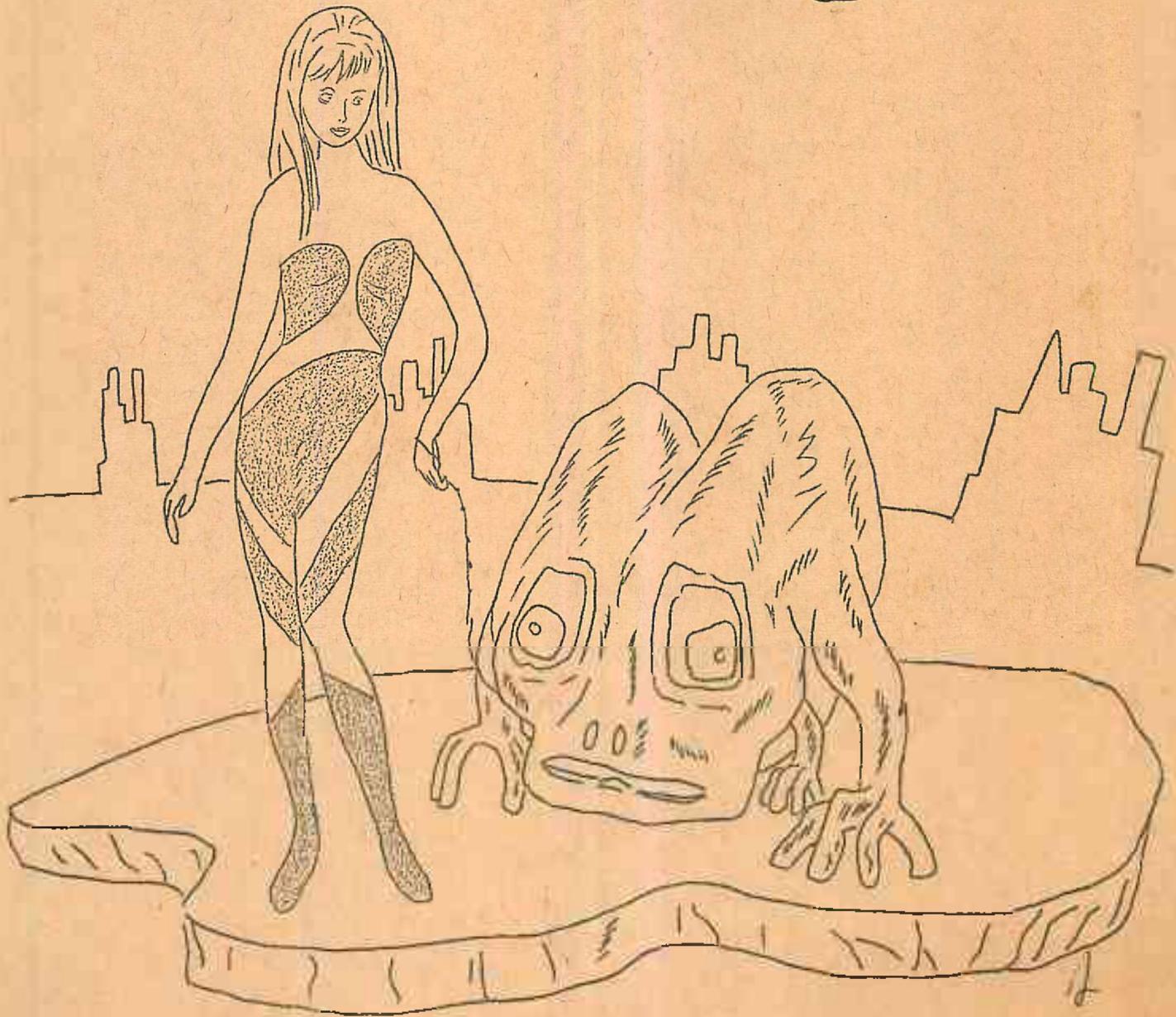
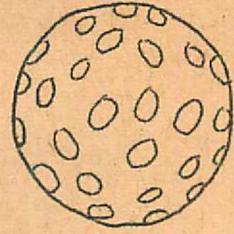


JANDRO

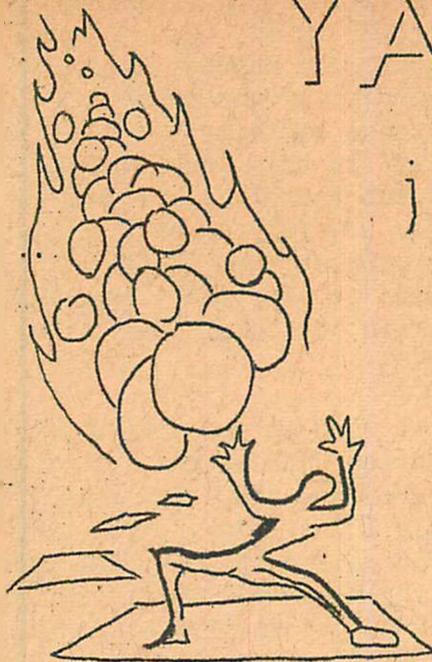


YANDRO

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VOLUME XIX NUMBER 4



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ADDRESS CHANGES

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 James R. Adams, 1009 E. Walnut, Kokomo, IN 46901 (after third week of June)



Well, there was a bit of explanation and announcement about TAFF on the contents page, in that conspicuous hole between the colophon and the beginning of the contents. Do our bit for the cause and all. We were going to include a ballot in this issue and urge everybody to get out there and put in your money and vote for a worthy cause. But.... On closer reading, I see that Elliot Shorter doesn't want faneds to copy the "temporary" ballot, promising an "official" ballot as soon as possible.

So we didn't copy. And we probably won't copy the "official" ballot when it comes out, because it won't be of any use. The deadline for voting is July 10th. Okay, with luck this issue will be mailed by June 7th. Which means that with the best will in the world we are not likely to get another issue out

much before the end of June. And the new improved US Postal Service seems to be taking on an average of two or three full weeks, minimum, to deliver an issue of this fanzine. Any ballot included in the next issue of Yan, even assuming we get it out very quickly, is not going to get to our subbers in time for them to vote and return vote and money to Elliot. Too bad.

Elliot says the holdup, among other things, is a lack of platform for Per Insulander. I think platforms for TAFF candidates are pretty pointless anyway, but that's a personal opinion. I do think it would have been better to simply have gone ahead and made the "temporary" ballot semi-official and asked faneds to copy copiously. As it is, I imagine votes are going to be needlessly skimpy. We'll probably xerox copies of the temporary ballot for use by the three fans and one fringe fan in this household, but that isn't going to do our subbers any good.

It's awfully tempting to regard this whole business as provincialism, but I am trying womanfully to avoid considering that. I mean, when the ballot distribution is limited to a few cons and east and west coast only stuff, it doesn't really cover the great American midwest very well.

I'm sure there are extenuating reasons, but I still think it's too bad. I can only advise our subbers interested in voting for TAFF (for Per Insulander, of course, platform available or not -- he's not going to become Chief Grand Dragon of the Secret Masters of Fandom if he wins, after all; nobody is, so why platforms?) to write to Elliot Kay Shorter, Box 309 Jerome Ave. Sta., Bronx NY 10468. Ask for a ballot, and then use it. Seems a roundabout way of doing business, but let's try.

I notice TVGuide some time back was congratulating itself as a representative of the media because said media were settling down about women's lib and no longer referring to news items featuring women in demeaning ways. I'm glad TVGuide thinks so. It isn't noticeable in the media; particularly local television, around here. A little sports item that some girl won her varsity letter in track from some state high school calls for immediate amused sniggering and snide comments interjected into the rest of the broadcast for the next ten minutes. The newspaper got around to running a picture of the girl (four-five days late) and she's one of these wholesome, terribly cute girls who couldn't be called a woman's lib "uglie" (the current favorite term among the local WL putdowners) by any stretch of the imagination. But, she is obviously female, and therefore subject for derision if she steps out of line and forgets to keep her place.

Sometimes it feels like timebinding, and here we go again. I was involved in black civil rights in the 50s, a very discouraging business, believe me. And by association with blacks and encounters with their myriad opponents ran into a number of arguments. One of the most prominent, used whenever a black wanted to do anything that previously had been considered a "whites only" activity, was "but why do they want to go where they're not wanted? I'd think they'd be happier with their own kind." Again and again and again. It set one's teeth on edge. I even participated in trying to break open things to Negroes that I, personally, wouldn't have bothered with if I'd been paid -- even though it would have been joining "my own kind". Such as white sororities. Sororities, at college, are ridiculous things. But some of the Negro females in our civil rights group wanted, very much, to join. (I suspect the fact that they were forbidden to join made the desire all the keener.) It was the thing to do for young college types at our campus, and only a few weirdos didn't want it.

Our group was laughed at and sniggered at some, pointedly ignored by some, and regarded with fear and near hatred by some. And some timid souls would occasionally, very privately, let their hair down and say gee they thought what we were doing was really very right and good and Christian, even....but don't quote them because after all...

Blacks are still looking up, but not nearly so far as they were in the 50s. Just as, admittedly, women aren't looking up so far as they were a hundred years ago. But still, quite a ways. A survey of black opinion says a bare majority of them think that perhaps fifty years will see the final and hopefully peaceful resolution of the "problem" -- those blacks surveyed mentioned constantly hope for the young, that older people were too set in their ways to overcome prejudice, but that the young...

Maybe WL has to depend on the young male. I hope there are some out there not ironbound to the ways of their fathers. Because to judge by media people hereabouts, reflecting the tastes of their viewers and readers, matters haven't progressed much further than they had with black civil rights in the 50s. Still plenty of people who think women would be happier "with their own kind". That was indeed true for some of the older blacks, but the younger ones seethed; and the long waiting produced bitterness we're suffering from today. Do we have to go through it again? Each time? Apparently.

Hoping you are not the same...

JWC

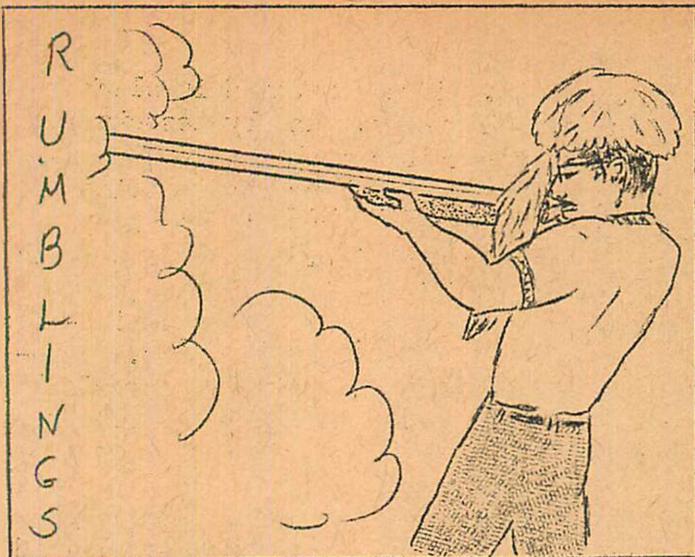
a column-----bec

Hello. I'm going to print some of my answers to the questionnaire at the back of this issue (page 35/36). (To anybody who says I'm not a single adult, I'm single -- and I know as much as some adults.)

1. - Not my feelings! 2. - No, it's vice-versa. 3. - Yes. 4. - A loaded question. 5. - Dad listens to me; is that the same? 15. - Look at the Dark Ages. 17. - Yes. 22. - Not more desirable, no. 26. - No, more strict marriage laws. 29. - Not without just reason. 32. - Here's something for Women's Lib to campaign about. 33. - Which way is this attraction? 36. - Whose shyness? 38. - Yes, they deserve it. 42. - Yes, very. 48. - Why not? 50. - Contrary to what religion??

Space didn't permit me to answer all the questions, so I picked those I thought were most interesting. You may use them as a guideline if you like.

LITTER BRINGETH PLAGUE



So this time we run out of stencils; Don and Maggie are going to get tired of us selling them partial quires.....

We didn't quite make two issues in May after all; June, maybe?

One of the delays in this issue was that a co-worker mentioned that the National Muzzle-Loading Championships were in progress at Friendship, Indiana. They last 4 days, so come Saturday we drove down. Nice enough trip, marred slightly by the emergency brake coming apart on me about halfway there. Muzzle-loading is getting to be a big deal; Juanita estimated about 100,000 people present, indulging in shooting, selling things, or just gawking like us. Like every other event in the Mid-

west lately, this was accompanied by a "flea market", with various hopefuls trying to get rid of assorted junk and perhaps a few decent items. Lots of guns, of course, and leather goods, and knives. Plus all sorts of glass items, old tools, and downright junk. Anyone remember when Packer's Tar Soap came in a tin box? One dealer was trying to sell one of the empty boxes. Another had a gallon glass jug with "Horlick's Malted Milk" in moulded letters. Still another had a boxful of marbles. Target shooting is not much of a spectator sport, but fortunately while we were there the trap-shooting was in progress and we stood off to one side and watched shooters with flintlock and percussion shotguns assaulting clay pigeons. (One of the flintlocks locked more dangerous to the shooter than to the target; I wouldn't want to shoot something that let off a violent flash and "whoof!" right in front of my face on every shot.) But I did get enthused enough to dig my own muzzle-loaders out of storage at Dad's. I may not actually get around to shooting them, but at least I'm getting set up for it.

Gene and Bev DeWeese were down last weekend. (Wally and Jackie Franke are expected next weekend; in this area, this amounts to frenzied fan-activity.) Gene brought down a clipping with the latest details on the Milwaukee City Development Commission problem. (You may now turn to Gene's letter in "Grumblings" before continuing.) One member of the Common Council switched his vote to the Mayor's candidate, putting him in. Shouts of "Benedict Arnold" filled the air, and a councilman (a former prize fighter, it says) when requested to be seated invited the chairman to come down and make him. I have to admit that Milwaukee council meetings must be livelier than I had suspected.

Other things in the mail. Marty Helgesen sends Library of Congress file cards.... Sybil Leek now has her name on a juvenile science fiction novel; I wonder who wrote it for her? Marion? L. Ron Hubbard has a book out titled How To Save Your Marriage; how many times has he been divorced, anyway? Once that I'm pretty sure of...well, maybe he knows what he did wrong. And somebody named Sylvia Louise Engdahl has written Journey Between Worlds, which is described as: "To prove her independence to her boyfriend, Melinda decides to go to Mars on a pleasure trip - an impromptu decision that changes her entire way of life." Yes indeed...it's a pleasure to know that there are still books being published that I wouldn't have in the house; sometimes it seems that everything that comes out is something I want. (Of course, if Marion did do the ghost-writing for Leek.....)

Jackie Franke sends a TIME article on "Male Liberation", which seems somewhat misnamed; "Male Breast-Beating" would come closer to it. I suppose if it helps them feel better..... Maybe I just don't have the background for this sort of thing; never having been attracted to the "unliberated" woman, I have a hard time seeing what all the fuss is about. (The women I know aren't tied to housework, children, and tv....oh, I suppose even some of the ones I work with need liberation, but I don't really know many of the people I work with - or want to, especially the women.) Jackie also sent a clipping that tends to make one a bit uneasy. Grasshoppers on occasion secrete a noxious fluid as a defense. Now some of them are including 2,5-dichlorophenol in the

mixture, apparently picking it up from a commercial herbicide. Remember Benet's poem about the termites that had switched to eating steel? What do we do when the insects begin using pesticides on us?

Alan Dodd, I believe (or maybe Ron Bennett?) sends along an ad; "Girl wanted to share apartment with couple who dig snakes. No weirdos." Right on....

The following is in the nature of a public announcement. It was in the Fort Wayne paper, but I don't know how much of the press considered it newsworthy enough to print. A "postal ombudsman" has been appointed, to handle personal complaints about the post office and "actively participate in top management decision making" whatever that means.....I suspect it means that it means he's going to be a bureaucrat rather than an ombudsman, but we can always hope. Dissatisfied patrons may write to David L. Ordway, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20260. (Don't all speak up at once....)

I have an ad for Secondary Universe #4, to be held in Toronto Oct. 9-11 1971. \$8 registration to Secondary Universe 4, 566 Palmerston Avenue, Toronto 174, Ont., Canada. "Programming is being arranged primarily by Darko Suvin and Judith Merril" - which is enough to decide me against going, right there. (But, whatever turns you on; some people admire the insight into the modern psyche shown by those two.) I would also like to know who is responsible for calling the Toronto Public Library's sf collection "The Spaced-Out Library" so I can avoid him/her/it. (That's one of the titles that is so cute it's nauseating, but the producers of the Sec 4 ad thought it worthy of mention.) This is the prime convention of the college-education - I refuse to call it "literate"-approach to science fiction, and them that likes it can have it and welcome.

Juanita and I have dropped out of FAPA, which should give us more time for YANDRO, right? Well, actually we hadn't been that active in FAPA lately. And besides, we're going to be publishing SFWA FORUM in the near future (barring changes, such as some of the stuffer professionals refusing to allow mere fans to sully their proud publication. I even gave up and joined the group, since I wouldn't feel right telling off all the letter-writers if I wasn't a member.)

I may not get around to reading and reviewing them for awhile, but Curtis Books have published two of De Camp's historical novels. AN ELEPHANT FOR ARISTOTLE (95¢, #502-09059-095) and THE GOLDEN WIND (75¢, #123-07091-075). You can get them from F&SF Book Co. if your local newsstand doesn't carry copies. I read ELEPHANT some years back in the hardcover version, and it's good. I've never read WIND, but the cover looks intriguing - I want to know what Zsa-Zsa Gabor and Victor Mature are doing in Greek costume looking soulfully at the buyer.

I decided to do my bit to help along the ailing magazine field and started buying some of Sol Cohen's reprints. I see that in S F ADVENTURE CLASSICS #14, Robert Bloch gets his name misspelled "Block" on both the front and back covers - is this a science-fiction first? (He's had it misspelled on the front cover often enough, but not on both.) The fiction looks pretty bad, but there's a Robert Abernathy story I might be able to finish, in SPACE ADVENTURES #14. (Finding stories that wouldn't gag you was somewhat of a problem in the old pulp AMAZING under the editorships of Ray Palmer and Howard Browne. In fact, AMAZING has published very few stories in its entire career that were worth reading, and most of those came in two short periods, under the editorships of Cele Goldsmith and Ted White....and the latter are a bit fresh to reprint.) Maybe I should have bought second copies of F&SF and ANALOG instead.....

Dunno if we'll get the next issue out before Midwestcon or not. (Which reminds me; that motel hasn't confirmed my reservation yet. Gotta write them.) I assume we will be seeing a fair amount of you there - some of you before you receive this issue, if the postal service continues its current efficiency rate. I don't mind it taking a month to get to California, but when it takes a month to travel 100 miles to Beecher, Illinois, there is something definitely wrong. Juanita took the Rambler in and got it in operating condition, so we should make it. ("In" meaning to a garage in Rochester, Indiana, 70 miles away. But they do good work.....) The rest of you...well, I hope to see most of you, somewhere, eventually.

Difugality

column by

DAVE LOCKE

"It was Candlemass Eve, which is the proper time for celebrating Candlemass. This is the day before the groundhog grundels out of his hole to see if he can find his shadow. This isn't quite as silly as it sounds, actually, when you consider the likelihood of finding your shadow if you're inside a groundhog hole. If he doesn't find his shadow on February 2nd, he goes back in his hole for a short rest before trying again. After all, why should he go in his hole if his shadow is outside?

So much for groundhog holes.

Like I was saying, it was Candlemass Eve and this is what we call a genuine Pagan Holiday. Just like Lammas, and Halloween, and the Fall Equinox, and so on. And these are as good a set of excuses as any for having the local fans assemble for a short evening of sociability and whatnot. Short, because these affairs usually occur on a week-night. Maybe next year we'll celebrate Bluebeard's wedding anniversaries, instead.

I was out to lunch with a gent from the office, and mentioned that I had to go to a party that night.

"A party? On a Monday night?"

"Yes."

"You have to go?"

"Yes."

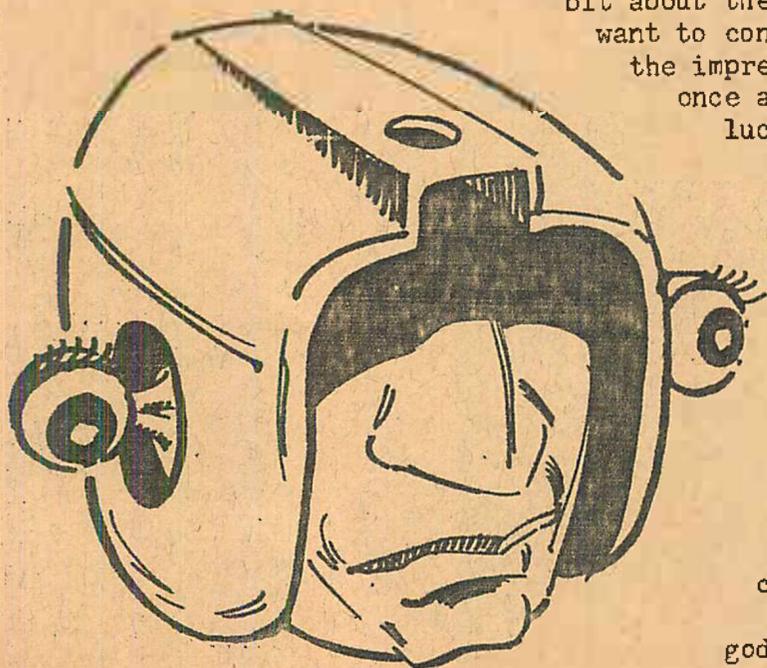
"Why do you have to go?"

"It's at my place."

In explaining what the party was being held for, it would necessarily follow that I explain what a Pagan Holiday is. I didn't go into the bit about the groundhog because, naturally, I didn't want to confuse him. It just wouldn't do to give the impression that a group of people assemble once a year just to toast a groundhog good luck in finding his shadow. Better he think that we sit around and drink and orgy. At least that would sound normal.

"We celebrate all the Pagan Holidays," I told him. Here I am living in Southern California now, I thought to myself, and who bothers to elaborate in explaining these crazy things? Drinking to a groundhog is one thing, but out here who would concern themselves with the difference between an orgy and an excuse to throw a party?

"You mean you worship false gods?" He frowned darkly at his chicken



salad sandwich, almost as outraged as if I had spit on it.

"Well, you know how it is. No sense putting all your eggs in one basket these days." I took a sip of my iced tea, idly wishing I had someone other than myself for an audience.

"What about Christmas?" he demanded. "Do you celebrate that?"

"Oh sure," I told him. "We worship all the false gods."

That was probably the longest interlino I've done in a fanzine. The shortest one was a four letter word, and was inspired by the discovery that I had typed three quarters of a ditto master without having removed the crud sheet. It was a credit to my sense of decency at that time, or perhaps to the quickness with which my temper manifested itself, that the interlino was done on that same master with the crud sheet still inserted.

I was just looking through the closets of my brain for some kind of inspiration. This is the twelfth installment of my column for Yandro and I wanted to say something brilliant and inspirational. Perhaps, after eleven installments, I should feel lucky that I have anything at all to say. Most people could write their autobiography in one Yandro-length column. I can't say good-bye in less than a half-page.

But the pools of inspiration ebb low at times. Unlike Liz Fishman I don't have a rotten little brother to strike at with every key of my typewriter. I've got a wife, but she reads these columns. I've got two older stepsisters, but I haven't seen them in years. I've got a three-year-old kid, but...

Did I ever tell you about my rotten little kid?

It all started when he was less than a year old, and we put him in a playpen with his rotten little cousin. Neither of them could walk. They were both at the hang-on-with-one-hand-transportation stage. The other kid didn't like sharing his playpen with Brian, so he stood up and put a hand solidly on the rail and the other hand solidly in Brian's mouth. Brian didn't cry, he just got up and blasted the other kid right in the nose.

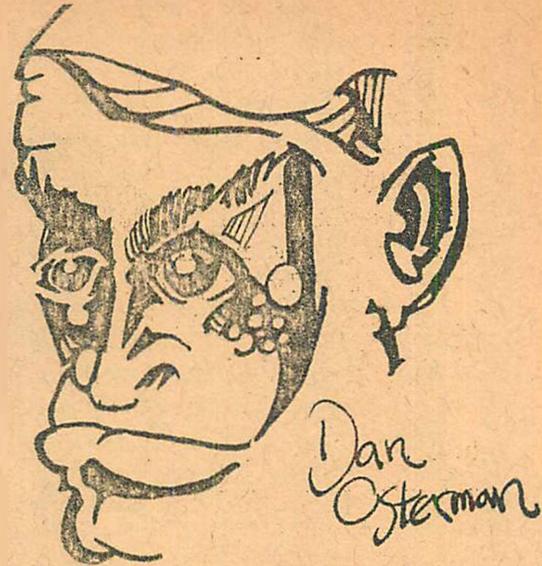
Then, at about two and half years, it turned into the usual wrestling and punching with Dad. That's me. And that was ok, but I figured if he was going to punch at all he might as well learn how to do it right. So I taught him. That was all right, but that led to the problem of turning him off. He's a bit young to know about self-defense, but it wasn't any great problem teaching him not to punch unless I punched him first. After he learned that at home, it would carry over into his contacts outside of home.

Unfortunately, kids are pushy and shovey and to a three year old it's hard to distinguish between a punch and a push. His mother kept bringing him home from church school with black eyes and bloody lips. But he loved it, and looked forward to every Sunday. Last Sunday he bagged two five year olds, and was doing pretty good with a third one until eight of them piled on him.

He's really quite good. He can take the wind out of me if he catches me with a good one, particularly if I happen to be standing up at the time. Usually I get down on my knees when we do such fooling around, particularly since the time he nailed me when I was standing up. Three-year-olds aren't very tall, you know.

Of course, he's more interested in Sunday mornings now than he is in me, because I don't really punch him back. I just feint and tap lightly, and the other kids are out for blood. I think it's good that he looks forward to playing with kids of his own age group.

One day he sunk his teeth into his church school teacher's rump. I swear I don't know where he got the inspiration for that. I can't say I blame him, though.



When he was six months old he used to take his diapers off, roll the brown stuff into little balls, and see if he could make them stick to the ceiling. And my wife was contemplating putting a little fan in his room, to help out on those hot New York summer nights...

I will say that he shows good taste in science fiction. The only thing he's ever destroyed were some old Amazings.

And speaking of science fiction, I happened to be reading some of it the other day. A novel, called THE CASTLE OF IRON by de Camp and Pratt, published in 1941. Currently I'm reading BRAN MAK MORN, written about 1930, which might tell you something about which way I'm reading. Anyway, I'd like to lift a line from the 1941 novel.

"Instantly they /the musicians/ struck up an ear-wracking combination of shrieks, growls, groans, and howls, with a bearded vocalist, who seemed to have wildcats tearing at his entrails, raising his voice above all."

Another SF prophecy come true.

Next time I'll tell you how Liz Fishman stuck her little brother down a groundhog hole. Not why. How.

CLERHEW I
by Nan Braude

Louis Quatorze,
One of history's greatest bores,
Multiplied his sins
By producing Louis Quinze.

LUMINOUS LIGHTYEARS
by RSC

We've been getting posters lately. One is a rather fascinating item by Mike Hinge, titled "Parsec City". Very stylistic, in red and orange, showing a rocket ship blending into what looks like an integral circuit. Unfortunately, that's all we got; no price, no return address even, and I don't know where Hinge lives. If someone cares to inform me, I'll publish the information, because it's a quite interesting poster. We put it up in the library immediately. It's 23" x 29".

The others came from Ballantine, and are presumably available in bookstores. Three of them are the covers from Ballantine's Lovecraft books, THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH, FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH, and THE SURVIVOR AND OTHERS. I would quite frankly have preferred posters from the Beagle editions, but I have to admit that these are far more impressive as 37½" x 24" posters than they were as book covers. THE SURVIVOR AND OTHERS in particular is worth looking at. These are priced at \$2.50 each, and worth it.

Another from Ballantine is from the book THE BEARS AND I, and is a painting of three bears with an anti-hunting quote from the book. I certainly have no intention of putting up anything like that in my house, and if that's the way the author feels about hunting I'm not going to waste money on his book, either. But I suppose if you're one of the Don't Touch The Dear Little Wild Creatures fanatics you might be interested. It's 24" x 37½" (a vertical instead of horizontal layout) and also costs \$2.50. (I'm afraid I didn't even find the artwork on this as interesting as on the Lovecraft posters, but then I'm oriented towards stf, and I can get better wildlife art from the National Wildlife Association.)

LOWDOWN (Richard Labonte, 53 Rosedale Ave., Ottawa 01, Ontario, Canada - distributed free to members of Noreascon and Toronto In '73) This is devoted to the Hugo nominees. Fan artist nominees are represented by an artfolio; fan writer nominees by a selection from the work of each. Varying reviews of the pro works are given where available, and the editor comments on everything. (I have it on good authority that his movie criticism is considerably less than brilliant - I wouldn't know, myself - but while I don't agree with all his comments on the written work, they're competent enough in general.) If you don't have this and plan to vote on the Hugos, write and ask for a copy. RSC

ADVENTURES AMONGST THE FUNDAMENTALISTS (ATHEIST SUBSPECIES)

by ----- GENE DEWEESE

The straight line was just too good to pass up, so I didn't. I sent a postcard to the paper (Milwaukee Journal). They must've thought it was a good straight line, too, since they published my card:

It's nice to see that one of my long held suspicions has been confirmed by no less an authority than the chairman-designate of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Adm. Thomas H. Moorer. According to your recent editorial, he said: "An atheist could not be as great a military leader as one who is not an atheist... I don't think you will find an atheist who has reached the peak in the Armed Forces."

Or, to put it another way, it takes religion to make a person a really efficient killer.

I was expecting, of course, a few crank letters from some fire-breathing fundamentalists, and I got them. The only surprise was that the majority of them were from fundamentalist atheists, who are, apparently, just as weird as their opposite numbers, the religious fanatics. As it turned out, I got only one letter, unsigned, from a religious group, but it was a winner. It was scribbled (literally) in pencil on a page torn from a stenopad, and said, in part:

you are nothing -- God will take you any time he wishes --
you are afraid of death -- the word kill scares you. Why?
Are you a coward _____
 yellow _____
 no guts _____

The last apparently was a multiple choice question, though he never gave me the correct answer.

But, as I said, that was the only one from that side of the fence. The rest of the nut mail came from atheist nuts. And by atheist nuts, now, I don't mean Madeline Murray; by comparison, she is a middle-of-the-road atheist. A little loud-mouthed for my taste, but basically sensible.

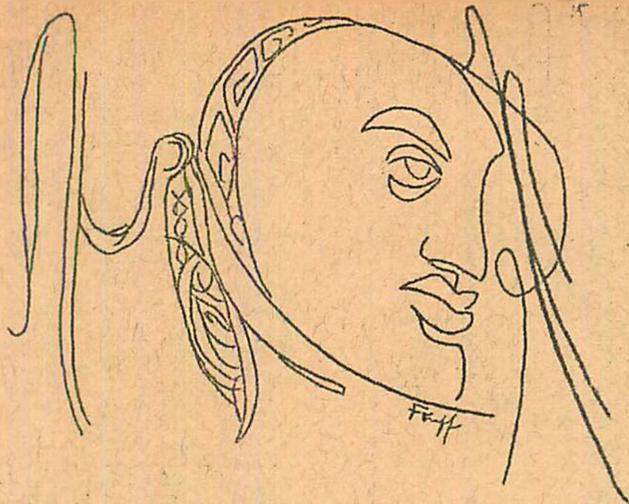
By atheist nuts, I mean the sort who sent me (anonymously, with a note saying "from a friend") a magazine called Truth Seeker. It calls itself "The only real free periodical in America." To give you an idea of what they consider free thought, here are a few excerpts from the lead article, "U.S. White Power: Insignificant (sic)."

The Jewish control of America grows more powerful every day.

The editor of this paper is the continuous victim of negro savages who park their cars next to headquarters, turn their radios up loud, playing the most vicious kind of raucus savage jungle racket.

George Lincoln Rockwell was one fearless patriotic leader who might have organized the whites to protect themselves.

Gerald L. K. Smith, publisher of the Cross and the Flag, gives a mass of information on the race situation, which is suppressed by the



public press and TV, but which every citizen ought to know. Of course Smith is primarily interested in furthering the cause of Jesus, He is one religious leader who is not filling his treasury with money from the profits of shipping pilgrims to the Holy Land.

Another article was entitled "Bible Fanatics Invade Washington," and it covered the pro-war demonstration of a few months ago. Among other things, their reporter said:

Next John Stormer spoke. What a fanatic he is! "Communism is Atheism," he said. Really, I could hardly listen any longer.

If only he (Governor Maddox) was reasonable about that Bible and prayer in schools. The news media eats that up and makes everyone look foolish.

They were an orderly crowd in spite of their superstition.

One of the most interesting items, though, was an article called "Jew Bigotry Controls U.S." In it, the editor analyzes a letter sent him by someone who received an unsolicited copy of Truth Seeker. The complete letter is only two sentences:

"I received, unsolicited, a copy of your periodical of March, 1970. I am not interested in receiving this periodical, and request that you remove my name from your mailing list."

That's the letter. The analysis is a full page long and goes partly like this:

"His absolute bigotry and lack of comprehensiveness(sic) is illustrated by his letter. He shows how inaccurate his ideas are by asking to be removed from the Truth Seeker mailing list. He has never been on the mailing list. If he had had any desire to know the facts he would have first determined whether he was on the mailing list. But it is quite evident that he does not want to know or deal in facts, or truth. The issue he objected to...contained the article on how the Jews control the U.S. Perhaps he is a Jew, or is a friend of Jews, or is controlled by them. Jews control most of the newspapers in the U.S. and Jews head all the major networks in the U.S."

One final item, just to round things out, is their obituary for Joe Pyne:

"Joe Pyne, TV character, who hired a preacher to smear the Editor of the Truth Seeker is dead at 44 from Cancer. He worked for a Jewish TV station...the world is better off now that cigarets have taken their inevitable toll of a destructive character."

But that's enough truth seeking for the moment. Someone else sent me a Christmas card with a copy of my letter pasted over the printed message. Scrawled around it in red ink were such things as:

"All wars are "Catholic Holy Wars". There are no gods in "Barren Frozen Outer Space" in this "atomic age". (signed) Sincerely, "University of Wisconsin". (All quotes and capitalizations are his, plus some interesting flourishes that don't show up on a typewriter.)

This is not to say that everything I got was from a nut. There were a number of short, rational well-wishings, none very quotable. And then there was the sweet little

old lady: "Many years ago I married an atheist. We were married for almost forty years. He was so good to me -- would not even kill a cat..." And so on for a page or so. She signed it "Widow who misses her atheist companion". Apparently her husband had died recently and her so-called friends had been giving her a hard time. "Hope she doesn't try to get back into the church now!" Which, I suppose, explains why, when she mentioned them in her letter, she always said "friends(?)". She telephoned twice, too.

And speaking of people telephoning, I got a couple of calls, within five minutes of each other, the night the letter was published. Both were from retired air force officers, both agreeing wholeheartedly with what they thought I had said. "It's all those goddam religious bastards who don't think that cause the trouble." Or words to that effect. Neither said what rank they had reached before retirement...

One of the more worthwhile items I got, though, was a 64-page booklet of interlinations called Revelation XXIII, a Portable Compendium of Terrestrial Inspiration. It has quotes from practically everyone, including Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Shaw, Nietzsche, Wilde, de Camp (a complete poem), Tolstoy, Swift, and Horseshit magazine. And Napoleon Bonaparte, who predicted Harrison's CAPTIVE UNIVERSE when he said, "Religion is excellent stuff for keeping common people quiet."

Part of the introduction:

"The material in this publication is deemed wholesome and free from error, and carries the approval and imprimatur of Mat Warkin, Atheist Archbishop of Milwaukee.

Members of the clergy are invited to avail themselves of the special one-third ecclesiastic discount on copies of this booklet. Clergymen who feel inclined to quit the religion racket and lead an honest life after reading this booklet are invited to partake of our special consultation and rehabilitation services. We will also solace, educate, and entertain emancipated nuns and Sundayschool teachers."

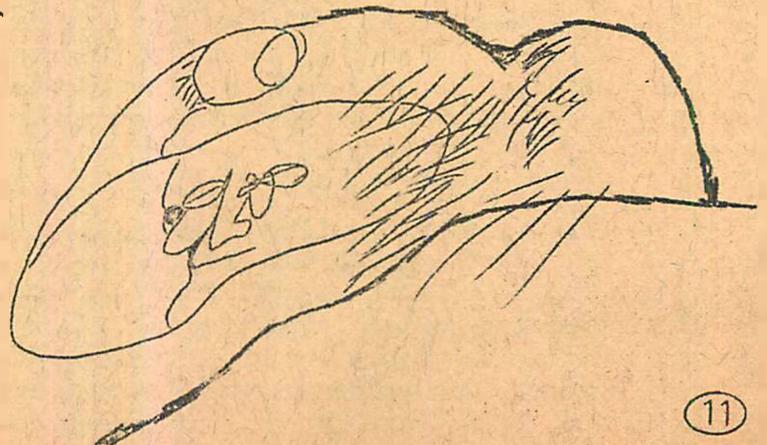
In case any non-clerical Yandro readers want copies, they can get them for a dollar from John W. Webster, 3167 S. 99th St., Milwaukee, WI 53227. Using Buck's 1-thru-10 fanzine rating system, I'd give this one about a 7.

Sandra Miesel is a sealy word-weaver. (That should rank as the most esoteric pun ever perpetrated in a fanzine; nobody else is going to understand it.) RSC

Gene Wolfe sends us the contents of the forthcoming NEBULA 6 anthology:

"In The Queue" by Keith Laumer
"The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories" by Gene Wolfe
"By The Falls" by Harry Harrison
"The Second Inquisition" by Joanna Russ
"Continued on Next Rock" by R. A. Lafferty
"Ill Met In Lankmar" by Fritz Leiber
"Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon

I must say it's an interesting assortment; from really fine stories by Lafferty and Sturgeon to crap by Laumer and Harrison. On the whole it doesn't increase my respect for the critical judgment of SFWA members, but since at least 5 of the stories are worth reading (if a long way from the ultimate in stf) I suppose it should be considered a good anthology. RSC



Join the N.A.A.C.P.

GOLDEN MINUTES

THE FLAME IS GREEN, by R. A. Lafferty (Walker, \$5.95) The first of a projected tetralogy, set in the revolutionary Europe of 1848. Sandra Miesel mentioned Lafferty's conservative Catholic outlook in some fanzine recently; it shows up strong here. Basically this is the story of that small band devoted to the green (as opposed to the red) revolution, dedicated to building better upon current foundations, instead of the destruction of everything for the fun of it. There isn't a lot of fantasy in this volume (unless you take Ifreann Chortovitch's title "Son of the Devil" literally); it is somewhat of a metaphysical novel, but it has all of Lafferty's brilliant and occasionally incoherent writing. ("..the opposite of radical is superficial, the opposite of liberal is stingy, the opposite of conservative is destructive. Thus I will describe myself as a radical conservative liberal..." "Oh, the oat fields and the wheat fields were quite small. The berry thickets were small. Some of the meadows were so narrow that horned cows could not pass each other in one. Some of the brooks were so narrow that two brook trout could not pass when two of them met, one must always back up till they came to a wider pool to pass. And some of the dogs that wrangled in these scraps and dells were so narrow and skinny that two fleas could not pass on one dog.") It's a good book, and it looks like it might be an excellent tetralogy.

STURGEON IS ALIVE AND WELL, by Theodore Sturgeon (Book club, \$1.75) I'm not really too sure of that, though, since the earliest story here, "To Here And The Easel", is by far the best. It was originally published in 1954 in Ballantine's STAR SHORT NOVELS (and to be fair, it's one of the best Sturgeon ever did). It takes up about a quarter of the book. "Slow Sculpture" is also excellent, a Hugo nominee and (did it win the Nebula? I forget already...) Then we go downhill. "It's You!" is a young man's disillusion with his first love, and since he's a rather stupid young man anyway I have no real sympathy for him. "Take Care of Joey" is a thoroughly improbable situation. (Neither of these is fantasy, incidentally.) "Crate" is a fantasy, well enough told but with an obvious ending. "The Girl Who Knew What They Meant" is again fantasy, and downbeat (the narrator is quite an average young man, which is why I hold average young men in contempt). "Jorry's Gap" is a non-fantasy of a teen-ager with communication problems; quite well done. "It Was Nothing - Really!" is a thoroughly enjoyable little tale based on an extrapolation of the well-known fact that toilet paper doesn't tear on the perforations. (If you wondered where authors get them crazy ideas...?) "Brownshoes" is about the problem of individual happiness versus the well-being of the world, or is dedication to a Cause worthwhile? Also excellent; it was in some sf anthology awhile back, I think. (I'd read it before, anyway.) "Uncle Fremmis" is an extrapolation of the idea that you can fix a radio or tv by banging on the top of it. Lovely. "The Patterns of Dorne" is about maturity and change, set in a future-dictator background. And "Suicide" is about the meaning of life and whether it's worthwhile or not, and isn't very good. Most of these stories - exceptions being the two humorous extrapolations - are about one aspect or another of Love, a subject Sturgeon is somewhat hung up on, and most of them originally appeared in KNIGHT magazine. Overall, it isn't Sturgeon's best collection, but it's a good one and well worth your money.

DRAGONFLIGHT, by Anne McCaffrey (Ballantine, 95¢) Ballantine has reissued the first **DRAGONQUEST**, by Anne McCaffrey (Ballantine, 95¢) book of what appears to be a series, with only the price changed from the original. It is, now that I can think back on it, one of the most entertaining and memorable books I've read in the past several years. McCaffrey's people are vividly real, the political background of a feudal world is well handled, and if her dragons are too big to fly, why, an intelligent being that can use teleportation for fast travel can probably hold himself up by levitation.

DRAGONQUEST is the exception in a sequel, being just as good as the original. One brilliant stroke; the solution to the first novel has become the problem of the second, which heightens the realism. F'lar and Lessa are back, this time sharing the spotlight with F'nor (F'lar's brother and part of the supporting cast of the first book) and Brekke, who is apparently new. There are a host of minor characters, human and dragon, nearly all of them well drawn. Background and science are sketched in without interrupting the plot or characterization; McCaffrey might just become the new Heinlein - and God knows we need a new Heinlein after his last abomination.

THE MOON OF SKULLS, by Robert E. Howard (Centaur Press, c/o Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, R.I. 02892 - 60¢) This probably won't be on your newsstand; order from the publisher or - the way I got mine - from F&SF Book Co. This is the first book in Howard's "Solomon Kane" stories, including the title story, "Skulls In The Stars" and "Footfalls Within". None of them are particularly distinguished, but the title story does tell, sort of, what Kane, a renegade Puritan, is doing running around Africa. Swords (and an occasional silver-mounted pistol) and sorcery. Title story, which is the best despite occasional references to mongrelism and degenerate blood, is a novellet covering about 2/3 of the book.

TALES OF THE CTHULU MYTHOS, Vol. 1, ed. by August Derleth (Beagle, 95¢) For a tongue-twister try saying that title rapidly three times. Lead story is Lovecraft's "The Call of Cthulhu", after which we go into tales by various writers using Lovecraft's background. Clark Ashton Smith contributes "The Return of the Sorcerer" and "Ubbo-Sathla", both of them overwritten in the usual Clark style. (I dislike his style but I have to admire his vocabulary; I just wish he hadn't displayed it so ostentatiously.) Robert E. Howard has "The Black Stone", which is somewhat better and quite Lovecraftian in mood. "The Hounds of Tindalos" is perhaps Frank Belknap Long's best-known story (it may even be his best story, considering the quality of his usual output) but it is at best adequate. "The Space Eaters", also by Long, is no real improvement, tho both stories are better than Long's pitiful attempts at science fiction. "Dwellers In Darkness" and "Beyond the Threshold" by August Derleth are somewhat better; if not up to Lovecraft's best they are at least equal to his average output. "The Salem Horror" is a long way from Henry Kuttner's best output, but it's adequate. And J. Vernon Shea's "The Haunter of the Graveyard" is again adequate without being inspired. All in all, an undistinguished volume, but good enough if you really enjoy horror tales.

THIS PERFECT DAY, by Ira Levin (Fawcett, \$1.25) I am generally dubious about best-selling authors who try their hand at science fiction, but Levin pulls it off. The plot is nothing new; rebellion against a safe, conformist welfare state. It is in fact positively banal, but Levin makes it work by a masterly portrayal of characters. Chip and Lilac are characters a reader can become interested in. (They aren't as interesting as F'lar and Lessa, by a long shot, but they're better than average.)

PRELUDE TO SPACE, by Arthur C. Clarke (Lancer, 95¢) Reprinted with a foil cover, which is dramatic but tends to get scratched easily, I notice. This is precisely what the title implies; the readying of the first manned flight to the Moon. It is of course entirely outdated by now, but it is still good. (While THE CITY AND THE STARS is undoubtedly Clarke's best stf novel, this utterly different work is probably his second best.) Totally undramatic, but it keeps the reader moving along with it. Originally written in 1954, it has not been "updated" (it couldn't be, without being entirely rewritten) and remains a very interesting piece of historical science fiction.

PLANET OF EXILE, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Ace, 60¢) Originally this was the better half of an Ace Double back in 1966. It was a good book then and it's a good book now, tho it's not up to her later work. It's another alien-world book (one of my favorite types) and very well handled. Recommended.

THE SIREN STARS, by Richard and Nancy Lockridge (Pyramid, 75¢) This was in ANALOG last year. Really more of a spy-story than science fiction, though the Problem is an alien intelligence taking over the minds of scientists, starting with astronomers. Competently written borderline science fiction, but nothing to get excited about.

HELL'S PAVEMENT, by Damon Knight (Fawcett, 75¢) Previously published in paperback by

Lion Books, a small and long-defunct outfit. Plus original magazine publication. It is an excellent novel (the prolog was originally a separate short story) about an absolute cure for the world's ills - that is worse than the disease. Recommended.

WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1971, ed. by Don Wollheim and Terry Carr (Ace, 95¢) Includes "Slow Sculpture" by Sturgeon, "Bird In The Hand" by Larry Niven (one of his amusing Institute for Temporal Research stories), "Ishmael In Love" by Robert Silverberg (a sort of ultimate in miscegenation), "Invasion of Privacy" by Bob Shaw (an excellent story of alien contact), "Waterclap" by Isaac Asimov (competition for funds between a moonbase and an undersea city; somewhat overly dramatic but interesting), "Continued On Next Rock" by R. A. Lafferty (another of his impossible and fascinating tales), "The Thing In The Stone" by Clifford Simak (I like Simak because he's one of the few people who write rural science fiction; this is one of his good ones), "Nobody Lives On Burton Street" by Greg Benford (an outdoor madhouse; one of those ideas which probably seemed great but doesn't come across in print), "Whatever Became of the McGowans?" by Michael Coney (immortality the hard way; interesting but not exceptional), "The Last Time Around" by Arthur Sellings (a rather overly sentimental story about spacemen and the relativity problem), "Greyspun's Gift" by Neal Barrett, Jr. (another good story of alien contact; sf writers are getting better at thinking like aliens lately.....with the flying saucers and all, I wonder.....?), "The Shaker Revival" by Gerald Jonas (an over-obvious rehash of hippie doctrines), "Dear Aunt Annie" by Gordon Eklund (the world taken over by an advice columnist; not all that great a story, but an interesting idea), "Confessions" by Ron Goulart (another of his zany adventure-comedies; good), and "Gone Are The Lupo" by H. B. Hickey (another good alien story, by a writer who used to be terrible. I'm really beginning to wonder....) Overall; very good if you haven't already read all the stories.

HYPERBOREA, by Clark Ashton Smith (Ballantine, 95¢) Smith's writing is over-elaborate for me. ("It has become needful for me, who am no wielder of the stylus of bronze or the pen of calamus, and whose only proper tool is the long, double-handed sword, to indite this account of the curious and lamentable happenings which foreran the desertion of Commorion by its king and people." If that's the way a soldier writes, I wonder what the literate population was like?) All of his stuff is like this, so if you enjoy writers who bandy about terms like "aforetime", "ineluctable", "pied", "purpureal", etc., this is for you. The stories include "The Muse of Hyperborea", "The Seven Geases", "The Weird of Avoosl Wuthoquuan", "The White Sybil", "The Testament of Athammaus", "The Coming of the White Worm", "Ubbo-Sathla", "The Door To Saturn", "The Ice-Demon", "The Tale of Satampra Zeiros", "The Theft of the Thirty-Nine Girdles", "The Abominations of Yondo", "The Desolation of Soom", "The Passing of Aphrodite", and "The Memnons of the Night", plus some explanations by Lin Carter.

ORBIT 8, ed. by Damon Knight (Berkley, 75¢) Includes "Horse of Air" by Gardner Dozois (a thoroughly forgettable story), "One Life, Furnished In Early Poverty" by Harlan Ellison (excellent story; one wonders just how autobiographical it is, but one will never know because even Harlan's autobiography would be fiction), "Rite of Spring" by Avram Davidson (excellent fantasy by one of our best writers), "The Bystander" by Thom Lee Wharton (the Mafia with hearts of gold; not only not fantasy, but not good, either), "All Pieces of A River Shore" by R. A. Lafferty (another of his outrageous but excellent short stories), "Sonya, Crane Wesslemen, and Kittee" by Gene Wolfe (good idea, but no real story at all), "Tablets of Stone" by Liz Hufford (alien contact; interesting but not exceptional), "Starscape With A Frieze of Dreams" by Robert F. Young (I gave up on Young some years back), "The Book" by Robert Margroff and Andy Offutt (fairly average fantasy), "Inside" by Carol Carr (I suppose it's an allegory, because it definitely isn't a story), "Right Off The Map" by Pip Winn (fairly average population-crisis and regimentation story; forgettable), "The Weather On The Sun" by Ted Thomas (I wondered why Campbell hadn't taken this as he has the rest of the Weathermen series, but then I read it and found out; it isn't very good), "The Chinese Boxes" by Graham Charnock (not much of a story; I was supposed to be moved by the great emotional impact, but I wasn't), "A Method Bit in "E" by Gene Wolfe (Lovely little item reminiscent of a cross between Bob Bloch and Avram Davidson), "Interurban Queen" by R. A. Lafferty (alternate world story along with ecology; excellent), and

"The Encounter" by Kate Wilhelm, which I don't know anything about because I didn't read it. Overall I think the Orbit series is going downhill fairly rapidly.

KING KOBOLD, by Christopher Stasheff (Ace, 75¢) This sequel isn't as good as its predecessor. It's more of a straight sword-and-sorcery tale, with the humor sadly lacking, and as such it's no better than average.

NONE BUT MAN, by Gordon Dickson (Pyramid, 75¢) Most reviewers seem to spend more time on the reprinted cover than they do on the story; it's a bit cheap, but not all that unusual. It's a fairly straight adventure story; overthrowing the status quo in time to meet an alien menace. Nothing wonderful, but quite competently done and worth your while if you have an idle hour or two.

VOYAGES: Scenarios For A Ship Called Earth, ed. by Rob Sauer (Ballantine, 95¢) As this is sponsored by the Zero Population Growth group, the stories are ecological. They are mostly but not entirely science fiction. They include "Billenium" by J. G. Ballard (one of his earlier and more readable efforts), "The Other" by Katharine MacLean (insanity), "Pattern" by Frederic Brown (an ecological alien invasion), "The Purple Child" by Emilio S. Belaval (non-stf about poverty), "All Summer In A Day" by Ray Bradbury (the cruelty of children), "Auto-Da-Fe" by Roger Zelazny (the mechanized bullfight), "The Heat Death of the Universe" by Pamela Zoline (a New Wave attempt at irony), "The Food Farm" by Kit Reed (cannibalism), "Student Body" by F. L. Wallace (alien contact; an excellent story), "A Mild Attack of Locusts" by Doris Lessing (story of an African farmer), "Doctor Schmidt" by Moshe Shamir (plague and human ignorance), "Golden Acres" by Kit Reed (euthanasia; excellent), "The Choice", by Wayland Young (the terrible future), "The Big Flash" by Norman Spinrad (one of the poorest Armageddon stories I have ever read), "Population Control, 1986" by Horacio V. Parades (human pruning; excellent), "The Tunnel Ahead" by Alice Glaser (reducing population by the Russian Roulette method), "Consumer's Report" by Theodore R. Cogswell (population control by combat), and "Shark Ship" by C. M. Kornbluth (future society; very good). There are also forewords, afterwords, and little homilies between the stories. I agree basically with Zero Population Growth, but I can't say that I found their material here very interesting or convincing. (Maybe it wasn't aimed at me....) The fiction, though, is overall quite good.

LALLIA, by E. C. Tubb/RECOIL, by Claude and Rhoda Nunes (Ace, 75¢) The Tubb half is a Dumarest story, part of a series of competent space-adventure which has somehow never interested me much. In the Nunes half, I got as far as the top of the second page, where one telepath, chatting with his bosom buddy, says "We're telepaths, as are all our kind, due to some spontaneous mutation during the last thousand years. But instead of the gift humanizing us, it has led only to our being hated and ostracized as the pariahs of the galaxy." Maybe it gets better after that, but that sort of amateurish writing does not tempt me to read further.

UNDERSEA QUEST, by Fred Pohl and Jack Williamson (Ballantine, 75¢) Ballantine has issued UNDERSEA FLEET, by Fred Pohl and Jack Williamson (Ballantine, 75¢) and UNDERSEA CITY, by Fred Pohl and Jack Williamson (Ballantine, 75¢) matching covers and no particular warning that they are juveniles. They are, however, and while they are probably exciting and adventurous to the 12-year-old set, they're a bit trite for adult readers. Buy them for a Christmas present for that young relative, but don't bother reading them yourself.

SPACE CADET, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) The Pohl-Williamson stories were about a Sub-Sea Academy; this is about a Space Academy. But there the similarities end. Heinlein's juvenile is suitable for adult reading (if you remember that it is a juvenile and while the cadets may have fleeting thoughts of sex, they aren't going to do anything about it). Heinlein makes cadet life much more believable than Pohl and Williamson do.

6 x H, by Robert A. Heinlein (Pyramid, 75¢) Pyramid's sixth printing, with another of their examples of incredibly bad artwork on the cover. This has been around a long time - 10 years with Pyramid alone - but in case you haven't encountered it before, these are Heinlein fantasies, mostly from UNKNOWN. "The Unpleasant Profession of

Jonathan Hoag" is a novelet, long enough to make half of an Ace Double. "The Man Who Traveled In Elephants", "All You Zombies", "They", "Our Fair City", and "---And He Built A Crooked House" cover a wide variety of fantastic subjects, and the hallmark of good fantasy; internal consistency. An excellent book.

CONAN THE BUCCANEER, by L. Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter (Lancer, 95¢) Eleventh and next-to-last of the Conan books, this is a complete novel. It's competent; it hangs together. Some of the conversation is ludicrous ("But his arms have crushed you in their embrace; his lips have rained burning kisses on your white bosom..." - particularly since it was an olive-hued bosom in Chapter 1.) If you can avoid laughing at the occasional over-ripe conversation (do Conan fans really go for this sort of garbage?), it's a quite adequate sword-and-sorcery book, better than many of the breed.

ARTS OF RUSSIA (American Heritage Publishing Co., But John McCallum loaned me
HISTORY OF RUSSIA \$32.00 for the boxed set) his copies so I didn't have
to buy them. The history is a fine reference book and introduction to Russian history. It covers the broad outline very concisely and would be handy to have for looking up brief information on Russian events. But it proves the impossibility of condensing 1800 years of history into 400 pages and coming up with anything like entertaining reading. (For contrast, the Heritage history of the U.S. from the first colonies to the end of World War II - about 300 years - includes 8 volumes this size, and my set of Canadian history is 5 volumes of approximately equal wordage.) It's a beautifully made book, with the usual glorious illustrations. The arts book is a sampler of the visual and literary art of Russia; paintings, short stories, posters, articles, poetry, the crown jewels, folk art, engravings, photos of architecture, etc. It's a gorgeous book, though personally I would prefer more paintings and fewer extracts from novels; I dislike extracts. I can't recommend that you buy your own copies, but look it up in your friendly local library.

THE GRAPHIC WORK OF M. C. ESCHER (Hawthorn, \$9.95) I seem to recall Bob Briney having an even larger book of Escher's work, but this is quite adequate, including as it does some of my favorite drawings. Escher was fascinated by optical illusions; my favorite "Waterfall" is in this category. His other major interest seems to have been symmetrical drawings; fitting varying shapes into one another so that there is not a centimeter of blank space in the entire drawing. Fascinating detail.

RIDERS OF THE STARS, by Henry Herbert Knibbs (Houghton Mifflin - out of print) Western poetry. General similarity to the work of Robert W. Service (who is also a favorite of mine). I enjoyed it - but I doubt if you would.

UNHOLY SANCTUARY, by Margaret Higgins (Ace, 75¢) The blurb said it was a "novel of modern witchcraft" so I tried it. Actually it's a reincarnation of stories popular in the 1930s, in which there is much sadism and intimations of the supernatural, all of which are explained away in the end. Mad doctors and criminals; very bad.

ADDING A DIMENSION, by Isaac Asimov (Lancer, 75¢) Another collection of Asimov's F&SF columns. This one still doesn't have an index, but it is at least divided into sections according to what branch of science is being discussed. The articles are all good, and it's nice to have them all in one volume. Recommended.

WARLORDS OF OMAN, by P. S. Allfree (Curtis, 75¢) Sounds like a new sword-and-sorcery novel by Lin Carter, doesn't it? Actually it's an account of a British officer in southern Arabia in the 1950s. It's a fascinating book, dealing not only with the politics of the small nations in the area, but also with such by-products as the unusual problems encountered in turning native tribesmen into soldiers. For one example, the Arab sanitary code consists of leaving one's droppings as far as possible from anyone else's, and never, never, never inside a building. So along come the British and put up latrines and try to make the recruits use them.... Allfree has a fascinating and sometimes amusing account of a little-known part of the world.

THE BATTLE FOR ROME, by W. G. F. Jackson (Ace, 75¢) The Italian campaign of 1944. Jackson's account is perhaps over-technical and definitely over-concerned with the identification of specific units, but the facts are interesting enough. Jackson makes

a point of the multi-national nature of General Alexander's army, which included Americans, British, Canadians, New Zealanders, French, Poles, and a few Italians. (As I recall, there were elements of the Brazilian army and the Mexican air force also in Italy, but perhaps not active in this particular campaign.) Alexander had problems both in framing orders that everyone could understand perfectly, and in holding in check various seekers of national glory. (American general Mark Clark is somewhat the villain of the piece in this book; Jackson sees him as more interested in getting to Rome ahead of the British than he is in trapping Kesselring's army.) The campaign was, as the author points out, a tremendous achievement. Against well-trained and well-equipped elements of the German army, in some of the best defensive country in the world, Alexander not only broke three German defensive lines to capture Rome, but lost fewer men in the process than the defending Germans did.

THE BLACK DONNELLYS, by Thomas P. Kelley (Greywood Publishing, \$1.00) I got these VENGANCE OF THE BLACK DONNELLYS, by Thomas P. Kelley (Greywood, \$1.00) largely because of the gift of THE FACE (reviewed last issue), because if he hadn't sent me the book I would never have heard of Kelley (though of course I had heard of the Donnellys and I would have been interested in the fortunes of a Canadian paperback publisher distributing in the US. The first book seems to be a fairly factual account of the Canadian family who are the equivalents of the James Gang, Billy the Kid, and bloody Harlan County in the US. The author has a few awkward descriptions, but generally the book is well written. (My only quarrel is with Canadian journalists who call the murder of the Donnellys "the blackest crime ever committed in the Dominion", a phrase which Kelley apparently likes and repeats whenever the occasion offers. Personally, I feel that they got strictly what was coming to them and it's a pity that it didn't come several years earlier.) VENGANCE is fiction "based on fact" or so the author avers. Even aside from repeating whole sections of the earlier book word for word, it is bad fiction. The dialogue resembles something out of an 1890s novel, and the character of The Midnight Lady belongs in one of the early and poorer pulp magazines. So buy the original, for Canadian history or a shivery recitation of crimes and a reign of terror, but skip the sequel.

PEOPLE VS. BLUTCHER, by Eliot Asinof (Ace, 95¢) A factual account of a conflict between a black man and the system. Why cops are called pigs - because some of them are. (The tragedy of racial violence is that the bad cops and the scheming, crooked protesters never seem to suffer; the burdens of retaliation fall on the guys just trying to get along, like Blutchter.) Much of the book deals with the farce of current US courtroom procedure (and once again, I doubt that all or even a majority of courts are like this, but enough are to cast doubts on the whole system.)

THE GRAND SOPHY, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢) (ARABELLA is an earlier edition; VENETIA, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢) it's probably up to 75¢ by now.)
ARABELLA, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 60¢)
SYLVESTER, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢)
THE CONVENIENT MARRIAGE, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢)

For awhile there I was coming home tired from work, picking out a Heyer novel, and reading it until bedtime. SOPHY is one of the best Heyers (though I don't think I would recommend it as an introduction to the series for a male reader; Sophy is just a bit too overwhelming for male pride). Fun, though. The others are fairly average Heyers. VENETIA is funny but I didn't like the characters as well, ARABELLA has good characters but isn't as funny, MARRIAGE is fairly good on both points and SYLVESTER a bit less so.

THE SPANISH DOLL, by Elizabeth Renier (Ace, 75¢) I've been avoiding novels "in the tradition of Georgette Heyer" but I finally said what the hell and tried one. It was a mistake. Renier has the Heyer plot down cold, but plot is the least part of a Heyer novel. She makes a stab at the characters - more or less successful - but neglects the most important ingredient. Heyer novels are funny; Renier's is simply dull. A shame; it might have been good. Be warned against it.

Another Heyer which Juanita has; BATH TANGLE (Ace, 75¢) Funny only at the end, but worth plowing through to get to the good parts. Not one of her best, though.

Grumbings

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

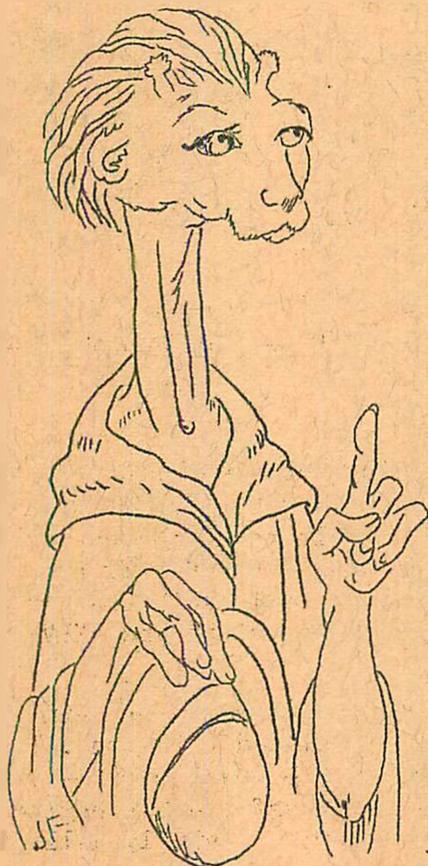
I can't let Offutt's article slip by unslammed. That I find the attitude toward women he publicly proclaims highly distasteful is merely my opinion. But when he repeats the (hoary?) old claim that prostitution and polygamy are incompatible, I am compelled to cry "Balderdash!" This certainly wasn't the case in China or the ancient Near East. The Moslems of course had unli-

imited slave concubinage, complaisant entertainers, and male brothels. Real sociological phenomena are always more complex. Primitive tribal societies don't have organized prostitution whether they're polygamous or monogamous. And where did he get the notion harems were tranquil? Perhaps someday I may do an article in mock advocacy of polyandry.

Wouldn't it be refreshing if Offutt cultivated some other fanwriting image than that of a phallus which has learned to type? (Is this the real reason he needs secretarial help to produce clean copy?) Of course he could reply suggesting I might cultivate some other image than that of an acerbic bluestocking. Having met, Andy and I both know neither image is true.

The funniest thing John and I have read lately is a whimsy-laden history of the late British Empire: PAX BRITANNICA by James Morris. We kept nudging each other, "Say, this is Buck's sort of book. Chuckle, chuckle, guffaw." For example, this description of an Australian pioneer: "...the power of Daisy Bates was in her posture: high up there on her rickety buggy, with aboriginals for company and camels to tow her, she sits superbly, flamboyantly erect, as if to show that a good British upbringing, with sensible corsetry, could fortify a woman against hell itself." 500 pages of this is almost enough to make one start waving the Union Jack.

/Daisy Bates was one of those improbable characters who are fascinating to read about no matter who does the writing, but I'll keep an eye out for that book. RSC/



Nan Braude, 2644 Dwight Way, Apt 7, Berkeley, CA 94704

I have a question for Ethel Lindsay, who I just noticed lives in Surbiton: Is the railroad cutting still there -- "That wonderful cutting which has drawn to itself the whole beauty out of Surbiton, and clad itself, like any Alpine valley, with the glory of the fir and the silver birch and the primrose"? I assume that the blind alley opposite No. 28, Buckingham Park Road, and the S. and C.R.C.C., are fiction, but I do have hopes for the cutting.

I also noted somewhere that you are like me an admirer of George R. Stewart. I think I almost met him the other day; I was in the department office when this distinguished-looking white-haired man that I didn't recognize walked through, but before I got a chance to ask discreetly who it was, he had left, depriving me of the opportunity to cast myself at his feet and ask him to autograph my copies of FIRE and STORM. His office is just down the hall from mine (he doesn't share his office with five other people, however), but he is never in it. He is an emeritus professor and doesn't have any teaching duties.

Have you seen the new Ballantine line, Comstock Editions, on West Coast History? I understand they are not being marketed in other parts of the country. I got a copy of COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE, but didn't get the book on the Donner Party because it's a little too horrible an experience for me to want to read about. If you don't have either of them, I'll be happy to pick it/them up for you, and maybe make a push to find out when the Great Man comes to pick up his mail (or leave a message for him) and get it autographed. (He is apparently the only chairman in the history of the Berkeley English Department who ever succeeded in maintaining order and efficiency in department meetings: is there no limit to this man's talents?)

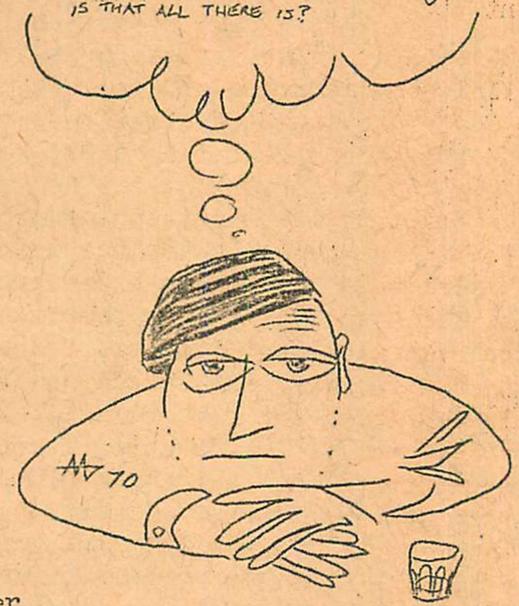
I have a couple of books to recommend: one is a mystery, THE BLESSING WAY (recently out in pb) by Tony Hillerman, which is set on a Navajo reservation and deals with Indian customs and superstitions. Another is one I'm surprised you haven't read yet: Poul Anderson's TAU ZERO, which is the only stf I've read this year and is really mind-boggling. (As per your preachments that everyone in fandom should read at least one Doc Smith book, I tried SKYLARK OF VALERON last night. I could only endure five pages; do I have to turn in my propellor beanie?) And finally, have you ever read anything by William Roughead? He was a Scottish writer in both senses of the word (he was by profession a writer to the signet, what the English call a solicitor), who wrote about famous crimes and criminal trials, like Edmund Pearson in America. (It was Pearson who coined Roughead's -- and my -- favorite adjective, for use in describing Lizzie Borden: unfilial.) Roughead is a great admirer of De Quincey and frequently quotes him. He is particularly good on poisoning cases, Burke and Hare, and anything to do with James VI, whom he abominates. As a history buff, I think you would enjoy him.

I have noticed that in his Columns Bruce frequently mentions what went on in school, but it never has to do with anything he has learned. Is it lack of space, Bruce, or is your school just dull? As a teacher, this bothers me. Bruce is probably the kind of student I'd enjoy teaching -- too many of the ones I've had at Berkeley are incapable of writing a correct English sentence (and I teach the second term of Freshman English) and languidly resentful of literature in general; and I'd hate to think that he will be turned off on the entire educational process by the time he gets to college. In recent years UC has introduced a process by which students write up evaluations of their courses, to be filed in the department (at least, our department does it), and I have been somewhat distressed by some of the ones I've gotten. Not because they point out that I'm not perfect; this I was aware of, and I have learned some things from the student evaluations, but because of the terms of reference according to which they evaluate. Basically, they seem to think that a course should primarily be entertaining, like a TV show, and that learning should be effortless and pleasant. Any course in which you have to work is dull. I think the most shocking comment I got (presumably from one of my D students) was that I was being unfair to grade them on what they said and not just on how they said it! (Perhaps I should point out here that I was teaching an introductory course in poetry, drama, and fiction, and that they were writing about specific works. If someone says in impeccable prose that Blake's "The Tyger" is about "the tiger's vile and vicious life style," as someone did, I should give someone an A maybe?).

Re Ramblings in #204: Juanita, Indiana just wouldn't be Indiana without anti-pornography crusades: try to think of it as an Authentic Folk Ritual.

LIFE = f_t time +
 f_L love + f_S sex +
 f_M money + \sum_0^m days

IS THAT ALL THERE IS?



What I really wanted to react to -- as you might expect -- is Andy Offutt's fantasy. He seems to be extrapolating not from current trends but from his own personal paranoia. I can't of course say that he is wrong in imagining what might happen (not after arguing for several pages in a long-ago Yandro that fiction is not subject to the usual criteria of "truth" but has its own categories), but I can argue with his assessment of what is happening now, just as one could criticize a novel based on this universe up to 1971 which dealt with the effects of the assassination of President Truman, while the assassination of Kennedy would be legitimate historical data and the assassination of Nixon in 1972 legitimate invention.

Andy alludes to Lysistrata, naturally, but fails to notice that things are different these days. Perhaps because he has never gotten past the classical Greek notion that women, like slaves and children, weren't quite human and were not proper subjects for any serious discussion. His jolly view of rape, and his image of women's lib run wild as an orgy of castration and murder are in line with his consistent imagery of sex as a kind of warfare ("sticking metal swords into one another rather than fleshy ones into their women") and his depiction of women as exclusively sexual creatures. But rape, mutilation, and murder are male fantasies, fella; nobody in WL, except Valerie Solanis, (who is hardly typical), is talking in those terms. The most radical feminists, those who believe that relations between the sexes have no possible future, are talking about doing without men, not doing anything to them. They advocate continence, lesbianism, or masturbation, not rape, castration and murder.

He naturally concentrates on the freakier, media-promulgated image of women's lib, and even there he gets it wrong. It wasn't "taking off their bras in public," Andy; it wasn't even bra-burning, the legend of the Atlantic City anti-Miss America Pagaent demonstration. At Atlantic City, and at other demonstrations since, the action consisted of dumping bras, along with "other symbols of oppression" into a large trash can. Removal of the bras did not take place in public.

He implicitly ridicules WL for attacking women's magazines and not Playboy, presumably the real enemy. The reasons for this are two-fold and perfectly obvious: (1) Consumers can exert pressure on a magazine (where there are no grounds for legal action) in two ways -- by refusing to buy it and by boycotting the products of its advertisers. The readers of Playboy, and the consumers it reaches, are overwhelmingly men; those of the women's magazines are women. It makes sense to start the action where you have the leverage; a female boycott of Playboy would have no effect; for Good Housekeeping it would be disastrous. (2) WL at present is more concerned with changing the attitudes of women, brainwashed by the feminine mystique, than those of men; the women's magazines influence more women than Playboy does.

But all this is only a small part of WL, though admittedly the part that the press emphasizes. What I miss in Andy's article is any conception of the issues with which WL is chiefly concerned. They are, in approximate order of importance as measured by the amount of action and attention they have generated: repeal of abortion laws; state or employer supported childcare facilities for working mothers; economic equality; and (this is where the freakier activities come in) consciousness-raiding: the attempt to change attitudes toward women, particularly institutionalized ones (as in discriminatory laws and prejudiced press coverage).

I am not personally concerned with the first two; so I will leave extended discussion of them to those better qualified. Andy does mention abortion (Yandro, after all, is The Abortion ~~by~~ A Fanzine), but he does not deal with the central issue, which is that it is a woman's basic human right to determine whether or not she will carry a given fetus to term, and no man or group of men (except perhaps her medical adviser) has the right to tell her that she must or must not do so. The Supreme Court has ruled that this is included under the "right to life". I don't think that any sensible person would deny that it is better not to get pregnant in the first place, if you don't want a child, than to have an abortion; but that doesn't not affect the basic human right. A lot of the anti-abortion thinking in our society (excluding, for the sake of argument at least, that based on theology) is founded on the idea that a woman must be punished for her sin (again, her sin against social mores, not against God), although I have never encountered any pronouncements that the fathers of illegitimate or unwanted

children should pay for their sinning. One might hope that American morality will eventually progress beyond THE SCARLET LETTER.

Andy doesn't mention the demand for childcare at all; yet this is one of the principal WL issues. I will only point out that the US is the only industrialized country in the world in which the state does not provide such facilities. The propaganda against working mothers ignores the facts that (1) some 40% of working women are mothers, and (2) the reason that they aren't staying home to take care of the kids is usually that if they didn't have jobs they wouldn't be able to pay the rent, not to mention the food and clothing bills.

I am concerned with the issue of economic equality. I have been ever since the Denver meeting of the Modern Language Association two Christmases ago, at which, during an open forum on the job market at which women job-seekers were complaining about the problems of discrimination with which they were faced, some man from a state college in California got up and said, "Let's face it, girls: when a chairman is considering you, it's not your credentials he examines." As if this were perfectly right and proper. I resent this attitude very much; why should a male applicant for a job be evaluated only in terms of his educational qualifications, teaching experience and publications, while I am judged on my sexual attractiveness as well? Other facets of this issue are so-called "protective" legislation which in effect protects male employees from competition from women for the more responsible and better-paying jobs; and the fact that women generally earn 60% of the salaries that equally-qualified men get for the same jobs. And they get additional job duties and responsibilities without the commensurate promotion and pay raises that would automatically be given to men. This is not a very exciting issue, Andy; the history of WL agitation for economic equality is basically a list of successful lawsuits, mostly brought by NOW. But your extrapolated future doesn't have any economics at all.

Consciousness-raising has two faces: inside and outside WL. Inside, it consists of consciousness-raising groups -- essentially encounter groups of women getting together to rap about their problem. In this way many women first discover that what they had always regarded as their personal problems are really women's problems, caused not by individual maladjustment but by social conditions -- or conditioning. The best piece of instant consciousness-raising I know is Betty Friedan's THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE, a thoroughly documented account of how and why women are brainwashed into certain attitudes about themselves--and who makes money out of it. The other basic book is Simone de Beauvoir's THE SECOND SEX; everything else is optional. Outer-directed consciousness-raising is bringing pressure to bear on the public, on institutions, and on individuals (male) in order to do away with the bigoted attitudes commonly summarized in the term "male chauvinism." Here is where the street theatre-type activities come in. But most of it is old-fashioned civil rights agitation. The media seized on and ridiculed the successful effort of some New York feminists to integrate McSorley's Old Ale House; and getting in didn't really seem to be worth all the trouble. But I doubt if those black students in Georgia really wanted Lester Maddox's fried chicken that badly. (Chivalry is not dead; Maddox greeted the civil rights demonstrators with axe handles; the habitues of McSorley's merely threw a glass of beer in the face of one of the women.) The issue is one of principle; we have laws in this country that state that people in the business of serving the public are not permitted to discriminate against segments of that public, on pain of losing their licenses. I assume you were decently enraged by the axe handles, Andy; do you still think that beer in the face was funny?

My basic point, as I intimated at the beginning of this polemic, is that Andy Offutt's "extrapolation" is illegitimate because it is an extrapolation, not from what the current situation actually is, but from his own fantasies. It is less "a fine example of how sf stories come about" than a fine example of how paranoia comes about. Andy will not doubt respond that what he wrote is a story, so I want to reiterate that my comments are directed only towards section one ("the problem"), which appears to be dealing with the present. He might also claim that the whole thing is written tongue-in-cheek, or whatever the comparable positioning of a typewriter might be, and that he is not really a male chauvinist pig. (You will notice that I have not resorted to



calling him one.) If so, I would reply that he has not convinced me that he is satirizing sexist attitudes in general rather than "femlib" exclusively. Admittedly, in this area, as in racism and radical politics of the far left, and right both, it is sometimes difficult to tell the satire from the serious proposal. But nowhere in this article/story/fantasy does Andy demonstrate that he can conceive of male-female relationships except in terms of sex, or warfare, or both (it is his choice of imagery that really convinces me); and this distorted viewpoint makes his extrapolation sexist. If it was intended as satire, it failed.

I wish I could say, just to be different, that Liz Fishman is a lousy writer and I never read her contributions, but I'm a poor liar and so have to admit that "Through the Wringer" is usually the second thing I turn to in the magazine. (The first thing is the table of contents, to find out what page "Through the Wringer" is on.)

A few Yandro ago, someone was asking for a Latin term to describe a fanzine published once in each generation, at the age of 25, by the eldest son of the publisher of the preceding issue. I asked the best Latinist I know, Professor Wayne Shumaker of Berkeley, who came up with utrique generatione tractatus maris primogeniti aetate XXV editus, and I hope you're happy.

/Andy probably didn't realize when he contributed that piece that Yandro probably has more Femlib readers than 90% of the fanzines in the world... but I assume he realizes it now. RSC
(Bruce's comment: It's not that I don't like school, it's just that to write about it means that I would have to remember my fellow students, and I don't want to do that! (The teachers are agreeable)/

Gene Wolfe, 27 Betty Drive, Hamilton, OH 45013

Enjoyed the Franke report on PeCon, but would have appreciated more mention of Larry Propp and Don Blyly, the guys who did it. The librarian who was so nice to fans and pros was Jane Burch.

/I wouldn't think of embarrassing two such shy and introverted fans as Blyly and Propp by publishing their names. RSC/

Rick Brooks, RR #1, Box 167, Fremont, IN 46737

Is it just my imagination or is Cawthorn using less linework than he used to? Both the illos on page 14 and 6 (especially the latter) show more economy of line than I remember.

Astrology 14 concerns the extra signs of the zodiac. My sister brought home a copy from the Ft Wayne library. I got out a copy of Norton's Star Atlas and have decided that the author is full of bull. He goes by the number of degrees the constellation (not the sign) intercepts the zodiac and he manages to miss two more constellations and louse up the distance that they cover. Hell with him; I haven't gotten the traditionalists straightened out yet.

I've read about one of Heyer's historicals, but all her mysteries that I could get. Haven't had much time for fiction lately as I have been digging into environmental matters. And that covers social and educational matters too. I've discovered John W. Gardner, author of such books as EXCELLENCE: CAN WE BE EQUAL AND EXCELLENT TOO, SELF-RENEWAL: THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE INNOVATIVE SOCIETY, NO EASY VICTORIES, and THE RECOVERY OF CONFIDENCE. I especially recommend SELF-RENEWAL.

Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina, CA 91722

Maybe Bruce acquired that fellow by pointing at a rainbow -- the Navajo say that's what causes such a condition. I don't know which of the ritual chants would be prescribed to cure it, though -- Hailway and Flintway used to be used (depending on whether the rainbow was caused by/produced by a male or a female rain), but the last people who could sing them have been dead for decades, now; part of the Windway might do (the Rainbow People appear in the drypaintings of four nights of it), but most likely the curing of fellows has been lumped into the general-healing aspect of Beautyway.

Possibly the TV network people are smarter than they're usually credited with being -- the death-bringing smog of 2017 is (or will be), after all, the fault not of the Automobile Manufacturers, but of the people who drive those monster cars -- and who watch tv a lot, and who (maybe) buy the Sponsor's Product -- and who certainly don't want to be made to feel Guilty. They might not mind being made to feel (or even be) dead, but certainly never Guilty.

The question has been raised (hmm...credit where credit's due...it was by George Heap, I think, in the Cult): are the glass bottles and tin (and aluminum cans along the highways really significantly harmful to the ecological balance, or are they merely what one might call "aesthetic pollution"? (Not that the aesthetic aspect isn't important, but a lot of the ecology devotees (especially the more faddish types -- perhaps "ecofreaks" isn't too strong a word) seem to get almost hysterical about it, or at least devote to it a hell of a lot of energy which might more profitably be turned towards more directly and physically serious forms of pollution.)

Oh, I don't suppose the glass along the roadside is going to reduce our breathable atmosphere much -- kill a little grass, is all. But recycling it means that much less mining of materials for new glass, and it's something the average citizen can do. (I mean, what the hell can I do about 3M's industrial pollution? Picket the local plant? That would do a hell of a lot of good, in this town. Bring charges? Paying for a lawyer with what? What it comes down to is I can give money by paying dues to an ecological organization and/or donating to same, and write letters to Congress. I do, but it isn't very satisfying, or particularly effective, if it comes to that.) RSC/

Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., Apt 1, Culver City, CA 90230

I see all sorts of variations of the abbreviation for science fiction, but usually of the two-letter variety. Sf. sf. S-F or s-f. Even S.F. or s.f. I'm depressed in reading professional book reviews to note the number of librarians who've apparently been convinced that "sci-fi" is the ingroup term that all real s-f aficionados use. I haven't seen stf used much recently in its noun form, but the adjectival form, stfnal, still seems reasonably popular. This is probably because there is no good adjectival form of the s-f abbreviation, and stfnal is a lot shorter to say and write than science-fictional. Of course, many people use science-fiction as its own adjectival form. I've also heard SFWA used in conversation by pronouncing each separate letter. I've heard "apa" used the same way; "the Fantasy A.P.A." And I've heard fanzine pronounced "fanzin" by people who've been in fandom for five years or more.

When Wylie's "LA 2017" was shown in TV (in January?), the reaction of most of IASFS fandom was, "At last, there's a good contender for a Dramatic Award "Hugo" again!" Not that it was necessarily



a sure winner, but that it was something genuinely better than No Award. Now that "The Andromeda Strain" and "THX-1138" have been released, nobody seems to be talking about "IA 2017" any more.

Late last year, there was a convention/sales presentation of microfilm readers/viewers to which most Southern Californian librarians were invited. My company sent me down (it was almost across the street from Disneyland) to see what was new. Most of the big microfilm manufacturers were represented. The ad pitches were aimed mostly at university and research librarians. "Now you can have complete files of the nation's most important newspapers in your library!" For the researchers, the emphasis was on the amount of scientific & technical information becoming available on microfilm and microfiche (about 3" x 5" squares of film holding reductions of around 60-75 pages), and about how this was not only old, out-of-print books and journals but an increasing number of new, still in-print volumes. The advantage is that a scientist with a limited amount of working space can have a large and up-to-date research library on film now. With the growing number of reader/printers -- viewing machines that'll make an on-paper print of the page being projected, just by pushing a button -- more and more scientists are coming to accept these instead of demanding shelves and shelves of crumbling journals and demanding that the library buy expensive, maybe hard-to-locate, out-of-print books. And, according to most of the salesmen there, their companies are having increasing success in persuading book publishers that selling microfilm rights is an additional source of income rather than a procedure that'll undercut the sale of their hardbound copies. I didn't know that this had extended to literature yet, though.

I remember that there was also an argument being made for original microfilm publishing. One of the points was that, in publishing a hardcover book, a publisher has to take the risk of publishing several thousand copies and hope it'll be popular; he has to devote valuable storage space to keep the copies until they're sold; he may have to take a loss and remainder a book if it's not popular. With microfilm, he need make only a few hundred reels, which will take much less storage space. The reel can be inexpensively reproduced in lots of as little as 25 or 50, letting him print the copies as the orders come in, rather than having to maintain a huge inventory. If the title proves not to be popular, he doesn't take nearly as great a loss. A reel of reasonable quality microfilm should last up to 300 years with proper handling, which beats by far the lifespan of all but the very best quality (and most expensive) commercial book paper used today.

These are all admen's arguments, not objective arguments. In any case, I expect to do my bookstore browsing for s-f among the paperback racks for years to come, rather than scanning racks of reels of microfilm at my local newsstand.

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

As you so rightly guessed I did have a lot of spare time during the 47-day postal strike. In fact, as I do not have a phone I was totally cut off from any contact with anyone. At work everything ground to a halt in my department, since there were no accounts, letters, bills, or anything, unlike the rest of the year -- apart from a few locally hand-delivered ones. It seems incredible in this day and age a militant union filled with Communists, like the post office is, could ruin a country's communications so long.

I did have time to go to the cinema a lot more often than I would normally have, and if you would like to see what William Rotsler looks like in the nude I could not do more than recommend to you THE SECRET SEX LIVES OF ROMEO AND JULIET that I saw at the film club last week. Rotsler, under his screen name of Shannon Carse, plays one of Shakespeare's characters, but I can't remember the name -- except he appears nude in bed with a nude red-haired Juliet; and unlike many of the sexploitationers, where the girl is always nude but the male keeps his pants on while copulating (through the pants one assumes) the males also are nude in this. In fact, when Bill is thrown out of bed on one occasion it is only the presence of mind and his swift grabbing up of a cloak which does not reveal a full frontal Rotsler. The action of this takes place "in beautiful downtown Verona", to quote one line. I also saw THE NOTORIOUS CLEOPATRA in an-

other film club; the clubs can show films the censor would not pass, as they are for members only. Both films were directed by "A.P. Dtootsberry", who I suspect also to be William Rotsler. The acting isn't exactly Academy Award winning, and the dialogue isn't likely to get much of an award either, but there is some very nice female epidermis around, and one or two good sets -- and of course it is nice to see a long time fan friend like Bill escaping from his fantasy drawings into the kind of fantasy that perhaps we all might like.

/Yes, it's nice to see Rotsler making good, but I can't say his field appeals to me, either as art or wish-fulfillment. (I watched part of the Miss U.S.A. beauty pageant last night, and I can't honestly say there was a single girl in it who made me long to "get acquainted". They all looked like store-window dummies; beautifully formed but dead from the neck up.)

RSC/

W.G. Bliss, 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe, IL 61523

The Incredible Vanishing Hick Town. Of late N. Chillicothe was amalgamated with S. Chillicothe. Towns & cities get 1¢ of every nickel collected of sales tax. The Chillicothe city fathers made the sudden discovery that they were not getting the sales tax money N. Chillicothe used to get -- since N. Chillicothe no longer exists, the money it used to get went to the county. I think some new legal ground is going to be broken before the whole thing is hassled out. Does a combined town rate double tax money? The part that was annexed did not revert to the county, so the county would not have a claim to tax money from that territory. Who does get to latch onto that bundle of moola? Can the county be pried loose from it? Don't miss the next thrilling episode. Incidentally, believe it or not, at the moment the Chillicothe treasury has 92,000 clams cash, and nothing to spend it on -- yet.

Juanita's Ramblings: It would be effective, I think, to fight fire with fire when it comes to repressive jazz on pornography. Find out what the hardnoses gets the hots over and campaign just as feverishly (and foolishly) against whatever that strange thing might be. I always wonder howcum all the anti-sex expression bazzfazz always ignores fetishists. There is a technical difficulty there for potential prosecutors -- fetishists can get hung up on anything. How would one ever be taken seriously about outlawing (or, groggle, regulating) fireplugs, worn-out Jockey shorts, 49 Buick hood ornaments, war surplus shell casings, inlaid wood mouse traps, oval brass doorknobs, and millions of other exotic items? A scene groggles my mind -- a cop runs in a suspect for standing gazing raptly at a store window display for five hours in an obviously excited state. Enforcing anti-fetish laws could be difficult -- what could be done about a billionaire whose fetish is large office buildings? Such laws would leave all collectors suspect. How many of something could people have before they ran afoul of the law?

Proposed Legal Limits for Possession by Individuals of Items Possessed Not For Intended Use -- a Tentative Miscellaneous List:

4 eggbeaters (if geared crank type, 3); 1 brass sundial; 4 innertubes (1 if they are not the size for the owner's car or red rubber); 50' of rubber hose; 1 Nickelplated push-type lawnmower; 1 Edsel automobile in excess of 1 Edsel automobile for transportation; 1 moat-(castle owners may have one in excess of their castle moat); 4 bolts of silk or like material; 6 pair of galoshes (hip boots count for 2 pair of galoshes); 0 fireplugs; 1 cocktail shaker; 2 medium's crystal balls; 0 used bicycle seats; 60 typewriters; 12 candlesticks; 14 cylindrical flashlights; 2 gas masks in excess of those for smog or those in a certified collection of a licensed war surplus collector; 1 slingshot (unless the owner is a member of a slingshot club -- subject to local option); 0 casket handles; 2 stuffed owls (if small, 3); 1 elephant (live) (Papier mache or plastic life-size, 6); 6 rubber monster masks; 1 plumber's friend; 1 copy of this list; 1 set of back issues of National Lampoon; 1 silver bullet.

/And I think I might add (10) fanzines issued earlier than current year. RSC/

Alice Hopf



One really exciting book I discovered when looking for the fox book, and that is a very new one about African predators. I bought it as it covered 2 animals in my book and had invaluable material. It is called "Innocent Killers" by Hugo and Jane van Lawick-Goodall. She is the woman who studied chimpanzees on a National Geographic grant and later married her photographer. They have put their names together in this lengthy nomenclature. They have been studying predators in the Serengeti (along with a 2-year old child) and the material is fascinating. The hunting dog, the jackal and the hyena are all animals that have been greatly maligned. In this book they be-

come fascinating. And a great many old wives' tales are exploded. For instance, the hyena often makes a kill and the lion takes it away from him (or her). Hyenas have a matriarchal society. The book costs \$10, so you'll want to get it from a library. But libraries should invest in it.

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee WI 53211

If you think Indiana's governor is a winner, you should watch Milwaukee's mayor for a while. He and the Common Council have been outdoing themselves lately.

Several months ago, the head of the City Development (or is it Planning?) Commission announced he was resigning this April. He was announcing it early so that the transfer of control of the department to the new head would have time to be worked out smoothly. The retiring head then went on vacation for several weeks, and the deputy commissioner was "acting head". The mayor put his name up for nomination. (It has to be approved by the Common Council.) The Council turned him down and passed a resolution asking for a "nationwide search" for a new commissioner, to insure that the best possible man was selected for the job. The mayor vetoed it and put the deputy's name back in nomination.

About when the time of the announced retirement arrived, the Council turned the deputy's nomination down a second time, and the mayor again vetoed their request for a search. This time, the mayor also appointed the deputy "permanent acting commissioner", whatever that is. The Council said that's illegal, and so did the city attorney. The mayor said no it isn't. The Council said they would pass a special resolution allowing the deputy to be appointed acting commissioner provisionally for six months. The mayor and the deputy both said no.

Somewhere along about there, the mayor got the civil service commission together and had them create a new post (I forget the actual name, but it amounted to the same job he'd been trying to appoint the deputy to all the time) which, being under civil service, would not require the Council's approval. They did, and the mayor did, and the first thing the deputy did in his new post was to request a "nationwide search" for a new deputy to replace him in his old post. (I think he was kidding, but I'm not sure.)

The Council was up in arms again, saying it was all illegal, and whatever official (comptroller?) is in charge of issuing checks to city employees said he wasn't sure that he could issue one to the new commissioner, if he was the new commissioner. The mayor then sued the reluctant check-signer to get a court order making him sign the checks. The Council did the same thing the next day, to stop him from signing the checks. About a day later, a former mayor (Zeidler, the last socialist mayor Milwaukee

had, back in the 50s, I think) and a couple of others, including a former candidate for mayor from UWN, filed a suit against the mayor for usurping the authority of the Council.

Last I heard was that the mayor has asked the Council to approve \$5,000 to pay for lawyer's fees for himself and the maybe-new-commissioner. And one of the Councilmen, a lawyer, is one of the ones who is going to act on the mayor's behalf. Without a fee, he said.

Fun? Then there was the fisticuffs between two of the Councilmen. One Councilman (from our ward) asked another Councilman (a loudmouthed s.o.b. who is often in the news for being a loudmouthed s.o. b.) to step into the hall. The other Councilman did, and ours knocked him down. (Ours is a big, clot-headed oxe type. We voted against him last time. His opponent was a bright, pleasant young man who read science fiction.)

Got the new Yandro a couple of days ago. Just to get it on the record, I wasn't that thrilled by "By the Book", either. The "inserts" were sort of intrusive and obvious, for one thing. And I liked the original version better. But not mine to reason why, mine but to sell or...well, I wouldn't go that far.

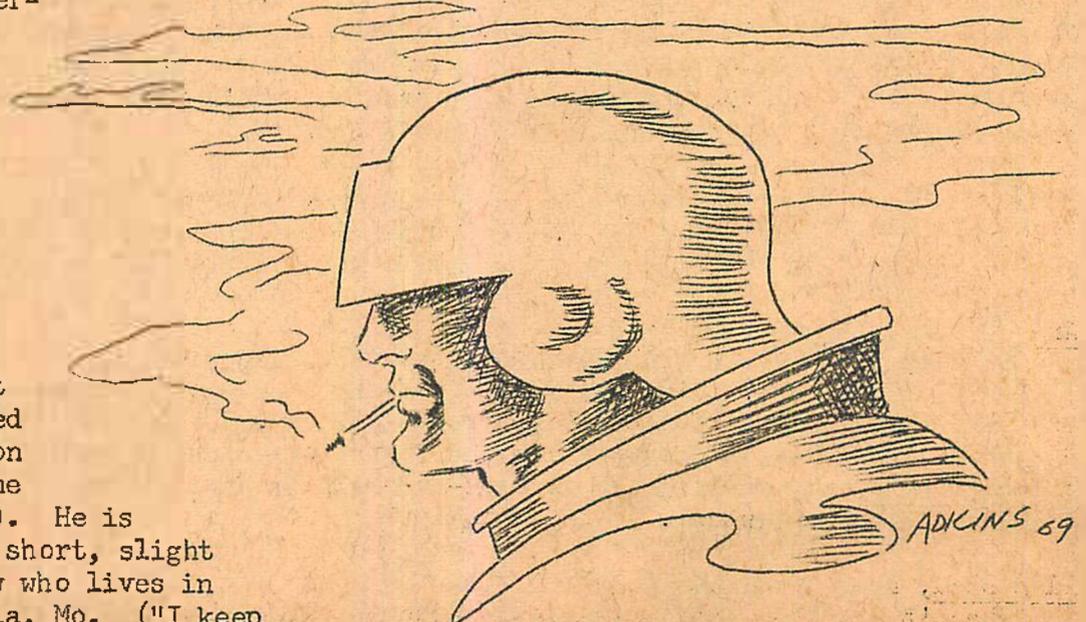
Paul Walker, 128 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003

Since you ask about the author of the Brigadier Ffellowes stories, I will tell you what little I know. To begin with, he is the most charming and gracious human being I've ever known; and I say that based on only a year's correspondence. He has a dry, but not arid, sense of humor; was a captain in the US Navy, and the son has edited many military books. He did graduate work in anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, but somehow ended up Senior Editor (trade books) at Chilton Publishing. I believe he's also done work at McGraw-Hill and Scott Meredith. His first stories appeared in the early sixties in Analog. A friend advises me they were very good.

Lanier (his own name, incidentally) lives in Sarasota, Florida, with his wife and son. He makes his living fashioning figurines of brass and copper, sterling silver and whatnot and selling them. It began as a series of prehistoric animals, marketed through a jeweler friend. This was in Philadelphia. The figures were a success, and are now sold through the Smithsonian Museum Shops ("The Sterling E. Lanier Collection"). He has also done fantasy figures: WITHOUT STARS, plus others of his own creation (one of which Andre Norton christened "Ffath"). He has an ad for these in the April F&SF as well as in the forthcoming SFR.

He has received praise from L. Sprague de Camp and Arthur C. Clarke, as well as from me. If I could find a way to nominate the whole series for a Hugo, I'd do it, but Hugos, fandom, success do not seem to interest him. A quiet, easy-going sort. He is writing some of the very best fantasy today.

I see that you nominated Robert Chilson's "Ecological Niche" for one of the year's best. I agree, but you may be surprised to hear that Chilson himself dislikes the story ("a gimmick"). He is 25, going on 26, a short, slight good-natured fellow who lives in the wilds of Osceola, Mo. ("I keep



a shotgun loaded with rock salt to chase off our neighbor's hounds. You ought to see them. Straight out of TOBACCO ROAD.") He has been writing for the past few years, and sold his work entirely to Campbell, who he speaks of with reverence for the patience and kindness he has shown. He did not go to college; he has no technical skills or special education in science ("I like Science Digest") but his aptitude is apparent, his imagination perhaps the most fertile and original in sf today, and his literary skill crude yet but growing.

He has written fantasy and F&SF type fiction, but he lacks the ability to realize it just now. Give him two years and everyone move aside. The first story I read by him appeared in the Feb 70 issue of Analog, "The Fifth Ace", which was so good it prompted a fan column about him, and even before it appeared I sent him a fan letter. Since then, he's written "Per Stratagem" (July 1970) and "Excelsior!" (August 1970), all of which have done well in the An Lab.

He lives with his mother and two (I think) brothers in a not-quite-finished home sunk back into the woods off the mainroad. His typewriter and desk had to be hauled across the creek by tractor. He says he has a place in the woods he goes to think; a path he's worn clean by pacing it.

We've exchanged stories and letters. He knocks off five, six pages with ease. They are all detailed, friendly, and fascinating. He has a beartrap mind which clanks down on a subject and rends it open, and if he lacks the technical background of a Clement or an Asimov, he still presents his ideas with a convincing logic and credibility. His work provokes a genuine "sense of wonder" by provoking genuine consideration of the future world he imagines. Added to this, he has the "feel" of character, if not quite the ability to realize it gracefully. He is still struggling to acquire a sense of proportion between the diverse elements of fiction, but he is winning the struggle.

I predict Robert Chilson will be one of the very biggest names in sf in the next ten years. The future Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, and Isaac Asimov combined. Bet on it!

Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher IL 60401

I saw a dead-ringer for Joe Hensley on the TODAY show this morning. The State's Attorney for Paoli, Ind. Do men who hold that office have to resemble each other? If so, it's a weird requirement for office...but then not so bewildering for the voter who moves from district to district, I suppose.

Joanne Burger, 55 Bluebonnet Ct., Lake Jackson TX 77566

Have you tried to read Frank Belknap Long's SURVIVAL WORLD? Talking about ecological books, that is one. I was in a hurry when I bought the book, and thought from the cover that it was sword and sorcery. But it isn't. I waded thru the first two chapters, and the world is dying of pollution, and the hero will save it, but I couldn't force myself to finish the book to see how he will do it. I firmly believe that before the world gets into the shape that he describes, we'll have enough wars to take care of the population problem and with it pollution.

/I have the book to review -- next issue, maybe -- but I must admit that you've killed what little enthusiasm I had for reading a novel by Frank Belknap Long, the writer who makes Robert Moore Williams look good. RSC/

Andy Offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman, KY 40329

Dammitohell, EVIL IS VEIL SPELLED SIDEWAYS was supposed to be a secret!

Rest easy, though. I'll not sure. And the book won't appear. It's been purchased for suppression by the Vatican Library for \$81,203,73 (1% of Peter's Pence, 1942, just counted). While that's a small sum and I do hate to see the book suppressed, V.L. pays on acceptance, not publication or half-and-half or any of that NYC B.S., and I need the cash to get to Midwestcon.

Alan Dodd, address above

I hadn't realized that Rotsler was also spending time in writing stories for science

fiction magazines as well -- I mean, I can't understand it; here he could be bouncing up and down in bed with a nude actress and getting paid for it, and instead there he is in front of a typewriter writing stories. How's that for dedication. I mean -- what would you rather do?

/Well, at the risk of damning myself utterly in Andy Offutt's eyes, I can't honestly say that bouncing up and down in bed with a nude actress in front of a movie camera has any appeal to me at all. (Even without the camera I'd definitely want final say as to which actress, since very few of them seem at all interesting.) RSC/

Dave Piper, 7 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex, England Ha 4 6 BZ

Are cracking up fast. For years and years RCoulson's persona throughout the fan-nish (and for all I know the mundane) world has been that of a grouchy, crochety, nit-picking, putting-down old bastard. In fact, I bet you were the same as a kid. And now what happens? I ask you! It's almost beyond the pale. I am devastated. After years of letters and years of 'putting down' (e.g. I say "isn't it great to see your child grow up?" and you say "well, no, I never thought it was that great") in one letter I get two thanks and (almost) an apology for not replying to my previous letters. The strain is obviously beginning to tell. Won't be long now. Abandon all hope. I'd better start a fund for the Preservation of Coulson's Sanity, or at least a "Keep Bruce Happy Foundation".

Nice to hear from you. In fact, it's nice to hear from anyone these days. Ask me who hates the Union of Post Office Workers. Just ask me.

/I'll have you know I was not an old bastard as a kid. I was a young bastard. I must be mellowing, though; I'm told that Chirp Miesel said the Coulsons -- the use of the plural presumably including me -- were "sweet". RSC/

Dave Hulvey, Rt 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, VA 22801

Well, I've persuaded my father that Nixon isn't a commie, that welfare poor are no spies for the Underground and that fandom isn't morally decadent (the last was a tough one).

Even though I'm decidedly not a Buck Rogers/Flash Gordon nostalgia fan, the ironic humor of Dennis Lien's nine-page review captured my strictest attention. He showed just how terrible such time-dimmed -- and thus justly canonized as nothing more than errant escapism then, high camp today -- publishing efforts inflicted their sweet idiocy on the ancestors of our genre. It is not really surprising to understand the negative self-image these crude creations have evolved, at least I still feel vague stirrings of distaste when someone lambastes SF as the Buck Rogers stereotype. Distaste aimed at myself for tolerating Mundane ignorance, and even attempting to educate them with examples of the modern conceptions the SF authors struggle to pen. However, the bad connotations still exist, with more than a hint of unreason in the minds of those casting the first stones from therein.

For the first time ever, I found myself actually enjoying Fishman. Before, I found her writing a bit too cute and contrived. Yet, even I couldn't resist the magic rhythms that suffused her gentle humor this time. Santa Christ will not likely be the same to me ever again, and perhaps I'll climb the old Pole's knee to grasp the synthetic beard next Christmas.

Sandra Miesel, this is heresy! How will I ever be able to sit and find solace with Jeff Smith in the courageous ikon-smashing memory of Sir Harlan of Ellison? You must realize that such stark revelations of the myth tend to tarnish the supernatural image I'd evolved of the Ellison. Besides, he wasn't torn apart at all. They just recycled him one too many times in the Free Press.

/But it's my considered opinion that fandom is morally decadent... Maybe we'll get your later letters in next issue, Dave; we're working our way up. RSC/

Doug Wendt, Rt 1, Whitefish, MT 59937

Now you mention the "liberal press". You've touched one of my hangups! So says Agnew, of course -- political propaganda, and I seriously doubt if Agnew himself really believes this. Sure, some of the press is liberal -- but a strong majority of the US press is conservative -- very conservative. (I should note that I seldom watch tv news, but I've never seen any marked "liberal" tendency in it.)

Consider for instance, that the Grange very seldom gets any mention at all -- yet it lobbies very actively. The (politically moderate) Grange promotes a "liberal" farm program with testimony that is realistic and knowledgeable -- and would kick large holes in some of the efforts to promote "conservative" farm programs. The articles in recent issues of Life, and Reader's Digest, for example -- and these are quite typical of what the press prints. If the news media is "liberal", it's rather strange that it carefully ignores the Grange and the rest of the "farm coalition", and favors the Farm Bureau, whose leaders, incidentally, frequently state that they are for "free enterprise and against socialism".

And how many newsmen have attacked the phony, right wingish charge, "they have a no-win policy in Viet Nam"? Back in 1967, how many newsmen pointed out the vast differences in the political situation, and the terrain, of Vietnam's jungles and Egypt's deserts, when right-wingers were sending eye patches to LBJ? Liberal press? Bah!

I suppose you've noticed that you forgot part of the National Wildlife Federation address? Re pasturing gov't lands; Traitor to my kind that I am, I have little sympathy for ranchers. For the most part at least stockmen graze public land because rates are lower than comparable private lands. As I understand it, these rates are set by commissions or legislatures -- and not by bid. In Montana at least rates are only a fraction of what private owners charge. We need parks and wilderness. We don't need more pasture for cows and sheep.

"When hydrogen bombs are outlawed..." ha, take that, you gun nuts! (I guess anyhow, I like Gilliland's writing but once in a while I find him just a bit obscure.) Incidentally, the "when guns are outlawed..." sticker is frequently displayed by local right wing freaks.

Which is not to say that I favor confiscation. Or even registration, if only because there are so many guns around that this seems futile.

Re Christmas trees: since only a small percentage of the trees in a forest are suitable for Christmas trees, cutting these has very little effect on cover -- an overpopulation of deer will do far more harm to a forest.

/Even right wing reactionaries can't be wrong all the time. (My faith in mankind has been restored; our glorious Governor Whitcomb just did a good deed; he abolished the 2% kickback that all patronage employees have paid into the political fund of the party in power in Indiana since 1933. We have a pretty weird state here, but it's not quite as weird as it was.) RSC/

Mike Kring, PO Box 626, Sabinal TX 78881

"Peril on Pakora" by Sandra Miesel was all too true! I've read quite a few s&s stories with weird sounding names and the same plot line. Far too many. (She ought to send the names to Gardner F. Fox. He would have appreciated it, I'm sure.)

Alexis Gilliland's article on drugs didn't really interest me too much. Overexposure on tv? Overexposure in magazines? Apathy? I don't know, but articles on drugs (no matter how well written, and Mr. Gilliland's was surely that) I just can't get interested in them. Middle-class cop-out? More than likely. But I really don't know. (By the way, speaking of controversial subjects, what did you think of Nixon's cop-out on the obscenity report he got handed? "If it doesn't fit what I think it should be instead of the way it really is, then Bighod, I won't believe it!" This is the President who was supposed to bring us together? *Sigh*.

STRANGE FRUIT

Serendip #74 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 1¢ a page) A Postal Diplomacy mag. This issue, in addition to things like noting English armies in London, Edinburgh, St. Petersburg, Fihlad, Kiel, Hollan, Paris and Spain (ah, the glorious Empiah!) mentions 9 gamers looking for additional players; so if you feel the urge, now is a good time to get into the game.

Toronto in '73 (John Millard, Post Box 4, Station K, Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada) A thin little journal designed to acquaint fans with the Toronto bidding committee; short biographies of Toronto fans and a plug for the convention and community in general.

Skyrack 99 (Ron & Elizabeth Bennett, British School, B-7010, SHAPE, Belgium - 6/\$1 - Buck is his USAgent) This is primarily Ron's sale list, plus an article on rare comic by Benson Powell. (Or, to be precise, an article by Benson Powell about a rare comic; gotta watch that sloppy terminology.) Ron's prices seem about average for mail-order dealers -- perhaps below average. He's getting older stuff, too; quite a few Thirties and Forties pulps this time.

Locus #81, 82, 83 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 - 12/\$3, 26/\$6) The current standard among fan newsletters. Unfortunately, most fan news these days seems to be con reports; occasionally when reading it I get an odd longing for Fantasy Times. But there is genuine news there, in and among the con and party information. Rating.....7

Sanders #4, 5 (Dave Nee, 208 Putnam Hall, 2650 Durant Ave., Berkeley CA 94720 - 5/\$1) West coast newsletter. Beginning to look like a newsletter, too, instead of samples for a course in underground magazine layout. In addition to the news, there is a column on wargaming, in case you want to know what all these crazy people are doing. Rating.....4

Speculation #28 (Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK - 40¢ @ , cash only from US subbers - 5/\$2) Some Heicon photos (but why publish photos of people you can't identify, Pete? Especially when they aren't even in a group with people you can identify?) There is a review of I WILL FEAR NO EVIL by Alex Panshin, articles by Fred Pohl, Greg Benford, Andy Offutt and Chris Priest, lengthy book reviews, and letters, some of them even more lengthy. There is just a beginning of the BeaBohema - SF Review cult of nastiness for its own sake here; do these things go in cycles or have British pros been infected with the idea that backbiting is the way to the top? (I am firmly on the side of John Brunner in his dispute with Mike Moorcock, but then I have never thought much of Moorcock's personality -- and only a firm defense from Brunner in a letter kept me from disparagement of his editing abilities. Excessive disparagement, that is...) In general, though, Pete keeps the discussion centered on science fiction rather than personalities. Rating.....8

BeaBohema #15 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown PA 18951 - 50¢ @ - biweekly, it says here) I feel like I've been double-crossed. Some issues back, Frank commented that he didn't really enjoy publishing the sort of backstabbing free-for-all that he was then conducting, and I (among others) wrote in to say "then for Chrissake why don't you publish what you like?" Now he is, and it turns out that what he likes is even less interesting to me than the slander of professional writers. Well, you can't win 'em all. This is a fairly thick Fa-a-a-nish type fanzine. There is a reprint of an F. Towner Lancy article picking holes in Dianetics, if you really care, some of Arnie Katz's humor, and a lettercolumn (by far the best part of the mag). Excellent repro, and some of the electrostencilled artwork is outstanding. (Some of it is also garbage, but there is more good than bad.) Rating.....5

Correlation #1 (J. A. Corrick III, 2116 Lake Ave., Knoxville TN 37916 - quarterly -

10¢) Strictly a bibliographical fanzine. This issue consists of a checklist of all serials in Astoundalog since 1930. (I can't really see that this particular list is going to add one iota to fandom's knowledge of science fiction, but I have no objection to bibliography in general; maybe the next issue will be better.)

Hermes #1 (John H. Costello, 23 Proctor Circle, Peabody, MA 01960 - 12/\$4) Fan-Fiction, including part 1 of a "serialized novel", and an article by John J. Pierce which is scholarly and dull enough to have been written as a college paper. Rating.....1

Schamoo #9 (Frank C. Johnson, 3836 Washington, Cincinnati OH 45229 - 25¢, 4/\$1 - next issue due at Midwestcon) Frank is going to arty layout and assembly, too; it must be another cycle starting. Magazines that aren't supposed to be read, but to show you what a brilliant creative talent the art editor has. (Or the publisher, in the case of fanzines.) This seems to be entirely a review issue; comics, records, books, fanzines, and a bad movie. Rating.....4

Cipher #1 (Chris Couch, 203 A. Carman Hall, 595 W. 114th St., New York NY 10027 - 25¢ but he prefers contribs - irregular) Personal-type fanzine, except that there really isn't much going on in this issue; Chris seems to have as much trouble filling 5 pages as I would have, and calls on Arnie Katz to help out with a couple. You can do better than this, Chris.

Fanarchist #3 (David R. Grigg, 1556, Main Rd., Research, Victoria, Australia - 15¢) Major item is an account of the editor's visit to Sydney, which I actually read most of and even found enjoyable in spots. (But don't get up your hopes out there; I have no intention of reading your account of a fan visit.) Grigg seems trying for fa-a-a-nishness, but since he doesn't quite have the trick yet, his material remains interesting. Rating.....5

Boy's Own Fanzine #1 (Leigh Edmonds & John Foyster, 2/28 Ardmillan Rd., Moonee Ponds, Victoria 3039, Australia - quarterly - contrib, or 50¢ Aussie. You might try 50¢ Amurrican) Devoted largely to humor. Foyster warns of fan-history to come, but God knows some of that is funny enough, so I remain interested. There is a fairly long piece of fiction; seems well enough written but it's hard to tell from the four paragraphs I read. Rating.....5

Mickey #8 (John F Kusske, Route #2, Hastings, MN 55033 - 25¢) Since 18 of the mag's 23 pages are devoted to a story by Kusske, I didn't read enough of it to tell you what it's like.

The Underground V.11#1 (Carolee Lavengood, 7359 Shaftesbury, University City, MO 63130 - quarterly - 50¢ @) A speleological fanzine, primarily for members of the Middle Mississippi Valley Grotto. It's thick -- 60 pages -- and since I'm not all that interested in crawling into caves as a regular hobby I didn't read nearly all of it. Most of the material is serious; the humor tends a bit toward the ponderous. It's interesting to read about other people's weird hobbies, however. (So far I haven't found one quite as weird as stf fandom, but I'm still looking.)

Masiform D #1 (Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn NY 11225 - irregular - 50¢@) This is to be a genzine with occasional "Star Trek" material. Well, I have no quarrel with that (Juanita won't let me have one). This issue, though, seems to be mostly ST stuff. There's a reprint of an AT&T story-ad by Ray Bradbury which I appreciated, along with an analysis of it by Jean Lorrh. Miriam Langsam has an sf double-crostic puzzle. I innocently referred to it as a crossword puzzle and both Juanita and Devra verbally flayed me for my ignorance. (Devra was visiting us at the time, incidentally; she isn't telepathic. Good thing, too...) Articles, fiction, and some good artwork. (Not including the cover, which I assume is supposed to be erotic; all I could think of was my God what a silly outfit.) Rating.....5

Science Fiction Review #43 (Richard Geis, PO Box 3116, Santa Monica, CA 90403 - 50¢@) I was wrong last time; this is the last issue. Printed, digest size. Geis includes a flyer explaining matters and gratuitously warning other fanzine editors not to lust

after bigness -- I never noticed any other fan editor taking quarter-page ads in pro-mags to pull subscribers. The issue contains the usual articles, reviews, and letters, all primarily devoted to professional science fiction. This was a very good fanzine, technically, but since I very seldom bothered to read anything in it except to skim it for review, I for one won't miss it a bit now that it's gone. Rating.....7

Space and Time #11 (Gordon & Becky Linzner, Apt 4-M, 83-10 118th St., Kew Gardens, NY 11415 - 50¢ - quarterly) Primarily fan fiction, with some letters and a couple of reviews. Sorry, people; I don't read fan fiction, either. This is also printed and half-size, not as well done as SFR but clear enough to read. Is fan fiction having an upsurge these days or is it just that all the fan-fiction mags decided at the same time to send me a copy?

Starling #18 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, MO 65201 - 35¢ - 37¢ - quarterly) Interesting assortment of subjects here. Rock music (including a column by Juanita), the Marx Brothers, drugs, stf book reviews by Joe Sanders, movie animation, and Jim Turner's sterling defense of his decision to drop out of college and get a job as a dishwasher. Plus letters. Gotta be something in here you enjoy; even if the subject matter isn't inherently interesting to you, the treatment of it may be. Rating.....6

Energumen #6, 7 (Michael & Susan Glicksohn, 267 St. George St., Apt 807, Toronto 180, Canada - contrib or 50¢ cash) Instead of doing what most fan-editors do when they have a lot of material on hand and bringing out one massive issue, Mike has brought out two medium-large issues, neatly segregating the fannish material in #7 and the serious stuff in #6. Both are impeccably produced and well illustrated. #6 has sort of a symposium on fan art, with Grant Canfield coming out as perhaps the best writer among fan artists since Bill Rotsler, while Mike Gilbert and Jack Gaughan do good pieces on the problems of professional stf art. Andy Offutt writes about them crazy stf and sex writers (and they don't come any crazier than Andy...) and there are articles about the space program and mathematics, and letters, mpstly about professional writing. #7 has humor by the regulars plus Bob Shaw, and fan nostalgia by Arnie Katz (I wish to hell somebody would invent a time machine so Arnie could go back and become F. Towner Laney or something). There is an artfolio by Rotsler which does nothing for me, as usual. Shaw, as usual, is outstanding. Rating....88

Phantasmicom #5 (Donald G. Keller, 1702 Meadow Court & Jeff Smith, 7205 Barlow Court, both in Baltimore, MD 21207 - bimonthly - 50¢) Big thick fanzine. Variety of material, from Indian (pseudo-Indian?) folk tales to an unbroadcast radio interview with Roger Zelazny. The usual reviews, letters, editorials. RRating.....5

Proper Boskonian #7 (Richard Harter, PO Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge MA 02139 - 35¢) Half of a Heicon report. Well, ordinarily that would be an improvement over an entire Heicon report, except that it's followed by a Philcon report and (for variety) a report on an academic convention, which apparently finished off the editor, because after that we have an upside-down page. (How about running the con reports upside-down instead, Dick?) Joe Ross implores the stf magazine publishers to get out and do something rather than die quietly. (I agree, except that I doubt there is much they can do; this just isn't Science-Fiction Magazine Time.) Then there is an illustrated article on stacking Coke bottles, proving that MIT fans haven't lost their sense of wonder yet. Some outstanding artwork and a good lettercolumn. Rating.....6

Exit #13 (Tom Soyer, 465 Churchill Rd, Teaneck NJ 07666 - 25¢) Another con report, (Boskone), Harry Warner retells the Room 770 incident and illustrates nicely the problems in reporting on fan parties, Linda Bushyager has a more or less humorous article on fanzine publishing (the sort of thing every fan editor writes once or twice in his life), reviews and editorial. Very slim issue. Rating.....3

SF Commentary #20 (Bruce R. Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia - 9/\$3 - USAgent Charlie Brown, address above) The leading Australian magazine of serious commentary on stf. Almost entirely reviews (critiques if you prefer, but

I don't) and letters dealing with previous reviews. Well-informed and literate. (I seldom agree with the opinions expressed, but don't let that keep you from trying a copy.) Rating.....7

WSFA Journal #75 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton MD 20906 - bimonthly - 50¢@) More or less with this I got Journal Supplements #75-1 and 75-2, Son of the WSFA Journal #15 thru 21, and a sheet listing back issues for sale -- a total of 91 pages in addition to the 46 pages plus covers of the Journal itself. Contents of the extras are mostly reviews, with here and there a news notice. The main journal includes a column by T.B.Swann, article on feminine stf comics by Bob Jones, article on possible new trends in learning by Alex Gilliland, column on sf music by Harry Warner, bibliography of Stapledon by Mark Owings, reviews by all sorts of people, one good and one mediocre verse by Gilliland, and letters. This is still my nominee for the most interesting fanzine being published today. Rating.....9

The Mitigator (MIT Science Fiction Society, W20-421, 84 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge MA 02139 - no price or schedule listed) Okay, are you trying to hoax me or are you really this hard up for material? Very skinny, poorly dittoed mag which says very little about anything. Rating.....1

Scottisha #58 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surry, UK 30¢@ - quarterly - NSAGent Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn NY 11201)zThis has Andy Offutt's opinion of fandom (somewhat overdone but amusing), letters, reviews, and Ethel's writing. Which latter is enough to make it interesting if she never had an outside contributor. Ethel is one of the sensible people in fandom (one of the few, I might add...) Rating.....7

Haverings #47 (Ethel Lindays, address above - 6/\$1) This is composed entirely of fanzine reviews -- and they're the only fanzine reviews I read (or ever did read) in their entirety. (I read Doll Gilliland in WSFA Journal a fair percentage of the time, but not every time.) I even sent money for a fanzine last year on the strength of a Lindsay review. (Come to think of it, I never did get that fanzine...) Rating.....6

Axolotl #1 (Gary S. Mattingly, 7529 Grandview Lane, Overland Park, KS 66204 - 50¢) Sort of a personality zine, but the personality is that of Bill Wolfenbarger, not the editor. Column, fiction, and a portfolio of poems by Wolfenbarger (well, the editor seems to have a story, con report, and reviews, so maybe the honors are even.) Some good art (and a lousy cover) by one Mario Navarro -- if I'd been the editor I'd have put the back cover on the front because it's better done. Small issue, well reproduced. Rating.....3

Sandworm #13 (Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112 - 50¢@) Another of my favorite fanzines. This time the editor, Alex Gilliland, Darrell Schweitzer and Bill Wolfenbarger attack various subjects with varying degrees of seriousness. Lovely lettercolumn, topped by Kay Anderson making a dirty word out of "reciprocating". Rating.....7

Avesta #2 (Don Blyly, 825 W. Russell, Peoria IL 61606 - 25¢) Small mag; major attraction is a column by TL Sherred. (Name doesn't ring a bell? Ah, modern youth; we remember, don't we, Tucker?) There's also Ed Conner, the editor, and a story by Janet Fox. Rating.....4

Seldon's Plan Newsletter Volc.3#10 (Laura Trise Basta, Box 102, ECB, Wayne State Univ., Detroit, MI - quarterly - no price listed) Official publication of the Wayne State University club, with all the problems of a club mag. Mostly undistinguished fiction and club news; some poetry and reviews. Reads rather like a first issue -- new editor, perhaps?

APA-L #308 thru 311 (Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd. #1, Culver City CA 90230) Fairly typical apa stuff. You might want to get a mailing to read Tom Digby's work before voting for a Hugo, but since someone on the apa is trying to promote a bloc vote for him there he probably doesn't need yours anyway.

The following questionnaire was stuffed under the windshield of my car when I got off work one evening. I took a few Xerox copies to PeCon, and Larry Propp and Leigh Couch insisted that I publish the whole, to allow more fans to observe the quaint mating rituals of darkest Indiana. This was published by Computer Matching of Indiana, Inc. If any of you want to reply directly to them (I mean, I'm not well acquainted with all of you and have no idea of how desperate you might be) you may write to them directly at 111 East 10th St., Anderson, IN 46016, and ask for their FREE PERSONALITY ANALYSIS. (Please do not send them the mimeographed fanzine sheets; it would only confuse them.) I think Larry wants to send in answers to the questions to Yandro; if the rest of you do, I'll publish what I conceive to be the best ones. (Larry's a lawyer; if Computer Matching objects to their free publicity, they can sue him.)

A=emphatic no; B=mostly no; C=undecided; D=mostly yes; E=emphatic yes

- | 1. | NO | YES | |
|-----|-----------|-----|--|
| 1. | A B C D E | | Does criticism tend to hurt your feelings? |
| 2. | A B C D E | | Do strangers make you feel uncomfortable? |
| 3. | A B C D E | | Should public schools teach sex education? |
| 4. | A B C D E | | Do you enjoy being in the company of the opposite sex more than that of your own? |
| 5. | A B C D E | | Are your prayers answered by a Supreme Being? |
| 6. | A B C D E | | Do you suffer from general aches and pains or from nervous tension? |
| 7. | A B C D E | | Do you enjoy membership in clubs and social organizations? |
| 8. | A B C D E | | Should women have the same right to ask men for dates, as men to women? |
| 9. | A B C D E | | Do you like an open display of affection and attention? |
| 10. | A B C D E | | Is life after death one of your religious beliefs? |
| 11. | A B C D E | | Are you a sound sleeper, not bothered by outside disturbances or bad dreams? |
| 12. | A B C D E | | Are social activities more enjoyable to you than to spend a quiet evening at home? |
| 13. | A B C D E | | Do you appreciate it when show personalities dress scantily? |
| 14. | A B C D E | | Are you affectionate and passionate with the opposite sex? |
| 15. | A B C D E | | Does organized religion create goodness in the world? |
| 16. | A B C D E | | Do you think you are generally even-tempered and have a good outlook on life? |
| 17. | A B C D E | | Do you often feel terribly "down in the dumps"? |
| 18. | A B C D E | | Is it enjoyable when you are entertaining friends? |
| 19. | A B C D E | | Should a married man ever take another woman on a luncheon engagement? |
| 20. | A B C D E | | Is sexual compatability necessary for a happy marriage? |
| 21. | A B C D E | | Does a Supreme Being control man? |
| 22. | A B C D E | | Is it more desirable to associate with people who believe in God? |
| 23. | A B C D E | | Do "off color" jokes or risque stories bother you? |
| 24. | A B C D E | | Are various subjects irritating to you? |
| 25. | A B C D E | | Are social affairs a waste of your time? |
| 26. | A B C D E | | Should more strict divorce laws be passed? |
| 27. | A B C D E | | Do you believe that affection and romantic love are necessary in marriage? |
| 28. | A B C D E | | Are you a regular church-goer? |
| 29. | A B C D E | | Do you have mood changes without just reason? |
| 30. | A B C D E | | Do you prefer your mate to be quiet rather than lively? |
| 31. | A B C D E | | Do you enjoy being a leader at social functions? |
| 32. | A B C D E | | Is it all right for women to become attorneys at law? |

33. A B C D E Do you have a strong attraction for the opposite sex?
34. A B C D E Will people be punished for their sins in life after death?
35. A B C D E Did you have a happy childhood?
36. A B C D E Does shyness bother you?
37. A B C D E Is trial by jury an effective method of obtaining justice?
38. A B C D E Is it all right for a school teacher to drink in night clubs?
39. A B C D E Is there too much kissing and petting among young adults today?
40. A B C D E Should your children choose their own religious faith?
41. A B C D E Do you sometimes lose your temper?
42. A B C D E Are you critical of other persons?
43. A B C D E Are you very sociable with other people?
44. A B C D E Is it ever permissible to steal?
45. A B C D E Is our contemporary attitude about sex largely over-emphasized today?
46. A B C D E Is religious training necessary for all children?
47. A B C D E Do you like to share a good joke with others?
48. A B C D E Is it sometimes all right for an unmarried couple to take a trip together?
49. A B C D E Would you be happy in marriage if your mate was not very affectionate?
50. A B C D E Should science which appears to be contrary to religion be taught in public schools?

	BIRTHDATE _____	MARITAL STATUS		EDUCATION
Name _____	Age _____	Single _____		Grade School _____
Address _____		Divorced _____		High School _____ Yrs
Sex: Male _____ Female _____		Widowed _____		College _____ Yrs
City _____	State _____	Zip _____	Occupation _____	
Home phone _____		Office phone _____	Phone me at: _____	
Extremely Interested _____		Mildly Interested _____	A.M. _____	P.M. _____

Answer the 50 questions on this test as honestly as possible. There are no right or wrong answers. Your first impressions are generally the best. Answers are "A" emphatic no, "B" mostly no, "C" undecided, "D" mostly yes, "E" emphatic yes. Circle the answer that expresses your feelings best. Return to us for your personality analysis.

Personality Test for Single Adults Only

