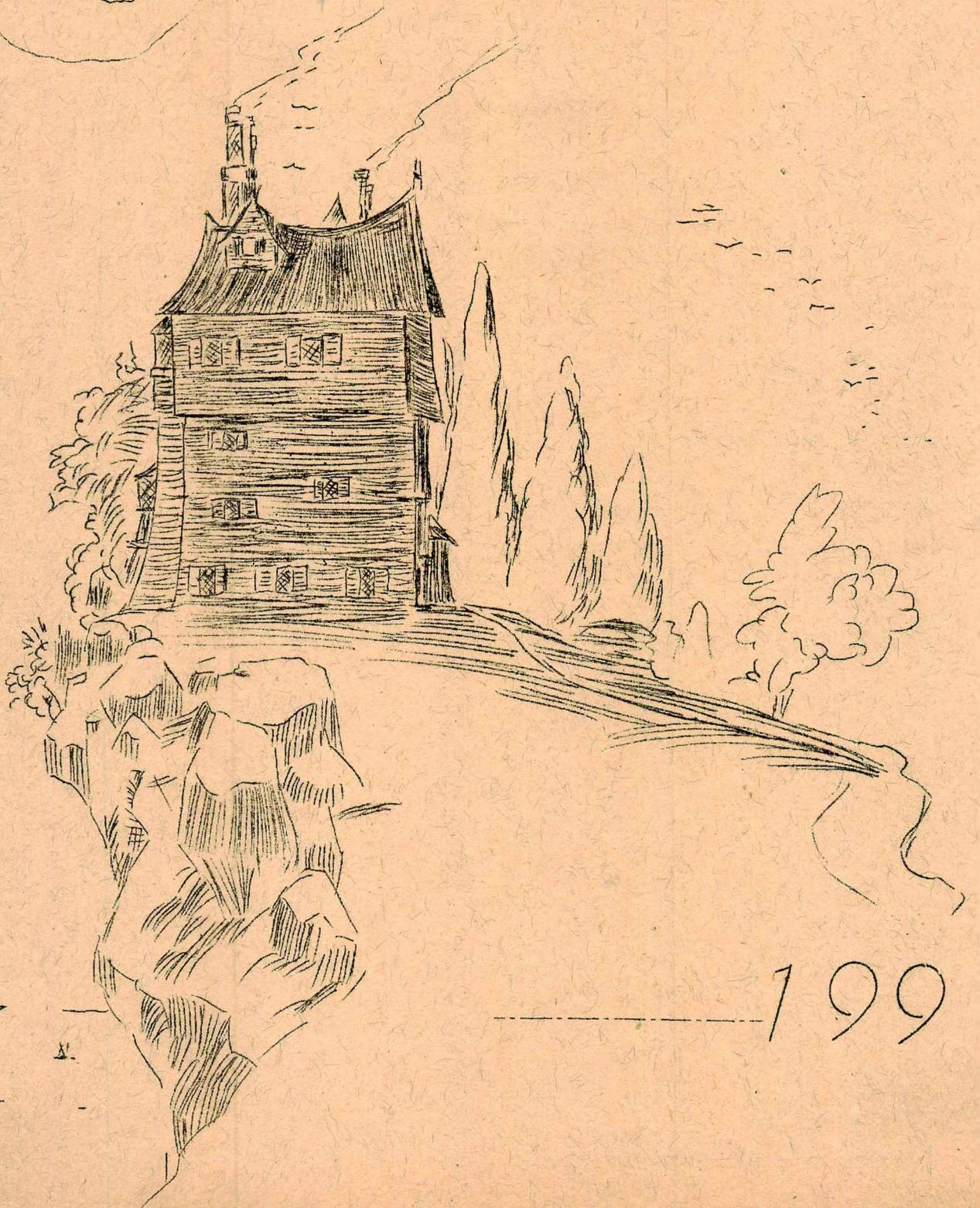
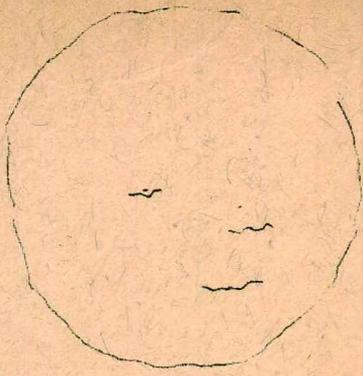


YAWDRO



199



YANDRO

#199



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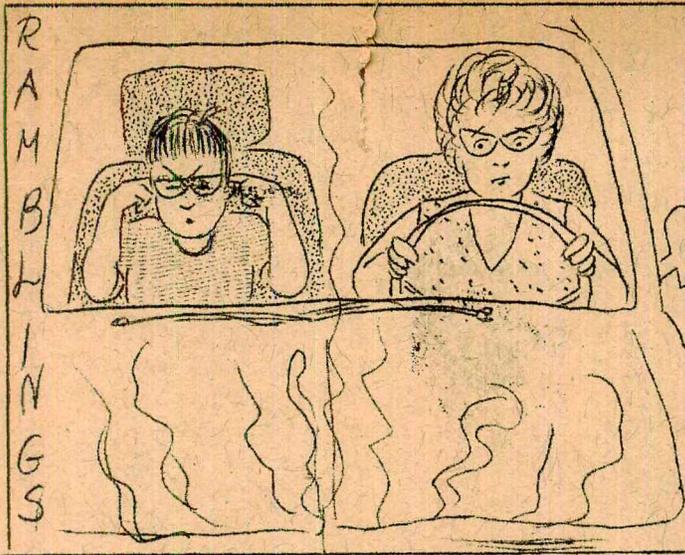
*The author assures me that this is not intended to be anti-Harlan. I'm sure some readers will take it that way, though, which is why the disclaimer. Also, the author is not one of the editors hiding under a pseudonym; this is in fact the first appearance of this particular fan in YANDRO.

ARTWORK

Cover - The illustration was sent to us by Alan Dodd, who wasn't sure just who had sent it to him. If anyone can supply the artist's name and address, we will give credit and send him a contributor's copy. We think the logo is by Richard Delap; it was sent to us, but was unsigned and the passage of time blurs memories.

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" 1 (logo) - - - - -	Dave Locke	" 14 (logo) - - - - -	Jeff Cochran
" 2 - - - - -	JWC	" 18 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn
" 3 - - - - -	Bruce Coulson	" 18 (logo) - - - - -	Jeff Cochran
" 4 - - - - -	JWC	" 19 - - - - -	Kathy Bushman
" 6 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn	" 22 - - - - -	Dan Osterman
" 7 - - - - -	Arthur Thomson	" 23 - - - - -	George Foster
" 12 - - - - -	Sharon Towle	" 28 (logo) - - - - -	Richard Delap

I was looking for a brief quote to put here, and Juanita suggested "Indianapolis In '73". But I don't think Lee would let me in the door if I used it, and some neofan would be sure to take me seriously and go around saying I wanted a convention in Indianapolis. (Actually I enjoy having conventions near by, but not too damned near by.)
SEND IN YOUR QUARTERS TO BUILD A FAN HOTEL IN ROLL. RSC



I had one once but the wheels fell off.... my fanmobile, that is. Actually, the radiator fell off. What with all the jaunting to cons and to see fans the Rambler pulled up steaming just before the PeCon (as we were starting to the PeCon, matter of fact). Right outside Fairmount, Indiana, birth and death place of James Dean. Fortunately that's not too far and we were able to nurse it back home, transfer all our fannish impedimenta to our 59 batwing chevy and took that to PeCon instead - arriving a couple hours later than we planned.

In the process we discovered that much as we liked the individually-adjustable, pseudo bucket seats in the Rambler, we now love

them; the chevy seats are designed to look comfortable and racy, and are neither and are instead torture on long trips.

Right now the Rambler is busy **having** its radiator removed. Complicated procedure of having the defunct equipment extracted so you can use it as a trade-in on the replacement you get, which you can then take back to the repairman who extracted the old one and have him **install** the rebuilt-type new one. But before we go again to Milwaukee, or even to Indianapolis, that Rambler is going to be repaired. I have a sensitive fannish rump and it won't take the abuse that Chevy dishes out.

What with the fanning hither and yon and an experimentation in "Strange Fruit" and Buck working overtime ad nauseum, the issue is late. - We think, once we get the bugs ironed out of the operation, that the new method of doing "Strange Fruit" will be essentially faster and will enable us to get the rest of the issue going sooner.

Barring other mimeo breakdowns. The Rex slipped a shoe partway through the odd-numbered page run this issue. Something it had done before: a gear gizmo controlling registration and feed went haywire, throwing the paper (most of the time) much too high and resulting in a third of each page being printed on the roller. Plus it was unghodly hot and the motor overheated a trifle. Didn't burn out because I was hand feeding - until the registration problem occurred. (One disadvantage of our rural residency with wide open spaces, wildlife and relative smoglessness is that it's a long haul to the nearest "metropolitan area" and a repair shop.) Fortunately we were going to an Indyfandom club meeting the next day anyway, and my handy dandy repair shop was able to fix it. In fact, they were going to give me a "loaner" if they couldn't fix it right then. The loaner would have been a new machine, since their regular "loaner" was currently out on ...loan. Is this normal? Anybody else have a mimeo supplier who will loan machines while your own is being worked on? They automatically give you loaner typewriters while they work on yours, and I thought nothing about it until several fans expressed shock over the fact and said their typewriter repairmen never did such a thing.

At any rate, I took down a stencil for the repairman to slap on the machine while he was ironing the bugs out, figuring as long as he was experimenting he shouldn't waste time and paper. And that is why page 21-22 is green; he not only didn't have any of our Butler Paper Co. canary mimeo, he didn't have any goldenrod Twill-Tone either. All of this is also why some of you may get a page 19 printed close to the top or bottom of the page; I managed to eke out enough copies (I think) but some are sloppy on registration.

Plus the usual strain of mimeoing in 98' temperatures and 99% humidity. It not only heats up the motor on the machine, it heats up me. And makes the paper stick together.

I am grateful - extremely - for one thing, though: I was working with a mimeo and mimeo paper instead of that verdammte 1250 multilith. This issue's a few days late over what we'd aimed for, but with the multilith...forget it. I hope whoever ended up with that thing enjoyed it very much and has only broken one or two toes kicking it.

As I mentioned before, one of my aberrations is a fondness for an radio, particularly the "big 50,000 watt voice of farming" station in Ft. Wayne. (It isn't as bad as it sounds. Mostly it's top-40 d.j.'s, and the farm programs are very ecology-oriented... with a crusty old farm director who will read an ad for some pesticide or herbicide, pause and then say vehemently, "Well, I sure wouldn't put any of that on my roses or tomatoes or trees...it'll kill the birds. And if it'll kill bugs and birds, it can kill you." I wonder how they keep some of their sponsors?) Interspersed with the current "hits" are "golden oldies" and things the d.j.'s are personally fond of. And more and more I have come to the conclusion that there must be something terribly wrong with my taste in music. I do not like Frank Sinatra. When one of his records finishes and the d.j. is going into ecstasies over "styling" and "talent" and "a way with a song" I am thinking this guy has got to be kidding. I see no particular evidence of any of those qualities. I don't like his voice, what he does with it, or the material he uses and I must be totally out of step because Sinatra is always being voted top male vocalist by all sorts of polls.

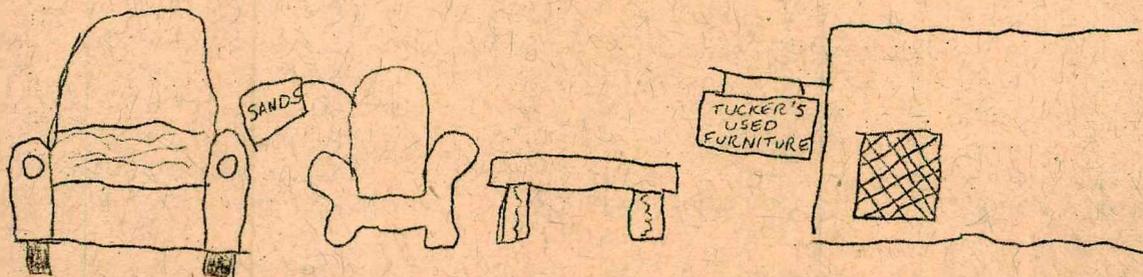
Come to that, I never liked Frank Sinatra. I was more or less of the age to scream and carry on and make an ass (assess?) of myself when he was a skinny crooner sort clutching the microphone. I assumed the girls who did carry on were being exhibitionists, because there certainly wasn't anything there to get excited about. (As far as that goes, I can't ever remember being inclined in the slightest to scream during a musical performance, at any time during my life. Dance, maybe. Clap hands occasionally. But scream? Reedickledockle.)

But maybe Sinatra is the Caruso of our era and I'm completely out of it. Hoping you are not the same... JWC

A COLUMN bruce coulson

Back from Peoria, Midwestcon, and an Isfa meeting. In the past few weeks we've been home only one weekend. Report on PeCon: A nice little convention of about 35-40 people. Midwestcon report (also known as Midport): the only con where fans hitch-hiked to parties. On Isfa: A normal fannish meeting; everybody bought a lot of books and talked a lot. On the way back from Peoria, I spotted a shop that said TUCKER'S USED FURNITURE. I wondered why there was so little furniture in convention suites...

Ahem! There is a rumor going around that I am going to publish a 30 page official newszine for Isfa. I will do so if the club will supply money for ink, paper, mimeo supplies... JWC/ BEC
/Senior editor's note: Not with my mimeo you don't.





Once upon a time, there were a number of public disturbances in a town. The city authorities didn't seem able to stop them, so the government sent in troops to maintain order. Unfortunately, simply by being there the troops created dislike among the residents. A mob formed and began taunting the troops and throwing things at them. As might be expected, eventually the soldiers got tired of this and fired on the mob, killing several people.

Patriots call this action the Boston Massacre.

Now that I've offended any law and order types in the audience...

did you radicals know that the British troops involved in the Massacre were defended by revolutionary John Adams, who got 6 acquitted and the other 2 given a light (for the times) sentence? They were, he said, doing their duty. (And throwing things at a man with a gun is a hazardous pastime in any age.)

Just got an ad for the Doubleday Book Club. (The mundane one.) Choose 6 books out of 80 selections for 99¢. Unfortunately, out of the 80 books we already own 6, there are 4 more that might be worth having, and the rest I wouldn't accept as a gift. I have this problem with clubs. "Accept 6..." or 8 or whatever - and I can't find that many to take. Which is why I only belong to one book club (the Doubleday stf one) and I'm not very active in it, getting maybe one book out of every 6 or 8. Anyone else have this problem, or are the rest of you contented with having someone else pick out your reading matter for you? (I don't even read book reviews any more, except for P. Schuyler Miller's.)

This was convention month. Midwestcon in late June; Pecon in early July. Midwestcon was small; I missed the Couches particularly, along with Brackett and Hamilton and various other "regulars". One advantage, though; a lot of the creeps didn't show up, either. However, we got to meet Liz Fishman for the first time (and Rotten and the rest of the family), which made up for some of the missing people. Also got to meet Hank Davis (who according to the Coulson Theory will never make much of a writer; he's too pleasant. Great writers mostly turn out to be the sort of people I don't want to be around.) Also first meetings with Mary Long, Pat Goltz, Andy Offutt, and Randy Johns. (Have I missed and therefore offended anyone?) Offutt came up, looked at my nametag, and announced "We're supposed to be feuding."

"We are?"

"Yeah; do you know what it's all about?"

"I didn't even know we're supposed to be feuding."

"Bob Margroff told me I was feuding with you."

"He must have neglected to tell me; I didn't know anything about it."

"Come on; if we're feuding you must know why. Let me in on it."

After some discussion we decided that neither of us knew anything about the feud, so we decided to quit feuding. I refused to give Andy a free YANDRO and he refused to buy one. (But he wins; after talking this much about him, I have to send him one.) He endeared himself to Juanita by complimenting her on her novel, DERAJ (for those with short memories, this was the Tubb story on the back of Juanita's SINGING STONES. Fortunately, Juanita doesn't believe in feuds.) We ran into each other a few other times at the con; at one point discovering that in one of Joni Stopa's wigs Andy looks like something out of THE THREE MUSKETEERS (and I look like just what you think I'd look like in a woman's wig).

We spent a lot of our convention time with the Thompsons; only the stubbornness of the motel management kept us from sharing a room with them. (Too many people in one room, the management said.) The Indianapolis club threw one of the big parties - and

at one point nominal host Jerry Hunter said "Hey, Buck; you and Juanita look after things" and disappeared. I wondered a bit nervously for awhile over just what I was supposed to do if anything happened, but nothing did and nobody else knew about the brief change in management. Even Juanita didn't know until next day that she'd been a hostess.

The motel was huge; someone from Indianapolis cracked that this was the first con where fans hitch-hiked from one party to another. And when Jim Lavell offered to drive me up to the convention center from his room and I protested, he waved the protest aside. "That's all right; it's a nice day for a drive."

Pecon was much smaller; only about 40 people present. The Illinois bunch did pick the right kind of motel for a fan convention, though; one which is large enough to handle whatever size group you have, and which is slightly run-down. This is the important part. The brand-new motels and hotels get all the business they need, and they object to fan parties disturbing their other guests. The ones that are just a bit over the hill can still provide quite adequate accommodations, and they are much more eager to serve and less likely to complain. The Sands was a very nice con motel, though it might be a bit cramped for a Midwestcon. The picnic was somewhat of a fizzle, but the parties were fine. (It was too hot for a picnic, and anyway I go to cons to talk to people and tend to object to things like picnics and banquets which impede the flow of conversation.)

At the Pecon, Tucker said that while he couldn't afford to supply all the money required to turn the Roll School into a fan hotel (see my last editorial), he was willing to contribute to a fund for the purpose, and presented me with a wooden nickel to start the ball rolling. Further communiques will be issued on this from time to time, to keep everyone abreast of our progress.

In between conventions, Juanita and I have been restricted to our simple rural pleasures. The other night, for example, we read in the paper that a new discount store had opened in Hartford City, so we drove down and got our kicks out of going through it. This partially made up for our missing the social event of the year. Up in my home county of Kosciusko, they had a Centennial Celebration for the county jail. One day only they held open house in the jail, with the sheriff and deputies guiding tours thru the historic old building. How's that for your sense of wonder, gang? (Honest to God, I am not making this up; it was a news item in the paper, and I was going to drive up and see it except I think that was the same weekend as the Pecon. Blyly, Propp; see what wonders I gave up to attend your lousy con? You can go to a convention every weekend in the summer, but how often do you get a chance at a Jail Centennial?)

I am beginning to wonder what sort of reputation I have, anyway. One of our contributors and one of our letter-writers each expressed extreme pleasure at having their material printed. And when I pointed out that it really isn't that hard to get your stuff in a fanzine, they both said, "Yes, but this was getting printed in YANDRO." Honest, people; I do not save up contributions until I can tear them into little pieces and fling them into the writer's face. I like contributions. Of course, I do have specific ideas on what I like, but doesn't everybody? Despite rumors to the contrary, I am not an ogre. (I only shoot rabbits, Liz; not neofans.) Bad-tempered, maybe, but not an ogre. It shakes me up a bit to get two nearly identical reactions like this. One, I could ignore.

Well, that didn't come out nearly as funny as I thought it would. So much for first draft writing. Did any of you see a little news item, buried in the back pages of your papers sometime in July? It seems that the Japanese, who have lowered their birth-rate drastically, are now facing the economic problems of increasing percentages of elderly people in their population, and the premier has urged Japanese parents to have more children. Think about that for awhile, and see if that scares you as much as it does me. Of course, there is always the hope expressed in a new pollution book, that experiments with rats and mice have shown markedly decreased reproduction in a polluted environment. (That's nature's way of telling us to slow down.)

Met Ed Connor and W. G. Bliss for the first time at PeCon. And unless you visit me or attend an Indianapolis club meeting, I won't see any of you again until next year. I am returning to hibernation.

PEERING AROUND

column by

JOE L. HENSLEY

Some years ago when I was both younger and easier to get along with I believed there was a certain importance to the fan world -- at least for me. For a long time then and thereafter I had an inner feeling that if I became a person of stature in the fan world that something I wanted would be fulfilled.

I wish to point out that I no longer give a damn about my fan stature. Particularly, I have no desire to be loved by all, for I have found many people in the microcosm who appall me.

The latest to join this list is a Mr. Edward C. Connor who edits a little fan magazine of dubious value and distinction. He lives in Illinois.

Connor evidently believes that his way to quick and lasting fan fame is as an acid-fingered analyst concerning the behaviour of others. He has an award which he gives to those who draw his wrath. He calls it, I believe, his "whole ass" award.

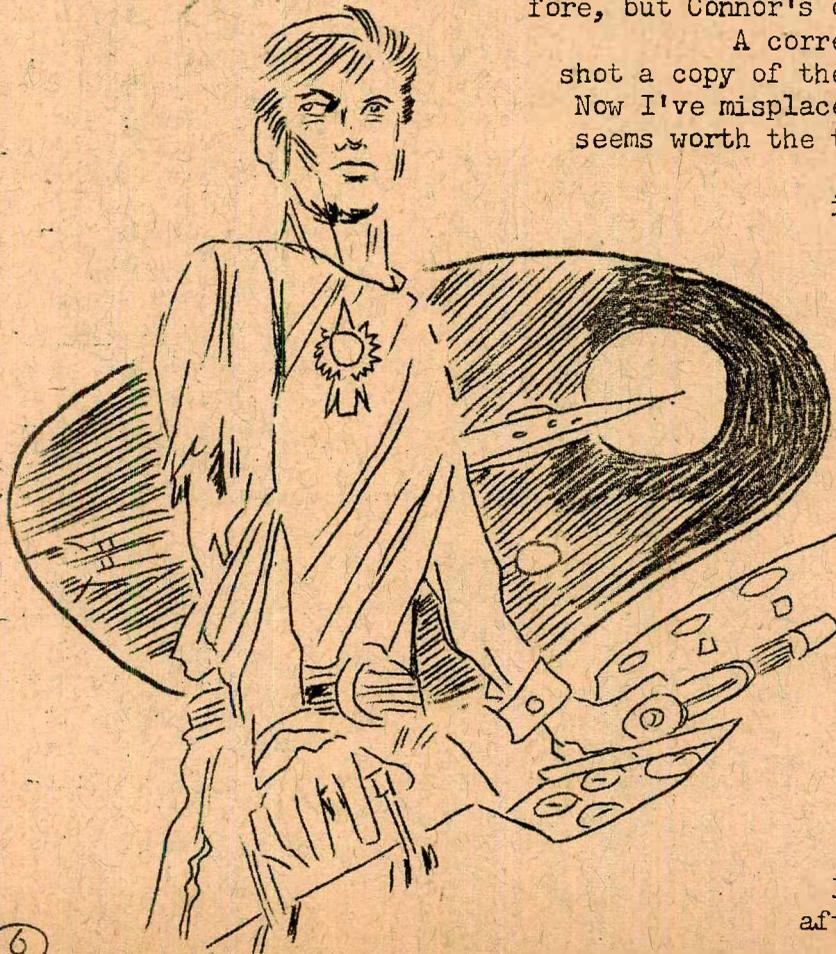
Recently he heavy handedly belabored Harlan Ellison. Harlan's had some lumps before, but Connor's comments seem almost extremist.

A correspondent of mine (not Harlan) shot a copy of the column and sent it on to me. Now I've misplaced the damned thing and it hardly seems worth the trouble to get another.

Mr. Connor seems, in his article, to feel that Harlan owes some duty to fandom. Supposedly Harlan has quit fandom and Connor is outraged that Harlan has walked away from all of the beauties that fandom holds. He cries desecration loudly at Harlan's back. He ridicules Harlan's accomplishments, but mostly he seems to want to hang Harlan for being AWOL.

And here I thought fandom was a transient, voluntary thing.

I haven't the foggiest notion of why or whether Harlan has left fandom, but if he has I figure it's his own business. I suspect that Mr. Connor knows he has left. I'm charmed by people who attack after withdrawal. That's carving



your way to the top the easy way.

But even this didn't bother me too much. Fans who possess motives that are suspect don't bug me automatically.

As I read on I finally did really get irritated. Connor makes some rather bald statements to the effect that Harlan has no friends except those people whom he uses or who use him. Harlan's strictly for Harlan.

I disagree. Harlan's a friend of mine and a good one. I know many other people who consider him a good friend. Sturgeon, Brunner, Spinrad, Bloch, Del Rey, Silverberg, Slesar, others.

Harlan and I got to be friends a long time back, before he was much potatoes as a writer.

The obvious answer is that NOW I'm using him and that's why I jump' to his defense. Pick at this, then: Last year I made about thirty big ones practicing law. None of it came from Harlan. I made about two-percent of the above writing. Of that I got the following money from Harlan: \$42.30 net on an advance from PARTNERS IN WONDER and \$38.00 from DANGEROUS VISIONS royalties.

God, I'm sure using him hard and need him badly. The above is like eighty bucks and I charge that much in the office to like hang up your hat.

This year I'll make some money writing. If any of it comes from Harlan it will be negligible amounts like the above, more royalties from DV or from PIW. This year I've already taken in (gross) \$2,000 from French rights, plus the Doubleday advance. In the office I try to net out twenty five bucks an hour and more than that in court. So I've wasted eighty bucks worth of time now and already in figuring Mr. Connor's rather deficient caliber.

I do know some things about Harlan that aren't common knowledge. I know he's like many of us, neither all saint nor all sinner. But he gives his Saturdays to free-teach TV writing to black and Chicano kids. I know he put up his own personal jack for at least one of those kids to go to Clarion. I know that he travels, many times at his own expense where speaker's money isn't available, to speak at colleges and at demonstrations -- where the fire's at, -- Connor.

I know that he takes in and repairs people and that there always seems to be someone around at Coy Drive, someone who's hooked on a problem, or someone who's down on his luck and can't afford rent.

I don't need his Coy Drive sanctuary, but I'm glad it's there. I've spent a lot of time with Harlan before in Chicago and in New York and here in Madison. I know that he is a person of value. Many of those who attack him just frankly aren't persons of value. And the value has nothing to do with money. It's a thing far different than that. I suppose maybe that it's that Harlan knows that life is made up largely of two kinds of people, victims and assailants. I suppose it's because I've seen him take some of the former and fix broken wings. That's value.

And you see being his friend doesn't make it so that I have to believe in all he does. He does a many that I don't agree with, he involves himself in causes that aren't mine.

What I write here will change little. Connor can't hurt Harlan, hasn't hurt him. But what I'm trying to say is that some people live with acute, crippling tunnel vision, never knowing or tolerating anything about the world at their sides, seeing only that desperate, clowing world ahead. Scramble on, Mr. Connor.

But I herewith suggest, in an attempt to make the most of obvious matters, that you find and use half of your own award.



THE BALLAD OF HARLAN ELLISON

(TUNE: "THE BALLAD OF HARRY POLLIT")

1. Our dear Harlan was a writer,
One of SEWA's lads,
But he was foully murdered by
Those counterrevolutionary cads.
2. Harlan went to heaven,
He made the trip with ease.
"I wanna speak with What's His Name...
Yeah, oh sure, I'll say 'please'".
3. "Well," said St. Peter,
"His schedule's kinda tight,
But a friend of Andre Norton?
Okay, that's quite all right."
4. They put Harlan in the choir,
But the songs he did not like.
So he organized the angels
And he led them out on strike.
5. One day the Lord was walking
Round his heavenly estate
When who should he see but Harlan
Chalking slogans on the gate.
6. They brought Harlan up for trial
Before the Holy Ghost
For inciting disaffection
Amongst the heavenly host.
7. The verdict it was 'guilty'
And Harlan said, "Oh well." *
So he polished up his shades
And he drifted down to hell.
8. Now seven years have passed,
And Harlan's doing swell.
He's just been made Head Demon
Of the SF writers' hell.

----- s. l. shalayne

* = artistic license -- his actual response wouldn't fit the rhyme scheme.

Vitugalty

#7

COLUMN BY

dave locke

I just finished reading the entire Conan series in one swell foop. Tina Hensel had given me two books from the series, and upon finishing these I bounded over to Dave Hulan's apartment - and lending library - and borrowed the rest of the series. Oddly enough, since I don't dig s&s, I found myself grooving on this fictional character. Other characters and stories by Howard haven't particularly interested me, but something about Conan managed to carry me through a great many hours of reading. Perhaps being tired of anti-heroes, and just plain competent heroes, I had to sate myself with some larger-than-lifeism. The fact that Howard was a competent story-teller may explain the sustained interest, as lesser notables have dealt with similar material and failed to arouse anything more enthusiastic than a blank stare from me. Blank stares also pertain to those Conan stories which Lin Carter wrote, based on Howard interlineations. While Lin is an excellent critic I cast a blanket of doubt on whoever's choice it was that he do fill-in stories for the Conan series. De Camp did some admirable work in this line, even adding a light touch to some of the blood and gore, but Carter did nothing more than add enough stories to significantly increase the number of books in the series. I find this insufficient justification, as other and better writers could have accomplished the same.

A catch-phrase around my household at this time was "What are you going to do? Just read all evening again?" With the answer of "Yes". However, of peculiar interest is the fact that, having finished the series, I have no further interest in it beyond expressing the brief opinions noted above. No frantic letter to George Scithers. No running out to buy a broadsword. I didn't even beat my wife. The Conan stories provided some of the more enjoyable reading which I've had in recent years, but prompted no delving into another sub-fandom.

I guess I'm just not the sub-fandom type. I receive the John D. MacDonald Bibliophile, and I've had material published in it, but it's not a sufficiently energetic endeavor to deserve the title of 'sub-fandom'. It has one fanzine, and the only great amount of activity involved can be attributed to the editors.

My good friend, Dave Hulan, is quite active in the Mythopoeic Society, which is certainly a large enough operation to qualify as a sub-fandom. However, this is also the only sub-fandom I know of which consists mainly of nubile young women, and I strongly suspect my good friend of ulterior motives. Especially when I chance to see what it is that he's active at.

At the last Westercon my wife and I watched part of a Tourney from our hotel room window. We saw someone called Warren the Strange, beating with a wooden weapon upon someone's plywood shield. Somehow, at 26 years of age, I felt that the time for this kind of sub-fandom had passed me by. By at least two decades. Similarly, at 26 and married, I was too late for the Mythopoeic Society.

None of the other sub-fandoms turn me on, either. I'm too old for comix and too young for First Fandom. Star Trek was amusing, but not that much so. Rick Sneary said, in his speech at the Santa Barbara Westercon, that so far as he knew the members of the Count Dracula Society did nothing but go around handing out awards, to each other. I don't know whether they do more than that or not, but in any case I get all the salt I need from Margaritas.

I guess that leaves me with nothing except Drinking Parties and science fiction. In roughly that order. Science fiction, of course, is the whole piece of cloth, from which the sub-fandoms are cut. Although that's hard to believe in some instances. However, I don't believe it has been recognized that Drinking Parties are the sign of another, and quite large, sub-fandom. This is perhaps because they too much resemble their mundane counter-part: the drinking party. The mundane drinking party and the fannish Drinking Party are seldom labelled as such. They are usually advertised as a club meeting, or a

discussion group, or a get-together. A Drinking Party is only a drinking party at a con. Everywhere else it is more sophisticated.

Very few fanzines, though, represent the Drinking Party sub-fandom. The ones that do have a special name amongst Drinking Party Fandom. The name 'Oneshot', however, is a misnomer, unless it refers to the frequency of issuance. Quality-wise, these fanzines are about as sub-standard as a sub-fandom zine can get. Usually they are of little interest to anyone, even other members of Drinking Fandom. Often the interest of the participants in the oneshot is of a temporary nature; fading, as the night the day.

I subscribed to Consumer Reports a few months ago, in a determined effort to get screwed as little as possible in the market place. I find, however, that the only thing which counts when you're buying is the paper you sign. Ads are written by people who know little about the product and care less. Items are sold by salesmen who will tell you anything, any for a ten dollar product you find you've purchased eight dollars' worth of a salesman's song and dance. Of course, if the item you're buying involves signing a contract or getting a guarantee, chances are it would take a lawyer to interpret it.

As for guarantees, don't bother sending them in. Few companies maintain files for them. They put them in large boxes and sell them to companies which make mailing lists from them. If by any chance you discover a company in ten thousand which does file guarantee cards, they use them only for the purpose of seeing if your guarantee is still in effect. If they find they don't have yours on file, they'll honor it because of the possibility that they misfiled it.

Service, for some reason, is subject to corruption and discontent also. I've got a GE color tv which went on the fritz. GE, whom I used to work for, has a new gimmick now. They want to do their own service, and subsequently they don't sell parts. In all of IA there are only two places to take your GE color tv if you want it fixed. We thought there were three. On calling the factory to see if there was someplace closer than that, they advised that Butler Bros. Dept. Stores would ship it to them if we dropped it off there. Also that the GE Small Appliance Repair place would do the same. Since the S.A. Repair was on my way to work, I took it down there. They told me: "What are we going to ship it in, a toaster box?" So I took it down to Butler Bros. I asked how long it would be. They said two weeks. I called once the third week and once the fourth. Three times the fifth, and then daily until we finally got it two months after taking it in. When I first called, they said no it hadn't gotten back from the factory yet. I asked why not. This may have been a question the clerk hadn't handled before. The fact that she didn't know the answer was obvious. Obviously, to her, I was asking it just to be mean. I was referred to someone higher up. The second thing this someone told me was that the factory was waiting for a part. This would have been satisfactory, except that the first thing this person said to me was: "Hello. May I help you?"

So after having it for a month, it went sour on us again. The other week we took it back down. I asked how long it would be. A new face behind the desk told me a week. In view of the service time, I see no reason why the estimates should be getting shorter.

Then there was the auto repair garage, combined with a new car dealership where the salesmen would use cars that were in for repair as loan cars if they felt the owner wouldn't be coming back before the car did. They got their signals mixed one day when I came looking for my car and found it had been lent out as an overnight loaner. The repair garage had gotten balled up, too. They hadn't fixed the car. When my car came back the person who had had it said, "Say, do you know that this car doesn't work right?" Then the service manager told me there would be no charge for the work they'd done. I said, "Do you want to bet?" But it wouldn't be worth it; I just never went back, except the next morning when I found they'd taken everything apart behind the dash and not put it back together again.

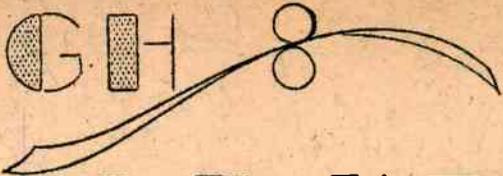
Salesmen remind me of de Camp's charioteer in the TRITONIAN RING: "Shall we be there by sundown?" he said to the nearest charioteer, who replied: "Whatever your highness pleases." ..Vakar smiled wryly at the reply, reflecting that if he asked them if the tide would obey him they would no doubt say the same thing.

"Does this car get good gas mileage?"

"If that's what you want."

I wonder why nobody loves a salesman? Repairmen are high on my list, too.

THROUGH



THE WRINGER

COLUMN BY ————— liz fishman

Monday morning I was notified that until further orders I had been transferred from Women's Underwear to the first floor jewelry counter, the command being relayed to me with thinly-hidden joy by 'ol Lightfoot, the floorwalker.

"The girl taking your place seems to be most competent, a welcome change."

"Oh, really? I didn't know you could sell underwear."

Glaring, he whispered furiously, "Fishman, I'm going to see that you never work this floor again, let alone this department."

Chuckling him under the chin I crooned, "Taking me away from all this -- I knew you liked me, you sweet old thing." From the down elevator I watched him sputter until he was hidden from view.

The jewelry counter faced the main entrance, and there you see all the various breeds and sexes or humanity as they enter. One of these approached my counter five minutes after I arrived: a bearded, long-haired, skinny cat with a dirty buckskin vest over a bare, bony chest, a nose-ring, and strings of beads. Slinking along the counter he looked over all that was there, then spoke. "Uh, look, chick, you got pinky rings?" I showed him a display and he chose one. "Nice, but, uh, big, you know?"

"Well, try it on."

"Yeah." And he bent down, disappearing from view, then bobbed up again. "Too big."

Mystified, but saying nothing, I let him choose another. He went down again and this time I leaned over the counter to watch. I'll be damned if the bare-footed so-and-so wasn't trying the ring on his small toe.

Coming up again, he tossed the ring back. "Uh, like, something smaller, you know?" Trying to keep a straight face I informed him that while none of the rings were apt to fit his small toe perhaps we could find one for his second or big toe. Clicking his fingers he said, "Yeah, like wild!"

It took a bit to find a ring and by this time we had gathered a curious crowd, some amused, some audibly disgusted. Finally we found a ring with a huge dull green bauble (to match the dirt under his nails) and it fit his big toe. Pulling a greasy change purse from his vest pocket he paid for the ring, \$3.50, all in dimes. Then happily he slunk away, with a large old woman hissing, "Dirty hippie, filthy junkie."

As he went past her he sang, "Cool it, Granny. You're, uh, like, dribbling in your pabulum." With that he was gone, the crowd dispersed, and "Granny" hitched up her shopping bag and shuffled away, muttering about dirty hippies.

Thing had been quiet for an hour or so when a very wrinkled elderly woman approached the counter. She fingered all the earrings for a while, then, apparently dissatisfied, came up to me. For a long while she said nothing, just stared into my eyes, and I, wondering, but not uncomfortable, stared back. Finally she lifted a long, bony finger to my ear and in a quavering voice asked, "Do you think I would look good in earrings like yours?"

I looked at her large, long ears with the wrinkled lobes and decided a blatant lie was needed here. "Of course you would."

"I'll take them."



"Well, I'm afraid we don't carry these particular ones anymore."

"Oh," she said in disappointment. Suddenly she brightened.

"Then I'll buy yours!" And with that she yanked off the right one. While this pair is my favorite, it is also the tightest fitting of the earrings I own, and the resulting pain from having been pulled shocked me into silence. When I could again speak without gasping I informed the old crone that I had no wish to sell my earrings. But she was adamant.

"But I like them."

"No."

"Don't use that tone with me, young lady."

Oh, the rotten little bag of bones! "Ma'am, I happen to like the earrings, too. I have no wish to sell them."

"Ah, I know you young people. Money hungry, that's what. All right, I'll pay you double for them."

I paid three dollars for them and it would serve the spidery little creep right if I told her I paid ten times that. "Please return my earring, or I'll call the manager." (I could almost hear Lightfoot snickering.)

"I'll call the manager myself, you disrespectful girl, and tell him how you are treating a customer, and one old enough to be your grandmother!" (My ten times great-grandmother, the walking mummy.)

Finally, becoming angrier than maybe I should have, I told her, "Put that earring down or I'll throw you down the escalator!"

Her jaw unhinged, she clanked the earring down, then sputtered quaveringly, "I'll have your job, young woman. I have friends in high places. I know the Pope personally."

"Sorry, I'm Jewish. And I know Harlan Ellison personally." I don't, of course, but just saying so should drain anyone's cheeks. Including the Pope's.

Dracula's mother stared at me a long minute, then turned and disappeared in a thin green mist.

(Oh, she did so.)

While I was thinking that nothing worse could happen to me, a man, obviously a recent tenant of a bar stool, came weaving toward me. Groaning inwardly, I prepared myself for a dialogue with a drunk. But I was wrong. We barely talked at all.

First, he made it to the counter, leaned over and hung on with clenched hands. "The boa's rockin'," he slurred. "S'orm, bad s'orm." Then, straightening, he noticed me. "Where's the goddamn res'room?"

Frantic, imagining him getting sick all over my counter, I pointed in a direction away from me. I didn't know where the men's room was, I just wanted him away.

Somewhat saluting, he said, "Oh, thank you ver' mush. Gonna throw up." Starting to leave, he fell forward across the counter again and moaned, "Bad s'orm. Gaha hang on."

Then, moving sideways, he slid along the counter, knocking down displays, moaning all the way, "Bad s'orm. Goddamn res'room."

People came running in all directions to stop him but the damage already incurred was terrible. Two men tried to pry him loose from the counter but the fellow clung tight, still groaning about the "goddamn res'room", and one of the men promised to take

him there if he'd just let loose.

With that the drunk straightened himself and swung a sloppy punch at the fellow holding him, sagging at the knees as he swung. Three men finally managed to drag him away and, as I understand it, the elevator is out of order until it has been thoroughly fumigated.

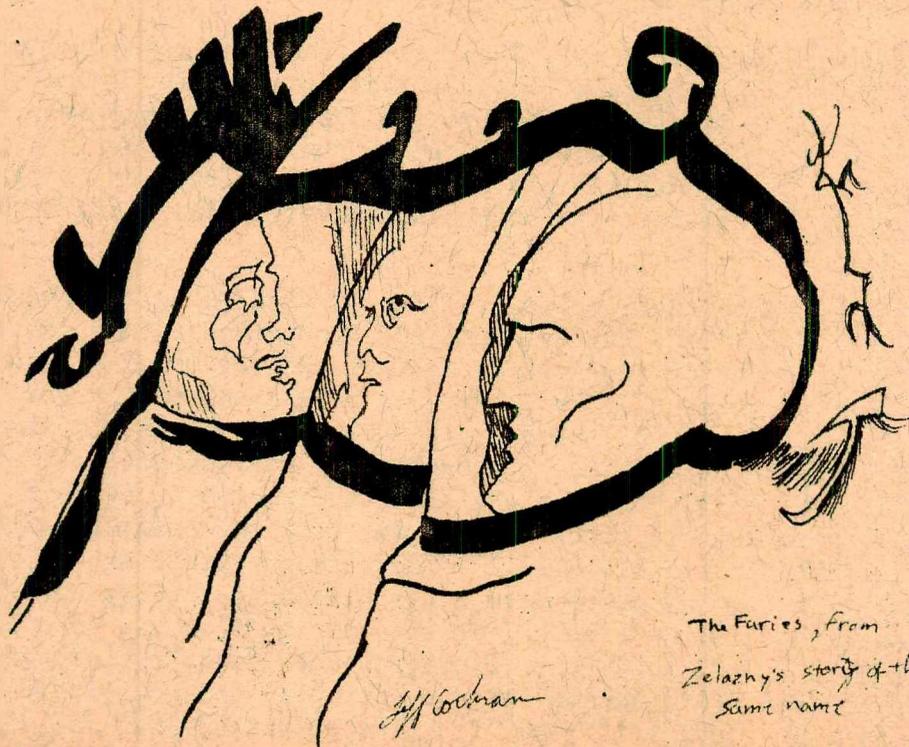
By quitting time I was homesick for the relative piece and sanity of Women's Underwear. Wonder if Lightfoot likes long-stemmed roses.

From THIS FABULOUS CENTURY, quoted from Photoplay: "Those who know the real truth, know that it was largely Susan's faith, her belief that marriage would work, which kept it together long before it failed." (Contributed by D&M Thompson)

THE FIRE IN HIS CAVE

by Raymond L. Clancy

Two planes collided today,
Brilliant dragonflies flashing,
For the last time, in the sun,
And a family died.
This is the affluent society
Where many more can afford
A flaming death.
This lamp gives a steady light
But I ponder
On the same thing as he
In the flickering smoky light
Of the fire in his cave.



The Furies, from
Zelazny's story of the
same name

Golden Minutes

BOOK
REVIEWS
BY
I. S. C.

THE NAVIGATOR OF RHADA, by Robert Cham Gilman (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.25) But I got mine from Don and Maggie Thompson in trade for a couple of fanzines. They think I have lousy taste, and vice versa. The Thompsons and about half a dozen others have informed me that "Gilman" is in reality Alfred Coppel. Could be; the novels do have somewhat of the flavor of Coppel's old PLANET STORIES contributions; I read some of the latter over my vacation to see. But I liked PLANET. The Rhada books are pure space opera, slightly juvenile. Within the series, each book is complete; the series is of the type of Heinlein's Future History, where each story fits into a niche in the over-all history, but there are no recurring characters. This particular book draws heavily on THE PRISONER OF ZIENDA and others of the type; the hero turns out to be a double for the royalty; Galactic Emperor in this case. Lots of action, and maybe I never grew up, but I enjoyed it.

THE PATHLESS TRAIL, by Arthur O. Friel (Centaur Press, 60¢ - distributed by Como Sales Inc., 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003) I list the address because I've never seen any of these on the stands; I got this from Ivor Rogers at the PeCon. The publisher has a series of old titles by Mundy, Howard, Friel, and others; I'll try to review a few of the others in later issues. This features a Jeff Jones cover and clear but microscopic printing. The story is copyright 1922, presumably out of an adventure pulp of the time. The writing is archaic but not generally bad (that passage I showed you, Lee, was the worst in the book. Generally it's much better). It isn't fantasy or sf; it's an adventure story set in the Amazon jungle. The author evidently knew the jungle very well, and forces his knowledge on the reader at every opportunity. (But it is authentic.) Characters and plot are pure pulp; the background makes it a better than average pulp story. I rather expected to start it and give up in the middle; instead I ended up reading every word and enjoying it.

KAVIN'S WORLD, by David Mason (Lancer, 75¢) The background and plot are fairly standard for sword-and-sorcery novels; the writing and characterization are much better than average. I was mildly amused at finding a reference to "a tall cube" in the second book, but overall there were very few nits to pick. Both stories are Quests; both rely on background and the exotic individuals and societies, and both succeed very well. KAVIN'S WORLD is somewhat the better of the two.

MATRIX, by Douglas R. Mason (Ballantine, 75¢) I read these and the preceding two RING OF VIOLENCE, by Douglas R. Mason (Avon, 60¢) books in rapid succession so I could sort out in my own mind the differences among David Mason, Douglas Mason, and David Masson (who was already reasonably well known to me). Among the Masons, I know now; it's David I want to read more of. Douglas is more ambitious in his aims, but succeeds in them far less well. For one thing, apparently the only adjective that he knows about for describing women is "pneumatic". After the fourth or fifth repetition this becomes hilarious, particularly since most of his feminine characters have all the personality of an inflatable doll. MATRIX is devoted to extolling the virtues of the simple, emotion-filled life as opposed to the soulless technology, written by someone whose apparent knowledge of the simple life extends about as far as a picnic in a state park. RING OF VIOLENCE is another overthrow-the-dictator story with the major plot twist borrowed from "Viva Zapata" (power corrupts) and sociological jargon trying and failing to cover up a complete lack of characterization. MATRIX is the better book, despite all the air-filled women.

THE CURSE OF THE UNDEAD, ed. by M. L. Carter (Fawcett, 75¢) Apparently assembled - though not blurred as such - as a sort of history of the vampire in fiction. As a history it does rather well; as entertainment it suffers from the fact that most of what the editor regarded as "important" vampire pieces were novels, and thus the anthology has an oversupply of excerpts. Nothing is surer to kill my interest than being presented with a piece of a novel; I either want the whole thing, or nothing at all. Two "pre-vampire" works are presented in excerpts from JUSTINE and Lewis's THE MONK. Then comes what is billed as the first-ever vampire story; "The Vampyre", by John Polidori. Then comes Poe's "Morella" (why, I'm not sure), and excerpts from two classics; J. S. Le Fanu's CARMILLA and Stoker's DRACULA. The one from DRACULA is, thank God, short; the story may be famous but it's also dreadfully dull. CARMILLA is somewhat better. Then comes F. Marion Crawford's excellent "For The Blood Is The Life". The modern vampire story is represented by Evelyn Smith's "Softly While You're Sleeping (very good), Bloch's "The Bogey Man Will Get You" (not so good), Fredric Brown's lovely little vignette, "Blood", and "Vanishing Breed" by Niel Straum, which I had never read before. (Hadn't missed much, either.) There is an introduction which traces vampire history, a bibliography, and a checklist of "important" vampire fiction, from VARNEY THE VAMPIRE to BARNABAS COLLINS. As entertainment, this is mediocre, but as a handy reference work on vampire fiction it could be quite valuable to the beginning reader.

ALTON'S UNGUESSABLE, by Jeff Sutton/THE SHIPS OF DUROSTORUM, by Kenneth Bulmer (Ace, 75¢) The Bulmer half is part of his "Contessa" series, which is fairly good adventure but which has gone on about as long as it can and still retain any of my interest. Sutton's half is a fairly long adventure, written about as well as Sutton usually writes. Overall, about average for the times.

ORBIT 6, ed. by Damon Knight (Berkley, 75¢) Contains "The Second Inquisition" by Joanna Russ (Time travel and growing up and people; excellent), "Remembrance To Come" by Gene Wolfe (interesting but not my type), "How The Whip Came Back" by Gene Wolfe (well and quite horribly convincingly done; very fine); "Goslin Day" by Avram Davidson (Avram is one of the few people who can succeed with this sort of insanity; lovely) "Maybe Jean-Baptiste Pierre Antoine De Monet, Chevalier De Lamarck, Was A Little Bit Right" by Robin Scott (when the title is that long, I am usually better off avoiding the story), "The Chosen" by Kate Wilhelm (a horror story that failed to horrify me), "Entire and Perfect Chrysolite" by R. A. Lafferty (a wacky fable; slightly heavy-handed, but still pretty good), "Sunburst" by Roderick Thorp (an incident, not a story), "The Creation of Bennie Good" by James Sallis (definitely not my type, and I have my doubts that it's very well done), "The End", by Ursula K. LeGuin (Nice little piece), "A Cold Dark Night With Snow" by Kate Wilhelm (very psychological and dull), "Fame", by Jean Cox (an old story with an old twist, but new names), "Debut" by Carol Emshwiller (nasty little item, but interesting), "Where No Sun Shines" by Gardner Dozois (a short bit cut from the same background as JAGGED ORBIT; not bad), and "The Asian Shore" by Thomas M. Disch (very symbolic and I didn't finish it). Oh well, the volume started out well; those first four stories are worth the price.

TWO DOZEN DRAGON EGGS, by Donald A. Wollheim (Powell, 95¢) I have never seen this on a newsstand; they really got distribution problems. But, oddly enough, I did see half a dozen Powell titles in the secondhand book store in Marion. This was the only one of the lot I deemed worth the 15¢ price tag; Powell goes in mostly for bad sword-and-sorcery. This is something else. I'd read most of the stories previously, here and there, but I had still not realized that Wollheim had done this many good short stories. I remembered him mostly for "Mimic" (one of my all-time favorites) and "How Many Miles To Babylon?". Both are present, along with 22 others, ranging from fair to outstanding and culled from various little-known pulp mags. Make an effort to pick this one up.

THE GUARDIANS #4: The Vampires of Finistere, by Peter Saxon (Berkley, 60¢) A pretty fair fantasy-occult series, marred by execrable proof-reading and by the fact that the central character doesn't know much about evil for a supposed expert. Too many things are explained through his asking stupid questions. Otherwise, a quite well-done horror story.

RETRIEF: AMBASSADOR TO SPACE, by Keith Laumer (Berkley, 75¢) The Retief stories provide low-key humor. They provide very little else, but that seems to be enough. The plots are fairly well standardized and after reading several of the books it is impossible to tell one story from another. But at the beginning, they are funny, and God knows stf is chronically short of humor. Not to mention that poking fun at thinly disguised US diplomats is a very respected hobby.

DEEPER THAN THE DARKNESS, by Greg Benford (Ace, 75¢) The beginning of this novel was sold separately as a short story, and is currently up for a Hugo. I don't see why; as the beginning of a novel it's pretty good, but marred by the fact that it is pretty complete in itself and the author, having no place to tack the rest of the story on, simply jumps forward to a new beginning. As a short story, though, I found it interesting but definitely not great. The novel has somewhat of a letdown in plot, but on the whole I liked it better than the short story. A good, competent book that's worth your time and money, even though the Quarn don't quite live up to their advance billing.

PHOENIX, by Richard Cowper (Ballantine, 75¢) I bought this strictly because I liked Cowper's first book. This one isn't as good; I never really believed in Bard's reactions when the spoiled romantic is brought face to face with reality. But it makes a good adventure story; lightweight but entertaining, especially if you read fast. It starts slowly, which is another flaw; Cowper wastes too much space setting Bard's background. But I'm not sorry I spent the money.

THE TWILIGHT MAN, by Michael Moorcock (Berkley, 75¢) Not one of Moorcock's best ones. The science of the background strikes me as pretty shoddy (the science actually shown in the plot might work, but none of the people would actually be around to use it; they'd have died off long ago - or changed into something different.) Not that Moorcock cares; he's interested in psychology, not science. I'm not; not his interpretations, anyway.

DAY MILLION, by Frederik Pohl (Ballantine, 95¢) Part of a matched set of Pohl's works. The title story (which I still think is lousy), "The Deadly Mission of Snodgrass", "The Day The Martians Came", "Schematic Man", "Small Lords", "Making Love", "Way Up Yonder", "Speed Trap", "It's A Young World", and "Under Two Moons". Pohl is a slick writer, which is probably why he gets raves from Kingsley Amis. I rather enjoy his writing, while I'm reading it. But I read all these more or less when they first came out, and except for the one I didn't like I had no memory of them a couple of years later when the book appears. Slick, competent, and totally unmemorable.

DAMNATION ALLEY, by Roger Zelazny (Berkley, 75¢) A shorter version appeared in -- hmm? IF? It's brilliant, coruscating writing. I first encountered the basic plot at age 9 when I read BALDY OF NOME, but with Zelazny it doesn't matter. Anything he writes is interesting, whether it means anything or not. If you haven't read it, you've missed something.

OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX 8, by Philip K. Dick (Ace, 60¢) Overthrowing the dictatorship of the elite, and bringing real true emotional man out from under the heel of the machine. For Dick, it's pretty bad - but it's still quite readable, if you sort of skip over the emotional hogwash. There is still his wheels-within-wheels plot, and glances at the nature of reality, and a hero who is sympathetic despite being a schmuck.

SHIELD, by Poul Anderson (Berkley, 75¢) A reprint; Berkley first brought it out in 1963. It's a good, fast, action story; not Anderson's best by a long way but good enough to kill a dull afternoon.

FATHER OF LIES, by John Brunner/MIRROR IMAGE, by Bruce Duncan (Belmont, 60¢) But if you get it it will probably be like I did; secondhand for 15¢. I'd read the Brunner story before, in SCIENCE FANTASY, I believe. It's a pretty good fantasy adventure; worth reading. The Duncan half reads like somebody took "Voyage To The Bottom of the Sea" too seriously. Don't bother with it.

A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA, by Ursula K. Le Guin (Ace, 75¢) This is an absolutely magnificent tale of sorcery up to a point about 2/3 through the book, where it fetches up in the doldrums and never manages to win clear of them again. It is presumably a juvenile, which is not a drawback to me, and somewhat of an allegory, which may or may not be a drawback, depending on circumstances. But once Ged has won free of the Stone of Terrenon on page 141, the story is for all practical purposes over until the climax on page 201. If someone had boiled those 60 pages down to about 20, this could have been the equal of the author's LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. But nobody did, and so it isn't. It's still excellent up to a point, but after that point it becomes a chore to finish.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW, by Hunt Collins (Pyramid, 60¢) Or by Evan Hunter, if you want to be precise. Originally in IF, lo, these many years ago (as "Malice In Wonderland" which I still think is a better title), it's become a classic. This is the fourth pb edition, with the highest price and worst cover yet. Under the cover it's still good, despite the fact that the current drug scene has dated it in some ways. It's not dated all that much; not yet. If you haven't read it yet, do.

SKYLARK OF VALERON, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) Third and fourth (which is final) of SKYLARK DUQUESNE, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) the new edition of Doc Smith's first classic series. It's pure corn, but considering that this is the fifth printing for each book, it's still what people like. The characters are nothing; the plot is pure space opera. Apparently what gets to people is the Vision. Nobody viewed intergalactic immensities quite like Doc Smith. Everyone should read at least one Doc Smith book in his life. You can't be a Trufan without it.

THE BIRD'S NEST, by Shirley Jackson (Ace, 95¢) More of Jackson's weird people. This time she has a go at a multiple personality and as usual makes a resounding success of it. It's not a new book - copyright 1954 - but again, if you haven't read it, try it. Not really fantasy, but who cares?

NO FATHERLAND, by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Coward-McCann, \$5.95) This time we go into modern Germany, and reach the depressing conclusion that you can't win. I keep wondering how Kirst stays out of a political prison. It's an absorbing book; not fun, but fascinating reading. It isn't his best book, but he's never had a bad one.

GET YAMAMOTO, by Burke Davis (Tartan Book Sales) The story of the pilots who set out to assassinate Admiral Yamamoto, and did. The incident itself is not book length; Davis has padded it out with background on Yamamoto's importance (which I already knew) and the histories of the pilots involved. It makes a good book. One fascinatingly morbid touch is that in 1949, in an effort to "improve international relations", a Japanese newspaper arranged to have Yamamoto's widow welcome to Japan the flier officially credited with shooting down the admiral's plane. Only in Japan.....

THE BASTARD WAR, by A. J. Barker (Dial Press, remaindered) The British Mesopotamian campaign of 1914-18, and a wonderful book for the historically-minded. Barker is thorough. At times this is a minor flaw, because he takes up time on minutiae which are not terribly interesting to the casual reader. But it also produces hundreds of little-known details which are interesting. Another of those long books; 400 pages, and it took me two weeks to get through it. But it was worth it. Highly recommended, if anyone out there pays any attention to my recommendations of non-stf.

THE BRIDGE AT CHAPPAQUIDDICK, by Jack Olsen (Ace, \$1.25) Another thoroughly documented account. Olsen's theory may or may not be true - probably not - but he tells it well, backs it up until it seems plausible, and provides sidelights on the Kennedys and the society of Martha's Vineyard. Again, highly recommended.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE ACADEMY AWARDS (Ace, \$1.50) A complete listing, year by year, of every Academy Award winner since the beginning, with photos and background on the major awards. A book to flip thru rather than read; a valuable reference if you're a movie fan. I'm not a movie fan, and I enjoyed it anyway. There is even a complete list of nominees for the major awards. Keep a copy around for settling arguments (or for starting them, as in why "Oliver!" won out over "The Lion In Winter".)

Grumblings

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard, Ca 93030

I am at the point where I yell at the kids to go play outside so I can watch SESAME STREET in peace.

Western report, of sorts, Francisco Torres, it seems, is not a hotel at all, but a co-ed dorm at UCSB. I don't know why no

one thought of renting out the dorms as hotels during the summer when I was in college. Don't know why no one thought of co-ed dorms, for that matter. We did think of them, of course, but... One reason for not renting them out is that they far more resembled barracks dignified in plaster than hotels. Like the Torres had a very nice pool (heated, I'm told...at any rate skinny-dipping in the cold small hours was quite a fad) and comfortable furniture in its lobby areas, and a nice snackbar-lounge affair. But the Francisco Torres was a dorm. Only real disadvantage of it was that there were no phones in the rooms, so locating someone was on a seek-out-and-confront basis.

Another drawback, for some, was that each room shared a bath with another. In our case we had a pair next door who were wont to do strange things at 4 and 5am. One of them would go into the bathroom, and so that the other wouldn't get lonely without someone to talk to for five minutes, she would leave the door between their room and the bathroom open, and shout conversational tidbits to the person remaining in the room. In the face of such volume as they had, our door was so much cardboard. For that matter, we could clearly hear their every syllable when both bathroom doors, ours and theirs, were shut. They discussed sex lives...theirs, their relatives', casual friends', selected enemies', fictional characters'...and a duller bunch of sex lives, or sex non-

lives, or non-sex-lives I've never heard. They also dyed the floor and the bathtub green. I entertained myself, while getting back to sleep after a 5am blast of information on granddad on dad's side's bedroom habits, with thoughts of being assigned the room next door to them for the duration of a five-year mission. It was like rooming next door to a convention of horny foghorns.

Other than the licentious fishwives in the next room, the con was lovely indeed. Being in a non-hotel meant no hotel dicks, and in the environs of Isla Vista the city fuzz and campus cops, if any are left, have better things to do than raid loud parties and skinny-dip fests. No one, to my knowledge, had any sort of trouble with the dorm staff. Consequently, I guess, no one seems to have given them any trouble like breaking furniture or windows or the usual jolly antics.

The food was shamelessly overpriced but of very good quality...a nice contrast to the shamelessly overpriced but terrible food I've encountered at other cons. Two poor fellows manned the snackbar (situated in a quite impressive restaurant-like room off the first-floor level) and to them I offer a special thanks. They were supposed to close at some definite



hour like midnight or one am, after which their supplies were locked up. Each night they were overrun by starving fans, and each night they stayed open till they ran totally out of food. One night they kept cooking hamburgers after they ran out of buns, using bread, then out of everything but the meat itself. They gave the last few grilled patties away, in fact. They also let people bring ice-buckets in and take away all the ice in the cart by the soft-drink and tea machines, and patiently went and refilled it from a bigger machine in the kitchen, time after time. They were fan-nish sorts, for sure.

There were two pretty fast elevators, uninhabited by dragon-esses.

The rooms were appalling neat and clean.

The windows opened. And shut.

There were spare rolls of toiletpaper in the bathrooms.

Doors locked.

Parking was free.

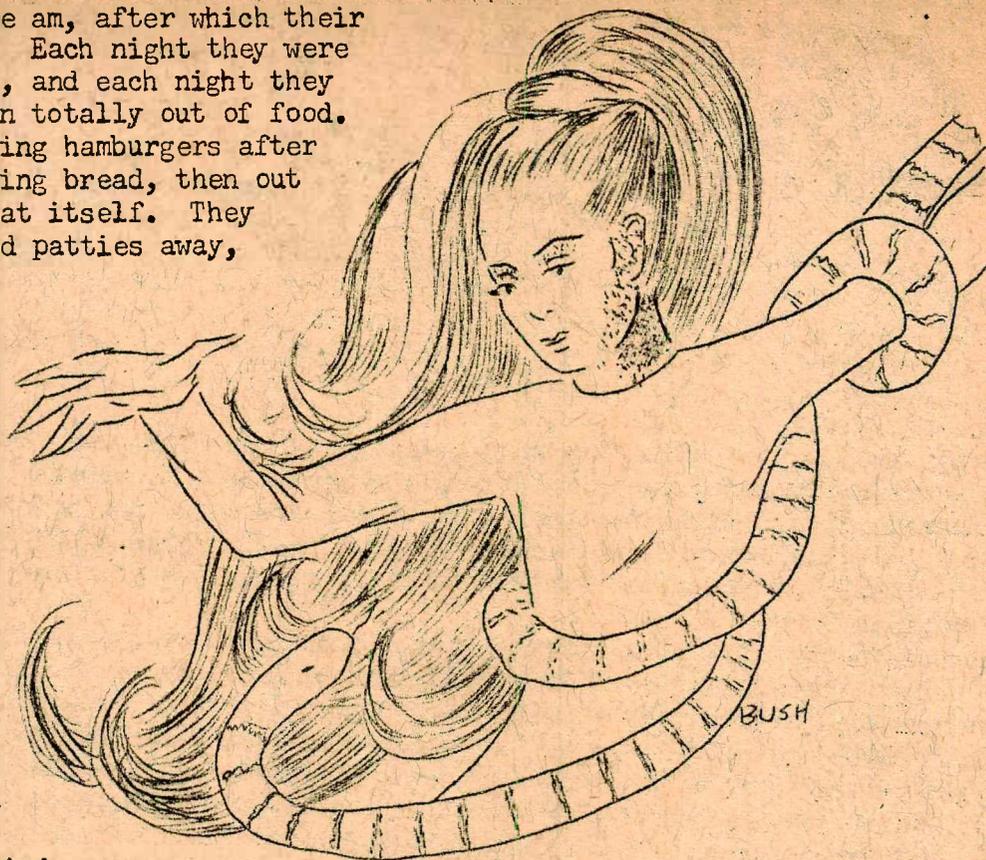
We carried our own impedimenta, as at other cons, but this time there were no bell-hops avoiding us. And we made or left unmade our own beds, as always, but this time there were no maids who were supposed to be doing the rooms, and weren't.

Sigh.

Rick Sneary gave a talk on how fandom is too full of people who aren't for-sure fans of serious stf. I did notice some interesting off-shoots of fandom around the con: There was elevator fandom, for instance. On Saturday morning one elevator was inhabited by four small people aged approximately 12, who sat on the floor and wrote notes to one another, ate cookies, and generally exercised squatters' rights to that corner. There were the Olympic elevator trials, In this thrill-packed sport you catch an elevator, ride it to the 10th floor (which you celebrate with hoots and shrieks), catch the other elevator and take it to the ground floor, get out and get on your original elevator, and ride it to the floor you started from. The shortest round-trip wins.

There was graffiti fandom, which came up with some hilarious items, mainly posted in the elevators,

On Saturday night I got off the elevator at the fourth floor and found an interesting get-together gotten together in the lobby area by the elevators. Two stuntmen (who had worn a Kirk outfit and the actual gorn costume in the masquerade, and done a fight scene as violent, and longer, than the original) were giving a demonstration of how to beat your buddy to a bloody, noisy, pulp. There was also much singing of filk songs. Much of the fun was to sit facing the elevator doors and see them open to reveal a bunch of people intent on getting somewhere else. They would gape at the fellows throwing each other across the room, then the doors would shut. After a while the elevator would come back and inside would be the same faces, looking like they weren't at all sure they had seen correctly the first time. That very noisy party went on till 6am, and lots of inhabitants of that floor came blinking out. No one complained (which makes me doubt the inevitable statement of cops at other conparties, that someone complained about the



noise...after all, a fan complain?) but some stayed and joined in. On the other hand, maybe seeing the stuntmen throwing each other into a wall and kicking the stuffing out of the underdog changed a few minds into thinking maybe the party wasn't really that loud, after all.

Liz Fishman, 2915 Princeton Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45406

Congratulate me, please, my stf collection has leaped to 35 books, much bit more than the first collection I showed you, huh? (Gee, better cool it for a while; five more and the matchbox that doubles as my bedroom will be crammed to every seam. I'll be forced to drag my straw pallet to the basement, where beetles walk unsteadily on their many creepy little legs, dying from an exterminator's spray machine, and where the black fungus or mildew constantly seeks, stalks, and spreads its way over any object costing more than \$3.64, and where neighborhood cats sit outside the windows and stare in with eerie glowing eyes.)

Of course you realize you and that big-hearted fellow are solely responsible for my collection increase, responsible for the unmerciful flattening and shredding of the overtime pay received for those miserable hours spent in inventory counting girdles and other fat flatteners such as corsets and long-line bras. And just think, if I hadn't gone to the banquet I would have had six more dollars you and Howard would have taken from me.

But I fooled you two; I went to the banquet, where my six dollar ticket brought to my table "beef jardinaire" in all its succulent glory -- too thick, well done, tasteless -- but hot! -- pieces of an unrecognizable cut of beef with thick, dark brown gravy over it, accompanied by a handful of string beans and two button-sized boiled potatoes (maybe cooked with the meat -- I couldn't tell), a salad consisting of two radish slices buried deep in mounds of lettuce topped with one tomato slice, a fruit cup that would have been fine except that there was far too much juice and it was impossible to cut the ice-cube-sized pineapple -- pineapple being my favorite fruit, that would be par for the course --- a dessert consisting of round slices of pink and white ice-cream edged with nuts, topped with whipped cream and dribbled with chocolate syrup,

And a waitress with angry gray eyes, and a real neat way of slamming each course in front of you, narrowly missing the fun of seeing your water-filled glass dump its contents (she hit my glass hard enough to slop water into the gravy, which looked to be a definite improvement). Coming around with a coffee pot she began pouring, when Pat and John Goltz requested milk. That didn't thrill her much but she quietly skipped the Goltzes and went on to Hank Davis, who politely asked for tea. Tipping the pot back, the spout having been poised over Hank's cup, she slapped her free hand to her thrust-out hip and in sharp nastiness turned those smoky eyes and grim face to me, sitting across from Hank at one end of the long table. "You want coffee?"

I did, I most certainly did want coffee. But this broad wasn't going to pour coffee into any cup I drank from. "No, I want tea."

In a tone usually reserved for a first grade class, hand still on a hip that seemed to thrust out farther with each increase in her impatience; "All right, who wants coffee, who wants tea, and who wants milk?" After she'd poured two coffees she stalked off for the milk and tea.

When she had gone Hank leaned forward to me and whispered, "I'm going to get her name."

Aha! "Why?" I whispered back.

"I'm going to use her as the villain in a story."

Oh. Well, I suppose that Hank, who seemed to me to be a nice, quiet, polite fellow, wouldn't dream of plotting the kind of thing I would, but then I am nice, quiet, and polite only when I have to be. I envisioned a plot of revenge that would call for the two people seated at each end of every table to stealthily extend a foot whenever gray eyes came along, perhaps accidentally slipping their plates of school-cafeteria-type food to the floor just before she fully hit the ground, and as she was pulling her face from the muddy gravy perhaps an unfinished fruitcup would somehow end up in her hair. No, I don't suppose Hank has the talent for such creatively destructive physical revenge. I do, but did nothing because I didn't want to appall Hank, and set a bad, but

talented, example for three year-old Tommy Goltz, who sat quietly through all this while his mother cut his meat for him. So, I'll wait for Hank's story and hope it will be worth my remaining true to the conduct of a lady, a feat that demands a spine of steel in my case; I cringe at the thought of suppressed talent.

Being hungry to the point of hollowness (there's an echo when I am tapped lightly, in case you should ever have the occasion to tap me lightly while I am feeling hollow), I ate one piece of the meat, one tomato slice and a bit of fruitcup. Just as I finished Wilson Tucker rose from his seat at the long table where sat the guests of honor, tested the microphone, which didn't work properly and was adjusted as hysterical jibes were winged from the audience, such as, "Plug it in, Tucker!" Applause came on the heel of that one; apparently this bit of banter, to me amusing enough to smile at, was extremely well liked -- in fact so much so that it was repeated several times from various parts of the room, drowning memory of whatever other pieces of original wit may have been hurled mightily from chocolate syrup-lined throats -- although there does seem to be another dim memory of once hearing, "Plug it in!" Can't swear to that, tho.

The plugging-in, or whatever, accomplished, Wilson Tucker began to speak, opening with a dead serious plea for donations -- to the Clarion Workshop. The laughter and applause for this Harlan-masher was loud and long, certainly prolonged and amplified by my own relief of not having to go into the \$2.78 left to me. Tucker (see, Buck, I can drop "Mr.". Anything is possible behind a writer.) talked on informatively and entertainingly, then introduced the next speaker by saying, "Ted White is published by Sol Cohen" -- approximately so, anyway. The bearded fellow went to the mike and for most of his time there, as I think I remember telling you, I thought I was listening to Sol Cohen. He based the contents of his talk on questions from the audience, and it wasn't until Fred Lerner preceded his question with, "Ted---" that I realized Mrs. Cohen's little boy was elsewhere, that this was Ted White. Well, for pete's sake!

He talked about the deplorable condition of the sf magazine market, the fact that subscriptions -- wrapping, mailing, date and name tracking -- had proved to be unprofitable, even causing losses, and therefore subs were not all that welcome. White suggested everyone buy from the newsstands, yell hard about the shoddy distribution, and make sure that the sf zines weren't hidden behind "movie mags , True Confessions, and all that crap."

And then rose a huge and bearded fellow from the audience to confront Ted White, adding just the right amount of spark to an interesting evening. Why, this Paul Bunyan demanded, did Ted White and his ilk demean and degrade him, a loyal subscriber -- "I'm a reader, not a writer!" -- by refusing his money, that he in all faith and trust paid before the arrival of merchandise. Protesting any intention of degrading a subscriber, White tried once again to explain to the lumberjack that which was unquestionably clear to the rest of the room, but his words were not penetrating the lead skull. After a bit more, Wilson Tucker rescued White by quietly and firmly cutting in with an introduction of Dean McLaughlin. White, relieved, happily went to his seat and let McLaughlin take the mike. The logger sat down with his severed protest and McLaughlin spoke. "Hi," he began -- and ended. I really didn't mind the lack of bulk and scintillation in McLaughlin's thirty seconds at the mike because by this time I was being unbearably polluted from three different directions -- just me, no one else.

Across from me, directly behind Hank Davis, a twerp in a fringed buckskin vest, full beard and shoulder length hair (with a body permanent that was holding better than mine) emitted a continuous and voluminous column of white smoke that drifted directly over Hank's head and curled down toward, and at, me. Not Hank, nor John Goltz seated next to him, nor Mary Long seated next to me -- just me, and only me. At the same time, directly to my right, a girl in a purple dress (that did her no good at all, I want you to know) and teased black hair (enough room there for a family of wrens) puffed out billows that deliberately crossed the aisle to get me. And then, in back of me, and to my left, another stream, ignoring everyone else, threaded its way to the assault. Annoyed and uncomfortable as I was, I still felt fascination in watching the stuff meticulously and unerringly bypass all others to get to me.

When I pointed this out to my table mates, four of them, Hank, Mary, Pat, and John, chimed that I was a magnet for smoke. (I think Juanita said the same thing to me later

Remember
Kent!



that evening). Originality and compassion, gone up in smoke. (Listen, now, when I use rotten puns I do so with purpose. In this case I refuse to use my golden wit in the above recitation because -- well, because.)

When it was all over with, and Mary had worked up nerve enough to walk up to Wilson Tucker with her camera (I supplied the nerve and power of mobility by pushing her), I went out into the night with the Goltz family to find you and Juanita. After leaving Pat and John's room, where Tommy picked up his little red jacket, we met your son in the hallway. "Where's your parents?" I asked.

"They were in that room over there a few minutes ago," daid he.

"Yeah, but where now?"

"Oh, I'm sure they're upstairs." Ok. We started toward the stairs when that same voice, now behind us, added, "On the other hand, they may be anywhere."

Stopping short, the four of us turned back, and I queried, "Any particular anywhere?"

"I don't know. I'd like to find them myself."

"Let's do some walking, kid."

So we did, with little Tommy holding my hand and trying to make me run in my heels, and your kid saying over and over, "Not there, Not there. Or there. They could be anywhere."

"Keep going, kid." We had come to the bridge, on one side of the driveway leading to and from the tower and the Cascades, and proceeded to cross. Tommy, afraid at first, plucked up his courage and pulled me in an unwilling run, my heels dropping through the openings between each plank. Man, was that ever fun. Pat and John followed, engrossed in a list of books obtained from a fellow who joined us abit way back, falling behind as Tommy and I sped across the bridge, he running, waving his toy airplane and yelling, "Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom!" and I bobbing up and down as my heels alternately sank and were yanked out, the whole damn 6000 miles. Finally found you where I should have known you would be, in Don and Maggie's room. And there, after suffering through a Bread Line dinner, after being attacked by smoke, after "zoom zooming" across a stupid bridge, you tell me that you had gone to David's Buffet and spent 3 dollars for all you wanted. I just know you were getting back at me for being right about Frisch's even though you wen't admit I am, even though that poor fellow, who had just been to the cruddy place, stood there and held his stomach while talking to us.

/Yandro, the conreport fanzine. RSC/

Alex Eisenstein, 6424 N. Mozart, Chicago, Illinois 60645

Because John Trimble couldn't convince you, I figure it's my turn to try; not that I really hope to accomplish such a miracle, but I hope you'll allow me the courtesy of space in the next Yandro lettercol.

I really think Gilliland poisoned your mind on this subject; certainly Alexis's "article" was interperate in the extreme -- and more than slightly paranoid. I won't go into the NasCon bit, as that has too many ramifications, variations, and possible alternatives; it may or may not be the best possible plan in its present form, but I hardly think it was conceived with selfish intent, nor would its effects, in my estimation, ever yield the various evil results that you, Gilliland and Silverberg envision. Furthermore, the new rotation plan has yet to obtain final approval; that must be decided at Heicon, after the exact details are hammered out at the business meeting. The ultimate version of the new plan may be radically different from the schedule in the tentative proposal, but I suspect all the essential features, such as the NasCon, will be retained; the Europeans, you see, are in accord with the basic idea.

Another note: one provision of the articles passed at St. Louis calls for a return to the old-style 3-year plan in the event that the Heicon business meeting does not resolve the general proposal into a specific plan -- or establish some other totally different one in its place.

Now, about the Hugos... John only related part of the argument (the lesser part) for limiting the literary Hugos to material published in the English language, but your own response to it is rather irrelevant anyway. You declare that foreign sf is no longer mainly reprint of U.S. or British fiction; this assertion, whether true or not (over 90% of German paperback sf, for instance, is still reprint) has little bearing on the advisability of turning the Hugo into a multilingual award. Aside from the peripheral (though not, I believe, trivial) matter of longstanding tradition, there is an important two-pronged practical reason why a multilingual Hugo award would not be desirable. This reason applies to any multilingual literary award determined by popular vote, not just the Hugo; it involves the ideal that all nominees should be available to the entire electorate, in order that every voter may have the opportunity to make an informed decision. (I don't mean to imply that all voters will automatically make informed decisions given the opportunity, but they all, certainly, should have that opportunity.) If the Hugo were to encompass more than one language, the majority of the electorate would be split in linguistic and geographical groups, any one of which would merely be partially informed -- familiar only with stories written in the native tongue of that group, and, perhaps, only with those printed in a particular country. Few fans are truly multilingual, or even bilingual (this is especially true of American fans), and the sf published in a particular country and language is only sparsely available, at best, outside the country of origin, in either the original editions or translations. (Again, this may be most true of the situation in the U.S., but it certainly obtains in Europe to varying degrees.) Additionally, the small amount that is available in translation is rarely, if ever, current material, and therefore mainly useless in any consideration for an annual multilingual award.

If all fans were multilingual, or if newly-issued sf were always published with concurrent translations in all the countries where sf is read, then a sound basis would exist for a set of international, annual popular awards. But, until such millennial conditions transpire, any award so constituted will yield only mockery of its founding principles: free international competition and true popular consensus cannot be achieved under the present constraints of language barriers and the publishing industry.

There is no need for the Hugo awards to become the proving grounds for such an ill-conceived and foredoomed experiment. No one has suggested that the sf awards established in other countries such as Germany, England, and Australia, be completely internationalized and thus cloven from their particular linguistic (and, in some cases, ethnic) backgrounds; why the Hugos? The Hugos have never claimed, in any title or description, to canonize the World's Best SF; to my knowledge, no one ever seriously attempted to change the International Fantasy Award into a polyglot prize, despite its apparent pretension. Why pick on the Hugos? Why not expend that energy on a campaign to revive the IFA in a truly international incarnation? The committee system utilized for the IFA is much better suited to the choice of the best sf around the world, assuming one can find astute multilingual judges (if a few such cannot be had, there's obviously no point in a popular vote on a multilingual basis). Even if fully-qualified judges are impossible to locate, one might arrange a system whereby all nominees were translated into the fluent tongues of the several judges and copies of the appropriate translations delivered to each of these men. To



restrict IFA nominations to a manageable few, one could fairly choose to translate only those stories that won national popular-vote awards from the fandoms of various contributing countries. (The Nebula, in this sense, would not be considered a "popular award.") One might devise any number of fair and workable systems, but not one based solely on total popular vote. It would be like an election in which half the people could read about one candidate, but not about the other, while the other half could read about the second candidate but not the first. Surely the absurdity of this situation is apparent to everyone?

/I sent Alex a plan for handling multilingual Hugos. Cumbersome, admittedly, but if fans are as sharp as they think they are, someone should be able to come up with a better one. But not if we sit back and say it can't be done and anyway we never really meant that about it being awarded by a "World" convention. If the Hugos are chauvinized, I think we very definitely should bring back the IFA and I will start contacting people about it. But I'll wait till after Heicon. RSC

Like the date of this year's Toronto convention, I think the thing that bothers me most about this hassle is the timing. If the specification of the Hugos as an English language award hadn't suddenly become a necessity at the same time the WorldCon was for the first time going to a non-English-speaking country, perhaps there would be less cynicism on my part. Whether or not the defenders, proposers, etc., realize it, the timing creates an aura of snobbish sudden-awakening and panic and hastily pushing through a "now that's not what we meant" clarification separating the Hugos from the WorldCon in certain specific cases. I repeat, it is an aura -- not necessarily a fact. The timing produces the suspicious glow, whatever the motives, however pure. Earlier, produced as an inexistence-for-years by-law, there would have been less annoyance, and less suspicion, I suspect. JWC/

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois 61745

I was most struck by Bruce Gillespie's comment on Liz Fishman. He said she was a "hot property." Yes, I'll agree to that. After meeting her at the Midwestcon and looking at the legs Santa Claus leered at, I will agree to that. Hang on to your hot property.

To answer the question you asked in your review of QUIET SUN: dirty old Don Wollheim didn't know "David Grinnell" was in the book until long after it was in print. Terry Carr told me Wollheim just got around to reading the book a week or so ago, that is, about the first of July. If he made any comment about that character, Terry didn't pass it along. I like to think Wollheim just sat there and grinned and made a mental note to up my rate on the next book. (But I wonder if anyone also noticed Carl Brandon and Don Elstar in the book?. And a Dean Grennell, fanzine? No one has said a word this far, and I think I'm disappointed.)

Some evidence suggests that all book and magazine sales are in the doldrums. I believe Ted White mentioned at the Midwestcon that one of his magazines hit a new low of about 20,000; I suspect that more paperback companies than Dell are cutting back; and a hardcover I sold to Doubleday a month or so ago has been scheduled for the end of next year--about fifteen months away. Every sign indicates a depression, whatever the Administration chooses to call it. Save your money and lay in the groceries for a hard winter ahead. I've decided not to buy that gold Cadillac I was looking at.

I've taken under advisement your proposition to bankroll the Roll school building. It might be just the thing for a permanent worldcon/hotel headquarters, and I expect to have a plan for you shortly. All fandom will donate sticky quarters.

/Bob started the ball rolling at the PeCon by donating a wooden nickel to the cause. RSC/

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

In your review of the anthology, SWORDSMEN IN THE SKY, on p. 16 you ask: "What was

Popular Fiction Pub. Co.?"

Everyone should know that was Weird Tales. You must be a fake-fan.

Hank Davis, Box 154, Loyall, Ky 40854

Concerning the drive against midi-skirts. The army is on your side, Juanita. I remember reading in the Army Digest (better known as the Lifer Digest) an announcement concerning skirt lengths of WACs. I can't remember the exact wordage, but do remember that the lower limit was the knee. Skirts lower than the knee ARE NOT AUTHORIZED. The Army has a great thing about being uniform, which brings up the possibility that, if the Army ever permits long hair (for males, I mean), it will probably make long hair mandatory. Imagine someone being disciplined for having his hair cut too short. While I was in the Army, the regs on hair changed. Formerly, sideburns could not be lower than the corner of the eye. A few months before I was liberated, an item in Army Digest announced that the new regs permitted sideburns to be as low as the middle of the ear. When I was discharged at Ft. Lewis, Wash., I learned that the word had not filtered down to them, for prior to discharge every man was inspected to insure that his haircut met Army standards, and they were going by the older regs. Interestingly enough, the NCO doing the inspecting was a sergeant E-6, only one rank higher than mine, but he looked a bit older than me -- about eighty years older. Wonder how long it took him to make that rank...

I received the latest High Fidelity (they finally got switched from my Vietnam address), and I was reminded of your complaints a couple of years back about the dropping of monaural records and phonographs (actually, there are still mono phonographs, though mostly the small portables with sound that would be satisfactory only at the beach, or on a picnic, or such.). The issue has much about the new four channel stereo that was introduced a year ago. This kind has, in addition to the usual type with a left and a right channel to your front, a left and a right channel to your rear. (The magazine also mentions an alternate arrangement that has a speaker to your direct right, another to your direct left, one to your front, and one directly behind you.) The magazine points out that the manufacturers are talking "compatibility", but some of their ideas of compatibility would result in recordings that would lose a great deal if played on conventional stereo equipment. There seems to be some doubt whether records can be made with four channel stereo. Apparently their efforts in this direction will depend on pulse-code modulation (thought the article doesn't call it that). Imagine five years from now, when your present phonograph breaks down and you can't buy any other kind but four channel stereo, which naturally costs more, with four amplifiers, and four speakers, and that their PCM equipment ain't liable to be a two-bit addition, either. I'm a bit worried myself, since I recently spent (not counting postage) about \$540 on a fairly complete stereo (conventional) rig (which would have cost me twice as much if I had gotten it in the US) and I would hate to see it rendered obsolete.

Worse, imagine the time in the near future when the tape cassette has completely superseded the LP and you can't get any kind of phonograph.

While in Vietnam I read many free comic books, that being one of the literary staples in the Army. Girlie mags & Sex books are the other. (Also, a fanne friend of mine sent me care packages of comics--Marvel, of course). Anyway, a few months ago I saw a Hawkman & The Atom comic (super heroes team up when their mags falter; I like the Atom because his secret identity is Ray Palmer) and they were battling a number of strange characters and who should turn out to be behind it but an evil god who was holding a pair of good-guy gods prisoner. One of the good-guy types was the Lord of Light. That's not what I thought you might find interesting. This is: The Hawkman & Atom board a jetliner in the story. On the side of the plane: ZELAZNY AIRLINES. Ah, yes...

Story written by Gardner Fox, if I remember correctly...but I probably don't.

/I suppose if necessary I could learn how to repair the damned things myself. We have 2 monaural and 1 stereo phone in the house at the moment, but both the monos need some repairs made.

Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio 44060

We note in the July 11 Saturday Review that Hollis Alpert comments on a new film,

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS:

Also it would-be unfair not to mention the contribution of Roger Ebert, A Chicago film critic. He wrote the screenplay, which is less filthy than vulgar, less frank than dishonest, and totally cynical. Et tu, Roger? Is this the same Rog Ebert who once wrote me a love poem? Et tu, indeed...

/Another midwest fan makes good. RSC Actually, I saw the preview of BTVOTD while I was in Milwaukee, and while I can't judge the movie, the preview itself was absolutely hilarious...I assume intentionally. The audience totally cracked up over the hammy voice-over and about 2 minutes or so of $\frac{1}{2}$ second flashes of writhing bodies and "Wha...?" type scenes. JWC/

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417

"Apathetic competence" sounds like a good idea, but in practice most apathetic people are incompetent. The enthusiast fouls up by getting too involved to be able to watch himself clearly, but an apathetic individual fouls up (rather more often, I suspect) by not bothering to watch himself at all. Were there some typos in Dave Locke's column, though, of incompetence for competence and such like? Some of the sentences don't seem to make sense unless there were some typos. (Yes, I know perfectly well that typos are common enough in fanzines to make it reasonable even in a zine as neat as Yandro to assume that what looks like a typo is one--but this sort of case, where you're discussing oppositions, is the kind where it's hard to be sure if you're looking at a real error or just a typo.)

Buck's comparison of Lloyd Alexander's style to a Tolkien with Baum attitudes interested me. I have a hunch that it's a case of a basic difference between (most) English authors and (most) American authors--Americans go in for more humor with their fantasy, and they go in more for humor of overstatement than of understatement. A similar likeness-and-difference can be found, I think, in the children's fantasies of E. Nesbit (English) and Edward Eager (American). Eager imitates Nesbit quite openly, having his children make many references to her books (in fact, I started reading Nesbit because of the references in Eager), but no one would ever mistake one of his for one of hers.

Liz Fishman's writings are amusing, but I still think you should give her rotten little brother equal time for rebuttal.

/Yes, there were typos in Dave's last column; he wrote in and complained about them. I didn't check to see if they were on the original ms or not; we'll accept the blame, anyway. (Or at least I'm willing to accept the blame; I don't know about Juanita.) RSC I'll accept it. I am not at my best when the temperature is 101 and the humidity is 98. JWC/

/I keep sticking these letters in a letter file; then when an issue is being made up I pull out what I can and let the rest go until another issue when "we have more room". Eventually the file is packed so full of these old letters that I can't get it into my desk drawer any more, at which point I pull out all the letters that are too dated to use. This time I decided that I would at least excerpt a few of the most interesting and least dated items. This section is from old letters. RSC/

Derek Nelson: Then there was the cabinet minister who told the socialist's convention how Canada must get rid of the rotten Yankee economic imperialism before we sold this country out. The same day the Minister of Finance was in New York trying to peddle \$50 million in government bonds. You know the argument on Reagan got me to thinking about Trudeau. I'm not a Grit, and I didn't vote for the man, but I've got to admit he has something that few politicians have: honesty. He doesn't care if he's re-elected, so he does what he thinks is best for the country. When a Quebec premier said ~~something~~ (Freudian slip) something about a Federal policy Trudeau said, "He's off his rocker." When wheat farmers demanded acreage payments because they couldn't sell their wheat Trudeau said "Well, grow something else then." And so on. I don't agree with him on everything, but since he's honest on most things I've got to admire him./ You might ask

Mrs. Thompson sometime why she was surprised about the comics fan who "didn't want to be a bother". Hell, I've been to a few cons and the only time I can ever remember coming up to a person and introducing myself was to you at whatever con that was (Chicon?). I'd never introduce myself to the Thompsons for the same reason as the comics fan, who wants to be a bother? You know, I can still remember clearly first meeting you simply because of that--it was at the book table; and I felt guilty as hell about imposing my presence on you. / On the other hand I remember now searching out John Boardman at the DC con simply so I could get the bastard in a corner and nail him down. In the ensuing argument he suddenly looked blank at my final point and excused himself. One of my personal highlights at the con. Funny I felt no guilt or anything in that case. I guess it's because I figured I had something to say, which I didn't in your case or the Thompsons'. / A psychologist might say that's lack of self-esteem, or shyness, or whatever. But it's got nothing to do with BNFs and pros. I wouldn't impose on ordinary joe fan either. //Another advantage of meeting by mail first--I generally prefer people who don't assume that being a fellow fan automatically makes them of interest to me. RSC//
Jeff Cochran: Any of your fans out there in Orange County, California -- I just moved out there and am very anxious to find you. Particularly those of you in Fullerton. Also, if anybody out there has copies of DARK CARNIVAL by Bradbury, THEY'D RATHER BE RIGHT by Clifton and Riley (I think), and THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE by Dick, all of you send a card telling me what you will sell 'em for. I'll pay high. //Better late than never. RSC//

Larry Propp: Juanita, since you were publishing a Star Trek zine, you might know the answer to this. Is it possible to get ahold of 16mm prints of some of the better shows? This would be in an area where the series is not being syndicated. As I mentioned in Busy, Busy, Busy, the club wants to sponsor a film showing for revenue purposes. There are an awful lot of cinema organizations on campus that show sf and fantasy movies as part of their regular series, so we thought that episodes from television shows might draw bigger crowds. You know -- THE TWILIGHT ZONE, OUTER LIMITS, STAR TREK (but no Irwin Allen crap) -- that kind of stuff. If you know of an address to write to, it would be helpful. //My guess would be that as long as these are in syndication anywhere in this country, you're out of luck. I don't know whether the prints are available in 16mm. ST frames are 35mm. But maybe Cal fans in the LA area who have an in or get the word from The Industry could tell you different. Hello out there? JWC/

Mary Schaub: I got a rather amusing 59¢ remaindered book from Marboro in NY on the mere strength of the description of it as a mysterious tale of a dead archaeologist and his missing wife who suspiciously resembled a cat--it turned out that the wife was indeed a werecat, and some of the conversation was quite good, but the author was overly impressed with his own erudition and couldn't bear to use a 5-letter word when 4 seven letter ones would do as well. The love interest got a bit thick for my tastes, too, but if you ever want to read a nutty book, look for Albert Lewin's THE UNALTERED CAT (I really bought it for a friend who's interested in werewolves.).

Joanne Burger: Gerald Bishop just sent me a listing of the stories published in the American and British Venture SF, if any of your readers are interested in such things. The price is 30¢ (to me, I guess, as Gerald's American agent) or 2/6 to him. Listed by issue, author, & title.

Dave Piper: Got Y195 yesterday. Fine issue. Specially Liz. She's lovely, that girl. Hope you keep her. //I'd like to, but Juanita won't let me. RSC//

Bruce Gillespie: It looks as if Melbournites get a better deal with sf magazines than Dayton Ohioites. Of course Melbourne has a bookshop managed by the secretary of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club, Merv Binns, but even in benighted Sydney there are a few bookshops that regularly get all the sf magazines that come to Australia. Some are left out--Lowndes magazines have never reached us in any shape or form, and items that sound interesting, such as Coven 13 and Spaceways, also remain unknown quantities. So, if you have real trouble, Elizabeth, write to Merv Binns, c/o Melbourne SF Club. It should only take you 6 months to get your magazines that way.

STRANGE FRUIT



Because I got sick of typing fanzine reviews, this column is done a bit differently. Juanita offered to type the stencils, hunting out address, price, etc., if I would type the reviews on a piece of paper. Also, Lee Lavell suggested that I not review everything in every issue. I'm not sure whether I'll follow that suggestion regularly or not, but in order to clear up this huge pile, I am giving the "regulars" a word or two and a rating, and giving more space to the ones that haven't appeared so often. Ratings run from 0 (worthless) to 10 (the ultimate fanzine). Special interest fanzines are usually not rated, particularly if I don't share any of the special interest.

Luna Monthly #13,14 (Ann & Frank Dietz, 655 Orchard Street, Oradell, NJ 07649 - 30¢ @, \$3.50 per year) Newsletter, book reviews, convention-meeting calendar. Rating 6

Locus #55 thru 58 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY 10457 - 10¢/\$2, 20¢/\$4 - bi-weekly) Still the #1 newsletter. Rating 7

Winnie #47, 48 (Michael Ward, Box 41, Menlo Park, ca 94025 - 25¢/\$4, 6¢/\$1 - tri-weekly?) Newsletter. Rating 6

Focal Point V.2#6, 7, 8 (Arnie Katz, Apt 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn NY 11201, rich brown, 420 - 61st St., Apt D-4, Brooklyn NY 11220 - 6¢/\$1 - biweekly) Newsletter. Rating 6

Osfan V. 2#6 (Linda Stochl, Rt #1, Box 89c, House Springs, Mo 63057 - 15¢ @, \$1.75/year - bi-monthly?) Ozark SF club mag. Rating 3

Vertigo #4 (Edwin Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Road, Durham NC, 27707 - 25¢ @ - irregular) Carolina SF club newsletter. Recommended for any fans in the general area.

Norstrilian News #6, 7 (John Foyster, 12 Glengariff Drive, Mulgrave, Victoria 3170, S Australia - fortnightly - 30¢ @) Australian news. #7 covers the WorldCon problem. Recommended.

Green Dragon #10 (Nan & Ed Meskys, Box 233, Center Harbor NH 03226 - 10¢ - irregular) Tolkien newsletter.

Microcosm #9,10,11 (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon, Indianapolis, Ind 46226 - 10¢ @/ \$1.24/ per year - tri-weekly) Small, editor-written plus letters. Interesting.

Infinitum #4 B Letterzine (Dave Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, In 46220 - 50¢ @ - bi-monthly) Dave publishes his lettercolumn as a separate fanzine, at a separate time, but I still review them together. (Anyway, Dave, wouldn't it be embarrassing to have your letter column get a higher rating than your fanzine?) Up through this issue Infinitum has been largely devoted to fiction, but at the PeCon Dave informed me that reading all the submitted fan fiction has been giving him problems with his digestion and he'll be using more non-fiction in the future. So the rating applies only to past, fiction-dominated issues. I expect the next issue will be well worth getting. Good lettercolumn. Rating 4

Embelyon #2 (Lee & Jim Lavell, 5647 Culver St., Indianapolis, In 46226 - 35¢ @, 3¢/\$1 - at least 4 times a year on an irregular basis) General-type fanzine, which has a dis-

tinctive style because the Lavells know all these weird people, like "Sam Fath" and Jim Dorr and Juanita and Mike Juergens. Rating 5½

Chants of Madness #9 (Dave Gorman, 4022 Meadows Dr., Apt A-3, Indpls, In 46205 - formerly Isfanews - 25¢ @ - irregular) I assume that the sequence of printing and assembling the pages was deliberate, to create a "non-linear" effect, or some such. It creates an effect, all right. Jim Dorr has a political column; this time on his own candidacy for state representative. (He includes voting statistics which apparently prove that even college-trained politicians can't add; some typos there, Dave, or is this the way Indiana Democrats operate normally?) Rating 4

Rehearse for the Apocalypse #1 (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Drive, Indpls, In 46226 - 10¢ or a 6¢ stamp - irregular) An "ecology fanzine", off to a rather bad start.

Apex #1 (Dave Burton & Lee Lavell (addresses above) - 8/\$1 - probably bi-weekly) Newsletter, attempting to take over the spot of midwestern news organ that Osfan vacated. Aside from using the WorldCon definition of "midwest" rather than a more normal geographic definition, its starts off quite well, though it's necessarily small to begin with. Rating 4½

Serendip #10 thru 44 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 100 pages for a dollar - irregular) Postal diplomacy fanzine.

SF Commentary #9, 10, 11 (Bruce R. Gillespie, PO Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia - 20¢ @, 18/\$A3 - irregular, almost monthly) Australia's leading magazine of sf criticism seems to be becoming smaller and less critical, but still reasonably entertaining. #11 is mostly devoted to presenting and criticizing the results of the Second Australian Sf Awards. Earlier issues present more bulk, and are largely reviews and essays. Rating 7

The WSFA Journal #71, Son of the WSFA Journal #7, 8 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, MD 20906 - 50¢ @, 3/\$1.25, 8/\$3 - bi-monthly - Son of... monthly - 15¢ @) The Journal is, for my money, the most interesting fanzine being published today (tho I may change this opinion if Danner gets out another Stefantasy). For one thing, the content is fantastically varied; serious science, humorous science, reviews of everything, humorous or "faaan" fiction, letters, con reports, the lot. This issue runs to 102 pages; most issues are thick. Writers are good to excellent. The Son of... series covers local club news plus reviews which slop over from the parent publication. Rating 9

T-Negative #7 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417 - 50¢ @, 3/\$1 - bi-monthly) The last of the STAR TREK fanzines. (Or is it? It's the only one we get anymore, at least.) Fiction plus background information by the editor.

Haverings #144 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 7 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - US agent Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple Street, Apt 3-J, Brooklyn NY 11201 - 6 issues/\$1 or 8/- - bi-monthly) A small fanzine devoted entirely to reviews of (or comments on, as the editor prefers them to be called) other fanzines. Rating 6

T'ien Min #1 (Anthony Napoli, 550-17 St., Brooklyn, NY 11215 - 20¢ @, 6/\$.20) Small, personal-type. Whether you like this sort of fanzine depends largely on how many interests you have in common with the editor. I found very few, but you should never take a reviewer's word on a personal-type fanzine. Try one copy and see for yourself. (This advice should also apply to Microcosm and Chants of Madness.)

Touchstone #2 (Bob Sourk, 2707 Mission Village Dr., Apt N-1, San Diego, Ca 92123 - 10¢ @, 6/50¢ - monthly) A comics sale and trade list. Blech.

Dynacence #1 (Michael Juergens, 257 Florence St., Hammond, In 46324 - 35¢ or 3/\$1 - monthly) A pretty typical first issue.

The Pulp Era #74 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - 50¢ @, 5/\$2.25, 10/\$4) Sooner or later that's going to see print as The Pulp Ear; I always type it that way first and have to correct. Devoted not just to stf but to all the old pulp mags, though the major item this time is a short article and checklist of Fantastic Novels and FFM. Recommended.

Convention V2#1 (Andy Porter, address with Haverings - 50¢ @ 3/\$1/20 - 3 per year) A semi-pro magazine devoted to the needs of fan convention planners. There is news of convention bids, new hotels where cons could be held (new hotel or not, Indianapolis will put in a WorldCon bid over the lifeless bodies of most of the older club members), a list of conventions being held, and a series of tips on handling a convention; this issue covers registration.

Moebius Trip #5 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill 61604 - 10-weekly (?) - 35¢, 3/\$1, 6/\$2) General type. Particularly noted because David Gerrold defends Harlan Ellison at some length from the same accusations that Hensley covers in this Yandro. He doesn't defend Harlan very well, but he does try, and Connor gives him the space. Either the paper or maybe the column by Ed Cox and the letter by Bob Vardeman make this issue strongly reminiscent of Roy Tackett's fanzines of a few years back. Rating 5

Curse You, Red Baron! #II/6 (Dick Eney, Advisory Team 84, APO San Francisco 96215 - no price or schedule) The problems of fanning in a have-not nation this is very dimly spirit duplicated. Unlike most dimly spirit-duplicated fanzines, however, it is worth spending a little time to puzzle out. This issue is Eney's first-hand view of the Cambodian action.

Vector #55 (Michael Kenward, c/o 28 Bedfordbury, London W C 2, England - 2/\$1, 4/\$2) Until now, Vector has been available only to members of the British Science Fiction Association. (Theoretically, at least; I believe one issue was sent out as a rider with a Speculation as a publicity effort. I could be in error there, but I do know I had seen a previous issue, and Speculation seems a likely prospect to have sent it.) This is a lithographed, somewhat digest-sized magazine, very seriously inclined. Somewhat on the order of Speculation or SF Commentary, but more so. Some interesting articles, lots of reviews. Rating 6

Introducing James Branch Cabell (Paul Spencer, 665 Lotus Ave., Oradell, NJ 07649 - 25¢ @ - in U.K., James Blish, "Treetops", Woodlands Rd., Harpsden (Henley) Oxon., England - 2s.) I seem to recall that this arrived as a rider with Vector, but it's available separately. Precisely what the title says: 3 introductory articles on Cabell reprinted from Kalki, and a few plugs for Kalki. I'm not much interested in Cabell-fandom any more than I am in the other single-writer fandoms, but Cavell was a good author and you might find it interesting to know more about him.

Science Fiction Review #38 (Richard E. Geis, PO Box 3116, Santa Monica, Ca 90403 - 50¢ @ - about eight times yearly) In this issue Ted White explains quite lucidly the facts of life of professional magazine publishing and the issue is worth getting for that alone. Rating 8

SF Published in 1969 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas 77566 - 75¢) Just that. 55 pages of bibliography, whether you enjoy it or find it useful depends on how seriously you regard stf and/or bibliography. (I don't regard either one very seriously and I still tend to keep these annual volumes within reach on my desk. (I'm not sure I've ever consulted one, but I might need to, any day now.) And I'm the guy who doesn't buy stf indexes, or use them very much.

Outworlds III (Bill & Joan Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203 - 50¢ @, 3/\$1, 6/\$2 - bi-monthly) Editor-written, mostly. A somewhat thicker, neater, and better-reproduced personal-type fanzine than the previous ones mentioned - and with far superior

artwork - but essentially similar. You'll have to try it for yourself.

Energumen #2 (Mike Glicksohn, 35 Willard St., Ottawa 1, Ontario - 50¢) General type. Verse, a parody of J.G. Ballard, a con report (on the Torcon??!!), article on myths, columns, letters, etc. Good reproduction. Rating 6½

Gradient #2, 3 (Robert Sabella, 32 Cortright Road, Whippany, NJ 07981 - 25¢ - twice annually) General; reviews, fiction, the works. Terrible reproduction on #3, which is spirit duplicated on pink cardboard. #2 (on one side of white paper) was much more readable and let's hope this method is revived. Aside from the fiction, the material that I could read in #3 wasn't too bad.

The Green Fandom #4 (Linda Lounsbury, Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101 - no price or schedule listed) I do enjoy this, but while it's better reproduced than Gradient, it still tends to cause eyestrain. (Only 10 pages, though, so the strain is minimal.) And I'm pretty dubious about the fiction, anyway. Personally, I enjoyed it, but... Rating 3

Conglomeration #3 (Brad Balfour, 5129 Newfield Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45237 - 25¢ - twice yearly) General type. Rating 4

Schamooob #6 (Frank Johnson, 3836 Washington, Cincinnati, Ohio 45229 - 25¢ @ 4/\$1 - bi-monthly) General type. Nice artwork; poor repro on text. Rating 3

BeaboHEMA #9 - (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa 18951 - 60¢, 4/\$2) Emphasis on professionals stabbing one another in the back. Rating 7

Rataplan #5 (Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183, Australia - 30¢) Primarily a convention issue, but some of the articles are interesting. Rating 5½

Metanoia #4 (Greg & Suzy Shaw, 64 Taylor Dr., Fairfax, Ca 94930) - Personal-type, largely devoted this time to fandom and pop music. Neither one interests me very much, but if you like them, here they are.

Speculation #26 (Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK - irregular - 3/-d (40¢) @, 5 for 15s (\$2) Requests no cheques from Yanks, only cash) One of the very best serious stf fanzines' around. Rating 8

Riverside Quarterly VI #2 (Leland Sapiro, Box 40, Univ. Sta., Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada - 60¢ @, \$2 per year) Undoubtedly one of the most erudite of the fanzines. Critical articles are buttressed with impressive scholarship and bibliographies. Unfortunately, this is also one of the dullest fanzines ever published. Prose is College Term Paper Pompous (and I have heard from one or two disgruntled contributors that if the prose isn't that way to begin with, the editor insists on revisions until it becomes that way). However, the facts and well-documented opinions are there, if you're determined to learn something about science fiction and its authors. Rating 6

Nolazine #10 (Rick Norwood, 5169 Wilton, Apt. D, New Orleans, La 70122 - 50¢, 3/\$1) Official publication of the News Orleans Club. General type. Some excellent artwork, particularly by Dany Frolich, and that blank black sheet in the middle of the issue may be the very ultimate in abstract art. Fiction, articles, verse, humor. Rating 6

Twilight Zine #23 (Jon Ingersoll, c/o MIT Science Fiction Society, Room W20-443, M.I.T., 77 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass 02139 - 25¢) Glad to see this one back. The humor is generally up to the usual level -- except that, not having watched the show that much and not really reading this all that thoroughly, I'm not sure whether the long item is a subtle parody of "Lost in Space" or a transcript of an episode. That was a pretty hard show to make any funnier than it was originally. Rating 6

Corr #4 (Perri Corrick, 126 N. Orchard St., Spt #2, Madison, Wisconsin 53715 - 30¢@, 4/51 - quarterly) General-type, including fiction. Fine art, well presented. Otherwise, I miss the editorial personality somewhat; previous issues had fewer outside contributors. Rating 5

Prism #3 (Gary Mattingly, 7529 Grandview Lane, Overland Park, Kansas 66204 - 20¢ - bi-monthly) Seems to be a high school club publication, though it really doesn't say. Mostly fiction and verse. Rating 2

Maybe #4 (Irvin Koch, Apt 45, 614 Hill Ave., SW, Knoxville, Tn 37902 - 75¢ - bi-monthly) Badly overpriced; send him a contribution instead and maybe it will crowd out some of that third rate fiction. (Actually Maybe's fiction isn't any worse than the fiction in most of the other fanzines, but the more fan fiction I see the less kindly I feel toward it.) There's a checklist of the published fiction of Robert Moore Williams, if you really care. (Okay, so I published a whole pamphlet devoted to John Russell Fearn. Don't think I haven't regretted it since.) Also one on Charles L. Fontenay, which is a slight improvement, and (here he goes back downhill) one on John Jakes. I suppose bibliographers might be interested, since you don't often get bibliographies of that class of writer. Rating 3

Avernus #2 (Michael Dobson, 1310 Buchanan St., Charlotte, NC 28203 - 50¢) Presumably photo-offset, giving him the ability to print letters exactly as received, signatures and all, and thus do away with the readers' problem of deciding whether that idiot remark was made by the correspondent or was simply a typo by the editor. Two reprints from professional publications: a "Saint" story and an article on a Bob Dylan lp. Most of the rest of the material is on the visual medium and not necessarily on stf; tv series, a fantasy movie, etc. In the editorial, Mike mentions the large size of the issue; aside from making it easier to publish I think he'd have a better issue by making it smaller. Rating 3

No #5 (Ruth Berman, address under T-Negative - irregular - 25¢) Small mag, more or less personal-type. Nice derogatory review of "Planet of the Apes" by Kay Anderson and an amusing "Middle English Purity Test" translated by Ruth. This is a somewhat continuation of Nous, which was by Ruth and Jean Berman. Rating 5

FAUNCH #1 (Susan Wolfe, Box 85, Snook, Texas 77878 - irregular - 30¢ - coeditors, Samuel Wolfe and Cecily Horton) I told Juanita she should review this, and she flatly refused, for which I can't really blame her. The art is incredibly bad, the fiction and verse ranges from poor to awful. ("Her golden hair fell back across her shoulders revealing her full, ripe body.") It's all sexual, if that makes it sound more interesting to you, but it's not Essex House by a good wide margin. Rating....1

WHO PUT THE BOMP #4 (Greg Shaw, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, Calif. 94930 - bimonthly - 35¢) A rock and roll fanzine. Juanita says it's adequate. Main item is a history of Sun records.

Also have here Vertigo #5, Csfan V.2 #7, 8, and Son of the Wsfa Journal #9. Comments on previous issues apply to these as well. Might as well note here, since I have the room, that we got a sample copy of Journal of Popular Culture. This is a sort of fanzine in that I've been informed that it doesn't pay for material. It's about 250 pages, pulp size. Contents include movies, Tolkien, politics, nostalgia, comics; the same variety that you get in a fanzine. The writing is abominable, almost all of it being the standard College Theme Pompous style. (If you like Riverside Quarterly you'll love the Journal because it's even stuffier.) If you like this sort of thing, you can probably get a free copy by writing to the Editor, University Hall, Bowling Green University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43402. After that, it's \$4.00 per year (4 issues). Presumably there are fans who enjoy this sort of thing. If you are one, write quick, because it's not going to be reviewed in here any more.