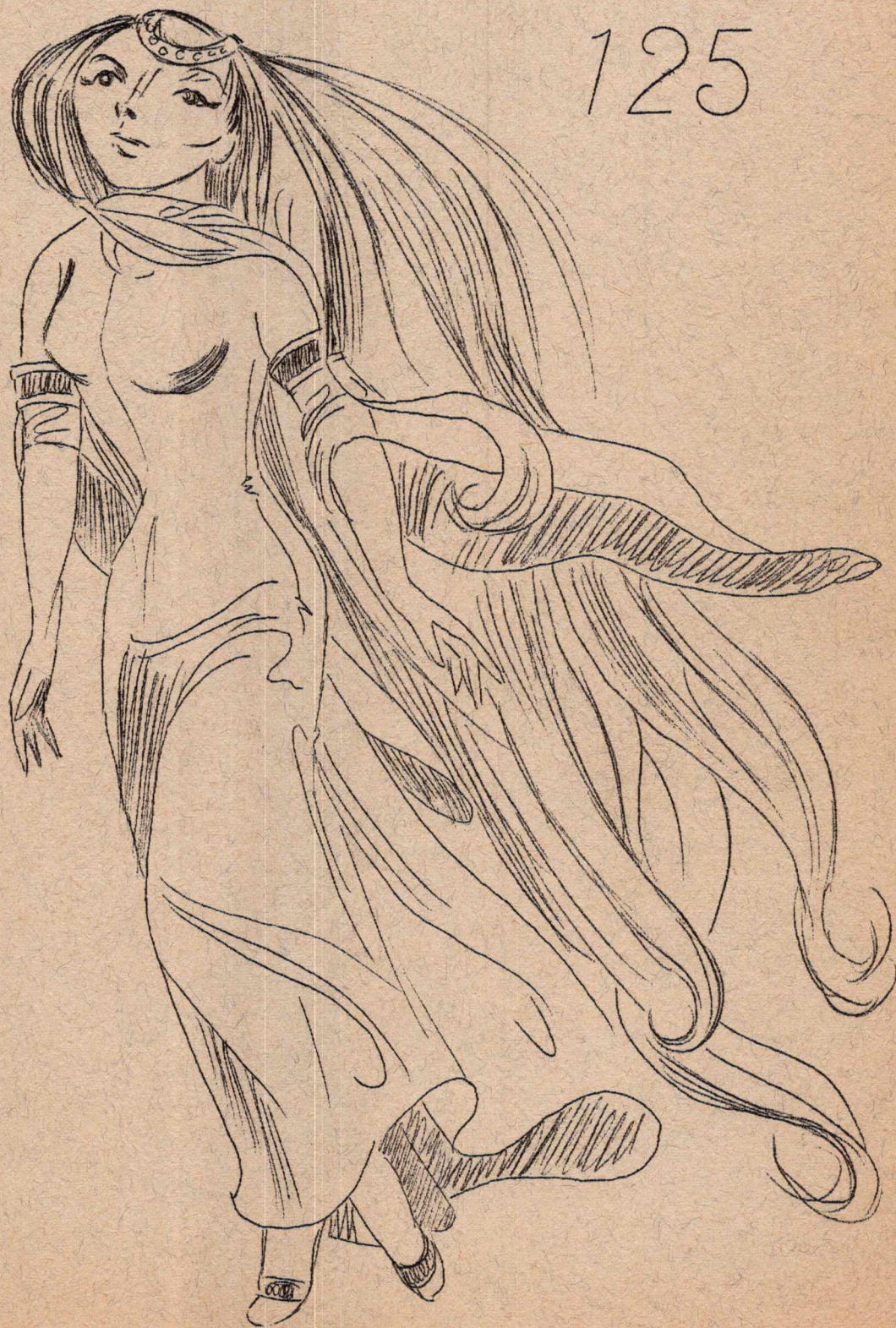


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YANDRO

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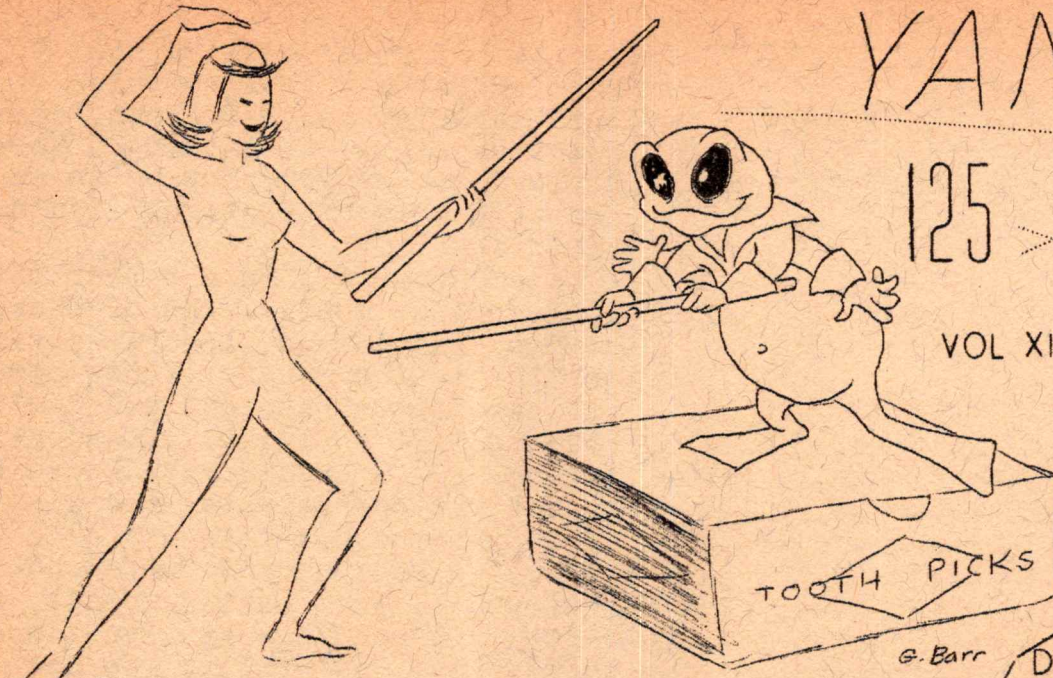


YANDRO

125

JUNE 63

VOL XI NO 6



JAMES
R
ADAMS

DOWN
WITH
REVIEWS!
ISSUE

chockful of nuts issue

Published monthly(!) by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana, 46992.
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Better-Late-Than-Nevep-Credits-For-Last-Issue:
 Cover multilithed by George Scithers, A Good Man
 Pun-Tale on Page 8 by Gene DeWeese, Junk Collector

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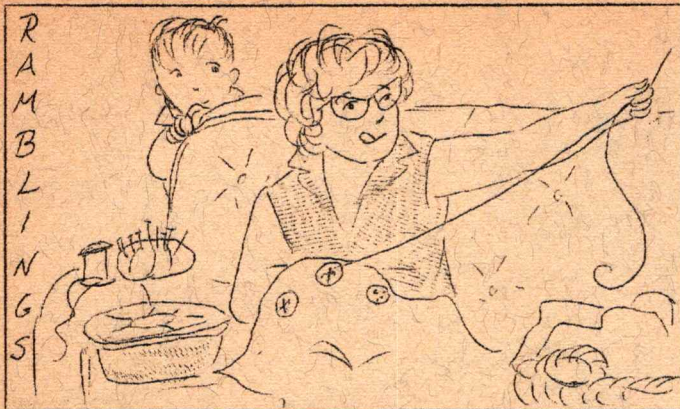
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Timesawastin': If you've been thinking that reallsoonnow you'll join the Discon, it's now July. Send your \$2 to Bill Evans, Box 36, Mt. Ranier, Md. Hurry while you're thinking about it-tomorrow it's October



If all goes well, we hope to hand out some subber's copies of this issue at the Midwescon, come tomorrow night. Or Saturday. Here's hoping lots of you show up so we can save lots of postage. You'd better.

I am presently in a rather bit of a grotchy mood....one of these company ads for an electric sewing machine in the paper....they come out and demonstrate and you don't have to lift a finger....and all

Painted in glowing financial terms, naturally. I should have known better. Of course, when the fellow comes out to demonstrate, the glowingly described machine has "just been sold", and he has this dog of a machine to demonstrate at the same price, but he wouldn't recommend it to anyone in his right mind. But now if you'll just wait a moment, he he bring in and demonstrate this real gem of a machine--at five times the price of the advertised machine, naturally. Naturally. We had been quite adequately warned about this gimmick by Consumers' Union, so I wasn't having any. But it rankles just the same. Better luck next time or something.

Let's hope I have better luck with fandom, and I'm assured I will from long pleasant experience. I would like a quire of nine-hole Sovereign brand stencils. That is, Speed-o-print Sovereigns designed specifically for use on an unconverted Gestetner. Our local attempts to contact Speed-o-print have been notably unsuccessful. Somewhere I got the idea that Speed-o-print did make Sovereigns for Gestetners, but I have never seen any. If anyone has, and is willing to be my go-between **FIRST: Don't buy them yet!** Contact me first! Otherwise, I suspect I will end up committed to buy umpteen quire of stencils because everyone rushed right out and got one. And I only need one. And I need it before the Discon.

I don't know how general it had been; I mean, how widely spread and quickly the word has come....but surprise of surprises, the Wabash PO seems to be right with it on the quickquick ZIP code business. To be appended after Wabash, Indiana, on our address: 46992. Heaven knows the PO needs ever smidgeon of help they can get, so I trust fandom will get the word.

As it goes in the PO business, it seems incredible that any fan by this stage of the game doesn't know that the PO is not forwarding fanzines. Apparently even if the person requests it and swears away his right arm to pay all postage due....or at least we've heard nothing to the contrary. This policy change is especially evident to fanzine publishers, of course. Nonpublishers...PLEASE....tell us when you move*QUICK! Or we get very nasty. When you move and don't tell us, the PO sends the zine back, demands 8¢ from us before returning the thing and leaves snippy notes in the mailbox about keeping our addresses up-to-date. As might be guessed, we are not in any mood to shop around looking for the disappeared fan. Sometimes it is just a matter of poor timing, and a day later, here comes a card from the fan announcing his address change; so we can only shrug, charge it off to the perils of fanpubbing and ship the copy out again (quick, before Joe Fan moves again). But too often the character does not bother to notify us....he shoots off a demand several months later wanting to know what kind of gyp operation we're running and so forth. Sometimes it's our goof. It is hard to

keep track of all these addresses, and we will admit our error when tis so. But this doesn't happen one twentieth as often as we get the lil yellow envelope in the mailbox: "US PO is holding postage-due return requested item for you. 8¢ due".

And please, fellas, you can't seal fanzines with scotch tape and expect this PO to deliver them, not without socking us for first-class postage first.

Several months back I mentioned the local paper as a source of entertainment. For various reasons, we again subscribed. We're not getting too much value in the departments we hoped for, but we are getting all sorts of homey and sordid insights into local gossip and whatnot. I mean, this paper is hard up for news. They'd be much better off as a once or twice weekly than as a daily, but the whole town has delusions of grandeur. For instance, the local cops recently acquired a radar set for speed trapping (shows you how up to date they are) and they've been playing with it like mad.....dragging in people for going 2 mph over the posted limit and whatnot, and all glowingly and fully reported in the paper. And when they report the police news, they report all the news, though occasionally it makes one wonder (if nothing else, where the writers studied journalism):

"Jerry Lee Capes, 21, Wabash, R.R.4, disturbing the peace (mufflers)"

"Thomas Hubbard, Jr. 30, Wabash RR3, parking ticket violation of ordinance number six....arrested on a city warrant"/(They are very strict about those little boxes where you drop your quarter for overtime parking.....try to sneak past one, and an arm snakes out and plasters a warrant on you.)//

"Police received a call late Saturday night of three boys without shirts messing around with cars and fooling around gas stations in the Manchester Avenue area. Police received three calls concerning the youths, but were unable to locate them."/(It's a very inefficient police force. I keep wondering whether they would have charged the boys with loitering or with indecent exposure.)//

"Adaline Bitzel....arrested...at 11:19 P.M. for public intoxication. She was arrested after she came to the police station to report she had been beaten up at a tavern on South Wabash Street."/(On the other hand, the local cops are very good at catching drunks--especially when the drunks present themselves at the station.)//

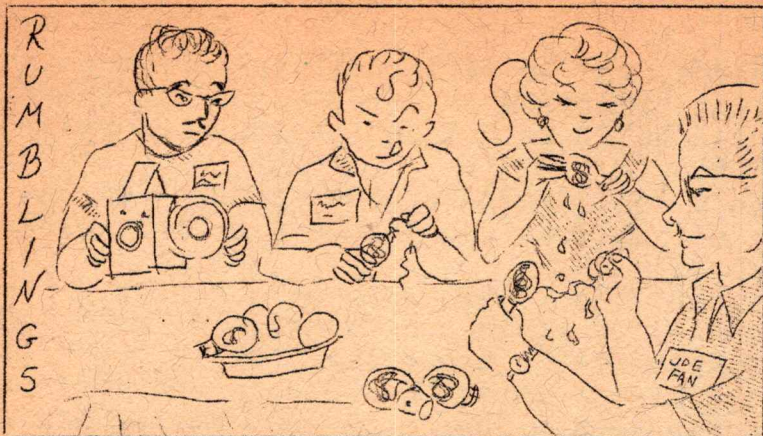
And, probably my favorite: "Police checked a report of a youth riding a motor scooter without any mufflers at 8:30 p.m. Tuesday in the Superior Street-Gillen Avenue area. They were unable to locate anybody!"

Every child with a cut finger, every woman who turns her ankle and screams for help into a local drugstore, every item in a divorce proceeding, down to the individual pieces of furniture, every grass fire and every drop of rainfall is reported in detail. As I said, a weekly yes, a daily it isn't.

As worldcon time creeps closer and closer, the Discon is sounding more and more like an entertaining convention, and the misgivings and reservations (of opinion) are fleeting. The tone of the bulletins and the projected events make it sound like an easy-going, uncrowded convention. I enjoy all conventions, but I think it's always good to alternate types: Chicago was a pretty-close to the chest, very busy and crowded schedule convention. Washington promises to be if anything undercrowded.....which may give the N3F welcome room a lot more neo entertaining to do.

Still, considering the recent news, I suspect we'll end up at the convention hotel. Sit ins I approve, race riots I avoid if possible as understandable, but hardly constructive.

JWC



Tom Dilley, commenting on James Adams' letter in #123, mentioned that those old issues sounded just a little more relaxed and carefree and fun-loving than the current crop. So, always ready to conduct a scientific experiment, we decided that just for the everlasting funlovingness of it, we'd by George Oshry produce an old-time issue. We had an article by Adams on hand -- only 3 or 4 years old, but it still had

some of that real antique flavor. To go with it, we persuaded Tom Stratton to knock out a story one night, and Ross Allen, who had just read his Book Club edition of THE BEAST, was ready to make a few comments about it. The rest of the material fits pretty well with the theme; if you just read the first page of each editorial (since we used to only write one page apiece) and just the first page or two of fanzine reviews (since this column didn't start threatening to take over the mag until a couple or three years back), why, you'll have a pretty good idea of what those old issues of EISFA/YANDRO were like. (And by not reading those 4 pages, you'll be getting approximately the same amount of material as those old issues contained. Unfortunately the post office refused to cooperate by lowering its rates to the level of 1956, so the price of this issue has to remain at the un-nostalgic level of 25¢ apiece.)

Qualitywise, as we say in the trade, we're about up to par. Stratton dashed off his contribution in a short lull between ear-shattering record playing by his wives; it's not his best work, but we've published worse. Allen was pretty well up at the top of his form; Adams is maybe a bit below his average.

Currently I'm reading PICKETT'S CHARGE, by George R. Stewart (Premier, 75¢). It's subtitled "A Microhistory Of The Final Attack At Gettysburg, July 3, 1863", and "microhistory" is a very apt description of a book which takes 320 pages to cover a single assault of a single battle. I can vision Stewart doing a complete history of the Civil War -- in 200 magnificent volumes. (And every one of them would be perfectly fascinating. The only Stewart book that I've ever found to be less than compelling is his lone -- award-winning -- venture into stf; EARTH ABIDES. That one I don't like; everything else I've read by the man is wonderful.)

We finally poked our noses out of **this**-here log cabin, now that it's warmin' up a bit, and went to one of them there movin' pitchers. Newfangled thing called a "drive-in". Anyway, maybe it was just that we hadn't seen any movie at all for some months, but we watched "The Raven" and it was wonderful. From the opening scenes with Price falling over his own telescope to the closing magician's duel between Price and Karloff, there wasn't a dull moment. And not only is the movie the funniest thing I've seen in years, but some of the special effects are really beautiful, surpassing even the recent (and not-so-recent) Hammer epics in color and camera artistry. (Or montage artistry, as the case may be.) Remember "The Raven" next year when you're voting for Hugos.

To date only 23 egoboo poll sheets have been returned. If you intend to send yours in, do it now. (If you don't intend to send yours

in, you'll no doubt be happy to learn that unless I get a better response immediately, I won't be bothering you with ballots in the future) I'm willing to go to a little trouble to give our contributors a boost, but I'm not going to go to a lot of trouble and wind up with results that don't mean anything because the voting percentage is too small. Send your ballots by return mail if you want them counted.

Fighting Joe Hensley, Mr. District Attorney for Jefferson County, made newspaper headlines recently by leading a raid on a cockfighting emporium in his district. According to the articles, 143 Hoosier sportsmen were arrested and fined, while another 50 or so got away in the brush (with Joe and the cops in hot pursuit, according to one account). I can't decide whether Joe has a thing about letting people enjoy themselves with a little illegal amusement, or whether he's just getting material for another Bloody Babes paperback. (And if he doesn't put it in a book I'm going to twist his arm to get the full details for YANDRO)

Today (June 27) is my last day of work for two weeks. This is a hell of a time for a vacation, but at Honeywell you take your breaks when you're told to, and no backtalk. At least, with two whole weeks to myself (more or less), the Coulson family will take in the Midwest-con and a trip to Milwaukee, and I'll have some time to get my stamps mounted, my tape recordings in order, build a gun rack for the overflow of weapons, and maybe even get a few household tasks done. (The more I look at the list of jobs to be done the more I think I'll take my vacation by getting an armload of books, taking them in to work and sitting in my nice air-conditioned office to read them. It's hot out here.)

Business notice: we are prepared to do mimeograph work for other fans, for a price. I know we can beat the price of any professional mimeographers, and probably produce better quality as well. Write if you're interested, and I'll give you the bad news. (Like; cash in advance, any color paper as long as it's Twill-Tone, etc.)

I see that in various other fanzines (DOUBLE BILL being the only one I can think of as an example because it arrived the most recently), fans are still worrying the old bone of why they are fans. (The technical term for this form of discussion is narcissism -- now don't say you never learned anything from one of my editorials.) Admittedly, fandom is a rather improbable avocation, but there are reasonable explanations. The most likely can be stated by anyone who has been to a convention and seen a circle of fans sitting around solemnly peeling used flashbulbs -- we're all here because we're not all there. Most of us are able to get around outside of mental institutions -- though I can think of a few exceptions to that -- but of all the active fans I know, I can only think of one who seems completely sane (I was going to say three, but then I recalled that the other two candidates were addicted to old comic books, which hardly seems a rational quality). I know quite a few semi-retired and fringe-fans who seem completely sane; maybe that's why they aren't active. I think that all the furor over finding a reason for fandom is based on the fact that all active fans subconsciously realize that they're a wee bit unbalanced, but they aren't able to accept the fact and live with it, so they keep looking for plausible reasons for their behaviour.

Anyway, that's my theory; let's see you come up with a better one.

Next issue in two weeks, if we're lucky; I want to get back on a mid-month schedule and if we can't do it now we never will. RSC

MILESTONES IN SCIENCE

by JAMES R. ADAMS

II: THE STORY OF FIRE

As an observant person, you've no doubt noticed that, when striking a match, a hot brightness--or bright hotness--commonly bursts from the struck end. We call this phenomenon fire. (Or at least I do. You call it whatever you wish--but you'll be wrong. The last popularity poll found 96% of those questioned agreeing that "fire" is the name for it, all right. "Squeet" came in a poor second.

Until recently no one really knew just how fire was first discovered. The theory having most support was that it resulted from the observation of lightning setting trees ablaze. This has now been proved wrong by the unearthing of a number of stone tablets on which are chiseled the memoirs of a Neanderthal named Aaaa. Aaaa, who claimed to be a short-stop for the Cardiff Giants, gives us the true story:

"I was mooching along one day, when I saw this black, soggy thing lying by the path. Since those were the days when almost anything still was without a name, I said, 'I dub thee Cigar Butt,' and picked it up.

"The Cigar Butt," continues Aaaa (pronounced Oooo), "bore a strange reddish glow at the tip of it, and when I thrust this glow into a pile of dry leaves, they burst promptly into flames. Voila! I had discovered fire."

Admittedly, many authorities refuse to credit this unsung caveman's absorbing account. But a private group now has plans in the works to erect a statue of Aaaa, clutching his butt and gaping in wonderment at a blazing pile of leaves. It's only justice.

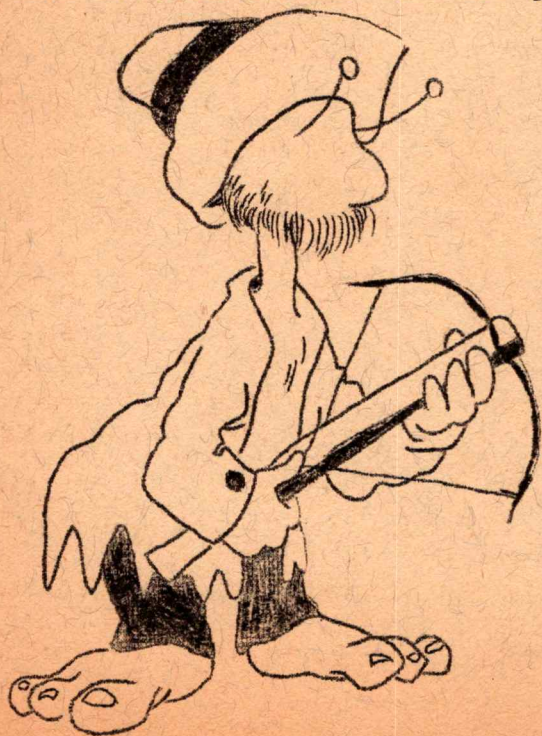
Respectfully treated, fire is a friend to man. There is a case on record of a London tailor who chummed around with a feeble flicker of spontaneous combustion, carrying it in his pocket everywhere he went. The devoted flamme lit his pipe, kept him warm and gave his enemies hotfoots--hotfeets--hotfeet. In return, it was fed only the choicest cloth remnants in the tailor's shop.

A squirt gun in the hands of a nine-year-old assassin ended this beautiful friendship.

There is good evidence to indicate that fire was not always hot. Professor Calvin Birdlegs, of Pollywog Tech, tells us, "Like so many other things, fire has evolved. I would be willing to stake my reputation that originally it was cold--so cold that you could hold your hands over it and get frostbite."

The professor will pay a reward of twenty-four cartons of empty pop bottles to anyone who can come forward with a fossilized flame that may help him prove he is not merely frostbitten between the ears.

If you have ever wondered about the more technical aspects of fire--that's good. It is beneficial to the brain to wonder.



THE BEAST van by a e vogt

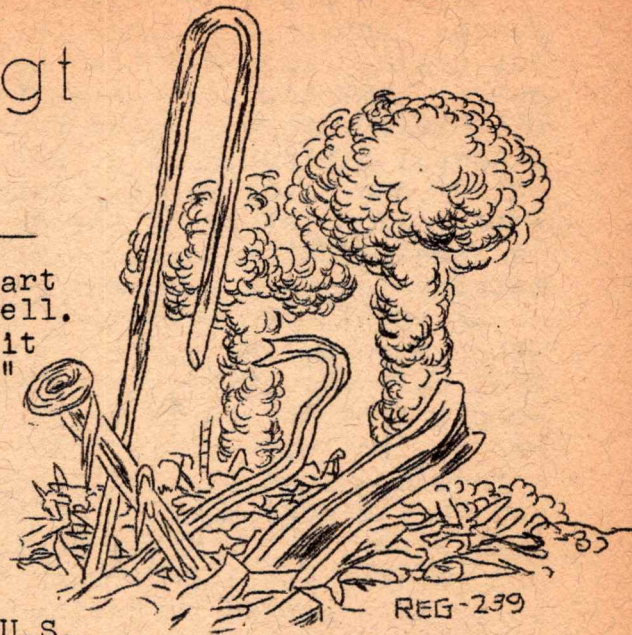
comments by ROSS ALLEN

I should have known better than to start a van Vogt novel when I wasn't feeling well. "It's this dizziness, doctor....I think it comes from an overdose of plot elements."

Lessee, by page 144 the hero has got his right arm cut off three times. That ain't easy. Every time it grows back he loses his memory. So does the reader, because van Vogt uses the interval to quit writing that part of the story and start in again someplace else.

Typical van Vogt plot. There's this U.S. president who had a couple of hundred Amazons for bodyguards and who wants immortality and the world more or less in that order. Then there are these East German Communists (I bet in the original they were ordinary old Nazis) who want control of the world and have begun by putting a base on the moon. Sort of like getting from Chicago to New York by way of Dallas. Then there is the colony of Americans in a big cave on the moon. They got there accidentally--each of them was sauntering down this trail on earth and all of a sudden, phtt! and there they are coming out of a machine on the moon. They're bossed by a Neanderthal (this machine's been there for a lo-ong time....it was started by the Moon People, who very carelessly went off to become a ball of Cosmic Consciousness without shutting their machinery off.) Some more moon machines are powering the East German spaceships, and one of them was found by a good old U.S. capitalist who had initiative and power and verve and all that stuff and instead of turning the machine over to the government he began shooting people off to colonies on Venus.

The hero didn't get to the moon by going phtt!, though. He got kidnapped by the Germans right after his arm grew back once, and sent to the moon in one of their spaceships. He kills the crew and then finds out he can't run the ship himself (surprise!), so it crashes. He goes wandering over the moon looking for succor and maybe a bit of oxygen—I think he has a spacesuit on, but van Vogt isn't too clear about that part. Anyway he sees this cave in the bottom of an extinct volcano (I still think the moon craters were made by meteors) and dives into it. It turns into a tunnel going down so he follows it like Alice down the rabbit hole, only instead of a rabbit at the bottom there's a Neanderthal. And a "yellow-green-blue-red" colored sabre-tooth tiger (which is kept in a cage and gets to eat anybody that the Neanderthal doesn't like. What it dines on between revolutions isn't stated.) Right away the Neanderthal takes a liking to the hero and shows him all the moon machinery and offers him the job of second-in-command and second choice of all the women. The hero promptly sticks a knife in him...seems he's a fanatical monogamist and all this talk about women offends him. (I bet the real reason van Vogt isn't writing stf any more is that dianetics finally removed all his engrams about his mother and in the process he lost all his inspiration.) Anyway, our hero escapes back to earth by walking into the machine at the moon end and going phtt! (He lands in front of a road-roller and phtt! there goes that arm again.)



Only it doesn't--this time it's his leg. Thrown in for variety, I guess. Anyway, he lands in jail, invents a super-gadget to burn his way out again, finds out that he's a superman, hypnotizes the president (remember him? the one who wanted immortality and the world?) into re-establishing Democracy, goes back to the moon and turns the Neanderthal into a useful citizen amid a torrent of social cliches, takes over the moon colony and lives happily ever (and I do mean ever--he's got immortality) after. The leader of the Germans commits suicide, the Venus colony is declared a United Nations mandate, the Moon People depart in a cloud of metaphysics, and everything is hunky-dory.

Except I keep wondering why the hero's wife was mad at him when the story opened, why a motor which didn't give off any radiation should affect cell structure, what the machine which kept accidentally phtting people from the earth to the moon was supposed to do, and why the Moon People went off and left it running, why they left all their other damned machines running (they must have been a very untidy race), why van Vogt needed to ring in two different types of immortality in the same story, why a sabre-tooth tiger should be colored red, green, blue and yellow, why the Germans (and it turns out that they were Nazis, after all!) went around murdering 1800 people a week while trying to keep their organization a secret, and last but not least, why the German leader pulled a Mauser automatic out of a desk drawer in one paragraph and shot himself with a revolver in the next.

I guess it just boils down to the fact that van Vogt is somewhat like his Moon People; he's a very untidy author.

high crusade

RAYMOND L. CLANCY

The caveman battered the head of his foe
And howled his wrath to the stars,
Reached his hand for the spaceship door
And charted a course to Mars.

DISCONFIDENCE

Chairman George Scithers reports he's been getting worried notes from costume-ball fancying fans, ever since the Discon announced that the costumers would parade on "a runway". Seems some of them are coming as a ton of heavy-water and they envision caving through. Hence, this note from Chairman Scithers: "Extra announcement: the runway upon which the costumes will parade is wide enough and sturdy enough for the Marine Band to march on--and they have.... Only difficulty is that there are a couple of low steps at each end, so costumes will have to be agile enough to get up and down those steps..." You've been warned.

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY FOR TAFF

SILVER SECONDS

—column—from— gene deweese

Readers buy books and magazines to read.

Collectors buy books and magazines to read and to save and cherish.

And there are some, like me, who buy books and magazines to read, to save and cherish, and because they're cheap.

Take me, for instance (if you can). For years, I've avoided second-hand bookstores whenever possible. I find it impossible to get out of one without an armload of almost anything that's cheap. For instance, I am presently the dubious owner of "What A Woman Can Do", a 400-page, 70-year old volume which explains, among other things, how a woman can save enuf money out of her \$1.75-a-week household allowance to buy a house, which she presents to her understandably astonished husband as proof of how thrifty she is. (Or else she had another business going for her on the side.) Then there's "Motor Boys at Boxwood Hall" and "Circus Boys on the Plains". And "Ber-20 Days". None of them could have cost over 15¢.

Of course, this mania for bargains is not limited to reading matter. I have several 30- and 40-year old records which were about a dime each. And any number of recent 1-p's which were on sale for 60¢. A couple years ago, I took, essentially sight unseen (or sound unheard, perhaps), about 50 old 78 rpm records which included such gems as "Little Toot" by Don Wilson, largely because they were free. Oh, there were a few worthwhile items, such as Enrico Caruso singing "Over There" in both English and Italian. (The English version, by the way, would lead one to believe that the "over there" referred to in the song was the U.S.) The point is—I took them all.

And once I bought an Edison, hill-and-dale recording. No, I don't have any means of playing it, but it was only a nickel.

You begin to get the idea? Well, I think I hit some kind of peak a couple weeks ago. At least, I hope it was the peak. If it wasn't, I'm just cracking up completely. Here's what happened.

The new Yellow Pages for Milwaukee were delivered recently. The company where I work collected their old ones (several hundred, probably), and stacked them on a skid in one of the plant corridors. One afternoon shortly thereafter, I was in that area. I rounded a corner, and there I was—facing those hundreds of obsolete copies of the Yellow Pages. I barely hesitated as I hurried past them, but even in that brief instant, I heard a voice in my mind, saying, "If they're just throwing them away, I wonder if they'd let me have a few....."

Eldred Tomkin Boonsnucker (our cat, a cowardly beast) did a double take the other day. This could have been because it was either near-sighted or stupid. Personally, I suspect the latter.

The cat (TK for short) has a habit of sitting on the next-to-the-top step of the basement stairs, peering calmly, if cautiously, around the edge of the doorframe into the kitchen. If it sees me, it thumps and scrambles its way down the stairs and holes up in the basement for an indeterminate period. (No, I don't beat the animal, never have been able to catch it; I just make threatening gestures to chase it off the

table, sink, bed, or whatever uncatly perch it has requisitioned.)

This particular time, it was looking the other way when I walked into the kitchen, and I was only a couple feet away when it looked up at me. It looked up for a second, then nonchalantly resumed its observation of the kitchen floor for another second. Then its eyes snapped back to me, went wide, and the whole animal went into reverse and did a fast Three-Stooges scramble down the stairs.

As a sort of postscript to the affair, I noticed it later, sitting in the basement window, making strange noises at a tomcat sitting just outside the same window. Like I said a few paragraphs back, I think it's just stupid; it's a tomcat, too.

--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--/--

I have finally been privileged to see something worse than KING DINOSAUR: PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE.

First, it is narrated by Kriswell, which should give you some idea right there. He is the one, you remember, who predicted that Mae West and he would go to the Moon.

Second, it proved that Tor Johnson can talk--but just barely. He sounds like he looks, only gravelly. Luckily, he gets killed after only a few lines and spends the rest of the picture staring and stomping, the way God intended.

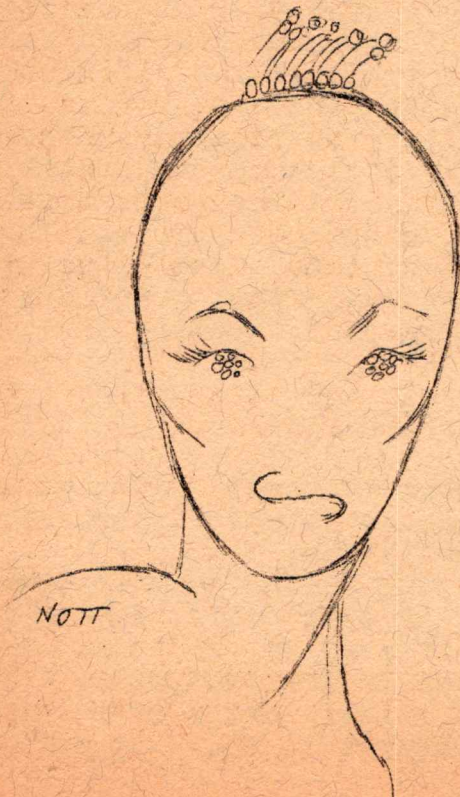
Also included were Bela Lugosi and Vampira. Neither have any lines, but Lugosi does a lot of lurking and skulking, mostly with a cape in front of his face, once he is killed.

Very briefly, the plot (it takes place in a graveyard, mostly) is thus: A group of clods from outer space seem to want to take over Earth (I say "seem to" because this particular facet was never really made clear.). They have already tried 8 plans with singular, if understandable, lack of success. Currently they are employing "Plan 9", which is simply to bring a few dead bodies back to life and then, once enuf such zombies have been assembled, march them on a few world capitals. This will, the leading outer space clod feels sure, "attract a great deal of attention." (Almost as much as landing one of their ships, which they hide in a currently active graveyard, in a world capital.) Needless to say, they fail and are destroyed. By the Hero, who graduated from this film to "87th Precinct" on tv.

A few of its outstanding moments:

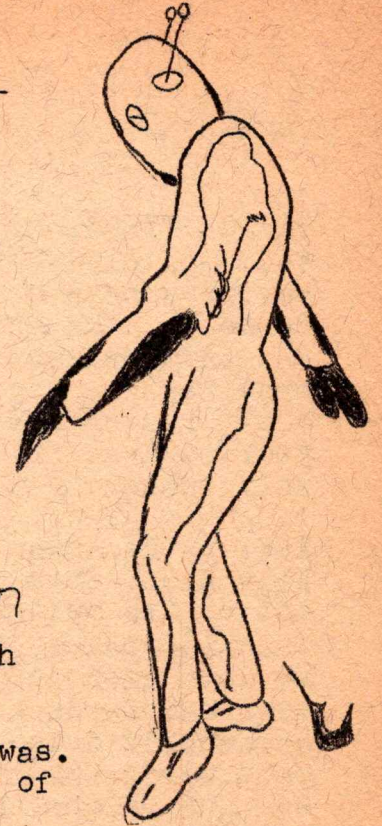
1) The police inspector (Johnson) has just been killed in the graveyard, and his body found by a couple of police department extras. One cop declaims to another, like unto a third grade, school play: "There's one thing for sure! The inspector is dead--murdered! And someone is responsible!" During this scene and most of the others, the police express their puzzlement by scratching their necks and heads with the barrels of their guns.

2) A government official is explaining to one of the police that he has been communicating with the aliens by radio for some time. "Do they speak our language?" asks the cop. "Not quite," replies the official. A bit later, it is explained that there have been



problems in the communications, due to "atmospheric disturbances in outer space".

3) The aliens send one of the zombies to a nearby house. Once it arrives and skulks for a moment, it presents itself in full view to several people, including the ubiquitous if idiotic ("ubiquiotic"?) cops. At this point, the aliens "prove their power" by turning a putrefaction ray on the zombie. It collapses and promptly turns into a smoky skeleton in moldy evening clothes. One of the cops peers down at the remains and poses the penetrating question, "Whadaya' make o' that?" His partner replies, "Sheesh! Ya' got me; he didn't look like that a minute ago."



THE LURCHER AT THE THRESHOLD

— *thomas stratton*

The Horror of horrors, it lurched blindly through the door. And there it stood, the Blind Lurcher!

It was the Beast That Wouldn't Die. Mainly, it wouldn't die because it liked its fur the color it was.

It walked in the wards. It was a soulless thing of fur and forces almost (but not quite) as potent as life itself.

And it was then I saw it. I put out a cautious finger to be sure I was right (Birch is my hero, I shall not want...). It got limper and limper and began to hump together. It was as if a piece of mashed-out, mangled plastic, purple, putrid putty was trying to put itself together again. Oh well, I thot, that's just my cautious finger; I still have my courageous ones. Suddenly, a low wailing burst from an arrangement like a group of pipes at the creature's apex, and it came to me in a flash (courtesy DC comics): this creature was, in reality, a furry with a syrinx on top.

After awhile the low wailing changed to a high wailing, hiding the creature from view. I attempted to peer between the bars, but was frustrated by the sharps and flats. Particularly the Sharps, which was a .45-90 buffalo gun. Buffaloed and cowed, I retreated.

Suddenly a new manifestation manifested itself. A horde of bowling balls streamed out between the bars and headed for the nearest alley. "Oops!" I ejaculated, pursuing hotly. It was obvious that the Beast had turned itself into this rack of balls, the better to disguise itself while conquering the world.

The world was saved, however, for the creature was not familiar with the putrefactive processes of society. There in the alley, disguised as bowling balls, they were set upon by one of the lowest forms of earthly life, the common criminal, and were rolled.

KEEPING UP WITH THE NEWS DEPT. or Wonder-Why-We-Haven't-Heard-From-Joe?

\$\$\$3,000 in fines was collected and 143 persons arrested after a raid on a backwoods cockfighting arena in Jefferson County, Indiana. County Prosecutor Joe L. Hensley said the raided cockfight had been arrogant enough to send the Sheriff and Prosecutor invitations. Good old Joe, never one to pass up a party, decided to go. Some attendees escaped by running through the swamps ("Runnin' lak a dawg thru the everglades") and the sporting officers decided they'd run the gaunt'it successfully!

GOLDEN MINUTES

THE GRIFTERS, by Jim Thompson (Regency, 50¢) The title of this novel seems fairly self-explanatory. I can't say whether the treatment has any freshness or originality; I don't read enough of this type of novel to tell. The writing is slick and fast-paced, and there is enough sex and sadism inserted to give the chumps a thrill. I can't say that it provides any searching insight into the problems of our times, but then a stf reader can hardly condemn anything on that ground. Tell one of your mundane friends that it's a great stimulating novel and he'll probably believe you, and enjoy the book.

KKK, by Ben Haas (Regency, 50¢) This is the complete history of the Ku Klux Klan, from the formation of the original group in 1865 to the latest of its incarnations in the present segregation struggle. In less than 160 pages, the treatment can't be too comprehensive, but it seems to do a good job of hitting the high spots. The author seems to lean over backwards to be fair to the original Klan, suppressed in 1872 and eventually dying out a few years later. Frankly, I can't imagine any good words which could be said for the revival of the Klan in 1915, or for any of the current Klan organizations. I can't vouch for the accuracy of the facts it presents, but, assuming they are accurate, this should be an excellent beginning for anyone interested in the subject. Anyone vitally interested can go on to more detailed studies; the casual reader can learn enough to satisfy himself right here.

This is as good a place as any to mention that at least six people (including three members of the Regency staff) informed me that the "Walter Drummond" I was curious about last issue is really a pseudonym for Bob Silverberg. So his knowledge of Emsch and Powers is easily explained. (Several of the group also informed me that "Drummond" has also done a book on the Marquis de Sade for Regency, but this is one that I don't even recall seeing, much less reading.)

THE IMPOSSIBLES, by Mark Phillips (Pyramid, 40¢) This is a sequel to the author's earlier BRAIN TWISTER for Pyramid, an appeared in ASTOUNDING in 1960 under the title "Out Like A Light". Like the previous novel in the series (and like the succeeding one, which Pyramid will undoubtedly bring out in due course) it is a lightweight, relatively entertaining piece of psience-fiction. It isn't great or memorable and it won't win any Hugos, but it's a pleasant way to kill an afternoon, and it might be a good way to introduce stf to a non-fan friend who has some imagination and likes corny humor.

THE BLUE BOOK OF THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY, by Robert Welch (\$2.00) A member of the society admonished me about knocking the group without having read the book. He was absolutely right. Anybody who wants to attack the group should be all means read a copy of this volume; it will provide you with all sorts of interesting ammunition. How you get hold of a copy is your affair; I borrowed mine. (In one thing, though, I feel that Welch is absolutely right; our present government is far too big, inefficient because of its size, and far more interested in increasing itself than in benefiting the country. I just don't happen to feel that Welch's ideas are going to help things much.)

STRANGE FRUIT

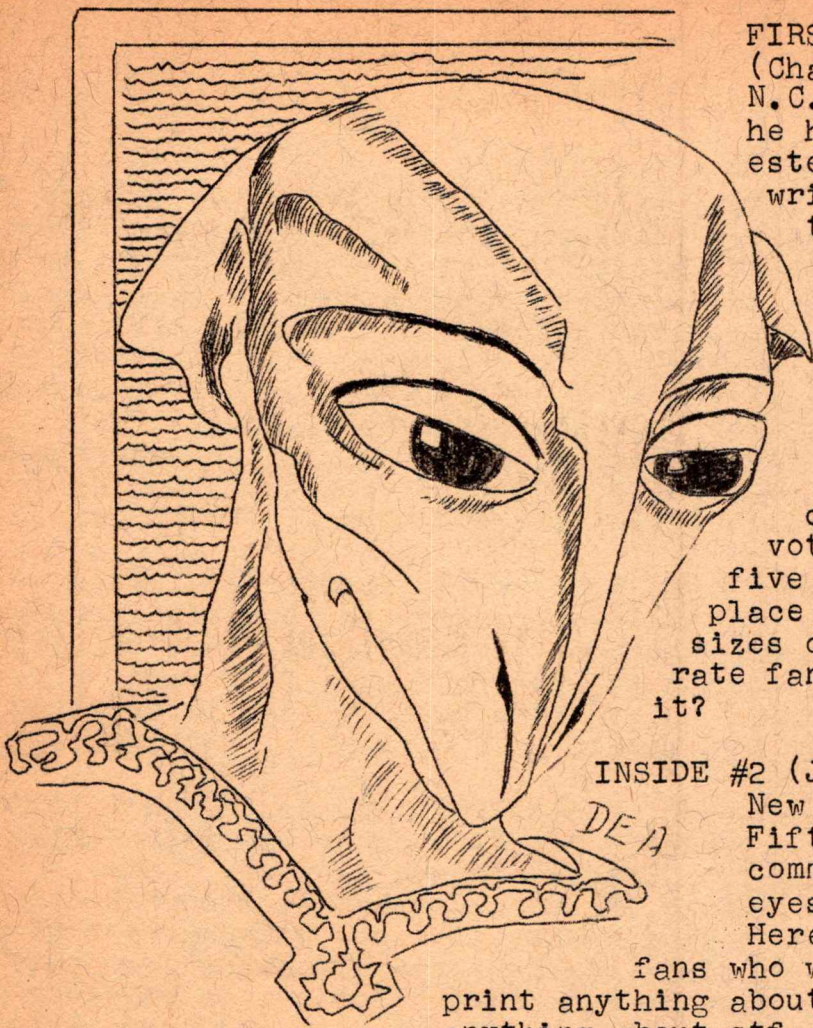
SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #65 (Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave. M Los Angeles 25, Calif. - bi-monthly - 25¢ - Steve Tolliver, editor, Archie Mercer, British Agent) As has become usual, Bjo's "Fallen Angelenos" column is the best thing in the issue. She meets odder people than even most fans do. The editor has a very good article on Mariner, and Ron Ellik finishes up his con report, if you're interested in that sort of thing. A better than usual issue. With it came all sorts of extras; the most important being a folio of illustrations by Poul Anderson for his novel THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS, beautifully reproduced on expensive paper by Don Fitch. As artwork, they're pretty bad, but they're interesting as an example of the way an author visualizes his own work. Rating.....7

AMRA #24 (George Scithers, Box 9286, Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia - irregular - 30¢) The fanzine of swords, sorcery, and the best artwork in fandom. Aside from the artwork, there is a mediocre piece of fiction, a good article on some lesser-known stories by Robert E. Howard, a fascinating verse by John Boardman, and various more or less interesting comments scattered throughout the issue. Rating.....9

SATYR COMICS #14 (Pfc Bill Pearson, US56337294, Hq. Co., USAG 4010, Fort Polk, Louisiana - irregular - 27¢ or 4 for \$1) Under the false whiskers is another issue of SATA, the Terribly Infrequent Fanzine. Oops; here it says to send your money to Dan H. Pearson, 4516 East Glenrosa Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona. Bill would just spend it for more newspapers that he could cut comic strips out of. This mag features two adventure comic stories. Plots--mediocre as fiction but not bad for comics episodes--are by Pearson, Artwork--beautiful--is by George Barr and Larry Ivie. Reproduction is multilith. Get it for the purty pitchers. Rating.....6

STEFANTASY #51 (Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa. - irregular - free for comment, I think) One of the most interesting fanzine covers that I've seen; unfortunately the glue came off my copy in the mail. (So I got the punch line without being suckered into it.) Material is mostly devoted to Life In America; the fact that most of it strikes me as hilarious can be considered a comment on authorial ability, Coulsonic taste, or American society. Anyway, it's all fine stuff. Rating....10

THE FREE HUMANIST Vol.5, #6 (P.O. Box 4661, Baltimore 12, Md. - monthly - 20¢ or 12 for \$2.00) This is the official publication of the Free-thought Society of America--an aptly-named organization, at least as to the quality of its thoughts. If there's one thing that irritates me, it's the spectacle of someone sitting around complaining because his opponents are using the same tactics he is. After several articles whining over the way in which religion is trying to stamp out atheism and agnosticism, there are several articles whipping up the faithful atheists and agnostics to try and stamp out religion--particularly the Catholic religion. The viciousness of some of these comments and the utter stupidity of others (such as the complaint that Peace Corps members going to South America are mostly Catholics--sending a bunch of atheist emissaries to a Catholic country is a great way to win friends, isn't it?) is remarkable. It will draw in some of the pseudo-intellectuals, I suppose. Special-Interest



FIRST ANNUAL FAN POLL RESULTS
(Charles Wells, 200Atlas #1, Durham, N.C. - one-shot - I think he said he had extras; ask if you're interested) The ratings of fanzines, fan writers, artists, etc., made by the mighty voice of fandom; all 47 voters of it. While you may gather that I don't consider the results particularly important, Gene DeWeese pointed out the one item that I personally find hilarious. YANDRO managed to place third in the fanzine section, without receiving a single first-place vote. (Fourth-place CRY garnered five votes for first, and ninth - place AMRA got 3.) Sort of emphasizes our position as the best second-rate fanzine in the country, doesn't it?

INSIDE #2 (Jon White, 90 Riverside Drive, New York 24, N.Y. - irregular -25¢) Fifty multilithed pages of serious commentary upon science fiction/in eyestraining micro-micro-elite JWC/ Here's one for all those bewildered

fans who want to know why fanzines don't print anything about stf. (Fanzines don't print anything about stf, dear, because Harlan Ellison monopolized all the good articles while he was editing DIMENSIONS and now, thanks to White, they're finally being allowed to see print.) I didn't bother to finish Arthur Jean Cox's long article, but it's all serious and scholarly and will probably be enjoyed by a lot of people. I did read George O. Smith's article on "The Seven Stages of Authordom", which I suspect has more humor than truth in it, but is good anyway. And there are plenty of other goodies.

Rating.....9

FANTASY-NEWS #3 (Ken Beale, 115 E. Mosholu Parkway, Bronx 67, New York-weekly - 12 for \$1) I can imagine very few things that fandom needs less than another newsletter, particularly one with bad mimeography.

Rating.....1

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #402 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th. Ave., College Point 54, N.Y. - monthly - 15¢) Old Faithful is making another stab at getting back on schedule; if they gain a bit more they won't be any farther behind than we are. There is even a fairly large glop of pro news to be reported, for a change.

Rating.....5

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #10 & 11 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio - bi-weekly - 13 for \$1) Biggest drawback here is a dearth of news. Inman makes the most of what he has; his presentation is undoubtedly the best in the newszine field. But he doesn't have a whole lot to present. A good fan contact in California and a good pro contact in New York could make this the best newszine in the country.

Rating.....5

SKYRACK #54 (Ron Bennett, 13 Westcliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - monthly - 6 for 35¢ - US Agent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland) The fanzine featuring British fan and pro news.

MENACE OF THE LASFS #69A and 70A (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles 24, Calif. - bi-weekly - 5 for \$1.50, which is a helluva raise from 5 for 50¢.....) The fanzine featuring California fan news. If that price is correct, the mag aint worth it. It's a fairly enjoyable little item, though, if you don't pay much for it.

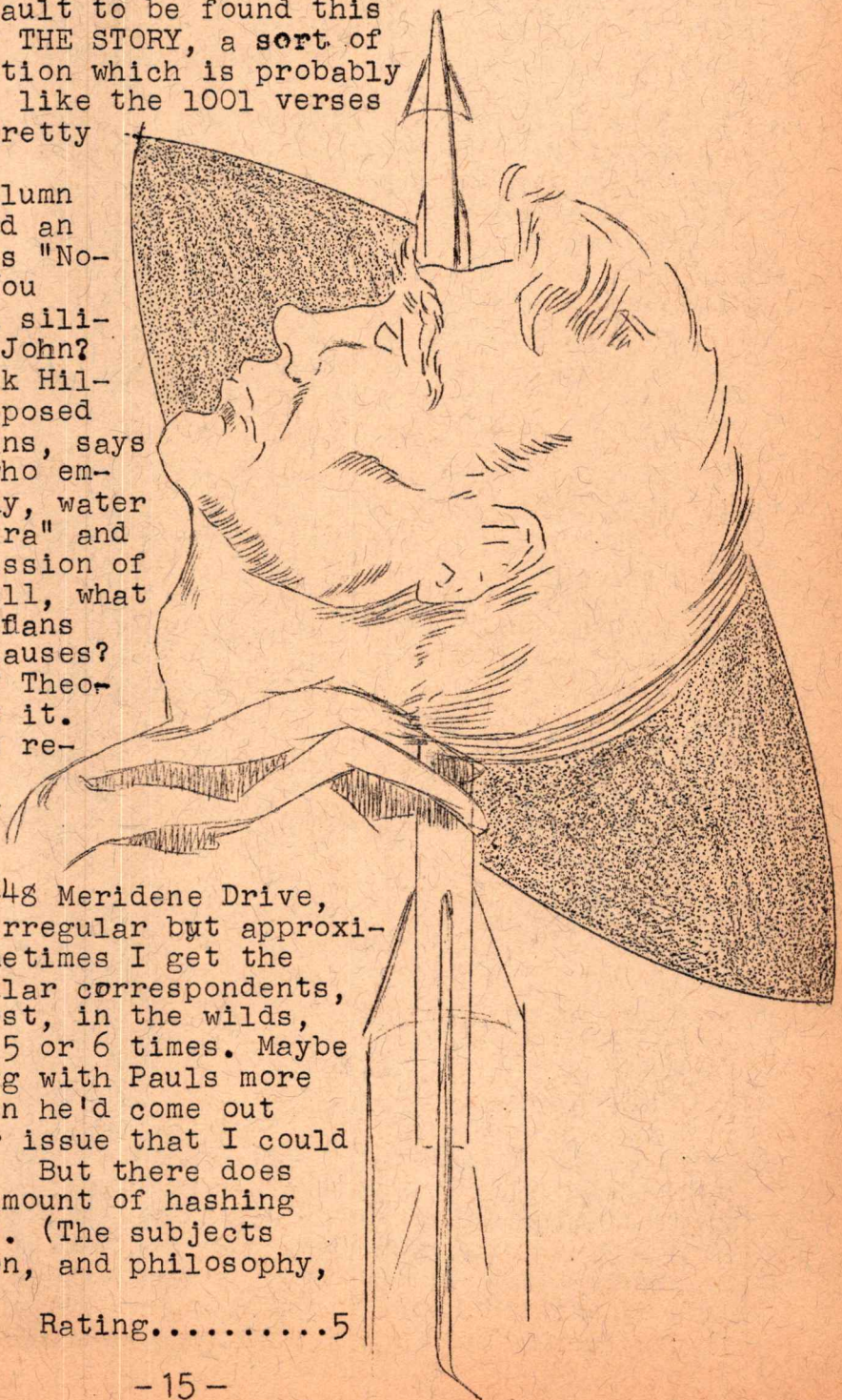
Rating.....4

KNOWABLE #4 (John Boardman, Box 22, New York 33, N.Y. - irregular - 5 for \$1) At last; an issue of a Boardman fanzine which can be read without eyestrain! The only fault to be found this time is the continuance of THE STORY, a sort of shaggy dog in perpetual motion which is probably a lot of fun to write but, like the 1001 verses of "Young Man Mulligan", pretty dreary to outsiders. The "Science Made Too Easy" column is fascinating, but I found an error in it. Boardman says "Nobody breathes" silicon. You mean all those people with silicosis are hypochondriacs, John? In the letter column, Frank Hiller, commenting on the supposed "superior intellect" of fans, says "What of those in fandom who embrace astrology...Theosophy, water witching...viewing the "aura" and such?" (Dots indicate omission of parenthetical asides.) Well, what about them? You know any fans who embrace any of these causes? I can think of a couple of Theosophists, but that's about it. Hiller must have made some remarkable contacts.

Rating.....4

KIPPLE #40 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - irregular but approximately monthly - 20¢) Sometimes I get the feeling that KIPPLE's regular correspondents, like the man wandering, lost, in the wilds, have passed the same spot 5 or 6 times. Maybe it's just that I'm agreeing with Pauls more lately; I had more fun when he'd come out with at least one item per issue that I could take violent exception to. But there does seem to be an inordinate amount of hashing over the same old subjects. (The subjects being religion, integration, and philosophy, for newcomers.)

Rating.....5



Here is a copy of NIEKAS from Ed Meskys; since it's an apazine I'm going to write him a letter of comment instead of reviewing it. (No, I do not write letters of comment on every apazine; just on the one in ten or so that strike my interest.) Also, there is a copy of SQUIRE from Skip Williamson, but any fan editor who expects a trade and a review for a fanzine that I had to pay postage due on has got a lot to learn about me. And SKYRACK #55 is out, but my remarks on #54 will do for this one, too.

G² Vol.2#8 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, California - reasonably frequent - 3 for 25¢) Well worth the money, too, though I can't help wondering how much of that editorial Joe really believes, and how much he stuck in to annoy the readers. It's a good fanzine, full of fire and controversy and all. Even scientific speculation, though of a type that's probably over the heads of the highschool freshmen who want to know why YANDRO doesn't print some. Rating....5

ISCARIOT Vol.2#8 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham, Alabama - quarterly - 15¢ - publisher, Dick Ambrose) I got a letter from Al the other day; among other things he inquired why my reviews of his mag always seemed so noncommittal. Well, it's mainly because he has yet to publish anything that I feel particularly committed to. Reproduction is good, with some good color work. Material is well varied and, technically at least, competently written. There is no really bad material in the entire mag. On the other hand, there is no material that struck me as being at all interesting, either. Most of the contents have a specific bearing on science fiction, so I can recommend it to the more serious-minded fans. Rating....4

TWILIGHT ZINE #10 (Bernard Morris, 22 Hilliard St., Apt. 1, Cambridge 38, Mass. - quarterly - 25¢) That's a new address, and don't send more than 25¢. TZ, in addition to long serious articles about science fiction and short humorous verses about almost anything, comes up with a brand of humor which is far more sophisticated than the slapstick of the average fanzine (including YANDRO). This one has a couple of beauts in Doug Hoylman's "The Magic Watermelon" and "21.13 Strikes Back", by "Chez Dorr". Possibly there exist better parodies of Freudian analysis than the latter article, but I haven't read them. For some reason -- I think it's that discouraging blue paper on the cover, and the avant-garde artwork -- I always put the mag aside when it first arrives, and then when I do get around to reading it I always wonder why I waited. It's good. Rating.....7

CRY #168 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - bi-monthly - 25¢) This time CRY contains nothing to inspire me to write about, tho Wally Weber is in excellent form and the letter-column is also better than usual -- and with a lettercolumn taking up about 40% of the mag, a better-than-usual one does improve the overall quality considerably.) Anyway, it's good, it's varied, and there's very little in it about science fiction. Rating.....6

ENCLAVE #3 (Joe Pilati, 111 So. Highland Ave., Pearl River, New York - bi-monthly - 25¢) Largely a political fanzine to date, but it shows signs of branching out. This time Don Thompson writes about breakfast food and Juanita and I discuss folkmusic records, in addition to political and social commentary by the editor, Julian Scala, and John Boardman. (And then there is Enid Jacobs on subgroups and lunatic fringes; mildly humorous.) Entertaining; even the political articles include interesting facts as well as socialist theories. Rating.....7

GRUMBINGS

Forrest J. Ackerman, 915 South Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles 35, Calif.

In your May 1963 issue you say you can't think of any fans who have claimed in print to be atheists, ruling out science-fantasy readers, collectors and con-goers, and recognizing as a fan, in this case, only fanzine contributors. Well...first as to my bona fides:

For the benefit of those readers who may have forgotten or never known that I once (or twice, or thrice) polled as Fan #1; published 50 issues of a fanzine called Voice of the Imagi-nation during 8 years (among other fanzines--in English, Ackermanese & Esperanto--in my time); wrote the first article on the first page of the first fanzine (The Time Traveller, 1932); contributed the first letter published in the first issue of Hugo Gernsback's SCIENCE WONDER QUARTERLY (1929); created a "scientific-fiction" club for young fen in the late 20s; introduced the abbreviation "stf" in the readers' dept. of ASTOUNDING in the early 30s and later gave it its pronunciation, "stef"; and originated the mundanely accepted term "sci-fi" (used in Films in Review, VARIETY, the British film THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE, etc);--for the benefit of those who may know me only as an (in)Famous Monster: at the World Science Fiction Convention of 1952, from the hands of Isaac Asimov, I received a Hugo (in a category since abandoned) as Fan Personality of the Year.

So--may I still be accepted as a fan, fen?

If so, then--I wish to say simply, quietly, and unemotionally; but with firm conviction and pride; that I am an atheist and have been so without doubt or regret for 30 years. I am not a child; I am practically 47 years old.

By atheist I mean to say that I do not believe there is any God of any sort in the sense of a Supreme Being in Control, an Architect of the Universe. In particular I do not believe in any creator that has any concern whatsoever about what human beings do or don't do on this planet, or what any life of any sort does any where in all of creation.

I do not believe in Heaven, Hell or prayer.

I do not believe in a Hereafter.

I do not believe in reincarnation or an astral plane.

I do not believe in the survival of personality after death.

I do not believe that any of these "godless" beliefs make me communist-prone or an immoral lawless individual or a potential cold-blooded murderer.

And I do not believe that many fans, pros or people give a damn what I believe.

I do not believe there is any rhyme or reason--not-really--to the whole space-time continuum. It is self-evident to me that none of us enters existence of our own freewill; but, once here, my philosophy of life is everybody do their bit to keep the show on the road, have a reasonable amount of fun without hurting anyone and devote a certain amount of effort to leaving the world a little better than you found it. I practice what I preach not for God or church or hope of salvation in the Hereafter but just for the herenow hell of being a human being, which is to say, an incredibly inquisitive animal.

Before anyone takes me to task for "ruling out" readers, collectors and con-goers as fans, let me state that I was

ruling them out simply because the question was on "statements in print" and those types of fans do not as a rule make statements in print. Not about their religious beliefs, anyway. RSC

Forry is stating the atheist position; the agnostic's position, to me, was most succinctly put in the movie version of ELMER GANTRY, when the agnostic reporter is queried: "You mean you don't believe in....//all the proofs of divinity, statements on immortality of the soul and so forth//. The agnostic replies: "I would love to believe that, but I can't." And the word 'love' is appropriate. Many agnostics desire that reassurance and security so much that they wish for the belief becomes a tangible thing--but the intellectual, the rational, the observant human logic, also intervenes. In a way, it would be much more comfortable to state "I do not believe"; the state of being unsure is nerve-racking. JWC

Dave Locke, P.O. Box 335, Indian Lake, N.Y.

You must be slipping, old man. You say you can't think of any fans who have claimed in print to be atheists, either (and those who have are really not 'fans'--fanzine contributors--but readers, collectors, and con-goers), but in both your 120th and 123rd issues I said that I was an atheist, and I'm not only a fanzine contributor of written material and

illos but I also publish two fanzines. I know you've said that you don't always have the time to thoroughly read a fanzine, but when you don't even read your own....God.

Okay; I've got a bad memory -RSC

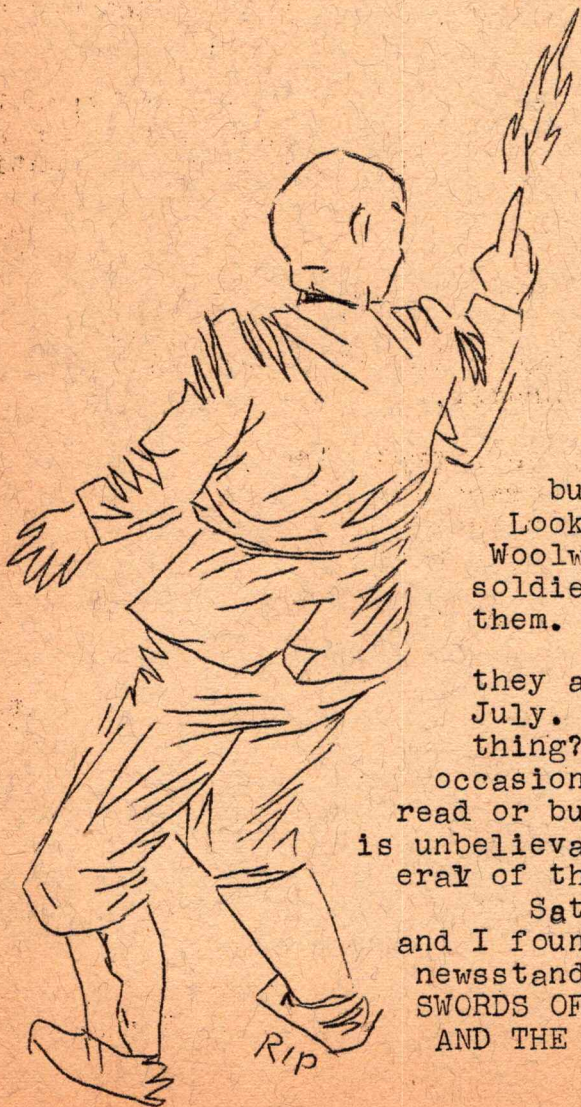
Robert E. Gilbert, 509 West Main Street, Jonesboro, Tennessee

One reason that I want a pet lion is that then I can know for sure if a lion has a horn at the tip of his tail.

Have you got your plastic kit for building the Creature from the Black Lagoon? Looks like you would at least buy Bruce one. Woolworth's has all kinds of little plastic soldiers now, and I can hardly keep from buying them.

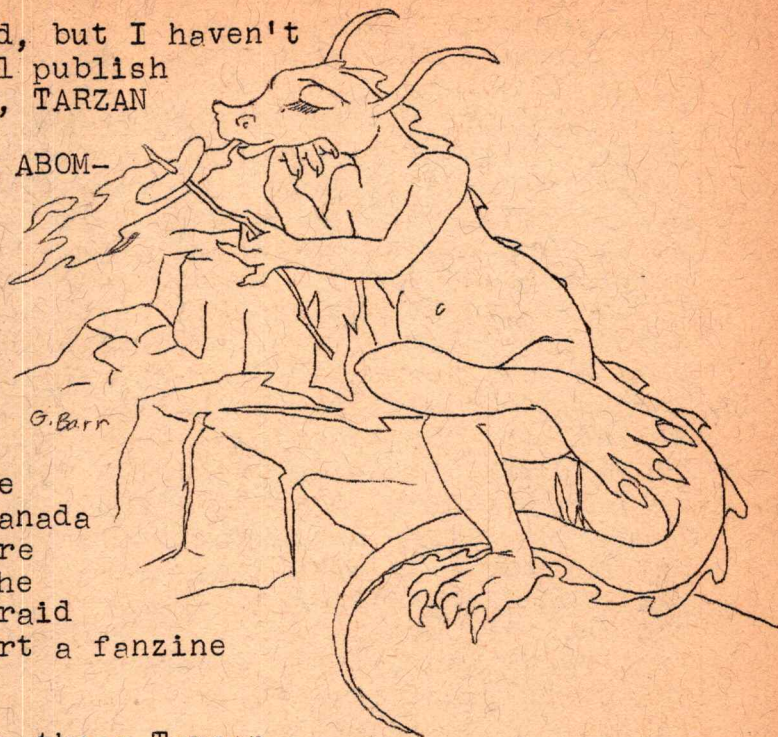
Ballantine sent me an ad which said that they are going to publish ten Tarzan books in July. What's the matter, they crazy or something? I don't suppose reading a Tarzan story occasionally would hurt anyone, but who wants to read or buy ten in one month? The cover art shown is unbelievably poor. Ace has already published several of the titles.

Saturday I was in my old home town, Kingport, and I found all sorts of Burroughs paperbacks on the newsstands, even some of the early ones. I got SWORDS OF MARS, SYNTHETIC MEN OF MARS, and TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD. I see that TARZAN AND THE



LION MEN has also been published, but I haven't found it. Maybe someday they'll publish that rarest of all Tarzan books, TARZAN GOES APE.

Did I tell you about reading ABOM-
ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN: LEGEND COME TO LIFE, by Ivan T. Sanderson? It was the most interesting book I've found in years. It was over 500 pages long, but I could hardly stop reading it. It told of reports and tracks from all over the world of at least four different kinds of sub-human creatures. ABSMs have even been reported in Western Canada and California. Who knows? There may even be some over here in the Pisgah National Forest. I'm afraid to go look. Someone should start a fanzine called ABSMery.



Ballantine has to release those Tarzan books in a hurry or Ace will already have published all of them. (What's the good of being an official publisher is someone else issues all the books first, at lower prices? And with better covers, if the Mars series is any indication.) RSC/

William M. Hanlon, 721 San Luis Rd., Berkeley 7, California

ON EROS or, The thoughts of a big loser; being a sorrowful tale of sweet hopes' transformation to bitter despair and woe:

I was a victim. I subscribed to EROS at \$19.50. I subscribed in spite of having bought and read (at \$1.25) AN UNHURRIED VIEW. When the announcements for EROS started to appear I said to myself, "Maybe you've been hasty. Maybe Mr. Ginzburg isn't a cowardly, lying, hypocrite." And so I subbed to EROS, only to discover that I had been right in the first place.

The material in EROS is, almost without exception, either a reprint, an extraction, a bludgenning of oft-covered subjects, or so much crud. Mostly the latter.

Herb Lubalin's talents as an AD are put to much better use in THE NEW LEADER.

NO I DID NOT RENEW MY SUB.

Mike Deckinger, 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

I had just about lost track of BRASS HOURS, and seeing my name alongside the title failed to stir any threads of recognition in me. I read through it twice before a glimmer stirred and I vaguely recalled it as something I had written a while ago. This is my first experience with Y's overlog of material that results in some items appearing years after submission. With previous mtl you've managed to insert it several months after receipt. Perhaps it's just as well you waited this long before pubbing the pseudo film review--some of the forced and contrived attempts at generating humor are especially painful to me upon rereading and were I to rewrite it I would do so with many alterations.

And I'd be willing to hazard a guess that the Adkins cover is of

equal vintage. Either it's something he did very long ago, when he was first dabbling in fancish art, or something he did very recently, in order to match the rest of the cruddy artwork he's been doing for theazines.

I thought THE DRAGON MASTERS was a thorough and resounding disappointment, doubly so because it was written by Jack Vance who had such a wealth of potential in the story that it's a crime he mishandled it so drastically. The characters were foolish, unsympathetic and unbelievable. The action relied on oneredititious battle scene after the other, apparently to engulf the reader in such an array of bloodshed that he fails to notice the lack of plot and motivation. About the only thing which was notable were the exotic and romantic names Vance used. Otherwise I was bored with that story as I would be with any second rate yarn, and I certainly do not feel it's worthy of a Hugo, much less a nomination. In my opinion Vance has never excelled or even equalled THE DYING EARTH. The overrated BIG PLANET came close, but not close enough.

I remain more or less indifferent to Gilster's LIFEBOAT. The handling and writing is adequate but the gimmick of transposed relativity has been done so many times before that it doesn't pay to attempt it again unless you've got a radically new twist to it. And Gilster hasn't.

Clod Hall's article was pretty good. I read ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT about three years ago. It vaguely aroused me, but not enough to echo all the critics who proclaimed it as the greatest war novel ever written. It's a good book, but not the best one about the war. That distinction would probably fall to THE NAKED AND THE DEAD, CATCH 22, and JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN. I can't decide which one of these books is the superior, they are all similar in their basic themes, and totally diverse and unrelated in the treatment. Mailer examines war with insight and cynicism, underlying the stupidity that he feels about those who adhere to its principles. Heller, in CATCH 22 is insanely funny, and condemns war with improbably satire and ridiculous absurdities. The characters are all caricatures, none of them carry the slightest pretense of plausibility--and this factor probably makes the book such a success. Trumbo's JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN is a bitterly pacifistic, compellingly hateful appraisal of the necessities motivating a man who tastes his first combat and the dreadful punishment he's given. Of the three, it left me with the greatest impact; the lucidity of character and utter futility of his ambitions exhausted me almost as much as it did "Johnny". But Trumbo still says a lot of things that demanded to be said and JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN deserves a universal readership.

Pilati's filk song was pretty good. In fact I'm surprised that Joe didn't try to sell it to F & SF. Now that there have been issues devoted to Bradbury and Sturgeon I wouldn't be surprised if Avram turned the ultimate compliment and devoted one to himself. In that instance, the filk song would go well.

Actually, I find that I'm inclined to go along, at least partways, with SPECTRUM's remark that Cordwainer Smith may be one of the shapers of sf in the 60's. Five years ago they were saying Walter Miller could never write a bad story and today the same applies to Smith, whomever he may be. I've read nearly all of Smith's limited output and without exception the tales were fresh, imaginative, and frequently ingenious. He can do things with bare plots that few writers can do and he is certainly a better writer than many of the hacks infesting Ziff-Davis' pages.

There were several films taken from sf stories that were worth seeing, outside of Locke's example of THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL. Both VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED (MIDWICH CUCKOOS) and DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS were

exciting books and superior films. In fact, Wyndham probably has a better record of worthwhile books being made into films, with only two, than most other writers do whose numbers exceed that amount.

[I dunno; anybody who can put down DRAGON MASTERS as a mere vehicle for exotic names and then commend Cordwainer Smith has got me puzzled. Smith doesn't even have too many exotic names; all he has is exotic titles. And he cheats on those. ("The Lady Who Sailed The Soul" is a fascinating title, but to get it he had to resort to naming a very ordinary spaceship "Soul", which I say is cheating. An exotic title is good only if it derives plausibly from the story, not from the name of an object in the story; an author can toss in any improbable name that he wants to, and Smith does.) Admittedly, DRAGON MASTERS didn't have very believable characters--none of Vance's stories have had such. Neither have any of Smith's. Vance has interesting back-grounds for his works; Smith merely has implausible ones; his backgrounds don't hold together even as well as van Vogt's do. RSC

I suspect from Mike's comments here, that his taste is so far from mine that there is no ground for communication, but I'll try. DRAGON MASTER is the only story in Galaxy I have finished in years. It is the only story in Galaxy I have enjoyed in years--so much so I immediately reread it. As a rule, I do not care much for the type of fiction represented by DRAGON MASTER. But I cared for that. I did not find the characters unbelievable; given the premises of plot and background and the mood of the story, there was nothing to jar, and my major criterion in fiction is character consistency. J.T. McIntosh has unbelievable characters--his females are like nothing in the universe, so much so I must force myself to read through any scenes in his novels involving his "women". Nothing like this occurred to me while reading DRAGON MASTERS. In fact, I was engrossed; I was more interested and willing to suspend disbelief while reading that story than I have been during any story in stf for quite a while (discounting special cases where series and personal acquaintanceship with the author gave a distinct appeal to the work). In this case, I'll have to agree to disagree--completely. JWC/

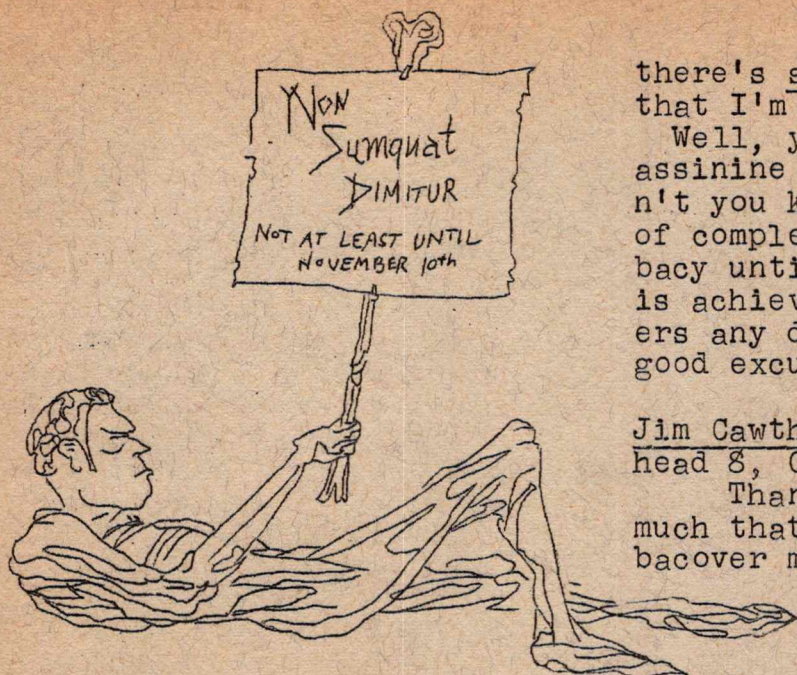
Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain.

Juanita's complaint makes me give with a wry smile: she ought to try the one I get--"Well, Ethel, when are you getting married?" If she knows any other good snappy answers I'd welcome them. I've used mine all up.

I lapped up the Tucker Report on Vegas for that was one spot in which I should have liked to linger. Still: I'd never have written it as well as he did.

Strange Fruit: I vehemently deny that readers never read reviewing comments. Stop belittling what you can do best!

[If I'm going to go down in history as a great fanzine reviewer, I might as well quit the whole business. Surely



there's something worthwhile
that I'm good at! RSC

Well, you could tell these
assinine questioners: "Oh, did-
n't you know? I've taken a vow
of complete chastity and celi-
bacy until absolute world peace
is achieved." Beats peace march-
ers any day, and it should be a
good excuse indefinitely. JWC

Jim Cawthorn, 4 Wolseley Street, Gates-
head 8, Co. Durham, England

Thanks for YANDRO 120. Liked very
much that Gilbert frontcover, and the
bacover makes me wonder if he's been
reading the speculations
of certain Russian scien-
tists to the effect that
the massive terraces of

ancient-world ruins may have been rocket-launching sites (!)

I hope that the issue number of SHANGRI in STRANGE FRUIT is a typo,
otherwise I'll be about three issues behind the rest of the mailing
list.

Tucker's article on Las Vegas is blood-curdling! A sort of gamblers
1984. As the Bingo Halls tighten their grip on these isles, I wonder
if it'll be our turn next Sounds like the sort of thing that makes
it tough for SF writers, too -- how do you extrapolate a trend that
seems already to have achieved the nadir of absurdity?

John Berry's reference to Auntie BBC reminds me that the old lady has
been stepping out of line and reading Henry Miller (aloud) with four-
letter words, for which she was sharply reprimanded, and promised never
to do it again....and it wasn't even April First.

✓ You're still up to date; that SHAGGY review should
have been #64, since I'm just reviewing #65 this
time. RSC

James Sieger, S74-W20660 Field Dr., Route #2, Muskego, Wisconsin

Did the owner of the barn whose side you shot at, object? You ought
to live at the base of a steep hill like us, no problem about target
practice. Tho I haven't for mony a year, no ammo.

From the memos from AC, maybe I might have had a good chance of get-
ting a job there after all. Sound like me, sometimes.

By the way, let me say here for publication that I've reconsidered
my ill-chosen words of the rabble-rousing of Boardman. Tho I meant no
personal insult anyway, it wasn't really what I intended to express.
Rather, I should have said that he's fallen for the rabble-rousers, from
his arguments. I don't entirely blame him for many of his stands; for
instance I can understand why bitterness over injustice can make one
eager for revenge. Like shooting a few racists for the fun of it. And
likewise at times one's tempted to lump all the fuggheads who sit around
doing nothing about injustices, along with one's enemies, in sheer dis-
gust. But I can't agree at all on unions; my own father has a small
business, and it's small businesses that suffer because of absurd (when
carried too literally) restrictions on employers.

I tend to agree with Walter Breen on agnosticism, though, drat, right

now I'm too fuzzy-minded to think of a qualification I thought of when I first read YANDRO.

[I don't think you helped matters any.....RSC]

Piers Jacob, 800 75th. St. North, St. Petersburg 10, Florida

Juanita in #123: a responsive chord, on the busybodies who like to urge children, or more children, on a family. A couple of typists once twitted me a trifle too persistently about the lack of children in my family, and I gave them point blank information why not (miscarriages). I'll say one thing: it certainly shut them up hurriedly and permanently. Somewhere recently I read another squelch in a similar situation; the man said in a voice that carried across the room, "I don't have any children because I'm STERILE." Yes indeed.

We too have found use for Publisher's Central Bureau! Many good books and inexpensive; stereo records for a couple of dollars, etc. We've never had surface noise trouble (and believe me, my hand-assembled equipment would pick it up if it was there) and have found the books to be honestly represented. Much the same goes for MARBORO Book Co., which seems to be similar. Only with a greater concentration of sexual topics. Latest purchase was an unexpurgated KAMA SUTRA for three dollars:paperback, but nevertheless a bargain.

What's screwy about a liking for the large Evolution charts? I had the complete series of Histomaps up on my study wall for a couple of years, until expanding SF shelving squashed them out. I used to stand for half-hours at a time before them, absorbing new things. I don't believe Histomap ever put out their chart of Language; too bad, because I wanted that one especially. I thought about making a similarly conceived chart for the history of science fiction; even started one once; but just didn't have sufficient info on hand.

[My replies to queries about children is usually to say "Because I can't stand the little bastards." Which is only a slight exaggeration, though for some reason children have always liked me (neatly disproving the old chestnut that children can instinctively sense whether or not adults like them.) I didn't even like children when I was one, and I haven't mellowed much.

RSC]

James R. Adams, 922 No. Courtland, Kokomo, Indiana - Suppose Dave Hulan believes in brownies, fairies, leprechauns, and such, too. After all, he has nothing to lose by it. And if there is leprechauns and he can grab one, boy, he gonna make a potful...

[Heck, I believe in fairies; if certain rumors are to be believed, I even know one or two..... And I ate several delicious brownies just last week. RSC]



Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - I shall comment on 12⁴ with the Adkins cover complete with Bela Lugosi and Flash Gordon and what could pass for Tailspin Tommy's rocket ship which I can't remember the designation of. Except that it was famous when I was a kid -- and in addition to the bent wings also had a bent tail or rudder or whatever. Can you remember Tailspin Tommy? Well, don't admit it or all the youngfen will get the idea that you're as old as Tucker.

I like these Barr-Nott combinations you've had on the contents page the last couple of issues.

I knew it would happen sometime. Somebody would come up with a prozine I'd never even heard of. SCIENCE AND SORCERY. Know anything about its publishing history, Buck? I know the market was glutted with mags in the 50s but I thought I was able to keep track of the titles even if I did give up trying to buy all the zines.

Why do I have a checkmark on Rackham's article? Probably because he's trying to convince me that velvet, corduroy, long finger-nails, exotic cigarette-holders, unshorn locks, a carelessness in dress and an odd expression are not the true picture of a poet. Why I know this is true. And the reason I know is because I am a stf reader and am a wild-eyed perpetual adolescent who emits sparks and weird noises (truly -- I'm a part-time radio announcer now) and am just one wash cleaner than a beatnik.)

/No, I don't remember Tailspin Tommy. I remember things like getting a box of .22 Long Rifle cartridges for 27¢, and a box of .410 shotgun shells for 65¢, and cutting firewood for winter fuel, and brushing snow off the seat of an outdoor toilet, and things like that. (Primitive rustic existence may be just too darling for city-dwellers, but I've lived it and I say the hell with it.) Since I've never heard of a mag titled SCIENCE AND SORCERY either, I have been assuming that Norm was referring to the FPCI anthology of that title. I don't have a copy, but as I recall it had stories by Basil Wells and Sam Moskowitz and Weaver Wright and all them great writers. (Yes, Forry; I'll admit that you can write, but you're no Heinlein in the fiction department, or you weren't for FPCI.) Anyway, if my assumption is wrong, Norm will have to correct it. RSC/

Banco Central de Costa Rica, San Jose, Costa Rica - En atención a su apreciable carte recibida el día de hoy, nos permitimos informarle que este Banco vende juegos completos únicamente de monedas de actual circulación, montadas en un estuche apropiado, al precio de \$2.00 (dos dólares) cada juego, pagados todos los gastos de envío por certificado aéreo hasta su lugar de destino.

Las monedas que se envían son nuevas, es decir, aptas para usos numismáticos.

/Shows what one can get into by reading newspaper fillers. No, I'm not going to translate it; I figured it out, and I don't know Spanish. I will admit I was a bit confused when I first got it, though, since I'd forgotten about sending off the inquiry. RSC/

Query to the editor in the June ANIMAL LIFE: "Do birds get lice? And ought I to have them put to sleep as I have two young children?" To which Juanita commented that having the children "put to sleep" was barbarous enough, without sending the birds after them.....