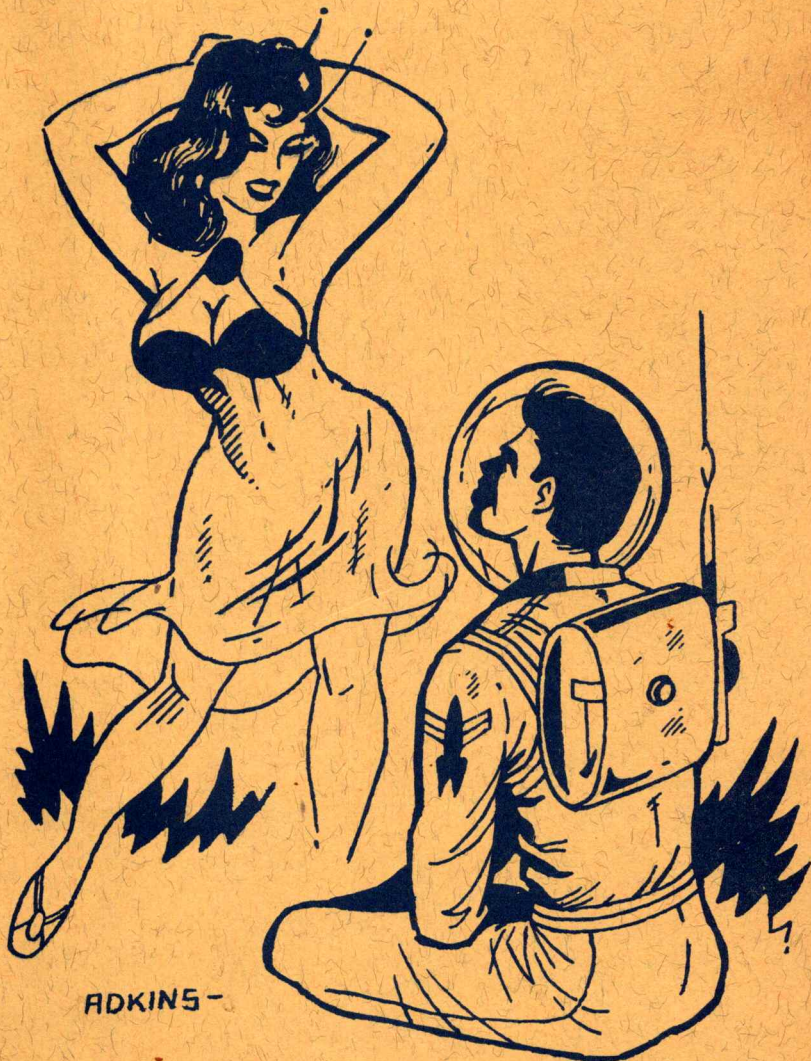


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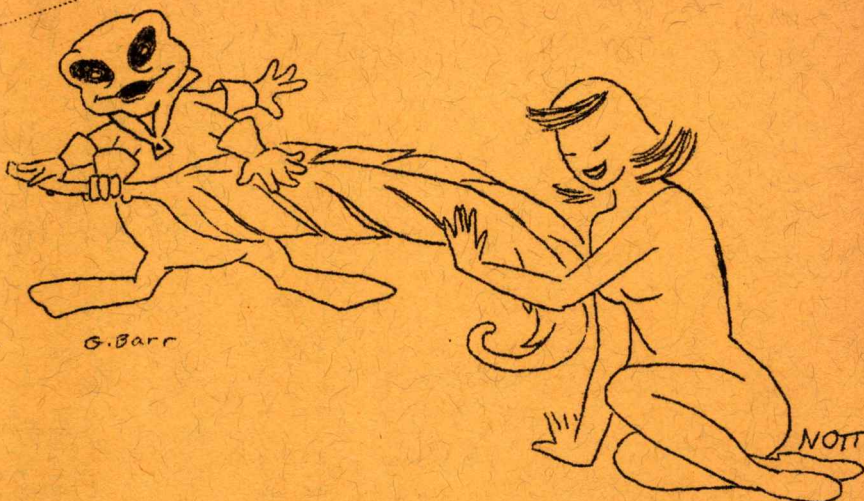
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# YANDRO

140

VOLUME XII  
NUMBER 9



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 NEW ADDRESS: Mike Domina, 71 East 32nd. St, Chicago, Illinois 60616  
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 University, Bloomington, Indiana  
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Ray Garcia-Capella illo last issue provided by G.H. Scithers



This is about the first time such a thing has happened, and I'm ashamed to admit it -- but the pages in "Golden Minutes", this issue, are out of order. No, you can't take the pages apart and re-staple them in any sort of proper order. They were mimeo'd in the wrong order -- hence the very red face. Buck labels his stencils as he completes them, but for some stupid reason, I arranged them in the wrong order, and put on the page numbers, in the wrong

order (if you're going to goof, do it up brown, I always say). I didn't discover the error until I was two-thirds of the way through mimoeing the fourth page. Now twenty, or even thirty sheets wrong -- and I would make an effort to correct such a thing. But I'm sure Buck would prefer things this way: when it comes to a question of inconveniencing the readers or throwing away nearly a ream of paper, he's going to come out on the economy platform every time.

So, "Golden Minutes" should be read in the following order: Page 29, Page 31, Page 30, Page 32.

You've been warned, and complaints of "Hey, Hey," and "Har-Har" from people who run into difficulties through not reading these paragraphs will be dropped in the "Mail to Mauna Loa" file.

After all, we have to keep up our reputation as "The World's Best Second-Rate Fanzine" somehow.

"Divers in Canada are trying to recover the body of a hoosier vacationer who fell from a boat while hunting rabbits." This is an honest to ugh quote from a local newscast. And now you know how we got this reputation ( as a state) of "Dumb Hoosiers".

When Buck wrote his editorial we had not yet put our frantic paws on an addressing gadget donated to the cause of issuing this periodic madness called a fanzine. Now we have, after adventures that would put a wild-type con report to shame -- and Buck's been happily playing with his new toy. I only hope it works as ordered, because we're doing all this strictly by ear; the entire production was made in West Germany, including the instruction manual. And while I was brought up to love sauerkraut, dill pickles and beer, my knowledge of the language is pretty limited -- particularly in any sort of technical terminology.

Fortunately, the thing seems to operate as a cross between a hand-held ditto and a glue-dispenser -- so if your address is sticky, that's why.

One of the delays in obtaining this addresser involved cars. We left the Rambler at our friendly American Motors' garage in Rochester, Indiana, for repairs and sundry. This involved using the battered

junker Ford for the interim week -- and during the period in which it sat in peaceful idleness in our backyard, it developed some interesting characteristics. Buck drives it by a skillful manipulation of accelerator and hand choke, and it's somewhat like watching an ambulatory organ player batting out "Nola" or some such. I used to say I couldn't drive that machine; now I won't, even if I could. I'd walk to town first...

Maybe we can convert it to a winter doghouse for our hound pack.

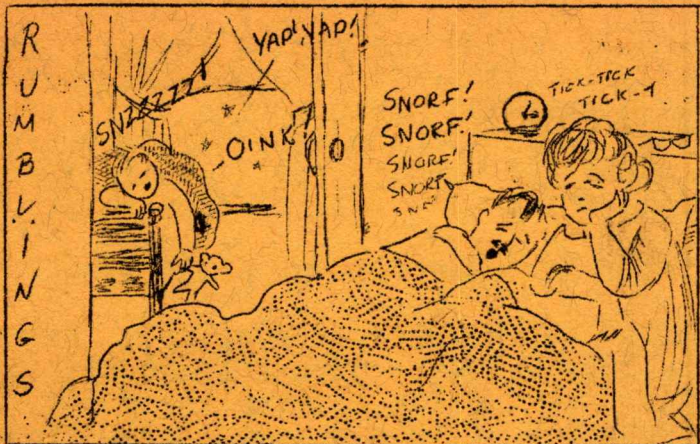
As for me, I'll stick to our little red Rambler -- yes, red. People who've seen it before are under the impression we have a light-blue Rambler. Well, we do -- on the inside. The outside is fire wagon red, and it certainly accomplishes the main purpose of this change, attracting attention. When you've got a little car, we believe it's better to be too noticeable than not noticeable enough. Just let the next truck driver who backs into me try to claim he didn't see me....

Everything's bursting out in politics right now, of course. I believe it was Eric Sevareid who wrote the chilling "what-if" that this could be the year everyone becomes so bored with oratory and counter claim that on election day no one would vote. I trust it won't get that bad, but it is a bit sticky. Our choices in this state are sort of blah, and the party pitches vary from meaningless jingles to terribly sincere candidates staring into the camera and mouthing cliches. The one interesting state politician, Dallas Sells, doesn't seem to be running (he's in the "Give 'Em Hell Harry" tradition) -- if he were, the race would be no clearar, but a lot more entertaining.

We toyed with the idea of going in to the local Demo headquarters and asking for a "Republicans for Humphrey" bumper sticker, to shake them up a bit if nothing else. We may yet, if we can ever find the place open (Republican local gov't, so the local Demo organization is rather slipshod).

The reason I feel the political activity is intense is that I was telephoned surveyed last week -- supposedly non-partisan, but the woman doing the interviewing made no secret of the fact she was Democratic, especially after my first few answers. The appalling part was her dramatic, unfeigned delight that I knew A) the congressional representative from this district and B) how that representative had voted on certain important issues; I gather the average housewife in this area responds to 95% of the questions with "Gee, I dunno."

On a less cheerful topic yet, I picked up the NY Times edition of the Warren Commission's report and I'm carefully reading my way through. I suspect a great number of people will buy the book just to display it prominently, but not read it. I want to know what is said, the conclusions reached, and why. There have been a few points where my questions have not been satisfied by the reading so far, but in each case the Commission itself states that it is making conclusions in these particular cases "tentatively -- subject to change in light of future possible developments". Of course, even had there been no uncertifiable-beyond-a-doubt points, the searchers for pet theories would be with us. I am a bit reminded of the chain smokers' reactions to the Surgeon General's report -- the truth must be elsewhere, because the facts at hand hurt so much.



This issue (I hope) we inaugurate a new system of identifying subscribers of expirations. Previously, regular subscribers and trades got a card when they were cut off. This cost me money. Now that we have an addressing machine, courtesy of George Scithers, I expect to include the number of the issue at which your subscription expires as part of the address. So..... check your envelopes and don't expect expiration notices. A "T" stands for trade, just like all the other fan-zines say, and a "C" is for contri-

butors. Nothing at all can mean (a) you aren't getting any more issues unless you do something; (b) I forgot to put the symbol on your address; or (c) we didn't get over to Briney's to pick up the addressing machine until after this issue was mailed. Worry about it. (The reason that an addressing machine which Scithers gave to us is being kept by Bob Briney would provide a long and fascinating story, but I only have two pages. You see, George left it with Earl Kemp, and.....)

-----  
 Santa Claus works for the USA R & D Group.  
 -----

The long installment of Terry Carr's column not only cut out any other contributors but, in conjunction with an extra-long "Strange Fruit", cut into the letter column as well. We still have loads of letters on hand, and next issue I'll try to give them adequate space.

The mass-merchandised intellect department: A couple of weeks ago an ad for a dictionary appeared in the Fort Wayne newspapers. This was one of these deals which is sold in sections in supermarkets; one section a week, at a price of, in this case, 69¢ per section. (A total of 16 sections, plus binder.) One corner of the ad was devoted to a list of superlative reasons for purchasing this tremendous bargain:

- \*ALMOST A FOOT TALL!
- \*WEIGHS ALMOST 10 POUNDS!
- \*DELUXE BINDER!
- \*OVER 3,000,000 WORDS USED TO DEFINE ENTRIES!
- \*MORE THAN 2000 THREE-COLUMN PAGES
- \*MORE THAN 350,000 ENTRIES!

It isn't quite a perfect ad; that last item actually does have some bearing on the subject. And I don't know why they left the exclamation point off the page-numbering revelation; evidently it isn't considered quite as important as the size and weight.

Bad image department: According to a newspaper clipping Don Thompson forwarded, Cleveland's Romanian population is becoming quite incensed over the increase in monster magazines, comic books, movies, etc. They don't object to the monsters, per se; they object to the increasing tendency to locate all these vampires, werewolves, Frankenstein monsters and assorted horrors in Transylvania. Transylvania, they say, is a very peaceful, beautiful province, and they intend to keep it that way by deporting the assorted monsters to their lands of origin. Dr. Nicholas Bucur is writing a book, titled Defamation of the Romanians, to be published by the Romanian National Press in Cleveland. (Compleatists take note, and don't ask irrelevant questions such as why the Romanian National Press is located in Cleveland instead of Bucharest.) A photo accompanying the article shows Dr. Bucur and a friend scowling at some assorted monster

models and a copy of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND. The caption mentions that the gentlemen are angry "at a trend in comic books and dolls" to depict Transylvanian terrors. (Does calling it a comic book constitute defamation of FAMOUS MONSTERS, Forry?)

I notice that several fans (as well as quite a few non-fans) have, with loud cries about loss of individual freedoms and regimentation and such, objected strongly to the innovation of ZIP codes, the removal of named telephone exchanges, and so on. This is undoubtedly a reflection of the deep and lengthy thought that fans devote to such things. What is a name, anyway? It is a means of identification. No more, no less. A collection of letters is arranged in a specific order so that when I type the letters Wabash, the readers immediately know that I am talking about the town where I work (or about a river, or a railroad, or one of several popular songs). Identification by name is not inherently any more "natural" or logical than identification by number. 46992 is just as good an identification for the town as the word Wabash (with the bonus that it does not possibly refer to a river, a railroad, or a popular song). Actually, "Wabash" is a better-than-average name-identification of a town; it may also represent a river, a song, a railroad (or a college; I forgot that), but at least there is only one town of that name in the country. Try identifying yourself as a citizen of Springfield sometime. Or Rochester -- New York, Minnesota, Indiana, or ?. There are three Milfords that I know of, three Athens, and at least two Osh Koshes. A ZIP code identifies one specific community.

Even if the evil future of sciencefictionists comes about, and we're all identified by numbers instead of names, what difference will it make? Family relationships? Assuming that we're not all being reared by the state by then, there will be no particular difference. You'll still know who your parents are, and your friends will, and the authorities will have the information on record. Nobody else will know, or care. But then, nobody else knows, or cares, now, unless you're a celebrity (and possibly not then). Too many people regard their "good name" as something separate from themselves, instead of a largely accidental combination of letters identifying a good (or bad) individual.

For the record; 1964 Hugo winners were Way Station, by Simak; "No Truce With Kings", by Anderson; ANALOG, AMRA, Ace Books, and Ems. I backed AMRA and "No Truce With Kings". Two out of six; that's not only not too many, it's not enough. I won't quibble about the awards to Ace and Ems, but Way Station is a ridiculous choice, and ANALOG, while about as good as most other US mags, was far inferior during 1963 to both NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY. (Unfortunately, the quality of SCIENCE FANTASY appears to have dropped sharply with the change in publishers. I haven't seen enough of the new NEW WORLDS to judge; in fact, I just got hold of my first copy last week.) If any of you dedicated fans out there want to read some halfway decent stf and fantasy, ask and I'll give you the name of a dealer where you can buy NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY. If there's enough demand for it, I'll import them and sell them myself, but I doubt that there will be.

RealSoonNow, I'll get out a price list of the duplicate stf mags I have for sale. There are three boxes of them that I'd like to get rid of. (Do not ask about fanzines; if Rob Williams doesn't take them all I'll list them along with the stfmags.)

Things have been considerably quieter around here since I built a pen for the dogs. They run loose during the day, but get shut up at night. They still bark just as much, but they're farther away from the house and we can't hear them as well. Ah, for the night sounds of the country; dogs barking, owls hooting, pigs squealing, and Bruce snoring.

RSC

# TURNIP GHOSTS

—an occasional column by— terry carr —

AND THEN I WROTE... In Yandro #136, Buck Coulson remarked that he couldn't recall that Terry Carr had ever written much fiction as a fan, and when I read this it immediately struck me that it was a rather pithy comment on just how memorable were the numerous stories of mine which appeared in fanzines over a period from 1949 up till 1960. I'll have Mr. Coulson know that, during the early and middle fifties in particular, I was one of the most popular fiction writers in fandom.

Of course, that in itself is something of an indication of how popular fiction writers are in fandom: not very.

Nevertheless, one of the most prominent fans of the early fifties was moved to remark, apropos of one of my stories, that "Ray Bradbury had better look to his laurels." (The fan was, uh, Warren Frieberg, and, er, the story was a 3,000-worder which he printed in Brevizine Adventure as "a full-length novelette complete in this issue.")

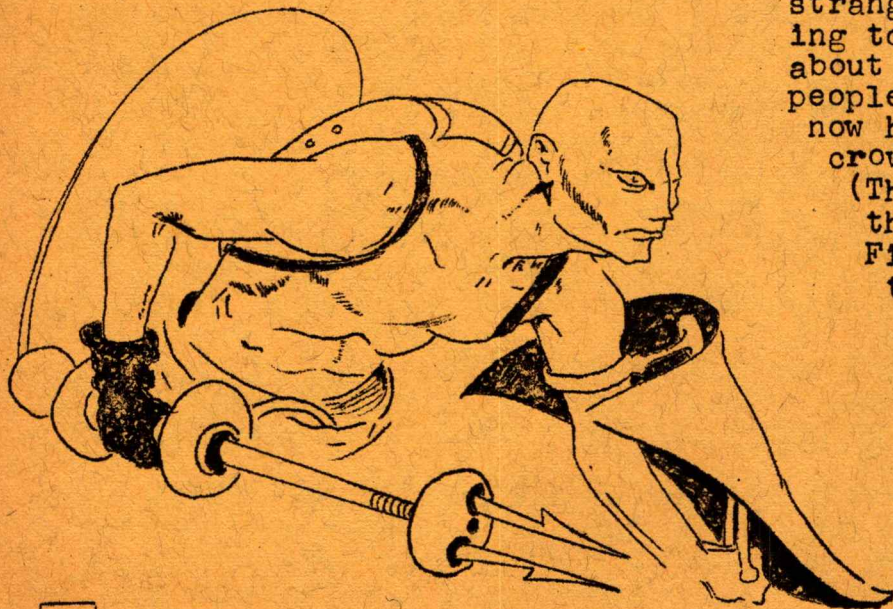
I was even looked upon with favor by the pro editors of the day. When Charles Lee Riddle mentioned my name to Paul Fairman, then editor of If, Fairman said, "Terry Carr? Oh yes, she's an up-and-coming young writer."

My very first contribution to any fanzine, as a matter of fact, was a short story which appeared early in 1949 in an issue of Riddle's FAPazine Leer. It was about this guy who built a spaceship and went to Mars. An airplane flew over and dropped leaflets as he was taking off, but he ignored them; he was too excited about the trip. Well, he got to Mars and got out of the ship and met a bunch of Martians who had assembled there. He greeted them in the name of Earth, all friendly

like, but they seemed strangely sullen. He went walking towards town, chattering about how swell it was that the people of Earth, and Mars too, now had space travel, and the crowd got uglier and uglier.

(They were humanoids, but their expressions got ugly.)

Finally, when he got to the center of town and mounted a podium and said grandiosely, "This day will usher in a new era for you people of Mars!" somebody in the crowd yelled out, "Yes—an era of slavery!" and they all surged forward and killed him.





The story had a postscript:

John Owen should have read those leaflets that the airplane had dropped back on Earth. Because they had said: "Announcement: The President of Earth, Herman Reynolds, was talking with Mars' King Taklamar by space-radio the other day, and after an argument about the abilities of each planet they made a bet. The first planet whose members reached the other planet will have the inhabitants of the other planet henceforth and for all time as slaves. President Reynolds is certain that the people of Earth will rally round and..."



Yes; that really was my very first story. No, I'd never studied fiction writing before; it just came naturally to me. Please don't applaud.

(I suppose I'd better mention here that all quotes in this article are strictly quasi-, since my files for the years covered here are back in Berkeley. However, all quotes will be faithful in spirit to the originals; I remember them well. One might almost say they are seared in my memory.)

Well, with such a startling debut accomplished, I knew I was in danger of being categorized as a flash in the pan, a one-story author. (If the readers had had anything to say about it, I suspect I might have been coerced into being a one-story author.) So I immediately got busy on my second story, which was called Man's Best Friend and was a sensitive study of the emotions of two dogs after their masters had died in a world-wide plague. It began:

He was dead.

He did not move.

He would never move again.

Buff the collie licked the cold face of his master, John. The face did not change expression.

He was dead.

His face would never light in a grin again. He would never ruffle Buff's fur again.

He was dead.

After setting the scene and emotional tone of the story with such subtle economy, I went on to explain that Buff's master, together with the master of King, a German shepherd, had been the last two men alive, and they had been working in their laboratory on a method of bringing people back to life. Then I explained further that it was now the 25th century and that dogs had evolved quite a bit: they had greater intelligence now, and opposed thumbs. But they were still as devoted to their beloved masters as any good dog would be, so they carried on the experi-

ments that had been begun in the laboratory, and about a thousand words later they brought their masters back to life. The humans immediately got to work making more back-to-life chemicals so that they could revive Earth's population, and Buff and King went out to chase some field rats or something. The End.

Now, I know that the usual question asked of any successful writer is, "Where do you get your ideas?" so I'll tell you that my first story was inspired by reading Bradbury's Mars Is Heaven and the second by Simak's City. I don't know what this will do to Bradbury's and Simak's reputations, but there you are.

These stories, by the way, were written by hand, in pencil, on half-sized sheets of typing paper. I was not yet twelve years old, and I hadn't heard about editors preferring to have manuscripts typed, double-spaced, with wide margins, and so on. Fortunately, though, my hand-printing was quite clear (I got A's in printing in grammar school), so Lee Riddle was able to read my stories. That second one appeared a few months later in Peon, which was rated as one of the best zines in fandom anyway.

I went on to write literally dozens of other stories in the next year or two, and my talent improved right along. Most of these stories were sent to Lee Riddle, who accepted them but, after those first two, somehow never got around to printing them. I suppose he figured he'd done his bit to encourage a young writer, and God knows that's true. Before long I was submitting stories to fanzines far and wide. I even bought a typewriter.

I think it was around 1950 or so when Bill Collins, a San Francisco fan, and I excitedly worked out the plot of the epic novel on which we were going to collaborate. We wanted this story to have everything, and by God by the time we had it all figured out it did have everything. It was about a man who awoke one day without memory and found himself being attacked by a Tyrannosaurus Rex. He fought it off, and in subsequent adventures successfully battled a pterodactyl, a saber-toothed tiger, and a vicious mastodon. He founded a great kingdom among the cavemen, and rescued a princess named Eve. His name, you see, was Adam.

But that wasn't all, not by a great margin. Adam happened to be immortal, and in the chapters which followed we found him as a pharaoh in Egypt, an outcast philosopher in Greece, a Roman warrior, a barbarian chieftain in the northern forests of Europe, a Druid, a boisterous wandering troubador in the Middle Ages, an Aztec priest, an adventurous settler in the American colonies, a Revolutionary War general, a Civil War spy, a World War II sergeant, a space pilot going to the Moon and then Mars, and finally the Admiral of the Terran Interstellar Fleet, battling the hordes of aliens from Arcturus, whose ships happened to be flying saucers. As Adam defeated them, in one final retaliatory effort the aliens cast him backward in time, so that he awoke on prehistoric Earth facing that dinosaur.

Bill and I were proud of that touch, congratulating each other on our tight, intricate plotting. The whole thing was worked out in long phone conversations over a period of several weeks, and we were tremendously excited about it: we figured it would make history when Ray Palmer published it in Other Worlds. We had several arguments about who would write which chapters--each of us jockeying for the ones with the most violent action ("He lunged, sword flashing. Red spurted. A head rolled to his feet. A surprised expression was still on its face. He kicked it away, snarling.") -- but before more than a few pages were actually written we let the project lapse because

we abruptly realized how incredibly long it would take us to write it.

I continued to write short stories for fanzines, though, and by 1953 or so they were even bearable, for fan fiction, anyway. They appeared in Fan Fare, Cosmag, Mote, and quite a few other well-known zines of the era. Most of these stories were surprise-ending things, like the one in Cosmag called "The Land of the Shadows", which told about a cave-man who had strayed from his home grounds and had to go through a taboo area to get back by nightfall. The taboo area was called The Land of Shadows, of course, and it was taboo because there was a city there inhabited by strange, fearful civilized people. After almost being captured by the city-dwellers, he got back to his cave and was asked where he'd been:

Then softly, fearfully, Oгна pronounced the syllables which in his language meant "The Land of Shadows. "Att-lan-tiss," he said.

Along about this time I joined the Golden Gate Futurian Society. This was a fanclub composed mostly of teenaged fans -- Pete Graham, Boob Stewart, Dave Rike, Frank McElroy, Keith Joseph, etc. -- but with a smattering of adults, most of whom looked bewildered at our antics. An exception was Bill Knapheide, who was then in his thirties but who was probably more juvenile in personality than all the rest of us. Bill fancied himself a Big Name Fan, and an authority on fanzine history. He published a fanzine called Xenern Indexes which performed the undoubtedly valuable service of listing all the places in the prozines where a given fanzine of ten years before had been reviewed.

The GGFS meetings of those days had no formal programs, and were taken up mostly with drinking beer and chattering about the myriad things fans find to chatter about. A fairly regular aspect of the meetings, though, was the writing of round-robin stories. One person would sit down at the portable typewriter owned by Helen Vasquez, the den mother of the club, and bat out a page or so of mostly malt-inspired prose while the rest of the group sat around gabbing gaily; then the first person would write himself into a hole and would get up and mutter, "Somebody else take over," and open himself another beer. Somebody else would sit down and carry on.

I've described these sessions elsewhere (in Void), and mentioned that Knapheide kept driving us crazy by insisting on writing in a lot of crappy sex stuff whenever he got his hands on the typewriter. This would have been inexcusable in any case, of course, since the rest of us were typical teenaged fans and were puzzled by and rather afraid of sex -- the only way we'd treat the subject was in a terribly romanticized manner like, "Standing shivering under the wheeling moons of Mars, Rhia turned to me and I saw whole universes reflected in her shining eyes..." -- but Knapheide was, shall we say, a bit odd on the subject. For instance, he collected nude photos of women and in his apartment had one such photo permanently displayed with a magnifying glass mounted before it trained on the girl's pubic hair. His writing about sex was strictly of the Marvel Science Stories - Sex Torture Tales school. He'd sit down and read whatever the previous person, then chuckle and triple-space and type slowly. "Meanwhile, back on Terra, beautiful Sarah Glutz stepped nude from her shower, the water gleaming on her golden body, running from her bright red hair onto her shoulders and down her full, luscious breasts to drip from her erect coral nipples..."

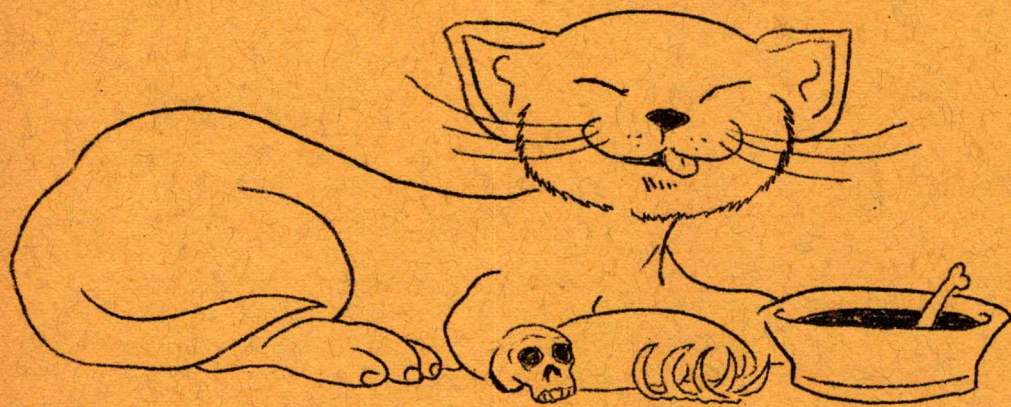
He used to irritate the hell out of us with that stuff. Inevitably, his fantastically endowed heroines would get into some terrible situation like being threatened by a slavering many-fanged monster or carried

off by an evil alien high priest. Chuckling, Knapheide would write a cliffhanger scene like this and then get up and invite someone else to get the girl out of it. Our customary solution was simply to have the monster devour her or the priest sacrifice her on an altar, thus getting rid of her and allowing us to get back to the highclass story we had originally been writing.

After my editorial in Void describing these writing sessions, by the way, I had a letter from Helen Vasquez in which she said, "In case you're wondering whatever happened to those stories you guys were always writing, the answer is that I threw each one out the next morning along with the empty beer cans."

About the middle fifties, Boob Stewart and I began to get Very Serious about our writing. We both enrolled in the Writer's Digest course in short story writing, and we took to smoking pipes and sitting with grave expressions on our faces at club meetings, muttering from time to time, "I'm contemplating my novel." We read the New Yorker and Atlantic and Harper's, and spent most of our time writing sensitive mood pieces and character studies. At one point, in fact, we planned to co-produce a fanzine to be made up entirely of such slice-of-life writings; I don't remember what the title was going to be, but it would have been written all in lower case, as would the entire contents of the zine.

Fired by a fierce drive to go everywhere and do everything for the sake of our art, one summer morning we signed on to a labor crew to go pick string beans in California's central valley. We got up while it was still dark, met the bus downtown at dawn and were taken to the fields, where we arrived about nine in the morning. It was still fairly cool when we began our first row of beans, but by ten the sun was beginning to blaze down on us and our backs were getting a bit sore. By noon we had removed our shirts ( a mistake, as later sunburns showed) and were taking longer and longer breaks to rest our creaking back muscles. We quit working about midafternoon, having picked enough beans to earn almost as much money as our bus fare had cost. Of course, we had also bought innumerable bottles of soda at a nearby refreshment stand, so all told we came out with more than a slight loss for the day's work. But we went home that day with a feeling of some sort of accomplishment in having met and worked side by side with the toilers of the fields. We each wrote vignettes based on the day's experiences, but before we got around to bringing out that lower cased fanzine, our enthusiasm for it disappeared.



During this period, I continued to write stories for various fanzines, but by now I had advanced, from the cute-gimmick or trick-ending type of story which is usually Stage One for fanwriters, to the evocative, poetic mood-story, which is Stage Two. Prime among

these pieces was the series of "Post-Atomic Vignettes", as I called them, which appeared in Undertakings, Psychotic, and my FAPA - zine Diaspar. These were all terribly ironic descriptions of Earth after the Bomb, and they usually went something like this:



The city was quiet and alone. Its empty streets lay silent beneath the red haze of the clouded sky, with here and there a vagrant breeze stirring the dust and trash to uncaring motion. On Elm Street, where Barney's Newstand stood empty and seemingly patient, waiting for more news from a world which had died, a scrawny cat whose fur clung to it now only in tufts walked slowly and uncertainly across the street. It was nearly dead from the radiation, but it did not understand that. The animals of the world, innocent, had never understood the actions of mankind.

Near the corner, in a shadowed gutter, the white skeleton of the city's last inhabitant lay. Its empty eye sockets stared at the yellowed newspaper which had blown up against the curb nearby, and the teeth of the skull seemed to show a humorless grin at the headline:  
PRESIDENT CONFIDENT: PREDICTS NO WAR.

In Diaspar I was publishing not only these highclass morality plays (or dumb shows) but also some terribly pretentious stories on themes of love and death. One of them, for instance, was about an old married couple who had abruptly realized that they were nearing the time when they would die. With the supreme confidence of youth in the face of a problem remote from personal application, I wrote what I imagined to be a haunting evocation of a peaceful acceptance of going gently into that good night:

Martha stared silently through the curtains at the children who played on the lawn outside. Their shouts and laughter seemed to reach her ears not only through the glass of the window, but through the mists of past years. She could remember...could remember the excited pounding of her heart when she had hidden from the boy who was It in Hide and Go Seek, could remember the skinned knees, the sound of skates on pavement beneath her...

"We are old, Bill, she said without turning from the window.

Her husband looked up momentarily from his newspaper, and took his pipe from his mouth. He frowned slightly. "Yes," he said.

"In two years, maybe five," she said, "we may not be here, not in this world."

He thought about that. He knew it; had always known it. But only with his mind, he realized abruptly, never yet inside him. Now, facing it, he found that the instinctive dread he had always expected to feel was curiously dulled. It was not that he wanted to die -- but he had, after all, lived a life as full as any man's. He had no complaints, somehow.

"Yes," he said. He looked up at her, and found that she had turned her face to him, and there was the faintest trace of a smile there.

"I love you," she said simply. Their eyes met, and he found himself smiling softly back at her, calm and somehow contented in this new, unmasked bond they shared.

It's possible that in recreating passages from these stories I've made them worse than they actually were, though certainly I remember them as being pretty bad. However, they were good enough to get me voted Best Fiction Writer once or twice on the FAPA EgobooPoll, and to draw from Harry Warner some rather tart egoboo: "All right, now we know you can write effective mood pieces and portray characters believably. Now we'd like to see you write a story."

That would have been the next logical step, but at this point I became sidetracked. Concurrently with my serious fiction attempts, I had also been an aspiring fannish writer who read Quandry, Confusion, Oopsla!, Hyphen and such with enjoyment and envy. I had made attempts at writing fannish material, but none of it had been much good and I'd never made the top fannish zines. (Once Shelby Vick accepted a faan-story Boob Stewart and I had written, but he published it in his FAPazine. Lee Hoffman had accepted a collaboration of mine with Pete Graham for Quandry -- with a note saying, "You have just joined the select group of writers who have been done out of their return postage by having manuscripts accepted by Q" -- but before she could publish it she'd gaffiated and folded the magazine.)

In early 1956 I got together with Boob Stewart and we prepared the first issue of an all-fannish fanzine entitled Innuendo. It featured some highclass reprints like Burbee's "You Bastard, Said Al Ashley", as well as new material by Bob Bloch, Lee Hoffman and somebody named Carl Brandon. Stewart lost interest in the zine before we actually went to press, but my enthusiasm was high and Dave Rike came in with me as coeditor. The zine was launched that summer, and by about the fifth issue we had picked up a head of steam and some enthusiastic letters of comment, including one from Walt Willis saying it was "one of the great fanzines, worthy to rank right up there with Warp and Q." Dave Rike, perhaps figuring that fandom could hold no more for him after such heady egoboo, resigned his co-editorship, but I was fired up and went right on after moving to Berkeley in September 1957. Thereafter, in the fannish environment of Berkeley in the next few years, I turned more and more away from fiction writing in favor of such fannish productions as Innuendo, Fandom Harvest, Fanac, and the Carl Brandon parodies.

It wasn't until early 1961 that I again turned seriously to fiction writing, though in 1959 I wrote one short fantasy, "Some Words With The Devil", which was promptly rejected by both F&SF and Fantastic. I published it in my FAPazine Klein Bottle and forgot about it. In the spring of 1961, though, Ray Nelson and I got to talking about writing,

and I found my old ambitions rekindled. Together with Karen Anderson, Bill Donaho, Walter Breen, and a few others, we started an informal writers' group (whose name was "the writers' group") which met each Friday night at Ray's house to read and comment on each others manuscripts. There was no restriction on type of writing -- Walter brought along some poems, Bill showed us a fannish essay, and I previewed at least one Fandom Harvest there -- but the accent was definitely on serious fiction writing, and usually science fiction. I remember reading Karen's The Piebald Hippogriff there, and Ray's original, unexpurgated Turn Off The Sky. My own contributions were usually non-sf stories revolving around campus life.

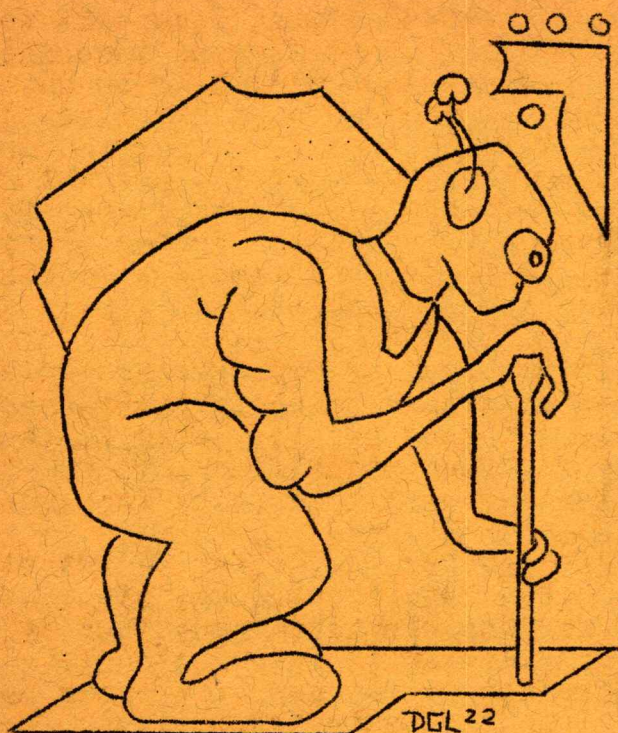
Each of us had his individual foibles. Ray, for instance, had a habit of starting out his stories swiftly, setting up an intriguing situation with odd, colorful characters to get us interested in the story -- and then stopping the story cold while his hero sat down to coffee and donuts and discussed philosophy with someone. "For godsake, Ray," I said, "Why do you keep throwing in all the philosophy? It has nothing to do with the story at all!" And Ray would say, "But I think it's interesting; I love discussions like that." "And why are they always eating?" I'd grumble. "You always describe the food minutely, mouthful by mouthful. It's practically obscene!" Ray would smile softly and say, "I love food. Food is one of the most enjoyable human experiences, and I want my stories to be enjoyable."

For my part, it seemed all my stories took place, or at least began, at a party. It was a convenient way of introducing all my main characters at once, and -- oh, I suppose it may have been because I liked parties.

Ray and I once swore that we were going to switch roles: he would write a story about a college party, and I'd do one about a guy discussing philosophy over coffee and donuts. But this never came off, because in July of that year I pulled up stakes and moved to New York, there to pursue a more or less literary career.

The speed and ease with which I was able to make a transition to professional sales surprised me. A few months after landing in the Big City -- "looking around town with an eye towards Carving A Career out of the granite facade that is this great Metropolis," as Ted White rather flamboyantly put it -- I made my first sales. The first one, rather ironically, was to Ted White, who had been commissioned by Harlan Ellison, then editor of Regency Books, to put together an anthology of writings about jazz. I wrote a story called "Blind Clarinet", about the trials and tribulations of a traditional jazz musician, and published it in Lighthouse, the FAPazine which Pete Graham and I coedit. Ted liked it and asked for some revisions; when I'd done these he took it for his book, paying me \$50 down, with a final \$50 to come when he turned in the book and got the rest of the money for it from Regency. Unfortunately, due to several factors including Ted's failing to turn in the material to Regency until a year after his contract's deadline, the book was rejected. Ted was allowed to keep the \$1,000 advance he'd received on signature of the contract, and I consequently kept the \$50 for my story, but neither we nor Scott Meredith have yet been able to induce any publisher to bring out the book.

Meanwhile, I'd submitted to Don Wollheim at Ace Books 10,000 words and an outline of the campus-life novel on which I'd been working earlier in Berkeley. Don sent it back with a letter saying Ace was no longer publishing books of that sort, but suggesting that if I were interested in doing a science fiction novel he'd like to discuss it with



me. I was, and I called him for an appointment the same day I got his letter; on the subway on the way to his office I mentally worked up a general plot outline, which I told him about with a few gestures. He was interested, so I went home and started working on chapters and an outline.

While I was working on this, Avram Davidson started coming around Towner Hall, Ted's mimeo shop, where I did most of my writing then. One day shortly after he'd been appointed Executive Editor of F&SF he asked me if I had anything to submit to him, and I remembered "Some Words With The Devil", a rewritten version of which I had on submission to a new humor magazine whose editor wanted to buy it but who couldn't because it looked like the mag might fold before the second is-

sue. (It did.) I showed the carbon copy to Avram, he sat down and read it then and there, then looked up and said, "I like it. I'll buy it." He didn't like the title, though (I'd chosen it as a sort of obscure tribute to Edgar Allen Poe's "Some Words With a Mummy"), and it appeared under the not terribly original, but more commercial, name of "Who Sups With The Devil".

Then I turned in my portion and outline of Warlord of Kor to Don Wollheim and he said he liked it but the outline was weak. So I immediately replotted it and the next day I took my new outline up to his office. He read it, said it was much better and he'd have a contract made up for me. I left, and about halfway back to Towner Hall I realized that I'd sold a book. It was a heady feeling. Until that point I hadn't really considered myself anything like a professional writer, the two previous sales having been small ones which could serve only as toe-holds to professional status. (Walter Breen had rushed into print in Fanac a story about me turning pro with the F&SF sale, but my reaction to that had been chagrin and foreboding in case I should never make another sale.) Now, however, I'd made a big step forward, and I began to realize that I might really have some sort of future as a writer.

In the next few months, in between spates of working on Warlord of Kor, I turned out half a dozen more short stories, most of them sci or fantasy. Every one of them sold, most of them to F&SF. In fact, I sold so many to Avram in so short a time that we decided I'd have to start using a penname -- which was why one issue of F&SF came out with a story by me and one by "Carl Brandon".

That summer, though, things slowed down for me. I'd finished the Ace novel and it had been accepted, and I'd started a long novelette on which I plugged away for several weeks while it got more and more out of hand. Finally I set it aside and wrote a short story, but that was rejected by everyone in sight. I did a collaboration with Ted White, but we were both short of cash and Avram was on a trip to Cal-



ifornia and wouldn't be able to give a quick report, so I sent it to Fred Pohl. He offered 1¢ a word for it for If, and Ted and I decided to take it. (Avram later read the carbon and said he'd have bought it for 2¢ per. Oh well.) My half-share of 1¢ a word on a short wasn't much, and the finances pinched a bit more.

So I went looking for a job, and promptly landed one with Scott Meredith Literary Agency, where I was to be trained to work as a sort of sub-agent, handling submissions of about a third of the agency's pros. The job was to start three days later, so in the meantime I sat down and wrote another short story, which Avram promptly bought.

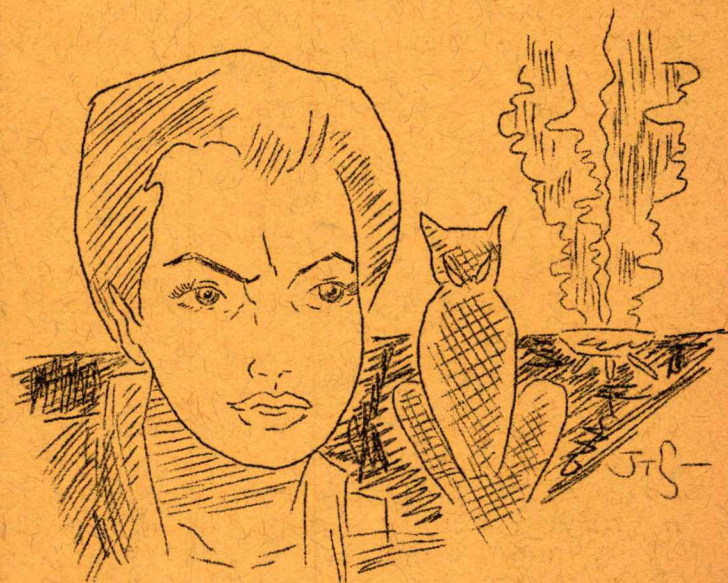
Once I started working at SMLA, though, I was busy literally day and night, so during the year and a half I worked there my writings both fan and pro were severally curtailed. I did do a couple of shorts and a novel in collaboration with Ted White, but that was it. Early this year, though, I moved over to an editorial position at Ace Books, so I now have considerably more free time and am happily getting back to writing in both fields.

So that, in not too much brief, is the story of one fan's fantastic climb to fame and a few riches as a writer (and agent, and editor). It's by no means a typical one: most of the fans who in the past have turned pro were in their fan days considerably more sf conscious than I. It's been said, with some truth, that the reason so few new sf writers came out of fandom during the fifties was the increasing emphasis on fannish writing in the fanzines of that period, which militated against most fans getting needed practice at writing serious stories: mailing comments and ingroup jokes are so much easier.

I do think that's a factor, all right -- but only a g factor. One could as easily, and probably with more justice, argue that fewer fannish fans turned pro because, having less than a burning interest in sf, they also weren't very interested in writing it. As for fannish writing being "easier" than writing science fiction stories, that's a moot point. There is much more talent and care shown in an article by Walt Willis or an editorial by Tom Perry than in most sf stories in fanzines. If the standards of fannish material are often low, then that bighod is the fault of the fannish writer -- nobody is twisting his arm or whispering in his ear that he shouldn't try to do anything worthwhile.

There are standards for any kind of writing, whether it's fannish articles, science fiction, political diatribes or whathaveyou. Clarity of thought, smoothness of style, coherent construction, elimination of non-essentials -- all these and more are important whatever you're writing. And the absolutely essential thing for any developing writer is simply to write.

You probably gathered that at the time I quit writing serious fiction in 1956 and turned instead to fannish writing, I was at best only a mediocre fiction writer. Yet after four years during which I wrote virtually no fiction, I was able

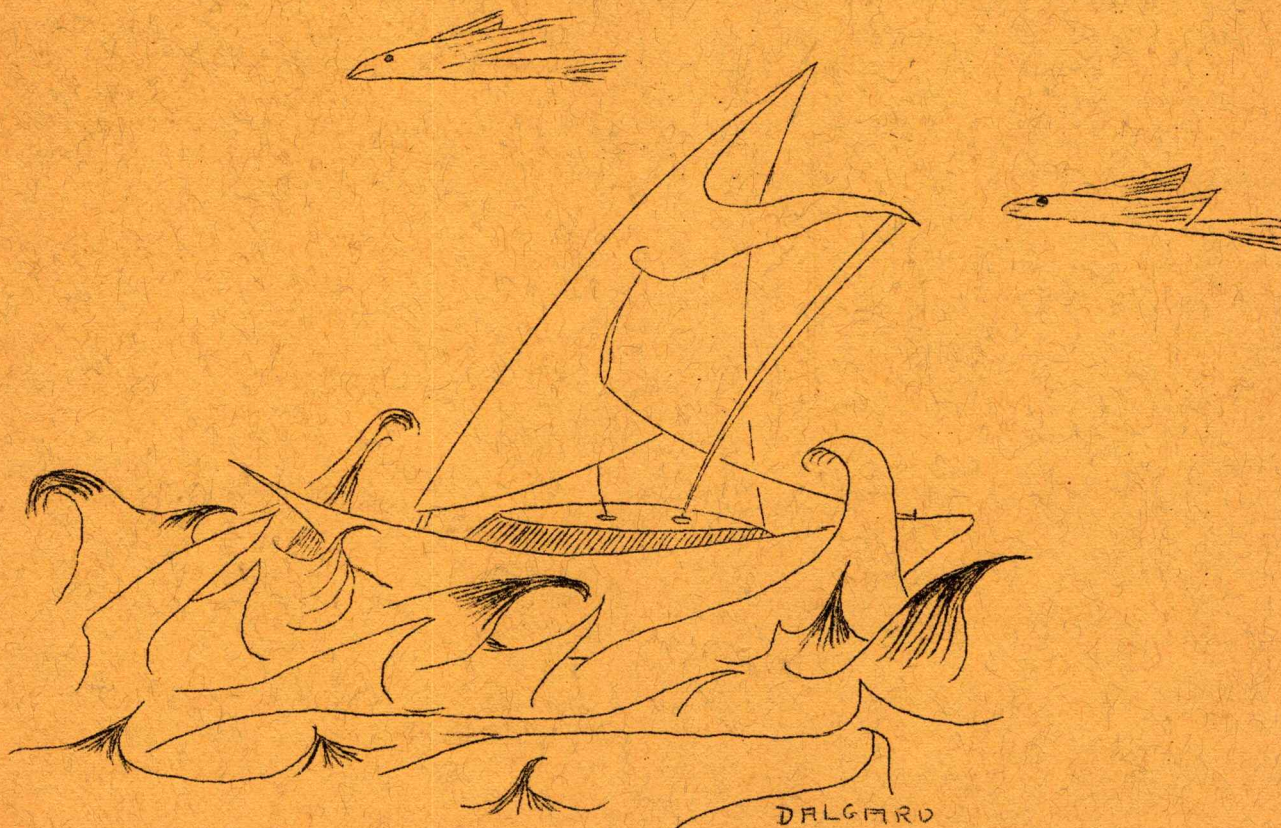


to sit down and within months start selling my stories regularly. That seems strange, until you take into account the fact that while I was writing fannish "froth" I was learning a great deal about writing. When you're recounting amusing little anecdotes, and paying attention to what you're doing, you learn a helluva lot about how to lead up to a punchline. When you're writing a fannish parody of a professional story, like the "brandonizations" I did of The Catcher In the Rye, The Man Who Never Grew Young, The Chaser, Brain Wave, etc., you have to analyze the overall construction of the original story and what function each part serves in the whole. When you recreate a scene in a convention report you can learn a lot about writing dialogue that sounds like real conversation.

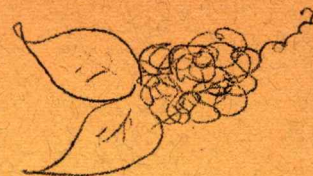
The important thing, no matter what you're writing, is trying to write it as well as possible. If you're willing to toss off a stream of second-rate fanstuff just to keep your name in print, you're not likely to learn how to write anything but third-rate science fiction -- and God knows there's more than enough of that already.

You've got to set your own standards, when you're writing for fanzines. Whenever I've written anything, serious or humorous, fannish or science fictional, I've always done it as well as I could. The crud I turned out in the early fifties, the mediocrities I wrote in the mid-fifties, the light material I wrote later, all had that in common. As a result, I was learning even from my crud.

And that's how a guy whose voluminous writing in fanzines is forgotten only a few years later was able to turn professional.



# STRANGE FRUIT



Received and noted: ACHERNER (Tackett), LEN'S LETTER (Moffatt), HEISKELL HOLIER (Lamb)

UCHUJIN #81, 82 (Takami Shibano, 118 O-okayama, Meguro, Tokyo, Japan - price and schedule unreadable, but apparently monthly) A beautifully printed fanzine, which unfortunately happens to be written entirely in Japanese. If you can read Japanese, you're all set.

OHIO CHESS BULLETIN, May, June & Aug. 1964 (James R. Schroeder, Box 5268, Cleveland, Ohio) This is the bulletin of the Ohio Chess Association; dues are \$4 a year. Bill Mallardi finagled these for me. They are devoted to chess news, descriptions of famous games and Ohio tournament games, news notes, etc. There is an ad for the first "chess fanzine" (OCB considers itself a professional magazine, I guess) which I fully intended to send for and never did. Realsoonnow.... The June issue strikes a familiar chord; the editor is complaining about the lack of interest shown by Ohio Chess Club officers. Sounds just like some of the old N3F magazines I was getting several years ago.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, Vol.23#4 (Official organ of the National Fantasy Fan Federation; for information, write Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. 37754) Bureau reports (correspondence, Welcommittee, story contest, manuscript, tape, collectors, etc.), fanzine reviews, Don Franson's excellent "Information Bureau", general fan news, etc. One item bothers me. In a past issue, the editorial addresses of all the science fiction magazines were listed; in this issue, the addresses of all the pb publishers and some of the hardcover publishers that use stf are listed. I can't see anyone actually using these lists for anything; I would certainly find it much easier to go pick out a copy of the mag I wanted or a pb from the firm I was interested in and get the address from it than it would be to locate a particular issue of TNFF containing the list. A list of hardcover publishers could be valuable, since very few fans can afford to buy all the hardcover stf being published. But it's the hardcover list which is incomplete. Sometimes I think fans get carried away with the idea of lists and cross-references.

MENACE OF THE LASFS #98, 99 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - no price listed) The doings of Los Angeles fandom.

SKYRACK #70 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - monthly - 6 for 35¢ by surface mail or 6 for 70¢ airmail - USAgent, R. Coulson) The doings of British fandom.

MINAC #15 and last (Ted White, 339 49th. St, Brooklyn, New York 11220 - irregular - three 4¢ stamps - co-editor, Les Gerber) This is the last issue, so don't send for a long-term sub. Inquire of Ted about BEARDMUTTERINGS, a fanzine to be co-edited by White, Andy Main, and Rich Brown. This issue contains Ted's editorial, Terry Carr's fanzine reviews, and a story by Gary Deindorfer that is far less humorous than he thinks it is.

SWEFANAC #3 (Carl Brandon, Sällskapsvägen 7, Stockholm 48, SWEDEN - more or less monthly - 12 for \$1) Swedish and European fan news. This issue has 8 pages in English, and if you can read Swedish you can peruse another 10 pages in that language. I'll stick with the English version, which is quite well done.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #418, 419 (S F Times, Inc, P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse

9, New York - or here it says the editorial offices are at 119-46 27th Ave, College Point, New York 11354 - monthly - 15¢) The mag of professional stf news. Occasionally has riders covering allied fields; MONSTER TIMES, BARSOOM TIMES, SAUCER TIMES, etc. (No, I guess they don't consider saucers as allied, tho I don't know why not.)

CANNABIS #1 (E. E. Evers, Apt. 4-C, 268 E. 4th. St., New York, N.Y. 10009 - irregular - no price listed) Earl says this is to be a small-type fanzine appearing in between issues of ZEEN. This one has editorial comments on a picketing action that he attended. (Picketing a jail to protest the arrest of prostitutes; sometimes I think New York fans are hard up for entertainment.) There is also a quantity of blank verse by someone named Martin E. Groes, which is a record of some sort; it's the only completely blank verse (shorn of rhyme, meaning and artistry) that I've ever encountered.

SCOTTISHE #36 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, Ft. Britain - quarterly - 25¢ - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 57242, Los Angeles) Walt Willis is still publishing his fannish memoirs. I've been rather critical of this column, and I should not be; maybe someday when I, too, am old and feeble, and reduced to little but memories, I'll want to write my own columns this way. And anyway, most of the readers seem to enjoy it. There is a good letter column, the best letter being Ian Peters' explanation that he is not anti-American; he just doesn't like the country. And Ian's wife (I guess) explains that he hates intolerance...he must not like himself very much. Some of the most rabid fans I know are those who hate intolerance -- other people's intolerance. Ethel has her usual entertaining comments on science fiction, Scotland, and organizers.  
Rating...7

DYNATRON 22 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - bi-monthly - five unused 4¢ stamps per issue) The editor prints a plea for material and underscores it by writing almost the entire issue by himself. (Well, there is the article by Richie Benyo and the letter column -- but almost half of the latter is also Tackett. God, but you're wordy, Tackett.) Material should be about stf, he says. DYNATRON is one of the few fanzines devoted to stf -- not exactly seriously devoted, but devoted. It's also entertaining.  
Rating...7

SATURA #10, 11 (John Foyster, P.O. Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia - monthly - for trade or comment) #10 is interesting for photos, even if he does show two men looking approximately the same size and identify them by saying "the big one is A B Chandler". John mentions a liking for Terry Southern -- it figures. Mervyn Barrett writes an appreciation of Judy Garland; it has always amazed me that anyone appreciated Judy Garland. #11 contains a parody of YANDRO by John Baxter and Chris Bennie, with the editorial note that it was done in 1961 and Baxter now repudiates it. I don't know why; it's one of the best things he's ever done. (That doesn't necessarily mean that it's good, you understand; just that it's above Baxter's average.) There's another column by John's mysterious columnist. This time, with great fanfare, a name is appended. It means no more to me than the previous numerical appellation did. There are a couple of quite accurate appraisals of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, although the mag is hardly worth all the furor. So it's a lousy mag; nobody is forcing you to buy it. It does definitely serve a purpose; it keeps the fans who like this sort of thing off my back (most of them, anyway). I consider that a quite worthy purpose; I used to get a dozen or so requests a year to do something similar.  
Rating...3

HAVERINGS #16 (Ethel Lindsay, address above - bi-monthly - "1/6 or 50¢ for two issues"; since 1/6 amounts to 21¢, pay her in British money) This is an entire 15 pages of fanzine reviews. She says they aren't reviews, they're comments to the editors, but they are just as informative as anyone else's reviews.

MASK & CAFE (Margaret Gemignani, P.O. Box 9432, Midtown Plaza Rd, Rochester, N.Y. 14604 - irregular - no price listed) I must say I received more enjoyment from this issue than from any other one. Gene DeWeese was down one night and read the story of "Micro-Gnat" aloud, with comments. It was great fun. This is a comics fanzine, devoted to the antics of comic heroes. A typical article provides such interesting information as that Master Man wears yellow gloves, "a large black belt with about a six inch round buckle with an 'M' on it", a blue costume top and red-orange tights. (Sounds like a pansy, doesn't he?) Approached in the proper spirit, it can be extremely entertaining.

INTROSPECTION 9 (Mike Domina, 11044 So. Tripp Ave, Oak Lawn, Ill. 60453 - irregular - 20¢) Nice fancy printed cover. Ellison is back with a column. Surprisingly, after the usual Harlanish blah about how faneditors are pleading for his material and how junk mail is invading his privacy -- there is a rather interesting connection there which I think he missed -- he gets down to a very good commentary on the stupidity of the average super-patriot. There is some so-so material, and the mag finishes with the best letter-column I've encountered recently. Rating..6

CON #1 (Christopher Priest, "Cornerways", Willow Close, Doddinghurst, Brentwood, Essex, Gt. Britain - no price or schedule listed) There is a rather unfortunate editorial (4th draft, yet) featuring such statements as "The majority of fanzines are for the fans", and deploring both fan-nishness and "plot-synopses, reviews, and interminable lists of books". Again unfortunately, he has chosen to combat both types by the use of amateur articles on science. Since professionally-written books and articles on science are among the commonest writings of our culture, the amateur variety seem particularly useless -- particularly when the drop in quality between professional and amateur is so much more marked than it is between professional and amateur science fiction. The mag does have some nice artwork.

OUTRE #3 (Al Kracalik, 1660 Ash St, Des Plaines, Illinois 60018 - 25¢ - irregular) Remarkably professional artwork and reproduction -- of course, the reproduction is professional. Material ranges from excellent (Chalker and Lupoff) to a column by Robert Woods which should have been edited. ("Bathed in interestingly sometimes fair and sometimes dull color, things aren't helped much by it." So help me God, that's the start of a paragraph.) Wood's ideas are okay, but his phrasing needs polishing. "Import over" for "export", "like with" instead of a period and a new sentence; things like that. Otherwise the mag is good, and it's devoted to science fiction. Rating....5

ENCLAVE 7 (Joe Pilati, 111 So. Highland Ave, Pearl River, New York 10965 - irregular - 35¢) I hope Joe has these distributed by now; we did the mimeographing (rather, Juanita did), so we may have obtained a copy well in advance of general distribution. There is a rather amazing statement here from Harlan Ellison. In issue #5, Joe printed a story by Harlan. In issue #6, Joe printed a letter from Harlan, explaining that he refused to allow Joe to revise one single word of his manuscript because the professional editors did that and "the only thing that matters is what I write" and he wanted the story told his way. In the same issue were several letters from readers, saying that the story stank. Now, in issue #7, there is a little note from Harlan saying that the readers were quite correct; it was an old story and it did indeed stink. The only thing that I can deduce here is that Harlan is in a bad way. The only thing that mat-

ters to him is his writing, and his writing (before being edited) stinks, and he knows it does, and yet for some masochistic reason he goes to considerable trouble to keep a fan-editor from trying to disguise the odor. (There is also a note from Avram Davidson to the effect that when Harlan was editing, he stated publicly that he cut material from author's stories without their consent, so where does he get off complaining about other editors doing the same to him?) There is lots more material; on sf, fandom, and jazz. It's not really one of ENCLAVE's better issues, but it's still better than most other fanzines. Rating..7

MANNDATE #1 (Richard Mann, B331 Bryan Hall, Michigan State Univ, East Lansing, Mich. - irregular - 15¢) Rich is one of those people who joins things; in his case, publishing associations. Which leads to his publishing, to date, one or two issues each of four or five fanzines. This one features the editor, some decent book-reviews by Richie Benyo, some less interesting material by others, and a brilliant magenta cover.

COLLECTOR'S BUREAU #2 (Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave, Norfolk, Va. 23509 - an N3F publication...see TNFF review) A plea for aid and a group of articles proving that aid is needed. Ned Brooks' article on early fantasy illustrators (for books, not magazines) provides some new information, which is more than can be said for the rest of the issue.

LAST ISSUE #2 (Dennis Guthrie, Box 384, 3 Ames St, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - quarterly - 25¢) This appears to be a mag that will amount to something once the editor has overcome his first-issue nervousness and an apparent grim determination to be brilliant, witty, and fannish even if it kills him and his readers both. (Or both of his readers, if you prefer....God, it's catching!) Most of the mag is turned over to a girl who has just returned from Sarawak. Interesting enough if you're interested in Sarawak; I don't know about most fans, but I've been interested in it ever since I discovered it in my stamp collection at age 10 or so. (Yes, it's a small country, and it's also a lousy joke.) Oddly -- or maybe not so oddly -- her letter is more interesting than her formal article.

HYDRA #3 (Pete Campbell, Birkdale Cottage, Brantfell, Winderemere, Westmoreland, Gt. Britain - monthly - \$1 per year) And I have two extra e's in that address and I'm not going back and change them. He says you can get a free sample, if you're interested. Pete was publishing fanzines for international brotherhood several years ago; the "contacts column", a sort of international pen-pal deal, appears to be continued from that period. Want readers for your fanzine in Poland, Nigeria, or Indonesia? Pete has them. Politically, he's probably to the left of Boardman, but he's much nicer about it. This rather small issue is dedicated to proving that war does not advance technology.

CRY #175 (Phil Harrell, address above - one-shot - free, I guess) This was put out by Harrell and Wally Weber, apparently in protest against the folding of CRY. It isn't really too great as a CRY pastiche, but it's not a bad one-shot fanzine -- it at least has more of a theme than just a bunch of fans getting together for the sake of publishing. I suppose some items may touch your sense of nostalgia, if you have one (I don't). This came with SIGH OF THE BLAMELESS, another Harrell one-shot, this time commemorating a visit to the Lupoffs. Whassamatter, Harrell, you got nothing better to do than run around visiting people and publishing fanzines about it? Mostly, these are for people who received and enjoyed CRY; newcomers probably wouldn't get too much out of them.

VOX #5 (Brent Phillips, Welches House, St. Michael, Barbados, The West Indies - irregular - 20¢) A little of everything; fiction, verse, book reviews, jazz, and West Indian politics. I find the latter the most interesting. The poetry isn't a style that I like, so I don't know if it's any good or not. It seems better than most fanzine stuff, at least (but I'll still take Martha Keller). A big mag; 51 legal-sized pages. Usually quite well done. Rating...6

BETA ETA ZETA #4 (Bernie Kling, 237 So. Rodeo (?) Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. - no price or schedule listed) Most of this is devoted to "The Adventures of Sir Rat Fink", a round-robin story with the dubious distinction of being even worse than "The Story" in Boardman's fanzine. At that, it's the best thing in the issue. Rating...2

GYRE #3 (Chuck Peterson, 240 Sixth St, Chowchilla, Calif. - irregular - 15¢ in stamps) A nice-appearing fanzine without much to it. The Gilbert illustrations are the best part of the mag. Fiction and fanzine reviews aren't bad; the editorial concerns a visit to another fan, which leaves me cold. (Sure, I mention fan visits in my editorials; I mention them. I don't talk about one visit for 3 pages. This sort of thing seems to be endemic among California fans, however, so I guess there's nothing to do about it.) Rating...3

ASTRON #1 (Jeff -- also known as Jess, apparently -- Gunderson, 5312 Mountain View Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada - 15¢ - no schedule listed - co-editors, Dwain Kaiser and Bob Davenport) Apparently Gunderson is more of a chief accountant than an editor, but I print the address of the man who rakes in the cash. Mostly devoted to mediocre fiction, tho there is one poem by Ken McDonald that makes me wonder if he's ever heard the old British music-hall ballad, "The Hearse Song". Same theme exactly, tho the actual wording is original. Rating...3

ZENITH #6 (Peter Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, Gt. Britain - bi-monthly - 20¢ - USAgent, Al Lewis, 1825 Greenfield Ave, Los Angeles 25) For fans who want their fanzines strictly devoted to science fiction. ZENITH is beautifully reproduced, quite serious, and reasonably good. Rating.....5½

Mild apologies to the following editors, but 5 pages of this stuff is enough. I've rated all the following mags before, one time or another.

KIPPLE 64, 65, 66 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Md. 21212 - 20¢ - frequent) Philosophy, politics, religion. Usually well done. (6)

AMRA 30 (Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Va. 22307 - irregular - 10 for \$2 - editor, George Scithers) The Hugo winner this year, and deservedly so. Fandom's best. Rating....9½

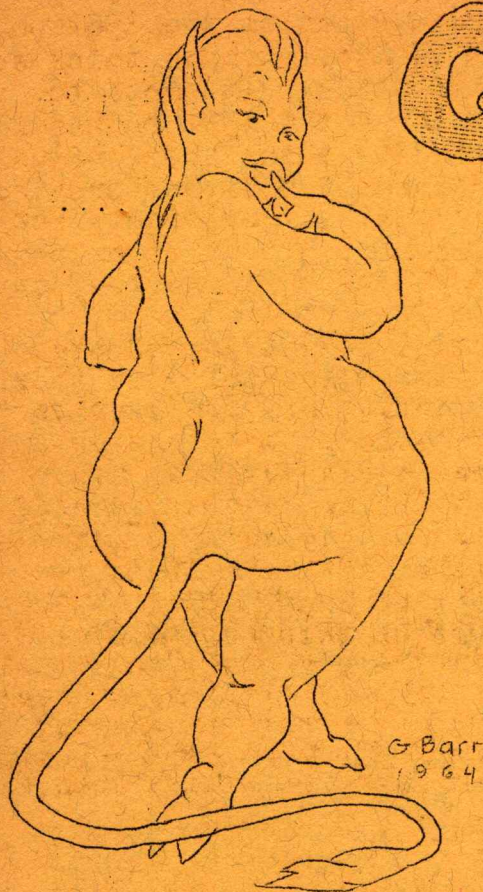
MICKEY #6 (John Kusske, Jr., 522 9th Ave. West, Alexandria, Minn. 56308 - no price or schedule) Personality-zine. Rating....4

ISCARIOT 13 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Dr, Birmingham 16, Ala. - quarterly - 20¢) Science-fiction commentary and fanzine reviews. Rating...5

SAM #11 (Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave, New York, N.Y. 10028 - irregular - 20¢) Beautiful ditto work, fannishness, philosophy. Rating...4

DOUBLE BILL #10 (Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave, Akron, Ohio 44313 - 25¢ - irregular - co-editor, Bill Bowers) General type. Rating...7

# Grumblogs



Mike Deckinger, Apartment 10-K, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, New Jersey, 07106

Perhaps the reason Katz scored higher than Pilati on the "Fan Awards Poll" is that Katz is the Best New Fan. Pilati has been around fandom for a couple of years, straying from the periphery at first via Smudge, his comic book fanzine. He certainly can't qualify as a new fan in any sense of the term and he shouldn't have placed in the poll at all.

[Pilati's first science-fiction fanzine is dated Feb. 1963; even assuming that he'd been around awhile before publishing, he was still pretty much of a "new fan" in 1963. (Comics fandom has very little more relation to stf than does coin collecting. The fact that Smudge was reasonably liter-

ate may make it an unusual comics fanzine, but it doesn't make it a stf fanzine.) I assume that the Fan Poll was for the calendar year 1963, though I don't really know (or care, if it comes to that). RSC/

Don Thompson, Apt. #15, 3518 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, 44115  
Note that Paperback Library's edition of Hamilton's BATTLE FOR THE STARS says his latest successes are VALLEY OF CREATION and OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSE. Since the former appeared in a Standard mag in the late '40's and the latter in Weird Tales somewhere around the dawn of time, that's not a very complimentary thing to say.

[Ah, but they weren't successes, then. (At least, not by Paperback Library's standards.) RSC/

Ted White, 339 - 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220

I want to object to your editorial squib about New York fans having had two chances for putting on a good con and botching them both. It's ironic that the fan who has done most of the mobilising of the Pacificon Committee's Get Breen campaign, Bill Donaho, was one of the principals in the '56 Newyorkon. Did you help vote the Pacificon into existence last Labor Day Weekend? With a notorious member of the foul '56 con on its committee? Hah! Serves you right.

Seriously, though, it's a bit late to say those who voted in that committee got what they deserved. Aside from the fact that there was no one else to vote for, who, knowing the committee members, would've suspected them of the subsequent "unpleasantness"?



And, this Guilt-By-Association-With-A-City bit is ridiculous. If you were to say, "Dave Kyle, the Dietzes and those who put on the '56 Con will never get my vote again," you'd be making sense. If you think somebody botched a con you have every right to oppose their attempts to, you suspect, botch another. But the group which put on the '56 con was in no way associated with the '39 group, and I like to think those of us who want the '67 con have equally few associations with either previous group. You may think we can't do the job, and that's your right, but let's not just issue a fiat saying "New York" can't. To utter my name and Sam Moskowitz's in the same breath with "New York" is, as they say, To Laugh...

Jenrette may be grumbling because Avram hasn't bought any of his stories, but he should know that any story by Avram in F&SF goes there because the Fermans decided it should; Avram submits his own stories to them just as any pro would to him, for consideration. As a matter of fact, when Avram took over the magazine, there were several of his stories in inventory, previously purchased by Bob Mills. Avram rejected at least one of these, maybe more -- I forget. In any case, I got mad at Avram for submitting -- and selling -- his "Valentine's Planet" elsewhere. It should've gone in F&SF. (Parenthetically, why does no one object to the Pohl stories frequently found in the Pohl magazines...?)

I'm a little frightened by Rosemary Hickey's suggestions for psychiatric examinations for school children. She's got a good idea, basically, and I can see where her line of thought could be very convincing. I can see this sort of thing happening, right now. That's what scares me. Because while I agree with its potential, I am also aware that present-day psychiatry is lagging by about twenty years behind contemporary psychological thought (as found in the "third-force" Health-Psychology of Maslow, Allport, Jourard, Rogers, Progoff, et. al.), and that even here we are still in the process of beginnings, still too new and close to theory. As of yet, the science of psychology is still too rudimentary, too full of gaps. And the practice of psychiatry is perilously close to that of alchemy -- and as yet littered with charlatans as that earlier "science" ever was.

Granting that the school psychiatrist (and there are many of these in schools already today) correctly identified a "disturbed" child. What could he do about it? The child does not exist in a vacuum; he is constantly under pressure from a wide variety of sources. Short of changing those pressures (usually impossible), one usually makes an adjustment. In this case, I suspect the approved "adjustment" would be exactly as you suggest, Buck: "grey-flannel" conformity.

Metcalf's proposed death of stf magazines is probably motivated out



of reasons similar to his one-time desire to kill a couple of apas: he's a completist and would rather have less material to collect. None the less, his plan makes little sense, since most of the better material in the paperbacks comes from the magazines, and the magazines act as a proving grounds for developing writers.

I'm sure if he suggested the idea to a writer he'd receive a less than grateful response. If a writer sells a novel first to a magazine and then to a paperback publisher, he realizes significantly more money for it. And the sf field's such a marginal one as it is that any decrease in markets is going to hurt, and hurt badly.

What Metcalf doesn't seem to realize is that the size of the field has a strong correlation with the quality of the field. The less monetarily attractive the field is, the less writers will either be lured into it, or stay with it -- and we need both. The less editors there are, the less chance any story has of selling. Right now, if you don't please one of four editors, you might as well forget it. No professional writer is going to attempt anything very new if he isn't assured of a market. We need more magazines, not less, and each magazine should be separately edited. Four men (three and a woman, actually) are too few to be dictating the requirements of the magazine field.

While I never made straight A's in high school (I had the IQ, but not the inclination; I was an "under-achiever", and a sore point with my teachers), I did travel in the "intellectual" group. I also shared with several of my "intellectual" friends an interest in automobiles. I was never the hot-rodder some of them were, but I was a car-bug. So I question John Boston's bit about an "affected craze" for cars. Ghod knows we need more people who embody diversity -- not less. And if a guy's interests span several areas, so much the better for him!

I read Evers' story on an off-day when I wasn't discriminating too finely. It was adequately handled in style, but had a weak plot. I passed it on at a time when Avram was in New York and I could pass on a larger bulk of material (for which I'm sure he didn't thank me).

He doesn't see the connection between writing fmz material and professional fiction, so I guess I should amplify.

The essential lack in most amateur writers is something I might call (off the top of my head) "ease of production". Being able to write with facility may not make one a good writer, but it does put one over the first and biggest hurdle. Once you can think and your fingers automatically translate your thoughts to paper without much, if any, pause, then you have the facility to write. It requires a sort of automatic way of phrasing "pre-consciously" so that you can type as easily as you speak. Too many people are blocked between the thought and the execution. Few pause to think out the exact phrasing of what they're going to say, but many do when writing. I've known people to agonize in deliberation for hours over a one-page letter. Maybe they could emulate Hemingway in writing fifty words a day, but it's a likelier bet they'll never get past that block at all -- their work will have a stiff awkwardness to it, will tend to be too compressed and lack the smooth flow of professional writing.

All it requires is practice and experience to overcome that block: the practice and experience of writing. It doesn't really matter what you write, just so you do write, and a lot. This is where fanwriting comes in. After ten years as a fan, I had developed this ability to think in long sentences which my fingers automatically typed out for me without my conscious deliberation. This letter, being first-draft, is an excellent illustration: I'm writing it as fast as my single-finger typing will allow, and without pause. (If this were profession-

ally intended, I'd do a second draft, of course, to clean it up where my mind had wandered or I'd expressed myself sloppily.)

Fanwriting can have an even more direct influence, of course. Fan humor can help one gain a lighter touch, and Burbee-style fan humor relies for its effectiveness upon well-written dialogue, which is handy for any writer. And a good writer should have a broad base of diverse writing abilities upon which to stand. Sturgeon, for instance, is a good poet, and a good journalist.

You know, I'm starting to get annoyed at the cracks about F&SF's quality, or lack thereof. T'other day I was talking with Terry Carr, who's been reading through all the sf mags lately, and he assures me that F&SF is bad, the others are worse. And I noticed that no other magazine has as many contenders for Hugos this year. Two of the four short story entries (both novelettes) were from F&SF, fr'instance... I've been reading a little of the Opposition lately myself -- and gagging. Bad as GLORY ROAD was, have you tried FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD? If Avram's a lous' editor, what does that make Fred Pohl?

✓ But the '56 group had an equally valid claim that they weren't related to the '39 group -- and they botched it anyway. However, if it will ease your mind, I'll change my statement to say that I don't know of any New York group (past or present) that I'd trust to put on a con. No, I didn't vote for the Pacificon -- did you? I've seen the same number of objections to Pohl's self-purchases that I have to Avram's; one each. RSC/

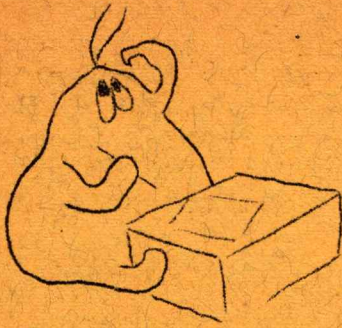
Charles Wells, 815 Demerius Street, Apt. M-1, Durham, N.C., 27701

I used to feel the same way you do about social events that "require liquor to get them going. But I have lately noticed that there are a number of people who are unable to break through to real contact with people without some outside stimulus, and liquor is such a stimulus. Another stimulus is the presence of someone with a forceful personality. Nevertheless, I value social occasions for the clash of ideas and personalities they present, for the opportunity of getting to know other people and other points of view; while liquor judiciously used can aid this it is certainly pointless to make it the end-all of the occasion, which it seems to be in the case of "cocktail parties" (of which I have been to exactly one in my life).

It annoys me when people at a party get so drunk they stop making sense.

Budrys puts a lot of things into words that for me had been ill-formed notions or less. Particularly when he talks about the author who "had something in the back of his mind" that enables him to turn out commercial prose without conscious consideration of any of the elements of composition. While I am not such an author (I never sold anything in my life) I have occasionally been surprised upon reading something I wrote to discover neatly-worked-out Literary Symbolism and Character Differentiation by means of Dialog. An example of the former is the symbolism of the pool in "Why Danny Pulaski Went Fafia". This is not to say that I don't also do such things on purpose.

I do not think Isaac Asimov's "End of Eternity" translates a bit of the "wonder" of the "why" of pure math into words, and I am a mathematician, unlike Sharon Towle. It puts none of the "why" of pure math into words. Now, the physical situation in the novel can be described by higher-dimensional Euclidean vector spaces (which have nothing in particular to do with mathematical infinity, in any of its several meanings), but any "wonder" imparted is imparted to the mathematics



by the physical situation, not the other way around. This is the kind of imparting wonder that might have taken place if the man who invented tensors had lived to see them applied in a theory which led to the development of the atom bomb. Or when a modern mathematician develops some complicated abstract theory only to discover that it can be applied to the description of nuclear particles.

Mathematics does have a wonder of its own, but a story can't communicate it. By the way, I liked "End of Eternity" very

much, in spite of its wooden characters.

So far, everyone I've met who needed the stimulus of liquor to make a real contact with people hasn't been worth contacting anyway. There undoubtedly are such people whom I would be delighted to know, but there is also a limit to the amount of crap I'll wade thru in the search for an occasional pearl. I've never objected to anyone serving liquor; I object to the idea that one must serve liquor in order to have a successful party. RSC/

Piers Anthony, address withheld

I gave Ted's current (Yandro #137, just arrived) column immediate attention. It is old stuff, of course; but these rules need repeating. Unfortunately, the teenagers who need this advice most are the ones nobody can tell anything to. That's their problem. It's a good column and a good series; now let me get on to serious quibbling.

Ted expressed contempt for college writing classes. Well, I've attended a number of them, and there are more to come. My BA, as a matter of fact, is in creative writing (Goddard College, 1956) and my teaching certificate is English and Journalism--which should give some idea just how many I've seen in five odd years of college. And I have this to say: Ted's right again. Not only that, but there seems to be a selective process to keep genuine writers out of teaching. My actual experience writing counts for nothing when ranged against my technical lack of a Master's degree (local university is too new to grant one; I inquired.). There are writers who are teachers; but the writing factor is not advertised. But again, it is not my purpose to rail against the system; I just wanted to make the point that if a writer wants to teach, he is best advised to quit writing and spend the energy on a higher degree. Naturally he will be out of touch. Of course, there is no guarantee that a straight fiction writer would be any good at teaching; the fact that he can do it himself does not mean he is good at helping other people to do it. If it is possible at all to help others. So I wind up feeling that the erroneous professors may be OK after all. Students are reassured by expansive jargon; a ready command of useless theory may do them more good than the truth, which would not be impressive.

Never thought I'd see the day... but I must come to the defense of an editor. Ted implies that Amazing ignores the true amateur. This is not the case. I have sold three stories to Ziff-Davis in the past two years; those, aside from a collaborative sale to Analog are the only ones I've made. It is obvious that my name didn't impress them; and none of them were accompanied by cover letter or any other in -

fluence. (And if he wants to check back issues, look for my pseudonym, "Piers Anthony"). I was paid two cents a word for Amazing; 1½¢ for Fantastic. I'll admit that I'm the only one I've heard of it happening to; but Z-D does buy from beginners. As for their bouncing rapidly--yes, but they do read, on the same basis that Ted does. They almost never comment; they either take it or they don't, and that's all. "Omnivore" is out to them now; I'm hoping...

Oh yes--Z-D thinks nothing of rejecting half a dozen stories between stories. Maybe Ted gave up on them too easily.

Bob Smith, 310840 Sgt. RF Smith, c/o Sgts' Mess, 1 COD, Bandiana, Victoria, Australia

Hmmm. I'm not inclined to brush Dickson's NAKED TO THE STARS off as easily as does Alexei Panshin in his article on sf imitation. It may not be top-class sf, but it has its moments of feeling when the "message" (which I'm in favour of) does seem to come through--at least to me. Damon Knight's THE TREE OF TIME confused me in places but it also had some fine writing in it; but I must honestly admit that thoughts of van Vogt never entered my skull whilst reading it. The Blish I have not read. I wonder what Alexei thinks of Poul Anderson's bawdy parody on Conan, back in F&SF? And, you know, I've got a feeling that Knight, Blish and Dickson haven't learned anything new from Alexei's article...

I have the nasty suspicion that Knight doesn't even learn from his own articles: he writes much better criticism than he does fiction. RSC

Claude Raye Hall, Apt. DC-5, 275 Hoosick St., Troy, N.Y.

White irks me. I never wrote one nasty letter to a would-be writer. I figured then (during Cavalier days) and still do that a rejection slip was enough of a rejection. Those writers that showed hope, I put on a brief encouraging note. Old pros, of course, always got the personal letter treatment; although often only a very short letter. I also wrote many letters to would-be writers, figuring that I would get my reward in Heaven if nowhere else. Besides, back in the yonder days when I was still an amateur, I used to receive all kinds of such thing--notes, letters of advice, etc.--and I always appreciated them. I'd prefer to believe that these things helped me...and I would like to believe also that I could do the same for somebody else. It isn't as if there's much effort involved.

As for the slush pile, during my days everything that passed over my desk was given close scrutiny. I know for a fact that the other two associate editors did the same. The managing editor always looked at the first two or three pages of what slush he read. Things are now different on Cavalier.

I found many good items in the slush pile. Items that we not only paid \$500 to \$1,000 for, but were glad to get. One story, for example, that I found in the slush pile was written by Bruce Jay Friedman. Who he? A pro...Playboy, New Yorker, etc. Why he sent the story in to us that way, I don't know. He could have re-



G Barr

ceived special treatment. Good story, too. I bought it. Not because of the name, I should add here.

Most magazines are hunting for good material, regardless of who writes it. Any editor who tries the snob act is cutting his own throat. That's why they don't. Except for a few exceptions who got where they are for other reasons than ability.

Thus, White may dupe unknowing readers of Yandro, but any editor can only feel, "what an imbecile".

As for Dick Lupoff, the thing he's involved in seems like a professional blunder from any standpoint. Sort of senseless to me, but who am I to tell people how to throw away their money?

Lupoff, too, sounds a trifle inexperienced. Immature, probably. Regarding TBJ, an editor worth his typewriter ribbons has the obligation to look at mss. He should have just dropped a note to TBJ saying "We'll look on spec". Keep out the hogwash. Then, when he saw the book was bad, send it back with a short note saying, "Sorry, not for us." The way it sounds, Lupoff was telling him how to write his novel -- even before he saw it! That's an immature blunder. If a guy wants to write a bad novel, that's his business. Buying good material is the editor's business. There's no relation. If, for some reason, Lupoff liked the novel except one part, he could then drop TBJ a note saying "Will buy if you'll..." Then, it's up to the writer. To do or not to do. If he doesn't care to change his masterpiece into what Lupoff considers a good novel, he then has the right to search for another publisher.

What I'm saying, Lupoff, is that you committed a faux pas that was uncalled for. You created a messy thing that most publishers would seriously frown on. Can you picture that particular writer ever sending you another mss... and perhaps his next one would be a best seller.

[In Ted's defense, I'd like to say that on occasions he not only writes kind rejections, he practically gives a course in how to improve a shaky story, very clearly and most helpfully pointing out precise weak spots, throwing away good plot gimmicks and otherwise being an excellent editorial shepherd... JWC]

Creath Thorne, Route 4, Savannah, Mo. 64485

I disagree with the Towle letter in which she says that sf should have its own set of standards to judge by. This, of course, is not true. Some people have the annoying habit of dividing all fiction into two categories; sf and mainstream. Actually, mainstream fiction has so many categories that they shouldn't be grouped together. If we are to follow Towle's reasoning, then there should be a separate set of standards for each of the "mainstream" divisions. I doubt very much that sf is so unique that it should be set aside by itself. Many people have noted the tendency for sf to go back in the "mainstream". I choose to think that the literature itself was really never separated from the mainstream, but that rather it was the opinion of a minority group of people who tried to separate themselves from the rest of the world. Perhaps the genre is at last starting to outgrow this attitude.

[I'm in the unfortunate position of agreeing with your criticism but hoping that stf will continue in its separateness, since separation (a) makes it easier to locate when I want to read some, and (b) avoids the watered-down-for-mass-consumption varieties like On The Beach and Mr. Adam. ANALOG may be bad, but at least it isn't bad, conventional, and moronic. RSC]

# GOLDEN MINUTES

**TIME TUNNEL**, by Murray Leinster (Pyramid, 50¢) Pyramid has finally got another good original sf novel. There is one glaring inconsistency; since Pepe Ybarra and the renegade French scientist turn out to be products of alternate futures, they could not both be in existence at the beginning of the story. Other than this, Leinster has a fairly reasonable pseudo-scientific theory of time travel, a quite genuine list of historical anomalies to take off from, and his usual entertaining story. It's good fun, even though the one flaw does destroy most of the internal logic.

**TWO HUNDRED MILLION A.D.**, by A. E. van Vogt (Paperback Library, 50¢) This was originally The Book of Ptath, from UNKNOWN. Somehow I missed reading it there -- I thought I'd read all the stories from UNKNOWN, even though I don't own a complete set. Missing it wasn't really too much of a loss, though it's probably one of van Vogt's better novels, at that. Strictly sword and sorcery, based on the dubious premise that mankind's belief in gods can create gods. Jack Vance worked that theme much more profitably in The Dying Earth. Have you ever noticed how many of van Vogt's heroes are super-beings who for some reason or another are prevented from attaining their true heritage until the end of the story? Jommy Cross, in Slan; William Leigh of "Asylum", who turns out to be The Great Galactic, master of the universe with "an I.Q. twelve hundred" (gah!); Gilbert Gosseyn, who stumbles around the World of Null-A without ever quite realizing what's going on; and Ptath, who stumbles around Gonwonlane thinking he's a WW II tank driver. I've wondered if van Vogt didn't begin his recent career of leadership of a Dianetics group because he'd suddenly started believing his own plots. (Though anyone who could believe a van Vogt plot is remarkably suggestable.)

**THE BLOODY SUN**, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Pyramid, 40¢) Another of Marion's Darkover novels, this one more coherent to the average reader than Sword of Aldones was. For those who enjoy swords and sorcery, here is an outstanding example. The characters seem terribly over-emotional to me, but then all of Marion's characters seem over-emotional to me and their theatrics seem rather appropriate to the setting. (As someone pointed out in reviewing de Camp's less-than-successful attempts to continue the Conan series, completely logical actions tend to destroy the mood of high endeavour.) Marion's characters always act in accordance with their own nature, which is better than most s&s writers accomplish. I enjoyed the book tremendously.

**ELEPHANT**, by L. Sprague de Camp (Pyramid, 75¢) This is the latest in Pyramid's "Worlds of Science" series. It tells more about elephants than I'm really interested in, but the scholarship is relieved by de Camp's sardonic humor. (In a discussion of whether or not a man can outrun an elephant: "There is nothing like having an infuriated elephant in pursuit of one to bring out the best in any runner.") He commits one blooper; the common one among non-gun-experts of saying that "The impact of the bullet [from an elephant rifle] alone will knock an elephant off its feet." Any man who has co-authored a book with Willy Ley should know that every action has an equal and opposite reaction and that the recoil of any weapon capable of knocking an elephant off its feet would leave the hunter in worse shape than the quarry. For that sort of energy, you need an anti-

of the funniest lines of the month. Esau Cairn is no puny Conan-type hero; no mere head-lobbing for him. "As the frothing apish monstrosity hauled himself up over my ledge, man-like, I drove my poniard down between his shoulders with such fury that I literally pinned him to the ledge; the keen point sinking a full inch into the solid stone beneath him." Yeah, man! Then there is philosophy: "the natural life of mankind is a grim battle for existence against the forces of nature, and any other form of life is artificial and without realistic meaning." (This from an author who drove out in the desert and shot himself when his mother died.) And there is dramatic writing style: "They were instinct with ferocity; it blazed in their ice-gray eyes...." There is the internal logic of the plot: on page 59 he says, "Fresh meat, the principal food of the Guras, is furnished by hunting." On page 62 he says "Hunting parties are always going forth, so that the full force of warriors is seldom in the city at once." And in the same paragraph: "Those cities are difficult to storm, and it is impossible to starve out the inhabitants, since they produce so much of their food supply within the walls." Finally, there is his terribly imaginative use of names: "And so began my third captivity on Almuric, in the black citadel of Yugga, on the rock Yuthla, by the river of Yogh, in the land of Yagg." (And under the rule of Yasmeena, he might have added and I'm sure I don't know why he didn't.) Oh, this one's a gem; by all means get a copy. You'll laugh yourself sick.

TIME IS THE SIMPLEST THING, by Clifford D. Simak (Crest, 50¢) This is another reissue of a book Crest first published in 1962. It's a good novel, far better than the recent abomination which won a Hugo this year. Simak's future world, with psi powers, hex signs, and mental trips to the stars, is far more interesting and believable than the animated bowling balls of They Walked Like Men or the terribly folksy inhabitants of Way Station. Simak's good stories are among the best stf ever written, and this is one of the good ones, or at least an above-average one.

FIVE-ODD, edited by Groff Conklin (Pyramid, 50¢) All of these stories are fairly recent. "Something Strange", by Kingsley Amis, is from a 1961 F&SF. "The Dead Past", by Asimov, is from a 1956 ASTOUNDING. F. L. Wallace's "Big Ancestor" appeared in GALAXY in 1954. "Gone Fishing", by James Schmitz, comes from a 1961 ANALOG. "Unit", by J. T. McIntosh, is from a 1957 NEW WORLDS and may well be the only "new" story for most fans. It's not the best story in the book, but it's not bad. Asimov has the only really memorable item in his twist on time travel (or in this case, time viewing). It brings up the horrors inherent in loosing time-viewers on this society. Amis is quite good in his psychological story, and Wallace manages a moderately entertaining story which isn't nearly as startling and Significant as he seems to think it is. Schmitz has a contribution which I enjoyed the first time around and then forgot, and which is definitely not worth rereading, as I discovered. Not a bad buy, providing you have not previously read the stories, or if you like the Asimov well enough to want it in book form.

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, by Theodore Sturgeon (Pyramid, 50¢) Now that the second-rate stf movie of the title has been transformed into a third-rate tv series, Pyramid has reissued the book, complete with a still from the tv show on the cover. I hope they make lots of money on it, since Pyramid has issued lots of nice books and I want them to keep going. The best that can be said for this particular book, however, is that it's better than either the movie or the tv series. It's not original Sturgeon; all he did was rewrite the screenplay, which was by Irwin



tank rifle, or a bazooka. Other than this, the statements seem perfectly factual, and the book is one to get if you're interested in natural history.

PEOPLE OF THE TALISMAN/THE SECRET OF SINHARAT, by Leigh Brackett (Ace, 45¢) Sinharat appeared in the Summer 1949 issue of PLANET STORIES as "Queen Of The Martian Catacombs", while Talisman, a sequel, showed up in the March 1951 issue under the title of "Black Amazon Of Mars". Both stories -- including both endings -- have been revised (and improved) somewhat for book publication. (But I liked the magazine cover for "Black Amazon" better than I do the book cover.) These Eric John Stark stories are the sort of wild and woolly adventure that kept thousands of PLANET readers contentedly munching their bubble gum and waiting for the next issue. They're implausible, ridiculous, a short cut above Burroughs in literary quality, and I think they're great entertainment. I hope other people do, too.

THE DAY NEW YORK WENT DRY, by Charles Einstein (Gold Medal, 40¢) This one is much better than it looks at first glance. It is not one of the idiotic super-disaster stories so favored by second and third-rate British authors like Charles Eric Maine (The Tide Went Out), John Bowen (After The Rain), and J.G. Ballard (The Wind From Nowhere). It is a perfectly logical extrapolation of a trend which is causing concern in high circles right now. Quite simply, we're running out of water. Large cities are already having trouble in watering their populations. (Often, this is due to pollution, which Einstein ignores, rather than to a simple shortage of liquid. But the trouble is there.) The book, in fact, is far less sensational than an article in the October 1963 NATIONAL WILDLIFE, which mentioned (among other things) that fumes from New Hampshire's Androscoggin River had peeled paint from nearby buildings. People have acquired hepatitis by eating sea food nourished on sewage. Compared to this, a mere difficulty in supplying water to New York City is pretty mild. The author's background of sports writing is reflected in his rather annoying writing style, but he keeps the plot plausible and interesting. Science-fiction? It's damned near science-fact.

THE RADIO BEASTS, by Ralph Milne Farley (Ace, 40¢) Until this appeared, I didn't even know that The Radio Man had a sequel. I almost wish I'd remained ignorant. I liked the original; the sequel is a bit too much to take, though I suppose anyone who can read Burroughs will also enjoy this tale of a pure noble human bringing order out of chaos and ruling the nice little natives of Venus. He does so with remarkable stupidity and even more remarkable luck.

TONGUES OF THE MOON, by Philip Jose Farmer (Pyramid, 50¢) I'm not sure if this is an original or not. I hadn't read it before, and no mention of previous publication is given (and Pyramid is much more honest about this than is Ace or many other pb publishers), but the title and some of the names seem familiar. It's pure space opera, with about six different groups plotting against one another and the hero winning out in the end by guts and intelligence and compassion and a large amount of pure dumb luck. It's fun; it seems rather trivial to be coming from Farmer, but I guess he can't invent another new revolting method of reproduction for every story. Don't expect any serious commentary on Man and the Universe, and you'll probably enjoy this.

ALMURIC, by Robert E. Howard (Ace, 40¢) I enjoyed this one immensely, although not in precisely the way Howard intended me to. It contains some

Allen and Charles Bennett. He does his best, but the screenwriters obviously didn't give him much to work with. If you can't afford all the new paperbacks, this one is a good one to miss.

MUTINY IN SPACE, by Avram Davidson (Pyramid, 50¢) This appeared in the August '64 WORLDS OF TOMORROW as "Valentine's Planet". I think it was Bob Briney who commented at the time that it was much better than most of the stories Avram was selecting for F&SF. When you stop to analyze it, it really isn't constructed very well. Nearly every problem is resolved by coincidence. Chapters 8, 9 and half of 10 are devoted to our hero's rescue of Dame Hanna, an action with no bearing whatever on the course of the story. On the other hand, our hero does nothing whatsoever to overcome his enemies; both sets of villains are destroyed in one fortuitously fell swoop by a bit player. (While this sequence is highly improbable, one can't even say that it's out of character, since the man hasn't been on stage long enough for his character to be brought out.) Of course, quite often one's activities in real life are wholly irrelevant to one's purpose, and situations are often resolved more by luck than intelligent planning. That is supposed to be one of the differences between real life and novels. (And even in real life, problems are never solved with such overwhelming neatness by pure coincidence.) Compared to something like THE BLOODY SUN, this isn't a very good novel. But it's fast-paced and entertaining -- if you don't stop to think about it while you're reading it -- and I agree with Briney; it's better than most of Avram's selections for F&SF.

I was going to comment on "Farnham's Freehold", but we have a parody of it by Dennis Lien which says about everything that I would. I've defended Heinlein's other recent novels; Starship Trooper, Stranger In A Strange Land, Glory Road -- even Podkayne Of Mars. But this one is indefensible.

SECONDS, by David Ely (Signet, 60¢) This is an unusual borderline sf novel. The beginning, where a mysterious organization offers the hero a chance to change his identity and make a new start in life, is interesting even though a bit melodramatic. The central part, mostly concerned with the hero's attempts -- sometimes successful -- to save his virtue from masses of women bent on seducing him, is idiotic. The ending is surprisingly good, and I'm glad I didn't give up in the middle, even though I was strongly tempted. The sex does make a roundabout point -- his former wife is the only woman he meets who doesn't immediately want to sleep with him -- but does so in a remarkably inane manner. Cut to novellette length, this would be a real thriller. As it stands, it's worth reading if you see a chance to pick up a used copy at half price.

I see that Ed Hamilton finally got around to writing a sequel to The Star Kings. "The Kingdoms Of The Stars", in the Sept. AMAZING, isn't exactly an outstanding piece of writing, but it looks to be the first part of a novel, which may improve as it goes along. Anyway, I guess it's about time Gordon got to meet Lianna in the flesh; he's been waiting long enough since the original novel appeared.

The Unwin Books paperback edition of Tree And Leaf, by J.R.R. Tolkien, arrived today. Price, 5 shillings, plus fivepence postage (that's a total of 76¢). I hope it's worth it; it looks more promising than Tom Bombadil, at any rate. Since Barnes & Noble has reprinted at least some of the Unwin books in this country, I assume that they may well reprint this one.