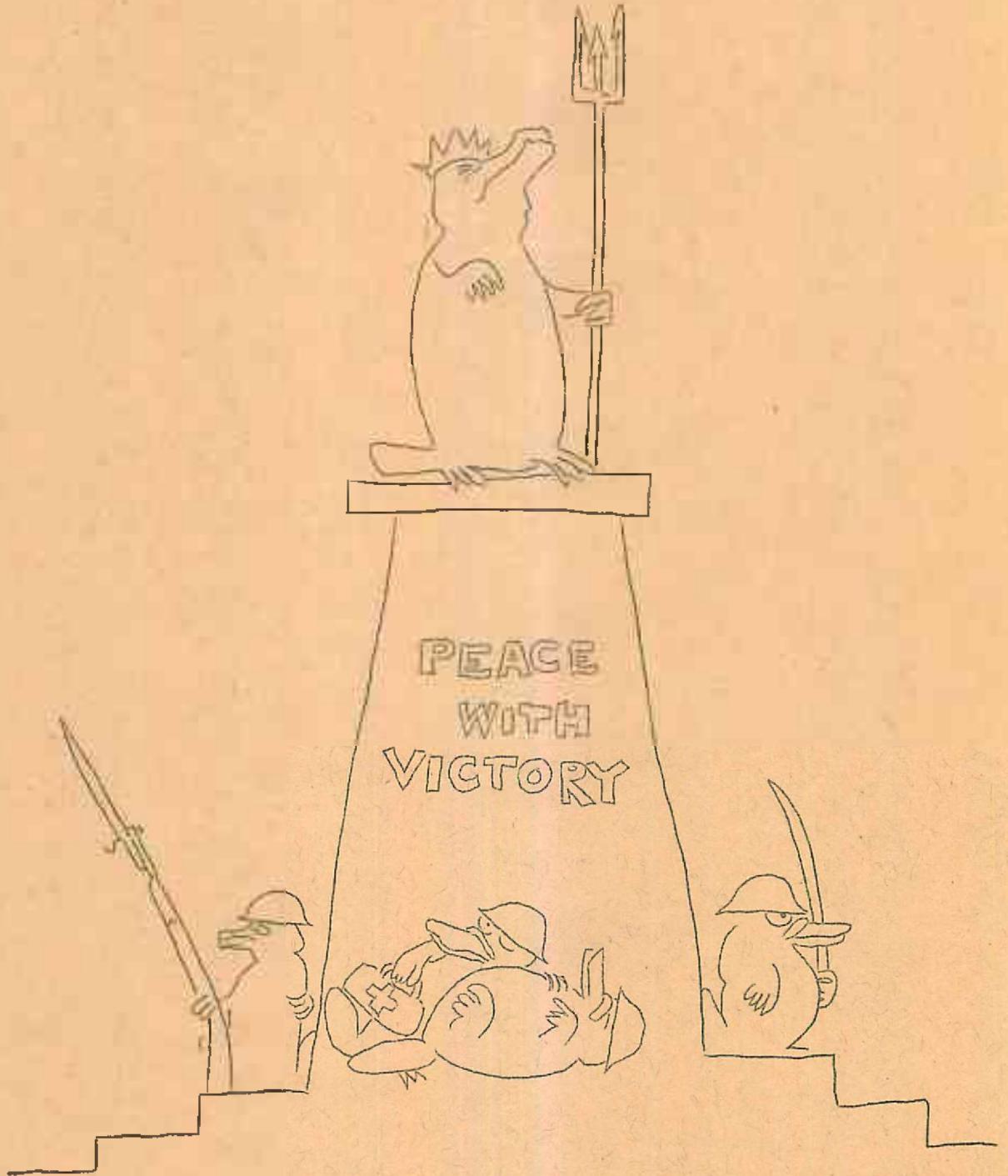


# YANDRA



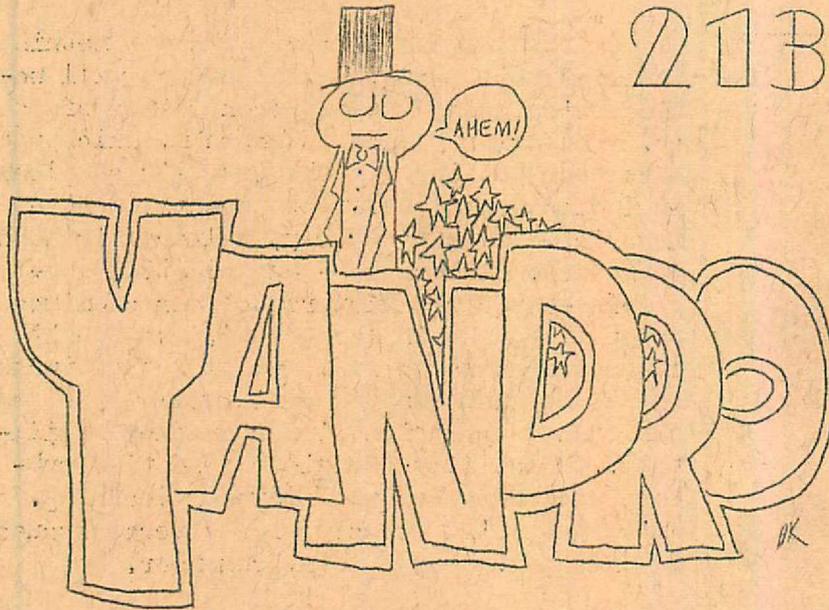
INDIANAPOLIS VICTORY  
MONUMENT

AV 71



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VOLUME XX: # 2

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ARTWORK

COVER by Alexis Gilliland, Logo by Atom (Story behind the cover: While passing thru Indianapolis, Alex was struck speechless by the majestic grandeur of our Soldiers & Sailors Monument and immediately rendered it into an illustration, mixed slightly with a Sandra Miesel platypus vision. The results should be a bit bewildering to outsiders but very funny to fellow Indiana residents. And it's a reminder to everyone to vote for Lesleigh Luttrell for DUFF.)

Page 1 - - - - -	Bill Kunkel	Page 16 (logo) - - - - -	Arthur Thomson
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(stencilled by Jackie Franke)		" 28 - - - - -	Arthur Thomson
" 10 (logo) - - - - -	Dave Piper	" 29 - - - - -	Alexis Gilliland
" 16 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn	" 33 (logo) - - - - -	Sheryl Birkhead

Electrostencilling on pages 16 and 28 by Pboth Press

PeCon, July 7-9, 1972; GoH is Phil Farmer, Registration \$3.00 advance, \$4.00 at door. Information from Don Blyly, 170 Hopkins, URH, Champaign, IL 61820 - he said use his Peoria address but I can't find it. If you can, use it.

I'm not sure we have an explanation for Mike Hinge's posters mentioned on page 9, but we do have a price. 23" x 29" size is \$2.25 postpaid; smaller (portfolio size) is \$2.00 postpaid) And we have another poster; this one a Parsec City dispatcher's office in orange and purple, a lovely garish combination. I guess the title of this is "Area 5 Viewscreen" and the one I labeled operations room is "Deck Four" if you're ordering. The first one we got, a year ago, was just "Parsec City", in scarlet, orange and white. It's a beautiful set, in rather mind-shattering colors.



Old faithful types will recognize something familiar this issue, and newcomers will notice we're using two different kinds of paper. The paler yellow is Topsham, which we have been getting via the Lavell's supplier in Indianapolis; but that recently went up in price. Simultaneously, Walters/Lischeks of Waseca, Minnesota -- our old time suppliers -- offered vast reductions on mimeo paper if bought in large lots. We bought the required large lot, and the stuff turned out to be good old dog vomit yellow (so christened by Marion Zimmer Bradley) Twill-tone...which above mentioned old time subscribers will remember with love or loathing. It's what we'll be using for several issues to come now. Large lots, remember.

Of course, now we can't get into one of our libraries because there are cartons of mimeo paper stacked three deep in there.

Getting the paper was an adventure in itself. Walters shipped it REA, and quite promptly, too. Unfortunately, the REA office in Hartford City has been shut down -- which we didn't know until this shipment arrived -- in Muncie. I called the office in Muncie and asked directions, getting an incredibly convoluted description. Not convoluted enough, I discovered, it started raining while I was driving down, and raining, and raining. Later weather reports listed it as an unseasonable storm and/or March coming in like a lion; among other things it wrecked some school north of here. Water across the highway, soft shoulders, the works. I arrived at the general area of the REA office in Muncie and after much peering through frantically-working windshield wipers and cursing, discovered the place is tucked away in the middle of a complex of one-way streets and alleys which make it almost impossible for one to get from here to there legally. So I got there illegally, probably. (The official street markers were just as convoluted as the streets.) Was forced to park directly under a thundering gutterspout on the loading dock and help load the paper...in 50 lb. cartons. Then I could sweat driving, soaking wet, all the way back to Hartford City, envisioning some nut in the opposite lane skidding and forcing me onto the berm where, driving a full sized station wagon loaded with 500 lbs of mimeo paper, I would sink in up to the fender skirts. But the worst didn't happen.

Some time later, when I wanted to open the tailgate and remove the paper so I could put laundry baskets inside, I found the rain had frozen overnight and every orifice of the car was welded shut by mother nature.

It hasn't been the easiest issue I've ever put out, no.

Comments and references are still trickling in anent the great Granfalloon article controversy, replete with unhappy mutterings that this and that reader didn't realize Tucker's essay was supposed to be funny. I find this intriguing. Here is this wave of enthusiasm for fannish nostalgia -- entropy reprints and old fancies and what-was-it-like-in-the-old-days-ism. (Tsk. One would think fandom would have something better to do than to parrot mundania, which is also caught up in a nostalgia mania.) Now along comes Tucker, one of the Golden Age of Fandom Giants, giving all and sundry a sample of tongue-in-cheek bitter-enemies-fakery wit and humor of that same Golden Age, and all the faunchers for those good old fannish days take it dead serious. Weird.

LESLEIGH LITRELL FOR DUFF

Accompanying this issue is a DUFF ballot. We encourage everyone to donate and vote -- for Lesleigh Luttrell, of course. It is a worthwhile campaign, and I'm very much in favor of global fandom. Spaceship Earthism should equal international fandom, and hands across the Pacific and all that...and Lesleigh has very pretty hands. Please get in the swim on this initial effort which everyone hopes will be the first in a series of friendly interchanges.

A current local "Top 40" hit is some inanity called "Jungle Fever", uninspired Afro-Cuban repetition of an uninspired few bars interspersed with gasping and moanings and unintelligibilities of some female in the throes of...something or other. The public's sense of music is even more deteriorated than I thought. They can't all be laughing at it the way I am...though the joke wears boringly thin rapidly. Some sharpie is chuckling all the way to the bank, I'm sure.

I'm delighted to see Pioneer 10 seems to have gotten away safely and headed on course at last report. When I heard the report that at least one launch had been postponed because of a conflicting launch of a spy satellite, I thought it somehow suited our rather limited view of the horizon. If Pioneer 10 is successful, it might, some century hence, turn out to be the only enduring thing we accomplished on our tenure on this planet. I hope not, but it's a possibility. JWC

REMEMBER: LESLEIGH LUTTRELL FOR DUFF

---

a column

bec

Hello. This has been a dull month. I got a sprained wrist in gym -- not from physical exertion, but from falling down in the shower room. It wasn't too bad, but I was typing with one hand for a while.

My father missed a great opportunity during this last week: judging a beauty contest. The student council sponsor was complaining that the school had no excitement, so I suggested a contest (yes, I suggested other things besides a beauty contest), and the council accepted it. All right, we had figured out everything but who was to judge it, so I suggested my father. They turned him down because they thought he would be influenced by my opinions. (They've never met my father!) The council finally decided that a nearby school's council should do the judging.

Reading over the lettercol, I noticed a few letters that I should comment on.

Don & Maggie Thompson: On your "20 almost rare stamps from lost countries," that's not half as bad as what I've seen other places. In Boy's Life (the Boy Scout mag) there are all sorts of advertisements for knives, switchblades, miniature cameras... (and although the Scout Code states that a scout should be trustworthy, brave, cheerful, etc., etc., it doesn't have anything against maiming, mugging or blackmailing, apparently.)

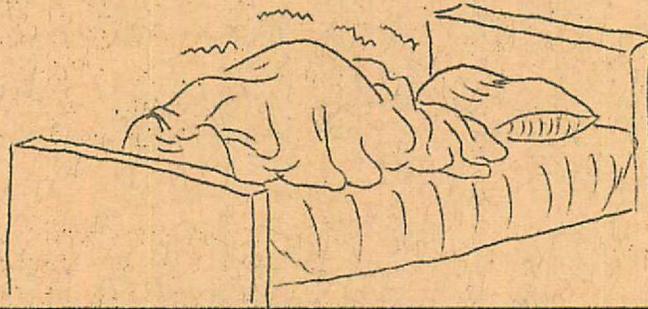
Bob Vardeman: Don't burn your beanie. They make an awful stench. Cry in your root beer instead. I have the feeling you think a sore eyebrow is some sort of joke. Maybe you'd think the same about singed eyelashes, hmm?

On NIGHT GALLERY last night they introduced an insect known as an earwig, which is supposed to burrow through your head into your brain. Curious about this, I looked it up. There is an insect known as an earwig! However, it doesn't burrow through your head. (There was a great scene in the episode. The villain has got this bug in his head and he's in mortal agony. Up comes the guy he hired to put this bug inside his employer's ear, and begins to apologize: "I'm terribly sorry, young gentleman; I distinctly told that native bloke which room to go to, but he misunderstood. It's nobody's fault, really. Do you understand?" The villain/victim says, "I want to die" -- whether it's because of the pain of the bug or the ludicrousness of the apology is not explained.)

Well, that's all I can think of this month! Pax Indus

BEC

## Rumblings



Oh, come on, Mr. Coulson...  
just one teeny deposit...

Last issue, I was complaining about being sick. I finally got sick enough to spend the time from Feb. 1 thru Feb. 8 in the Blackford Co. Hospital, with what was eventually diagnosed as asthmatic bronchitis. When I went in, I felt terrible; by the time I had been there a couple of days I was ready to leave, but the doctor

wasn't ready to let me. Rest of the time was a boring round of shots (3 antibiotics a day plus my insulin), sessions on a "breathing machine", designed to force medicine into the depths of the lungs, and anxious inquiries as to the state of my bowels. Plus getting some reading done and finally having Juanita bring in a portable typewriter and getting some of my accumulated mail answered. But I lived. I'm still not in what might be called the pink of health, but at least I'm gradually improving instead of gradually degenerating. Nothing seemed quite as hilarious afterward as it did the first time I spent in a hospital, 4 years ago; I guess I'm becoming used to the routine. Although I will say the nurse's aides are remarkably conscientious. After being released, I was sitting around in the lobby waiting for Juanita to come pick me up. One of the nurse's aides came up with some stuff I'd left behind, and asked solicitously if I'd had a bowel movement that morning. (I was afraid to say no; I might have ended up back in bed - or in the bathroom.)

The next week I caught someone's cold (I suspect a Boy Scout I ferried to a meeting) and had to go back to the doctor for some more shots. At least I stayed out of the hospital. (The doctor assured me that he had some 20cc syringes now, but they weren't sterilized so I'd have to hang on awhile - thoroughly confusing a new nurse who hadn't read the last YANDRO.)

One unexpected bonus I got out of that last trip was an armload of medical magazines, some of which are quite interesting, particularly **MEDICAL ASPECTS OF HUMAN SEXUALITY**, which had a whole host of varied articles, from one on marijuana that's the best-reasoned thing I've ever read on the subject to one on the sex life of George Sand. In connection with the latter, there was this definition of male genius: "Their personality is characterized by an unresolved Oedipus complex, fear of love, a strong homosexual element either overt or latent, an underlying sense of guilt, great egocentricity, difficulty in relating consistently to the opposite sex, exorbitant striving for recognition, strong paranoid and masochistic trends, and significant narcissism." (Matthew Besdine, in the Feb. 1972 issue.) Seems rather as though science fiction might possess one authentic genius, after all.....

Otherwise I haven't been doing much this month. Watching an enormous amount of tv; just when I feel the need to get busy and catch up on my duties, the combination of lack of energy and a surprising number of watchable programs keeps me from doing it. Old movies, mostly, the most impressive of which has been "The Seven Samurai" on PBS. That was well worth spending over 3 hours on. And "Cold Comfort Farm" on PBS (which I guess was an original tv dramatization of the book, but seemed like a movie.) And the "Exploration of the Nile" series, and the "Elizabeth" series, and a rerun of "Psycho", and "Evil Roy Slade" (which was worthwhile for John Astin, if nobody else) and some time in the near future they're supposed to have a more or less authentic version of the "O.K. Corral" fracas, and a rerun of "Village of the Damned", and.....

Ecology nuts might be interested in the output of the Massachusetts Envelope Co., 30 Cobble Hill Road, Boston (Somerville) MA 02143. It produces two grades of envelopes using entirely recycled paper. Interesting example of a reverse status symbol; the or-

dinary white (legal-size) envelope costs \$19.27 per thousand, while the grungy brown one (or green or gray, depending on the batch), which has not been de-inked or had the resins and clay in the original paper removed, costs \$20.94 per thousand. But of course it looks more recycled (both grades have a little imprint on the back saying they're made of recycled paper, which is how I discovered the company; Bob Briney sent me a letter in one of them.) Prices I was given were only per thousand, but it shouldn't take a stf fan too long to use up a thousand envelopes. As soon as Juanita's check arrives....

Joanne Burger sent a couple of newspaper clippings from the Houston Post: "Another bitterly cold day was forecast for Houston Friday before a warming trend is expected to send temperatures into the 60s Saturday. An overnight low temperature in the 20s was forecast...." I bled for them; the clipping arrived here at a time when our temperature hadn't gone above the 20s for six weeks.

Clippings....I got letters from the Thompsons and Alan Dodd the same day, and was buried up to the elbows in newspaper clippings. One of Don's concerns the Ohio state auto license bureau; next time we get together we'll have to compare notes to see which state has the most fouled-up license bureau. I'll still back Indiana. Alice Hopf sends in one that says L-Dopa improves the intelligence of Parkinson's Disease patients (but not that of non-patients; sorry, folks). Ned Brooks sends in a recipe for mead, and one that starts "Did you ever awake in a sweat of horror because you failed to frame your pictures?" (How about that, Sandra?) Sandra Miesel sends a couple on Dr. Asimov, one of them concerning his divorce proceedings and mentioning that his income (as a basis for alimony) in 1970 was \$205,000. The ideal of every red-blooded stf writer (except, of course, he made it writing other things.) Jackie Franke (I think) sent the one on the Miami hotel which overbooked by at least 150 people and according to one angry guest refused to refund advance payments. Let's not have any conventions in Miami, huh? Andy Zerbe sends one on the historical Romanian nobleman who was the model for Dracula, but Alan Dodd goes him one better and includes a parcel of soil from Dracula's castle. Said he flew there on vacation. Yes, indeed. (You realize that nobody in English fandom ever sees Alan?) The Fort Wayne paper had an item on the Nullarbor Nymph, a girl who is running around with the kangaroos down there. I asked some Australian fans if they'd gone to look for her, but they didn't deign to answer. Don Thompson sends an article on the origin of the "wind-chill factor". The originator, Paul Siple, proved that wind was a factor in chilling by getting some 80 volunteers to stand outside without clothing in Antarctica and then measured the length of time it took them to develop frost-bite. (As Don commented, the most persuasive talker of the century.)

This is our catching-up-with-the-letters issue. Except we didn't; I still have this bulging file. My apologies to everyone whose letter I kept until it was outdated; I'll try to give any really pertinent items for next issue, but they probably will be scarce. Incidentally, there is usually some delay in letter publishing (aside from the fact that readers complain about getting another issue before they've commented on the last one.) Incoming letters are piled onto my desk until I answer them. (Once in awhile we get a letter that is solely a comment on YANDRO, but usually a personal answer is indicated.) After being answered, they go into the letter file, unless they contained money, in which case they go into the subscription file. The sub file is emptied and the books brought up to date just before an issue, after which any of those letters which contained comments go into the letter file. The letter file is then picked thru each time we put out an issue. This is a rather slow (and sloppy) system, but it's the best one for my slow and sloppy personality. Results are that it may be two or three issues after you write the letter that it sees print - providing it does. And very seldom does an entire letter see print. (For one thing, while the staff appreciates compliments on its work, they don't get printed; once we've seen them, there is no need for them to be published. In fact, what does get printed is what I think would interest the general readership - so if you don't want some of your inmost thoughts exposed to the public, mark them DNQ. Do not rely on my finding them uninteresting.)

Presumably the fact that Dave Locke's fanzine AWRY is a rider with this issue of YANDRO is self-explanatory. Do something if you want further issues, and remember that comments and especially bombs go to Dave, not us.

RSC

# DIFFUGALTY

COLUMN BY

dave locke

"IT, ROBOT - and other widget stories"

Over the course of my tenure on this spinning little ball of mud I have come to realize that a person is rather like a jigsaw puzzle, which may or may not be an original observation. I don't know because my subconscious isn't divulging such information these days, and maybe it doesn't know. I suspect that nothing is a truly original observation or at least without some parallel, but such a thought is rather depressing and slightly annoying when one is involved in any kind of creative pursuit.

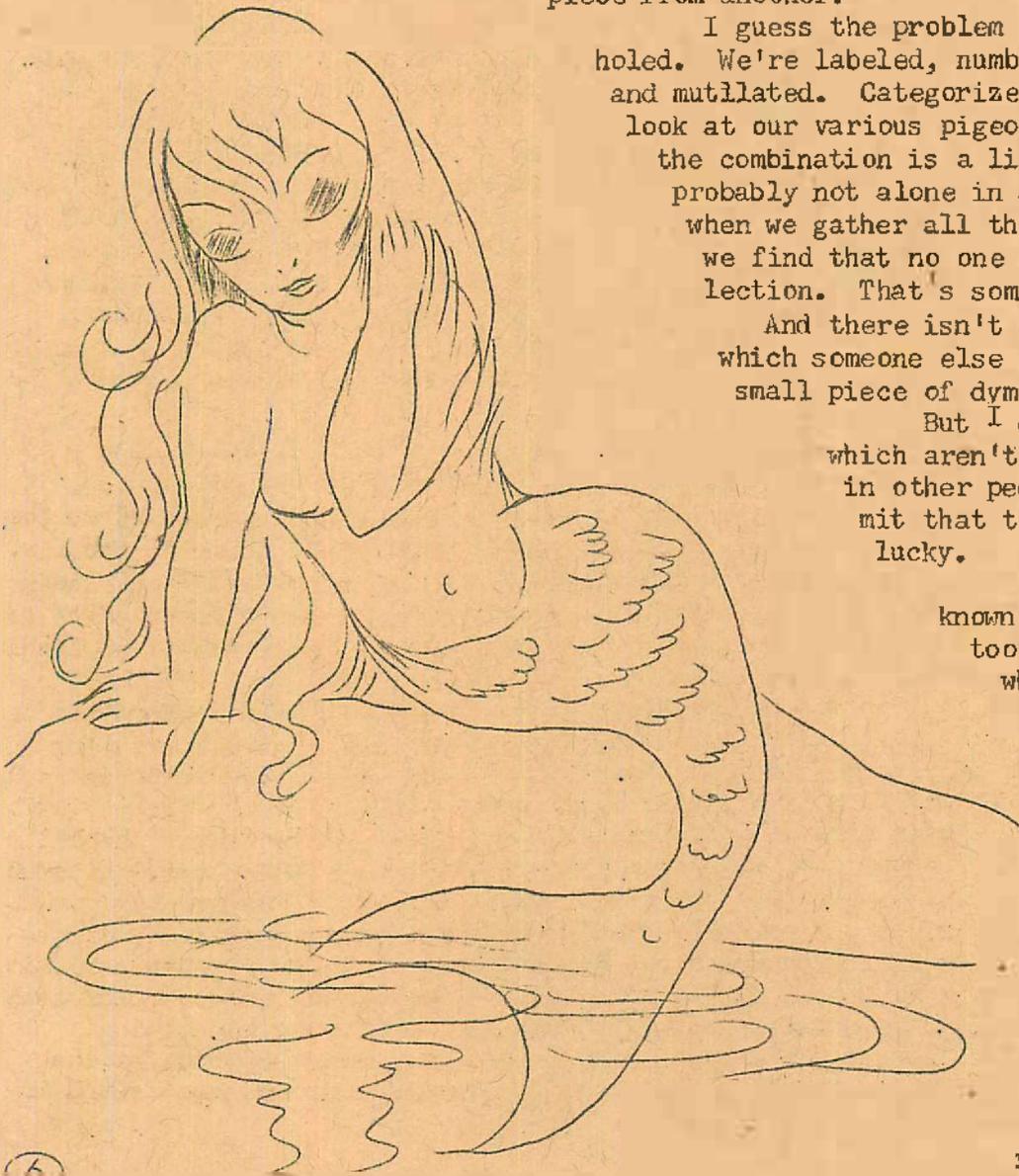
But a person is rather like a jigsaw puzzle. When put together one puzzle looks at least a little different than all the others. When torn down into its various component parts, it looks the same as all the rest. And to an untrained eye, a piece from one puzzle doesn't really look too different than a piece from another.

I guess the problem is that we're pigeonholed. We're labeled, numbered, folded, spindled, and mutilated. Categorized. At least we can look at our various pigeonholes and note that the combination is a little bit unique. We're probably not alone in any one pigeonhole, but when we gather all the pigeonholes about us we find that no one has an identical collection. That's something, anyway.

And there isn't any facet of a person which someone else cannot label with a small piece of dymo-tape.

But I do have a few facets which aren't encountered too often in other people. I'll have to admit that these other people are lucky.

For one thing I'm known as the guy who isn't too lucky with cars, and whenever the spark of conversation dies down someone will almost always ask to be brought up-to-date on my latest exploits of man vs. machine. And once I get started, that subject often takes up the rest of the evening. By the time I'm finished, my tears have flooded everyone out of the room.



The first car I bought was a 1957 Lincoln Capri. I had twenty flat tires in two months, including one occasion when I left work, walked out to the parking lot, and found that my car had two flat tires. A number of these flat tires occurred just outside the driveway to our apartment. In the apartment across the street, at a groundfloor window, lived an old man who drank beer from the bottle. You could get up at three o'clock in the morning to relieve yourself, and if you looked outside you'd see him sitting by the window, drinking beer. When he finished a bottle he'd raise the window and throw the bottle out. The next day there would be five or ten scroungy kids running around the yard and playing with the empty bottles. When they were through playing with them they tossed them in the street. Just opposite our driveway. The police couldn't help, so I got in the habit of calling my wife just before I left work, and when I pulled onto our street she'd be out there with a broom sweeping away the glass. It wasn't the best neighborhood in the world.

After the Lincoln we had a 1966 Volkswagen, which was bought new, and that broke down while we were bringing it home from the dealer. 1966 was a bad year for Volkswagen (maybe not as bad as this year, but it was definitely a bad year for quality). They'd been making the same car for a long time, and this was the year they decided to try some major internal improvements. I didn't believe what happened when the repairman came out. He took something apart, I forget what, and when he went to put it back together he wound up having parts left over. Scratching his head and looking slightly hat-in-hand, he explained that whatever it was he was working on happened to be new to this year's model. He'd have to go back to the shop and check the manual to see where the extra parts went. In the meantime, the car worked but please don't drive it too far. Fine. Every day I had a forty-two mile round trip to work and back. So I got stuck for five hours in a thunderstorm. Then it broke down 16 more times in about three or four months, and I went through three dealers trying to get it fixed right. So I sold it to a Rambler dealer and bought a used Mercury from him.

Upon moving to California in 1968, we bought a used Olds F-85. The faster we poured money into it, the faster it broke down. It was always in some garage, mainly for the purpose of the mechanic figuring out how he could put the biggest screw into the car's owner. At one place they gave me a loan car which ran out of gas on the freeway, with the gas-gauge needle stuck on "Full". At another place, when I came to pay the bill and claim my car I discovered they'd given it to someone else as a loan car. Without fixing it.

Then we bought our second new car. The one we've got now. The Toyota. Purposefully, just to make us hate ourselves for doing silly things like buying new cars, it too broke down on the trip home from the dealer. I knew it had broken down because I couldn't see anything in the rear-view mirror. I mean, I couldn't see anything. It was like the world behind me was being swallowed up by a void, which would eat the back-end of my car if it caught up with me. In sheer amazement I swiveled around in



my seat and stared out the back window. Great, rolling clouds of white smoke were rumbling onto the freeway from beneath the car. I jettied onto my exit and rolled down to the light. As soon as I stopped for the light, the smoke stopped rolling out from under the back of the car. It started coming out from under the hood. I couldn't see the traffic light, which had obviously been red at the time I had stopped.

It must have been an interesting scene for passersby. A shiny new Toyota, with the price sheet still taped to the window, plumes of white smoke rising fifty feet straight up in the air, and me. I was standing outside the car, watching for the light to turn green.

I then lost two transmissions in 9000 miles due to faulty seals (two of them died, leaving only the one which pedaled in reverse). (Reverse isn't a very good gear on a one-way street.)

The first time the transmission went, I rolled the car onto the curb. All three inches of it. If my car could have been powered by the noise of the automobile horns behind me, I'd have been driving an Avanti. Californians who drive to work in the morning have no patience with anything which tends to hold them up. This isn't really too surprising, as most of the people whose time cards I see usually don't arrive earlier than five minutes before eight and that doesn't leave much of a margin for error. (I saw an accident one time where a pickup truck flipped end over end and came to rest upside down. Oncoming traffic had to squeeze by in approximately 3/4 of a lane, which slowed things down considerably. As the driver of the pickup was struggling to crawl out of a window, I saw two motorists shaking their fists at him as they drove by.)

There weren't any houses on the stretch of road where my car was stopped, so I walked across the road and down a side street. I started passing a lot of houses, but there were no cars in the driveways and the windows on the houses were not betraying any signs of life. I finally came to a house with a car in the drive, so I rang the bell. The inner door opened, and I peered through the screen at an incredibly old woman. She must have been ninety years old.

"What do you want?" she barked.

"My car broke down out here, and I'd like to use your phone if I may."

"Where is it?" she asked, peering around. "I don't see it."

"It's up on the main road," I told her. "Your house is the first one I found that showed signs of someone being home."

"She stopped peering around and peered at me. I peered back, and smiled, and felt like shuffling my feet. She kept peering. I shuffled my feet.

"Can I trust you?" she asked.

"Why of course. Sure you can."

"Ok. Come on in."

When the tow-truck came, the guy scratched his head and commented: "This is the fourth Toyota this week with a busted trans."

"Will you testify in court?"

Since then I've only had minor problems. Like windows that slowly roll down as I'm driving. A valve job at 18,000 miles. A carburetor overhaul at 21,000 miles. A radio which works one or two days a month (Toyota dealers don't repair radios. They only install them.) An automatic transmission with a stick shift which automatically springs out of Park and into Reverse when you start the car. I always get 19 miles to the gallon on every single tankful of premium gas. When I switch to regular my m.p.g. gradually slides down to 16. Little things like that.

As I keep saying, religiously, from now on I'm better off buying used cars. I'd rather have somebody else's problems than my own.

I never had much luck when using someone else's car, either. My parents at one time had a 1956 Buick. The kind that had the Dyna-Slush transmission and put out a sound signifying mammoth power. You could put it in gear, step on the gas, and you'd swear to hell you were doing a wheelie and moving out at about 200 miles per hour. Or at least you thought so until you happened to look out the side window and see kids on bicycles or dogs with broken legs whizzing by.

The car developed an unusual problem. Whenever you had occasion to back up, a cloud of white smoke would pour out from underneath the hood. We went through seven "mechan-

ics" in the small town we lived in, but none of them had any notion as to what the problem was. It didn't cause any harm. Just a lot of white smoke. Finally we imported a mechanic from a neighboring town, and after much head scratching he discovered that when driving in reverse the transmission-fluid cable was being pinched and the fluid would shoot out through a minute hole and squirt against the hot engine. Presto, instant white smoke. He replaced the cable, adjusted it so it wouldn't get pinched again, and mailed us the bill.

About two months later I was driving along a scenic route in the middle of nowhere. I realized that I had meant to stop at a place three or four miles back to pick something up, so I started to turn around in the middle of the empty highway. When I put the car in reverse and backed up, white smoke started coming out from under the hood. I said something unbecoming and continued backing up. Because whathell, I was familiar with the problem. A little white smoke wouldn't hurt anybody. I was still saying that to myself when flames started appearing around the edges of the hood.

After putting out the fire it was a long wait for a car to come along and give me a ride.

Over the years I've developed an irrational fear of the effect that I have upon mechanical contrivances. It doesn't seem to matter whether I own them or not. Planes that I ride in have mechanical breakdowns to one degree or another (getting a few feet off the runway and then tilting sideways to break off a wing-tip is the furthest degree so far). Vending machines give me the worst service this side of civil service. Can openers that I buy don't like to open cans. Watches don't keep time for me. Thermometers don't show the correct temperature. Lighters don't light. Flashlights don't light. Lamps don't light. Staplers don't staple and pens don't write.

Written by typewriter sometimes (12) on a window in Sweden.

And yesterday the doorknob opened a big blue eye and stared at me.

-----  
"Benjamin Franklin was the Hugh Hefner of his day." ....Dr. Charles Dudgeon  
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We've been getting these posters from Mike Hinge. First one was a year or so ago, and it not only didn't come with an explanation, it didn't come with a return address, either. Recently we've received two more, and while we still don't have an explanation, we did finally get an address. They're 23" x 29", on heavy stock. One is the operations room of a space station in red and yellow, and the other is titled "Onyx Cube, Ceres 2021 AD" and is sort of a combination geometrical design and stylized astronomical illustration in a sort of bright magenta. (I'm sure Juanita could come up with a more accurate color, but she isn't awake at the moment.) I do not have the vaguest idea whether Mike is selling these, trading for fanzines, sending them out at random, or what. (I asked, but no answer as yet.) But they are well worth making an effort to get, so write Mike Hinge, 16 W 16th. St., #11CN, New York, NY 10011, and inquire.

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Walt Lee, P.O. Box 66273, Los Angeles, CA 90066, is producing the REFERENCE GUIDE TO FANTASTIC FILMS, to include approximately 20,000 film listings from 50 countries over a 75 year period. Each listing to give title, alternate titles if any, production and release data, cast, content, source material, etc. 1900 pages in rough draft (which means close to 1500 in the published book, by my estimate). Prepublication price is \$22.50; price after publication \$28.00. California residents add 5% sales tax. A bit steep for my casual interest in films, but I know a lot of fans who should have a copy. (Gene, for one....)

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The 1971 Goethe Awards (for comics) are now in the final ballot stage. Anyone interested may obtain the ballots from Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, OH 44060. The idea is similar to the Hugos, except there are more categories and apparently no restrictions on who can vote. Deadline on voting is June 1.

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We have a Progress Report on Minicon 6, to be held in Minneapolis on April 7, 8, and 9. Registration \$2.00 in advance or \$3.00 at the door. There will be an art show (50¢ entry fee), banquet (\$2.50 for cold cuts and spaghetti, which is the sort of banquet I approve of) and very cheap hotel rooms. Write Louis Spooner, c/o M. Lessinger, 1350 Queen Ave. North, Minneapolis, MN 55411, for copy of report or more information.



errors in appendices, like misspelling XERO. Asimov's introductions to each story tend to get overly cute, but one can overlook that. For your money you get 13 novelets, 10 short stories, and a history of the Hugo Awards. If the stories aren't always the best of each specific year, overall they make up a well above-average collection and a good place for beginners to start in. (Veteran fans, I assume, will have read the stories previously, though they may want them in one volume for convenience.)

BLUEPRINT FOR YESTERDAY, by June Wetherell (Walker, \$5.95) The blurb calls the author "a queen of the gothics" but this isn't even a gothic. It's a Red Rose Romance set a few years in the future, so the State can provide another obstacle to True Love. I can't imagine why it was published; romance readers won't be able to understand it, and sf readers will sneer at it. Technically, it's quite competently written - for a romance, not for science fiction. (Come to think of it, romance readers probably will be able to understand it - it's on their level - but probably won't get past the dust jacket, which looks like a third-rate paperback sf novel from Belmont.)

THE THURSDAY TOADS, by A. M. Lightner (McGraw-Hill, \$4.50) I asked Alice (author is really Alice Hopf) if McGraw-Hill could afford to pay her after the Irving bobble; haven't had an answer. This is a juvenile rather in the Norton tradition, for older readers than the usual "juvenile". The story is competent but not thrilling, but the conclusion is a lovely bit of ecologically-based sf. Recommended; get it from your library if you don't want to buy a copy. (Or buy it for that teen-age relative, and read it yourself first.)

SHAREWORLD, by Morris Hershman (Walker, \$5.95) I wonder why Walker is putting out so many sf books by authors who know nothing about science fiction? Wetherell did her homework well enough to produce a reasonable if clichéd background; this one is simply a novel of Wall Street manipulations set in a vaguely identified future. I assume the stockbroking technicalese is accurate, but I had more fun out of the Wetherell book. Avoid this, even in paperback.

ULTIMATE WORLD, by Hugo Gernsback (Walker, \$5.95) At least I can't say Gernsback does not know sf. I can say he doesn't know anything about story-telling, apparently not having learned a thing since writing Ralph 124C414 in 1911. I'm sure it's a mine of future gadgets, but it isn't much of a novel. Recommended to serious students of the genre, and to masochists.

THE CAVES OF STEEL, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 75¢) Another of its innumerable printings. It's a classic science-fiction detective story; if you haven't read it, do so. (And if you haven't read it, where have you been the past 20 years?)

THE GODS OF FOXCROFT, by David Levy (Pocket Books, 95¢) I happened to have this with me in the hospital, and I finished it because it was a choice of reading this or staring at the walls. (After finishing it, I didn't read any more paperbacks for a week; I couldn't bring myself to look at them.) In short, it is abysmal. The background is storing bodies for future resurrection. The theme is a crudely expressed collision between the evils of superscience and the Godliness of pure emotion. The characters all act at the author's bidding, never as a logical extension of their own ideas, and the villain is a mad scientist out of a DC comic. Blech!

SORCERESS OF THE WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) Reprint of one of the later - and poorer - books in the "Witch World" series.

DREAD COMPANION, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) A feminine-oriented but not particularly juvenile fantasy. A girl is hired to look after the arrogant and undisciplined children of rich parents, who promptly drag her into problems with inimical aliens who appear to operate by pure magic. It's a good rousing adventure and - rather unusual for Norton - somewhat of a romance. (But not enough so, I should think, to frighten off insecure male readers.)

FIRST PERSON, PECULIAR, by T. L. Sherred (Ballantine, 95¢) Here is the sf book of the month, this round. It contains the 4 novelets that Sherred produced between 1947 and 1954. The blurb says it was not his entire output during that time - but if he did produce any other sf at that time, neither I nor the indexes I consult know about it. The stories are "E For Effort", "Eye For Iniquity", "Cue For Quiet", and "Cure Guar-

teed" (which I'll bet was originally titled "See For Cure" by the author). Every one of them is an outstandingly good story, though "E For Effort" is the only one which has gained "classic" status. The most realistic account ever of what happens when you invent a machine to look into the past. "Cure Guaranteed" is the standard plot of the medical investigator who runs into a real cure. It's what Sherrard does with it that makes it a fascinating story. "Eye For Iniquity" is another standard; the man who can produce perfect \$10 bills out of nothing. And "Cue For Quiet" is the mental superman. Trite? Sure. But remember, Heinlein's plots were seldom original with him; what he did was handle them better than anyone else, which is precisely what Sherrard has done here. If you can afford one book this month, this has to be it.

THE DRAMATURGES OF YAN, by John Brunner (Ace, 75¢) If you can afford two books, you might also want to see this one before Hugo voting; it appeared in FANTASTIC last year. One of the most thoroughly alien planets in recent stf, plus consideration of racial consciousness and the goals of a species.

THE DOOR THROUGH SPACE, by Marion Bradley/RENDEZVOUS ON A LOST WORLD, by A. Bertram Chandler (Ace, 95¢) Reprint of an Ace Double. A couple of the sort of space-operas that used to be mainstays of the field back in the late 1940s when I started reading. Which may be why I like them when they're done well, as both of these are. It's a pretty good book.

KHALED, by F. Marion Crawford (Ballantine, \$1.25) I am not really an admirer of Arabian fantasy, but having liked Crawford's other work that I've read, I tried it. And it came out quite well, with more story and less purple prose than most of the type. It would make a good movie (in fact, I suspect that maybe it has, with Maria Montez and Jon Hall, and a different title.) Good exotic movie, I meant to say up there. The basic idea is fantasy, but most of the action is pure swordwork.

THE COMPLETE WEREWOLF, by Anthony Boucher (Ace, 75¢) Only the second collection of Boucher stories to be produced, I believe. This includes the title story, one of the funnier bits of werewolfery; "The Pink Caterpillar", about native wizards and time travel; "Q.U.R.", a sort of parody robot story which is also pretty funny; "Robinc", sequel to the former; "Snulbug", on how to make money out of a moth-eaten little demon of no particular powers; "Mr. Lupescu", childhood playmates and a perfect murder which includes an eyewitness; "They Bite", the reality of ogres; "Expedition", the lighthearted foiling of an alien invasion; "We Print The Truth", a novelet about the complications of wishing; and "The Ghost of Me", a nice little humorous chiller, and if that seems a contradiction in terms, read it. Highly recommended.

THE GENERAL ZAPPED AN ANGEL, by Howard Fast (Ace, 75¢) A fantasy collection from one of our best-selling historical novelists, and one of the few who can handle fantasy. Includes the title story, "The Mouse", "The Vision of Wilty Boil", "The Mohawk", "The Wound", "Tomorrow's Wall Street Journal", "The Interval", "The Movie House", and "The Insects". Most of them, like the author's novels, are social allegories, but most of them are also quite excellent stories. Recommended.

GUARDIANS OF THE GATE, by Louis & Jacquelyn Trimble (Ace, 75¢) I wonder how many male readers bought this for the cover - which has nothing to do with the story? Anyway, it's acceptable swords and dorcery, derring-do and incredible evil and all that. Sort of fun, if read in the right mood.

DOUBLE PHOENIX, by Edmund Cooper and Roger Lancelyn Green (Ballantine, \$1.25) Two novellas; "The Firebird" by Cooper and "From The World's End" by Green. The Cooper is rather self-consciously allegorical; the Green presents a somewhat pontific choice between good and evil, and so on. I can't say I thought highly of either one.

TIME'S LAST GIFT, by Philip José Farmer (Ballantine, 95¢) This one I did enjoy, despite some rather stilted performances by the major characters. I begin to suspect that characterization is not Farmer's strong point. The idea of immortality and the background of primitive man's early steps toward civilization are quite interesting enough to carry the book and make it entertaining.

THE TERRIBLE CHURNADRYNE, by Eleanor Cameron (Pocket Books, 75¢) A quite nice tale for the 8 to 10 year old set, but a bit juvenile for most of our readers. Those of you

with children might consider it.

UNIVERSE #2, ed. by Terry Carr (Ace, 95¢) An original anthology. Includes "Retroactive" by Bob Shaw (a race with time travel and Man's Inhumanity to Man), "When We Went to See The End of the World" by Bob Silverberg (the frantic searches to stave off boredom; I found the whole thing a bit silly, but then I'm seldom bored), "Funeral Service" by Gerard Conway (the guilt complex, another item that doesn't move me very much), "A Special Condition in Summit City" by R. A. Lafferty (his usual weird idea and fascinating prose), "Patron of the Arts" by Bill Rotsler (pretty much a mundane love story, but well written), "Useful Phrases For The Tourist" by Joanna Russ (a fascinatingly funny horror guidebook), "On The Downhill Side" by Harlan Ellison (a sort of allegorical love story, overwritten and over-illusioned as usual), "The Other Perceiver" by Pamela Sargent (a unique but not terribly interesting alien invasion), "My Head's In A Different Place, Now" by Grania Davis (quite vivid depiction of a pair of thoroughly unpleasant people - I keep wondering if the author thinks they are unpleasant and doubting it - and a unique drug reaction), "Stalking The Sun" by Gordon Eklund (several more thoroughly unpleasant people, hunting their descendents - literally, with guns - via time travel), "The Man Who Waved Hello" by Gardner Dozois, which I didn't bother reading, "The Headless Man", by Gene Wolfe (a story I rather enjoyed but will not attempt to describe) and "Tiger Boy" by Edgar Pangborn (another incident of Man's Inhumanity To Man, rather better told than Shaw's.) Overall, fairly good. Lafferty and Pangborn are their usual charming selves, and a majority of the rest are competent to good.

Now we come to 4 titles which I admit to having rather skimmed through; if I err in reviewing it's because I didn't try to read very much of them.

RAIDERS OF GOR, by John Norman (Ballantine, 95¢) Sixth in the series of swords, sorcery, and lands where women know their place. A big book for Burroughs fans.

THE FALLING ASTRONAUTS, by Barry Malzberg (Ace, 75¢) The usual Malzberg stew of over-emotional idiots, real live cusswords for the beanie set, and alleged Meaning.

DAY OF WRATH, by Brian Stableford (Ace, 75¢) Third in the "Dies Irae" series; sort of overdone space opera.

ROCKETS IN URSA MAJOR, by Fred & Geoffrey Hoyle (Fawcett, 75¢) This one I couldn't figure out at all from skimming; one needs to read every word to know what's going on, and I just don't enjoy Hoyle's words that much. Some sort of alien contact story, anyway.

COLLECTED WRITINGS OF AMERSE BIERCE (Citadel #C-70, \$3.95) I haven't quite finished this, but I've read enough to recommend it. The omnibus volume includes the stories from In The Midst of Life, Can Such Things Be?, and Negligible Tales, the novel Monk and the Hangman's Daughter, and the acidity of The Devil's Dictionary, Fantastic Fables, and The Parenticide Club. Most of the fiction is fantasy, but there are some merely straight, ironic stories included. If you've only read "An Inhabitant of Carcooa" or "An Occurrence At Owl Creek Bridge", you don't know Bierce. Occasionally his material is dated, but his flaming cynicism usually strikes through sharp and clear. (In his introduction, Clifton Fadiman remarks that if Bierce really did die in Mexico in 1908 it was a shame; he would have been so pleased to see World War I and have his opinion of humanity so clearly vindicated.) You get 800 pages for your money, and it's one of the biggest bargains around.

A MODERN LOOK AT MONSTERS, by Daniel Cohen (Tower, 95¢) An occasionally sarcastic look at man's belief in sea serpents, little green men, sasquatches and leftover dinosaurs. Sort of a poor man's de Camp, and quite entertaining.

INVISIBLE HORIZONS, by Vincent Gaddis (Ace, 75¢) Accounts of mysteries connected to the sea, and one of the 3 or 4 readable and entertaining "supernatural" books ever written. Gaddis is quite matter-of-fact about his mysteries, he does not bring in ridiculous "explanations", and he writes a thoroughly shivery book. Try it.

THE HEYDAY OF SPIRITUALISM, by Slater Brown (Pocket Books, \$1.25) A history of the great spiritualist period of the last century, somewhat marred by the fact that Brown seems to believe all of it literally.

GOthic GHOSTS, by Hans Holzer (Pocket Books, 95¢) I suppose it was bound to come. Aside from the title and the cover, it's a pretty standard sort of dull supernatural book of the sort Holzer turns out with appalling regularity.

SHADOW HAWK, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) Reprint of an earlier Ace edition. This is not fantasy, but a juvenile historical novel, set in Egypt around 1600 B.C. Possibly a bit too juvenile for most of our readers, but a good teen-age novel.

THE MAD KING, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 75¢) Also a reprint. This is not what is normally regarded as fantasy, though it deals with an imaginary and thoroughly improbable Graustarkian country. I sort of enjoyed it - more than I did most of Burroughs' books - but then I sort of enjoyed Graustark, too. (Ever think of reprinting that series, Bensen? The time seems ripe for such romantic drivel.)

OUTLAWS ON HORSEBACK, by Harry Sinclair Drago (remaindered, \$1.98) Thoroughly fascinating account of the gangs of bank and train robbers of the "Old West". From the beginning with William Clarke Quantrill, "come to burn Lawrence, just over the line" to the ending with Henry Starr's last robbery in 1921 and Al Jennings, who reformed and died in 1962. (I even heard Jennings once, on Groucho Marx's "You Bet Your Life" show.) And from the success of the James Gang, who operated for 16 years, to the sheer ineptitude of the Jennings Gang, who once blew two safes completely out of a baggage car without opening either one of them, and once watched helplessly while a train plowed through the barricade they had set up to stop it. If you see a copy of this, pick it up; it will be worth your while.

THE JUMPING FROG, by Mark Twain (Dover, \$1.25) This is a small book, which includes the original story, then the version translated into French (by a none too apt translator, I gather) and then vengefully and literally retranslated into English by Twain. A fascinating example of the perils of language courses.

TWO BLACK CROWS IN THE A.E.F., by Charles E. Mack - This came to me out of the blue, from Jack Gaughan, while I was in the hospital, and lightened the rigors of hospital life for some hours. (Eat your heart out, Maggie....) Charles Mack was half of "Moran and Mack", a blackface comedy team who recorded for Columbia records in the 1920s. I have 4 of their records, and have always enjoyed them (though I might hesitate to play them for some of my radical acquaintances.....) The book is an outgrowth of the records, and not as good as they are, but still amusing; and, to me, nostalgic. (The team never surpassed that one beautiful line; the ultimate criticism: "Even if that was good I wouldn't like it.")

THE RAGGED, RUGGED WARRIORS, by Martin Caidin (Ballantine, \$1.25) One of the best of the war books. This recounts the early air battles against the Japanese, from the invasion of China in 1937 to a very brief account of Midway. These were the days when the Zero fighter was supreme - the British in desperation transferred a crack Spitfire squadron from Europe and the pilots and planes that had beaten the Luftwaffe were virtually wiped out in two days. Americans were flying misfits like the P-400, which wasn't fast enough to catch a Zero and couldn't climb high enough to reach the Japanese bombers. For those who were shocked by My Lai, there is a fascinating little account of the last phase of the Battle of the Bismark Sea. Quoting the official US records: "This was the dirty part of the job. We sent out A-20s and Beaufighters to strafe lifeboats. It was rather a sloppy job, and some of the boys got sick. But.... you can't be sporting in a war."

THE ZIMMERMAN TELEGRAM, by Barbara Tuchman (Bantam, \$1.25) I bought this a bit hastily, without recalling that I already had an earlier Dell edition. The new edition contains some new material (and also costs twice as much) Still a worthwhile book, about one of the incidents which led to our entering World War I; a German telegram in code which offered Mexico all sorts of postwar goodies if it would attack the United States. We decoded it, and were not happy with Germany.

THE POISONED CROWN, by Maurice Druon (Ace, 95¢) Third volume in a history of the French kings, this covers Louis X. I haven't read it; Juanita finds it competent and enjoyable, but not outstanding, historical writing.

ONE ON ONE, by Lawrence Shainberg (Pocket Books, 95¢) I am a Hoosier, therefore I like

basketball. I am a science fiction fan, therefore crazy. Thus, I will like a novel about a crazy basketball player. No? Well, sort of. Elwood Baskin not only hears voices in his head, he carries on long conversations with them - sometimes simultaneous conversations with two or more sets of voices, all of whom are concerned about his past, present or future. In between voices, we find out what he's doing - or what he thinks he's doing, which is not always the same thing. I could hardly agree with the cover blurb that it's hilarious or sexy or a tender ode to basketball or anything else, but it has its fascination.

MIND DRUGS, by Margaret O. Hyde (Pocket Books, \$1.25) A collection of articles, by several authors, on drugs. Unfortunately, all too many of the articles are obviously - and patronizingly - aimed at keeping teen-agers on the straight and narrow, and will be rejected by anyone with enough independence to resent being talked down to. Some of the material is good, but on the whole I think the book is more apt to do harm than good.

YOUR ENVIRONMENT AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT, by Richard Saltonstall, Jr. (Ace, \$1.25) A straightforward (and unfortunately dull) account of our pollution problems, ways to overcome them, what you as an individual can do about them, and a list of organizations working on the problems that you can appeal to for help and/or join. You can skip most of the details of the problems, which have been covered better in other books, but the organization list and personal action suggestions could be useful.

SIXGUN DUO, by Ernest Haycox (Ace, 60¢) A resurrection of two of Haycox's early - and not terribly good - novelets. Very much pulp western, with attempts at "style" that are more incongruous than pleasing.

A TAN AND SANDY SILENCE, by John D. MacDonald (Fawcett, 95¢) Dr. Dudgeon gave me this one while I was in the hospital; I'd never read a Travis McGee book before. I found it of enough interest to keep me reading (especially when the only alternative at the time was The Gods of Foxcroft), but it gave me no particular urge to get any more of the series. A good enough time-waster, but nothing really outstanding. (A lot better than sitting around being bored, or reading bad stf books.)

THE CRYSTAL CROW, by Joan Aiken (Ace, 75¢) I suspect that everything Aiken has written from a woman's viewpoint is now being marketed as a "gothic". This one has four central characters; two butches, one bitch, and the heroine, a somewhat spiritless girl in a lesbian relationship with the nastier of the butches. All the male characters are weaklings of one sort or another (Woman's Lib!) and eventually not so much part as slither out of the story. It's also an extremely downbeat, tragic book, with some absolutely hilarious conversation sprinkled through it. Aiken is a law unto herself as far as writing goes. Enjoyable? I don't know. Fascinating? Absolutely.

IVORSTONE MANOR, by Elsie Cromwell (Paperback Library, 75¢) I bought this because I had enjoyed the funny parts of her other gothic, The Governess. This one also has humor in it (along with some of the most ridiculous melodrama I've encountered lately) and a heroine I can admire. (She threatens one villain with a monkey wrench, whacks another over the head with a croquet mallet, is surrounded in her car by a motorcycle gang and immediately tries to run one or more of them down, and cheerfully trades insults with her husband's snobbish family.) Despite certain inadequacies - I gather this was Cromwell's first book, now reprinted - I enjoyed it tremendously.

GALLANT LADY, by Hebe Elsna (Beagle, 95¢) I have once again been suckered by a blurb that says "in the tradition of Georgette Heyer". Needless to say, it isn't; it's an overly melodramatic and non-humorous historical romance. Sooner or later, I'll learn.

THE HOUSE OF WATER, by Elizabeth Renier (Ace, 75¢) At least, I didn't pay money for THE HOUSE OF GRANITE, by Elizabeth Renier (Ace, 75¢) these, though I did waste time reading them that could have been better spent elsewhere. Not much time, though; certainly anyone to takes over an hour per book is a frightfully slow reader. But I wouldn't recommend spending that much on them, and certainly not money.

THE TIME MASTERS, by Wilson Tucker (Lancer, 95¢) Those of you who have been following the saga of the missing page will be happy to know that the final manuscript page is included here, making this the only complete, up-to-date edition. And a pretty good story, too. Even if you have the Book Club edition, you need this for the ending.

# Grumbings

Avram Davidson, POB 627, Sausalito CA 94965

The arrival of Yandro 212 gave me a feeling of shall I call it deja-vous? dejah thor- is? ol times dar are not forgotten, or, que voulz, or, unless we are speaking Provencal or Olde Norman (Old Mormon?), Que voulez-vu? Thanks.

Thanks, too, for your favorable mentions of my story "Bumberboom" (book of the same title be finished putty soon you bet) as well as and in particular of my groovy book, PEREGRINE:PRIMUS. You do, you know, pound away on the fact of its being Vol. 1 of a trilogy in a manner not exactly calculated to make the reader rush out and be the first in his block to buy one; but every knock is a boost, I always say. What do you always say? I know, I know. You always say, "Only drawback is that this is the first book of a trilogy, and is not really complete in itself." Humph.

As for "sic friatur crustulum," "throwaway line" or not, giving credit where credit is due, credit for this due to Randall Garrett; the Ovid bit, though, is mine, all mine. Do you hear?

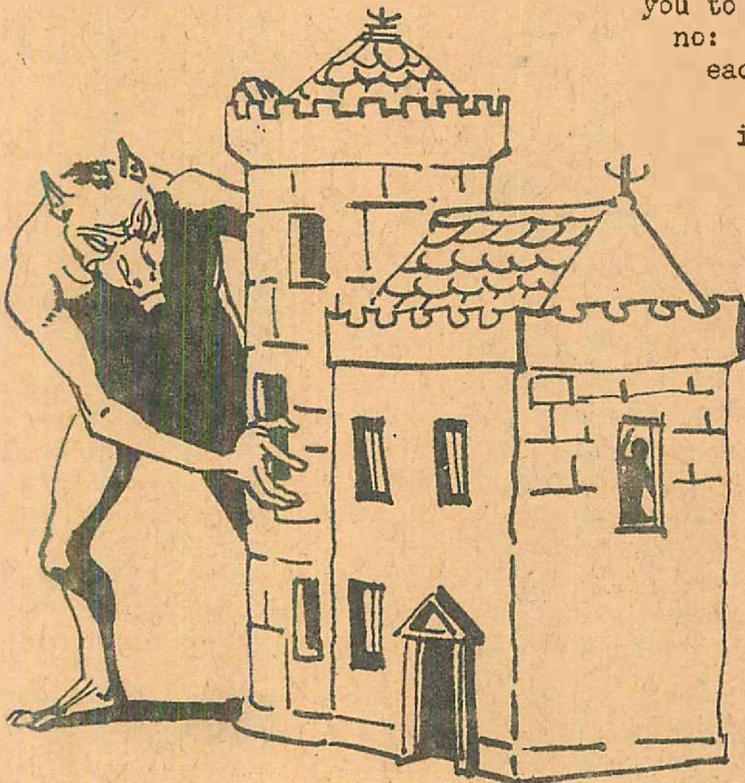
Now, as for Andrew Offutt's suggestion that a college student can practice plumbing in his spare time: well, I don't know about the legal side of it in or near Morehead (or Moorhead; ojf gives both versions, thus proving that the so-called "Offutt Document" was actually written by two people; we Biblical scholars are keen on catching these tell-tale traces), Kentucky -- it is Kentucky, yes? -- but in NY State, where I was born (I was born, if you really must know, in I shit you not, the Yonkers Homeopathic Hospital. I have for decades been trying to learn what the distinctively homeopathic way of handling childbirth is or was, but no dice) the legal set-up would preclude this. Not only must a plumber be liscenced (er, liscenced? licensed? lis... Listen, you think I got all day? Clean up your cwn shit, then) -- and just try to get one of those documents without having served an apprenticeship /trans.: My father was a plumber and got me into the Union/ -- BUT. Even when duly li I mean, duly qualified by law to practice plumb-ery, you are limited to the practice of plumbery ONLY in the district in which you are qualified. Got that? This has its equivalents in other scholarly professions or arts.

In the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for example, being admitted to the State Bar does not of itself allow you to practice law in any particular county, no: you must be admitted to the bar of each and any county.

This gives you a real big choice in some of the rural counties. Pike County, PA, for instance, had a total bar membership of seven. Four of them did not "take trial work." Of the other three, one was the district attorney. (Well, maybe it was only 3 who didn't "take 'trial work'." Big dif.) Some might use the ugly word Monopoly. Ahahahahaha. Kiddlies, the proper phrase is Job Security.

Cheer up, andrew j offutt. Be glad it was only plumbers.

/Incidentally, PEREGRINE:PRIMUS is written in much the same style as this letter, which is one of the best reasons I can think of for rushing out and getting a copy, incomplete or not. RSC



The Biblical scholar scores again; the two spellings of Morehead are entirely the fault of the bleary-eyed stenciller, the undersigned. Andrew J, the ~~stenciller~~ article writer, was consistent in his spelling, if I was not. JWC/

Gene Wolfe, 27 Betty Drive, Hamilton OH 45013  
Yan 212 here. Very few zines ever reach the boiling point.

A brief comment on the scheming profiteer who charges andy \$35 for pumping out his septic tank: thirty-five, today, will buy you about five hours of the time of most professionals or skilled workers. For the money andy's friendly septic man has driven his truck out to the remote offutthouse (at a minimum cost of 10¢ a mile), located the tank lid by probing for it with an iron rod in the (often frozen) ground, dug down to it (usually 2 - 2½ feet, and if the ground was frozen for the probing it still is), lifted out the lid (they are concrete -- I wonder if andy helped him?), and pumped out the offshit. He has then repacked his hose on the truck (think you'd enjoy that one?), put that concrete lid back in place, filled in the hole, and slipped Andy's check behind his Camels. But though paid he is not through yet. He still must drive his truck to some (very) remote ex-farm (still at a cost of at least 10¢ a mile) where he will dump the offal (after heating up the pipes with a Prestolite torch, if it is winter). I don't know what Kentucky law is, but here the law states that this sewage must be plowed into the ground at least once a month; for three months out of the year this is utterly impossible (for the benefit of city people: you cannot plough frozen ground, nor can you spring muck) which means that the police can shut down any septic tank man whenever they wish. I have been to my own septic tank man's house, and I do not think he is getting rich off of me or anyone else -- or collecting food stamps either, since he is the Brown (I know, I know) Septic Service and owns a car and a truck. (To help ends meet he keeps bees on the side, which you might try remembering the next time you pour honey on your toast.)

Did no one but me see the Halfhitch cartoon in which the seagull demanded stricter gun laws because the victims were beginning to shoot back?

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SEPTIC TANK SERVICE ---- No housecalls.

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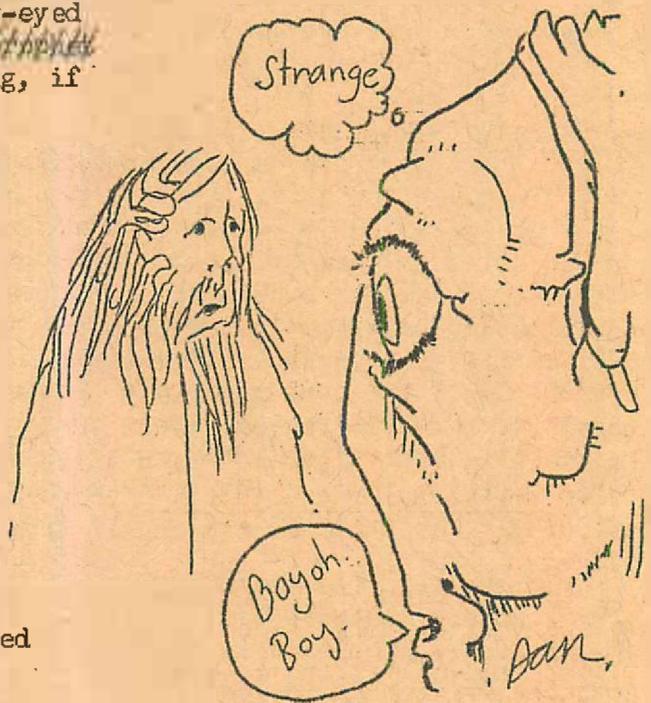
Bats are not rodents. Whales are not fish. Spiders are not insects.

And I happen to remember when DDT was invented. My mother always told me how much the starving children in India would like to have my nice Cream of Wheat.

L. Sprague de Camp, Villanova PA 19085

Thanks for Yandro 212.. I am flattered by Mr. Christopher's endowing me with such eminent poetical forebears. Housman I have long liked, but of Hardy's verse my knowledge is meager, and I never cared much for that of it which I saw. I must try to mend my shameful ignorance.

In return, perhaps I can add a bit to Mr. Christopher's knowledge of writers who have assumed that Jesus survived his crucifixion. There is George Moore's novel THE BROOK KERITH, and there is Hugh J. Schonfield's popular non-fiction work THE PASSOVER PLOT. Schonfield, however, assumes that Jesus died soon afterwards from the spear wound. I am personally doubtful about the whole spear episode, since in the older mss it occurs only in John's Gospel, and I fear my faith in John's historicity is far less than Schonfield's. Of course, in arguing such a matter with Rabbi Schonfield, I am fighting out of my weight class and would doubtless be demolished in short order.



I am still borrowing letters from members of the RPL-WT circle of the thirties for photocopying, to use eventually in writings about these writers, if anybody knows of any across which I haven't yet come.

Thomas Burnett Swann, Box 232, Winter Haven FL 33880

Right after you wrote me some more details of Leisure Books, my manuscript came back with a form rejection slip. My book is now off with Fantasy Publishing Corporation, though I was told by the publisher that they too are having financial difficulties. Then came a letter from Ace saying my latest royalty check was being held up till they settle their financial problems. Are these isolated cases or is the whole science fiction publishing industry in trouble now? It might be due to over-production. There seem to be too many books on the stands for the number of buyers.

Has THE OMEGA MAN come your way? I read in Variety that all the New York critics disliked it, and it certainly isn't up to Matheson's I AM LEGEND. Charlton Heston acts like Ben Hur; there is an inter-racial romance with nudity; a Hippie and a band of children are thrown in to give Charlton company. I liked it as a somewhat inflated melodrama but wished for the original, with its subtleties and its eeriness.

/In general, I'd say the last stf "boom" has died out and we'll be in a literary recession for awhile. (And of course the bad thing about a literary recession is the number of people who can write absolutely abysmal books and sell them, while nobody will take my masterpieces. RSC/

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

I'm going to sneak over and spend Saturday with Gene Wolfe and wife and get a chance to talk with someone, thereby, who isn't published by Dorrance or Vantage. I've had a run of these recently. I had a little old lady who came in and furnished me with two of her books. One was published in 1932 by some outfit who privately printed it in Columbus, Indiana, and the other was a book of poetry from Dorrance, circa 1950. I'm always secretly amused when these people indicate we're all together in this.

Having given up smoking in 1969 I too hate to be around those who smoke. One of the reasons is that I'd dearly love to take it up again. I was a two to three pack a day man and I quit cold and have never had another cigarette, cigar, pipeload, etc. For a time I could hold down the jitters with an old, cold pipe, but now I'm to the place where I don't even need to bite my fingers or anyone else's.

Damn it, that Offutt's good at too many things already. Actually, I don't think he could have done any of it without Jodie telling him what to do. She probably told him what those other things in the basement were also. Now I would have recognized them instantly -- a gift of the profession.

Thanks for the review. I'll try to get you on the list for the next one wherein same protags get involved with my version of the Indiana legislature.

It looks like Jim Coleman will be out about May. I talked with them over there and all seems well and this is the story I get. I'll believe it for sure when he does get out and I'm encouraging Coleman, who believes as I believe, to treat all of it right now with a barrel of salt. But I think it's all okay.

Larry Nichols, 1350 Queen Ave., N., Minneapolis, MN 55411

Oh, do I pity you. I imagine that you're going to get all sorts of interesting letters in response to your statement about pleasant fan groups -- much luck.

The thought of Bruce's mini roulette wheel makes me slightly quiver. Oh well, I've always been in favor of the small businessman. Perhaps we are witnessing the beginning of another Horatio Alger story. I just pity all those kids that will be going without lunch.

There is a somewhat interesting story in connection with the current edition of THE TIME MASTERS. After Chambanacon, Larry Propp escorted us to the theater that Bob works at, so the fans I had in tow could meet the great and glorious Mr. Tucker. The first thing that I mentioned to him, after the introductions, was that I enjoyed the new edition of his book, with the exception of the ambiguous ending. I went on, telling him

how much I disliked his selling-out to the "New Wave" faction, and how disappointed I was in him. He just stood there looking abashed, until I couldn't hold my poker face any longer, and started laughing. Then he laughed too, as he tried to kick my ass down a small flight of stairs.

Your review of THE CONQUERORS reminded me of a movie that I saw a number of years ago (no, I don't remember its title). It dealt with the smallpox incident that is described in the book. Jesus, I never expected Hollywood to be historically accurate. Perhaps somebody in the scripting department goofed.

Chris Walker's loc makes me think that he had better not attend any Wilcons. Altho I don't think that her avocation has attained such monumental proportions, as the incident described in his letter, I'm certain that Joni Stopa will really tear into him for his antagonism toward people who waste their time growing non-edibles.

/From the looks of Wilmot Mountain, I thought Joni's problem wasn't spending time growing non-edibles but fighting like mad to keep them from swarming all over the property and rendering the house down into a compost heap./

Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr., #9, Duarte CA 91010

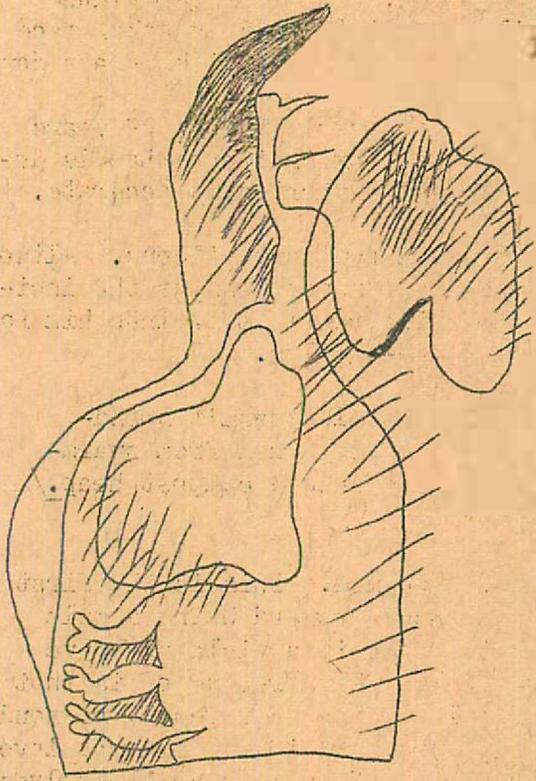
I just gotta answer Kay Anderson. I've been unjustly impugned. This is the first time anyone has even faintly alluded that I have any tendencies toward being a male chauvinist pig. May I quote? "The combination of Jackie Franke's article and Dave Locke's column was striking. I hope one of the things Femlib will free us of is that sort of "dumb wife" humor in which the sneer is imperfectly hidden by a veneer of fond amusement. No personal attack on Dave intended, but I'm sure that if the men who love to tell stories about how their wives can burn water were to take a look at themselves they'd see that there are undoubtedly a few traditionally male roles they aren't too competent with. A lot of husbands pound their thumbs instead of nails, or don't know a clutch from a crankcase, or can't do their own income tax, or shoot their own toes off while deer hunting, or loathe sports, but you seldom see their wives (except maybe Phyllis Diller) doing a comedy routine on it." Unquote.

You're all wrong, Kay, about everything in that paragraph. Even about the fact that Phyllis Diller is a somewhat unique comedienne due to having a comedy routine about her (ex) husband. Even if she were unique, are you saying that men shouldn't do comedy material about women because women haven't been inclined to do comedy material about men? Even though your premise is wrong, are you saying also that something is sacred with regard to comedy?

This was the first time in over a dozen Difugalty installments that I used any comedy material aimed at my wife. Usually I aim it at me. Or at my friends. Once I aimed it at my kid. Once at my wife. You objected about aiming it at my wife. Think about that for a second. Comics have bombed when they do a routine that touches on somebody's pet protest. Did I overflow your saturation point by including my wife, once, in the same company as myself, my friends, and my kid? Are you justified, in the light of many columns to the contrary, in suggesting that I haven't taken a look at myself when it comes to creating humor? Or, more likely, are you writing off the top of your head because you read a comedy routine in which a man wrote about his wife? Have you ever read Liz Fishman's column? She isn't married, but she writes comedy material about men. So does Rosemary Ulliot. So does Tina Hensel.

I've even quoted some of my own husband/wife dialog, where Phoebe gets the good lines. Including in Difugalty. "The sneer is imperfectly hidden by a veneer of fond amusement." Horseshit.

I think the worst thing about involvement in protest, or a keen empathy with a protest, is the tendency to take an innocent piece of wordage and elevate it to the status of being a slight. You can analyze a slight into almost anything if you pick hard enough at it, and finding slights in comedy material is like finding shit in fertilizer. If it's a slight, it isn't funny. And if it isn't funny, then it must be a slight. If I may beg your pardon, while you beg the question, it isn't a matter of how you look at it. It's a matter of how you look for it. You'll find it, whether it's there or not.



So Kay, you've no hard feelings against me but you do feel I've fallen into the old male chauvinist frame of mind when I do a comedy routine about some of my wife's follies. Was the style wrong? Could I have made it funnier? Or was the subject material wrong? Should I have not written on that topic? If the style was wrong, I'm guilty of not being funny. And if I failed at being funny (not to you in particular, but rather in general), does that then cause my motives to be suspect? On the other hand, if you feel I erred in choosing a proper topic for humor then I must restrict my field, as presumably you would be saying that some things are too sacred for humor. If you feel that I've boxed you in with these two choices, please outline a third. I fail to see it, since I've already ruled out the choice that my column showed traces of male chauvinism.

Judge that section of the installment on its own merits. It was good or it was bad or it was somewhere in between. But it was humor, and nothing else. It does not reflect any real or imagined male chauvinism. Besides, my wife reads these columns before they go in the mails.. She's even been known to edit some of my material. If we're so serious that we can't laugh at ourselves, and particularly at (yes, at), each other, life would be a large uptight snit.

And if anybody's curious about where I stand on women's lib, then they aren't paying attention.

It's only recently that I started watching ALIAS SMITH AND JONES. Very good show. Particularly the last episode with Pete Duel, where they spent \$35,000 to get Wally Cox out of jail.

It seems as though every time I open a fanzine I see more Offutt. I wonder if Andy named one of his boys Seymour. It was a very good article, and quite parallel to a fairly recent plumbing experience of my own. Brian flushed a goddamn rubber ball down the john, or so Phoebe told me when I came home that night. I didn't believe it myself. I'd just bought the ball a few days before, and I knew damn well there was no way in the world that big ball could have passed through that small hole without a good helping push from a small hand or foot. His shoes weren't wet, so he must have poked it through with his hand. Phoebe waited till I came home because she knew the high cost of plumbers and hoped maybe there was something I could do about it. I could have unseated and reseated the john, which is a really lovely job regardless of how even your floor is, but that wouldn't have done much good unless the ball was still trapped in the john. So to hell with it, I called one of the Rooter outfits. The guy said someone would be out in a couple of hours. That was seven o'clock.

At nine-thirty I called back. The guy wasn't happy to hear from me, and said the truck was delayed and would be out before eleven. Promise. At eleven I called back and was told the truck would be out in half an hour. I said that I wanted a call-back if the truck wasn't going to make it in half an hour. The guy said he was sorry, but there'd been a hang-up.

At eleven-thirty I called and told the man to tell the truck to come back to the shop, and when it got there to run the rooter up and down his butt a few times. He told me the truck was actually hi-tailing it in my direction right this very minute, and would arrive at any second. Swear to god. There'd been a hang-up and he apologized all to hell for the inconvenience. I said ok.

Phoebe had already gone to bed. I watched Carson's opening monologue and then turned the tv off. It was quiet as hell that time of night. I laid down on the couch to snooze until the truck got there. My head was about ten feet away from our front door.

At two o'clock in the morning I woke up with a back like Quasimodo's and a disposition like Howard Cosell's. I mumbled all the way down the hall and into bed. I was still mumbling when my wife kicked me in her sleep.

I slept late the next morning. Phoebe called Roto-Rooter and got a guy out within a half-hour. Never heard anything from the outfit which had sworn the truck was directly on its way out. Like Andy says, they sure must love money.

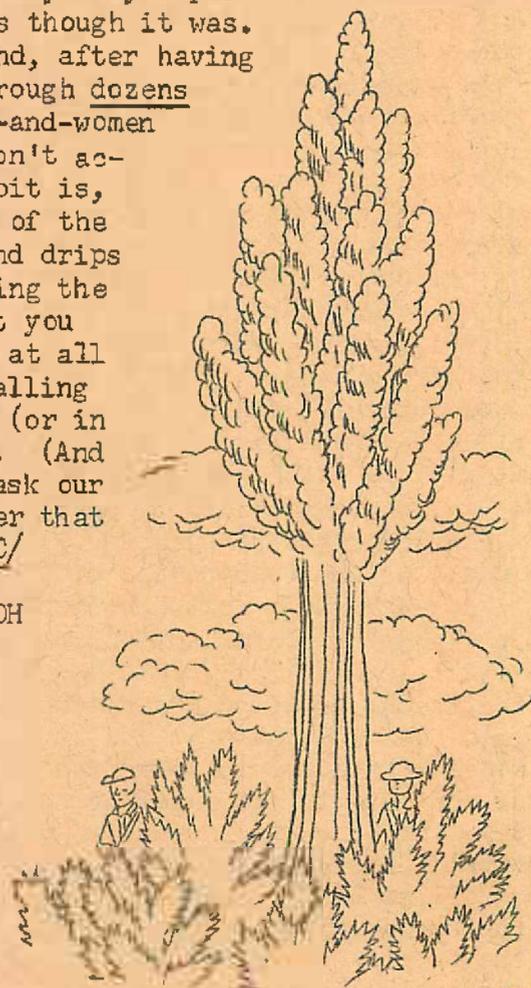
Seems as though I've mentioned this somewhere before, but in regard to Gene's article about mailing lists you'll save yourself a lot of trouble if you don't return warranty cards. Just save your half of the card. Companies don't keep files or records of these things, and if somewhere in this world there's one company to prove me inaccurate then I'm sure they'd honor the possibility that they misfiled or mislogged one card. Warranty cards are used for three purposes. Some of them have a checklist at the bottom so that you can request literature about other products. Once in a while a company will screen a particular volume of cards for a survey of one kind or another. ~~Then after~~, they use the cards to make mailing lists. What's worse, they often sell the cards to companies who make and sell mailing lists. Just hang onto your half of the warranty card. It's all you'll ever need. It's your proof that you have an instrument which is under warranty, and you'll find that most companies ask you to send your card when you send your merchandise in for service. Just don't try to screw them on a one-year warranty by forward-dating the card. They know by the serial number how old the product is, and they know the approximate inventory turnover of the place where you bought it.

/Dave, your irate reaction should be addressed 98% to me, rather than Kay. Her letter was not a loc, but private, and I printed that part of it because I reacted and agreed so strongly with it. She did say, and I agreed, that the comment was not directly to you personally, even if you seem to have reacted as though it was. It was a scraping fingernail on an open wound, after having suffered for years (I do not exaggerate) through dozens (I do not exaggerate) of putting-down-wives-and-women routines by male comics and comedians. I don't accuse you of male chauvinism, but the whole bit is, quite frankly, suspect; in the cases of many of the comics, the sneer is not at all concealed and drips contempt for everything female -- entertaining the audience quite aside. I'm sorry you thought you were being uniquely targeted -- or targeted at all in particular. JWC Nobody even bothers calling repairmen here. You either fix it yourself (or in my case, ask the landlord to) or do without. (And another difference from city life; when we ask our landlord to fix something, he does. I gather that isn't always the case in the big city.) RSC/

Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor OH  
44060

We had a lovely Christmas and hope yours was the same!

One of the gifts was for Valerie (actually, ~~90%~~ were for Valerie; but I digress) -- a game of Authors. A couple of the suits were typical -- Twain and Alcott, with their best-known books. Several were at least in line, but had a few weird books listed among their well-known works: Stevenson has MERRY MEN, Dickens has DOMBEY AND SON (no CHRISTMAS CAROL, no TALE OF TWO CITIES), Longfellow has THE GOLDEN LEGEND.



James Barrie has a suit (including A WINDOW IN THRUMS). And there are cards for Joseph Conrad, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and -- ta daa! -- Helen H. Jackson. Now, I'll admit that RAMONA is a work of which many have heard (though, I suspect, not too many have read). But you figure a deck of cards in which are the top ten authors ever (or even the top ten known-to-Authors-playing-fandom) -- and I think to myself that Shakespeare might have earned a spot. (Maybe they couldn't figure out how to spell his name?)

We note in current Gold Key comics an ad for FREE (10¢ mailing cost) "20 ALMOST-RARE STAMPS from 12 LOST NATIONS!" Atlantis, Lemuria, Oz...

Don is now getting (courtesy of his boss) Chicago Journalism Review, a tradesheet you'd enjoy. Current issue has a long transcription (to show how thorough and hard-working the police are) of six police reports covering the month of April, detailing how a total of everyone on the force went to cover a tavern with strippers for entertainment. The first report covers the place thoroughly, including the statement that absolutely no laws whatsoever were being broken. But the men of the law obviously felt that protecting the public was not a task to be taken lightly, and every man on the force went at one time or another to check the place out.

I've a sad bit of news to report. We had my friend at the Cleveland Public Library check out Martha Keller in every Who's Who type of work she could find. In WHO'S WHO IN POETRY, 1970-1971, she found Martha Keller Rowland (Mrs. Edmund Rowland), born November 14, 1902. It lists: MIRROR TO MORTALITY (verse), 1937; BRADY'S BEND AND OTHER BALLADS (verse), 1946; THE WAR WHOOP OF THE WILY IROQUOIS, 1954. She's had poetry in such things as Atlantic, American Rifleman, Commonweal, Harpers, the old Life, New Republic, New Yorker, Scribners, Saturday Review, Saturday Evening Post... I wrote to her (at the address given) on September 24 -- and sent her a birthday letter for November 14. The latter elicited a response -- from her daughter. Who wrote to say that Martha Keller had died not many days before my first letter arrived. The daughter's letter was very nice, indeed, and I'll write to her -- as soon as I can manage to locate her letter for the name and address (that's the way things have been around here). She offered to send us copies of Mrs. Rowland's books if they turn up in the course of handling the estate -- and seems a very nice person to know.

(By the way, my librarian friend says she thinks that THE WAR WHOOP is a children's book on Indians. You might check a large library for it -- though all her books are out of print...)

We had an interesting experience and follow-up this last summer. We were being visited by three fen (the Luttrells and Rick Brown) and we all went over to nearby Painesville (Harlan's fondly-remembered home town) after a morning's picnicking at a state park. We were displaying the wonders of downtown Painesville and wound up in the Greyhound bus station, which had a small but varied newsstand. After about 10 minutes' hunting, we all came up with nothing and started out. Rick (by far the straightest and most normal-looking of the crew of us, except for 4-year-old Valerie) was bringing up the end of the line and as he passed the proprietor, said worthy shouted at him, "What did you say?" Rick, having said nothing, said as much. The owner ranted at him, Rick all the time trying to explain that he hadn't said anything and wanted to straighten out any misunderstanding. The guy slammed the door of the shop (almost shattering the glass), then wrenched it open and ordered us off his sidewalk. There was considerable back-and-forth (with me finally reacting to the point of starting off with Valerie, who was, of course, totally bewildered) with obscenities from the attacking proprietor.

We finally departed and hastened off to the police station to file a complaint; the sergeant was most helpful and cooperative and we concluded it best to drop all charges (since involved people were from St. Louis and Columbus areas, respectively). But we asked the sergeant to speak to the guy, since we were concerned about the berserk behavior. That evening, we had a phonecall from the sergeant, who was fuming; he'd gone to talk to the guy -- and had gotten the same behavior. We 'lowed as how we'd dropped all charges; he replied, "You have; I haven't." Don and Rick went over to the police station; when they got there, the policeman was on the fourth page of his report -- and fuming.

Well, maybe we've already told you all that. But we were intrigued to find -- at a

Christmas party with various local political biggies -- what finally happened. Seems the bus station's owner's little old mother had come in to see the county prosecutor and demanded that her little boy be left alone. He explained that, once charges are filed, he had to prosecute -- but that he'd be glad to try to work out a reconciliation between the sergeant and the guy if the latter would apologize. (Fascinating sidelight you never see on such shows as The D.A. -- the prosecutor apologetically confessed to some 'upset at having to prosecute the guy, since said guy regularly used to treat Painesville police to free drinks and such. And the prosecutor has to worry about getting votes in the next election -- and this weirdo apparently has some minor pull, at least in the bars. But, as the prosecutor said, there Comes a Time... Gosh. Never hear Bob Conrad worrying about getting votes...)

Anyhoo, the guy never did so much as deliver an "I'm sorry" -- and he had one charge dropped and the other got a conviction. Which meant a fine of some sort. (I suspect the dropped charge was ours -- since we never did want to prosecute. And the upheld charge was that of the sergeant.) And now, the bus stop has shut down completely.

A day in the life of fandom...

Yes, I've always liked George MacDonald's juvenile fantasies -- especially the Curdie books. AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND always bugged me with its ending of the death of the boy. But his other books are great fun and well worth rereading.

Another point about Free Day Care Centers -- we recently got a bitch from some guy who felt that this was some sort of plot to deprive him of more tax dollars for the benefit of women. Not arguing the merits and such of that -- why should a Free Day Care Center be considered a benefit for women? True that in current societal circumstances it is usually a woman who is left with sole care of a child -- if only one of the parents is present. But that's not always the case, by any means. A current rarity which I hope will become less rare is the aspect of the husband's being granted custody of the child in a divorce case. At least in cases where he is divorcing his wife because she gives not two whoops for marriage or children. And there he is, holding down his 40-hours-a-week and parenting a preschooler. Why can't we get more Free Day Care Centers for him, too? Then, maybe, fewer rotten mothers will be granted custody of kids for the sake of alimony and their staying at home with the children. And maybe it'll shape up the entire alimony situation. And...

And maybe you've forgotten about the widower a couple of years back? He had to place his preschooler with his wife's parents till he could get his life back on the track and the child could attend school and such. And when he went to get the child, his wife's parents fought for custody -- and WON. If he'd had a Day Care Center for the child while he was working, he'd have his child today.

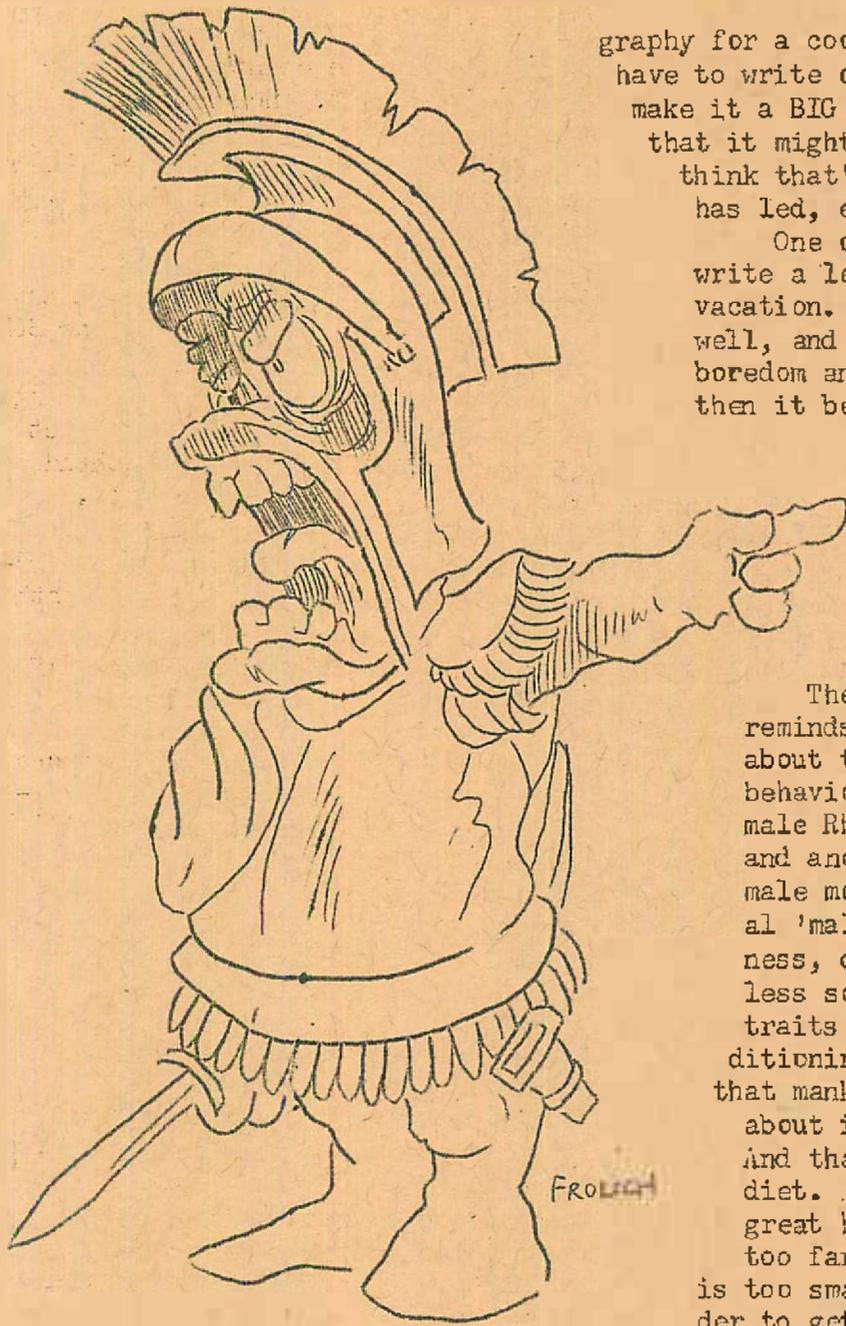
(As to non-free centers, maybe some nominal cost should be covered by the parent, yes. But I also recall my mother's situation, when she tried teaching for a year. By the time a housekeeper/sitter and the transportation were paid for, her marvelous salary was ~~G\*O\*O\*D\*~~. Certainly by the time such incidentals as workclothes and equipment were figured in, there was nothing left -- and possibly even a deficit. Especially considering that the work left her totally drained and unable to Cope for a year or so after she'd quit.

/You know, I don't think I ever played Authors? Which is odd, because I had most of the other special card games and board games and so on. (Of course, I was also playing euchre at age 7 or 8, which probably shocked Dad's relatives...) Why doesn't some enterprising convention chairman produce a batch of "Authors" decks with science-fiction authors on them, and sell them as convention souvenirs? RSC Maybe, to explain your adventure with the Greyhound bus station weirdo, it's something in the Painesville air? JWC/

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

.. Come to think of it, you have the largest collection of original Frankes in existence. How's that for a status symbol?

Oh. Wally says I should point out to you that Rose Kennedy sold her unwritten bio-



graphy for a cool million-and-a-half. If you only have to write one book (and bet it's 99% ghosted), make it a BIG one, eh? He said he heard rumors that it might have a gothic tone...but I don't think that's funny. With the life her family has led, even a gothic couldn't compete.

One of the more difficult tasks is to write a letter when one's children are on vacation. When one's husband is home as well, and on the verge of madness from utter boredom and dying for some conversation, then it becomes well-nigh impossible. I'm

suffering under that handicap at present. Twice now I've started this letter, and have gotten absolutely nowhere with it. (When it doesn't make sense to the writer, there is no hope.)

That Rats Experiments and Their Bearing On Women's Lib article reminds me of something that was run about two months or so ago. Some animal behavior psychologists raised a batch of male Rhesus monkeys without adult contact and another group of females as well. The male monkeys displayed all the traditional 'male' behavior traits (aggressiveness, dominance, etc.) and the females less so. Thereby "proving" that such traits are not imposed by cultural conditioning. Sure it did. Probably proved that mankind would be happier swinging about in a glorified jungle-gym, too. And that nuts and fruits are our ideal diet. Analogous experiments can be a great help, but at times they do go a bit too far. (Why the fact that a female rat is too smart to have her feet shocked in order to get some sexual satisfaction "proves" that equal opportunity is impossible is beyond me. As far as I can see, it just

proves how dumb a male rat can be.)

It's nice to know that somewhere there is another with the same attitude toward housekeeping that I have. Three cheers for Dave Hulan...may his kind ever prosper!

Gene's article reminds one of the old reproof of Americans...their liking for conspicuous consumption. Masculine tissue box cover indeed! Now wouldn't that make a dandy memento of our nation's culture for some far-future archaeologist to uncover?

Andy's encounters with tradesmen in the super-boonies strikes too close to home to be truly hilarious. Amusing, but tinged with a touch of pain. It does suggest a thought I had never considered. Could Erma Bombeck be Sir Andrew in drag? Egads.

Ah, the letters, my favorite part. Jay Cornell is typical of those who don't seem to really hear what W.L. is saying. Certainly all aspects should be changed that reflect sexism in society. From alimony to zoological analogies equating humans with rats, bias and prejudice for and against any one group of mankind should be eliminated. Unfair is unfair, no matter who is getting the short end of the stick. Special consideration in matters such as the draft or social interactions is just symptomatic of the low esteem the Social Male grants the female of the species. We are supposedly poor,

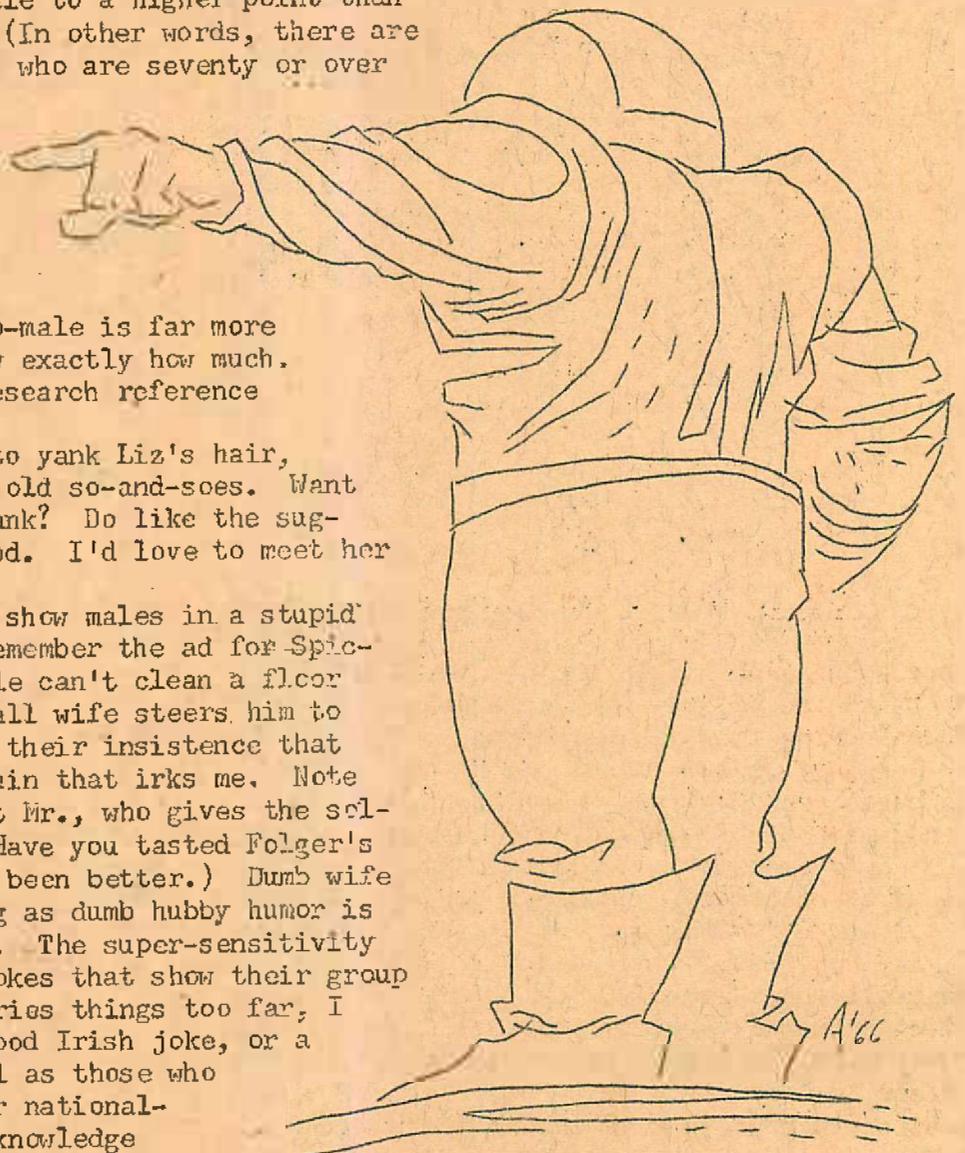
weak little creatures who have to be protected from the rigors of life. I call it utter nonsense. As for Dutch Treat in dating situations, it makes far more sense to me than having one person pay for everything. All that archaic viewpoint promulgates is inequality in wages. Why pay a girl as much as a guy for the same work? After all, her expenses aren't as high. Equalize pay and expenses. I support Human Liberation, not simply one sex's.

Hulvey's comments on homosexuals have little bearing on the matter. IF people are to be accepted as individuals...what matter their sexual orientation? I've known homosexuals who were better human beings than many heteroes. And as far as I know, those who are personally acquainted with such people generally feel the same way. It usually is the stereotype that is objectionable. The actuality is generally quite different. A simpering, mincing fag would no doubt repel me. But a simpering, mincing person of any sex does the same. The moment than any one of us can oall ourselves Perfect, then we can judge the attitudes and morals of the rest of humanity.

As for Locke's objections to my article, I admit to being lax with figures. Too lazy to look up the exact figures. But if memory does not fail me -- as it tends to do -- females are approximately 51.8% or 52.8% of the population. Don't forget, more males are born than females -- but by adulthood (over twenty) the proportions shift. There are more people in the population in the younger age-groups, which means more younger folk are male than female. If half the population is under 25, then there are more males in the lower portion, more females in the upper. But taken as a whole, there are slightly more females, as the percentage increases at the upper end of the scale to a higher point than from the beginning of it. (In other words, there are far more females than males who are seventy or over compared with the ratio of males to females in the first year. But there are more one-year olds of either sex than septuagenarians.) If you consider only the mature population, the percentage of female-to-male is far more than 52%. But I don't know exactly how much. Anyone have a population-research reference volume handy?

Hmm. I have no reason to yank Liz's hair, Buck. I do like crotchety old so-and-soes. Want me to hold her while you yank? Do like the suggestion of a trip to Oakwood. I'd love to meet her in person.

Oh, Madison Avenue does show males in a stupid light on occasion, Kay. Remember the ad for Spic-and-Span where the poor male can't clean a floor properly, but the know-it-all wife steers him to the "right" product? It's their insistence that each sex has a special domain that irks me. Note it's always Mrs. Olson, not Mr., who gives the solution to "good coffee". (Have you tasted Folger's coffee? Chicory must have been better.) Dumb wife humor can be funny, as long as dumb hubby humor is given equal representation. The super-sensitivity of some ethnic groups to jokes that show their group in a disparaging light carries things too far, I think. I can laugh at a good Irish joke, or a good Dumb Dora joke as well as those who have no allusions to sex or nationality. Just as long as the knowledge



exists that it is the Stereotype, not the entire group, that is being made fun of.

See in Locus that the Star Trek Con was a huge affair. Not surprised that the Art Show wasn't too hot. I wrote in twice for info and never got a reply. A friend of mine got the same result. So I imagine the only entries they had were what was taken along by those who attended. Too bad Bjo couldn't have handled it.

/Glad you allow me the privilege of judging other people's morals. World's largest collection of original Frankes, eh? Me and Charlemagne... RSC/

Aljo Svoboda, 1203 Buoy Ave., Orange CA 92665

The truth comes out. You are the reason for the nonappearance of Embelyon! What a fiendish plot! I can see it now...a villainous plot of unheard-of proportions, a conspiracy with thousands involved! Well, at least the Coulson family. And what is this conspiracy's awful goal? The destruction of fandom, unless they bend to the will of those three cryptic yet all-powerful personages known to most only by their initials... RSC, JWC, and BEC. And you say Charlie Brown takes his appellation too seriously. Obviously there is only one way to hold you back. Fandom has held this awesome power in reserve too long, but now that most of known fandom cringes at your feet, it must be unleashed. Yes, I am going to loc Yandro!!!

I think Juanita is right about fanzines being do-it-yourself activity. As a matter of fact, I think fandom in general has more participation than any other hobby. Take coin collecting, for instance. It's possible to have coin collecting as your hobby and yet never really participate in the hobby. Well, I suppose it all boils down to the fact that you can't get egoboo (or at least not as much by far) in those other hobbies.

If Dave Locke would go into more detail about his neighbors, he might have another "Neighbor Stories." Too bad he's moving...but maybe there'll be strange people at his new residence, too. People like him and Greg Shaw seem to attract strange people. Just some strange aura around them, I suppose, which places them above the rest of us.

I wonder what you'd find in a fannish mail catalogue? Maybe instead of that little black box with applause, you could offer a little black box with egoboo inside, telling you what a great fan you are. Beanies of all varieties, from cheap plastic to leather and ivory propellers ("only for trufans"?). And of course, Italian leather covers for your Loci, though of course they'd need to be reinforced, since Locus needs to stand up to two weeks' use.

We don't know how to plumb, but we still don't call the plumber. We do the next best thing to Andy's do-it-yourself; we let the stuff rot.

/Well, we don't want a rival big-name fanzine right here in Indiana. Seek out and insidiously destroy the opposition. We'll get back on the Hugo ballot yet. RSC/

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

You have no doubt by now seen the new F&SF with the Panshins' reviews. Oh, if they had a lettercol, some violent fulminations would be appearing! The basis of their judgments is apparently the thesis of the book they're writing, that SF ought to be different and even possibly better than the mainstream. But they also downplay the scientific content, perhaps because neither of them has a scientific background. Thus there will be complaints on both sides.

Continuing my comments from the last Yandro, I could have also mentioned the exquisite delicacy of bats' eyelashes and eyebrows. I recently heard a lecture on Chinese textiles wherein was revealed that the bat is the Chinese symbol of happiness because the words are homonyms. The famous Five Happinesses are represented as a pentagon of intertwined bats and our museum owns a delightful embroidered hanging of cheery (!) bats swooping above the heads of playing children.

So I see it costs \$10 less to have a septic tank cleaned in Morehead than here. But breathes there a monster so depraved not to be moved by Jodie Offutt's tears? Outrageous!

Indianapolis must be more sophisticated than we think, since our papers ran the

title of CARNAL KNOWLEDGE. (The only movies they don't title are the outright porno ones. I recall an extensive promotion for an unnamed film which turned out to be called SUUCUBUS.) Now the local paper in Joliet, Illinois was ultra-puritanical: "Audie Murphý in "To H--- And Back!" Outside readers must find our little Midwestern folkways excessively quaint.

/I always thought bats were cheerful little critters; maybe I have some inscrutable Oriental blood in me somewhere. RSC/

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

I assume you are aware of the SF Research Ass'n? My interests lie in that area (indexes, bibliographies, etc), but I just can't see paying \$20 a year in dues. I am dropping out of the American Chemical Society because I couldn't see what they were doing with my dues that was worth \$25 a year to me -- especially since either they or the PO has been losing the news magazine the ACS publishes (my copy, anyway).

I sent copies of my Sf Published In... list to the Library Journal to review, and they sent them to Hal Hall (at A&M), who gave them a favorable review (which was to be expected, since he suggested I send them to LJ in the first place). Ever since the review appeared, I have been getting library orders, usually for the complete set. I didn't expect to sell all 500 copies within a year of publication, but if the library orders don't stop soon, I will be down to the last 25 or so. I have been sending out 20 sets a week, and it doesn't take too long at that rate. What gets me, tho, is how the libraries order the things. Some pay in advance, some say bill in duplicate, triplicate or four copies, and some I have to sign a paper saying I really did fill the order before I can get paid. That is a lot of trouble to go to for \$2.25. And some of the librarians didn't read the review closely enough and think that all three volumes are 75¢, total. I don't know what they think when they get the bill.

I went to Houston today, and stopped at Brown's book store and found a book I hadn't known existed: BEGINNING WITH A BASH, by Alice Tilton, Leonidas Witherall's first excursion into detection. It was published by Norton either this month or last month, quite recently, anyway, and it is copyrighted 1937. I haven't read it yet; I want to get everything done so I can spend an evening uninterrupted with it.

/Not being much of a researcher, I'm only vaguely aware of the SF Research Ass'n.// I wonder if BEGINNING WITH A BASH was originally published by someone other than Norton? It's not included in the "Other Books By..." lists in any of the first editions I own; I thought the series began with THE CUT DIRECT, followed by COLD STEAL. RSC/

Chris Walker, The Storm Inn, 417 S. Ess., Bloomington IN 47401

May Ghu defend you from this bronchial flu business that's in the area! More than a week after coming down with it, I'm still miserable. Nothing works against it in the way of wonder drugs, so you just have to ride it out with aspirin and cough medicine and that sort of thing. Brought home to me how much I take medical research for granted. Imagine living in the days before the simplest of modern medical conveniences. Has Georgette Heyer ever had a heroine get diptheria or something?

Bruce's column this time touches on one of my favorite activities: sorting out a mess. I love to let my desk or drawers get into a hopeless muddle, because I always turn up fascinating items in rearranging and restoring to order. Sometimes I think things breed under there, in the dark, dry, dusty environment of the bottoms of piles...papyrogenetics...

Oh, for God's sake. The radio just announced that a local organization plans to demonstrate against the appearance here on IU's campus of the Osipov Balalaika Orchestra, which is stopping here on its American tour next week, the argument being that Soviet Jewry is oppressed and that therefore every aspect of Soviet culture is to be condemned. This same mentality as you probably heard firebombed Sol Hurok Enterprises' New York office, wounding several people (including the entrepreneur) and killing a receptionist, because Hurok has brought Soviet talent to the United States and Soviet

culture oppresses the Jews. Naturally, Soviet oppression of the Jews if it exists is to be deplored; but the answer can hardly be to maim and murder any Americans having any contact with Soviet culture, nor is a Jewish Defense League demonstration in Bloomington, Indiana, going to have any effect on Soviet internal policy. I'm disgusted.

A "Man's Tissue Box Cover"! Well! Now that fills a much-felt need. I've always been secretly mortified at having to use kleenex from an ordinary, effeminate tissue box; now I'm pleased to hear that I can reinforce my self-image as I blow my nose. Americans make a lot of incredibly ugly, useless merchandise. Electric rotating tie racks! Incredible.

Offutt's article brings up an important problem that bothers me more and more of late; the modern concept we seem to be promulgating that only people who don't work are respectable. Not so modern, I guess; it was a firm tenet of British and European aristocracies, in the days when there were such things. But it's a new idea in the American middle class, and it seems to get stronger and stronger; more and more people scramble to get into college and universities and to qualify for that stratum of jobs which require degrees. These jobs don't necessarily pay more, you notice; their appeal comes largely from status. One of the many bad effects of that is that there are thousands of people winding up in the university who don't belong there, whose mediocre abilities drag down standards and hold back classes -- especially discussion-type classes.

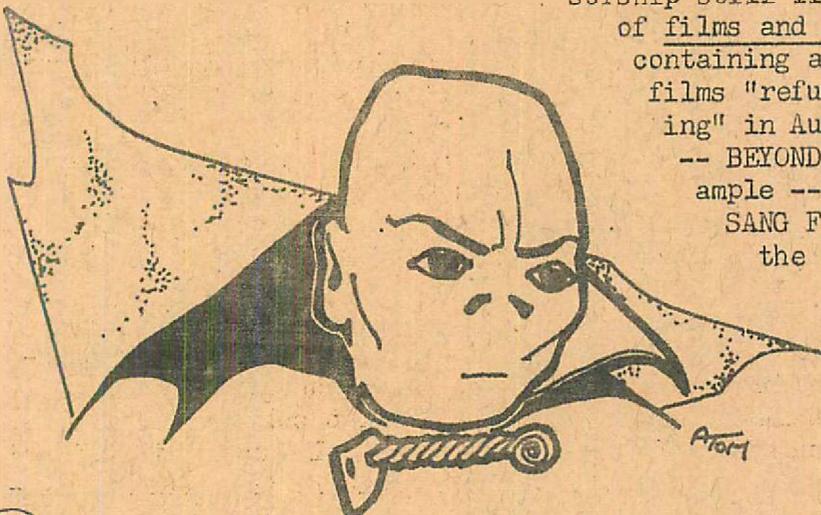
/Heyer's characters are usually talking cheerfully about the marvels of modern medicine (which helps make the books seem "real"). RSC // The wrong-people-in-the-university phenomenon isn't new. It was true fifteen to twenty years ago. I recall being in a grad course in Great Lit of the Western World -- a semi-seminar arrangement, where you held class discussion on some volumes and worked at your own pace on other, individually selected volumes -- and listening in horror to the plethora of Education majors (I don't know why they were in the course) asking if they could read Gesell or Dewey as part of their class requirements. JWC/

Bob Briney, 245 Lafayette St., Apt 3G, Salem MA 01970

I spent only a week in the moribund Midwest (as opposed to the decadent East). More I could not take. During my week in Muskegon there were two bank robberies, seven smaller armed robberies, and six murders; not to mention a couple of escapes from jail, daily muggings and purse-snatchings, and plain vandalism. Just yesterday my mother sent an envelope of clippings detailing three more bank robberies (but also announcing the arrest of culprits and partial recovery of money from two earlier heists). Stores close at dusk, and people simply do not go out of their homes after dark. Two of the three movie theatres have closed for lack of patronage (directly attributed to the danger of attendance rather than the quality of films being shown), and businesses are dying like flies. The downtown area looks like London after the Blitz.

The myth (?) of Australian film censorship still lives. In the December 1971 issue of films and filming, John Baxter has a letter containing a paragraph-long list of recent films "refused registration for public screening" in Australia. Some of them are no loss -- BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, for example -- but such fine films as I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER have got caught in the mills as well.

Another item from the same magazine reports the arrest of two young "vampire hunters," discovered in in the grounds of Highgate Cemetery armed with crucifixes and sharpened wooden



stakes. They were arrested by a special police patrol specializing in controlling black magic devotees. "But at Clerkenwell Court, Simon Wiles, an 18 year old student, and 20 year old James White were cleared of charges of conspiring to cause damage to coffins. The magistrate who dismissed the case was a Mr. Christopher Lee."

We don't have that sort of thing in this part of the Midwest. RSC/

Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112

Yan 211: Tucker's letter disturbs me greatly.

He says that at one time everything he wrote was greeted with snickers and guffaws; but I have learned that All Knowledge Comes From Fanzines. And should one laugh and titter at True Knowledge? I accepted his admonitions in Granfalloon concerning you as being Gospel and I was fully expecting you to receive the Big Heart Award this year. It almost looks as if Tucker, that Evil Perverter of Goodness, was merely toying with my emotions.

My hearty congratulations were going out to you, Buck, and I was going to cry tears of joy when you accepted the Big Heart Award from Bob Bloch (you know that story, I suppose -- Bloch has the heart of a small boy...on his desk in a jar of formaldehyde). Now it looks as if the whole Granfalloon article was nothing but a Joke.

O Heinous Crimes Against Fandom!

He meant it to be a joke! A joke!!

I think I'll burn my propeller beanie.

Alice Hopf on bats: I don't think the bats leaving had a lot to do with DDT. There's not all that much to be sprayed with DDT in that area. Some toxaphene was being used further down in Texas, but the boll weevils were finally gotten under control about 10 years ago by dumping out millions of sterile male boll weevils onto the cotton fields. The drought this year has been acute and the desert down south has been very badly hit by it. I saw somewhere that the bats are now down deep in Mexico, enjoying the lush insects rather than NM's impoverished ones.

I suspect that this, coupled with the millions of humans coming thru the Caverns each year, decided the bats on moving. How'd you like a couple million people traipsing thru your bedroom pointing and gawking and ooohing and aaaaaawing?

Good to see Liz back again.

Black Mesa Defense Fund? Someone told me the other day that Albq's volcanoes were in danger. Somehow I can't see anyone sneaking in one night and ripping off a couple volcanoes, even semi-extinct ones; but I can see them subdividing the land and making tract homes there. Boy, what a surprise those people will get during the next eruption!

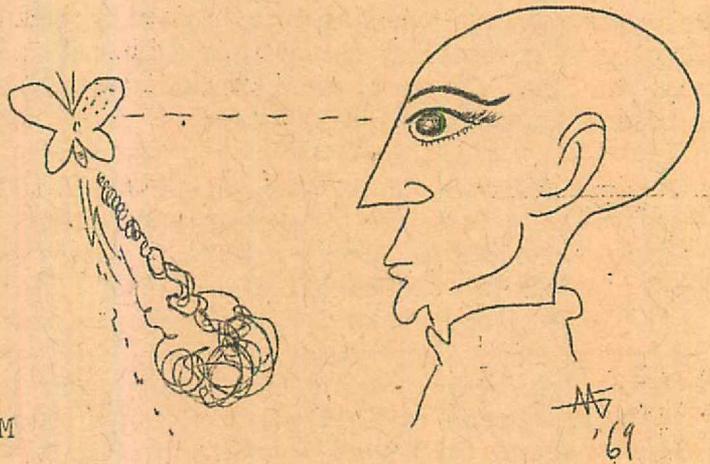
Bruce's "column" is so wry and ironic I wonder what he'll be writing in another 10 years. Suffering from a sore eyebrow has to rank up there with fallen armpits and terminal acne. Rigged roulette wheel from Hook's Drugs?

Juanita: More is spent each year on dog food than on the space program. I leave the obvious conclusion to be filled in.

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

The Checker wouldn't start last Friday in the parking lot at work, so we were stuck there until 7:30 when a guy from the service station across the street started touring the parking lot. Problem was, the thing got flooded, and he needed ether to start it. The engine only caught fire once... Well, I'll be all prepared next year. I've finally found a place that sells 5-30 oil instead of the usual 10-30. I'm almost hoping for another 20 below day to give it a test.

Offutt's tribulations remind me of the tape recorder that was missing while you were



up here -- and still is missing, by the way. Or the cement contractor types who have been promising to repair the bad job they did last fall. Promising often. The one thing that's irritating about the whole thing -- or most irritating -- is that, like Andy says, they always say "sure thing, right away." And then never say anything else until the next time you call them.

Joe Christopher, 820 Charlotte, Stephenville TX 76401

Received 210 and have read only spots, but I thought I'd comment on your "Mini-torial" on p. 12 about H. Bruce Franklin. He's not a bad critic of SF, and his FUTURE PERFECT: AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Oxford University Press) is a valuable book. What I mean by "not a bad critic" is that he usually sees what is in the story he's discussing, and even when he disagrees with what the author is saying he points clearly to the content and the way it is said. But his intelligence as a critic doesn't mean his orientation isn't dangerous; he is an avowed Maoist. One fairly clear passage (although I understand he is completely open about the matter elsewhere) is on p. 393 of the book I cited above, where he states the Maoist Marxism avoids the difficulties of both the Utopian and the anti-Utopian views. In fact, if I understand the passage, he sees Marxism as the synthesis of Utopian thesis and anti-Utopian antithesis, without the static quality of either.

By the way, I agree with you that his shouting down a speaker is a violation of academic responsibility on his part, and I assume it will mean that he is subject to dismissal (most tenure policies have such exceptions).

/And I see by Locus that you were right. RSC/

John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada

In your review of G. Heyer's AN INFAMOUS ARMY you mention several people who appear in it who had appeared in other books of hers, or who were related to former characters of hers, and then conclude with "...and a cameo appearance of Harry Smith of THE SPANISH BRIDE." If you're going to mention him, in this regard, why not also the Duke of Wellington, who also appeared in both? Harry Smith is not a character of Heyer's devising; he was a real historical personage, of sufficient importance to have the better part of a page devoted to him in the encyclopedia. So are the great majority, at least, of the other named characters in THE SPANISH BRIDE. The heroine herself really existed. So did all of their officer friends, such as John Kincaid. (Kincaid's memoirs are one of the better known accounts of the Peninsular War as seen from a junior officer level.) In fact, I am very uncertain whether THE SPANISH BRIDE can be regarded as historical fiction; it would be more exact to call it fictionalized history. AN INFAMOUS ARMY is, of course, fiction -- but the appearance of Smith in it doesn't differ at all from the appearance of Wellington, Fitzroy Somerset, the Duke of Brunswick, or any of the other historical people who appear in it.

/I was actually thinking of people who were (or were descendents of) the lead characters in other novels. (But it's not what I said, I find out after I get corrected.) Actually, a few other minor characters from other books show up in AN INFAMOUS ARMY. RSC/

Jeffrey May, 1603 E. Division, Springfield MO 65803

To each his own, I guess. Bob has a bias against fan fiction, and I have one against poetry like "A Little Boy's Last Parade." It may have been very good poetry, but I dislike intensely poetry which wraps its point in non sequiturs or apparent likenesses of same, and I usually don't feel like digging around for such a poem's meaning when there are many good poems around which make sense the first time I read them. A perfect example of My Kind of Poetry was de Camp's "The Saviors," in Y211.

Please tell Bob Tucker for me that I liked the ending of the Book Club edition of TIME MASTERS better than the ending he proposes. I did wonder, tho, why there was no mention of the man in charge of the launch even trying his abort button.

I will confess that I thought the Granfalloon article was serious. I don't know

either Bob Coulson or Bob Tucker well, and Tucker sounded very serious indeed. I fully expected fannish lightnings to be unleashed around Linda Bushyager's head. You note that many -- indeed, most -- people seem to have taken the article seriously. I took it seriously because I have never seen any of Tucker's humorous stuff (or much of his stuff period) and so had no idea that I should read for humor between the lines. (Most especially because I saw precious little humor in the lines; Tucker sounded mad.)

I note your plug for Moonbroth, and I wanted to mention it. Last summer sometime I got a little mimeo'd slip in the mail telling me I was going to get a copy of Moonbroth and asking me to send a dollar if I liked it. That seemed fair enough, so I mostly forgot about it. About three months later I got a dun for my dollar. Well, I hadn't ever got a copy of Moonbroth #1, and I was going to write a rather cranky letter about the dun, but I didn't get around to it. Finally I got a copy of Mb 2 in December, along with a polite demand for a dollar for it and another in advance for #3 "or we will be forced to drop you from our mailing list." I wasn't happy with Mb 2; 25 loose pages printed on one side and featuring mediocre fiction and art at 4¢ per page is not my idea of a bargain, especially when I can get a fanzine or two with better text and art for my money. I haven't seen copies of #3 or #4, because I sent #2 back along with a letter making it clear I didn't want any more copies, especially at that price. I was rather surprised you sounded so benevolent toward it.

I note you got one restrained and one unrestrained letter out of your Jump Ons in Y21b. For my part your remarks and 2½ rating on Zot! #1 stung a bit, especially since Zot! was generally well received. In retrospect I suppose my worry that all extra copies would quickly disappear was a bit egotistical, but when I sent that copy in I was dispensing them at an alarming rate, and I was not quite sure I'd have enough copies for everyone I'd intended to give one to. So you see it was my Good Intentions toward other fans which led me to write that, not egotism. Strange. For some reason the Shad-ows in My Cellar are convulsing with laughter, and pointing at me, and shaking their heads... Allright! Knock it off or I'll turn on the light!

/I try to be benevolent towards beginning enterprises -- particularly potential markets... One point that everyone including Linda missed is that my reply wouldn't have been much different if Tucker had been serious. Getting outraged about things people say about me in fanzines is the most unprofitable pastime that I can imagine. (Anyway, Jack Chalker once informed his public that Mike Deckinger and I were unfit to be members of the human race -- and he wasn't joking -- and it's pretty hard to top a comment like that.) RSC/

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 West Main Street, Jonesboro TN 37659

The Independent Postal Service has never brought me any mail, but I've had several packages delivered by United Parcel Service, which doesn't seem to smash the merchandise by throwing it as much as the Post Office does. It was suggested that two manuscripts I sent at different times to Worlds of Fantasy were lost in the mail in the form letters that came after my inquiries. It was pure labor to type the stories again.

You're right. I should have sent my nudes to the Worldcon Art Show instead of putting clothes on them if fans are paying \$40 for nudes. What will they pay for a nightgown or even a hotpants jumpsuit? It has seemed to me that entering the Worldcon exhibit would be more bother, worry, and expense than it was worth, but if I could sell a dozen pictures at \$40 each, it might be worth some trouble. Of course, if anyone actually wants to buy something from me, he can write to me, and I'll tell him what I have.

I'm sorry Dick Flinchbaugh misses my artwork, but if he'll write to me, I'll sell him great stacks of it to keep with him always.

Thanks for sending Yandro #211. The helmet on the hero on the cover bothers me, because it protects his sideburns and ducktail but leaves his ears hanging out. If he wears that hat in a sword and sorcery tale, his ears will be cut off in the first fight; or if he wears it as a crash helmet in a space opera, his ears will be crushed the first time he bumps an asteroid.

Somehow, Liz Fishman's article reminds me of my own sex education. One summer when

I was a little boy, I kept asking my other, "Where do little babies come from?"

Finally she said, "If you're a good boy, on the day before the day school starts, I'll tell you."

I forgot all about it and never did find out where little babies come from. When I was a teenager, I asked my father to explain the difference between a steer and a bull. He said, "A steer is a bull with his balls cut off."

I said, "What's that for?"

He said, "It makes them quieter."

These two examples were the total of my sex instruction.

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Avenue NW., Washington DC 20037

A few notes on #210 which treacled in this week. The episode in which a gun collector was shot in his own home was front page news locally for weeks, and stirred some really violent denunciation of the IRS people involved. Sec'y John Connally at one point made a statement to the effect that a review of the case showed that his agents had acted properly, but that "procedures and guidelines were being revised," i.e. they wouldn't do it any more. Which is a lot of help to the victim, who suffered permanent brain damage amounting to total disability. Can he sue? No.

I agree with you that H. Bruce Franklin, the radical professor, is a jackass. His statement that Henry Cabot Lodge was a war criminal who had no right to speak (he added "without rebuttal", but his actions indicate this was an afterthought for public relations purposes...possibly on advice of counsel) is purely totalitarian. Given the power for which he is reaching, he would ban fanzines without a moment's hesitation.

Hmmm. Women's Lib. I have the feeling that on a species level the movement is contra-survival. I haven't seen any Women's Lib proposals for raising a family that strike me as being at all satisfactory from the child's point of view, and what the women ultimately seek liberation from is the onerous duty of child-raising.

My own job could be performed by a woman, and indeed, a number of my cohorts are women. At my grade level. And guess who is strongest against a woman as a branch chief? Not me, baby. This is a personal observation from a very limited number of samples, but nonetheless true.

/But we have too damned many children in the world now, so why shouldn't women be liberated from child-raising? (I know, we gotta raise the ones on hands first.) However, I don't agree that this is the ultimate aim of more than a fraction of Women's Lib. They may want some help with the job, and why not? RSC The bit of women being uneasy at the thought of a female supervisor is an old one, and has very deep roots, Alexis, as I'm sure you realize. Too deep to go into here. Suffice to say I'm convinced the prejudice is cultural, not biological -- and it is a prejudice which can be overcome, I'm also convinced. JWC/

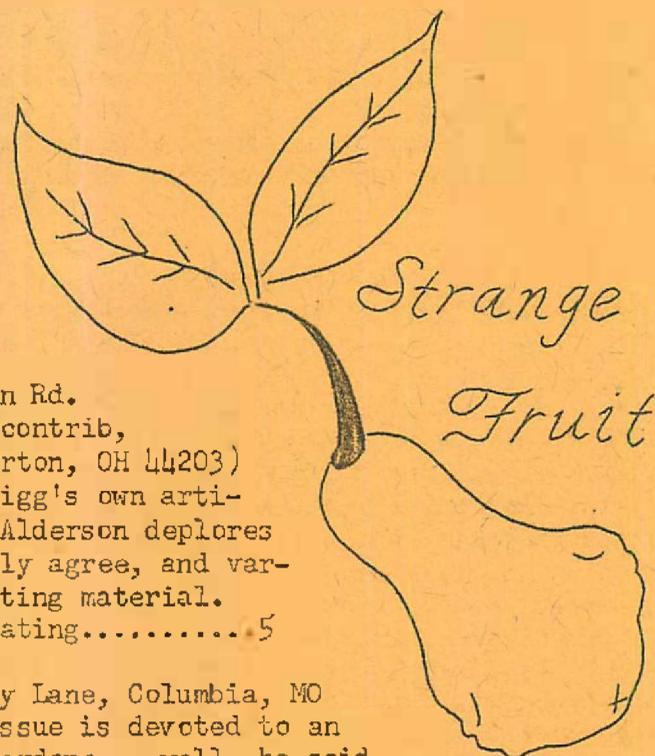
Terry Hughes, 407 College Ave., Columbia, MO 65201

Gee, Buck, thanks for telling me about the Ballew case. Just what I needed...something else for me to be paranoid about. Though maybe some good will come out of this - now maybe some members of the right will join with the left in the fight to put restrictions or halt the tactics of our various secret police forces. For a nice free democracy, the USA sure has got an awful lot of police agencies, whether regular or undercover. About the only comforting thought is that they're so incompetent. They seem so damn worried about a communist overthrow that I'm betting on a recurrence of the Palmer Red Raids.

Dave Locke sure touched on quite a few subjects in his column in #210, but I enjoyed each quantum jump. It was all quite entertaining. He said "probably the fastest way to lose weight is to become an astronaut." I don't know if fans read Pogo like they used to, but in a recent strip Howlin' Owl came up with the same idea.

/Terry also described the Palmer Raids, but we're short of space; go look them up if you don't already know about them. My own favorite Pogo recently was the crack about believing in the War of 1812 so much we fought it for a month after it was over, but then I'm a history buff. RSC/

Kratophany #1 (Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118th St., Apt. 63, New York, NY 10027, loc, trade, 50¢ - irregular) Wide range of material, from fannish frivolities to questions of the basics of technological civilization. Best single item is probably John Boardman's parody of Randy Garrett's "Magicians" stories. Good artwork, good reproduction.  
Rating.....4



The Fanarchist #6 (David R. Grigg, 1556 Main Rd. Research, Victoria, 3095, Australia - loc, contrib, 30¢ @ USAgent.Bill Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton, OH 44203) One of the better issues, largely due to Grigg's own article on a high school rocket society. John Alderson deplores modern art, a viewpoint with which I can only agree, and various other people have more or less interesting material.  
Rating.....5

Godfrey Daniel #1 (Jim Turner, 1501 Rosemary Lane, Columbia, MO 65201 - irregular - 4/\$1) About half the issue is devoted to an Andy Offutt article on lifestyle. A bit overdone -- well, he said he likes being flamboyant --- but quite entertaining. (In the wrong publication, of course; few fans need to be told to do their own thing. What is needed is an article like this in Readers' Digest.) Of course, it does make the rest of the issue seem pretty dull by comparison...  
Rating.....6

Infin #2 (Eric Ferguson III, 765 S. Atlantic, Cocoa Beach, FL 32931 - monthly - 50¢@) Seldom have so many written so much about so little. Except for Rose-Marie Green's article, the stuff has no content. Artwork is practically invisible; someone needs a course in stencil-cutting.  
Rating.....1

Warm Heart Pastry #1 (Neal Goldfarb, 30 Brodwood Dr., Stamford, CT 06902 - loc, trade, contrib, 35¢) Two con reports in a rather skinny fanzine pretty well ruin it for me. (If you like con reports, of course, your opinion will be different.) Bob Shaw's plea for a Fan Identity Card is amusing but trivial, and Greg Benford's reprinted item on the ISFCC is similar.  
Rating.....2

The Hog.on.Ice.#1 (Creath Thorne, 1022 College Avenue, Columbia, MO 65201 - loc, trade, 25¢) Personal-type. Creath has an interesting account of working with an Amish boy, which leads into a remarkably sensible evaluation of the current fad of real organic country living versus the city. Otherwise, he gets into The Fannish Tradition. I don't know why the "fa-a-an" types get so hooked on The Fannish Tradition (as defined by themselves, of course); apparently, having rejected other influences, they find it necessary to cling to some arbitrary standard, no matter how trivial. Creath makes more sense than most -- which isn't a whole lot, at that.  
Rating.....4

Granfalloon #14 (Linda & Ron Bushyager, 111 MacDade Blvd., Apt B211, Sutton Arms Apts., Folsom, PA 19033 - 60¢, 4/\$2 - all for all trades, contribs, or loc). Nice thick fanzine, well reproduced, good artwork, enjoyable letter column, fair material. Now of course my appreciation of all this is colored by the fact that I can't stand the editor, but yours needn't be. My only objective criticism would be that with the exception of the letter column, the text tends to be dull. There is a missing chapter from a Ted White juvenile novel (which read just as well without it, in my opinion), a long fanzine review column (which I never bother to read in anyone's fanzine), Arnie Katz trivia, and one quite humorous item by Don D'Amassa on bureaucracies he has known. (But the best and funniest item in the issue is John Kessell's letter.)

Citadel #4 (Geo. & Lana Proctor, 406 NE 19th Street, Grand Prairie, TX 75050 - contribs, locs, 25¢ @) Another wide range of material; comics, movies, the first part of a whips-and-leather-garments stf story written and illustrated (not too well on either count) by D. Bruce Berry, and Bob Vardeman writing about addiction to fandom. Multilithed; rather surprisingly poor artwork, for this type mag. (Not bad; just not good.)  
Rating.....3

Science Fiction Nytt 1971:4 (Sam J. Lundwall, Box 5210, 102 45 Stockholm 5, Sweden) Been a long time since I've seen this one; I think Alan Dodd sent this copy. Currently it's a tiny printed fanzine, in Swedish, and this issue is devoted to Jules Verne.

Irrational #3 (Rick Stoker, 1205 Logan St., Alton IL 62002 - quarterly - 35¢) Must admit this has the most original layout I've seen in a fanzine for some time. Crap, but original. Apparently the publisher switched from digest-sized to full size in mid-issue and stapled the digest-size pages in sideways. I didn't read them; the full-sized pages feature Andy Offutt and Rick Stoker, both them readable but not sensational.  
Rating.....2

The Essence (Jay Zaremba, 21,000 Covello Street, Canoga Park, CA 91303 - contrib, trade, 50¢ - next issue 25¢) This one is entirely for the artist or those interested in art. Not that there is a lot of art contained in the issue, but the entire text concerns artwork, particularly fan artwork, and such related items and layout and "graphics". Rather surprisingly, the layout of Essence is simple, pleasing, and does not interfere with the text, unlike what passes for "fancy layout" in most fanzines. Zaremba is at least one graphics-conscious editor who doesn't imitate Bhub Stewart and Ted White. Matter of fact, it is quite reminiscent of the issues of World Graphics I used to get when I wrote, illustrated, and designed tech manuals for Honeywell some years back.  
Special Interest

Fangle #1 (Ross Chamberlain, 50 East First Street, New York, NY 10003 - loc, contrib, trade, 35¢) Fannish personality type; not exactly my type, but quite well done.  
Rating.....4

Entropy Negative #4 (Daniel Say, Box 5583, Station B, Vancouver 12, B.C., Canada - quarterly - 75¢) At least this con report is about a Japanese con, which makes it a trifle more interesting. Otherwise there is a variety from a fannish-type story to an interview with Ray Bradbury to a French-Canadian patriotic poem. Nothing struck me as outstanding, but it's mostly acceptable. A primarily serious orientation.  
Rating.....3½

Cxytotic #5 (Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302 - contribs, loc, trade, 20¢) Most of this issue is devoted to a "Student Survival Manual" (for Latin-American students, apparently) reprinted from what appears to have been a high school underground fanzine. Funny in spots, overdone in spots. Probably the high point of the issue is the list of "educational jargon" appended to the article. (Of course, I'm a sucker for this sort of list of realistic definitions of jargon, so I may be biased. I particularly liked "Manual Audio-Visual Aid: blackboard".) Otherwise there is a con report, a reprinted article by John J. Pierce, editorial and reviews. Not a whole lot, in other words. Poor artwork.  
Rating.....3

Pozitron 1971 #1, 2 (Very neatly printed digest-sized magazine, which is about all I can say about it since I don't read Magyar. Interesting to see the spread of fandom across the world.

Cover Two (Jeff Schalles, Box 288 Grove City College, Grove City PA 16127 - contrib, trade, loc, 50¢ - quarterly?) Mostly given over to an account of a fan trip, which was wasn't all that great, and Schalles' artwork, which is good. Fine Frolich cover and abysmal back cover; what did you do to it, Jeff? It couldn't have started out that

Tomorrow And... (Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, NY 14534 - contrib, loc, trade, 50¢) Another sideways-printed issue, with cardboard covers and a foldout yet, plus letters and book reviews, each in standard fanzine format and stapled separately. This sort of layout, composition or what have you always reminds me of a Victorian parlor; different, but nothing I want to have a lot to do with. Material is primarily humorous; nothing exceptional, but readable. Rating.....5

With the above came Day By Day #1, an "informal personalzine" also in normal format and not stapled at all.

Collector's Bulletin #11 (Mike Scott, Box 2043, Alhambra, CA 91803 - trade, contrib, 25¢, 0/\$1) This seems to be somewhat of an interim issue, with a new editor feeling his way. There's an article on Robert Nathan, but most of the material seems more than a trifle superficial. Special Interest

Rotsler's Rocks (William Rotsler, 8420 Ridpath Drive, Los Angeles CA 90046) One-shot, obviously. No price listed. Are there any more copies available? Damfino. Simply a sort of "theme" selection of cartoons. Generally quite funny; be worth your while to write and ask about price and availability.

Anra V2#55 (GHScithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101 - 50¢, 10/\$4) Poul Anderson leads off with a translation of a Danish poem, covering six pages. L. Sprague de Camp has various contributions including book reviews and a Derleth obituary, and Lin Carter speculates on types of heroes for s&s books. Artwork is magnificent, as always. Basically, this is a thin fanzine devoted to swords and sorcery, but its appeal is not restricted to lovers of the genre. Rating.....9

Zot! #2 (Jeffrey May, 1603 E. Division, Springfield MO 65803 - free or trade, contrib, loc - bimonthly) I dunno. There's not really a lot in here (and much of what there is I disagree with, like praise of the Gor series and I WILL FEAR NO EVIL), but it's all sort of quietly enjoyable. Reviews are considerably more interesting than such things usually are. Rating.....3

Godless #2 (B. D. Arthurs, 815 N. 52nd St., #21, Phoenix AZ 85008 - twice a year - loc, trade, 35¢) A fairly serious little publication, evidently intended for nonfans or neofans (one of the major articles is about fandom, and will not present anything new to fans...no, here in the editorial he says he wants fan reaction to it. How about "ho, hum"?) The other major article is on the present and future of science fiction, and is quite similar. Rating.....2

Cipher #5 (Chris Couch, 402 John Jay, Columbia University, New York, NY 10027 - trade, contrib, loc, 35¢, 3/\$1 - bi-monthly) Ray Nelson on fannish nostalgia is moderately amusing, but otherwise there doesn't seem to be much of note in this issue. A lot like Zot!, really, except that Chris generally does better than that. Rating.....4

Speculation #29 (Peter R. Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK - irregular - trade, contrib, 50¢, 4/\$2) One of the very best of the serious science fictional fanzines. This has an evaluation of Damon Knight by James Blish, a report on the Trieste sf film festival, Larry Niven writes about his puppeteer series, and a query on the (to the writer) unexplained popularity of Philip K. Dick. (I'll go along with him...) Plus lengthy book reviews and of course letters. Rating.....7

With this came the Eastercon 22 Program Book, which Pete also published. Available separately for 50¢/ It contains more in the way of articles than most program books do.

Unmitigated Barf (Capcon, Capital District SF Fan Federation, Box 801, Albany NY 12201)

Aside from a few book reviews, this is sort of a basic booklet for new fans rather than a fanzine. Very condensed descriptions of stf, fandom, fanzines, etc. Quite valid for its purpose, but not of a lot of interest to the general readership.

Starworlds #1 (Verne F. O'Brian, c/o 1320 Arthur Ave., Las Vegas NV 89101 - trade, 30¢) A slightly oversized (9x12 paper) fanzine with a very nice Ronald Clyne cover. After that, it goes downhill. Intent is to publish serious articles and fiction. Two items were interesting; a reprinted column on antiquarian stf novels, and a fanzine review column in which I had never heard of 13 of the 28 mags listed. Fandom has enlarged, indeed. Material isn't terribly good, but then one doesn't expect to match Speculation with a first issue. There's a reprinted F.T. Laney item for any Laney fans in the audience -- I'm not one. If the editor can hold down the fiction, this could turn into a worthwhile fanzine in a few issues. Rating.....3

Outworlds #3.1 (Bill Bowers, Box 87, Barberton, OH 44203 - contrib, arranged trade, published locs, 60¢, 1/52) Bill is starting over again, he says, but I really don't see a lot of difference between this issue and the last mimeographed one except in thickness. He is still interested in art and graphics, and still opting for "style" above legibility in his layouts. Ted Pauls reviews books, John Brunner reviews war atrocities, Jodie Offutt reviews a movie, Robert Lowndes defends the writing of James Blish, T.L. Sherred writes more or less fictional humor and Mike Glicksohn writes more or less factual humbr. It's not a large fanzine, but it's a good one. Rating.....7

Cor Serpentinis #2 (Carey Handfield, 2 Banoon Rd., South Eltham, Victoria 3095, Australia - no price listed) This one includes three talks given at the 1968 Melbourne stf con, by Brian Richards, Brian Aldiss, and myself. (I'd have been willing to be listed as Brian Coulson if I'd known...) Gratifying; I didn't really think anyone would publish those. Which of course prejudices me in favor of the magazine. There's a quite interesting review of a pro-Velikovsky book, with additional acid commentary by Asimov and de Camp. John Bangsund does a parody of REPORT ON PROBABILITY A which doesn't mean much to me because I didn't read the book, and Clive Morely does a sort of stream-of-humorousness piece. Not a large fanzine, but enjoyable. Rating.....5

Wombat #3 (Ronl Clarke & Shayne McCormack, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst, NSW 2076, Australia - loc, contrib, trade - not for sale) Fifty pages, making it at least medium-large by today's standards. A couple of appreciations of Sydney that do not convince me, fair amount of verse including one that I liked, more or less humorous fiction and non-fiction, and a long lettercolumn. Generally enjoyable. Rating.....5

Sandworm #16 (Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112 - contrib, trade, loc, 50¢) Small, mostly editor-written, and mostly quite funny. Serious article on the occult by Victor Boruta; I keep wondering how far Vardeman's tongue is projecting into his cheek. Good lettercolumn. This is the "personal-type" fanzine, as interesting as the personality of the editor. Vardeman is interesting enough for anyone. Rating.....7

Starling #21 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust Street, Columbia MO 65201 - 50¢, 3/51, trade, contrib, loc - quarterly) The magazine of rock (Jim Turner and Juanita) and book reviews (Joe Sanders, Craeth Thorne, and Angus Taylor) plus a comics article by Lesleigh and others. Not one of my favorite issues, as none of the above subjects really thrill me. But like Amra, I can usually enjoy it even without caring much about the subject matter. Rating.....7

Prehensile One and Two (Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342 - bimonthly - loc, trade, contrib, 25¢) An improving fanzine. #2 starts off with Glycer's Hugo nominees; he gives reasons for his, instead of telling you to take them or leave them as I do. Rest of the issue is heavy on reviews and letters, plus an article by Chapdelaine and some rather limited humor. Reproduction is also improving; quite good in

#3, except for the show-thru caused by hard-surfaced mimeo paper. Rating.....3½

Rats #14 (Bill Kunkel & Charlene Komar, 7241 61 Street, Glendale NY 11227 - loc, contrib, all-for-all trade, 35¢, 3/¢1 - irregular) Bob Shaw writing about jig-saw puzzles; now there's my kind of nostalgia. (Even if it did read a bit as though he was getting desperate for something to write about.) This is sort of a nostalgia issue anyway, with Harry Warner and Frank Lunney reminiscing about past events in their lives. I dunno. Is Rats really becoming more dull, issue by issue, or is it just me? It started off well enough, but these last couple of issues... Rating.....4

Maybe #17 (Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt. Bk Bldg, Chattanooga, TN 37402 - bimonthly - 2/¢1) Blurb'd as the last fan fiction issue, largely because Hank Davis seems to be slowly insinuating himself into control of the publication. One fairly long story by Michael Starslee. Irvin marked this that I should have it read first by a trusted friend who could report on the readability to me. But I don't trust people who read fan fiction, Irv... Skimming it, I found it at least competent, which puts it above average. Might even be better than that; who knows? (None of my trusted friends, I can assure you.) Since that's the only thing in the issue, I won't rate it.

The Dipple Chronicle #3, 4 (Richard S. Benyo, 207 Center St., Jim Thorpe, PA 18229 - 50¢ 4/¢2) Issue #3 deals almost entirely with stf films, with the emphasis on "No Blade of Grass." #4 is taken up with a 23-page article on Andre Norton. Rich uses the advantages of multilith to reproduce film stills, ads, and in #4, book covers, for an attractive appearance. Otherwise there are book reviews, editorial, various minor features. Rating.....5

Tamlacht #12 (Victor Boruta & Alfred A. Attanasio, 11 W. Linden Ave., Linden NJ 07036 - 60¢ - quarterly) This one is strictly for the Lovecraft and weird-horror fan. The entire issue is devoted to Lovecraft, his stories, the "Necronomicon", and associated items. It's a 30-page offset fanzine, with some fine illustrations. I'm not really all that much of a Lovecraft fan, but this should be a must for those who are. Contributors include Robert Bloch and Eddy Bertin, among others Special Interest

Lizard Inn #2 (c/o Dan Steffan, Woodfield Rd., Gazenovia NY 13035 - 60¢) Biggest item in here is Jerry Lapidus' fanzine reviews. Most interesting would probably be the letter column. This is a rather skinny offset "fannish" mag, with good to excellent artwork and rather mediocre text. Rating.....4½

Nyctalops #5 (Harry Morris, Jr., 500 Wellesley SE, Albuquerque NM 87106 - 35¢, 3/¢1, published loc, contrib, trade) A fairly thick one, devoted to Lovecraft and horror fiction, checklists and all. Apparently this and Tamlacht are part of a new sub-category: Lovecraft Fandom. (Is this new, or have I just been ignoring it?) Good artwork, expensive reproduction (and inadequate staples...with what that issue cost you, you might as well have invested a few more dollars in a Swingline 13 stapler). Whether or not you enjoy the text would depend on how interested you are in Lovecraft. On the whole, I'd judge that Tamlacht is slightly superior in quality but not nearly as large. Special Interest

Nostalgia News #12, 13 (P.O. Box 34305, Dallas TX 75234 - 6/¢2) Gradually changing from a magazine of ads with a few short articles thrown in to a fanzine concerning comics and movies, with lots of ads. I'm not all that thrilled by comics and movies, but the material seems adequate. (I'll report on the drawing power of the ads later; in desperation I placed one to see if I couldn't dispose of some more of Delray's stf collection.)

Locus #104, 105, 106, 106 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 - 12/¢3) That last must be a misprint for 107. Why are we suddenly getting a few Yandro subs because of a Locus review? We never did before... Basically this is the premier stf newsletter. If you want to know what's going on in the professional stf field --

or to a lesser extent, in fandom -- this is the fanzine to buy. There are fanzine and book reviews as well, but at least in these pages there are none of the extremely dull con and party reports that used to fill up pages. Rating.....7

Luna Monthly #31, 32 (Ann F. Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell NJ 07649 - 35¢, \$4/12) I see #32 was put out especially for the "Star Trek" convention. This is a digest-sized mag, with lots of book reviews, columns on foreign stf, a list of coming events in fandom, and a little news of the Locus type. #32 also has an article on "Star Trek" and a piece of ST fiction by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, whose writing does not impress me. Multilithed; very fine reproduction. Rating.....6

Sanders #14, 15, 16 (Dave Nee, 977 Kains, Albany CA 94706 - 4/\$1) Newsletter with emphasis on west coast fan news. Incidentally, the overlap of material in all these newsletters is not as great as one might imagine. If you have a really long nose, you might well want to get all of them. Rating.....5

Stanley #5, 6, 7, 8 (Stephen Goble, Box 4606, College Station TX 77840 - 5¢) A sort of newsletter-cum-personalazine of the Dallas group. Primarily local fan news, letters, etc.

Vertigo #12 (Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Road, Durham NC 27707 - 25¢) Official organ of the Carolina Fan Federation. Again mostly local news, tho there is a letter from Manly Wade Wellman giving details of the filming of WHO FEARS THE DEVIL? (currently operating under the title MY NAME IS JOHN, for some idiot reason.)

Norstrilian News #2:1, 2:2 (John Foyster, 6 Clowes Street, South Yarra, Victoria 3141, Australia - 11/\$1 Australian - USAgent Charlie Brown) This is the month of newsletters. This is for anyone interested in Australian fandom. Small but well done.

Starshambler #1 (Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St., Hobart, Tasmania 7000 Australia - trade or loc) Very small -- 4 pages -- personalazine. Hardly enough here to comment on, Mike.

Green Dragon #12 (Tolkien Society, Belknap College, Center Harbor, NH 03226 - 10¢) Newsletter of the Tolkien Society. Pretty strictly club news, with a few comments on new fantasy.

Fantasy Trader #7 (Ron Bennett, British School, B-7010 SHAPE, Belgium - airmail 6/\$5, surface mail 6/\$1.25 - USAgent Robert Coulson) Lists of books, magazines, comics, etc. for sale, plus an article or two. Prices seem about average.

APA-L #345, 346, 348, 349, 350 (Fred Patten, 11863 West Jefferson Blvd., Apt 1, Culver City CA 90230) a A weekly apa composed of numerous one or two-sheet fanzines stapled into one huge package, running a bit under 100 pages on the average.

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We have a notice about Equicon, to be held April 19-22, 1973, at the Francisco Torres Conference Center in Santa Barbara, California. Memberships \$3.00 until Sept. 5, 1972, then \$3.50 until convention opening, and \$5.00 at the door. Guest of Honor is Ted Sturgeon, plus special guest Gene Roddenberry and members of the ST cast. Toastmaster will be Randy Garrett; emphasis of the con seems to be on "Star Trek". For further information, write to Secretary of the Equicon Committee, 5517 1/2 Fernwood Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028.

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Forgot to mention last issue that anyone desiring a copy of the JOHNS HOPKINS magazine with the Wertham article on violence and various predicions for the year 2000 can according to Wertham probably get a copy by requesting it (summer, 1971 issue) from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, MD 21218.