢) This is an N3F publication. Primarily news items, lists and reviews of games magazines, and letters. (Oops; not letters, short biographies of games fans; I'd better read more carefully. By "games" is meant chess, Diplomacy, and various war games; I doubt if a Scrabble enthusiast would find much of interest here.

HIP - The Jazz Record Digest Vol.7#2 (Ed Steane, 1973 Kennedy Drive, McLean, VA 22101 - monthly? - 25¢, \$2.00 per year) According to a note with this, it was sent at the behest of Irv Jacobs, and I can't think why, particularly since it was sent to me. I'm even less interested in jazz than I am in rock. Juanita is a mild jazz fan, but I doubt if she's going to take the word of someone she doesn't know as to what records to buy. Strictly reviews and discography, for anyone interested.

UCHUJIN #149 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-Okayama, Meguro-Ku, Tokyo, Japan - monthly - price unknown) Because the price, like everything else, is in Japanese. (Well, not quite everything else; there is a one-page summary in English.) Fiction, articles, and con reports from Tokon-5 and SF Festival '70, with photos. The Symposium included people from the US, UK, and USSR, making it a truly U-niversal event, as Forry Ackerman might say.

○ TORONTO IN '73

WRITE: P.O. BOX 4, STATION 12,
TORONTO, ONT., CAN.



Solaris By Stanislaw Lem

When Kris Kelvin left Earth for Station Solaris, he was prepared for the hazards of space travel—solitude, hardship, exhaustion, perhaps death—but not for the cruel miracle of landing at his destination to find himself as he really is: to confront a presence and emotions long forgotten and suppressed, and no longer feared. An invisible, elusive spirit had taken possession of those stationed at Solaris—one that knew them better than they did themselves and held them prisoners of their own nightmares. One traveler takes his own life, another goes mad, a third disappears before the phenomenon of the 'Psi-creature' is explained.

The "ocean" covering Solaris seems to be a gigantic fluid brain, prodigiously powerful and several million years beyond our own civilization. To the explorers on Solaris, it becomes a mysterious, alien force, threatening to their emotional endurance and challenging to their intellectual capacities.

From the perspective of Solaris, emerges a new view of the nature of man: a creature who soars off into the cosmos in quest of other worlds and greedy for scientific knowledge, without having explored his own labyrinth of dark passages and secret chambers, without discovering what lies behind doorways that he himself has sealed.

PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY:

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