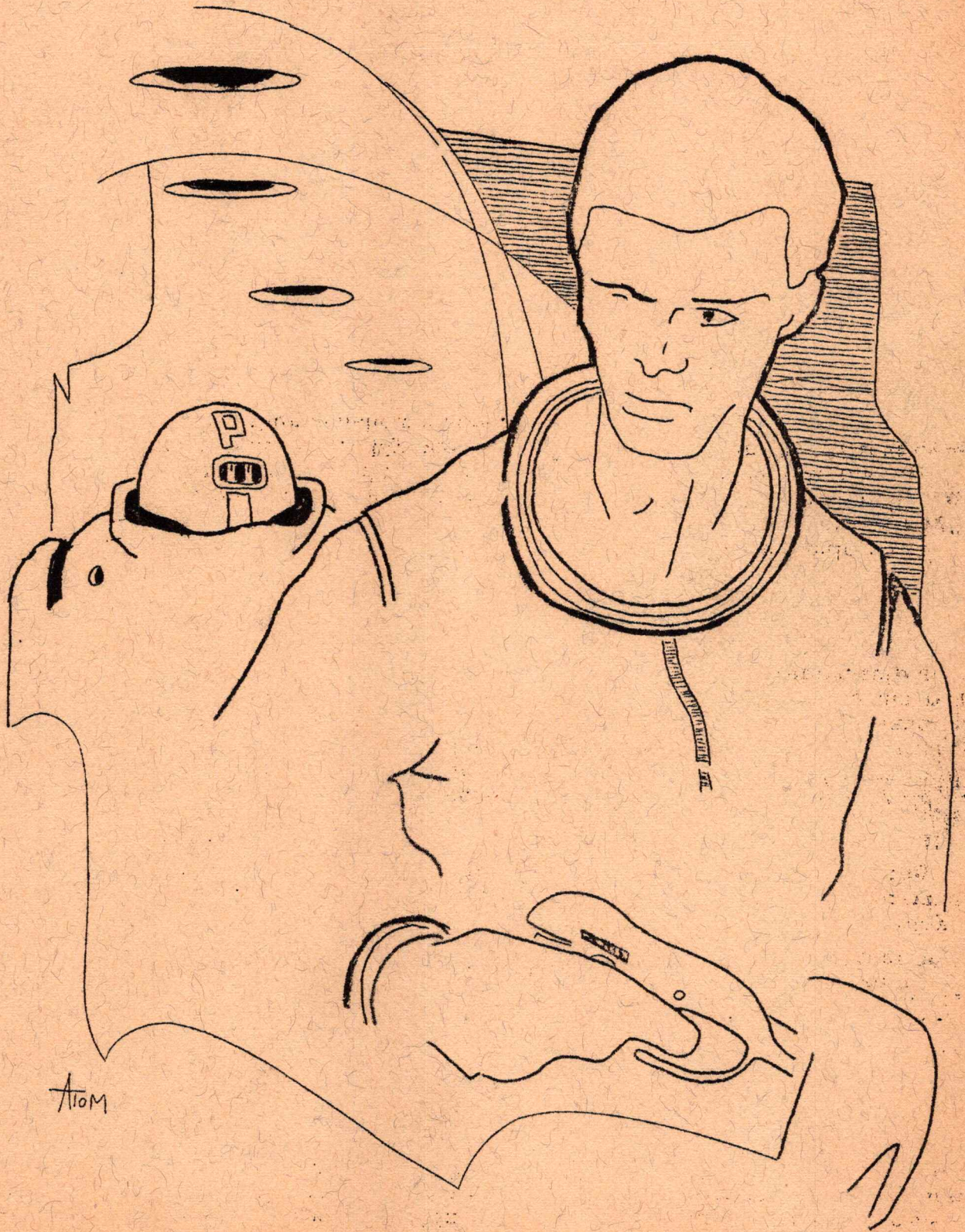


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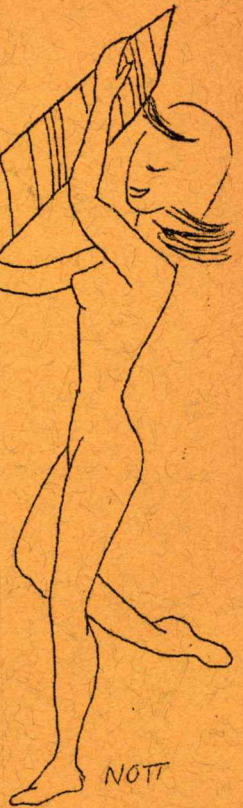
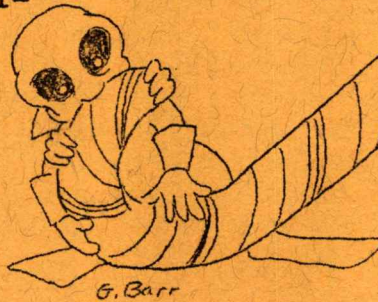


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On December 10th, the TODAY show on NBC tv had an all-too short interview with Walter Sullivan, science editor of the NY Times. I could have listened to the discussion for the full two hours, but of course they had to take enough breaks for their regular hour and fifteen minutes of commercials. Sullivan was discussing, skimming -- really, his book, WE ARE NOT ALONE. Not having a library available,

I'm feeling rather frustrated, and I can only hope eventually some kind pb publisher brings out an edition. Among other thoughts on life in the universe (like most scientists, Sullivan is sure there's plenty, and in variety) he threw out the old silicon-based lifeform as extremely unlikely -- not enough chemical building blocks available; he seems pretty convinced of the superiority of carbon as a life element. But on the matter of limbs and erect posture, he was considerably less certain -- although he's partial to the usefulness of visual organs. All in all, it sounds like the sort of book I would gobble up...

But no silicon life! Just think how many tried and true past sf plots that shoots down.

And on the matter of scientists, I think John C. Lilly, the dolphin research man, is missing a BIG bet. Of course, one can't expect him to think like an ad man, but on a project as important as communicating with an alien life form, I'd think he might be able to bend a little. After all, he did go on the Paar show sometime back and show some of his fascinating films (though the most fascinating scene was Lilly laughing hysterically while Paar seriously explained to the audience: "Now I want you to know this man is a genuine scientist, not just some nut I picked up.")

But look you, currently running on tv is a show starring a dolphin, a children's show, with our Einsteinian dolphin saving the human characters on an average of one and a half times per show. And much talk on how intelligent dolphins are, and how they can do everything but talk. (The fact that they do better at speaking our language than we theirs isn't brought up, but no matter here.) What Lilly needs to do is buy up some time sponsoring the show in space of corn flakes or whatever -- come on chirruping to Flipper, explaining in suitably scaled-down terms what he's trying to do: "...and wouldn't you kids like to help us learn how to talk to Flipper? And to teach him more of our language? Then we can all talk to our friends beneath the sea! Send your contribution to..."

Pennies for Flipper. Or better -- Folding Money for Flipper, more euphonic and more useful.

I mean if I can go so gung ho over the critters when I can't even swim and I'm scared to death of the water, think what such an appeal

would make to all these little tadpoles splashing with their inner tubes in inland lakes every summer. Onward, upward, downward...? The future lies ahead and all that.

Some conservative-radical congressional type keeps agitating for a nativity scene on the US Christmas stamp. Every year he pops up like that ornament you thought you'd thrown out last year -- but that's neither here nor there. It's the reply he received from the US Post Office that interested me. It was something to the effect that: "We can't put a Nativity scene on US postage because it violates the principal of separation of Church and State."

This year they ran sprigs of Christmas tree and whatnot instead. Correct me if I'm wrong, but putting any Christmas decoration on US postage is a violation of separation of Church and State. Whether the holiday is celebrated as a Christian or a pagan festival. I mean, if you're going to give in to the point of holly and evergreens, why not next year a stamp with a Menorah on it, and one with Mithras.....not too many practicing Mithrans, true, but just as much right to their holiday as the others.

I agree the Nativity scene doesn't belong on the Christmas stamp; we step on enough orthodox Jewish toes in this country as it is.... but the response of the P.O. struck me as equally unacceptable.

Is there some rule that prevents the Postmaster General with answering a complaint of this sort with: "Because I don't want to, that's why."

In Golden Minutes this issue, Buck reviews Ace's CHARLIE CHAPLIN (K-204, 50¢). Or rather he starts to review and says I'll comment on it in my editorial. Well, not really. My comments are purely personal, and probably of no help at all in assisting someone to decide whether or not to buy the book.

The original title -- and a much better one -- was THE GREAT GOD PAN. Actually, the book poses a problem, because I don't know whether to put it in biography, theology, or psychology. Weaving thru the entire book is author Robert Payne's theory that the spirit of Pan was reborn in Charlie the Clown -- not Chaplin, only the Clown. He offers various proofs, points out places where he believes the actor Chaplin subverted the purpose of the clown Charlie.

Even when you do not agree with the author, you find yourself held by his point of view. To me, he managed to be emphatic without being offensive -- which is not at all an easy thing to do. It is not so much a biography of Chaplin as it is a hindsight psychoanalysis of Charlie the Clown. On second thought, it's worth buying, even if I haven't made it plain.

Also on the book front, Pocket Books has brought out Mary Renault's THE LAST OF THE WINE, which I have been trying to obtain for several years. As THE KING MUST DIE explored the Theseus legend, THE LAST OF THE WINE puts the reader into the Socratic period of Greek history. The former is still my favorite, but I'm very pleased by the latest book, too. I am attracted to THE KING MUST DIE by a sense of deja-vu about everything Cretan....fresh earth and damp stone...

And a happy new year, non-sectarian, to you.....

JWC



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readers -- beginning with Bernie Kling -- but there it is, in black and white.)

After all my fanzine trials, I still forgot to review LIGHTHOUSE, and since I've already promised to do it... it's produced by Terry Carr, 41 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, New York 11201. It is quarterly and costs 25¢. It's a good thick fanzine for your money, with material by Terry and Carol Carr, Philip K. Dick, Walt Willis, Ray Nelson, and others, plus letters. It's good. Dick's article in particular (especially when taken shortly after reading Barbara O'Brien's Operators And Things, as I did) can scare the hell out of you. Metzger -- personally I agree fully with the people who didn't promote him, but I'm sure numerous young fans think he's the greatest thing in cowboy boots. The rest of the issue is good and I suppose I should rate it around 8. Also, Richard Mann requested a review of DECEPTION #3. There isn't much to it, but it's notable for being the first English-language fanzine (that I know of) printed by a computer. A few fans ran IBM cards thru FAPA awhile back, but an IBM card is no more English than a Chinese scroll.

Mike Deckinger sent in a clipping from the New York Journal-American. This is an ad for The National Shrine of St. Anthony. It starts off "Doing your Christmas shopping in town?" and goes on to list the times of the regular feature programs (masses and confessions) including a special "Shopper's Mass" at 4:00 PM every Saturday. Well, I suppose as long as we insist on commercializing Christmas, the churches might as well do their bit and get their share of the take. (And I suppose it's no more surprising that the Church should attempt to take over the Christmas of Mammon than that it should have adopted the birthday of Mithras as Christmas in the first place.)

Mike also mentioned a Ballantine book reprinting 8 stories from the old EC comic, TALES FROM THE CRYPT.

Thanks to whoever sent us THE WRETCHED MESS NEWS. This is something emanating from West Yellowstone, Montana which alternates among ads, very funny humor of the Jay Ward type, and extremely unfunny humor of the Jay Ward type. (One of the ads -- apparently genuine and not artificial humor -- starts out "Win An All-Channel Monaural Moose" over a picture of a moose-head with one antler. A typical article is "Help Fight Subversive Beer Cans" -- these turn out to be the fliptop models. One of my favorites is "Help us secure a better class of readers for The Wretched Mess News than you yourself represent.") Some of the stock printer's cuts used would delight Bill Danner.

The December AMERICAN HERITAGE has an article on "The Father Of The Wizard Of Oz" (by Dan Mannix, of all people -- I was halfway expecting to read revelations of devil worship and sex orgies in the Baum basement).

Several people have requested us to put a date on the issue. Okay; today is Dec. 14. (This isn't the publication date; that will be sometime between now and Christmas. It is the date on which I'm cutting this stencil.) Today I took one of the tests in PAGEANT. This one was titled "Have You Got What It Takes To Be Boss?" My score indicated that I might just barely succeed as a manager, but I am really too good-natured and easy-going to make a first-rate executive. (I'm sure this will astound several

It's a good article; well-written, profusely illustrated, and all that jazz. (I note that one of the illos is "Courtesy of the BAUM BUGLE"; there is a fanzine that made good.) HERITAGE also has an article on states which have repudiated their debts. I was particularly charmed by the line "Indiana, where financial difficulties were compounded by wholesale thefts by the state officials in charge of the bond sales...." It sorta gives you a worm feeling to realize how little your state has changed in the last 120 years.

While writing a letter to Bill Danner the other day, I happened to think of a few similarities between PLAYBOY and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. (This is a fair example of my mental processes.) Of course, they're not identical; heavens to Betsy no. After all, the POST is a family magazine and quite properly scorned as square by all the ultra-sophisticates, while PLAYBOY is the sophisticated magazine. All its readers are very hip (and the fact ~~that~~ they have to write in to the magazine to find out which sock to put on in the morning has nothing to do with it.) However.... I've figured out a cartoon series for PLAYBOY; I'll toss it out free, and some of you cartoonists can make a mint off of it. (I'm just naturally generous.) There's this sophisticated man-about-town, see, and he hires this gentleman's gentleman named Harold (that will be the name of the series, too; just "Harold".) And Harold turns out to be an expert in everything, from assignments to karate, and he starts running the life of his boss and his boss's girl friends, and all like that. I'm sure you can think up individual situations. Then for the writers, there could be this series of articles, written by prominent psychiatrists, libertines, and sexual deviates -- I think a good title for it would be "Adventures Of The Psyche". I'm sure it would go over big. (And if Russell doesn't like it, there's always Hamling....)

Fantasy shows up in the dammedest places. This evening (it's now the 17th) we were watching "Daniel Boone" -- because Juanita likes Albert Salmi -- and the story concerned a "Mountain of the Dead", hidden treasure, and ghosts from Braddock's army. We had about decided that it must have been written by Manly Wade Wellman, so the credit line "written by David Duncan" wasn't too surprising (tho I must admit that the tv characters were much livelier than any of the ones in Duncan's books.

There may or may not be a price list attached to this YANDRO. If there isn't, be it known that I do have promags for sale -- cheap -- and if you ask for a list I'll send one.

The other day, Al Borse came over and inquired if I'd like to have a trailer-load of old books. It turned out to be not quite a trailer-load; just 5 large boxes full. I've been spending a happy evening sorting them. (The original idea of both Al and myself was that I'd get a huge stock of books that I could take over to Appleton's in Kokomo and trade in for old stf mags or whatever they happened to have -- Appleton's is an old railroad warehouse packed to the rafters with books and magazines. However, it now appears that about half of the loot will go directly into the Coulson library; there's a lot of classical literature, some history, biography, and philosophy.) One of the books is titled A Survey Of European Civilization: Complete. Since it was published in 1958, it moves me to sympathize with our European friends; I didn't realize that civilization over there ended 6 years ago. The books were -- mainly -- a batch that Al's in-laws were throwing out (things like The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens and the Lynds' Middletown were headed for the dump until Al intercepted them. Of course, a large share of the titles wouldn't have been missed, but I can always trade them for something useful.) There's one on the paintings of Cornelius Krieghoff; I'd never heard of him before, but I like his work. And a very merry Christmas to you, too.

RSC

BURROUGHS FANDOM

article by stephen barr

The idea for an Edgar Rice Burroughs club had been talked about for many years by ERB fans. The original ideas for the club--the name, the plans-- had been formed by Vernell Coriell as far back as 1949. The idea was even put forth in Super Science Stories about 1951, and again in the #12 issue of the Burroughs Bulletin in 1956. Approval of the name and permission to organize were finally obtained from Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. Vern decided the best place to find the most Burroughs fans together would be at the Science Fiction World Convention. Thus, a meeting was announced prior to the 18th World SF Convention in Pittsburgh over Labor Day weekend, 1960.

The meeting was held the morning of September 5th, and attended by thirty eager and happy ERB fans. The group voted to organize as a club, set dues, and elect officers.

Some of the goals and purposes of the club are:

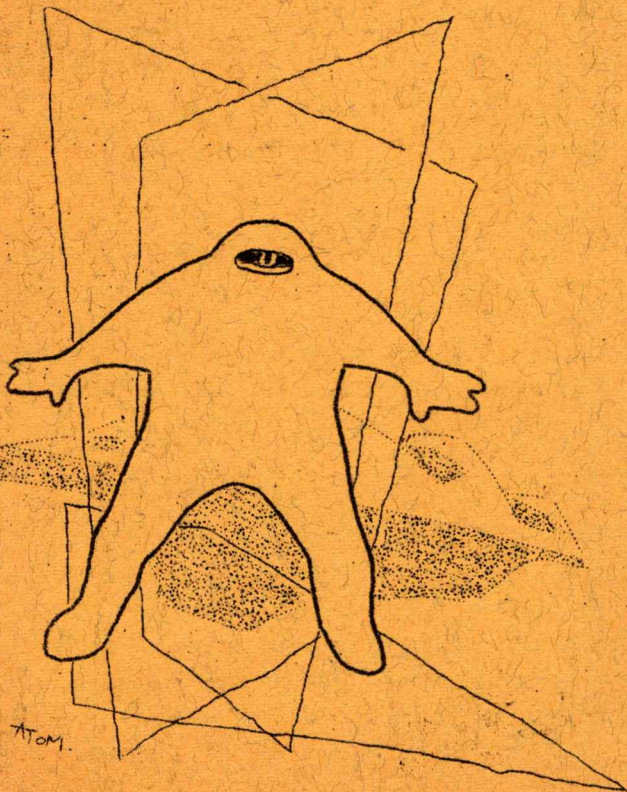
1. Getting into print more information about ERB's published works and related items.
2. Keeping members informed on the appearance of new items.
3. The encouragement of reprinting Burroughs' works and books.
4. The joining together of those having a common interest and desire to preserve the works and encourage the reading of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Mr. Vernall Coriell (6657 Locust, Kansas City 31, Mo.) is the publisher of the official club publications. These are The Burroughs Bulletin, The Gridley Wave, and The Dum-Dum. These club publications keep members informed about what's happening in the world of ERB.

Other ERB zines are:

ERB-dom: edited and published by Camille Cazadessus, Jr. (2350 East Contour Dr., Baton Rouge, 9, La.) Caz pubs an excellent zine that carries reviews, articles, interviews, and art work by top artists such as Ivie, Frazetta, Krenkel, MacDonald, Crandall, Williamson and others.

ERBanias: edited by D. Peter Ogden (Rt. #4 Otto Roads Apt.,



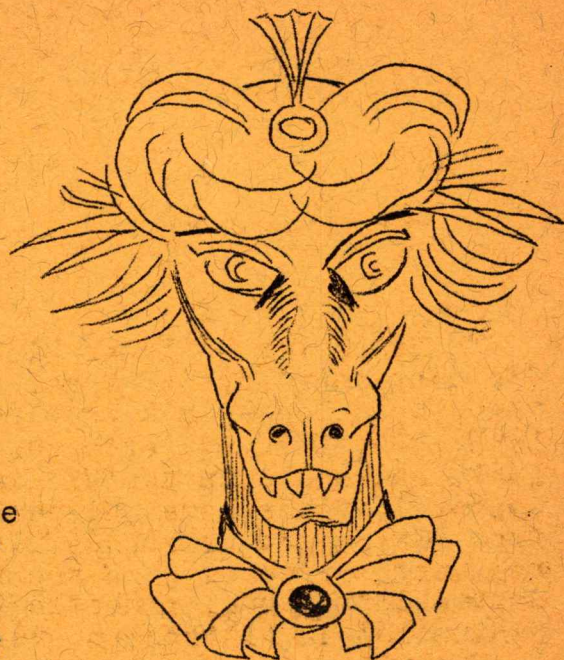
Tampa 12, Fla.) ERBania is a neat zine that carries reviews, artwork and articles. It's very good.

The Burroughs Reader: by Dale Broadhurst (256 E. 14th St., Idaho Falls, Idaho) Dale has a well laid-out zine which will interest anyone.

Thuria: by Larry Taylor (1121 Elmo Ave., Kent, Ohio) This is a new ERB zine that is due out soon.

Warrior: by Ken Strawn (2217 Orton St., Charlotte, N.C.) This is another new one that should be very good from all reports I've had. Due out soon.

ERB-Quarterly: by William Ogivlie (40 Picardy Lane, Ladue, Mo.) A neat zine that carries things to interest the newer fan.



The Burroughs Bibliophiles are growing fast now and their membership is well over 900 members and growing, with 30 plus members added each month .

The fanzines published by the BB are the only official ones. The Dum-Dum carries the club roster, plus comments from the club officers. (The current president is Mr. Bob Hyde, with Marguerite Coriell as secretary.) The Gridley Wave carries reviews, notes and words from editor. The Burroughs Bulletin is the special yearly issue that features rare articles by and about ERB and other features that are of great interest to the Burroughs fan. For the readers of ERB the club for you is THE BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES! Learn about ERB and enjoy him; he is one of the greatest writers of all time.

The opinions expressed in that last paragraph there are those of the Burroughs Bibliophiles and not necessarily those of your editors. RSC

THE WILLING WAY

by Raymond L. Clancy

Okay, Captain, I'll take the ship,
And speed it away from the Sun.
When the first craft left old Earth for the Moon,
My great-grandpaw took one.

ALL THE BRAVE YOUNG EDITORS

by RSC

The hardest of tasks, for beginner or sage
Is filling those lines at the end of the page.

"There is something about a Brak story much like a Bach fugue...."
(Norman Lobsenz) Well, they both tend to put me to sleep, but otherwise I don't really see much comparison. RSC

PILLAR OF FIRE

fiction by

STEPHEN PICKERING

"Bet, wake up!" The youth nudged the slumbering figure and bit his lip in impatience. "Wake up, you drunken pig!"

The old man, muttering under his breath, grunted in affirmation by sitting up and kicking an empty wine sack away. His rippling beard, scraggly and knotted with dirt, did little to hide the ninety year old, gnarled face. Bet's twinkling eyes sized up the lanky youth and narrowed in suspicion.

"What do you want?" Bet stood up and waited for an answer.

David smiled, running a calloused hand through long, brown hair. "I figured you would come to that, aged one. We leave in one hour and in minutes the Elders meet. So -- come out of your stupor and go."

Bet snarled a curse as the youth hastily retreated and peered around. Two score years ago their tribal leader -- an ego-maniac prophet -- had risen from as a so-called "blessing" and now they were fleeing from an Egyptian army of 600 armed men.

His feet shuffled in the desert sun and his keen ears caught the baying of infants and the laughter of playing children, happy children. Tents, ragged and torn, were being taken down and a buzz of conversation came from those still standing. Everyone seemed happily content, but Bet's wisened mind sense a lurking substratum of fear; a hiding danger that no one wanted to mention, to think about.

Bet clutched his staff tightly and stepped faster.

"But I tell you there isn't a chance!" The speaker, David, was garbed in the tribe's warrior attire -- thick leather cuirass, small helmet, sheathed sword and long spear.

One of the Elders, half to himself, said, "The situation does look serious, if not hopeless."

"Yes, it does look that way."

The entire group of seven men gasped a little in surprise at the new speaker. A man, towering a full shoulder above any there, sauntered into their circle and gazed at the kneeling men. Bet grimaced mentally at their tribal leader, but kept silent.

"You may rise," he said through a bristling black beard that graced his countenance, and the leader's eager, intent eyes fell upon the armed soldier. "Come. Speak up and elaborate on this 'hopeless' situation."

David's young proudness accentuated his excitedly shrill tone and ran sentences together until the words came in short gasps. When he finished, he was pale and exhausted.

Their leader's eyes were mirrors of thought and calm meditation as he unconsciously tapped a forefinger on his lower lip. The others stood respectfully quiet, but Bet was bored and made no physical effort to mask his disposition; he stared at the surrounding desert

wasteland.

At last the leader spoke again. "Hm-m-m...we must have faith in God's hand and calm our fears. He is watching, guiding, and waiting. This brought reverent bows, and conventional snickering from Bet. "We must reach the halfway mark to the Sea before Meneptah's forces. Come -- let us depart."

The sun was merciless and Bet was glad -- in fact thankful -- he was not under a beverage's quasi-influence; an all day "walk" would not help his health. His turban seemed to cool, and likewise the robe, soaked in perspiration, ventilated and circulated air around his body.

Bet usually peered at the sand, and his sandaled feet created little dust clouds. He used the strong staff to keep his mind on the present situation, and for a body support.

He was angered at the tribe's gullibleness at every sage's religious predictions. Surely, he thought, religion has had its place, but it had such status because man was seeking security, welfare, and peace; this, he knew, was the tribe's abiding quest.

Bet had long ago discovered that man's strength of religion gained power from his seeking safety. The tribe, despite awesome oppression, still clung to the idea that behind hostilities lay an invulnerable, omnipotent spirit. Thus, strangely enough, their human perplexities and helplessness were relieved.

He ran a hand through his thinning hair and chuckled wryly at his deduction that their leader's "faith" was a comforting illusion of a benevolent Providence. Ha!

"The Sea is visible in the distance."

Bet appeared startled at the unseen companion and found himself walking with David, the twenty-year old lad who was a soldier by choice.

"Yes," he managed to say, "it is. We stop in a short while?"

The young man nodded. "The leader will send word in a moment. May I ask a personal question, sir?"

"Surely, David. Speak freely."

The soldier's face grew serious. "Do - uh - you think the leader is - uh - hiding something -- some secret that will save us from Pharaoh's hordes?"

Bet's eyebrows raised and he struggled to keep his face a blank mask. "Your bold question surprises me, David. Your leader has an interpersonal inspiration -- faith -- in an il... Well, never mind. I occasionally acquire tiny scraps of information and, of course, I have personal opinions. Don't draw hasty conclusions because you might find yourself rather surprised later this evening."

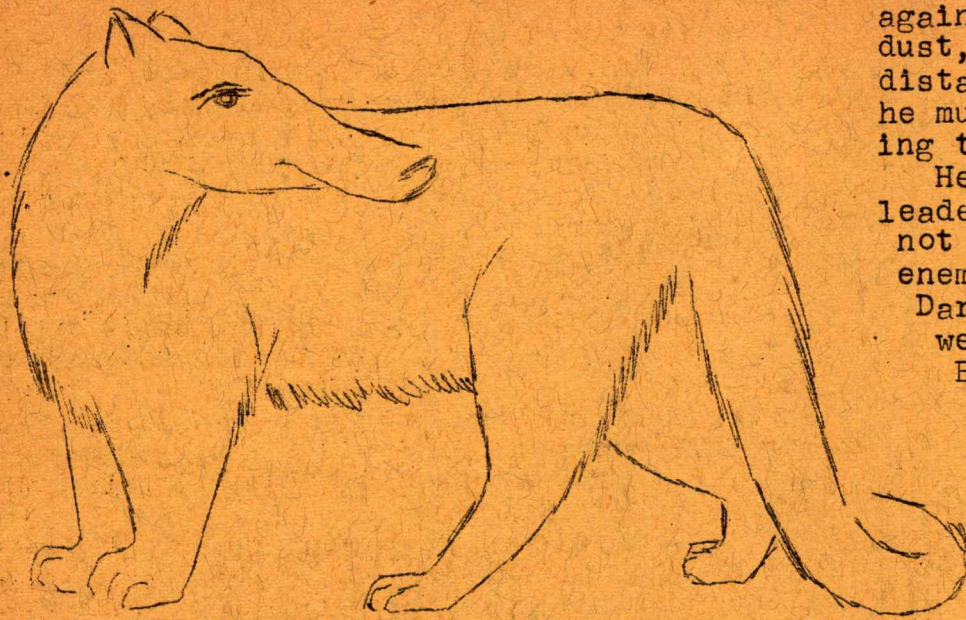
David shrugged, "but, sir, you haven't answered my question."

A faint smile flickered across the old man's thin lips. "David, be patient. What you don't know, won't hurt you."

The entire tribe was resting, and not a whisper floated over their pale, expectant faces. A baby's crying suddenly broke the silence and a mother's cooing comforting. Other than this parental activity, the entire camp was like a corpse -- inanimate, cold and reticent.

Behind them the Elders were standing on a small crest of desert sand, and their silhouetted figures were watching the western horizon.

Bet's mouth was almost a snarl as his cold eyes were squinted



against the cloud of dust, some five miles distant. The Egyptians, he mused, were not going to give up the chase.

He murmured into his leader's ear, "We should not be idly watching our enemies, but moving.

Darkness approaches and we must move quickly."

Bet was anxious, and ... had good reason to feel so.

The leader ran his finger through his beard. "You are right, Bet, but I feel... Forget it." In sharp barks, he called everyone in-

to readiness, and Bet cast an opinion for a future meeting -- in which he would undoubtedly have to demand a change of authority -- if he was there.

His rebellious thoughts were cut short as he was swept along in the moving crowd. Bet knew he would have to lag behind if his plan was to succeed. A glance into the sky confirmed Bet's suspicions.

The Egyptian army, suspecting rescue ships on the Sea, had circled around the slow column and, refraining from their planned slaughter, camped some six miles ahead. Isaac, a fat, middle-aged Elder, was at the head of the column with his leader; they anxiously watched this movement of their enemies, and the entire tribe was stopped.

Isaac strained his baggy eyes and saw that the Egyptian chariots had been disarmed, and he caught the unmistakable glare of camp fires.

Their leader pondered this change of events, then shouted forth his conclusions and ideas: "Don't fear, my brethren. The Lord shall fight for you, and the Egyptians you see now will not be there tomorrow!" His voice carried far and was received perfectly by Bet's visiscreen in his ship.

Bet-defan-Trion had discarded the android host and its inert, expressionless face stared up from a storage compartment. The android had served its purpose well, but such a humanoid form with its intricate mechanisms, swathed in plastic, could not match the telekinetic complexity of its former "parasite"

Bet was a representative of an alien race which had evolved to a "pure" mental state. At present, he was a blazing core of concentrated light that hovered in a flickering aura above the control panel. The race sent beings to life-supporting planets throughout the universe and studied and mingled with the dominant species on each. Bet, for forty Terran years, had been researching in human evolution, and now his studies were nearly completed.

He worked quickly and his thoughts reflected the cold objectivity of a research psychologist. These humans, though still in a relative primitive stage, possessed something his race tended to ignore: a burn-

ing enthusiasm to advance and live.

Bet began transforming into his usual self, which was a tall, handsome (by his race's standards) alien. He thought about the forty Terran years on this wretched orb, and how he had put aside his fantastic powers; he had put himself on a common level with the unsuspecting humans, despite their primitive, heliocentric religion.

His knowledge of Sol 3, as Bet's contemporaries called it, was superb, and he chuckled when the transformation was completed. Little did they suspect that his "staff" was an electronic link between his automaton and the ship. This latter, then, was like a faithful canine -- always, during those years, following its master in an invisible spectrum.

Isaac, and everyone else for that matter, stood gaping at the low, creeping cloud formation and felt a tingling grip his spine. The tribe's leader, he remembered, had said something about Jehovah being their protector. Could this be the beginning?

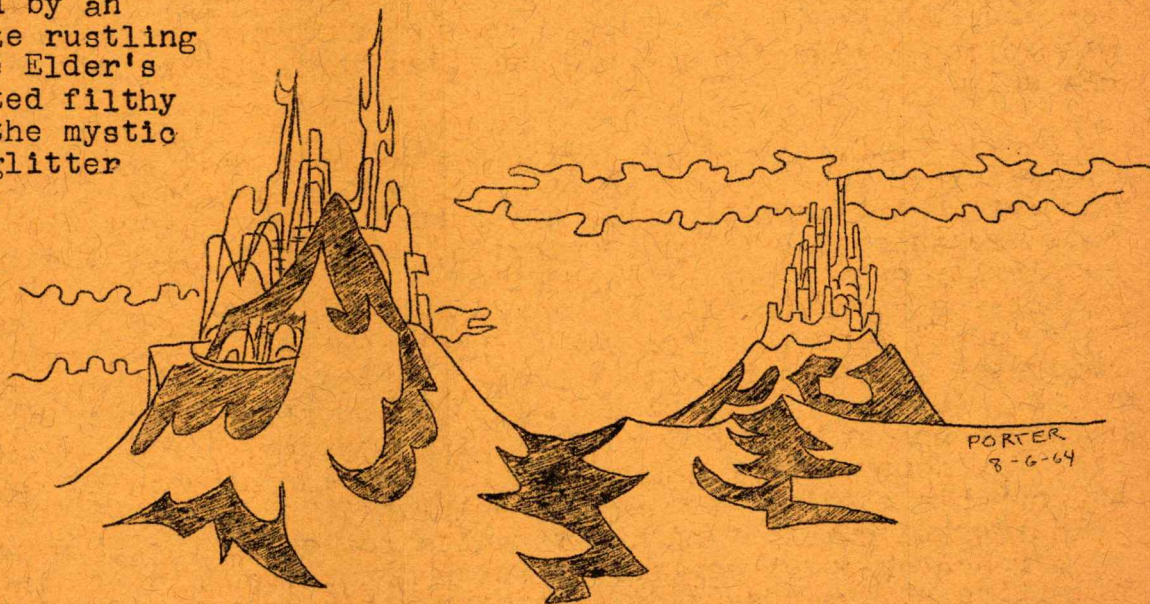
The cloud, a mile across, soon enveloped them, and the people were awed and somewhat frightened by this meteorological change of pace. Nevertheless, order and silence prevailed as the tribe cautiously advanced. Occasionally a flicker of fire revealed the Egyptians' position. They, too, were surprised at this mysterious blanket of thick fog which dimmed their fires' flames and caused their horses to be restless.

The tribe's leader was convinced the swirling mists were an agent of divine powers beyond the ken of an ordinary person. He murmured thankful prayers over and over as they drew farther and farther away from the Egyptians.

He was no less inspired when a metallic rod was thrust into his left hand and a voice, accented and strangely familiar, spoke quickly: "The Egyptians have heard your passing and are preparing to organize an attack. Use this at the Sea, and point it directly at the water." The powerful man knew he had no time to loiter.

Isaac stood by the shore in the morning air and stared, his face empty. The stillness of the cool air was intensified by an alien breeze rustling through the Elder's blood-spotted filthy robe, and the mystic glint and glitter of the Sea.

Behind him, the singing voices of the people rose and fell in joyous raptures-- ahead, the expanses of the water were



spotted with a torn robe, ripped banners, floating wood. All this and nothing more.

He was still unsure about the events of the preceding night and yet...and yet Isaac would never know that the parting waters, the cloud that became a blazing inferno or pillar, were all manipulated by an alien, who was rushing now towards a distant star. Earth would never know it had been visited.

Isaac shook his head and walked back to where the leader was now preaching -- that fanatical Hebrew sage named Moses.

MERCURIC MICROSECONDS

by Dick Lupoff

PHARAOH'S BROKER, by Ellsworth Douglass, London, 1899 -- Some of the Victorian sfists were not as far off base as we tend to think. This novel is about a Chicago grain speculator whose old German physics professor invents an electric-powered gravity reverser. The American puts up \$10,000 (!) to build a space ship and they go to Mars.

Half the book is devoted to the journey, and Douglass was pretty hip to the perils of space flight. He has them limit their speed to avoid atmospheric friction at the start of the journey. They are very concerned about interplanetary navigation and "steer" by keeping the Earth centered on the sun like a bulls-eye. This gives them a slightly inefficient course to Mars, as their plan is to land when the two planets are in opposition.

The grain speculator gets bored doing nothing in space, so he rigs up an exercise machine, but the professor devotes himself to intellectual activities, and as a result suffers Space Fever due to general physical deterioration caused by weightlessness!!!

After they land on Mars they find themselves in a country resembling Biblical Egypt, ruled by a Pharaoh and a Hebrew-speaking prime minister. The American, being Jewish, can speak with the prime minister, /T!! ed.7 and discovers that the current year's wheat crop is the seventh consecutive bumper crop. He and the professor then realize that Mars is following the history of Earth, but several thousand years behind (the professor develops a Theory of Parallel Planetary Life to explain this). And Mars right now is in the seventh fat year that will shortly be followed by seven lean years.

So the grain speculator buys up the entire Martian wheat supply!

It goes on like that for over 300 pages, and the one thing I've omitted to mention is the humor that spices the book.

I've been reading quite a lot of turn-of-the-century sf lately, in connection with some Burroughs research I've been doing. Some of the books are of course real bombs. One turned out to be both a good book and a clearcut Burroughs source (see Gulliver of Mars, scheduled for August publication by Ace). /Ed. note: This account was written in June '64. RSC7 I don't think Pharaoh's Broker is quite up to deserving republication, but if you can get hold of a copy of it, it definitely warrants a couple of hours of reading time.

Anything that warrants a couple of hours of reading time deserves republication. When a single month sees republication of books by Manly Bannister, Ray Cummings, and Stanton A. Coblentz, I don't see any valid reason for boggling at something like Pharaoh's Broker. RSC

WITH JAUNDICED EYE

column from

ted white

In late 1962 I momentarily abandoned my wild ways as an itinerant bohemian and odd-jobber and took on gainful employment. I became the Private Secretary to a coin dealer who ran three or four corporations and was floundering in their correspondence. I began a stint as an eight-hour-a-day typist, composing and typing letters to various people on the letterheads of the Robert Bashlow Co., Inc., the David Laties Co., Inc., the Moore-Bashlow Co., Inc., and the Great Britain Coin Co., Inc.

It left little time or inclination for fanning. I'm strictly a one-finger typist (albeit a fast one-finger typist), and my finger (middle, right-hand, the one usually used for obscene gestures) was pretty much worn down by day's end. As a result my fanac went largely by the board. And that included this column, which enjoyed (if that's the word I want) a hiatus of over a year, just from the (excuse the expression, pliz) backlash of all that typing.

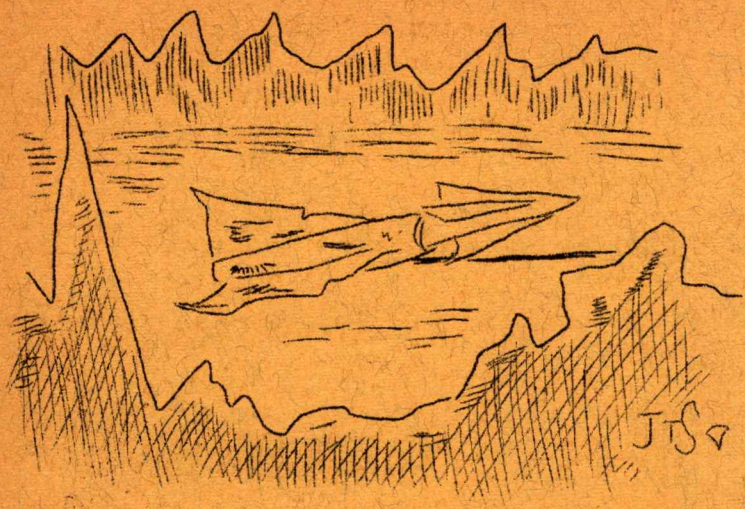
But one day, while ostensibly at work, I took advantage of a lull in my duties to reply to what was then a minor burning controversy in these pages. The Cuban Crisis has just flared in all the headlines, and Derek Nelson had written a rather assinine piece for Yandro on the subject. Nelson was, if you remember, of the "Let's you and him fight" persuasion; as a Canadian he was all for US entering into some sort of war with Cuba, or Russia, or, I suspect, almost anyone but Canada. And who should hop quickly to his corner to act as second but that nauseating old phony, the Reverend Moorhead, a professional Christian whose theology seems to be compounded purely of Old Testament cant and humbuggery.

Hypocrisy, even when not consciously such, bugs the hell out of me, and it did no less so then, when I applied myself to a fiery two pages which somehow got buried in my business correspondence and only recently rose to the surface to crest a wave and get washed ashore amidst the bi-annual clean-up here in the Rat's Nest. The following, then, are my unvarnished thoughts on the subject, just as I wrote them two years ago. Maybe we can revive the whole shebang, huh?

OVER THE BRINK: It is a very jaundiced eye which I am training this time on the Derek Nelsons & Reverend Moorheads of fandom. I am amazed at their audacity (not to mention insanity) as evidenced in the letter column of Yandro #118.

That good Christian, "Slap The Other Cheek" Moorhead (a walking advertisement for the virtues of atheism) is very unhappy that we did not invade Cuba, feels he understands the world situation far better than anyone close to the President (or Kennedy himself), and desperately wishes "to God we had a few Derek Nelsons in the United States Congress".

He can rest easy. Congressmen of various persuasions, but most of them still isolationists when war is not on their minds (they and their far-right constituents enjoy fatter profits from a "crisis"-laden war



economy, and have since 1941), have been making newspaper headlines crying for a Cuban invasion for the last six months.

Nelson himself is a real cutie. He's Canadian, which means that while he exhorts the United States to pull the world's chestnuts from the fire, his government is still enjoying heavy economic trade with Cuba. I'm sure he would not dream of aiming his criticism closer to home if Cuba meant that much to him.

Nelson tells us, with all seriousness: "You should have invaded...the Bearded One would

have been finished--forever." Nuclear war doesn't bother him, despite the fact that he's sure Russia would never fight one (how's that for placing all your eggs in your enemy's basket?), for if Russia "were to fight it would be utterly devastated and although the West would suffer immense losses, it would survive to recover." His naive confidence in the triumph of Good over Nastiness is touching, especially when he buttresses it with "Besides, it cost 40 million dead to make the world safe for freedom last time, is it too much to ask a similar sacrifice again?"

Gentlemen, fans: I present you with an escapee from the laughing academy. This is a virulent sort of insanity which ought to be checked before it grows. Let's just take a second look at Derek Nelson's thesis.

He admits immediately that in the event of a Nuclear War, "The West would suffer immense losses." Now, we'll ignore the question for the moment of whether these "immense losses" might just wipe out western civilization. After all, that civilization produced Nelson and Moorhead, and it's just possible we ought to start afresh in any case--if there are enough of us to start anything afresh.

But in his next sentence, Derek equates these "immense losses" with the "40 million dead" it "cost" us to, so help me, "make the world safe for freedom last time." He says these "immense losses" would represent a "similar sacrifice."

Gad. I say, Chauncy, we need to Make The World Safe For Freedom. Let's start a war. I won't cost us more than a continent or two. Besides, we're getting over-populated anyway.

Is Derek Nelson prepared to see the populated portions of Canada obliterated in order to Make Our World Safe For Etc.? (And, are there any of us who really believe the outcome of World War II was to insure the safety of freedom? Hah? It gave Russia a much stronger hold over war-torn Europe, established communism in China and -- or have I made my point?

Now of course I've been concentrating on side issues. I'm inclined to agree that Russia is a little too smart to engage in a full-scale war over Cuba. (But was Korea a "full-scale war"? Cuba could be as costly.) I think the question at hand is, have we any moral or ethical right to invade Cuba?

I'm sure that as a practicing Christian, the Reverend Moorhead will understand, if not appreciate, what I mean in stating that most of us are brought up to believe that War Is Bad, and it's Uncool, if not worse, to Start Wars. Invasion of other countries is frowned upon for

this reason. It is, you'll pardon the expression, "UnChristian."

To be absolutely serious for a moment, I want to say this: Have the war-mongers among us any conception of the values upon which this country was founded? Let us ignore the ignominious lapses we've suffered from time to time, like Panama, the Spanish-American War, and the countless cases of attempted economic sabotage we've engaged in. As a rule, we have always fought for and believed in, Freedom. We have been the Good Guys, who've jumped to defend those who've been attacked by the Bad Guy aggressors. We've joined the wars we've fought with pious moral overtones of Right and Good, and the Defense of Freedom, and we've stood foursquare against a country attacking and invading another country.

Do we in fact believe in any of these Golden Rules? Or is it all simply a lot of bull which we can discard without thought whenever we consider it expedient?

To carry it closer to home, we've set up an elaborate judicial system in order to enforce the fair administration of law. Are we to say, when it does not please us, that the unfair administration of the law is better, because we're dealing with Dirty So & So's?

I will depart this subject with one question: Just what is it about ourselves which we consider to make us so much more virtuous and God-blessed than are the Communists? I would like to see answers from Moorhead, Nelson and sympathizers.

LOOKING BACKWARD, IN 1964 I can see where my outrage at being presented with such specious arguments for

starting WWII blinded me to one valid argument. That is that the policies of countries and governments in dealing with each other is removed from that of morality; the dealings of nations are amoral.

Yet, in our own times a strong sentiment of morality has been introduced into such matters, an apparently natural byproduct of democracy, where wars must be justified by reasons of sentiment instead of expediency. Thus, World War I, in which we fought to "make the world free for democracy", and WWII, in which we were opposing a morally hateful dictator and racist policies obnoxious, if not actively frightening, to most of us.

But communism has been opposed far more weakly on moral grounds. The most active moral criticism has been that communists are "Godless atheists", a slur which I, as a non-theist, if not atheist, object to -- it smacks too much of the Crusades. There are, of course, other and more valid criticisms of communism, but the ones usually leveled among the masses are moral ones. And these



imply that we speak from a higher moral plane. That is, we accuse them of being war-mongers, aggressors trying to capture and take over any and all countries they can, while we virtuously rush to the defense of these countries.

These moral stands are dangerous, since they involve a high level of hypocrisy. Simply defined, we are saying, and have been for years, "We are right, just and good, because God is with us; we're a Christian nation," and we use this to justify acts which, if committed by the Unghodly, we would roundly condemn. (Comes to that, capitalism in its most virulent form is pretty much a 'Godless Atheism' itself, despite efforts, which reached their peak in the mid-twenties, to make a religion of it in itself...) When we stop talking expediency, and start talking moralism, we pretty much hang ourselves along with our enemies.

But where does one draw the line, and where should it be drawn? Should we regard world issues in moral terms? And if not, why not? Is there a double standard? And if it applies to a macrocosmic situation, why not equally well to daily life?

And there, friends, you have the crux of a long debate. Have fun.

The opinions expressed in this column by Ted White are those of Ted White, and not necessarily those of anyone else in fandom. I think Derek defended himself adequately in the original go-around, and I don't want to start that again. If, however, you can make a contribution to the discussion of the morality of international politics, send us a letter. (Better still, send Johnson a letter.) RSC

ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE SEA

by E. E. Evers

sail on, sail down
the endless wind
as once you sailed down light
sail on, cross seas
as once you crossed
the star-divided night

Here's one for the folkniks. Once upon a time, A Hoka was being taken on a tour of Earth, during which he picked up a copy of Les Miserables. He fell into character, of course, and dashed to the nearest grocery, which happened to be run by a little Italian. Unfortunately, the store was out of bread that day, and the best the Hoka could find on the spur of the moment was a box of saltines. As the Hoka ran out of the store with the box under his arm and made good his escape, the grocer charged after him, shouting "Hoka tooka my soda cracker!"

.....perpetrated by Gene DeWeese

Christmas cheer: I just noticed that in this town you can buy outdoor-type Christmas lights in packages of 5 for 82¢ a package, or individually for 16¢ apiece. Isn't economics fascinating? RSC

APA 45

article from RICHIE BENYO

It seems that all of a sudden, in Fandom, there is an onslaught of new apas. Why, I can't say. Two that I have heard most of, though, seem to be getting the butt end of ominous predictions. One of these apas is Kris Carey's new Inter Apa, and I'll let the truth about that one come out from Kris himself. The other is APA⁴⁵; and it seems the only worthwhile way for Fandom to hear about it is through someone in a position to know a little about it, not an outsider.

The original idea for an apa for the younger faned began through correy between Rik Mann and myself. We both made mention of various alterations on this theme: Rik's "student's apa" and my own "postwar apa". At the time (early April '64) it was just idle rambling, but by the end of that month, I had gotten the Urge, and passed it on to Rik and Pete Jackson; whereupon we three (The Founding Fathers) began offering ideas for our brainchild. The success or failure, of course, depended on how many other faneds we could get interested in the idea, and to our glad surprise we found not reserve, but enthusiasm that we had never dared hoped for.

Many, upon hearing of the apa, seem to mentally ask: Why? To answer that question, here is an excerpt from our By-Laws -- ARTICLE II: Purpose:

Section 1: The main purpose of APA⁴⁵ shall be to improve, among its Membership, the quality of their respective publications.

Section 2: The second purpose of APA⁴⁵ shall be to improve, in all ways, the reputation of the member fanzine editors.

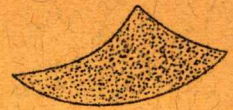
Section 3: The third purpose of APA⁴⁵ shall be to promote a better understanding between the organization's Members through corresponding intercourse between said Members, as well as personal meetings, whenever possible.

For information's sake, the Charter Members, who alone participated in the First Mailing in October, are: 1) Richie Benyo, 2) Rik Mann, 3) Pete Jackson, 4) Marc Christopher, 5) Dave Heal, 6) John Woods, 7) Hank Luttrell, 8) Dwain Kaiser, 9) John Kusske, Jr., and 10) Duncan McFarland. Other applicants include: 11) Creath Thorne (accepted), 12) Larry Montgomery (accepted), 13) Steve Barr, 14) Nate Bucklin, and 15) Carl Brandon of Sweden.

The basic requirements for membership are these: 1. Be born on or after 1945; 2. Notify OE of your interest; 3. Go through application procedure; 4. Be notified of acceptance; and 5. Be willing to run both a genzine and an APR⁴⁵zine through virtually every mailing.

If anyone cares to learn more of the apa, write to me, Richie Benyo, 118 South Street, Jim Thorpe, Penn., 18229.

GOLDEN MINUTES



CONQUEST OF EARTH, by Manly Banister (Airmont, 40¢) This cross between Gunner Cade and Lords of the Psychon appeared in AMAZING in 1956 as a serial, "The Scarlet Saint". It was the worst serial of 1956, and it's probably the worst novel of 1964. It isn't spectacularly bad, like The Blind Spot, which at least provides the interest of seeing how many utterly ridiculous statements you can locate in it. This one is dull and bad, which offers no interest at all.

HIDDEN WORLD, by Stanton A. Coblentz (Airmont, 40¢) This has one beautiful line in it: "Would any civilized people execute a man with a death ray? Would they not, rather, resort to humane devices, such as hanging or the electric chair?" (This is not only the best line in the book, it represents the ultimate in Coblentz' subtlety. The rest of the satire is too broad to be even slightly funny.)

A BRAND NEW WORLD, by Ray Cummings (Ace, 40¢) Is there another field besides science fiction in which an author as bad as Ray Cummings could get his work reprinted 30 or so years after he wrote it? This has the now-familiar background of an alien planet wandering into our solar system. It was a good idea in 1932, when Balmer and Wylie described the physical catastrophe in When Worlds Collide, and it was still a good idea in 1964, when Fritz Leiber wrote The Wanderer, describing human reactions to the event. Cummings, however, after sketching in a few broad catastrophic outlines, drops the background altogether in favor of having his typical 1930ish hero stumble around while the wise old scientist foils the villains, and then get his true love in the end, amid a fountain of bombastic platitudes. The Wanderer shows what this book could have been if it had been handled right; if you're desperate to see what it's like when handled wrong, buy A Brand New World.

THE RADIO PLANET, by Ralph Milne Farley (Ace, 40¢) Oh, we're rolling in sf classics this month! This is undoubtedly the best of the four. It's the third book in the series which began with The Radio Man and continued with The Radio Beasts. (The series should have ended with the first book, but nobody told Farley and he kept grinding them out.) This is several notches above Beasts, however; instead of simply repeating the first book with minor variations, it shows a little originality (or, to be more precise, Farley steals from Burroughs this time instead of from himself). Farley's grasp of science can be summed up in the line "on Poros, with its thicker atmospheric shell and its lesser gravity". However, his characters are more recognizably human than are those of most of his contemporaries, and their problems therefore become more interesting.

THE UNIVERSE AGAINST HER, BY James H. Schmitz (Ace, 40¢) This appeared in ANALOG this year as "Undercurrents", though you'd never know it from Ace's credit lines. Hmm. A more careful check reveals that "Undercurrents" is only Part II of the book. I'm pretty sure that Part I also appeared in ANALOG, but I'm not sure when. The book isn't really a novel; it's two connected novelets. But it's good reading (and it has a lovely cover -- by Emsh, I think). Recommended; if you haven't already read the magazine version. (Or unless you absolutely refuse to read psi stories. As far as I can see, psi presents about the same proportion of good to bad fiction as any other rationale, and this is one of the middling good ones.)

INTO THE ALTERNATE UNIVERSE/THE COILS OF TIME, by A. Bertram Chandler (Ace, 45¢) As far as I know, these are originals. I'll bet the first one was written with Campbell in mind (the spaceship is saved by a dowser), but he didn't buy it. I don't know why. The plot is ridiculous -- I was trying to explain it to Juanita the other night, and getting a reaction of total disbelief. Despite this, I enjoyed the story; it rattles along at precisely the right speed and carries the reader with it. The Coils Of Time isn't as good; the plot is pretty weak and the scientific explanation is still weaker, and the last line falls utterly flat. But buy the book for the other side, and as long as you have it on hand, you might as well read this one, too. (Ignore the cover, if possible. On several of their stf and western novels this month, Ace seems to be using a new artist. It could be Gaughan on a bad day, but it looks more like the muddy finger-painting of one of GALAXY's other experimenters -- Ernie Barth, perhaps. In any event, The Coils Of Time has the worst cover of the year.)

THE BEAST MASTER, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) Ace previously published this as half of a double novel. It's one of Norton's best books, which means that it's one of the best stf books on the market.

LET'S KILL UNCLE, by Rohan O'Grady (Ace, 50¢) This is a fascinating item. It's part of Ace's mystery line, but it isn't at all mysterious; the plot is spelled out right at the beginning. Barnaby's wicked uncle plans to murder him for his inheritance, so Barnaby and his friend Christie decide to do away with Uncle first. And of course, they do. The fascination lies in the unfolding, side by side, of the two complicated murder plots (both Uncle and the children being perfectionist planners.) It didn't suspend my disbelief for a moment, and all the episodes dealing with the self-pitying mountain lion are pure nonsense, but it's fun.

Ace has also published CHARLIE CHAPLIN, a biography by Robert Payne, at 50¢. I haven't read it yet, but Juanita has been quoting it to me in snatches and there should be enough movie fans in the audience to make it worth mentioning. Juanita seems to think it's good. (She says she'll comment in her editorial, so that's enough here.)

SUNBURST, by Phyllis Gotlieb (Gold Medal, 40¢) This was in AMAZING early this year (a fact which is duly credited). Added length gives the book a bit more depth, but not much. This is one of the few very good psi stories -- I'd never heard of Phyllis Gotlieb before it appeared, but I'm looking forward to hearing of her again. One minor flaw is that the heroine seems awfully adult for a 13-year-old; even one raised under the conditions given. But she's still real, and even the psi-wielding psychopaths manage to have individuality, which is pretty good for a group that is an offstage Menace for 90% of the book. We could do with more stf novels like this one.

A FOR ANDROMEDA, by Fred Hoyle and John Elliot (Crest, 50¢) Like most British stf, this is rather slow-paced -- you wouldn't think that anything that started out as a tv serial could be slow-paced, but Hoyle manages it. This usually leads to good characterization, but not in this case; Hoyle has written 4 novels now, and has yet to produce a single character that anyone gives a damn about. The science seems authentic enough but, oddly for a scientist, Hoyle's moral is that logic is Evil and humans should only trust their emotions. (He has company; since emotions are more easily manipulated, emotional people are the fondest wish of the charlatan, the rabble-rouser, and the poet.... I'm not sure which category Hoyle fits -- if any -- but I do know he's no poet.)

STRANGE FRUIT *fmz reviews by RSC*

Fanzines received but not reviewed for one reason or another (mainly for the reason that I don't want to review them): DECEPTION 3, 4, 6, 7 (2 copies of the latter but none of #5) and ROMANN 3 (Mann); TIGHTBEAM 28 (N3F); QX 3 (Kreuger); S F TIMES #421 and riders (Taurasi); HEX 7 & 8 (Wells); UCHUJIN 84 (Shibano); MENACE OF THE LASFS 103 (Pelz); THRU THE HAZE 30 (Hayes); ARNIEKATZ #0 (Tackett); RABANOS RADIATIVOS 3 (Patten); and an open letter from Lupoff concerning the Hugos. Which leaves:

THE GAMESMAN #1 (Creath Thorne, RR #4, Savannah, Missouri) This is the official -- I guess -- publication of the N3F Games Bureau. If you want to see it, join the N3F (details provided on request). This has an article on "Jetan" or "Martian Chess", which would be much more impressive if the Bureau Chairman hadn't tacked on a note about possible changes in the rules. I have no objection to learning new games, but I can restrain my enthusiasm until the rules have been thought out. (And I'm quite contented to learn more about earth chess, without bothering about what is essentially an inferior Martian imitation.) However, if you're crazy about board games.....
Rating....5

BETA ETA ZETA #5½ (Bernie Kling, 237 So. Rodeo Dr, Beverly Hills, Calif) This issue is unscheduled, and no price is listed. Bernie objects because I never mention any good things about fanzines in my reviews. Believe me, Bernie, when there are any good things about a fanzine, I mention it. This time, for example, your reproduction is very good. However, I'm not putting out YANDRO for the sort of people who find things like Almuric "exciting". I passed that stage of literary interest 25 years ago, well before I ever heard of fandom, and I'm afraid I can't back up (I'm afraid I wouldn't, even if I could).
Rating....2

SWEFANAC #4 (Carl J. Brandon, Jr. -- oh, come, now! -- Sällskapsvägen 7, Stockholm 48, Sweden - irregular but about 10 per year - \$1 per year) All the Swedish news, including mention of fan publication of a story that was rejected by HAPNA! as being too pornographic -- how many offers for English translation rights has the author had? The news is all in English this time; the Swedish-language edition has been dropped except for Swedish fans and outsiders who specifically request it. If you're interested in international fandom, here it is.
Rating...5

HAVERINGS #17 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, Gt. Britain - USAgent, Redd Boggs, P.O. Box 57242, Los Angeles, Calif. 90057 - bi-monthly - 50¢ for two issues) This is an entire fanzine full of fanzine reviews -- or "comment upon fanzines received" as Ethel prefers to call it. For those of you who like this sort of thing... You have my reasoning exactly, Ethel. When someone sends me a fanzine, I feel obliged to say something about it. (And if all I can say is that it wasn't worth getting, that's because I don't feel obliged to the point of being hypocritical.) Personally, I enjoy HAVERINGS despite its content -- I like Ethel's writing, even when it's about fanzines.

SCOTTISHE #? (Ethel Lindsay, address above, USAgent as above - quarterly - 25¢) Ethel and readers on more varied subjects. My liking of Ethel's writing doesn't extend to con reports of European conventions, one of which takes up 1/3 of the issue. John Boardman has a good article on the "Jackson Whites" that may be news to some readers, and Brian Varley has
20--

a beautiful comment on the quality of science-fiction: "Agreed all fans or nearly all - read sf: but then they'll read anything!" Too true. Walt Willis is still getting mileage out of his own old correspondence; maybe these people who make carbons of their letters aren't as crazy as I've always thought. Rating 6

Add STUPEFYING STORIES #71 to that list of fanzines I received and am not going to review.

HYDRA #4 (Pete Campbell, 3 Market Place, Cockermouth, Cumb., United Kingdom -- that's the same as Gt. Britain, for those of you who are weak in geography -- monthly - \$1 per year) Cockermouth? Now maybe you'll believe me when I say that fandom is going to the dogs. Policy is "science-fiction and related subjects". Some of the related subjects in this issue are spelunking, political philosophy, amateur science, fanzine reviews, and an article on the dowsing abilities of elephants. Rating...4

DYNATRON #23 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - somewhat bi-monthly - four 5¢ stamps per issue - British agent is Ethel Lindsay) This is a very good fanzine, and it even concerns itself with science fiction -- Jerry Pournelle defends Heinlein, and the editor attacks Battle For The Stars and TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION (better late than never, Roy). However, be very careful in your dealings with this publication, as the editor is one of the most treacherous, not to say sneaky, individuals in fandom. (Try to draft me for NZF president, will you?) Still, it's an excellent mag. Rating...7

STEFANTASY #55 (Bill Danner, R.D. #1, Kennerdell, Pa. 16043 - irregular - sent to the people Bill wants to send it to) If you want a copy, write and ask for one. If you sound reasonably intelligent and not too wet behind the ears, you might get a copy. A better way is to contribute, if you can write well enough to make the grade (personally, I'm lucky if I can crack the letter column). This is one of the very few fanzines turned out on a letterpress; Danner is more of a fan of publishing than he is of science fiction. Material is primarily humorous, with Bob Leman and Colin Freeman carrying the load this time. Rating...8

ALGOL #8 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St., New York, N.Y. 10028 - 25¢ - more or less quarterly) The theme this time is fannish rather than stfish. A con report (which I didn't read), a bid for a New York worldcon in '67 (he mentions that the Fanoclasts have less internal dissension than most New York fanclubs -- of course, the members don't get along with the rest of fandom very well, but they can put up with each other), a fannish parody of a piece by Christopher Morley, and so on. I have a hard time getting interested in this sort of thing, but if you like fannish items it seems at least as good as the average; maybe better. Rating...5

THE GRYPHON #13 (John Foyster, P.O. Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia - monthly - for trade or comment) Heavy on lettercolumn and Australian fan history. The letters are usually entertaining; I never bother to read the fan history, so I don't know whether it's any good or not.

RIPPLE #68, 69, and 70 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr, Baltimore, Maryland, 21212 - 20¢ - "irregular but frequent") And 3 issues in 5 weeks should be frequent enough for anyone, especially when each issue has 24 or more pages. Material is philosophy -- largely but not entirely political philosophy -- and is almost always well written. Rating...6

This isn't my night, apparently. Chopping and cutting ruthlessly, I got the fanzine reviews into two pages, sat back to breathe a sigh of smug relief -- and noticed another batch of fanzines that I'd overlooked. No rest for the wicked.

CONVENTION ANNUAL #3 (Jay Kay Klein, 219 Sabine St, Syracuse, New York 13204 - \$2.50, I think) The Discon Edition is finally out, all 100-plus pages of it. This year the photos and text are bound together, which will be a help in the future (we're always managing to get the photos of previous issues separated from the text and spending anything up to half an hour in locating the missing section). It doesn't really help much in the initial look-thru, though, since the layout seems about as bad as it is possible to get. However, there are 284 photos, of hundreds of fans and professionals, with most of the people identified. (YANDRO's annual identification supplement will be along when we get some reports from our recognition agents. (I managed 30 identifications, but I'm sure Don Thompson will do better, since he attended most of the events and parties pictured, and I didn't. 30 really isn't very many, considering that there are anywhere from 4 to 50 people in most of the photos.) There are also 3 separate con reports (which I didn't read) and a plea from Bob Madle to abandon the Rotation Plan because he misses the politicking atmosphere of the pre-Plan business sessions. He would; he was probably thrilled at being able to wheel and deal and imagine himself a big wheel. Comics fans in the audience note: there are two (2) photos of Margaret Gemignani in the Annual (I hear some of you have been wondering what she looks like).

HONQUE #1 (Norm Clarke, 9 Bancroft St, Aylmer E., Quebec, Canada -- write and ask about schedule and how you can get it. Tell him I sent you; it won't help you any but it might give him a laugh.) Norm is one of the masters of humor so subtle that it isn't quite there. However, there are a few items understandable to the rubes, including a lovely parody of first issue editorials. (I can enjoy it without squirming because I never wrote a first issue editorial; there are advantages to marrying the editor of a going fanzine.) I alternated between chuckles and blank looks on the rest of the issue. Rating...5
(I wasn't going to rate it, but why pass up a chance to be irritating?)

DOUBLE BILL #11 (Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave, Akron, Ohio 44313 - almost bi-monthly - 25¢ - co-editor, Bill Bowers) A large and varied fanzine. Harry Warner defends fann-fiction, John Boardman explains Harlem, Jack Eldridge discusses jazz (more or less), Robert Weinberg and Roger Zelazny contribute fiction. Nearly all the material is well-done; there wasn't any single outstanding item, but everything was average or better. Cover by Prosser is good, tho not especially good for him (it's still better than most fan work). A back cover by Jeeves is disappointing. Rating.....7½

(And the reason I give half-point ratings is that I occasionally rate two fanzines one point apart and then later on run into one that I think is in between them in quality, and I'm too lazy to go back and change one of the original ratings.)

ASTRON #2 (Bob Davenport, 5433 Mountain View Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada - no schedule listed - 15¢) There's a good article by Clay Hamlin on Ray Palmer. Anyone who has been around fandom for several years has undoubtedly heard all he wants to about (and by) Ray Palmer, but for younger fans it's an excellent piece. Rest of the mag is so-so. Rating....3

GRUMBLINGS ~

Rod Frye, 8 Surry Ct., Hampton, Va., 23369

If you have the space, could you run an announcement for me in Yandro's letter column? The 'zine I was planning has evolved into something much less fannish and is still on the drawing board, but is slated for launching about Sept. 65. I need to scrape up some contributors, tho. I need articles more than fiction. Payment will be $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ per word for first rights, any length. Subject: Action People around the United States, Artists, Little Theater performers, writers, dancers, strippers, civil rights leaders, anyone who is engaged in any activity that other people might be interested in, fanac included. I need opinion articles, newettes, photos, satire, cartoons, etc., correspondents in LA, NY, DC, etc. Book, play, off-B'way, movie reviews, etc. If ANY of your readers are interested, I hope they will contact me, or better yet, submit something! Yourself included. Payment will be on publication. (In case you are wondering, I still have the Hampton Roads Review, and it is bringing in just over \$400 in ads per issue, though still not enough to buy food and clothes, it is self-supporting.) Th

Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley, California, 94701

I'm afraid that Ted is going through the process of identifying me with all of what he considers to be forces of Evil. Anyhow, I wasn't one of the principals of the '56 NYCon. (You can always tell the principals of a convention; they get free banquet tickets. I didn't.) I wasn't even on the committee. I was Sgt. at Arms. And strangely enuf I didn't throw anyone out of anything or tell anyone they couldn't sit anyplace. Guess I wasn't a very good Sgt. of Arms. Gee, think of all the passed-up opportunity to make myself big by putting down others. And all that free publicity! Ah well, live and learn. Live and Learn. We all make mistakes.

There seems to be almost complete unanimity of fannish opinion on FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD. Halevy is the only person I know who likes it. He says it's "a good story". I think he's off his rocker. But I won't go as far as Tom Perry did in Quark, although I can think of several things he didn't mention that would support his point of view.

Anyhow, I enjoyed Lien's parody. I think it would have been much funnier though if it had not been quite so broad. In many spots it became a complete taking off from the book, not a parody of it, an excuse for attributing attitudes that even allowing for the grossest exaggeration aren't in the book. But it was funny.

Manuscripts are about the only thing that brings in money at auctions these days. The Fan Art Show has knocked the bottom out of the illustration market. Frankly, the fan art work on sale there is much better than the art work on sale at the auction. With very few exceptions. And the pro artists get the lion's share of any money for their covers. The split is always at least 75/25 and sometimes 85/15. But the manuscripts are bringing outrageous prices. The first part of FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD went for \$10.00 (I betcha the buyer hadn't read it)



and as I remember a couple of Andre Norton mss. went for around \$20.00 each. I sort of remember \$30.00 but am not sure, and am not going to bother checking the auction book. We had 8 or 10 Nortons and the cheapest went for around \$8.00.

I gather that mostly people buy these things either as collector's items unrelated to their merit--if any, or because they think the mss. of an admired author will be a help in their learning to write, seeing the original text and also the author's and editor's revisions, etc.

∩ I still prefer artwork. A dollar or two, maybe, for a manuscript by a favorite author as a souvenir, but \$30? Never. RSC∩

Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, NY, 11220

Terry Carr's article/column in Yandro 140 is the star of the issue, of course, but he commits one ghastly error. Speaking of the jazz anthology I did for Regency, he says "Ted was allowed to keep the \$1,000 advance he'd received..." Oh, how I wish that were so! Sadly, my advance was only half that. However, Ajay, in rejecting the book, said something to the effect that "This is a good book, but not a Regency Book; keep the advance and good luck with it elsewhere..." The market for jazz anthologies has not been an overwhelming one, however, and since the book has been with Scott Meredith for almost two years now, I doubt it will ever sell.

Liquor at parties seems to me to serve a valid purpose when the personnel don't know each other beforehand. Many--including me--are somewhat reserved in meeting total strangers who share no common background, and the first flush of alcohol can break down these reservations. To put it bluntly, when I'm at a party where I know none of the girls, but would like to know at least one on somewhat better terms, a drink or two helps. But this is rarely true (for me) at fangatherings, where alcohol seems to get in the way about as much as it helps--possibly because the common ground already exists. I agree with Wells that it's annoying when people drink past the point where they're capable of making sense. It's a drag to be discussing something with someone--not really noticing all the drinks he's putting away, only to discover after a point that you've lost touch with him, that he's blindly argumentative or the sort.

I've since heard that Cele reads all her slush each day first thing, so's to get out a speedy report; I certainly retract and recant my suggestion that the slush isn't read at Ziff-Davia. Clearly she's the

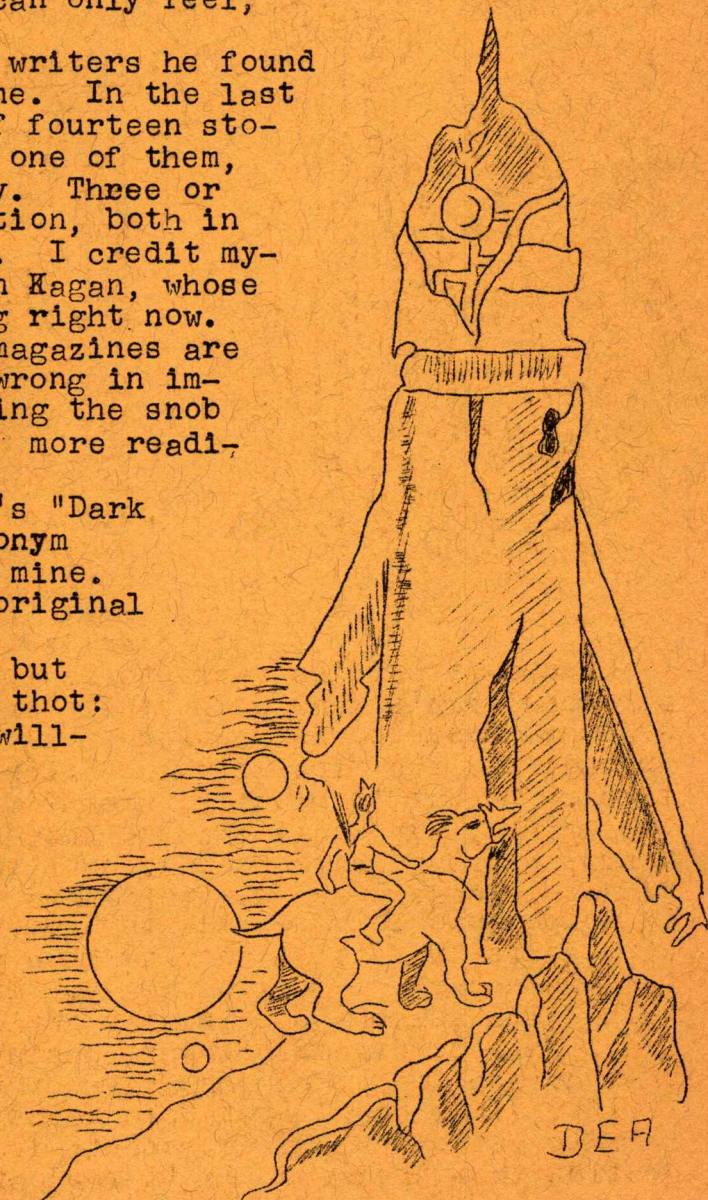
most conscientious of us all. (At the other end of the pole is John Campbell, who takes from one to three months to report; Alex Panshin says he's stopped submitting to Campbell since the waiting period grew to three months.)

Clod Hall is still at it, I see. He puts up a big front, but it's largely beside the point. He implies that in never writing a nasty letter to a would-be writer, he's one up on me. But since I've never bothered writing letters to any but writers I considered worth encouraging, his shot goes wide of the mark. He refers to me "duping" Yandro readers, but he describes a working procedure exactly like mine: "the managing editor always looked at the first two or three pages of what slush he read..." If Claude Raye wants to pretend that he personally read every word of the most abysmal slush that passed over his desk, he's welcome to his pretensions, but it does not increase my respect for him. (Hardly anything could, comes to that.) Any editor worth the name can tell unpublishable prose within three paragraphs, and anyone who reads through to the end of a story obviously unusable from the first or second page is clearly wasting his time and his publisher's money. If I may paraphrase Hall, "Thus, Hall may dupe the unknowing readers of Yandro, but any editor can only feel, 'what an imbecile!'"

If Hall wants to brag about the writers he found in the slush pile, I can do the same. In the last eight issues of F&SF are a total of fourteen stories I pulled from the slush pile, one of them, (the November issue), a cover story. Three or more are scheduled for anthologization, both in our own Year's Best, and elsewhere. I credit myself for having "discovered" Norman Kagan, whose second story for us I'm copyediting right now. Hall is quite right in that "most magazines are hunting for good material" -- and wrong in implying that as an editor, I'm "trying the snob act". It's a role which comes far more readily to the Clod.

I dunno why Hensley and Panshin's "Dark Conception" appeared under a pseudonym either, but it was their idea, not mine. It appears as the byline on their original ms.

Tucker's column is fascinating, but I must take issue with one line of that: that which leads to "...they were willing to live in a divided nation, somewhat like North and South Korea." In Korea a nation of some hundreds of years' history was partitioned and cleft. In the case of the Civil War, our nation was still a fairly loosely banded group of jealously independent states, some of whom preferred, and thought they had the right, to create a separate nation for themselves. Had the Secession been successful, the Copperheads would not have lived



in a "divided nation", any more than our present nation is divided for not including Canada or Mexico--to cite a couple of cases where borders have been in dispute in times past. Actually, the matter of states' autonomy is still ambiguous, despite what the outcome of the Civil War is supposed to have proven--as witness all the farcical "states' rights" nonsense still being bandied about. I think that, at the time, the Confederacy had a damned good point, legally speaking, but I also think that a loose confederation of states is far too unstable a setup for any would-be nation to survive.

Benyo's reviews of NIGHT OF MASKS made me wonder if I'd read the same book (C.f. my review in the November F&SF). Am I alone in feeling that Miss Norton is becoming a victim of her own cliches? She seems to be boiling down into three or so Standard Plots. Plot A is the NoM plot, as I mentioned in my review. Plot B is the Man and Animal Team Up (usually on an abandoned planet) Against Alien Menace. Plot C is the one where Native Magic Turns Out to Be Alien Superscience or somesuch. At any rate, to return to the Masks, I certainly disagree that it was "worthwhile"--er, "truly worthwhile", that is--I found it one of Miss Norton's more lacklustre efforts.

Hey, there's an error in Terry's letter picking you apart for errors! Speaking of THE SIMULACRA (originally titled FIRST LADY OF EARTH, Terry says, "the novelette came first, the novel quite a while later, after the Kennedy assassination." Uh uh. I first saw the manuscript for FIRST LADY, a manuscript slightly longer than the Ace version, well before November 22 of last year. Unless Phil did some revision later, Nicole was fully developed before the assassination, and changed not a whit afterwards.

Speaking of Phil Dick's recent works, he's been turning out at a fantastic pace novels which, if strung out a year or two apart, would be constant Hugo contenders. MARTIAN TIMESLIP is a major item for any year, but so also are SIMULACRA, and THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH. (CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON strikes me as weaker as a novel, although it sparkles with the sort of ideas for which Phil is becoming famous. It seems to have less discipline, however, and to be conceived less as a novel than as a projection of some aspects of his own personal situation.) I haven't read SIMULACRA in its Ace edition--although I prolly will--but when I was reading it in ms. form I was constantly exclaiming over and quoting passages aloud. PENULTIMATE TRUTH strikes me as having a particularly profound basis: the essential falsehood upon which we construct modern society, the constant recourse to lies, big and little, throughout our public, and private lives, and the way in which this can leave us, in the end, with no ultimate truth--that key that religion claims to have and science searches for--but only the penultimate truth: the latest and most up-to-date interpretation of falsehoods. In all his books, Phil is getting down much deeper than most sf writers bother trying for: he is grappling with the very stuff of our existence, the reality we believe in, and our relative sanity in attempting to cope with it. The schizophrenia in MARTIAN TIMESLIP, and the obsessive phobias in SIMULACRA, the societized insanity of CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON, all are much more real, in a way which exposes the "casebook" approach most writers use when dealing with insanity, and their reality can be frightening to a reader who recognizes them. I think these are important books, and I hope they win the recognition due them. I just hope their very proliferation won't obscure their values to fans and readers--and critics and Hugo voters.

[/I avoid parties where I don't know the people beforehand (I even avoid some parties where I do know the

people, such as company parties. I get enough of most of my coworkers at work.) It might be different in a city, but socializing in a small town produces too much chaff for the amount of wheat.

Nope, the nation would still have been divided. It had been one nation; despite the states' own ideas of their relative importance they didn't go making their own treaties or otherwise acting as independent nations after the Constitution came into effect. The duration of its history is immaterial; an acorn can be divided just as well as an oak. Canada and Mexico have never been part of this country, so the case there is not similar.

I'd class PENULTIMATE TRUTH above MARTIAN TIMESLIP, I believe. Of course, I haven't read THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH or THE UNTELEPORTED MAN yet. (Slow down, dammit! I like to read books by other people occasionally.) I'll still back Brunner, though. Dick undoubtedly is more profound, but Brunner puts more entertainment behind his ideas. RSC/

Robert E. Briney, 176 E. Stadium Dr., West Lafayette, Ind., 47906

According to the rumors Earl has heard, the sales of Bantam's Doc Savage trio have been so good that they're all set to reprint the entire series! And the sales must really have been good to lead to a decision like that, in view of the fantastic sum they paid Conde Nast for the reprint rights. Well, there may still be hope for some of the pulp series that I find more readable. This popularity for old pulp series characters should sooner or later make an impression on current writers, and may lead to the creation of some new series. (After all, the reprint sales can't be exclusively to nostalgic old-timers; a reasonable number of newer readers must be buying the things.)

Did you notice that Miriam Allen DeFord's anthology SPACE, TIME & CRIME gets off to a roaring start, with a reference to "CAVES OF STEEL, by Frederik Pohl and the late Cyril Kornbluth"? And to compound the felony, DeFord even attributes this reference to Sam Moskowitz... Maybe he'll sue.

Incidentally, Arkham House has just made its first departure from the standard format of its books (the dignified black binding, gold stamped, etc.) Joseph Payne Brennan's recent volume of verse is bound in a most nauseous shade of pink! Actually, it is rather appropriate, since it produces somewhat the same reaction as most of the verse inside.

Ruth Berman, International House 437, Piedmont and Bancroft, Berkeley, California, 94721

I have some notions on possibilities for Hugo Award winners which I would appreciate your putting in Yandro, if there's room. 1) It's a pity that Dramatic Productions of SF and Fantasy category has been left off the London Convention's ballot. It is a greater pity because this year there happen to be several possible winners, as opposed to the last several years, when there were none. Mary Poppins, (a delightful show, the best Walt Disney has done in several years) and Doctor Strange love. Also, to name some shows I have not seen: The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao (which, to judge by the reviews, is good, but not so good as either Poppins or Strangelove), Robinson Crusoe on Mars and the assorted television monster shows (bad, to judge by reviews), or Harlan Ellison's

television show "Soldier" on Outer Limits (which, to judge by his other show on Outer Limits, "The Glass Hand", is no good). I suggest that we write in on our ballots either "Suggested Special Award: for Dramatic Production, Walt Disney's Mary Poppins or "Suggested Special Award: for Dramatic Production, Doctor Strangelove," or both. Hopefully, the committee will take the hint and put both on the final ballot, or maybe even give two special awards, one to each, on their own responsibility, as previous committees have done--as in the Special Award to Isaac Asimov at the DCon.

2) As a change from Emshwiller, whose wife must be tired of dusting spaceships, I suggest Boris Artzybasheff for Best Artist. So far as I know, he's never done any work for the sf magazines, but many of his covers for Time have been stfnal (e.g. - the November 27, 1964, cover of DuPont's Copeland, showing Copeland next to a Mad Scientist type set of tubes and chemicals which duplicate Copeland's face), and many of the books he has illustrated have been fantasies. If it were not that the man is so good he can get much more money than sf magazines can pay, and so never appears in the sf zines, he would surely have a Hugo long before, if only for his illustrations to THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO.

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

Heh. Note that the inhabitants of Adkins' Planet seem to have reversed the fashion trend as it is found on Earth. Here the girls are going for dresses with transparent tops. Or is it that the dress she's wearing does have a transparent top? If that is the case our Space Force Corporal ought to get up and leave. I would.

What is that contraption on his back? Certainly not his radio even though there is an antenna in evidence. Too big to be a radio.

Bay, if he's got to wear that silly bubble then where's his air tank? Maybe that's his air tank on his back. So what's the antenna for?

You ought to do as the pro editors do, Buck, and commission some fan writer to do a yarn around that cover.

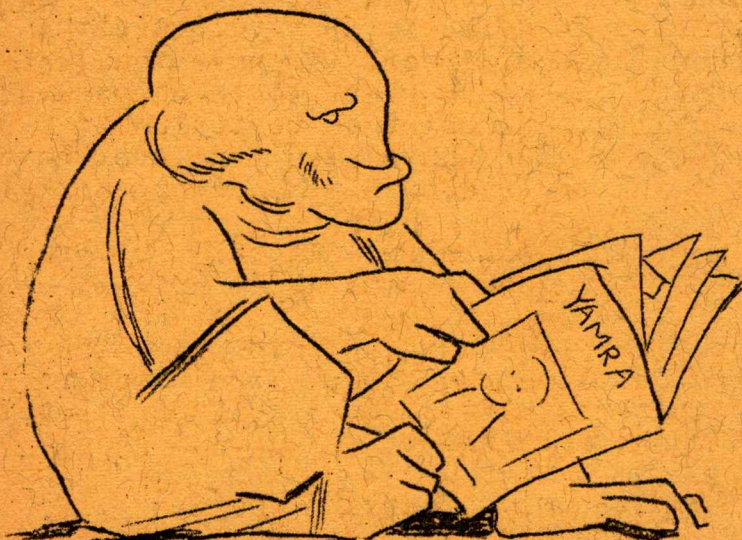
No free issues for letters of comment? Fie. That's not at all fannish. Why, you might be able to increase your mailing list something terrific. But, mayhap not. You're running 230 or so now and that, it would seem to me, would take in just about all the active fanzine-type fans.

Wonder how the little hexapod found out she was ticklish? I've said it many times and I'll repeat it--I like these Barr - Nott combinations you've been running. Hope they continue for years to come.

Litter column? You're right.

Buck, the things you go thru for this zine of yours. Altho I must admit that with your mailing list the addressing machine will be a great help. Now if someone would only come up with an automatic collator.

The tread toward numbers continues. The kids came home from school the other day with the announcement that they had been



assigned student numbers. The school system has purchased a computer for some reason or other.

I think the main objection comes from the element of impersonality. We all know old Buck Coulson but would we feel the same about, say, 1573421956?

I've never been one to take the business of a good name seriously, though, and have used a variety as the occasion demanded.

Oh, I hate intolerance. (Hurry and catch up, I'm at "Strange Fruit" now). Anybody who is intolerant is a bigot and should be shot. Yes. If there's anything I can't stand it is somebody who is intolerant.

Skyrack. The doongs of British fandom? Doongs? Are you speaking with a Scotch-type accent?

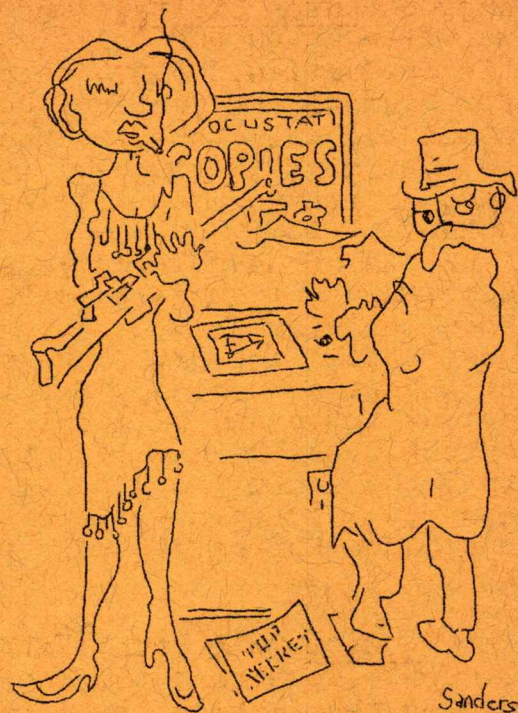
Ted White's letter--and the editorials recently in SFTimes--are excellent argument against giving NYC a con. New York fans seem to spend all their time arguing with each other and branching off to form new fan clubs. Can they concentrate on one thing long enough to put on a successful convention? Now I know Ted says that the proposed 1967 con will be put on by the Fanoclasts which we are assured is a most happy and compatible organization. Which may be. But how long will the Fanoclasts stay happy and compatible under the sniping of the other NYC fans and how long before they get so involved in retaliation that the con assumes secondary importance? I have no doubt at all that NYC can put on a successful convention if they put their minds to it, but will they stop the Tong wars long enough to do it?

Tsk, the skin of Ted White is thin is he can't take the needling about F&SF. There is no question that F&SF is bad, and it is a moot question as to whether or not the others are worse. I say it was sort of a tossup. They're all lousy. Now Ted has indicated in previous articles that he has a pretty good feel for stf and knows a good yarn when he reads one. So, dammit, what's he doing to improve the situation? He is now in a position where he can directly improve the quality of the stories appearing in F&SF. He has a right to be annoyed at the cracks about F&SF's dubious quality. He ought to be trying to raise that quality. 10 years or so ago F&SF won praise from everybody--nowadays it's a joke. I don't think the readership has changed that much.

Yes, yes, yes. We need more magazines and more editors. But are we going to get them? Not likely. Galaxy just went up to 60¢ and how many readers did it lose?

Hmmm. I note later on that you indicate that Ted White is doing his damndest to improve the yarns submitted to F&SF. More power to him. Maybe he can take over the editor's chair. Be a hell of a lot better than Mills or Davidson. Or the Fermans.

✓ But most of our readers aren't active fannish-type fans (whoever heard of an active fannish-type fan paying cash for a fanzine?). And quit giving



me the cold robbies about circulation increases; the circulation is slowly going down, and let's keep it that way awhile. Yeah, why doesn't somebody buy me an automatic collator? I keep drooling over these ads for Thomas Collators in the mags at work...you can get a real nice one for under \$1000...

I don't give a faint damn whether people would feel the same about, say, 1573421956. As long as the number identifies me, what's the difference? (Maybe if we were all assigned numbers, I could quit writing letters explaining that I am not the Robert Coulson who occasionally has articles in Harper's and such places.) The trouble with most people is that their personalities aren't strong enough to operate without a lot of outside props to reassure them that they're really individuals. They have to have names instead of numbers, and loads of egoboo, and some of them even have to adopt dirty jeans, beards, and/or bad manners and other outward signs of non-conformity. They can't be themselves because their personalities aren't up to individualism; they have to strike a pose and hide behind it.

Whassamatter; you never heard of the banks and brass of bonny doong? One lousy typo, and 6 people jumped on it. RSC/

Banks Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St., Chevy Chase, Md., 20015

Yandro 140 arrived on election day, and exactly 24 hours later 141 dropped through my mail slot; for one stunned moment I thought Yan had gone daily.

In re alcohol, a friend of mine who is a doctor (MD-type) maintains that our whole society is alcoholic. Not only is it almost mandatory to serve liquor on social occasions, but great pressure is put on the individual, who is made to feel a spoil-sport if he doesn't join in. This is particularly true here in the national capitol area; Washington cocktail parties are notorious, and deservedly so. While I lap up plenty of booze at times (nothing, but nothing, is more boring than being cold sober with a group of people who have had three or four drinks), I can be perfectly happy without it when with friends who aren't drinking. However, thinking of the number of people who don't believe they can have any fun unless they have a glass in their hands, I believe my friend is right.

Some issues back, Sharon Towle said that sf should be judged separately from mainstream fiction; now Creath Thorne says it shouldn't. All questions of "should" aside, sf is treated separately by the editors and readers, and it's probably a good thing. Many of the stories and writers we consider "great" are almost sub-literate by general critical standards, but who reads sf for literary excellence? Sure, it's fine when we do get it, but if that's what we were primarily looking for, we could find more of it elsewhere without winnowing so many piles of trash. I read it mainly for entertainment, as I suspect most of us do, and I can be entertained by some very unliterary things -- yes, even ERB sometimes. I choose sf over other forms of entertainment, and here I agree with Sharon, because it sometimes gives me that stretching of the imagination in unfamiliar directions

for which "sense of wonder" is the best term that anyone has yet coined I join you, Buck, in hoping that sf remains separated. When the mainstream produces good sf (BRAVE NEW WORLD and 1984 are the stock examples), it is the social-critical type that Kingsley Amis calls "anti-utopias". Amis examined our field from the mainstream viewpoint, and that type is the only good he found in it. Good as some of the fiction of social criticism may be, good as GRAVY PLANET was, it will never, never produce the "sense of wonder".

FREEHAN'S FARMSTEAD was amusing, but hardly more ridiculous than the original. Juanita, you're right: Heinlein could type out the dictionary, and some editor would publish it. Bits and pieces of his recent works show that he can still write, and his past works show that he knows better; he present editors ought to insist on extensive re-writing.

It's definitely worthwhile getting the WITCHES THREE Book. Sure, "There Shall Be No Darkness" and "Conjure Wife" are available elsewhere, but so far as I know Fletcher Pratt's "The Blue Star" has never been published anywhere else, and it's very very good. Wonder why one of the pb houses doesn't bring it out? Especially since a fantasy revival seems to be going on in the paperbacks?

[The liquor-party situation would probably not bother me so much were it not for the people who insist they are 'drinking for taste' and then get swozzled on vodka... straight, which even the experts can't judge. If I'm the only sober person at a party reeling with drunks, I leave; if the other people are glowing but still communicating without too much boredom slopping over, I may stay -- depends on the people. I don't like to drink at parties; I want all my attention on the conversation and people, and I agree with Ted it's irritating to be conversing with some one and suddenly discover he's on an alcoholic tape-loop. JWC]

Don E. Ford, Box 19-T, RR #2, Wards Corner Road, Loveland, Ohio

I'd like to comment on F.M. Busby's article in the current issue of Yandro...it is about the most precise, well-written, logical summation of the question concerning the upsetting of the convention Rotation Plan.

Busby did an excellent job. It says everything without shouting, without rancor, just cold logic. I agree with him completely.

Rick Brooks, R.R. #1, Fremont, Indiana, 46737

I found "A Question of Continuity" by Scithers vaguely interesting. It mostly aroused a feeling of "so what"?

On the other hand, I really liked the Busby article. It is one of those things that seemed so clear after he finished that I almost kicked myself for not figuring it out before.

Dwain Kaiser, 5321 Mountain View Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada

I've just taken over as OE of InterApa. Taken over isn't the right word, really, as I was given the job by Kris Carey when he couldn't finish it. The first mailing of InterApa will be March 15, 1965. Membership is \$2.50 a year, with three mailings a year. The three mailings a year allow foreign members to have an easier time in the apa. You are invited to join if you want to. I know you've make a good

member, but like most fans I would guess that you are too busy to join. I hope not, but I'd bet you are.

Tucker sounds like a nice guy. Hope to meet him sometime. I'm sorry he didn't make the Worldcon.

Unlike most fans, I don't care much about apas. I'm in FAPA, more or less, and it's enjoyable, but general publishing is far superior. I'm not at all interested in getting into any more apas. Don't you believe it; Tucker is an evil old man. (Even older and eviller than I am.) RSC/

Lynn Hickman, 706 Scott St., Napoleon, Ohio

Received a Y while I was gone, and then got another issue in today's mail. In Yandro #140 I especially enjoyed Terry Carr's column. Re: Yandro #141, I thought the cover was a poor multilith job myself, but maybe I'm over critical.

In regards to Carr's article, I think there are more fannish writers that have gone into some form of pro writing than he realizes. Many however are writing in other commercial fields.

That was about as good a cover as you can get on a Gaevent plate. It's a quick, cheap process for office forms, which don't have to be the ultimate in reproduction. But I don't think it came out too bad. Most people, when they think of a "professional writer", think of someone who writes for magazines, does novels, etc. I do myself, and I am one of those writers in another field (instruction manuals, for those who don't know). Some of my spec sheets do approach the fictional, but I don't think they'd sell to Analog). RSC/

Ben Solon, 3915 N. Southport, Chicago, Illinois, 60613

I agree with you -- thirty pages doesn't provide enough space for diversity and long articles. One of them has to go. But, which one? Speaking for myself, I would like to see an end to long articles unless they are of special interest. Carr's article was not in this category. Of course, this is the advantage of fan publishing; the editor doesn't have to answer to anyone and doesn't have to try to please all his readers as does as pro-ad.

Dennis Lien's parody of Farnham's Freehold was a joy to behold; if you had taken up all of #141 with it, I wouldn't have said an thing. Please publish an expanded version of this sometime in the future, as the hardback version of FF has also been expanded.

A pro-editor doesn't try to please all his readers, either; read some of Lowndes' editorials some time. (He's the only one who bothers to point out the impossibility of the job.) RSC/

Carter de Paul, Jr., 375 No. Oraton Pkwy, East Orange, N.J. 07017

Is it policy to revue only paperbacks that have just come out? How about reviewing some hardcovers that have been around awhile? A lot of fans will have read them, but I'm sure everybody's missed a good number of the "standards" as it were.

Anyone else interested? I can't afford many new hardcovers, but I could mention an old one or two per issue. RSC/

FIN

SALE LIST

MAGAZINES: The following are in reasonably good condition (considering their age). They aren't mint, but I wouldn't object to having them in my own collection if they weren't duplicates.

ASTONISHING STORIES: Jun, Dec '40 - Feb, Apr, Nov '41 - Mar, Jun, Oct, '42
 Feb, Apr '43 (75¢ each) Dec '42 (poorer condition) (50¢)

AMAZING STORIES: Apr '38 (75¢) Jun '43 - Aug '47 - Jul, Oct, Dec '61 - May '63
 (30¢ each)

ASF/ANALOG: Oct '38 (\$1.00) Mar '51 - Jan, Oct '57 - Jan, Nov '62 - Dec '61 -
 Feb, Sept '64 (40¢ each)

DYNAMIC SCIENCE FICTION: Oct '53 (30¢)

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 The War Of The Worlds (Wells) The Explorers (Kornbluth)
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AMAZING: Apr 53 - Mar, May, July, Sept, Nov 54 - Jan, Dec 55 - Jan, Feb, Mar,
 May, Jul, Sept, Oct 56 - Jan, Aug, Sept, Oct 57 - Jun, Aug, Nov 58 - Jan, Mar,
 Apr, Jun 59 - Feb, Jun, Aug, Oct, Nov 60 - Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, Jun, Jul, Aug,
 Sept, Nov, Dec 61 - Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, May, Jun, Jul, Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov, Dec 62

FANTASY FICTION: Jun 53

FANTASTIC: Fall, Nov 52 - Jan, Mar, May 53 - Jun, Aug 55 - Feb, Apr, Jun, Oct 56
 Feb, Mar 57 - Jun 58 - Oct, Dec 59 - July, Aug, Oct, Dec 60 - Feb, Mar, Apr,
 May, Jun, Jul, Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov 61 - Feb, Apr, May, Jun, Jul, Aug, Sept, Oct,
 Nov, Dec 62

F&SF: Sept, Nov 53 - Jul 54 - May, Jun, Jul 55 - Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, May 56
 Jul, Aug, Dec 57 - Jan, Feb, Mar, May, Jun, Jul, Aug, Oct, Dec 58 - Jan 59
 Mar, Apr, Jul, Sept, Oct, Nov 60 - Feb, Mar, Apr, May, Aug, Sept, Nov 61 - Jan,
 May, Jun, Jul, Aug, Dec 62

GALAXY: Jul 51 - Jan, Oct 53 - Apr, May, Jul, Aug, Oct, Nov, Dec 54 - Jan, Feb,
 Apr, May, Jun, Jul, Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov 55 - Feb, Mar, Apr, May, Jul, Aug, Oct,
 Nov, Dec 56 - Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, Sept, Nov, Dec 57 - Feb, Mar, Jul, Aug, Sept,
 Oct, Nov, Dec 58 - Apr, Jun, Aug, Oct, Dec 59 - Apr, Jun, Dec 60 - Feb, Apr,
 Jun, Aug, Oct, Dec 61 - Feb, Apr, Jun, Aug, Oct, Dec 62 - Feb, Apr, Jun, Aug 63

GALAXY NOVELS: #7 (Empire), #8 (Odd John), #31 (Shambleau)

FANTASTIC UNIVERSE: Nov 58

IF: Mar, Jul, Sept 52 - Nov 53 - Jan, Mar, May, Jun, Jul, Dec 54 - Aug, Oct, Dec
 55 - Apr, Jun, Aug, Oct 56 - Feb, Apr, Jun, Aug, Oct, Dec 57 - Feb, Apr, Jun,
 Aug, Oct 58 - Mar, Jul, Sept, Nov 60 - Mar, Jul, Sept, Nov 61 - Jan, Mar, May,
 Jul, Sept, Nov 62 - Jan, Mar, May, Sept, Nov 63

NEW WORLDS (US reprint edition) Mar 60

ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION: Nov 56 - Mar, Jul 57

ROCKET STORIES: Jul, Sept 53 - Mar 54 (complete set, fair condition)

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