

YANDRO



TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY  
OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE....  
START IT RIGHT  
WITH

YANDRO



JULY 73

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Robert & Juanita Coulson,  
Route 3, Hartford City, IN  
47348, with occasional assist-  
ance from Ruth Wellons and  
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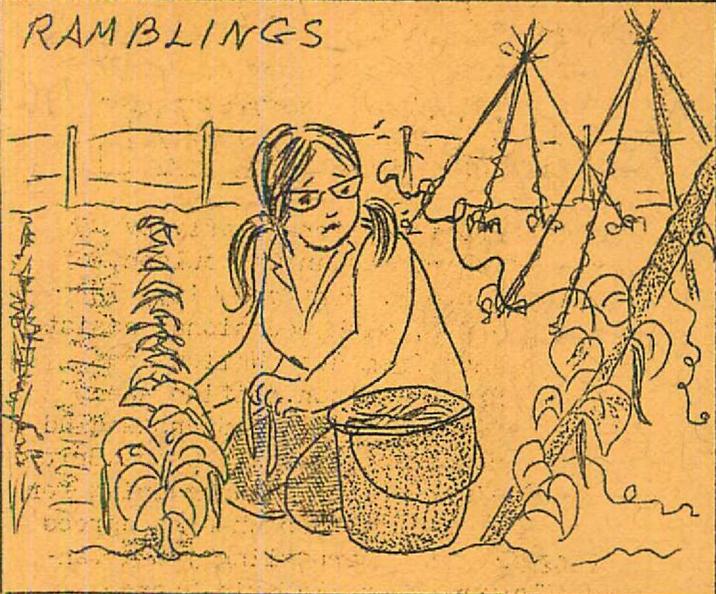
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\* Page 11 illo stencilled by Jackie; others by Juanita or our friendly electrostencil-  
ler.

ERRATA: Page 15, review of The Snail-Watcher. After "The Quest For 'Blank Claverin'gi"  
insert [(more snails, giant ones this time, in a fantasy-horror short), "The Cries  
of Love"] and then go on with "a couple held together by...etc. Also, on page 17, in  
review of The Anome, it's Gastel Etwane, not General (Juanita typed the stencils and  
she hasn't read the story). And would you believe it if I said that "Fred Phol" is not  
a typo but a brilliant new Vietnamese writer? I didn't think so. ....RSC

## RAMBLINGS



I seemed to have proofread this issue with all the finesse of a drunken chicken -- running around correcting lots of errors and totally overlooking scads of others. Or at least so it seems to me. I won't bother to go through an errata list, as Buck did on page 1. It's too embarrassing, and I'd undoubtedly miss some. So I'll just say I'll try to do better next time.

Besides, it's been hot. Which I'm sure is a reaction plenty of others out there share. Last year, thanks to the weather and other problems we got almost nothing out of our kitchen garden. This year, though we got it put in late, it already promises a bumper crop. And if the leg-

umes, despite incredibly bad weather and inattention, produced a bumper crop in '72, I'm almost afraid to guess what they'll be able to do in '73. The Midwest at least has been a little area of hothouse planet effect. Fortunately the rains have been just that, with minimal hail, at least on our garden (hail is even more limited in range, I think, than tornados). And with weeks of 80s and 90s temperature readings the vegetables think they've moved to the Imperial Valley or some other lush place. Fine. With food prices what they are I'm even happier than usual that I'm growing some of what we eat all year.

Anent which, I'm sure it's no secret we abide in a farming area. So I don't have a lot of sympathy with big city gripes about the high price of meats, particularly any efforts to blame same on the producer. In a culture as highly technological as ours it's easy to lose sight of the fact that in the end the stuff of life has to come from somewhere -- too many kids think fruits and vegetables and meats are born in the supermarket. Frankly, it's nice to see the people who do the backbreaking work of producing that food finally start getting a halfway decent cut of the eventual economic benefits. I may gripe as much as anyone about the high price of eating, but I'm far more likely to blame it on all these fancy packaging gimmicks and the overhead costs, like Mizak while you shop (who needs it?).

Despite what Bruce says in his column, I'd prefer you vote Ruth Berman for the JWCJR award.

Some years back we had to cause some incredulity and hard feelings by insisting, firmly, for a time that no one review Yandro. Despite another impression we never did refuse new subscriptions. Just didn't actively seek them. But then we've never actively sought them, so that was nothing new. The problem then was a rapidly deteriorating hand crank Gestetner and a rapidly deteriorating chief mimeo operator. As long as faithful readers will remember, the problem was slowly but eventually solved by conversion to electricity. First the fiasco experiment with the multilith, then the swap for a Rex 114. I'm a great believer in electricity myself and sincerely wish we'd get the lingering bugs and atavistic fears ironed out of nuclear generators and start getting the megawatts out, because I'm sure in the years to come we're going to be needing them.

Thing is, I mimeo'd all but four stencils of this issue in one working day, with some time out to read the paper and mail. A few pages (and mimeographers will know which ones I mean) had to be hand cranked. (One day I will learn not to put heavy dark area art at the top of the page where it glues itself to the drum and slows down the drop rate into the catch tray.) The print run, incidentally, is creeping up. So far it's

nothing likely to panic me -- thanks to the electric mimeo. Not when I can churn it out in weather like this, and with nothing more than sore feet to show as penalty. (Gotta get a stool to sit on while mimeoing, one of these days.) And yet occasionally we'll still get a note from somebody stating timidly they'd like to subscribe or review but heard we didn't want that done. Jeez, fannish incidents die slow. No, as of now, no problem. The hangup on production has been, largely, the press of other duties and the rather convoluted process of the book and fanzine reviews, and as Buck says we may work out a routine in which those only appear every other issue, and there would be interim issues of other stuff. Problem is, people, you keep putting out so many books and fanzines. You have nothing to blame but your own prolix proclivities, or whatever.

One trend over the years has rather puzzled me. Fanartists have always generously sent me logos, ever since I once casually remarked that lettering is one of my least favorite pasttimes. But they all send headings for Strange Fruit. Practically no one sends headings for Golden Minutes. I know the Strange Fruit title is more grabby for ideas, but surely someone would occasionally be inspired to do a book review heading or several? Both are neo folk song titles, and basically Golden Minutes is a poignant song while Strange Fruit is a bitter tragic one. There, maybe that'll take some of the blush off enthusiasm and balance the art interest more.

By the way, anent the electric mimeo, the Rex I'm using now goes the old puzzler one better -- you know, if you replace, gradually, every mechanical part in a car, is it the same car you bought? -- my original Rex developed a mechanical quirk, so my supplier swapped me, free, the same model loaner I'd been using; they are now repairing its small breakdowns by cannibalizing parts out of the mimeo I originally owned. So which hand's got the chocolate...?

JWC

---

a column ..... by ..... bec

Hello again. The Midwestcon was a usual con; fortunately Rotten Robert didn't show up (at least I didn't see him). The parties shifted around, and at one point Tucker asked me where my parents were; seemed outraged when I told him I didn't know. I said that I thought they were old enough to go out on their own, and he told me to find them. As it turned out, he found them almost as soon as I did, and threatened to run me out of fandom. Tucker, no one is going to make me run anywhere!

The Midwestcon was also a good convention because I scored my first chess victory while I was there. I scored 2 points out of a possible 5 to win a class prize. Since I did this on about two hours sleep, I think that is pretty good. (Even though I had an hour to wake up in; the place where the tournament was held opened up about an hour later than it should have.)

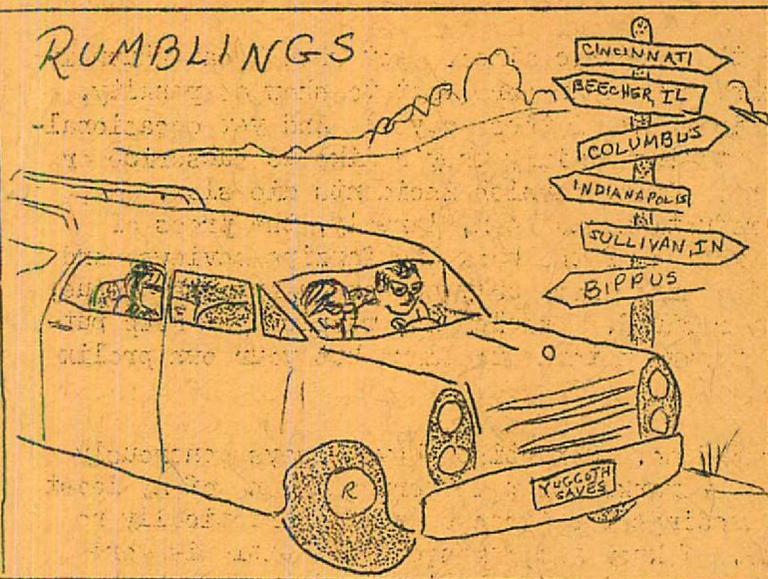
It was also at a chess tournament that I got to meet a (gasp!) author. In between rounds, the director came up to me and said, "Do you know a Buck Coulgon?" Having decided he wouldn't throw me out of the tournament if I answered yes, I said yes, he's my father; why? He then explained that he was George R. R. Martin, and that he knew my father as the secretary of SFWA. Mr. Martin happens to be up for some writers' award; Vote For Him! (no, he did not pay for the plug).

My father lacks the ability to understand the simplest requests. While we were at the Dairy Queen my mother asked for "one of those special sodas, one of the old... ah...whatevers, except I want it in a paper cup instead of what they usually serve them in. You know what I mean, Bruce?" I did, but my father didn't and I ended up ordering for Juanita; my father refused to have anything to do with the subject.

He also refuses to be seen in public carrying a comic book, even when I'm getting it instead of him.

That seems to be all, so...

# RUMBLINGS



This time the reason for the delay in YANDRO is that we haven't been home to publish it. We are currently almost at the end of a spurt of traveling that has seen us away from home for 9 weekends in a row. We've been to Beecher, Illinois; Indianapolis (twice); Silver Lake, Indiana; Cincinnati; Columbus, Ohio; Sullivan, Indiana; and have two more trips to Indianapolis coming up, after which we're home - I hope - until time for Toronto. YANDRO has suffered along with other household activities (you should see the state of my desk). In an effort to speed things up, there will be no fanzine reviews in the next YANDRO, which will be out before

Torcon. We may try alternating issues; since the book and fanzine reviews take up much of the time and cause the delays, the fanzine reviews at least will be relegated to alternate issues. (If we can get back to a monthly schedule, the fanzine reviews will still come out as often as they do now.) Reviews will continue to be truncated; doing them this time was a vast improvement - from my point of view - to the usual column.

The Beecher trip was to a party at Jackie and Wally Franke's house. Various Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin fans showed up, talked, played bridge, looked at Jim Hansen's slides from his backpacking trip into Grand Canyon (very professional-type photography) and generally enjoyed themselves. (Except when Flicka was standing on my foot, as she did off and on all evening; that isn't a dog Ann Cass owns, it's a lead robot. Weighs more than I do.) The Indy trips were for an ISFA meeting and a chess tournament. The meeting was enlivened by attendance of a group from Louisville, plus Ross Peterson and girl friend from Bloomington. One of those deals where I've been corresponding with Ross off and on for years but had never previously met him.

As Sandra Missel remarked, this was one of the better Midwestcons. Big crowd there. Groups from St. Louis, Columbus, Chicago, Nashville and most of the midwestern fan locales, plus a large number of fans from New York, a few from Toronto, Nancy Kemp from California (San Diego or L.A., I forget which now) and I think I saw someone I didn't recognize with "Florida" on his name-tag. The usual midwestern "fannish pros"; Tucker, Offutt, Gene Wolfe, Hensley, McLaughlin, and a few who don't show up so often, such as Lloyd Biggle, M. R. Anver, George R. R. Martin, and Stanley Schmidt. (I'd never met Schmidt before; didn't get to say too much to him this time, but he seems to be one of the better people in stf.) Met Denny Lien for the first time; he's another one of these people I have to look up to in person. A bit disconcerting. Spent much of my time in the huckster room, and the rest associating with Lien, the Thompsons, the Couch-Luttrell clan, Ben Solon (back from a couple years' gaffiation), Railee Bothman, Genie Yaffe, Tucker, Hensley, Jackie Franke, and Bob and Betty Gaines. (And I must admire Juanita's cool; she didn't blink when Jackie Franke and I came in to where she was partying and asked for my room key so we could go up to our room. ~~She/Alan/Lisa~~ But then I'm disgustingly trustworthy.) Bruce had the wildest time; after partying all night he had to get up early and get down to the U of C for the chess tournament he was participating in. (I had to get up early, too, to drive him down, but I could go back to bed.) He even won a prize; after a minor disaster Saturday - 1 win and 2 losses - he drew both of his Sunday games to come out tops in his class.

Next weekend we were in Columbus to visit the Gaineses, attend a meeting of the Columbus club, and Bruce participated in another tournament. (2 wins and 3 losses; no prize this time.) At Midwestcon we came back with more money than we had started with, but there is this assortment of book stores in Columbus.....I blew about \$35 on books, mostly at the place stocking hardcover remainders for reasonable prices (\$1 and up...but I stick mostly to the \$1 line.) Could have easily spent twice the amount,

but we didn't have it. The Gaines family will see us again right after someone has sold a novel and we have enough money to be able to afford another visit.

The Indiana trips were to see my father, and to drive him down to southern Indiana to visit relatives. I don't think I'd seen any of my relatives except Dad since about 1959, so it was about time. Emphasis there was on farming (and old times, meaning in that context, times before I was born). I think my cousin Lee is going to own half of Sullivan County if he keeps on buying farms - the other half of the county will be turned over to strip mines. (For amusement, county residents drive out and look at a strip mine - and I must admit it's an impressive sight in a discouraging sort of way.)

Upcoming are another ISFA meeting and another chess tournament for Bruce. That's another reason for the YANDRO delay, incidentally. When Bruce isn't playing in a tournament or poring over his library of chess books, he wants to keep in practice by playing me. Which takes time. I can still trim him a little better than half the time, but given a few more tournaments he should be even with me. Then I don't know how he'll keep in practice; he can already beat everyone else in the area without much effort.

And sometime in the future I'll have to settle down and read the three Colin Glencannon omnibusses that Ben Keifer loaned me at Midwestcon. I want to get them read and returned by Torcon, and that's a total of some 1200 pages on top of my regular reading. And of course all those books I got in Columbus; a couple more of Gerald Durrell's natural history books, big thing on jungles by Ivan Sanderson which I'm reading now, a history of the First Afghan War, couple of Joan Aiken juveniles, Prescott's Conquest of Peru, a Farley Mowat book on trials and tribulations of sailing, etc. (And Australian fans don't know there is any non-fiction except study courses. Incredible.) For that matter, I have some stuff from Alan Dodd on the history of the British Navy that I'd like to get at.

I'm not even caught up with my copies of GUN WEEK; who knows what they contain which I can use to outrage all you liberals in the reading audience? (I'm still moderately fascinated by the fact that I'm an utter reactionary in fandom and a flaming radical at work - or among my family, for that matter.) And then there are the comic pamphlets on Australia that Ed Cagle sent; have to read those and get them back to him Realsoonnow. Plus reading-type packages - that I can keep - from Devra Langsam, Morris Scott Dollens, and Ethel Lindsay. Narapoa; you're all conspiring to do me good, and what I need is a couple of weeks flat on my back so I can appreciate it.

I might even get that. My coughing is reduced, but when I went in to get another shot from the doctor I mentioned this abdominal bulge that had just developed, and I wondered if I'd coughed something loose. (Dudgeon just stared at me for a minute. I get the distinct impression that he thinks I'm overdoing it with my assorted ailments. Anyway, he said I didn't have a true hernia because nothing was broken. A couple of my muscles seem to have become overstressed from coughing and are lying down on the job - temporarily, one hopes. Dudgeon said one sees this a lot in pregnant women.... I think all this Woman's Lib literature I've absorbed is starting to affect me.) So I may get back to what I laughingly call normal - but there is the possibility that the dam will bust one of these days.

New stf magazines all over. VERTEX continues; I'm not sure I'd buy it if I wasn't a collector, but it does seem to have improved from that lousy first issue. I'm not sure what Marvel Comics is doing in the stfmag field, but I now have two issues of THE HAUNT OF HORROR. Thanks to Bob Roehm - because I've never seen in on the stands - I also have the Summer 1973 issue of WEIRD TALES, revived by Leo Margulies with Sam Moskowitz as editor. All reprint (but original material is promised for the future), pulp size, with few interior illustrations but a nice Finlay cover. From FRANCE comes L'AUBE ENCLAVÉE; I'm not sure if it's professional or semi-pro. Large size, slick paper, no color work, reprinted fiction, reviews, some original artwork. Fiction includes "Last Vigil" by Mike Moorcock, "Golden the Ship Was, Oh! Oh! Oh!" (guess who would come up with a title like that), "Drunkboat", also by Smith, "The Last Inn On the Road" by Zelazny and Hlacha, "Dear Aunt Annie" by Gordon Eklund, "Lord Randy, My Son" by Joe Hensley, and "Slice of Universe" by James Sallis - a mixed lot, tending toward New Wave. I asked Joe and he said he got paid for the reprint, but not much, which I guess makes L'AUBE ENCLAVÉE professional (or maybe a borderline case). If you are interested, address is Lucien Plonchat, 11, rue Bel-Air, 57000 Metz, France; price is 5 francs per issue.

# Difugally

column by  
dave locke

Did I tell you about the time I had a motorcycle escort from Covina to Mission Viejo? No, I thought not.

It was an otherwise uncluttered Saturday, at that point marred only by a breakfast of hard-fried eggs (Phoebe still hasn't learned that you can't do such things as making the beds and still cook a decent pair of eggs at the same time. But I love her anyway.). My idea of filling out the day was to curl up in the big chair with a couple of books and a few cups of coffee until noontime rolled around, at which time I would stay with the books but switch to scotch and soda. I planned to occasionally get up and do other things for short periods of time, just so my eyes wouldn't fall out.

Everything was proceeding according to plan, until shortly after lunch. That's when I got the phone call.

"Hello," I said. I may not be very original when answering the phone, but this is a defensive mechanism caused by the fact that I bedevil people who don't answer their phone in this manner. Let me digress and explain that. To people who answer their phone "Mr. Smith's office", I answer "Hello, Office, let me speak with the lower left-hand desk drawer." If they answer "Smith's residence" or "Smith House" or somesuch, I reply, "Hallo, let me speak with the bedroom, please". If they answer "John Smith", I reply "no, this is Dave Locke. John Smith doesn't live here". I don't know why I do these things. Sometimes, however, I don't answer "Hello". In those circumstances where my secretary has answered the office phone and passed along to me the name of the caller, I will sometimes dispense with my customary "Hello" and say something more original. "Such as "Sheriff's office".

I don't know why I do that, either.

However, I have left one caller hanging on the phone up above there. After I said "Hello", I heard a weak voice on the other end.

"Help!" it croaked.

"Hello?" I said.

"Help!" came the voice, again.

I put my hand over the phone and looked at my wife, who was still trying to scrape fossilized egg from the frying pan.

"Is it for me?" she asked.

"I hope not," I replied, and turned back to the phone.

"Who is this?" I inquired.

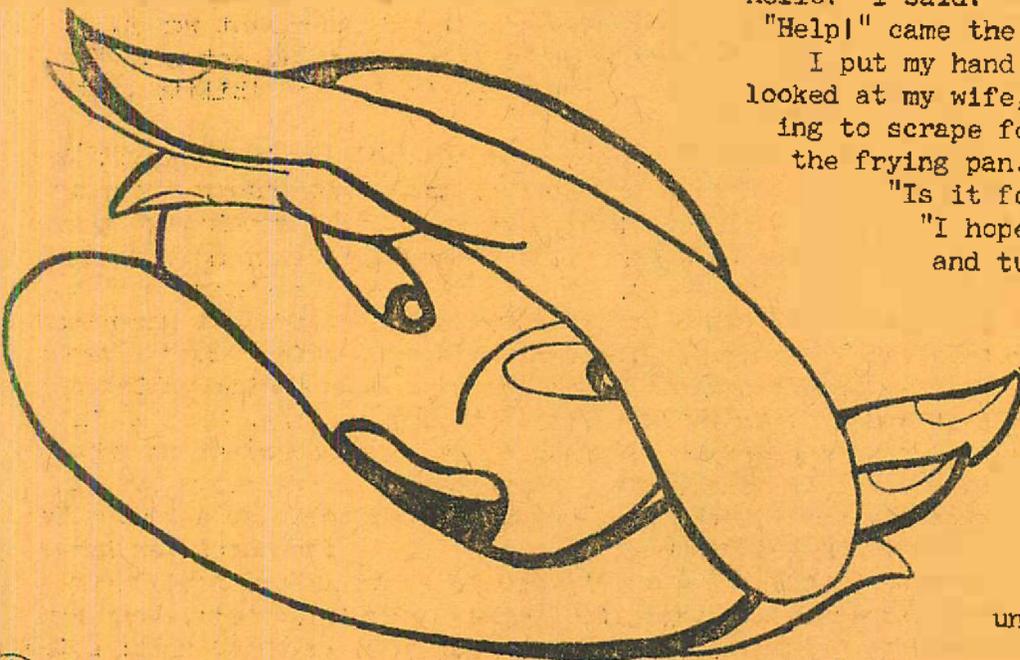
"Help!"

I put my hand over the phone again.

"Who is it?"

Phoebe asked, not unreasonably.

"You haven't joined



the Rescue Squad or anything, have you?" I asked her.

As it turned out, to make a long phone call short, the caller was Dean Grennell. And, although you may have guessed this, he needed assistance.

"We're moving today," he told me, "and we have two automobiles and one motorcycle and only one licensed driver in the family."

"And you want to leave the driving to us," I surmised.

"Well, I want to leave some of the driving to you. And some to Don Fitch. And I'll take care of the rest of it myself."

So Phoebe and Brian and myself piled into the old Toyota and braved five minutes of freeway driving into Covina. We pulled to the curb in front of the erstwhile Grennell residence, because the driveway was littered with two Buicks and a motorcycle and all kinds of boxes of displaced possessions. We got out of the car and surveyed this unlikely situation. We also surveyed Don Fitch, who was idly standing there and looking very unlikely, too.

Dean walked up.

"I asked him: "How do you get to Mission Viejo from here?"

"You can't get there from here," he said, "unless you follow me."

"Unfortunately, I don't have my maps in the car. Could you write out some directions in case we lose track of you?" That was a mistake. He wrote out directions like he was being paid twenty-cents a word. By the time he finished making an additional copy of his directions, I had finished two beers. He handed one set of directions to me, and the other to Don. We just stood there looking at them somewhat askance.

"Don't worry about it," he told us, "Just follow me and you'll make it there ok."

"This doesn't look like the most direct line between two points," said Don Fitch, still poring over the directions with a somewhat glazed look on his face,

"It isn't," Dean admitted. "It's a great little short-cut that I discovered. But just follow me, and you'll be ok."

"Ok," we said.

Dean was in the lead with his motorcycle. Phoebe, Brian, Dean's daughter Phyllis, and myself were in the first Buick. Don Fitch and Jean Grennell brought up the rear in the other Buick. We kept changing from freeway to freeway, and I never knew there were all that many interconnected freeways in the world outside of downtown Los Angeles.

Dean kept pulling out of sight, but I had a great reluctance to travel at more than 70 or 75 mph to keep him in view. We later learned that his speedometer must have been all messed up, because he complained about having to slow down to let us catch up with him "because you guys wouldn't drive faster than 50 mph!"

It was getting to be a rather dull one-hour ride, until we saw Dean catch up to a pick-up truck which was hauling a load of garbage. We presumed, correctly, that he would at any moment be changing lanes to pass it. He was forced to do so a bit earlier than he had planned when, to the astonishment of all of us in the car I was driving, a trick of the air currents caused the load of garbage to be lifted bodily out of the back of the truck and dispersed all over the freeway. Unfortunately, Dean was right underneath it as it fell to ground, and you have never seen anything until you



have seen someone run such an obstacle course with a motorcycle. The keystone cops couldn't have done any better.

Luckily, he outmaneuvered every tin can and banana peel, and pulled his motorcycle up even to the driver's side of the pickup -- wherein sat a woman who obviously didn't know that it was now unnecessary for her to travel to the dump. She just kept tooling along. Finally she noticed that there was a motorcycle, with a very indignant man upon it, keeping pace just three feet beyond her door. The man was jerking his thumb rather insistently, although we presume she didn't know he was trying to tell her that she had just been voted Litterbug of the Year. She must have thought he was a motorcycle policeman, so she promptly pulled over to the side of the road. Unfortunately she was not in the slow lane at the time she did this, and so consequently she pulled two lanes of traffic off to the side of the road with her. We saw Dean staring at this with all amazement, his thumb still hanging out of his fist. Then he shook his head and jetted into the traffic ahead.

Toward the end of our journey, on the last few miles of freeway, Dean somehow got it into his head that we could find their new house without his further assistance. So he whipped the squirrels up to about 100mph and rather quickly drew away from us.

"We're losing him," my wife commented.

"No way," I said, and goosed the squirrels in the Buick. The needle crept up to 90, but he was still disappearing rather fast. Behind us, the other Buick was nowhere to be seen.

"Don't lose him," Phoebe admonished.

I slowed back down to 70, and Dean's motorcycle disappeared from sight in the distance.

"Why are you slowing down? You're losing him."

"Because we're driving a Buick," I informed everyone.

"Yes, but you can go as fast as he can, and he said to 'just follow me'."

"Yes, but I can't travel between the cars like he can."

Naturally, we got lost.

-----  
We suspect that Dave's column had at least one more page, which is missing. (We think this because it ended in the middle of a sentence.) We broke it at the only logical point, and if the missing portion is located, it will be published next month. (Do you keep carbons, Dave?)  
RSC

-----  
THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

We had an ad here for a weekend symposium on science fiction, but since it was the weekend of July 14, it's a little late... Some of the listed speeches are fascinating, though; "Jungian Perspectives on Science Fiction", "Confrontations With Darkness: The Myth of Dual Consciousness", "What Prolepsis Means To Me" (by Roger Zelazny, proving he can handle the jargon with anyone), and "Social Science Fiction: Image and Critique". Sounds like the contents page of a fanzine edited by Franz Rottensteiner. // The June SHARECROPPER has a good short article on Caesar Chavez; down with the Teamsters! // Ballantine announces that Anne McCaffrey's sf cookbook is at last being published; August date. // POVERTY LAW REPORT for June mentions their big victory - the Supreme Court decision requiring equal pay for women in federal employment - and another long report on their latest attack; on "holder in due course" laws that say that the buyer of a mortgage or other debt is not responsible for the quality of the work for which the debt was contracted. (This is one that looks quite reasonable on the surface; the buyer - usually a bank - didn't perform the service, so why should it be held responsible? But it results in gyp artists performing shoddy work, discounting all their notes to a bank, and skipping town, leaving the victim with no recourse, since the flaws generally don't show up until the gyppo is long gone.) // The I.R.S. says we owe them money; I shall remind them about obtaining blood from a turnip. // Alan Dodd sends several clippings of a British newspaper getting hysterical over the sale of toy guns in Britain, and demanding the banning of anything which looks like a firearm. (So much for people who say that all they want is to ban certain types of weapons. That sort of mind is never satisfied.)

# THE BITCH HOUR

GRIPE BY

JODIE OFFUTT

After going to cons for three and a half years I've begun to notice certain samenesses that are common to all cons. You know what they are: hucksters, panels, die-hard bridge players, beer-filled bathtubs, singing, and so on.

There is one other happening that you can bet on. At some time during every con there is a time slot that becomes the Bitch Hour. The times may vary, but I've noticed it most often on Saturday night, after dinner. (I worked out a theory about the Bitch Hour after the Kubla Khan in Nashville, where the bitching actually seized temporary control of the con suite!)

It now seems obvious that some of the reasons we have the Bitch Hour are:

- 1) People are a little dragged out after the long day and previous night.
- 2) People are getting a little tired of each other; they've pretty much covered most subjects they had to talk about and are beginning to run down.
- 3) Their bellies are full and their brains are dulled.

So what happens? The Bitch Hour! And what do they bitch about? God! Everything:

- 1) Invariably, the hotel.
- 2) The banquet.
- 3) The restaurant where they ate (if not at banquet).
- 4) The city and its traffic.
- 5) The previous con, previous hotel, previous restaurant, etc.
- 6) A movie, a TV show, a book.
- 7) Each other.
- 8) All of the above.

The big thing I've noticed is that it goes on and on. These people feed on each other during the Bitch Hour and it escalates. There are usually one or two people who bitch all the time. (I really wonder why they keep coming to cons; they never seem to be happy. Happiness is...bitching? Certainly, for some.) Really toxic people who agitate themselves and keep the Bitch Hour alive. These are the pros of bitchdom. There are also neo-bitchers, of course, aspiring to prodom. And even bitcher-groupies.

We've all got something to fuss about sometimes. Often we get genuinely angry for good reason and need to steam off. But why can't these people do their bitching, then forget it? Or go off and pout!

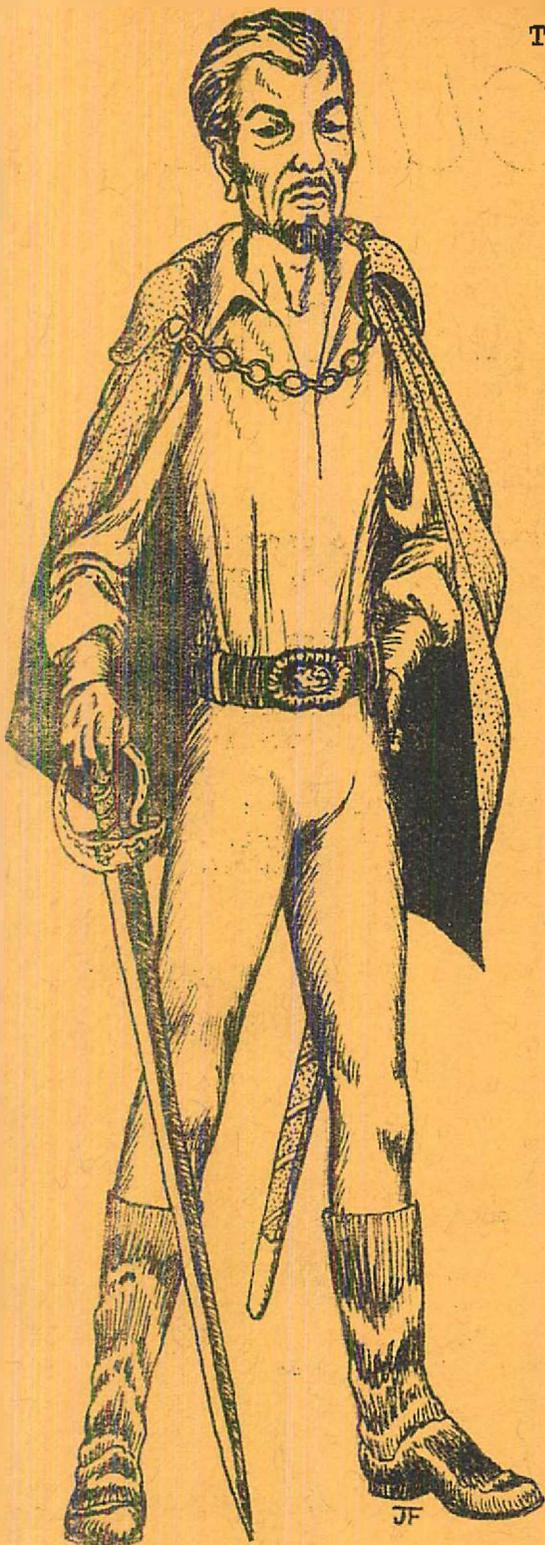
The Bitch Hour seems to be a part of cons. And even when someone makes an attempt at changing the subject or saying something funny, it doesn't take. The bitchers don't even notice.

The Bitch Hour runs its course.

I've certainly done my share of over-bitching. Maybe that ought to be extended bitching. And it is because I've been reinforced, fed, cheered on by my fellow bitchers.

At a con not long ago something made me mad; I bitched at andy in the hall for a few minutes; he listened; I went to our room and brushed my teeth and read the motel's room service menu. Thirty minutes later I was back at the party having a good time.

Maybe that's the secret! He listened! andy listened to me bitch! He didn't reinforce my bitching by some of his own. He just let me spout off to him about it.



Then I went off and pouted and I was fine after a while.

The Bitch Hour consists of a lot of bitches bitching .. and no bitchees. They don't listen to each other; each just waits for the other to pause for breath so he/she can take up the tirade. Most of the time they don't even do that, but talk on top of each other, covering the same ground over and over.

They don't need somebody to introduce a new subject or a little humor. What they need are listeners! Somebody to give them a hug and say "That's a goddam shame!" or "I'll bet you were fit to be tied."

(I'm not sure if that trick should be attributed to Hylam Ginot or Eric Berne.)

It might work, though. If enough people were willing to be bitchees to the bitches instead of their having nobody but pitch-back bitches, we might shorten the Bitch Hour.

Otherwise -- well, the con-chairmen might acknowledge the Bitch Hour as a standard part of cons and include it on the program. With one or two Pro-Bitchers or Big Name Bitchers at every con, we might even have a Bitch Guest of Honor. The EGoH's job would be to moderate the Bitch Hour.

Since the Bitch Hour would be at a designated time and place, those of us who don't care to listen or take part can skip it, and congregate in a less toxic environment.

#### THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Alan Dodd sends an ad for "London's Greatest Entertainment Value", "The Black & White Minstrel Show of 1973". Anyone say the British were a little behind the times in entertainment, not to mention race relations? (In this country, the NAACP would have pickets out - and the Panthers would be getting the bombs ready - before the first ads were off the presses.) // Ross Peterson sends a fairly funny article from COMMON SENSE on "The Great Pay Toilet Strike" but it doesn't seem to lend itself to quoting. // EDF LETTER for March lists a host of environmental cases, including the one where a coal-fired power plant in the Four Corners area is strip-mining a mountain sacred to the Hopi and Navaho. (Interestingly enough, the request to halt the plant - which was turned down - came from the Jicarilla Apaches.) The Carson City Mint is trying to sell me silver dollars for \$30 apiece, which seems the ultimate in something - governmental greed, perhaps. // Janice Scott sends a clipping about a critter - a Sasquatch from the sound of it - wandering around backwoods Maryland. The writer comments on moonshiners, which seems a likely source (instead of putting hair on your chest, the local variety of white lightning puts hair on whatever you're looking at). // Andy Zerbe sends one on a sharp librarian. The Montgomery library announced publicly that 9 warrants had been issued for the arrest of people with overdue books - and refused to give any names. Books suddenly began to be returned in vast quantities. // And did you see the news items about the British Navy upholding the right of British fishermen to exterminate Icelandic fish? What does an ecologist do when the other side has all the guns?

# SEX IN THE EARLY HEINLEIN:

## A NOTE BY J. R. CHRISTOPHER

"Let There Be Light" (1940, under the pseudonym of Lyle Monroe) is not usually considered to be one of Robert A. Heinlein's better stories. It was not published in Astounding as were most of his early fictions (presumably rejected); it was included in the Future History volume THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON (1950), but then it vanished from the Future history omnibus, THE PAST THROUGH TOMORROW (1967).

The story, in addition to being suppressed by Heinlein, has not been greatly admired by critics. Alexei Panshin in HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION comments that while "the technical thinking is interesting and the pace of the story is exciting," "the plotting is not first-rate" (p. 19). Sam Moskowitz in SEEKERS OF TOMORROW says, "It was a passable sort of story, but aroused predominately unfavorable reader reaction because of the attempt at naturalism through the use of slang and colloquialism, and the sex implications were misinterpreted." (p. 200 of the Ballantine edition). I have not seen the general reactions Moskowitz refers to -- presumably in a letter column in Super Science Stories, where the story appeared, or in fanzines. But Panshin's analysis indicates that the banter between the two main characters covers "acute discomfort" with sexual love (p. 148).

I must admit the slang is dated, but one passage in the story is either one of the most fascinating Freudian slips I have ever found or (and I think this more likely) a very clever attempt to slip a sexual reference into a science-fiction story which, under the editorial conditions of the time, was not supposed to have any. (A parallel instance from the mystery field is Dashiell Hammett's use of gunsel in chapter XI of THE MALTESE FALCON; the editor of the magazine in which the serial appeared thought the word meant "gunman" and allowed it to remain.) The Heinlein passage to which I refer is an exchange between Archibald Douglas and Mary Lou Martin on p. 45 of the 1950 book:

"Mary Lou, you lewd wench, why don't you wear some clothes around the shop? You arouse my romantic nature."

"Nuts. You haven't any. ..."

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Did you know that in at least some areas in the U.S., indigent persons are denied the right to bankruptcy proceedings because they don't have enough money to pay the filing fee? Think that one over; and the fact that the Supreme Court upheld it. (Poverty Law Report)



# HARD, AIN'T IT HARD?

## Or: How To Write A Book To Please Buck Coulson

BY ED CAGLE

**PLOT:** Must be "meaningful", yet present alternatives of resolution of such number and complexity as to be relatively irresolvable in a final and decisive manner. An example would be the proverbial man trapped by the testicles in a knot-hole in the floor of a burning house, who can either escape by castrating himself, or stoutheartedly allow himself to be burned to death, uttering not a whimper. Simultaneously the Hero's escape or death would have serious side-effects on other characters in the book; a loving virgin who awaits her marriage to the Hero and who will pine away (never once whimpering) if he dies; an enormous insurance policy, the beneficiary of which is an organization which is the sole hope of saving the entire planetary ecological system from total destruction, but which carries a clause of nullification in the event Hero dies of burns and/or is castrated. The resolve would have to be suitably understated, yet totally final and irrevocable, without unstated alternatives, and leave in the mind of the reader the ultimate definition of man as a pretty put-upon old boy with very few flaws, no bad habits, unblemished honesty, quiet dedication and an ability to overcome any number of unavoidable handicaps.

**THEME:** Must simply state (without ever stating it) that Man is Master of Himself and must Never Let It Show. This might be illustrated by a device as simple as having the Hero elected President, mention that his name was misspelled on the White House stationery, and then mention in passing he did not mention the error. This would establish the Hero as a man of little self-dedication.

**INCIDENTALS:** The pace of the book should at all times be steady, whatever the speed, and words such as "darling, mushy, absolute truth, sentimental, gee whiz, aw heck, and magnificent" would be avoided unless injected into dialogue spoken by the bad guys, who may also be portrayed as being softhearted, liberal, and fanatically idealistic. At least ninety-three little-known facts should be dropped into the book, and should ideally be constructive or revelatory in an obscure manner.

Trivia should reflect an ironic viewpoint, and in some way provide at least six alternatives to various societal problems relevant to the present, none of which should in any way indicate the personal opinions of the author.

Cynicism in any instance shall be qualified with suitably humanistic afterthought, preferably related in a manner indicating that the Hero is at heart a nice guy, but a little rough around the edges. It must be implied that everything the Hero does is for the good of whoever he happens to be shredding at the time, for whatever reason, and that in the final analysis the result will be immense improvement of the target of Yon Hero's caustic slings and arrows.

No character shall be permitted to cry, at any time, for any reason. Only in the event of the total destruction of the arsenal and powder magazine is the Hero allowed any expression of regret, and it might be best in such circumstances to merely have

him sigh a little through clenched teeth, and then spit on the ground and shrug.

Only the Hero is permitted to make wisecracking asides, and even then he must make a definite point, thereby justifying the momentary lapse into irreverence. The Hero is permitted to utter remarks such as "I think you'd look better inside out" only if followed by a qualifying remark, "such as: "But there may be someone who looks worse than you do."

The Hero never comes right out and expresses love or admiration. "Oh, you'll do" is permissible in extremely emotional moments, and perhaps a little "it's surprising that you did that right, but you did."

At no time will the Hero be allowed to do anything that will cause the reader to think he's horny. This is an outright admission of weakness, and ruins the even pace of the book.

Any afterword should concern objects other than those brought up in the book. Perhaps a brief and amusing anecdote about transplanting tulips under duress would be sufficient.

NOTICE - Nominations for the next TAFF race - to send a fan from Europe to the 1974 Worldcon in Washington, D.C. - are now open; closing date is Aug. 15. Nominees must post a \$5.00 bond and a statement that he/she/it is willing and able to make the trip, have a brief (100 words or so) platform, and produce 5 nominators, 3 from Europe and 2 from the US. Nominations to be made to:

note to neofans: all TAFF winners serve as administrators for the two years following their win.

Len & June Moffatt  
Box 4456  
Downey, CA 90241, or

Mario Bosnyak  
1000 Berlin 62  
Merseburger Strasse 3  
West Germany, or

Eddie Jones  
25 Mount Way  
Bebington Hall Park  
Higher Bebington  
Cheshire L63 5RA  
Great Britain



# GOLDEN MINUTES

THE SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME, Volume 2B, edited by Ben Bova [S F Book Club, \$4.02] The second half of the Science Fiction Writers of America selectipns of the best stf novelets of all time. This one includes "The Martian Way" by Asimov (not one of my favorite Asimov stories, but good enough), "Earthman, Come Home" by James Blish (I never thought the Okie series was all that great, but it's readable), "Rogue Moon" by Algis Budrys (a story which got undeservedly little attention when it appeared), "The Spectre General" by Theodore Cogswell (one of my favorites; pure space opera, exceedingly well handled), "The Machine Stops" by E. M. Forster (one of the old classics; excellent for its time, which was 1928), "The Midas Plague" by Frederik Pohl (a satire I didn't like much when it was new and care even less for now), "The Witches of Karres" by James Schmitz (one that belongs on anybody's all-time list), "E for Effort" by T. L. Sherred (just possibly the best stf novelet ever written), "In Hiding" by Wilmar Shiras (another outstanding one), "The Big Front Yard" by Clifford Simak (typically pastoral, and one of Simak's best), and "The Moon Moth" by Jack Vance (typically exotic, moderately humorous, but not one of Vance's best). Overall, though, a quite good selection; combined with Volume 2A it may not be quite "the greatest science fiction novellas of all time" as the cover brags, but it's certainly one of the best anthologies of all time.

EROS IN ORBIT, edited by Joseph Elder [Trident Press, \$6.95] An original anthology, devoted -- more or less -- to science-fictional sex. Stories are "2.46593" by Ed Bryant (extrapolation of the current fad for "life-size/plastic/dolls" among certain types of alleged males), "Lovemaker" by Gordon Eklund (the measure of humanity and the future of pornographic movies), "Clone Sister" by Pamela Sargent (the meaning of love and the benefits of incest; the best story in the book), "Whistler" by Ron Goulart (a typically Goulart version of a sex-mad android), "In The Group" by Robert Silverberg (group therapy versus possessive love; very slick and not very interesting), "Flowering Narcissus" by Thomas N. Scortia (surprisingly bad for Scortia; theme is similar to Sargent's, but the story isn't anywhere near as good), "Kiddy-Lib" by Jon Stopa (satire on pressure groups; Jon's Dirty Old Men organization would appear to be about the ultimate), "Don Slow and His Electric Girl-Getter" by Thomas Brand (parody of Tom Swift and comics heroines; remarkably crude writing, not to mention the idea), "Ups and Downs" by Barry Malzberg (I don't read Malzberg), and "Starcrossed" by George Zebrowski (love as a hazard to unmanned probes). Overall, one excellent story (Sargent's), one amusing and well worthwhile (Stopa's), several that are interesting enough to be worth reading, and a couple that aren't. Not one of the best anthologies I ever read, but acceptable.

THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF, by David Gerrold [Random House, \$4.95] In 1941, Heinlein wrote a short titled "By His Bootstraps", which was at the time the ultimate in time paradox stories. In 1959 he added sex (which he wouldn't have been allowed to include in 1941 even if he'd wanted to), expanded it to a novelet, and called it "All You Zombies". Now Gerrold has taken it over and produced a novel -- albeit a very short novel. Basically it's the same original Heinlein plot -- and it's a very good plot and makes for an interesting story, if you haven't already read it under a couple of other titles. Gerrold has done a very nice job with it and added a fillip or two (in 1959, homosexuality wouldn't have been allowed, probably -- and I doubt if Heinlein would have even thought of it if it was allowed), and aside from the haunting sense of familiarity it's interesting reading. But I keep wondering what the idea will have grown into by 1980....

THE SOWERS OF THE THUNDER, by Robert E. Howard, Illustrated by Roy Krenkel [Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston, Rhode Island, \$12.00] The illustrator gets mentioned for a particular reason. The stories -- taken from MAGIC CARPET and ORIENTAL STORIES, are historical adventures with Howard's usual gory touch. He seems to have the overall history of the time quite accurately; I'm not enough up on the general period of the Crusades to check every detail, but he's accurate enough on the details that I do know. The writing style, however, is pretty bad, particularly when you get four novelets with four allegedly different heroes all in one volume; the sameness of everything is pointed up. Stories are "The Lion of Tiberias", "The Sowers of the Thunder", "Lord of Samarcand", and "The Shadow of the Vulture". "Samarcand" is probably the best-written from a technical standpoint -- and it has two climaxes...which gives you an idea of the writing in the others. There is, however, plenty of action and blood, if that's all you require. Krenkel does the introduction, which is worse than the stories -- I don't expect an introduction to point out an author's defects, but Krenkel writes as though he actually believes all of Howard's guff about barbarism being man's natural state (one of the silliest statements ever made by anyone) and the absolute greatness of Howard's writing. (Howard does, especially here, give the reader an idea of the bloody reality of barbarism, which Burroughs and Kline and the others never did, but it takes more than that for greatness.)

However, this is one of the most beautiful books I've seen in years. It's well-made, the cover is excellent, Krenkel has provided a gorgeous dust-jacket (which seems to be plastic rather than the paper I'm used to and should thus stand up better to wear), there is a full-color frontispiece, one full-page black-and-white drawing for each story, and spot illustrations everywhere. Every page has something; if not an individual illustration, then a design of some sort; half a dozen designs are repeated throughout the book. I didn't count the separate spot illustrations, but I would guess at over 100 in the book's 280 pages. Plus separate end-sheets for the front and back. And of course, with Krenkel doing them, the illustrations are all good. (He tends toward excessively busy full-pagers, but excellently done.) The book is worth buying for the artwork; the fiction it illustrates is an extra.

THE SNAIL-WATCHER, by Patricia Highsmith [remaindered, \$0.50] A slim book which turns out to be something of a sleeper; I don't know if Alfred Hitchcock has ever used any of Highsmith's stories in his anthologies or not, but he's missing a bet if he hasn't. This includes "The Snail-Watcher" (an unusual hobby leads to a particularly nasty end), "The Birds Poised to Fly" (the unreasoning stubbornness that occasionally accompanies "love"), "The Terrapin" (a sort of modernized "Sredni Vashtar"), "When the Fleet Was In At Mobile" (brutishness of the rural South), "The Quest For 'Blank Claveringi'" (a couple held together by maliciousness and petty revenge), "Mrs. Afton, Among Thy Green Braes" (a unique form of insanity), "The Heroine" (not so unique, and somewhat more horrible, insanity), "Another Bridge To Cross" (mood piece; probably symbolic of something, but I'm not sure what), "The Barbarians" (lovely little story of what might be called "the hard-hat mentality"), and "The Empty Birdhouse" (an original haunting). Not too many of these are actually fantasy, but quite a few could be classed as modern horror stories, and most are well written.

FORERUNNER FORAY, by Andre Norton [Book Club, \$1.75] Starting with the fairly familiar Norton backgrounds of the Forerunners, the Thieves Guild, and the Warlock series (eventually all Norton books are going to interlock and some fan can have fun tracing the connections), this drops everyone abruptly into various exotic alien worlds and times. Not the best thing Norton has done, but quite good. Recommended.

STAR DOG, by A. M. Lightner [McGraw-Hill, no price information] A juvenile for a somewhat younger age-level than the typical Norton. The star dog itself is interesting enough and the book starts out extremely well, but the end seemed overly melodramatic to me.

THE HUMAN APES, by Dale Carlson [Atheneum, \$5.95] Odd-sized book. Another juvenile, rather overloaded with message. Since the message is anti-technological I'm not all

that enthusiastic about it to begin with, but my main objection is that it's overdone. (I don't think modern kids are as unsophisticated as the author evidently does.) Very nice background, interesting idea, but the philosophy seems too crude for any child old enough to read the book.

A TRAVELER IN TIME by Alison Uttley [second-hand, Putnam, 1940] Time-travel used to present a historical sketch, show a child growing up, and produce a hopeless love affair. Robert Nathan did it better in BUT GENTLY DAY, but this is quite readable. (Possibly I'm slightly prejudiced against it because the romantic historical background is that of Mary, Queen of Scots. I'm sure that in 1940 vast numbers of people considered Mary to be a tragic, romantic figure -- quite possibly they still do today. I've read too much about her, and tend to snort over attempts to make her a Great Tragic Figure.) Otherwise, it's an interesting fantasy. No explanation is forthcoming for the time travel; it just happens, presumably because the heroine has an affinity for that past life.

THE CLOUD WALKER, by Edmund Cooper [Ballantine, \$1.25] I gave up reading Cooper several books back, so it was due strictly to the fascinating Berkey cover that I read this and surprised myself. It's a quite good novel of a new barbarism following a great war, though it does have flaws. One is that Cooper has very little respect for the intelligence of his readers; if the quote "Ludd protect you" combined with an introductory quote about the Luddites isn't enough to give the reader the background, everything is perfectly intelligible in context; but Cooper spends all three pages of chapter 4 in recapping things for the slow reader. In other respects it's interesting enough; Cooper either kept his tendencies toward over-explanation under control most of the time, or somebody edited him. No redeeming social value, but good adventure.

THE FALLIBLE FIEND, by L. Sprague de Camp [Signet, \$0.95] Another of de Camp's sardonic looks at humanity, this time from the viewpoint of a literal-minded "fiend" who has trouble understanding that humans don't always mean what they say. During the course of his education in the wiles of humanity, he gets a look at various early systems of government, which are alike primarily in their corruptness. Plenty of swords and stratagems, not to mention a little sorcery, to help the action along. Highly entertaining. This was serialized in Fantastic, though Signet doesn't bother to say so.

FRIENDS COME IN BOXES, by Michael Coney [DAW, \$0.95] Five stories, tied together into a sort of novel by a common background and some continuing characters. Another solution to overpopulation that causes more problems than it solves. Unlike an earlier Coney book which I said was good up to but not including the end, this one starts slowly and improves as it goes along. The initial premise was too much for me to take at all seriously, but the characterization is good, and the plotting adequate, so my dislike of the premise faded gradually, and on the whole the book was very good.

THE NEUTRAL STARS, by Dan Morgan and John Kippax [Ballantine, \$1.25] A beautiful character study of a thoroughly nasty father and daughter; big business magnates who become involved in Earth's spacial expansion. This is the third book in the "Stars" series, and carries the overall plot forward, but the focus is on Elkan Niebohr and his daughter Elsa. Not at all my kind of book -- I really prefer to have at least one sympathetic main character -- but extremely well done.

WHERE WERE YOU LAST FLUTERDAY? by Paul van Herck [DAW, \$0.95] Winner of the 1972 Europa Award, it says, which does not increase my opinion of the Europa Award. Satire, applied with all the finesse of someone wielding a meat-axe (and swinging it at anything that moves). Some of the individual episodes are funny and some aren't, but the overall impression is of a book-length piece of fan fiction.

THE ANOME, by Jack Vance [Dell, \$0.95] This was serialized in F&SF in 1971, which the book doesn't mention -- the bigger paperback companies are quite biased about ignoring previous publication in the magazines. It's the first book about General Etzwane and the people of Durdane, if that triggers any memories. Enjoyable tale of the childhood and rise to power of a young man with curiosity on a world where curiosity is discouraged. (One thing that fascinated me about Vance is his ability to string syllables together to form names that are both alien and possible, unlike the concoctions of most sword-and-sorcery writers; Etzwane, Garwiy, Finnerack, Sajarano. It makes his novels distinctive.) This is the sort of exotic-background adventure story that Vance is noted for.

WE CAN BUILD YOU, by Philip K. Dick [DAW, \$0.95] Serialized as "A. Lincoln, Simulacrum", as I recall. The meaning of reality again, of course. Not only in robots, that are indistinguishable (from the outside, anyway) from people, but in the insanity of one of the central characters, matching the insanity of Dick's future world, so that she sometimes appears more logical than her presumably sane contemporaries. A drawback is that none of this has much bearing on today's world, though it seems to be intended to do so. But it's an interesting bit of imagination in its own right.

KING OF ARGENT, by John E. Phillifent [DAW, \$0.95] This doesn't have any bearing on anything; it's pure space-opera with the noble hero, the heroine who throws away a life of luxury to be with her beloved, and an impossibly alien planet. Pure hokum, but sort of fun to read, particularly if one skips the more idiotic dialogue.

OPERATION UMANAQ, by John Rankine [Ace, \$0.75] An international spy novel set in the future. Totally unbelievable, of course, but no more so than any other spy novel. Lots of action, dialogue and characterization adequate for the type book it is. An enjoyable way to kill a dull couple of hours.

COLLISION COURSE, by Barrington J. Bayley [DAW, \$0.95] Interesting idea; an archaeologist discovers from old photographs that the ruins he's studying are getting younger rather than older. The concept of multiple time waves running in different directions is as far as I know unique in sf. Rather unfortunately, it comes embedded in a plot involving alien invaders, racial purists, and the aftermath of a past (or future?) worldwide conflict. But it's an engrossing idea, anyway.

DRAGON MAGIC by Andre Norton [Ace, \$0.95] I reviewed the hard-cover awhile back. This is, though the Ace version never says so, for considerably younger readers than the usual Norton book. As a juvenile for the 10 to 12 year old set, it's extremely good, but not exactly what the average adult fantasy reader expects. It concerns an enchanted jigsaw puzzle which helps 4 different boys solve their personal problems.

TIME STORY by Stuart Gordon [DAW, \$0.95] The usual involved time-travel plot, full of chase scenes and rather overloaded with the "but since I know that he knows that I know" situations. I didn't get very far into it, actually, but I skimmed the remainder.

THE LATHE OF HEAVEN, by Ursula le Guin [Avon, \$0.95] Again, I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. A very good novel about a man whose dreams can change reality (Phil Dick ought to enjoy it, despite the fact that it's more solidly plotted and less emotional than his own works).

THE GODS THEMSELVES, by Isaac Asimov [Fawcett, \$1.25] Reviewed hardcover couple of issues ago. Three connected novelets rather than a novel. The center one depicting the alien culture is fabulous; the other two are good but not outstanding. The theme is that power corrupts -- in this case, "free" power from empty space, that mankind has been depending on, turns out to have a few previously undisclosed drawbacks, and the problem is to get humanity, selfish as always, to quit using it. (The analogy with the automobile is perhaps a trifle obvious, but valid.)

THE GREEN FLASH, by Joan Aiken [Dell, \$0.95] From the title and cover, one would assume that this concerned the I.R.A., but actually the contents are more reminiscent of the works of John Collier, or perhaps Saki. "Mrs. Considine" is a strange combination of mood piece, fantasy of a little girl with prophetic dreams, and just a touch of "The Lady or the Tiger?" about the ending. "Marmalade Wine" is an excellent example of the modern horror story. "Sonata for Harp and Bicycle" is a ghost story, but a trifle weak in the plot and impossible in the ending. "The Dreamers" is a nasty little item about a very polite -- but deadly -- marital dispute. "Follow My Fancy" is a lovely bit about an artist with the (unwanted) power to summon London busses. "Smell" concerns the revenge of a little old lady on the thief who stole her life savings. (Would-be thieves should take note to stay away from eccentric little old ladies.) "Searching for Summer" is a pleasant, lightweight after-the-bomb fantasy. (I know this sounds improbable, but that's what the story is, dammit.) "A View of the Heath" is about a sort of good fairy who aids a family for her own reasons. "Belle of the Ball" concerns a unique con game -- or is it? (Aiken has a penchant for inscrutable endings.) "Summer by the Sea" is more of an incident than a story; a brief period in the life of a thoroughly unpleasant family. "Minette" is a ghost story, a love story, and another weird ending. "Dead Language Master" is about the gruesome warfare between a Latin teacher and his students. "The Windshield Weepers" (originally "The Windscreen Weepers"; it must be frustrating to have a reprint in a country that almost speaks your language) is a unique fantasy about creativity; probably my favorite story in the book. "The Green Flash" concerns not-so-young love, complicated by a beautiful but bitchy sister, a werewolf, and a poltergeist. Overall, excellent. The blurb mentions that Joan Aiken is the daughter of Conrad Aiken, listed as a "poet" but better known in our field for "Mr. Arcularis", "Silent Snow, Secret Snow", and others. His daughter keeps up the family tradition very well indeed.

EARTHMAN'S BURDEN, by Poul Anderson and Gordon Dickson [Avon/Camelot, \$0.60] But I got mine from Andy Zerbe, since distribution was excessively poor in Indiana. This contains 6 of the stories about Hokas, the cute aliens with the tendency to take English fiction seriously. "The Sheriff of Canyon Gulch" is rather obviously a Western parody; others included are "Don Jones" (Don Giovanni and opera in general), "In Hoka Signo Vincas" ("Space Patrol", "Captain Video", and others of their ilk), "The Adventure of the Misplaced Hound" (Sherlock Holmes), "Yo Ho Hoka!" (the British navy, from Hornblower on), and "The Tiddlywink Warriors" (the Foreign Legion as depicted by P.C. Wren). The stories tend to get into cliché humor -- the Bob Hope Syndrome -- and don't take re-reading as well as those of other humorists of the day, notably Eric Frank Russell. But they're still funny, and I recommend picking up a copy if you can find one.

WHAT'S BECOME OF SCREWLOOSE? AND OTHER INQUIRIES, by Ron Goulart [DAW, \$0.95] The author's vision of the bright new world of automation, governed by Finagle's Laws. The title story, about machine deliberately programmed to murder, is an exception; very few of Goulart's machines are efficient enough to murder anyone deliberately. "Junior Partner" describes an office operated by voodoo. "Hardcastle" is the completely automated house -- with a few bugs in it. "Into the Shop" concerns the breakdown of the machinery (literally) of law enforcement; a rather apt parable for today. "Prez" is the con-artist who happens to be a cyborg dog. "Confessions" is one of the José Silvera stories, José being the ghost-writer who keeps wandering into assorted mayhem while trying to collect his fees. "Monte Cristo Complex" starts out as a Holmes parody, but that part gets lost somewhere and the story about a man trying to get revenge on inefficient robots becomes a typical Goulart farce. "The Yes-Men of Venus" is a Burroughs parody; slightly overdone but still very funny. "Keeping An Eye on Janey" is a parody of the tough-private-eye novels; this private eye is a robot disguised as a bed. "Hobo Jungle" is one of the Chameleon Corps series; a Master of Disguise involved in inept international intrigue. Recommended -- especially to fans who take science fiction seriously.

PROSTHO PLUS, by Piers Anthony [Berkley, \$0.75] The series about a Galactic Dentist, Dr. Dillingham, which ran in Galaxy or If a couple years back. Lightweight, moderately amusing, and if the hero isn't particularly original, at least his profession is. Much more enjoyable than some of Anthony's more pretentious works.

THE BOOK OF GORDON DICKSON [DAW, \$0.95] Thirteen stories, originally published from the early 1950s to the early 1960s, in the "Big Three" magazines of the time (Astounding, Galaxy, F&SF). The reader gets a good variety of humor, pathos, and adventure for his money; some 200 pages of it. No really outstanding material, but it's all good enough.

TOMORROW LIES IN AMBUSH, by Bob Shaw [Ace, \$0.95] Thirteen stories again, but over 270 pages. No copyrights listed, and some of them I didn't remember, so I'm not sure if any are original here or not. The stories are a step above Dickson's; Shaw has never managed a convincing novel, but he's an expert at the shorter lengths. Highly recommended.

ORBIT #11, edited by Damon Knight [Berkley, \$0.95] Blurbed as "The most celebrated all-original series in science fiction", which I guess is correct. Not the best, mind you, but the most celebrated. (On quality, it comes in well behind Fred Pohl's "Star" series for Ballantine and Ted Carnell's "New Writings" for Corgi and whoever reprints it in this country. However, on to this particular example.)

This starts off well, with "Alien Stones", by Gene Wolfe (excellent novelet of alien contact and -- rather surprisingly in this collection -- an affirmation of the scientific method). This is followed by "Spectra", by Vonda McIntyre (hardly a story; an emotional image of a world in which humans are simply plug-in modules for machines -- the symbolism is obvious and as far as I'm concerned totally inaccurate); "I Remember a Winter" by Frederik Pohl (some more fictionalized third-rate philosophy); "Doucement, S'il Vous Plait", by James Sallis (the memoirs of a letter being forwarded; Sallis excels in original ideas which don't, when you come right down to it, amount to anything); "The Summer of the Irish Sea" by C. L. Grant (using criminals as objects of sport hunting; Grant of course gives the viewpoint of the criminal, but he failed to convince me; there are a lot of people in this world that we could do without); "Good-Bye Shelley, Shirley, Charlotte, Charlene", by Robert Thurston (a rather different variety of alien; amusing); "Father's in the Basement", by Philip José Farmer (an excellent story which I can't describe without giving away the ending); "Down By the Old Maelstrom", by Edward Wellen (a rather overly long dream-fantasy); "Things Go Better", by George Alec Effinger (a thoroughly typical modern short, with the hippie symbolizing Independence and Initiative finally broken to accept Conformity and the Establishment -- at least it makes the Sallis and McIntyre items look good by comparison); "Dissolve", by Gary K. Wolf (another typical Clarion product; forget logic and bear down hard on Emotion and Bizarre Presentation); "Dune's Edge", by Ed Bryant (quite similar to the Effinger and Wolf items except that Bryant knows how to write, which makes a considerable difference); "The Drum Lollipop", by Jack M. Dann (mundane story of a child's reaction to parental marital problems); "Machines of Loving Grace", by Gardner Dozois (I don't bother with Dozois); "They Cope", by Dave Skal (incompatibility of differing life-styles, surprisingly -- because I expected it to be terrible -- good); "Counter Point", by Joe Haldeman (interesting fantasy of the conflict of heritage and environment); "Old Soul", by Steve Herbst (a nurse who unconsciously "tunes in" on the dreams of her patients; acceptable); "New York Times", by Charles Platt (a non-story by a non-writer); "The Crystallization of the Myth", by John Barfoot (experimental imagery; not fantasy, or a story, or worth reading); "To Plant a Seed", by Hank Davis (interesting idea, presented in as irritating manner as possible to conform to the Post-Clarion trend); and "On the Road to Honeyville" by Kate Wilhelm (at least a mediocre story, which puts it above the level of most of the contents here, but neither fantasy nor science fiction).

Overall, save your money. The Wolfe and Farmer stories will be reprinted and you won't really miss anything if you don't read any of the others.

DEMON KIND, edited by Roger Elwood [Avon, \$0.75] Another original anthology, concerning "children with strange powers". "Linkage" by Barry Malzberg, is mostly about a child who thinks he has strange powers, but it's a fair story (which is better than Malzberg's average). "Mud Violet" by R.A. Lafferty presents a set of typical Lafferty characters identified as children; since Lafferty characters are weirder than anything on Earth, whether they're children or adults makes little difference. Very good story. "Bettyann's Children" by Kris Neville considers the children with "powers" as the possible salvation of the planet. "Child" by Joan Holly, about a genuine flower child, is a bit sweet for my taste. "World of Gray" by Norman Spinrad is also, rather surprisingly, a trifle maudlin, though the idea is interesting enough. "Dandy" by Ted White is reminiscent of Heinlein juveniles. "A Proper Santa Claus" by Anne McCaffrey recounts the career of a budding artist, whose creations are the essence of reality. "The Marks of Painted Teeth" by Jack Dann concerns slum kids in a polluted, dying future; graphic, and an improvement over his ORBIT story, but not my type. "The Eddystone Light" by Lawrence Yep is infuriating; not only is it the best story in the book and one to be remembered when awards are being voted on, but the basic idea is one that I could have thought of years ago if I had been smart enough. "From Darkness to Darkness" by Terry Carr is, I suppose, symbolic -- of what, I couldn't say -- but on the story level it's a dud. And "Monologue" by Phil Farmer is another of his interesting ideas on human relations, and I'm glad to see Farmer back doing outstanding short stories as well as mediocre novels. Overall, surprisingly good, considering Elwood anthologies I've read in the past. Well worth your money.

THE ALIEN CONDITION, edited by Stephen Goldin [Ballantine, \$1.25] Stf authors are noted for producing unusual aliens and bizarre humans, but this would seem to prove that it's hard to do on order. We have "Lament of the Keeku Bird" by Kathleen Sky (acceptable if unexciting); "Wings" by Vonda McIntyre (a fantasy of love and compassion; not, one might say, precisely my type of story); "The Empire of T'ang Lang" by Alan Dean Foster (the ultimate individualist, in an episode without all that much meaning); "A Way Out" by Miriam Allen DeFord (an alien with notions of personal honor becomes involved in Earth politics); "Gee, Isn't He the Cutest Little Thing?" by Arthur Byron Cover (not much of a story, but lots of dirty jokes -- old dirty jokes, for the most part); "Deaf Listener" by Rachel Cosgrove Payes (conflict of two pretty alien life-forms; intriguing idea, but no empathy can be worked up for either side); "Nor Iron Bars a Cage" by C. F. Hensel and Goldin (culture shock with a vengeance); "Routine Patrol Activity" by Thomas Pickens (enjoyable bit of dolphins versus aliens); "Call From Kerlyana" by William Carlson and Alice Laurance (talking ancient enemies into peace; interesting if unbelievable); "The Safety Engineer" by S. Kye Boulton (exceptionally good novelet of a totally alien society); "Love Is the Plan the Plan Is Death" by James Tiptree, Jr. (love in a society based apparently on characteristics of certain spiders); and "The Latest From Sigma Corvi" by Edward Wellen (an alien news flash and not much of a story). The Boulton and the Pickens are reasonably good; some of the others are readable and some aren't. Not particularly recommended (but it has a very pretty cover by Klarwein).

THE 1973 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, edited by Don Wollheim with Art Saha [DAW, \$0.95] The introduction is designed to infuriate stf modernists; Wollheim is not a man to turn the other cheek. Then we start off with Poul Anderson's "Goat Song" (human imperfection against machine-sanitized utopia; SFWA agreed with Wollheim about its quality); "The Man Who Walked Home" by James Tiptree, Jr. (his second-best story of the year); "Oh, Valinda!" by Michael C. Conroy (his best, even if he doesn't like it himself); "The Gold At the Starbow's End" by Fred Pohl (proof that Pohl can write good fiction when he wants to bother doing it); "To Walk A City's Street" by Clifford Simak (the Final Solution for disease); "Rorqual Maru" by T. J. Bass (a good story with the background Bass has used previously of hive-man versus individuals; same theme as the Anderson, actually, and I liked the story better); "Changing Woman" by W. Macfarlane (very interesting fantasy based on an Indian myth), "Willie's Blues" by

Robert J. Tilley (time-travel, nostalgia, and jazz; very well done, though I fail to understand all the hooraw over the early jazz and blues greats); "Long Shot" by Vernon Vinge (spaceship with a personality; fairly well done); and "Thus Love Betrays Us" by Phyllis MacLennon (a human explorer misled by superficial resemblances into believing that he understands an alien). Pretty good list, on the whole.

THE EDGE OF NEVER, edited by Bob Hoskins [Fawcett, \$0.95] Subtitled "Classic and Contemporary Tales of the Supernatural", which pretty much tells it. We have 17 stories: "An Account of Some Strange Disturbances In Aungier Street" by J. Sheridan le Fanu, "The Rat That Could Speak" by Charles Dickens, "An Inhabitant of Carcosa" by Ambrose Bierce, "Lost Hearts" by M. R. James, "The Yellow Sign" by Robert W. Chambers, "The Sealman" by John Masefield, "A Night in Malnéant" by Clark Ashton Smith, "Werewoman" by C. L. Moore, "Shottle Pop" by Sturgeon, "Armageddon" by Fred Brown, "The Cheaters" by Bloch, "Legal Rites" by A imov and Pohl, "O Ugly Bird!" by Wellman, "Journey's End" by Poul Anderson, "The Man Who Liked" by Hoskins, "Nightmare Gang" by Dean Koontz, and "Elephants" by Barry Malzberg. Plus short introductions describing each author's life by the editor. Not too many of the stories are hard to find; I hadn't previously seen the Masefield or le Fanu stories, (and I hadn't read the Smith because I don't much like Smith). But they're all pretty good stories and recommended to anyone interested in supernatural fiction.

MAYHEM, by E. C. Tubb [DAW, \$0.95] Another in the Dumarest series. Each individual book in the series is good enough space opera, but since I don't much like series stories I got tired of this one several books back.

IN THE ENCLOSURE, by Barry Malzberg [Avon, \$0.95] Alien contact and the evils of humanity. I don't find Malzberg very interesting.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, by Ariosto, translated by Richard Hodgins [Ballantine, \$1.25] A new translation of one of the classics of fantasy literature. I'm not much of a fan of medieval literature, so I can't comment.

THE CHARWOMAN'S SHADOW, by Lord Dunsany [Ballantine, \$1.25] I'm not much of a fan of Dunsany, either -- or of anyone else who writes studiously archaic prose. This novel seems to be highly regarded by the literary set, if that means anything.

EVENOR, by George MacDonald [Ballantine, \$1.25] I prefer Dunsany to MacDonald, so...

THE MASTER OF TIME, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood [Fawcett, \$0.75] A sequel to THE INVISIBLES, which was a pretty dull novel to begin with.

PERRY RHODAN #24, edited by Forry Ackerman [Ace, \$0.75] Another installment of the slightly juvenile space opera, some other reprinted items, one new story (a 136-word vignette which would be moderately entertaining as a Feghoot in a fanzine), an editorial, movie review, and letters (the latter providing a graphic illustration of Perry's audience, which appears to be one notch below the rabid comics fans).

THE HORN OF TIME, by Poul Anderson [Signet, \$0.95] I was fooled by a new cover into thinking it was a new book; everybody slips sometime. This has six of Anderson's good short stories, and was first paperbacked in 1968. Recommended, if you haven't already read it.

THE WARLORD OF THE AIR, by Mike Moorcock [Ace, \$0.75] Reprint of a pastiche of Gernsbackian science fiction. Interesting idea the first time, but doesn't bear rereading any more than the original did.

THE MAKING OF STAR TREK, by Stephen E. Whitfield [Ballantine, \$1.50] New edition, with new photographs. I didn't re-read it, but I doubt if the text has been changed.

I recall it as a quite fascinating account of the show, well worthwhile if you're one of the few people who hasn't already read it.

THE WORLD OF STAR TREK, by David Gerrold [Ballantine, \$1.25] Reminiscences by the author of a couple of the shows. Written later than the Whitfield book, it covers later ground; the reruns, ST fandom, stf fandom, conventions, etc. Gerrold at least has a better opinion of fandom than Norman Spinrad has -- possibly because he's considerably more pleasant in person than Spinrad and thus gets along better with fans. I particularly liked his comment that "A fan's mind is like a hundred-year old attic". Definitely. Overall, perhaps not as significant a book as Whitfield's, but more entertaining.

THE WEB OF SPACE-TIME, by Mitch Struble [Westminster, \$5.95 cloth, \$3.95 paper] An introduction to relativity. Struble uses the historic method, following the contributions of scientists from Galileo to Einstein who helped formulate relativity. I spotted one printing error; on page 145 there is a reference to "diagram 130", but the diagrams actually in the book jump from 129 to 131. Otherwise, it's well printed, easy to understand (relatively easy, anyway), and while it's undoubtedly too simplified for anyone making a serious study of the subject, it's about right for a schoolboy or fan with some interest in the subject but little background. For example, there was very little in the book that was completely new to me -- and my background is entirely from Asimov and Ley columns -- I never even took high school physics. But it's tied together into a whole in a manner that reading Asimov columns won't give you.

HERBLOCK'S STATE OF THE UNION, by Herbert Block [Simon & Schuster, \$6.95] But I got it at a discount from some book club or other. Huge selection of cartoons, plus text. I can't say I agree with him on every subject, but he's always interesting and usually funny, and what more can one ask?

HERO IN THE TOWER, by Hans Hellmut Kirst [Edward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$6.95] But my copy was a Christmas present. I still think THE OFFICER FACTORY is Kirst's best book, but this is a good one. Apparently it's based on fact, though from the reader's viewpoint there is not way to tell fact from fiction and so far as I'm concerned it is fiction. Anti-aircraft battery #3, quartered on a defeated France and commanded by a megalomaniac captain, endures both the irrationality of the commander and the greed and occasional sadism of the non-commissioned officers. The object of the hero, as in all Kirst books, is to survive the actions of one's comrades (with friends like these, enemies are irrelevant). I'm surprised Kirst hasn't become more popular in fandom; his disgust with militarism matches the most liberal fan ideas (though I suppose his adherence to little things like detail and plot, and his heroes who manage to look out for themselves, are too much for the followers of the Clarion school, however liberal).

IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED, by Arthur H. Lewis [Trident, \$8.95] Nostalgia for the Good Old Days in Hollywood. The basic idea of the book has very little appeal; both because I never thought all that much of the "glamour" of Hollywood and because all the people Lewis interviews make a point of saying how phony it all was. Nevertheless, it's a fascinating book. Since it is almost entirely written from interviews with survivors of the good old days, I won't vouch for its accuracy; movie stars have always been noted for paying more attention to their image than to truth. But they generally manage to make the image interesting. Interviews range all the way from big name stars such as Joan Crawford, Mae West, and John Wayne through bit players like Theodore Joss to directors and producers such as Pete Smith, Paul Wendkos, Lewis Milestone, and Dore Shary. (And others; that's a sampling, not the complete cast.) And while they occasionally disagree with one another over certain points, they all seem to agree that the old "big" days of Hollywood were killed off only partly by tv; that the coup de grace was delivered by the conglomerates who took over the

studios and put in men to run them who didn't know anything about movie-making. This is a particularly pertinent point, since it's beginning to happen in the book-publishing industry. All in all, a highly entertaining book.

THE FALL OF EBEN EMAEL, by Col. James E. Mrazek (Ret.) [remaindered, \$1] The author's contention is that if Eben Emael had held for the minimum 6 days that the French expected (it was built to hold out for months), the Nazi blitzkrieg through the Low Countries and northern France would have been slowed or even halted, Dunkirk would not have happened, and the entire course of the war changed. From this, he expands the book into a history of the building of the fort, the people who defended it, and the reasons why it and its 800-man garrison fell in 24 hours to an assault by a German glider force comprised of approximately 80 men. A very good account of what was probably the most brilliant individual German victory of the war.

BIANCA, by Florence Stevenson and Patricia Hagan Murray [Signet, \$0.75] I don't know why Stevenson had a collaborator on this one, but I think it was a mistake. The results are about half as funny as she is by herself. (Which still makes it superior to 90 percent of the gothics on the market, but not something to search out and obtain at all costs, as Stevenson's other books are.) It's authentically a fantasy; ghosts, spiritual possession and all, but there are fewer sardonic looks at the gothic genre and more attempted seriousness, which isn't good. There is humor, and if you liked other Stevenson books you might like this, but be warned that it isn't as good as usual.

SECOND SEASON, by Elsie Lee [Dell, \$0.95] I got SEASON mostly because it's THE WICKED GUARDIAN, by Elsie Lee [Dell, \$0.95] dedicated to "Anne McCaffrey and Mister Ed" (and I hope the latter is one of Anne's horses and not the tv show of the same name because dedicating anything to that would show appalling taste). And I got GUARDIAN because as long as I was buying Elsie Lee...which, I discovered, is a poor reason for buying a book, because GUARDIAN is pretty bad. SEASON, on the other hand, is a quite good imitation of Georgette Heyer romances. It's a rather blatant imitation, as well, but at least she picked a good model and included a good sampling of humor as well as the alleged plot. If you like Heyer, you'll probably like this. But don't assume that because you like SEASON you'll like GUARDIAN, which is a horse of a very different color.

THE MOON'S A BALLOON, by David Niven [Dell, \$1.75] And worth every penny. I'm not sure that I believe every single word in the book, but it is an absolutely fascinating account of Niven's life, from his youth (expelled or nearly expelled from various schools for various misdeeds), army life (the despair of generals), and movie career (the despair of Sam Goldwyn). Probably the funniest bit is his account of what he thought would be his big break when he was first trying to get into movies; an invitation to play polo with Darryl Zanuck. (The game ended with Niven's horse clamping his teeth on Zanuck's rear just as Niven took a swipe at the ball and swung his stick up under the tail of Zanuck's horse.) I got a chuckle that nobody but a fan would understand out of a line earlier in the book. In his army career, he encounters an officer named Jackie Coulson, and I wondered idly if this could be a distant relative of mine. Then Niven says, "No one could have described Coulson as a warm and friendly man..." Right. Must be one of my relatives. At any rate, get the book; it's both interesting as an account of a totally different way of life, and hilariously funny.

CAR, by Harry Crews (Pocket Books, \$0.95) As I have a rather dim opinion of modern humor, I surprised myself by enjoying this one, possibly because Crews is a better writer than most of the current breed. This account of the great American industry from the point of view of the proprietors of the biggest junkyard in Florida is both amusing and a sardonic look at American mores and morals. Recommended.

THE NATURAL, by Bernard Malamud (Pocket Books, \$1.25) Reads far too much like every other baseball novel. The humor is well concealed. I'll take Rhubarb instead of this.

# GRUMBLES

Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarborough, Ontario, CANADA M1M2E1

Well, I'm back. The traveling bug is temporarily laid to rest. Now if I can only last to the Worldcon...

I've done all sorts of fannish things since I've been back. Had an advertisement refused by John Boardman for his dippyazine, been to an OSFIC meeting (and met Richard Labonte), even joined the Torcon.

I joined Osfic four (?) years ago, and have done nothing but pay my dues since. In return they gave me my first membership card two weeks ago. I carry it next to my health insurance.

Europe. What, I guess, prompted this letter, other than to point out the change of address (do I hold the record yet?) was Alan Dodd's comment on the Berlin Wall in #218. He called it "unimpressive", and the Soviet war memorial "impressive". My reaction was the opposite. War memorials litter Europe, and they're all a bore. (A possible exception is Waterloo, if the story I heard that the hill was made from the piled-up bodies of the dead is true -- you grasp the scale of the killing when you see it, or Cassino, where, if my ID memory doesn't fail me, they used a German Mk IV tank as a memorial.)

Anyway, the Berlin Wall made a marked impression on me. People who run that death strip are very brave or very crazy.

In my year there I travelled through every non-Communist country in Europe except Greece, but my favorites were Portugal and Finland (Ulster too, but that's a different story).

One thing I noticed that reaffirms my old faith in human divisiveness was the attitude various nationalities had of each other. The Portuguese despise the Spaniards, and both of them, and the Gibos, look down on Arabs. Dutch still don't like Germans (say "danke schön" in Holland and see what happens) and neither do Danes.

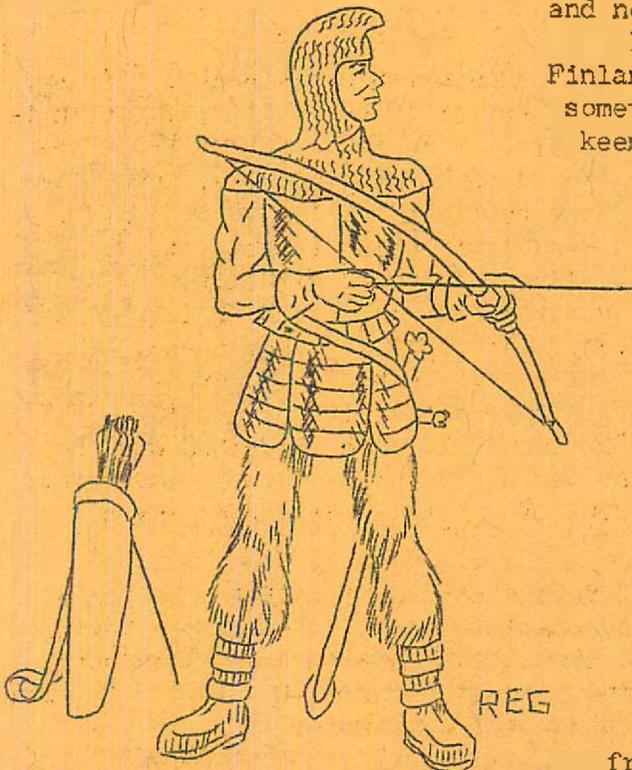
I was surprised that Swedes are so disliked in Finland, although the west coast settlements have something to do with that. Norwegians I met weren't keen on Swedes, either.

(I was even more surprised at Finnish reaction to Russia. A shrug was common. They prefer to ignore Big Brother next door, and they sort of label the frontier as the end of the world. The world is to the west, and to the east lies nothing.

And the Finns who fought in the wars against Russia believe they won. "We're still independent, aren't we?" is the general (translated) comment. The dislike is all attitude. Specific examples tend to be generalities: "They're overbearing; they're all crooks" sort of thing -- many of the same phrases which Canadians use against Americans.

Because I spent so much time with Finns and Portuguese I picked up some of their attitudes.

But the only people I really came back from Europe detesting, (except Green Irish, of course) were the Arabs. A number of personal ex-



periences contributed, too complicated for a letter, but reinforced by two other factors.

Example: Two Marocs were hired to serve on our ship, where nothing was ever locked. The Portuguese crew made a beeline for everything, to the smallest table knife, and locked it away.

The other influence was Israelis, all of whom I met were great guys, and because of it reinforced the contrast with the Arabs I'd met. Funny thing, I can't ever remember discussing the Middle East Thing with them at all.

Ulster. You know, Buck, I'm ashamed to say it took me until late summer to figure out the root cause of the conflict there, even though I was in Ulster three times in the year, was born there, and had relatives there. None of what I said before about causes is untrue, it just doesn't answer the peculiarly emotional impact of The Troubles.

The cause is nationalism. Religion is the cover code for each national group. The border is the political expression of the nationalism.

What is even more galling, to an anti-Communist like myself, is that a Communist group in Ulster gave me the key.

Interestingly, even George Washington understood the nature of the two nations, or ethnic forces in Ireland. He called my people the "Scotch-Irish", which I understand was once a common American term for the Protestants of Ireland, later renamed the Ulster Scots.

I believe, as do most Scotch-Irish, that the Green Irish are bent on genocide. They've virtually eliminated my people in Eire, and now they want the north. Even if we're wrong think of the emotional impact such a belief has on a person.

I'm no liberal like Walt Willis (though if I were in Ulster I'd cast one of my two votes for his Alliance Party; the other would go to Boal's DUP of which Ian Paisley is a member); I believe when the Irish shoot it's time to shoot back.

Rationally, politically, humanely, I think this sectarian murder spree is ugly stupidity, possibly self-defeating, definitely obscene. Yet emotionally I understand why. You've never seen it in the newspapers, but there's an Ulster phrase -- "Two for one". Among the people who believe it the idea is when they kill a Protestant, two Catholics will die. With the IRA retaliating the cycle can never end, and the innocents suffer. (The IRA murder of UDA men is stupid for that reason -- I personally know of instances when UDA men have prevented Catholics being threatened from their homes or possibly killed by embittered Protestant gunman. Or maybe the IRA does know, and they want a full-scale sectarian war...it's been suggested.)

Whatever, only a liberal could call the Berlin Wall "unimpressive" and a Soviet War Memorial "impressive". By the way, note how the media covers South Viet tiger cages, American POWs, but never mentions the wretched ARVNs, only one in ten of whom are being returned, and all in bad shape.

[Trouble is, the Irish Catholics have become the European equivalent of the American Indian, and for much the same reason. They were the victims for so long (of genocide, too; the British policy during the Great Famine wasn't intended that way, of course, but it worked remarkably well in that respect) that when they begin persecuting others one has the sneaking feeling that they have a right to get in a few licks. (Unless one is a member of the group they're persecuting, of course.) I have much the same feeling about the Israelis; byGod they're



finally hitting back. (Certainly this attitude doesn't do a thing but promote ill will, but it's a very human one.) RSC]

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

That song about "not trusting your soul to no backwoods southern lawyer..." couldn't mean me as I am known world wide as "Honest Joe". You might check with Propp, though.

Best thing in the issue was Coney's letter. If I ever see him I have a story to add to his front and rear collection. More to my own interest was his reasoning while he was writing: "I am trying to achieve a sale. That's right down to the bare facts of it. Anyway, I read the letter several times, gaining something new each time I read it. I haven't read any of his books, but there are some around here purchased by Mike, who reads more than I do, and I shall get into them soon. Sounds like it would be worth it.

I have been doing a bit of reading + working on the last of the Robaks (hooray). Larry Ashmead sent me a copy of Edmund G. Love's new one, A SMALL BEQUEST, which was very good and I've plowed through several of the Delderfield sagas, which aren't really that good, but are habit-forming. Plus some science fiction which appears to be forgettable at the present and some mysteries which are likewise.

Paul Anderson, 21 Mulga Road, Hawthorndene, South Australia 5051, Australia

Y218. Perhaps William Richard Twiford was a relation of one Norman Spinrad? The synopsis fortunately provided for discerning readers seemed to summarise THE IRON DREAM just as effectively. Tremaine probably thought as much of this book as the blurb writers thought of the Hitler novel produced by Spinrad. Actually, the whole thing was a good black comedy or the most appalling writing that I have read from a writer with a good reputation (which is mostly undeserved). There are worse, from the likes of Jakes, etc., but this one is not the best, being on a par with MEN IN THE JUNGLE. I would have liked it better if he had varied the description of the battles by so much or little as a comma. I thought that one of the funniest bits was the early scene in the way station where Feric was first certified. The idea behind the book was a good one, but I do not have any great certainty that it was meant to be that way. I have the not-so-vague feeling that the critique at the end could have been written as an afterthought to save what he realised was not up to standard. There are too few real differences in style of writing, when comparing THE IRON DREAM with his other supposedly better works which went under his own name without this gimmick. It is a dangerous game in that a lot of readers will now contrast this book with its "deliberately" poor level of writing with that evident in his next novel when it appears. For the gimmick to be an honest one I feel that it will require a marked improvement in the standard of writing just to show that Spinrad can write better than "Adolph Hitler" when he wants to. At least it did not make the Hugo ballot even if the SFWA did nominate the thing in their prestige award.

Zerbe's loc was of special note to me in that Alan Sandercock, a nearby fan and fellow member of Anzapa and Canadapa, has bought a reasonably expensive tape deck (reel) which he is using with his stereo speakers to tape most of the records that he is interested in. Alan's tastes in music coincide reasonably well with mine, with Santana, Mahavishnu, Orchestra, Yes, Malo, etc. Currently he is borrowing a lot from the rest of us and in particular from one fan who regularly imports a lot of LPs from the UK. I have found though that I seem to prefer a higher setting for the treble control than Alan does, but he gets some excellent results from the tapes. I cannot comment on the quality of the cassette recordings out here, but I note that they are sold for a standard price which happens to be about \$1 greater than the LP. This does not encourage me to try out a cassette, as I seem to be buying more and more records these days, having just ordered a few Amon Duul II and the Santana bootleg. On the subject of bootlegs, do you know whether they are well distributed in the US, or are they limited to the fringe stores like they are here? The only shops that handle them, to my knowledge, are the ones that either specialise in import albums or cater to the fringe protest groups with a large proportion of university students as customers.

Further on in the lettercol I came across the references to the practice of bussing.

At one stage I was a little perplexed by the term as used in the reports from the US on the various election issues. It was a time before one of the editors found the space to help their readers by explaining what the thing meant and why there was such a fuss made about it. From this long distance it strikes me as being a rather pointless practice, but then if Wallace is against it then the odds are that an intelligent person would have to be for it, considering his record. The other term of bussing took a little longer for me to work out when I first heard of it while watching the old Hollywood movies, but it is rather quaint. It also turns up in the older issues of the Archie & Jughead comics, where the context in which it is used helps a lot in interpreting it.

The 20th anniversary issue arrived a short while ago and looks like an excellent issue of Yandro, but looks as if it would be a good idea if you made it a practice to have 60 pages more frequently. Do you think that you will have a 40th anniversary of Yandro, or has it passed its middle age period? Still, it will be a good hobby when you are on social security after you retire in due course. While you may not ever get to the point where you can get the "honour" (?) of having published the largest number issues of any fanzine, how about trying for that of being the zine with the largest number of stencils used? After all, 27 inches of shelf space would have taken a large amount of them already. Who knows? Maybe one day a fan will provide fandom with The Compleat Yandro, published by Mirage or Advent, listing the names of all subjects covered in each issue.

I saw a copy of Vertex at the Eastercon, but while I liked part of it I did not see really enough of interest to bother to fill out the form in Locus to become a charter or foundation subscriber. To me it looked like a cross between New Worlds and Vision, but not as good as either in the field covered by each.

I see that you are following Arthur Upfield. I would imagine that he is due for an upsurge of interest on the part of the public here, as a fair number of his novels have been made into a TV series called "Boney" and shown in prime time. Actually, the show is not too bad and I would recommend it to you if one of the stations near you get around to buying it from Crawford's. Maybe a letter or two would not go amiss in suggesting it to them. It was unfortunate that they had to cast a New Zealander in the part of Boney, but he does it well, and they did try to find an Aborigine for the lead. There are a few Aborigines trying their luck in acting, but there are not all that many parts available to them, unless the series in question wants to have a sequence of racial prejudice. However, for that work they then have to introduce a lot of new characters that are only in the show a short while, as it would not do for a continuing character to become a racial bigot.

In your comments on SFC you mention that, or rather infer that...non-fiction that is worth the time spent in reading exists outside of the study courses. Maybe this is the case, but like worthwhile non-SF it is in minute amounts. Mum reads and usually enjoys some of the gothic novels, but I do not get the time to read them, so even that field is closed to me. The mysteries are very restricted here to Christie, Marsh, McLean, Hammons, Innes, and then the various hack works. Of course, we get a lot of the English releases that comprise about 500 pages or more and try to imitate Robbins "quality" of writing -- though at times one or two can be well written. The latest non-SF fiction that Bruce is reading of late is Borge, Hesse, and similar heavy stuff. A lot of it is worth the effort involved in the reading. I am now trying to get hold of more novels from Kobo Abé, after reading INTER ICE AGE 4 and THE FACE OF ANOTHER. The latter is a most intriguing novel on the effects of a scientist who has his face very badly scarred and then decides to build himself a true-to-life, realistic mask, using very new, probably experimental techniques.

[The difference between Twiford's book and Spinrad's was that Spinrad was trying to produce a "black comedy" (or at least a grey comedy) while Twiford meant every word of his racism. I never pay any attention to publisher's blurbs, but while Spinrad didn't succeed as well as I'd hoped, he at least carried through an original idea. Book-length satire is extremely hard to write, and Spinrad's rather biased opinion of fandom and any science fiction written before his own shows through,

but I still enjoyed it. Twiford was appalling.// I wouldn't even consider buying a pre-recorded cassette unless they improve vastly. I want a tape recorder for taping my own records for trips, taping material off tv that will never be recorded, etc. I would always sooner have an lp record than a tape; it's easier to find a specific song, for one thing. If I have a chance to pick up a record of something I already have on tape, I do it.// I wouldn't even guarantee to be alive at the time of Yandro's 40th anniversary. If I am, I'll be 65, and a Dirty Old Fan, probably more interested in chasing Trekkies than in publishing...// Gee, the major character on the most popular show on US television is a racial bigot...but everybody WRITE YOUR FAVORITE TV STATION THAT YOU WANT TO SEE "BONEY" NEXT YEAR.// Either Australian bookstores are incredibly provincial -- a good possibility, now that I think of it -- or Australian fans have an incredible ignorance of non-fiction. (I sent Paul a list of acceptable non-academic non-fiction, closing with THE PASSING OF THE ABORIGINE by Daisy Bates, which I almost damnwell know is available in Australia. RSC]

Nick Shears, 52 Garden Way, Northcliff 4, Johannesburg, South Africa

THE WASHING OF THE SPEARS is available in bookstores here, is on my bookshelf at home (which is no proof of legality, mind you), and is on the Recommended Reading shelves at several libraries. Which answers your question, methinx. Certainly the criticism of British rather than Afrikaans helps, but as it tends more towards documentation than opinion, and doesn't feature love across the colour barrier, pornography, highly radical doctrine, or communist propoganda, or direct and vicious criticism of the government in scandalous terms -- no, it ain't banned.

Several damned good books about Sarf Efrica are, but that's another story. One of the best writers ever to be called South Afrucan is Stuart Cloete, who has given up writing about the country because his works seem to be banned here so often. (Usually for black/white love or sex.)

Dave Jenrette, Box 374, Coeonut Grove, Miami FL 33133

Thanks for the kind words in Y220. I'm sure that Buck Coulson would have discovered ISFA, etc., sooner or later, anyway. At the same time, I guess I owe you a thank you because for many years you were my only fannish contact.

Did I ever tell you about Jim Williams? I worked for Jim for about six months after I got out of high school. Jim was the head of James A. Williams -- Books, and a partner in Prime Press (with Ozzie Train, I think). Jim was small, skinny, with a drooping mustache, often wore a black slouch hat and black raincoat; he had a long-suffering wife and two daughters. Jim was president of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society that year and I was secretary. Each morning we would go down to the post office at about 9 AM to box 2019 and check the mail; if there was any cash in the envelopes we would go to a bar where Jim would have a shot of whiskey with a beer chaser and I would have a beer (I was only 18). Then we would pack up the orders for the day.

Jim had a cellar warehouse about a block away, on Ranstead Street; something like 20,000 books in that cellar, and Jim knew where every one was and could grab it in an instant; he was really a fantastic bookman and knew a lot about Americana in particular; one time he found a 4to pamphlet in a stack of old Good Housekeeping mags he had bought -- he stayed up all night researching it -- and sold it next day for \$400



to another book dealer.

After bookpacking and addressing we would take the packages to the post office and pick up the p.m. mail. Again, if there was any cash we would go to the bar -- Jim would get whisky and beer, me a beer -- except this time Jim would pick up a gallon of port wine; Jim would go back upstairs in his apartment (122 S 18th St) and start on the wine; I would take care of packing, sorting, and do most of my fan activity (such as writing little notes to the customers).

Since Him was so centrally located to downtown Philly, many travelers would drop in from time to time -- Sturgeon, Bixby, Tucker, Bloch, de Camp, George O. Smith, etc., etc. -- depending on the convention, etc. At the time I figured I was one of the few people being paid a salary to be a fan.

The Philly club was excellent in those days -- Bob Madle, Jack Agnew, Abby Williams (Jim's daughter), Milt Rothman, David Eynon, Harold Lynch, L. Sprague de Camp, George O. Smith, etc. However, Jim wasn't really making all that much money, and some weeks he had a hell of a time scraping my salary together, so I went elsewhere to work, joining the USAF less than a year later. For years everyone said that Jim Williams would either go bankrupt or die of alcoholism -- he did die a few years later, but I don't know the cause. Sometimes I can picture him walking down the rainy, cobblestoned street, water dripping off his hat, the wine bottle under one arm.

Gosh, I have gotten so inspired by the Hensley article that I am planning to write even more science fiction; luckily, I now have an agent -- Mardee. It kills me too much to be rejected, so she has made out a list of potential markets and is sending out the stories. You're right about agents; Forrest J Ackerman represented me for a while years ago, and he used to say wonderful things about my stuff, but never really sold it.

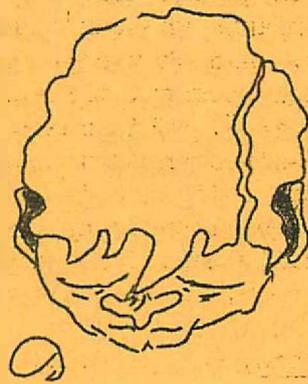
Enjoyed your reviews and was even inspired to buy a Lin Carter book (and Lin Carter books usually leave me kind of blaaaaah).

Guess what? TAB has received a book for review -- on how to identify and collect hallucinogenic mushrooms! We want to encourage publishers to send us books for review, but we are fairly staid; we're going to review it fairly, but I am not sure just how.

Speaking of natural childbirth, etc., I discovered that a colleague of mine has delivered a baby (he lives on a commune from time to time), and describe the process so that I feel that I could even do it myself (not with my wife, however) if the situation should arise, say while marooned on an island after the sinking of a cruise liner; Bill Betz (the guy) also had a friend who delivered his wife's baby, and then the friend ate the afterbirth (he fried it). Bill spoke of the beautifulness and one-ness of the act, but....

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

So Frank Balazs is still pontificating on childbearing, a subject he obviously knows nothing about, even as a spectator. Juanita and Maggie answered him very well, but I still itch to get my retort on the record. Avoiding infection is the least consideration. Mother and baby are safer from exotic bacteria at home than in the hospital. They aren't safer from hemorrhage, shock, breathing difficulties, etc. Traumas cannot be predicted in advance with total accuracy. One of the hospitals attached to the IU Medical School here was experimenting with a system that electronically monitored the vital signs of mother and baby continuously throughout labor, thus enabling the staff to intervene instantly when a problem developed. A number of babies were spared brain damage during the test period. Our youngest was born after the most uncannily painless labor I've ever heard described. Only there was one catch: he couldn't breathe. Without immediate access to a sophisticated incubator he wouldn't have survived. (One can only speculate on Frank's reaction to an incubator; all those dials, flashing lights, and electrodes, \*ugh\*.)



It's standard practice to let the mother hold the new baby for a few minutes before it is taken to the nursery. Nothing more is needed at that point. Trying to compare newborn infants who can't see anything clearly with visually-imprintable birds is preposterous. And what does he think hospital nurseries are staffed with? Robots? It's increasingly common, throughout the Midwest, at least, for hospitals to offer "Family centered care". This means the mother can have the baby in her room every waking moment if desired and can practice caring for it even before going home. Fathers are allowed to visit any time, a boon for men who work odd hours. But these happy arrangements are the last thing one thinks of immediately after birth. As I indicated, I had exceptionally easy deliveries each time, but uppermost in my mind were the prospects of food, rest, and most of all a bath -- having children is messy.

Jack Wodhams, Box 48 P.O., Caboolture, Q 4510, Australia

You're going to become known as Bunk Coulson if you're not careful. You sure do bleat a lot of crud about handguns.

The fist, the knife, the club -- these are all direct-contact weapons, see, which leave their user in no doubt as to his concerned application, his intent and involvement. Direct-contact infliction of injury can be intimidating to the doer, calls for resolve, for an ability to strike blows deliberately, personally, to smack, to stab, to visit blows visibly onto flesh and bone, and to actually feel the reaction transmitted through skin and knuckles, the wetness of drawn blood, the jarring in the blunt instrument. Not very pleasant. Exciting, perhaps, but direct assault requires of a person that they very much be conscious of what they are doing.

At close quarters, the result of a fist slammed into a nose can be immediately seen, the occasioned distress to be at once apparent, the realisation of the consequences of such violence evident so to be inescapable. In direct-contact attack, modification is possible, selectivity is possible, restraint at any point is possible. Differences settled in direct-contact encounter need never threaten permanent maiming or mortal injury -- such risk attends any conflict, yes, but punching or the use of a stick, particularly, infrequently transpires to be lethal.

But a gun is a crude telegraph for indirect contact, and, by some alchemy of separateness between its muzzle and the party stricken, through the division that removes and insulates the trigger from the events that the trigger causes, the gun becomes a magic sword that enables its user not to get dirty. One challenged by fist or club may surrender to a lesser torment, to plead with some hope of success to obtain mercy. The assailant may well not be totally brutalised. But one facing a firearm can be justified in being dubious about the imaginative empathy of gun-users generally. The psychology of the gun precludes adequate visualisation of what happens at the other end.

There is skill in swordplay, and unmistakable determination behind a knife -- but to 'knife' from 100 meters away by rifle is to indulge a large measure of impersonality. The fact that there is an element of chance in the unleashing of a bullet -- it can go anywhere, through a body, nick, or miss entirely -- is an addition to the ignorance of the possibilities of the bullet's effect, to lend the whole easy squeezing of a trigger an air of fatalism.

The handgun is one of the most frightening weapons ever invented, because it so simplifies the means to rip and sunder that it can be operated by a child. At the other, unfortunate, end, the victim is ever aware, more than just instinctively, that the gun user has no real concept, not in living color, of the tearing, horrendous wounds gambling on the flex of a finger. Shooting people is a very inexact science. The gun wielder becomes as a minor god, the separation between him and his victim forming a gulf to encourage impersonality, and predisposing the gun-holder to, in crisis, be prepared to place an alarmingly heavy reliance upon luck.

'I didn't mean to pull the trigger,' 'He shouldn't have moved!' 'It just seemed to go off,' 'I thought he was going to try something.' A palm may slap, a dagger prick to give warning, a sword may bluntly belabor, but a firearm is incapable of administering measured chastisement and has to be never less than a steam hammer, even where a smack on the wrist should suffice.

To transgress the wishes of a gun user is to invite the wrath of a blind and unholy

god armed to hurl dreadfully shattering bolts at a whim. A human does not, in the main, make an acceptable god. Certainly humans who seek to endow themselves with god-like powers through having control over destructive forces are, as a rule, not attuned to philanthropic forbearance, but rather become persuaded, sooner or later, to demonstrate their superior mastery, inevitably to a point of gross abuse.

Surely man, in many ways and in many fields, has acquired god-like powers, has cut down forests, moved mountains, dammed rivers, and to a great deal more far beyond his muscle alone -- uh, not alone, precisely. In harness, man can be god, through teamwork and coordination of talents. And a cooperation through shared reasoning can result in the manipulation of god-like power to the common good. But a gun, a handgun, particularly, is god in a stick, and its own need ask no counsel, nor call for vote to endorse an opinion towards usage. The owner of a handgun is purely ever a singular, latent god of malevolence, nothing else.

From your hot letter of April 23rd, it is clear that you have misconstrued my view. The number of guns, and the laws relating, are not as important as the individual moral attitude toward guns. You seem fond of figures -- how about those in Time magazine last month which cited Detroit as having 601 homicides last year, as against London (with five times as many people) having only 113? A cogent and interesting correlation here is the comparative percentages of handguns facilitated murders, as against other methods employed.

But numbers can be very misleading, and some of those statistics you quoted me have inherent flaws, you know. Of the fifty thousand illegal firearms gathered during a recent amnesty period in Britain, and the total quarter million confiscated by the police since WWII, a great number have been war souvenirs, a fair proportion have been old and unworkable, and a number, including rifles, shotguns, and blunderbusses, have not truly been illegal at all. Crucially, though, the amount of ammunition accompanying guns surrendered during amnesty is, you will find if you check, comparatively negligible. Okay, so you own a Mauser that once belonged to an SS captain -- just try to buy a box of shells for it in a British gunshop, buddy. Sure, if you're really hung up for a blast off you may obtain a few rounds somewhere, but this would infer that you really mean business, that you are prepared to kill someone.

Let me reiterate -- handguns are for shooting people, they are designed to serve no other purpose. Wake up to this fact. Encouragement is needed towards recognition of personal responsibility, towards a climate where the citizen has a moral obligation to respect a fellow's right to have a differing opinion, and to in no wise automatically seek to resolve dispute arbitrarily per means of an automatic. A handgun is an instrument resorted to by the gutless -- they were not called 'equalisers' for nothing. But in a civilized society, strong men should not need handguns, and weak men should not be allowed them.

Try not to let your Anglophobia bog your common-sense, Buck.

[Incidentally, a couple of earlier Wodhams letters have momentarily disappeared; hopefully we'll turn them up for the next issue, as I don't recall that they were so timely that delay will make them unusable.) Don't let your gun-phobia bog your common sense, Jack. I have read a lot of dubious psychology and non-sequiturs in anti-gun writing, but I think you've hit a new high. I'm not going on for pages to refute your obvious and occasionally ridiculous errors, but to take a few at random -- if you can hit anyone with a handgun at a distance which makes it impossible for you to immediately realize the results, then you're a far better shot than 99.9 percent of the population. Firearms -- particularly handguns -- require about as much skill as sword or knife play, though less physical effort (calling the early Colt revolvers 'equalizers' wasn't just frontier hyperbole; for the first time in history a 98-pound weakling had a chance against the bully). Those statistics were for handguns turned in, so your comments on blunderbusses, etc., are irrelevant. You can reiterate until you're blue in the face that handguns are designed for no other purpose than shooting people, and anyone who

knows anything about guns will laugh at you. (Or would laugh, if there weren't so many other ignoramuses in the world.) I have no statistics on ammunition turned in, but since you admit that anyone wanting to get some in Britain can, law or no law, I don't see that your argument is helped all that much. I do agree that one's ethical attitudes toward guns is all-important (being irreligious I dislike the term "moral attitude"), but I don't quite see how banning guns will do anything to change an ethical opinion. (By that reasoning, areas in the US which bar black residents should have fewer bigots, and since I live in one I can assure you that it doesn't work that way.) London had fewer homicides than Detroit last year? So what? London had fewer homicides than Detroit in the days when any London resident could buy a gun over the counter, too. Britons do not kill one another as much as Americans do, and apparently never have, no matter what laws are in force. (What they do, according to a recent article in a medical magazine, is beat their wives to the point of sending them to the hospital. This apparently reduces their tensions and they are less inclined to go out and assault their neighbors -- but I can't really recommend the alternative.) RSC] [And maybe if those 90 pound weakling British wives had been police-trained ... as is being done some enlightened areas in the US as a possibly potent defense against rapists and vicious muggers ... in the use of an equalizer their 200 pound husbands just might consider working off their aggressions in a gym, punching something besides the first available human being; said activity evidently doesn't shatter their sensibilities in the slightest, and the disparity in size makes it quite easy for them to do considerable damage with an old-fashioned direct contact weapon like fists...an "art" in which damned few women are on any kind of comparable defense terms with men. JWC]

Andre Norton

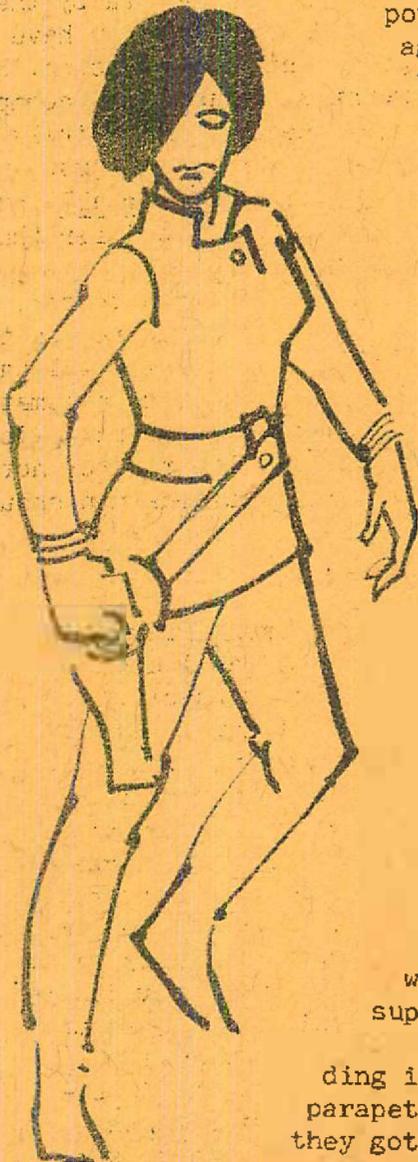
You might be interested to know that your Yandro review has impressed several school VIPs enough to make them agree to get GATES for one high school course. We appreciate that very much indeed. Every little bit helps, and it seems that the publisher, not having a text book department, seems unable to push it in the field we hope to invade.

Am working on two projects new to me -- an sf for much younger readers and the script for a picture book. Do not know how I shall do in these jobs, but one can always try.

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

One Sunday afternoon recently we went down to Mugu Rock to watch the waves and see how much rock has crumbled away lately. Since the quake the old road has accelerated its process of falling into the sea. Every time I see the place more of the face of the cut that was made for the old road has slid down onto the road. I suppose the aftershocks are doing it.

We were just about ready to leave when a car came skidding into the parking area and a couple came running up to the parapet we were on, puffing and waving a camera and saying, "Have they got here yet?" We replied "Huh?" and they pointed out to sea



toward the south -- "The whales." Sure enough, there there they were, just visible in the wave troughs. Once they were pointed out we could see the sleek backs and the occasional spout. The couple had been driving south and had spotted the whales as they passed the shore down by a big sand dune a mile south, and had turned around and rushed up to the rock to get the best look at them. If they hadn't come along when they did we'd probably have left and missed the whole thing, since the whales were too far away to spot unless you knew what you were looking for.

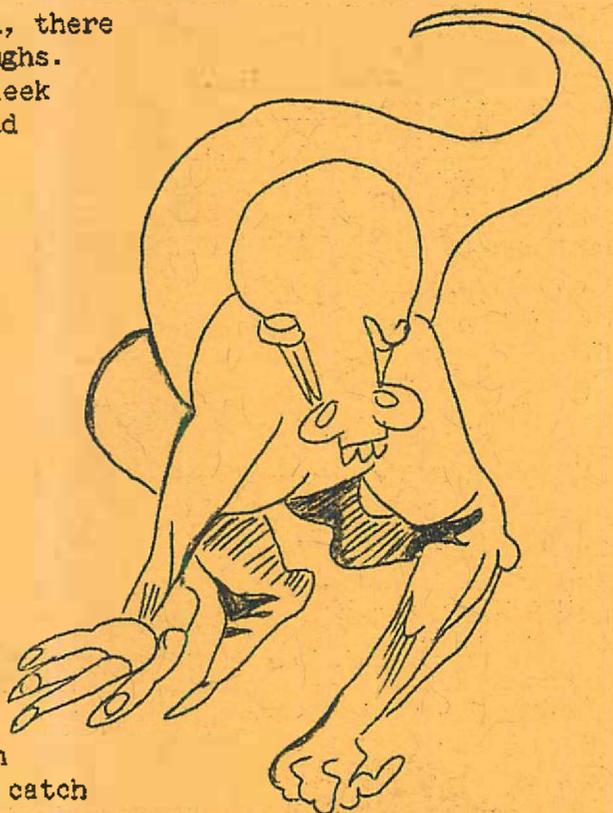
We had a box seat, up on the rock about 50 feet above them, on a point of land that juts out into deep water, so the animals didn't have to detour much around the point. The vanguard of the herd was a single adult and two cows with a calf apiece, swimming on the mothers' right sides with heads about even with mamas' flippers. They came rapidly up the coast until they reached the rock, which is the navigational Point Mugu, and then they waited there for the rest of the herd to catch up.

They played around in the deep water off the rock, swimming in circles, spouting, sounding with their flukes out of the water, and rolling over and over near the surface. One calf got separated from its mother and did some frantic swimming and spouting before it found her and got back on her right again. They were no more than 60 feet from the base of the rocks, and some hardy souls scrambled down onto the two ribs of rock that extend out from the base of Mugu Rock and managed to get about 30 feet from the whales.

I'd never considered a whale particularly beautiful before I saw one so close, but these did have a certain impressive beauty. The cows' backs were a mottled grey color, with spots and streaks of lighter color. I don't know whether the splotches represented a natural effect or if they were scars of some sort. Each one was spotted differently. The calves were a sleek, even, dark grey, and they were about half or a third the length of the mothers. Grey whales, of course. They migrate up the coast each spring and are so often seen near Southern Cal that they're often referred to as California grey whales. I'd once seen their spouts far out at sea, but I'd never seen them this close, playing and lolling about almost at our feet.

These were by no means the largest whales, but they seemed enormous, the biggest living things I'd ever seen, out there free to do as they pleased and following their instincts in their migration. We spectators were all hopping up and down just like kids, yelling and pointing at them. The most exciting part, at least to me, was that we had just happened to be there at the right moment, and our lives impinged on theirs by accident. We hadn't gone to Marineland to see a captive killer whale or porpoise perform tricks taught them by humans; we hadn't even read about the event in the paper and come out to see them go by on schedule. It was like we'd discovered them ourselves.

The vanguard played around for 15 or 20 minutes, then we began to spot more whales coming from the south, with two boats pacing them out at sea. Scientists studying them, I hope, rather than mere gawkers. Pretty soon it seemed like there was a whale's back in every trough out there. Our original five whales turned north and moved out again, moving much faster than expected. The power boats were barely able to keep up with the herd, and as the herd passed Point Mugu and put on speed the boats were left behind. We watched 27 whales go by, counting the original five. They veered out to sea where the ocean becomes shallow just past the Naval Base of Point Mugu, and disappeared into the film of light the setting sun was laying on the water.



From the sublime to the ridiculous: a letter in the LA Times recently read, "As a Republican I can sleep better at night now that President Nixon has assured us over and over again that he doesn't know what's going on." Watergate has my vote for Best Prime-time Comedy Series.

Anent Frank Balazs' theories on at-home childbirth, may I offer my two cents. I had ridiculously easy deliveries -- 8 hours and 4, and after the last one I was reading a magazine in the recovery room and wondering when I'd get my lunch, since it was about 10:45 AM then. At about 1PM I walked down to the nursery to see the results. Basically, I had a picnic, but despite these easy deliveries I was not eager either time to immediately take these squalling, squirming babies and hold them. As you said, have a heart. I'd been doing some work and I'd accomplished something, and I wanted to read and eat in peace. If the baby had been plunked into my arms on the delivery table and I'd been told that it was mine now, 24 hours a day starting from that moment, and I had to love it totally and unequivocally for the next 18 or 21 years, I'd probably have been more than a teensy bit resentful. Shocking truth to tell, I don't and didn't feel my prime function in life is to love and devote my life to my children, to live for them and sacrifice myself to them, like too many women seem to feel their role in life is. I was me a long time before I was their mother, and I'll be me a long time after they've flown the coop. You know my kids...do you think their psyches are warped by what might be considered my unmotherliness?

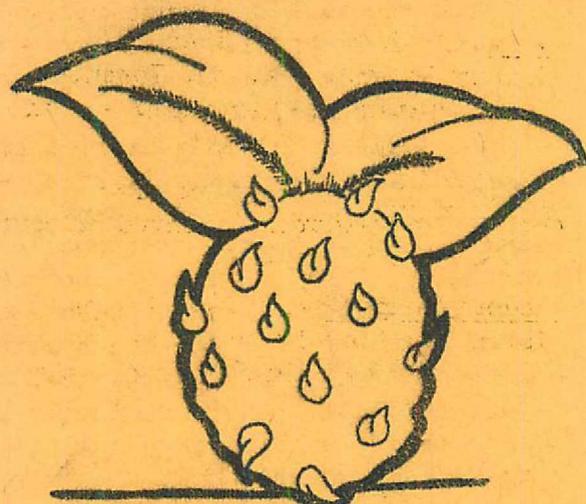
Also anent deliveries, home vs. hospital. One of the maxims of obstetrics is that in 99 percent of all deliveries all that is required of the doctor is that he stand at the foot of the table to keep the baby from falling on the floor when it comes shooting out. But the remaining percent are a complete disaster. And in a great many cases of the smaller percentage there is no previous indication that a disaster is in the offing. A newborn in trouble is in terrible trouble, since they have very little stamina or reserves or strength to draw upon. A vigorous, squirming baby has only seconds to draw its first breath, maybe a minute as opposed to the three to five minutes an adult can survive unharmed without breathing. If someone doesn't get it started, if necessary, at that time, it will likely never be all right. I wouldn't want to take chances with my children, or myself, for that matter, by having them at home instead of at the hospital, if I had the choice.

Things like three doctors working 20 minutes with various methods of artificial respiration to get the baby started breathing. Or a baby with a tracheoesophageal fistula -- an abnormal opening between esophagus and windpipe, so that its saliva runs down into the lungs with everything else it swallows. The first symptoms are just that the baby seems to drool an awfully lot. Experienced doctors and nurses would recognize how much "a lot" is, but I don't think parents would. By the time the baby became obviously sick from what amounts to drowning in saliva and milk it would have chemical pneumonia. And so on...

Watched an old BEN CASEY (redundancy?) last night and in an operating room scene he asked for a retractor and the instrument nurse gave him a hemostat. He didn't even throw it on the floor, which some doctors do when given the wrong instrument -- partly because they're too busy to hand it back, and partly for the childish temper tantrum of it all. He just went ahead and used it. Versatile fellow.

[Far from being warped, I'd say Maura and Evan Anderson are charming and resourceful kids. In fact, some of the worst problem kids I've encountered over the years have been those absolutely smothered by parental concern, very frequently by women who have no interests whatsoever save the kids. When the kids eventually escape, or more unhappily, go bad, I wonder what these women will do with themselves. Female life span in this country keeps inching up and up, and the age at which young people are on their own is creeping back down gradually, which is leaving increasing amounts of years for these nest and child-centered women to be alone. Because in a lot of cases I've noticed they were so absorbed in smothering the kids that they never took time to become acquainted with their husbands, who may well have their own fish to fry at just about the same time the kids are off to discover the world. JWC]

# strange fruit



I backed down partway on my decision to cut down on fanzine reviews. Some fanzines have unique and/or interesting attributes that I want to comment on; others don't. If they do, I will, but I'm done wasting time worrying over what to say about someone's beloved brainchild. Ratings continue to provide my opinion of absolute quality, regardless of whether or not I comment, and occasionally regardless of whether or not I liked the item.

Science Fiction Echo: Moebius Trip Library #17 [Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - 75 cents] The new look in fanzines; Ed got tired of the post office questioning his attempts to send MT as a book, so he damned well made a book out of it. 198-page paperback, glued spine. I certainly wouldn't do it because of the work involved, but it's a unique idea. I wonder what the rare book collectors will make of it? General type material. Rating.....7

The Literary Magazine of Fantasy and Terror #1 [Amos Salmonson, Box 89517, Zenith WA 98188 - \$6/6] Another of the semi-pro mags. Setup in loose pages much like Moonbroth, but the printing is better. Most of the art is better, too, but the one on page 10 is worse, a feat I hadn't thought possible. Contents vary; one by Josiah Kerr is so bad it's hilarious, but most are the borderline sort that might have made the promags when there were 50 of them, but haven't much chance now that there are only 8. About the quality of the fiction in Moonbroth or Eternity. If you like fantasy and horror stories, though, there aren't too many other places to obtain new ones.

Space Fantasies #1 [Kurt Mann, 6045 Vineland Avenue, North Hollywood CA 91606 - \$1.50] Large-size semi-pro comic book. Excellent professional printing. Since I don't like comic books, I checked with the local experts. Juanita says the artwork is about average for such a fanzine; well below average for pro work. Plots and writing struck me as worse than pro quality, and the pro quality is poor enough. However, my experts disagreed; Juanita agreed with me, but Bruce thought that on the whole the stories were better than the average comic book.

Prehensile #7, 8 [Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St. Sylmar CA 91342 - bimonthly - 3/\$1] One of the better general-type fanzines. Rating.....7

Cipher #7 [Chris Couch, Route 2, Box 889, #1 Cymry Lane, Arnold MO 63010 - irregular - 35 cents, 3/\$1] One of the better fannish fanzines (if it hasn't folded again), though there wasn't a lot in this particular issue to interest me. Rating.....5

Shal-Bu #2, 3 [Murray Moore, Box 400, Norwich, Ontario, Canada NOJ 1P0 - 25 cents] Much on movies, tv, and comics, none of which interests me. Adequately written, if it interests you. Thin fanzine, excellent reproduction. Rating.....3

O. Q. #3 [Gordon Van Toen, 74/2 Castelbury Crescent, Willowdale, Ont. & John Douglas, 414 Jarvis St., Apt. 36, Toronto, M4Y 2G6, Ontario Canada - 50 cents] Very poor litho work. Writing is generally -- but not always -- good. Nice article on Eurocon.

Rating.....4

Netherpapers II/I [Annemarie en Leo Kindt, Mispelstraat 29, Den Haag 2025, Nederland] European newsletter, printed in English. Thin, but recommended. Hopefully, future issues will be meatier.

Finders Keepers #2 [Donald Jackson, 1043 Vine Street, Adrian MI 49221 - no price listed] Primarily on films and music, though there is material on Nick Kamin, Jeff Jones and Vaughn Bode. Professional printing, lots of photos, but not my type of magazine.

M31 #2 [Ron L Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst, NSW 2076, Australia - no copies left of this issue - future ones \$5, trade, or a loc on The Mentor - three yearly] This is the sex issue; Christine McGowan has an article suggesting the unionizing of brothels, while John Alderson defends rape. I keep wondering if Alderson is serious; he can't be as big of an ass as he appears to be in Australian fanzines, can he? But he's so consistent about it... There are other items, but most of them are fiction, which I didn't read, and letters, which are hard to review. (Though Alderson comes through again; American soldiers rape Vietnamese women because they have insecure marriages? Buy the man a history book, for Chrissake.) Overall, highly entertaining; even the people I disagreed with were highly amusing, and the idea of having to pay union scale at a brothel struck me as both hilarious and practical. Bonuses for overtime? Hazard pay for fetishists? Tips? The possibilities are boundless.

Rating.....6

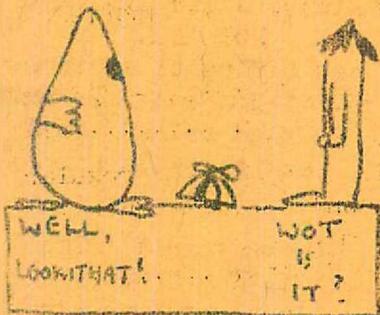
Girls' Own Fanzine #1 [Sue Smith, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst NSW 2076 Australia]- Maybe the major flaw of Australian fandom -- they're all so flaming serious -- is due to the fact that they're predominantly male. This is a pleasant, light-hearted issue. Much of it is concerned with fan marriages, an area in which I consider myself somewhat of an expert (though Juanita is more of one). A few writers tend to get overly serious about the whole thing, but in general it's amusing. Though Sue missed a bet in not getting McGowan's article on brothels, which is the top feminine article this round.

Rating.....4

Something Else #1 [Shayne McCormack, 49 Orchard Road, Bass Hill NSW 2197 Australia - trade, loc, contrib, \$1.50/4] Another pretty good one, even including that rarity, a readable con report. I could do without another history of Australian fandom (I must have 3 or 4 lying around in the fanzine accumulation by now) and the fiction, but the articles are good and the editorial is excellent.

Rating.....4

S F Commentary #30, 31, 33 [Bruce R Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001 Australia - loc, contrib, trade, \$4/9 - US Agents Dena & Charlie Brown, PO Box 3938, San Francisco CA 94119] I want to publicly apologize to Dick Geis. He may



have told me more of his personal life than I gave a damn about in one of another of his issues, but give him credit; he never sounded like a rather young schoolboy with a crush on the new teacher, which Gillespie manages in #30. When someone like John Alderson makes a fool of himself in print I can enjoy it, because I don't know him and don't want to. But when Gillespie does, I feel embarrassed for him, and I'm afraid that would color any reviews of these issues, so I won't say anything else. Back to impartiality (or as near to it as I ever come) next time.

The Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology #6 [John Foyster, 6 Clowes St., South Yarra, Victoria, Australia 3141] The entire issue is devoted to quotes from various people -- mostly but not entirely professional writers -- which reveal a particular attitude toward science fiction. It's nothing new; I still disagree and agree with the same authors I did before. But it is handy to have all those quotes in one place, and it makes for a unique fanzine. Rating.....6

Invisible Whistling Bunyip #1 [Bruce Gillespie, address above] Sort of a leftover lettercolumn from SFC. Interesting.

Little Shoppe of Horrors #2 [Richard Klemensen, 608 Lakeside St., Waterloo IA 50703 - loc, contrib, trade, \$1] Strictly for the horror movie fan (or the horrible movie fan, considering the "Planet of the Apes" stills). Lots of publicity stills from various movies, interviews with movie people, lots of movie reviews, etc. Reproduction of professional quality. Recommended to movie fans.

Garden Library #1, 2 [Ray Nelson, 333 Ramona, El Cerrito CA 94530] A fannish tribute to the 19th Century. As far as I'm concerned, the 19th Century would be a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there (because I couldn't, for one thing; insulin hadn't been discovered then). Pleasant light material, good reproduction. Small; 6 or 8 pages. Rating.....4

Galactic Lens #4 & 5 [Mike Glycer, address above] Apparently an apa devoted to an imaginary universe, with contributions of fiction and articles about same. Unique, but not terribly interesting, really. The explanation sheet calls it "a writer's workshop operated like an apa". I don't even like writer's workshops operated like writer's workshops. Hard to rate, because I can't tell from two installments if it is performing its function of improving the writing of its members. It doesn't do a thing for me, though.

Skyrack Fantasy Trader, Apr. '73 [Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - USAgent R. Coulson] A book and magazine catalog with an occasional article. Mostly Ron's prices are pretty good, but I do think that \$1.00 for an old Yandro is a bit much....

The First Cords Songbook [Dick Eney, 6500 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria VA 22307] Filk songs from Viet Nam. A rather surprisingly belligerent tone to most of them. They aren't all that great as lyrics, but as an indication of the GORDS and USAID forces, they're fascinating.

The Sisterlife Journal, V2#1 [Feminists for Life, PO Box 5631, Columbus OH 43221] Not exactly a fanzine, but... Very poorly lithographed; either the ink wasn't feeding properly, or, more likely, somebody's typewriter wasn't making a clear impression on the master. Complete with a bumper sticker that says ADOPTION - NOT ABORTION] What's the status on adoption, incidentally? Last I heard it was a fine alternative for abortion for whites, but black kids just didn't get adopted. I don't agree with much of this, and I think the writing is biased (I almost said "beyond belief", but not beyond my belief, I guess). However, most of the stuff you read today is biased almost as much, so get a sample and see for yourself.

Algol #20 [Andy Porter, PO Box 4175, New York NY 10017 - 6/\$4 - twice yearly] The U.S. entry in the field of fanzines seriously discussing science fiction. Actually Andy doesn't concentrate exclusively on discussion, though there is plenty included. He has beautiful lithography and makes the most of it with excellent artwork, he has

Bitchy Old Ted White tearing people apart (SFWA this time -- and wait until next issue, when he will have discovered that Haldeman meant what he said when he sent out letters warning members to pay their dues or else), and he has a centerfold of Astrid Anderson as Dejah Thoris (but the least you could have done was have it in full color, Andy...).

Rating.....9

Speculation #31, 32 [Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, United Kingdom - irregular - trade, contrib, 4/\$2, no cheques] The leading serious-type fanzine from Britain. Well, mostly serious; the cover of #31 is a photo of a statue supposed to portray the "spirit of Birmingham" -- it's an 18 foot concrete depiction of King Kong. (The city fathers objected to it, but I think it's charming.) I've always enjoyed Spec, and I think it should get a Hugo one of these days. (In fact, I feel just a trace guilty about the fact that it hasn't, considering everything....)

Rating.....8

Nostalgia Newsletter #2 [Jerry Russell, PO Box 7201, Little Rock, AR 72207 - bimonthly - \$6/6] All sorts of odds and ends of news items. Betty Boop wristwatches are worth up to \$300 to collectors, the New York Jazz Museum is open, Johnson's Wax is offering "Fibber McGee" records as premiums, etc. Worth the money for those interested or anyone who thinks the current nostalgia craze is a little weird. (Betty Boop? I remember her, and she was bloody awful.)

Gorbett #4 - or Embelyon Resurrected [David & Beth Gorman, 3515 Lauriston Drive, New Castle IN 47362 - trade, contrib, publishable loc, 50 cents] Well, not really, but between the type and color of paper used, the layout, and the transferred columns, there is a marked resemblance. All sorts of variety of material, a fairly thick issue, good reproduction, very little artwork.

Rating.....7

Kwalhiqua #6, 7 [Ed Cagle, Route #1, Leon KS 67074 - monthly - loc, trade, contrib, 50 cents] Primarily a fanzine devoted to humor and oddities, which is why I enjoy it. Years of reviewing fanzines may have blunted my appreciation of oddities, but I still like humor. Humor is funnier than anything, to quote James Adams.

Rating.....7

Title #14, 15 [Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley, St. Louis MO 63131 - loc, trade, 25¢] Humor, oddities, and discussion; Brazier is an excellent discussion editor, able to pare down long-winded, fatuous commentary to its pithy, fatuous core.

Rating.....77

Fantasiae #1 [Ian Slater, PO Box 24560, Los Angeles CA 90024 - monthly - \$3/12] Club newsletter. Aside from spending too much time in "explaining" the reason for another fanzine, this seems to be a fair first issue, devoted mostly to explaining what can be expected in the future, but also getting in a little news, along with Darrell Schweitzer putting his foot in his mouth again. ("If a story is at all good it can't be sword and sorcery." I don't really think I need comment on that bit of asininity, do I?)

Rating.....3

It Comes In The Mail #2, 3, 4 [Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News VA 23605] Sort of a published diary, but running heavily to fanzine reviews and commentary. Moderately interesting despite this, though. No ratings on personalzines, as a rule.

Sofa #3 [Gary Schulze (?), TANSTAAFL, c/o Rensselaer Union, R.P.I., Troy NY 12181 - irregular, 25 cents] Thin one. Major -- almost the only -- point of interest is a compilation of Murphy's Laws. Very few of these are new, but one hits home: "Original drawings will be mangled by the copying machine." Did I ever tell you about the time I dissolved a Jim Cawthorn cover in an office copier?

Rating.....2

Touchstone #2 [David Grigg, Box 100, Carlton South, Victoria 3053, Australia - irregular, apas] Thin, editor-written (a fact about which the editor complains bitterly), well reproduced except for artwork, rather odd layout. Reads like a personalzine; presumably this will change when outside contributions appear. (When, not if; think positively.) Moderately interesting.



Pelf #10 [Dave Hulan, PO Box 43, Monrovia CA 91016 & Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #9, Duarte CA 91010 - 6 eight cent stamps] Hulan and Locke ride again. (The danger of saying positively that a fanzine has folded just because it hasn't been seen in years; it might pop up again.) Not the best issue I've ever seen; they need some time to settle into the swing of it again, maybe. Used to be a very good fanzine; this one is mediocre.

Electric Bumblebee Sandwiches #1 thru 7 [Denny Lien, 1102 E. 24th St (downstairs), Minneapolis-

is MN 55404] Denny Lien being his fascinating self for Minneapa. Lovely, but availability unknown; don't count on getting any copies.

Occasional Paper #4: A Cerulean Sky [Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Avenue SW, Seattle WA 98166 - 25 cents] Tiny editor-written mag. Moderately interesting.

Talking Stock #9, 10 [Loren MacGregor, Box 636, Seattle WA 98111 and Frank Denton, address above] Thin, but entertaining -- particularly the quotes from Comic Book Price Guide. I may end up buying that publication yet. Personal-type fanzine.

The Anything Thing #5 [Frank Balazs and Matthew Schneck, 19 High Street, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520 - quarterly - loc, trade, contrib, five eight cent stamps or 40¢] General type. Moderately interesting. Rating.....4

Maybe #25 [Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chattanooga Bk. Bldg., Chattanooga TN 37402 - bimonthly - 6/\$2.50, trade, printed contrib] Also general-type, only a bit more so. Reproduction improved from past issues. Very relaxed layout. Enjoyable. Rating.....5

Inworlds #5 [Bill Bowers, PO Box 148, Wadsworth OH 44281 - monthly - 25 cents, 4/\$1] A sort of personalzine cum newsletter.

Tandstikkerzeitung #2 [Don Markstein, 2425 Nashville Avenue, New Orleans LA 70115] Personalzine, notable for the last paragraph: will or will not the editor escape the raging floodwaters of the Mississippi! Anyone heard of Markstein lately...?

Mundane Torpor #1 [Mary Smith, 194 E. Tulane Rd., Columbus OH 43202]- Small personal-type. Another needlework fan; Sandra may start getting some competition.

Ethereal Vibrations #1 [Laurence Smith, 194 E. Tulane Rd., Columbus OH 43202 - SAPS] Equally small personal zine. Interesting comments on copyrighting; WORLD ALMANAC used to give basically the same information (except for registration fee, which has increased like everything else recently), but so few fans ever looked there.

Cozine #2, 3 [Larry Smith, 216 E. Tibet Rd., Columbus OH 43202 - irregular] Put out mainly, I suspect, to garner publicity for the Columbus Worldcon bid. General-type; everything from the rules for a wargame to a bibliography of the work of Gordon Dickson. Rating.....4

The Mystery Trader #6 [Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL United Kingdom - 4/\$1.25] Articles, reviews, letters, and a sales list of mystery-detective books. Moderately interesting to a non-mystery fan.

Scottishe #65 [Ethel Lindsay, address above - quarterly - 3/\$1 - USAgent Andy Porter, address above] Somewhere I read that this was the oldest fanzine still being pub-

lished in Britain. It gets skinnier through the years, but continues. A good one, too, though this issue wasn't as good as usual, being all book reviews and letters (I should talk?). Rating.....6

Kratophany #3 [Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118th St., Apt 63, New York NY 10027 - irregular - trade, loc, or 50 cents] A little of everything, including a bad comic strip. But mostly it's pretty good. The editor explains the reason why you can't travel faster than the speed of light more entertainingly -- though not as concisely -- than THE WEB OF SPACE-TIME does. Rating.....5

Muirgheal #2 [Simon Joukes, Haantjeslei 14 B-2000 ANTWERP - trade or usual - quarterly - 40 cents] Belgian fanzine, with material in French, English, and either Dutch or German; presumably Dutch. Fascinating for linguists; since I'm not one, I could read a bit under half of the 30 pages. Recommended, as far as the part I read went. Can't vouch for the rest.

The Alien Critic #5 [Richard E. Geis, Box 11408, Portland OR 97211 - one year/\$4] Back to digest size. Geis's constant fiddling with size and title remind me of the popular conception of a woman getting dressed for a party. But anyone who dislikes Malzberg's work can't be all bad... I'm still intrigued by a personalzine over 60 pages long. And reasonably good; I could write that much, I suppose, but you'd get tired of me long before 5 issues.

Whatever #1 [Mark Anthony, PO Box 7241, Indian School Station, Phoenix AZ 95011 - quarterly - 40 cents or 4/\$1.50] General type. I liked "Evil Astrology". Taurus is "gifted with tremendous natural power" but uses it "in crushing those weaker than him". Like other fanzine editors... (But Bruce comes out as "easily dominated" -- hoo boy! If I didn't crush him now and then, there'd be no living with him.) And Terry Ballard has the best fan verse I've seen in a long time; I'll probably be asking to reprint that in a couple of years. There is, however, fan fiction....

Rating.....5

By Owl Light #1 [Frank Denton, address above - 8 cent stamp] Personal-type. Fair.

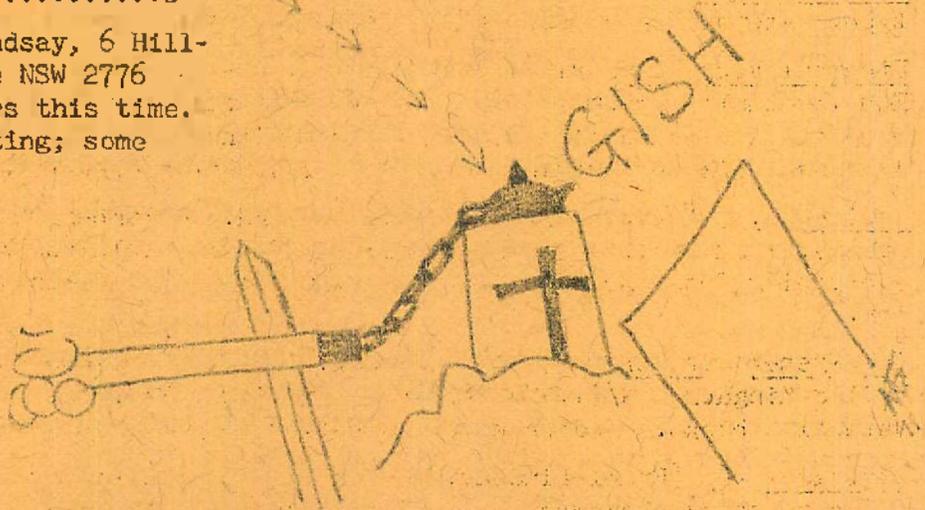
Curse You, Red Baron! V3#9 [Dick Eney, address above] A sort of summary of the Land Reform program in Viet Nam.. Interesting.

(And if you think I'm overworking the term "interesting", it's because I'm interested in a lot of different things.)

Granfalloon #17 [Linda & Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park PA 19076 - 75 cents, all-for-all trades, articles, substantial locs] General type. Fabulous reproduction and good art, and some exceedingly odd ideas in the text. If one didn't know better,-- and I do know better, I'm not being sarcastic,(for once)--- one might think Linda was trying to stir up some controversy to keep her name in the fan-nish eye. Rating.....6

Gegenschein #9 [Eric B. Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia] Entirely letters this time. Some of them quite interesting; some not. Rating.....4

Fanzine Fragments #1  
[Meade Frierson III,  
3705 Woodvale Road,  
Birmingham AL 35223]  
Sort of a combination  
apazine, personalzine,  
and letter substitute.  
Okay for its type ...



(whatever that is...)

Zymurgy -b [Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque NM 87105 - contrib, trade, loc, 25 cents]- quarterly] Mostly letters, I guess, though each one is set off with a separate heading. Main flaw is too many editorial interjections in the letters (I feel that an editor has a perfect right to interrupt a letter, but he shouldn't overdo it, and Patten does on occasion, and the fact that he usually makes more sense than the letter-writer is no excuse. Moderation, sir; moderation.) Rating.....4

Zot! #5 [Jeffrey May, PO Box 68, Liberty MO 64068] Very skinny personalzine.

Space And Time #19, 20 [Gordon Linzner, 83-10 118th St., Apt 4M, Kew Gardens NY 11415 bimonthly - 50 cents, 6/\$2.50] Fan fiction. Printed. Going semi-pro, since the story and artwork voted "best" in each issue gets paid for. Rating.....3

Son of Grafan #21 [Walt Stumper, 8764 New Hampshire, St. Louis MO 63123 - \$4 per year] primarily devoted to movies and comics.

Vertigo #17 [Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Rd., Durham NC 27707 - 35 cents, trade] Newsletter of Carolina fandom.

Argh!! #1 [Chester & Kathryn Malon, 459 Olian Drive, Hazelwood MO 63042 - quarterly - 60 cents] Humor fanzine. Main item is a "Star Trek" parody, rather spoiled in my copy by a double-printed page. Too many of the jokes are too old for me, though perhaps the younger generation hasn't encountered them as much; the one about no tern unstoned, and the Indian and the mermaid, and suchlike. The sort of thing that gets in a poor issue of Reader's Digest. Nice reproduction, except for the one page. Rating.....2

Rune #28, 29 [Ken Fletcher, c/o 1501 Breda Ave., St. Paul MN 55108 & Caryl Bucklin, 1673 Thomas Ave., St. Paul MN 55104]- Newsletter of the Minneapolis group.

Zeer Ox Zine I:4 [Lester Boutillier, 2726 Castiglione St., New Orleans LA 70119] Must be for some apa; he has mailing comments. Plus some general comments. Not too thrilling for a non-member of the apa, though. Rating.....2

T-Negative #20 [Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417 - irregular - 75 cents] I'm tempted to call this the leading ST fanzine, but I don't get enough of them to really know. (The most determined ST fanzine, certainly; Ruth sends them in spite of my reviews...) I do rather enjoy the articles, though not the fiction or con reports.

Forthcoming SF Books #13 [Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson TX 77566 - bimonthly - \$1/4] What to watch for at your friendly local newstand/bookstore.

Star-Borne V2#8 [PO Box 886, Dearborn, MI 48120 - \$2/8] This came as a batch of loose pages, but I guess they are numbered, after all. ST news; gives the impression of being rather hastily thrown together.

Luna Monthly #45, 46 [Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell NJ 07649 - 40 cents, \$4 a year] Overseas news items and lots of book reviews. Rating.....5

Starship Tripe #1, 2 [Michael Gorra, 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford CT 06385 - irregular - 20 cents, 12/\$2] Editors shouldn't leave me openings like that. Rather small personalzine, with generally serious comments on the field.

Parenthesis #1 [Frank Balazs, address above - contrib, 8 cent stamp] Another personalzine; this time mostly concerned with fandom.

Ecce V2#1 [Roger Sween, 465 Division St., Platteville WI 53818 - 75 cents, \$3 a year] Some fiction, an interview (with a library consultant, which is a change), and reviews, but the primary interest seems to be bibliographic. (Aside to the editor; I haven't the faintest interest whether or not Yandro is indexed, so if you want every copy you'll have to buy them.) Neatly reproduced, but if he insists on the folded digest size he needs either a saddle stapler or a Swingline 13. Rating.....2

Perceptions #1 [Warren J. Johnson, 131 Harrison St., Geneva IL 60134 - contrib, published locm 25 cents - irregular] Very poor spirit duplicating or average-quality hektograph. Contents general type and about average for a first issue.  
Rating.....1

Wonder Gab V2#2 [Lester Boutillier, address above] Personal type, very short and not much in it, though anyone who promotes the Environmental Defense Fund can't be all bad.  
Rating.....1 1/2

Mesmeridian #1 [Dennis McHaney, 3883 Goodman Circle, Memphis TN 38111 - 50 cents] Letters, an article on the films of John Agar (of all people), and checklists of the films of Lex Barker, Walter Brennan, Rory Calhoun, Jon Hall, Guy Madison, Jock Mahoney, Lee van Cleef, and Audie Murphy, which is a fascinating assortment of actors and non-actors. I would say this is for movie buffs -- indiscriminating movie buffs. Good reproduction.  
Rating.....3

The Monthly Mesmer #1 [Dennis McHaney, address above - \$3 a year, 30 cents an issue] More movies, plus some information on the Memphis fan group. Rating.....2

Strawberry Funnies #1 [This came with the above two, so even if it doesn't have an address you can probably write McHaney. Foster is a very talented cartoonist; I can't say I'm wildly impressed by the text that goes with these, but you can't have everything. Recommended to the art-oriented fans (all three or four of you), particularly comics types.  
Rating.....4

Haverings #55 [Ethel Lindsay, address above - \$1/6] Eight pages of very good fanzine reviews; better than mine.

Smile Awhile #14, 15 [Florence Jenkins, 13335 S. Vermont Ave., Gardena CA 90247] An Alcoholics Anonymous fanzine. Florence says she's picked up a couple of new members from my reviews; shows the sort of thing that reading Yandro drives you to, I guess. Good mimeographing.

Locus #137 thru 143 [Dena & Charlie Brown, PO Box 3938, San Francisco CA 94119 - 12/\$3] The leading newsletter, specializing in news of US professional science fiction.  
Rating.....6

Amoeboid Scunge #13, 14 [Jay Cornell, Jr., 105 E. Wilson, MSU and Seth McEvoy, Box 268, Michigan State University, East Lansing, MI 48823 - biweekly - news, loc, contrib, trade to both eds, or stamps] Personal type; pleasant. Recommended.

Dead End #2 [Aljo Svoboda c/o Amoeboid Scunge] A rider with AS. One-sheet; what's there is amusing, but there isn't a lot there.

BWeek #15 thru 18 [Seth McEvoy, address above - 5/40 cents in stamps] I gotta comment on these one of these days, RealSoonNow. Personal type plus news.

Son of the WSFA Journal #86 thru 90 [Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton MD 20906 biweekly - 20 cents, 12/\$2] Reviews, indexes, news. Moderately interesting.  
Rating.....3 1/2

The Gamesletter #53 thru 57 [Don Miller, address above, biweekly, 20 cents, 12/\$2] Newsletter of wargaming fandom. Recently been running a continued report and analysis of the Fischer-Spassky chess match, but mostly it's games news and reviews of games publications.

Stefantasy #72 [Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, PA 16374 - sent only to individuals Bill finds interesting] The only current fanzine that I know of that is printed on a letterpress. Devoted to humor and how the U.S. is going to the dogs; when the two are combined, it's excellent. Otherwise the humor is generally good. (The U.S. has been going to the dogs for so long that at last count 97 percent of the population could wag their tails.)  
Rating.....7

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Then there was the prophet who kept having visions of neatly printed lettering. He had a typewriter in the scry.

RSC