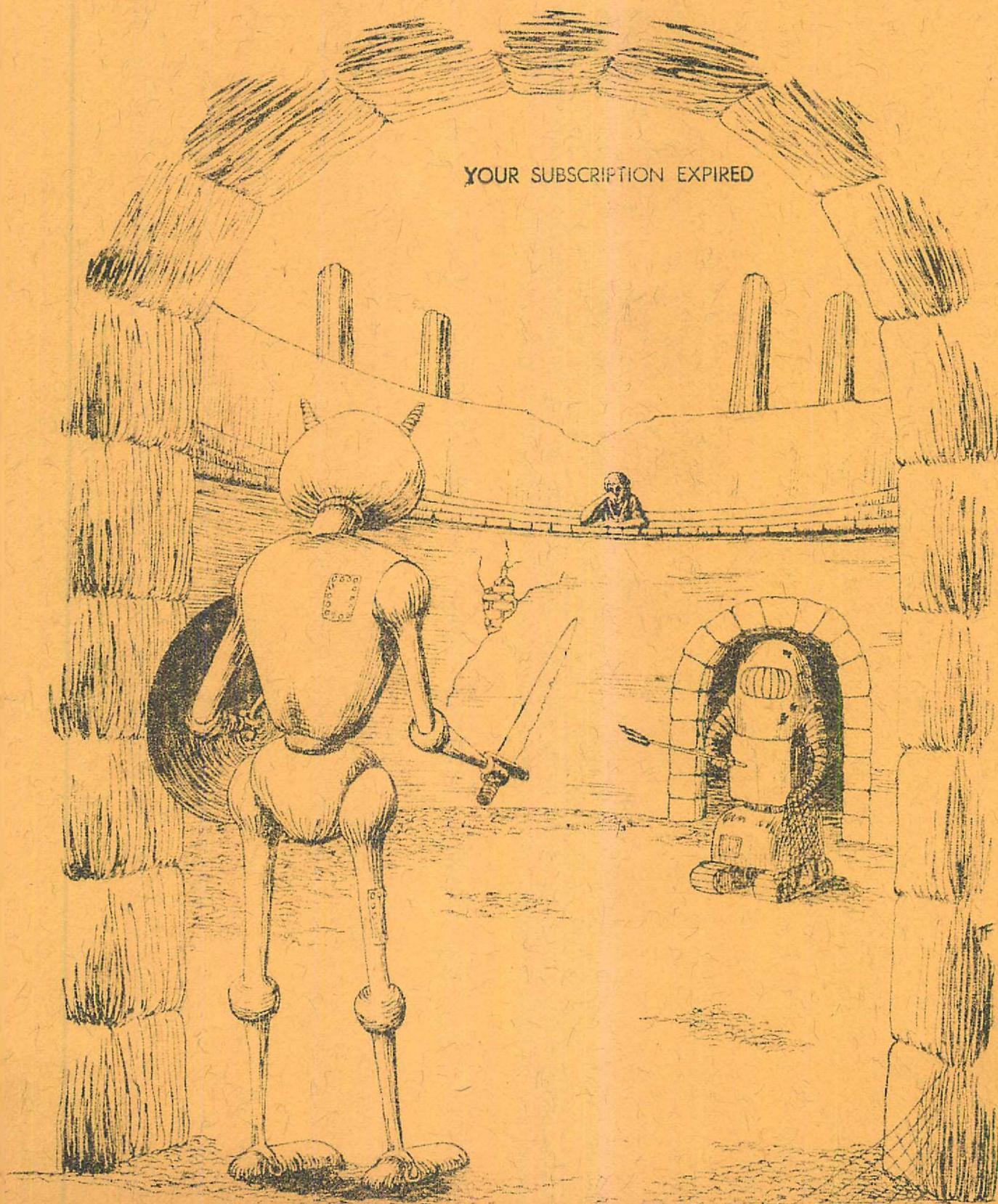


YANDRO

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YANDRO

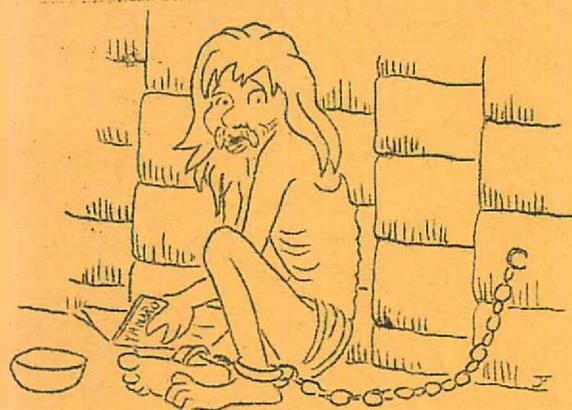
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OCTOBER 73



MY BRAND? WHY YANDRO,
OF COURSE!

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A kibbutz is a rural location where you can look over the farmer's shoulder.

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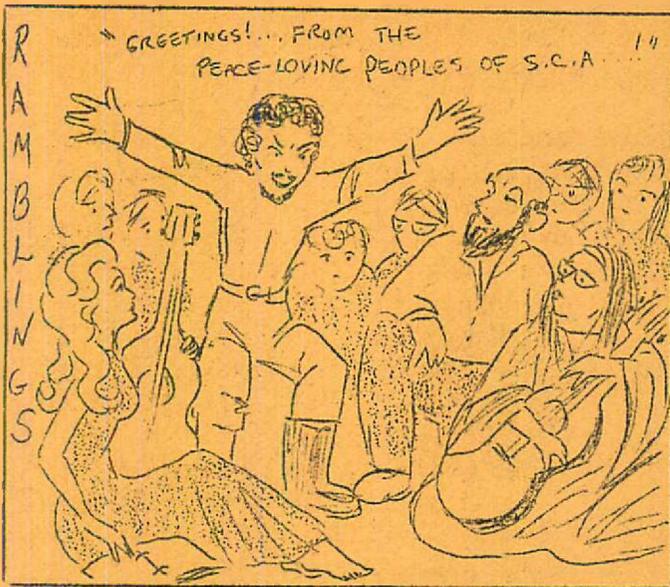
ARTWORK

Cover by Jackie Franke		Cover logo by Dave Locke	
Page 1 - - - - -	Jackie Franke	Page 16 - - - - -	JWC
" 2 - - - - -	JWC	" 17 - - - - -	Sandra Miesel
" 5 - - - - -	JWC	" 20 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn
" 8 - - - - -	Richard Flinchbaugh	" 21 - - - - -	Dave Jenrette
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" 13 - - - - -	Alexis Gilliland		

Next issue will be less of a personalzine; we will have material by L. Sprague de Camp and Dave Jenrette (since both have inquired about what happened to their contributions) We have a notice about Marcon IX, to be held March 29, 30, 31, at the Holiday Inn East, Columbus, Ohio. For information write Marcon, 3555 Norwood Ave., Columbus, OH 43224.

Elsie Lee sent a cover for the British hardcover of Anne McCaffrey's Dragonquest. I gather Anne isn't too happy with it. It seems to be a photomontage of some sort, with a cardboard cutout of an extremely ugly nude perched slightly above (not on) a toy (or jewelry?) representation of an oriental pi-dog or foo-dog or whatever the hell they call those things. It aint no dragon, definitely. The cover blurb says that "This is a book about passionate minds and passionate bodies which relates the mating flight of the Queen Dragon with the same directness with which it depicts the living and loving of the Dragon riders." (I'll have to reread the book; I think I must have missed something.....) Jacket design is credited to Beverley Lebarrow, who has more gall than I do; if I'd perpetrated any such garbage I certainly wouldn't want my name connected with it. But at least you can now get the book in hard covers, and have a good laugh besides every time you look at the jacket.

From the University of Chicago Press catalog: "by applying the methods described in this work, various authors have shown that ergodic automorphisms of tori, mixing finite state (or continuous state kernel-type) Markov shifts, certain skew products associate with random walks, geodesic flow on a manifold of negative curvature, and the spatial transformations associated with the low interaction two-dimensional Ising model are all isomorphic to Bernoulli shifts." (Now I'm sure that Briney and Gary Anderson know what that means, but to me it's fascinating gobbledegook.) RSC



Yes, I've always thought of Yan as the longest-running, general-distribution personalzine in our nutty little microcosm. Just take it that this time around we decided to prove it. (And besides, if all you others editors out there would quit publishing or at least stretch out your schedules we'd avoid 10-page "Strange Fruit" columns and maybe get out a little more frequently.) Apologies for the small amount of art this issue. The finances haven't recuperated enough yet after the con to afford electro-stencilling. I'm accumulating a nice file of stuff to go to that machine once the gelt is in hand. I hand-stencil rapidly, but all in all I reserve anything that takes a modicum of time for electro, anymore. Ah, but I wish I had all that time once available to me whilst I was in college...

Ordinarily I would say I no longer have fan-time to devote to elaborate hand-stencilling (such as the four hours I once lavished on a George Barr cover...and an incredibly gorgeous thing it was, too)...because I'm spending those time segments typing saleable (hopefully) copy. Unfortunately, kind souls and faithful readers by now have acquired the opinion I never write anything but Gothics. Not true. I do write science fiction, and sell it, too. Trouble is, I'm a Jonah-ess. Over the past 18 months I've sold two sf novels and a s&s short for an anthology, completed, accepted, cash spent for groceries and the whole bit. Howsomever, these proud little opuses reside in the files of Lancer. Whence they go anon, I know not. I can only sigh that as a conjure wife I'm a bust. Or maybe my familiar got up on the wrong side of the cat pan.

Of course, some of the reserves acquired from those book sales enabled us to go to Torcon. And I must say I've enjoyed it as much or more as any con I've ever attended. Maybe because as Worldcons go it was reasonably close so all the energy wasn't entirely chewed up before we ever arrived. This is the second year in a row we've been able to get to a con by Thursday, too, and this time we got there fairly fresh (not worn out after a 2500-miles drive). Plus the atmosphere...which reads mostly as "people"....was even more superb than usual. And, as Buck mentions, the con really lasted 3 weeks for us; Kay Anderson braved the wilds of the Midwest for our sakes and fannish conversation, jaunts, and activities lingered clear through the visits of Aussiefans Eric Lindsay and Paul Anderson. The house seemed positively desolate when we were finally down to just plain old family again.

I'm not sure whether the fact that for the first time Bruce could help drive to and from a con was a blessing or not. It spells the labor of driving, but I tend to fingernail chew a lot. The beginner's license tango, as Kay puts it. Actually, Bruce didn't do too badly on his first long-distance driving stint -- outside of trying to merge simultaneously with lanes on either side of us, unfortunately lanes which were already occupied.

We did no hunkstering, in anticipation of a hassle at the border. As fate had it, we probably could have hauled our usual cargo of used pbs and whatnot. I heard the border checks were erratic in the extreme -- some fans fine-toothed, others waved through. We were neither. We encountered a fannish guard. I was tipped off when the guy walked toward the car and saw our front license plate (Indiana only requires one plate officially, in the rear; leaving front options to the car owner and flights of whimsey). By the time he reached the driver's window he was giggling. And his questions were charmingly perfunctory, studded with kindly understanding of Yank naiveté. Concluded by him asking what we were going to do in Toronto. When we

allowed as how we were headed for an ~~af~~ con, he chuckled, "That explains the license plate, then." I believe he's the first mundane we've ever met who knew what "Yug-goth Saves" refers to.

From that point on things got steadily more fannish. Starting with some guy frenetically snapping photos of the Canadian tourist center in Windsor. Fancy SLR camera, shot after shot after shot of the flag pole, parking slots, etc.

Bill and Rosemary Pettit proved indeed they have fannish souls. Who else would tolerate in-trooping fans in the midst of moving? What was left of their furniture was lovely, and the cats were, too. Just a sample of what fannish treats were in store ahead.

Such as Toronto's underground parking that wasn't (despite promises that they'd post a warning light before you entered if the lot was full). And the fact that the hotel obviously wasn't prepared for Yank reliance on ice in large quantities. In our case it's not just to replenish and chill the inevitable drinks, but to keep the insulin and anti-coma eatables from perishing. And I don't think I've ever been in a con hotel with such eager-beaver maids; so anxious to start making up the rooms at six o'clock...after you rolled in from a party at 5AM...that they swiped the Do Not Disturb signs and banged on the doors to roust you early.

Other than that...and with the exception of some excessively uptight mundanes scattered about...we had no quibbles. And where else could you have found a fabulous Eskimo artifacts store in the basement? I wasn't able to do much but drool...and feel povertyishly envious as the Miesels bought a magnificent hawk rock-carving from the obviously expert proprietor.

People? I couldn't begin to catalog all the new and old friends. Bumped into on the way to and from panels, accosted in the Fan Nostalgia room, sighing and commiserating with in the Art Show, scooching up against in the con floor lobb/ and in the huckster room, bypassing entering and leaving elevators, tracking down and missing at parties. The names and faces mostly blur into a pleasant, almost euphoric melange. I wonder if it wouldn't be possible for some future con to computerize registering/arriving fans? A sort of tote-board where whoever actually shows up at the con would be alphabetized onto a roster for everyone to read. As it stands now a con this large means you might not even be aware some friends were attending -- unless by rare good fortune you collide at some point. Hotel staff undoubtedly get a little weary of the routine of calling in to see if such and who is registered and where -- besides, so many fans crash and double up you never know whose name, if any, a registrant might be coattailing under.

I dropped in at a few panels (highly approved Asimov's segment on population control), the masquerade, and banquet of course. Finally got to see SILENT RUNNING on the film program. But mostly I circulated and partied and folk/filk sung. First con I've ever been in a session every one of four nights -- and if we'd stayed over Monday I'm sure I would have found one then, too. Compensation for the dearth of such last con. The sings were wide-spread, as I understand. I wasn't there, but I was delighted to hear that Ann Passovoy did "Mary O'Meara" for Poul Anderson; I'm sure Midwestern fans have been thinking that's a long-overdue occasion ever since they first heard Ann sing the song -- pretty girl, pretty song. (Or was I the only one to hear a back-row bidder at the Art Show auction reject a proffered painting but make an entry for the blonde, brown body-suited easel?-- and Hawkeye Bob was stingy enough to say no.) Folk/filk sings are somewhat dominated anymore by the SCA people, but at least so far I don't mind. My personal opinion is that they're a vast improvement over the influx of Tolkienists sing-songers we had five or ten years ago. The SCAs concoct true filk songs of charming and interesting originality, have far more good musicians and singers than the Tolkienists ever did. So far I've never had to suffer through anything from SCA to equal The Orcs' Marching Song rendered by upwards of 20 drunken Orcs...who thereby totally vacate the singing area and effectively end any attempt at song-trading or amicability among the various music factions. Big improvement, SCA, and more power to all of your various kingdoms.

The Art Show, as usual, drew a hefty chunk of my time and applause. I can't praise Bjohn enough for putting on the show under such appalling circumstances. Not enough to cope with customs; the carrier had to mislay the precious hangings. Some-

body go sue that trucking company for pain and anguish. Or better still, Bjo, give fandom the name and address of the place and all true Art Show fans will deluge the outfit with chiding letters....carefully reasoned and literate and sober-voiced and on letterhead stationery; if we could do it for STAR TREK, we can do it for the art show. I was able to afford only one thing, a nice sombre acrylic of Caliban by Luisa Perrin. But I could gawk and ooh and aah with the best of them. Very much too bad about the theft of the Freas study. I wonder if some of fandom's free-spirit endorsers who in the past have seen nothing wrong about ripping-off library volumes or souvenirs from wealthy they-can-afford it people and establishments see any connection in philosophy here?

I think Susan Glicksohn did an impressive job on the nostalgia room, too. Almost an embarrassment of riches, I'd think. And I'm glad the Lavells' shots of the Door Incident made it in time. Susan really should have installed Lynn Hickman next to those -- as fandom's Henry Kissinger, the fomenter of peace between factions -- to the point of sacrificing his nice white sports coat to hide (somewhat) Harmon. Not having been vitally involved, I not only can look back on all that and laugh, I was laughing at the time it happened.

Then of course there was the Yonge Street Mall, and my first chance to taste Japanese food and handily stock up on groceries and yummy submarine sandwiches and like that. Very convenient place. The Torcon Committee is to be commended for persuading the Royal York to locate so close to Yonge St.

My only complaint remains that it should have been longer...so I could have spent more time with old friends and new, get better acquainted with folks like Virginia Kidd and Beth Blish and Mike Coney and the Aussiefans and see days more of staunch favorites like Gene & Bev and Don & Maggie and Brinsy and Martha and...and...and more more more of extended convivialities like Kay's visit and the Aussies' and...I'm sorry, I can't go on. I'd like to, but the fruit of our loom is crowding me out. JWC

a column

Torcon 2 was a fairly good con, with only one problem arising. That was: too many people! There were a good many people at the con that I wanted to see, and didn't, because it was impossible to find them. And this brings up the point of what will happen to the Worldcon? Since it is almost getting too big for any hotel, eventually it will have to be held in two hotels, causing even more confusion. Spreading the con out longer would help alleviate the problem, but too many people are unable to attend as it is. Allowing membership only up to the first 2000 or so would solve it, but fandom won't put up with that sort of regimentation. Still, it's a situation that will have to be faced in the near future.

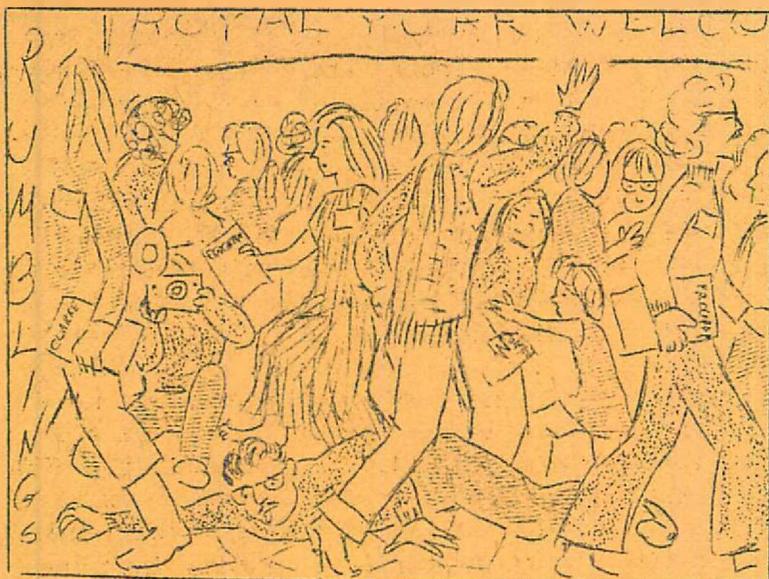
Famous people met at the convention included Jerry Pournelle, Harry Harrison, David Gerrold, and Isaac Asimov (who pronounced a benediction over me and then left...) Famous people not met at the convention were L. Sprague deCamp, Ted White, Larry Niven, and Bob Silverberg.

Torcon 2 started off with enough excitement for me. While I was waiting in the con center, I heard these yelling voices. I turned around in time to see David Gerrold shout, "Bug off, woman!" to one of two femfans following him. The femfan was a librarian, and she was claiming that Gerrold had slandered librarians in his books. Gerrold said that he was an MCP, and then backed down and claimed to be writing a story with a librarian as a main character. This seemed to mollify the femfan, and then Gerrold said that he didn't like ambushes and the whole thing started up again.

David Gerrold's problem is that he became a pro before he became a fan.

Torcon 2 also developed the idea of the portable party; instead of cruising the halls for a party, the party cruises the halls for you.

Other than adding that I came in second in a chess tournament (hooray for me!) and that anyone interested in forming an APA 55 should contact me or Mike Couch, that's about it.



We didn't manage a September issue, but there were extenuating circumstances. Like a Worldcon that lasted 3 weeks. We drove up on Wednesday, August 28, getting as far as Billy Pettit's place in Mississauga, about 25 miles from downtown Toronto. Spent a fine evening talking, and Billy showed me his professionally bound set of YANDRO. (He also has other fanzines bound, but I was less interested in them.) His entire collection was boxed and ready to move, but he showed off a few of the rarer items, like 1920s WEIRD TALES and some copies of TALES OF MAGIC AND MYSTERY (or some such title), which was a promag I'd never

heard of before. Billy has a lot of stuff there. The last time I saw him at the con, he was negotiating for a sale of a run of magazines to Sam Moskowitz, who didn't have copies.

Thursday morning we had to get our car out of Pettit's driveway bright and early so the movers could get their truck in. Billy gave me custody of a mimeo to deliver to Sheryl Birkhead and a poster to express the Coulson personality. ("I shall walk in the valley of the shadow of death and I shall fear no evil, for I am the meanest son of a bitch in the valley.") We stopped at the Mississauga post office and I bought some souvenirs, and then on to Toronto. The Royal York was easy to find, but a parking place wasn't; I wanted to scout out the land before stopping at the hotel, because for one thing it was expensive and for another our reservations didn't begin until the next day. But eventually I gave up and we got into the hotel, after a fruitless expedition after bellboys. (I had a big one, but he apparently got away before I landed him on the sidewalk with our luggage, so Denny Lien and a friend helped us haul the stuff up to our room.)

The convention was big. Estimates are ranging from 2800 to 3000 attendees. I walked out of an elevator on Sunday and there was F. M. Busby; we'd both been there 4 days and hadn't seen one another. Even though I wasn't huckstering this time, I didn't see much of the official program. I spent my time talking to people. The only speech or discussion I recall listening to was John Brunner's speech on Sunday. I sort of wandered in and out during the panels after that; I particularly wanted to hear Michael Coney and Ted White, and I missed both of them. (It was the sort of con where you started to walk across a room and if you were lucky you made it in a couple of hours, after talking to a dozen people.) I saw the masquerade, which would have been considered good 6 or 7 years ago but was a disappointment after IACon last year, and listened to the Hugo Awards presentation. (Winners, for the record, were The Gods Themselves by Asimov, "The Word For The World Is Forest" by Ursula K. LeGuin, a tie between Lafferty's "Eurema's Dam" and "The Meeting" by Fohl and Kornbluth for short.

And I almost forgot Poul Anderson's "Goat Song"; Sandra would never forgive me. Best drama was "Slaughterhouse V", Ben Bova got the Best Editor trophy despite not having been an editor long enough for anyone to know how good he is, and Kelly Freas got another one as best artist. Fan awards went to ENERGIUMEN (a major surprise), Terry Carr, and Tim Kirk. Jerry Pournelle won the Campbell Award as best new writer (rather predictably, I thought; or as predictable as anything in fandom is.) Clifford Simak took the First Fandom award, Dave Kyle the Big Heart Award (he hasn't told anyone they can't sit here recently, I guess), and there were special awards to Pierre Versins for his mammoth Encyclopedic of Science Fiction (or whatever that comes to in French) and to Joe Green for hospitality beyond the call of duty during the Apollo program.)

The main item for me, though, was meeting people. I managed one of my more embarrassing performances. Before the con I'd sent a sample YANDRO to one Linda Johnson, a New York ANALOG reader who sounded interesting. So I was standing around doing nothing and Juanita brought over Linda and introduced her. And I froze; I couldn't think of a damned thing to say, not even a banality like "are you enjoying the con?" I don't know

why I do that every so often. It isn't my introversion cropping out in shyness with strangers because the last time it happened with Ethel Lindsay and I'd known Ethel for years; I just hadn't met her before. (Maybe the sight of beautiful women strikes me speechless....?) Somewhat more successfully I managed to meet the three people I particularly wanted to see; Michael Coney, Sterling Lanier, and Phyllis Gotlieb. Plus others; George Flynn, George Zebrowski, Eric Lindsay, Paul Anderson, Shayne McCormick, Ron Smith, Mervyn Binns, Bruce Gillespie, Pamela Sargent, J. Hunter Holly, Phyrne Bacon, Richard Davis, Richard Delap, Mike Glycer, Bruce Robbins, Virginia Kidd (first time either Juanita or I had met our agent), and probably others, and renewing acquaintance with old friends. Some of the friends, like Derek Nelson, I hadn't seen in years, others like Denny Lien I had met previously but not very often, and of course there were the Thompsons, Luttrells, DeWeeses and Couches, who are practically members of the family. A few random reminiscences....discussing recent science fiction with Richard Delap and Miriam Anver (and agreeing with them!)....sitting in the SFWA suite listening to Chuck Crayne and Sid Coleman discuss fan politics - after awhile Diane Crayne and I went over and started another conversation just to get away from the politicians....Kathy Bushman and I finding out that staring scoufully into one another's eyes doesn't work worth a damn when you're both wearing glasses....meeting Joanne Burger twice in the middle of mob scenes and never having time to talk...getting in a few words with Les Nirenberg, who was covering the con for some Canadian media; radio, I think...getting trapped by a young fan who was high on something or other and wanted particularly to pour out his troubles to Leigh Couch (we failed to find Leigh - quite deliberately on my part - and I steered him back to his room. As a bystander I think I still prefer the drug highs to drunks, but I would enjoy being able to play a movie back to some of the drug-users so they could see what asses they make of themselves under the influence. Drunks are worse - I'd have let a drunk fall on his face in the hall before I'd help him out - but the drugs are dumb enough.)

A new SFWA member, Stephen Cline, said he knew Joe Hensley and Joe had told him to look me up and I'd show him around. (Thanks loads, Joe.) Actually, Cline was nice enough. The pleasant neofan, sitting around listening rather than participating. I introduced him to fandom by co-opting him to help Ned Brooks carry the mimeo down from our room to Ned's car, where Ned was to cart it back to Maryland for Sheryl. (Incidentally, I have discovered a new line to use with fem-fans; "Come up to my room and I'll show you the mimeo". Works like a charm.) Then, figuring Steve would prefer to meet the pros, we went up to the SFWA room. Damned near nobody there. So we started looking for a party. I'd promised to drop in on the Australian suite anyway, so that seemed a logical beginning. Was it ever - the place was crawling with professional writers and editors, from Ben Bova on down. We stayed there until Tucker dragged us all downstairs, explaining that Bob Bloch was introducing movies and he wanted us all to boo and hiss him. (Bloch and Tucker used to be the Hope and Crosby, or perhaps Abbott and Costello, of science fiction, but then Bloch wrote "Psycho" and moved to Hollywood and they haven't been able to get together all that much since. God help California if the movies decide to exercise any of their options on Tucker's work and he moves out there, too.) By that time I figured Cline had been introduced to about everyone and could pick his own parties and anyway I'd run out of people to introduce him to. Half the pros I didn't know myself without peering at name-tags (and it was a bit disconcerting that some of them knew me...my reputation is getting around.)

And of course I had to attend the SFWA meeting, which accomplished about as much as that sort of meeting ever does. (Andy Offutt and I may have to stage our coup yet; he has the group's money and I have the membership list.....)

Juanita folksang a couple of nights. Nice big group, with Ann Passovoy, Al Frank, Yang The Nauseating (some day I'm going to have to find out his real name; nobody ever calls him anything but Yang) and various others. Pretty good group of singers. (In fact, tonight I watched a PBS rerun of the 1970 Philadelphia Folk Festival, and on the whole Juanita, Yang, Al, Ann and Elliott Shorter - almost forgot him - can do a hell of a lot better job than the alleged professionals at Philadelphia. Yang may be overly addicted to ingroup Creative Anachronist stuff, but at least he has a decent voice.) I managed to miss Corinna Franke's bagpipe playing, though.

We left Monday afternoon, along with at least 2500 others, from the looks of the lobby at checkout time. I let Juanita stand in line while Bruce, Gene DeWeese and I

loaded luggage. I hadn't seen much of Toronto; for one thing there were too many people to see at the hotel, and for another the temperatures were up around 100° - 106° one day - and walking around town wasn't all that much fun. I got out to a shopping mall one evening, and walked a couple of blocks to the main post office and loaded up on commemorative stamps one afternoon. But I don't really feel that I missed much; Toronto may be an exceptionally nice city, but it's still a city.

Kay Anderson came back with us and stayed until Sept. 16. Then Paul Anderson arrived on the 15th and left on the 17th, and Eric Lindsay arrived on the 16th and left on the 18th. The Australians were hopping here and there over the U.S., meeting fans and constantly running into one another, I gather. Except for Bruce Gillespie, who is a Filthy Rich Australian and is spending 4 months here. (You're not going to live that one down, Bruce.) While Kay was here, we kept going down to a local spot for ice cream and the waitresses couldn't understand Kay's California accent. We were going to take Paul down and see what they made of him, but somehow it never got done. (He did throw the bank tellers into a flurry by presenting some Cook's Traveler's Checks for cashing; I don't believe I've ever seen 4 tellers all peering at one slip of paper before. I don't know what Eric had, but they didn't give him any trouble.)

I had an eye test on the 17th, which came in handy. Juanita took Paul and Eric to a secondhand book store in Marion while I was being tested (and they promptly bought it out) and afterwards I could sit around and talk instead of going to work. I had trouble seeing them, but I could listen. (The doctor said he'd put some more drops in to make the effect of the first drops wear off faster; I get the impression that if he hadn't, I might have been off work all week. Never had that sort of reaction before. Felt like I'd been hit in both eyes with a club, for one thing.)

We introduced Eric to the songs of Tom Lehrer, and I now have 3 cassettes to fill up and mail. (RealSoonNow, Eric....)

Oh...the doctor said that except for being "hellishly nearsighted" my eyes were in good shape. Which was about what I thought. After seeing Ed Meskys at the con with some sort of electrical device - personal radar? - to help him get around, I can be fairly relieved about my eye problems.

Kay likes to visit antique stores, so she and Juanita drove all over northern Indiana visiting antique stores, museums, and my father's house. (Dad has more antiques than some small stores, and he simply won't believe that "all this junk" is worth anything. Of course, by his standards, it isn't, because it isn't useful, but I can't see that stopping me from profiting on it and I'm trying to talk him into doing the same.)

Somewhere in there Bruce joined a chess club in Warren, a little town about 10 miles north of our house. Since he only has a beginner's permit, I had to go along with him anyway, so I joined, too. I'm not sure how happy some of the older club members were about that. They were having a round robin tournament at the time we joined, and at present Bruce is tied for first place with another newcomer and they have to play it off next week. (By the time Bruce writes his Column he may have the results for you.) They had one playoff game last week, and stalemated. I tied with the previous club champion for third place and beat him in the playoff, so Bruce and I both end up with trophies and a little prize money (my money amounts to almost as much as I spent in joining the club and entering the tourney). It does seem a bit gross to just walk in and make off with the prizes - but we'd have joined earlier if Bruce had found out about the club earlier. Bruce also has a school chess meet next weekend; he isn't hopeful about Blackford's chances, since he is the top school player and he isn't rated all that high.

It seems I won't be the permanent paid secretary of SFWA - that job went to Ted Cogswell's wife - so after next July when my term as elected secretary ends I'll have more time for working on YANDRO and maybe even for writing some professional stuff again. (Juanita will have to get busy, too; her last two novels and a short story are going to be part of the frozen assets of Lancer books until various lawsuits are settled. She got paid for them, but you won't see them in print for awhile.)

And the next Worldcon is in Washington, D.C., and the one after that in Melbourne, Australia. Eric was trying to convince me of several money-making schemes that would help pay our passage but I'm not at all certain about attending that one. I'd certainly like to, though.....

Mike Coney

It was great meeting you at Torcon, and I've always appreciated the kindly reviews with which you have greeted my masterworks, and the Yandro you handed me at the Con was well up to standard... But concerning a little item in that issue, it seems I must level with you. I'm not quite sure how to say this.

I uh...uh... (I'll try again.)

I...like J. G. Ballard

I make no excuses for myself except to say that I was very young, maybe thirty, when this shameful thing happened. It was at a party and I was drunk; I guess we were all drunk, and there was this girl, you see. Well, the liquor didn't seem to be working any more and it was before the days of the hard stuff and I couldn't sustain any sort of high and this girl, perceptive of my mood as only an addict can be, said: try this. She pressed it into my palm. I glanced at it; it seemed to be THE TERMINAL PEACH. Thanking her brokenly, I made for the john. It was hours later that I emerged, white and shaken, to find they had all gone home but I didn't care, because the intersections of the planes of the walls of that empty room suddenly meant something to me and it seemed I saw Marilyn Monroe there, which was good enough for me. Or would have been, if only they'd taken those goddamned concrete blocks away.

Later my wife Coma became alarmed about the behavior of our son Traven, or Talman, Tandem, or whatever his goddamned name is. The kid was piling his toy automobiles in heaps and masturbating over them meanwhile shouting meaningless subheadings like A SUDDEN APOCALYPSE! or RUNE-FILLED EYES, or his classic (which Coma later had done in acrylic and hung across the intersection of his bedroom walls) IS THIS THE ODEON, LEISCESTER SQUARE? "Tallis," said Coma, "has been getting at your stuff."

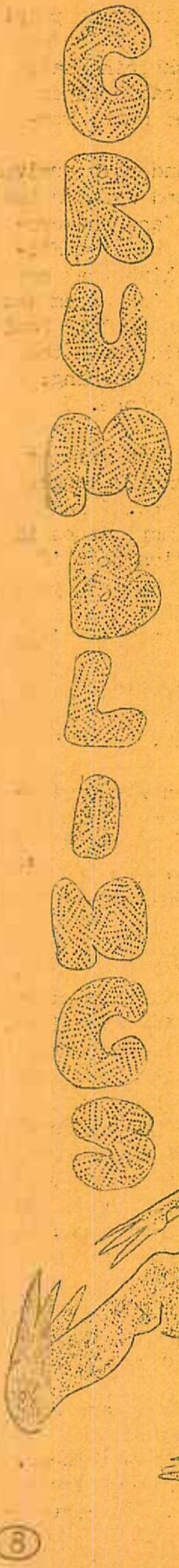
I shall never forgive myself for being more interested in the angle of intersection of her thighs than the problems (and so real!)

of Travis. How little we understand youth. While I had been experimenting with the balconies of the Hilton Hotel, watching the tide engulf each pristine rectangle in turn, glug, while the reptiles boomed in the Jurassic swamps, Tennon had slipped into the abyss so quietly, so completely, that we were not aware of his going.

I crept into his room one night, climbing through a maelstrom of twisted slot-racing track to his bedside, but he was gone. A few deliquescing crystals, a tattered copy of New Worlds and a flake or two of leprose were all that I had left. In the morning I told my wife Gertrude but her face became a geometry of bewilderment. "Who the hell is Ransom?" she asked.

AN EPITAPH TO DESPAIR

But even as I was accelerating down the motorway of oblivion, past giant billboards depicting Elizabeth



Taylor's right bicuspid, rescue was at hand. Even as I recited the Generations of America my source of supply, unknown to me, was drying up. I could never have kicked the habit myself, I know that now. But each month, as I feverishly scanned the bookstands for my jolt in the new 8 1/2 x 11 size, it became borne in on me that an era was over, and I had to pick up the pieces of myself. There were withdrawal symptoms, of course; my dreams were visited by jeweled alligators and ghost clippers, painted gliders and stunted dwarves; but the reality was gone.

One day, quite recently, I was sitting quietly in the living room while my wife Daphne wrote a letter to her mother and my kids Kevin and Sally fought for possession of the Cat Sabrina, and I was reading CHRONOPOLIS, for old times' sake. And just for a while the images came to life again, and I saw a huge body lying on a beach, then the tide came in, and kept on coming in. I shook it off, and took a sip of ordinary scotch in my ordinary living room, and said to my wife; "There was a time when this guy Ballard could have submitted a blank sheet of paper to New Worlds, and they'd have bought it, and printed it."

She sighed in irritation; she hates being interrupted while writing to her mother. "You're jealous, that's all," she said. "Forget Ballard."

But I can't do that. And neither can you, Buck, or you wouldn't have mentioned him.

[No, I can't forget him, but then I can't forget Festus Fragnell, either. I think I like your version of Ballard better than I do the original. RSC]

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth IL 61745

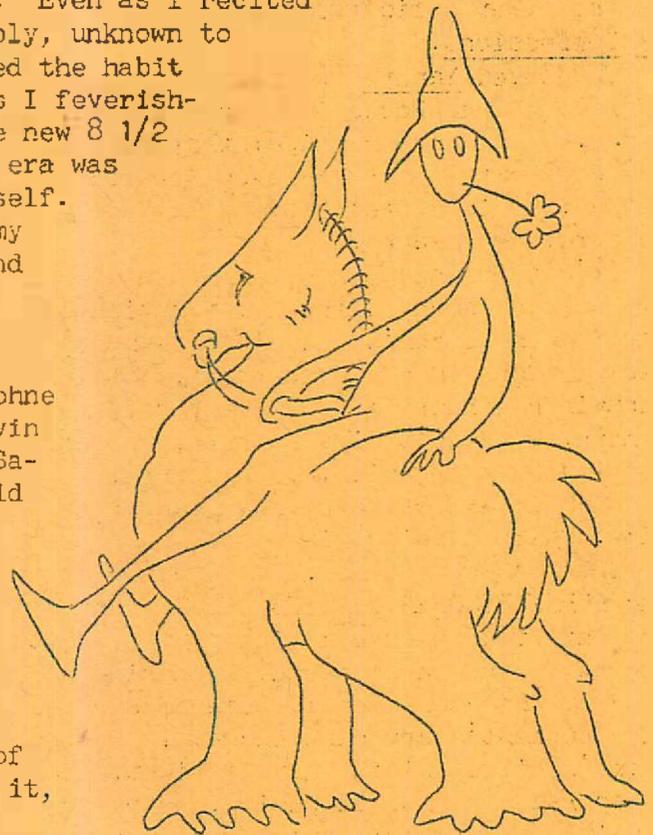
That one paragraph in your editorial (#222) stopped me cold. I was planning on doing a Torontoncon report for you, the kind of con report you like, but when I read that one paragraph in your editorial I dropped the idea. Buck, until now I didn't realize you disapproved of pot, incest, and J. G. Ballard. (And I've known you forty years!)

The first two pages of my planned con report were to be given over to the wild and weird activities in the huckster room after the doors were locked for the night. The hotel provided no night-time in-room guard for that room and so for two or three nights Rusty Hevelin and myself slept in there to guard the goodies and read comic books. (You haven't lived until you've spent a night wallowing in thousands of comic books; they make a fine mattress.) On the second or third night we cast about for new diversions (having stolen everything we wanted) (and read everything worth reading) when we chanced upon a stash of grass some huckster had hidden under his table. At about the same time my granddaughter happened by to see how I was getting along, and purely by chance she was carrying a copy of a Ballard book under her arm. We invited her in.

But I guess you wouldn't print my con report.

Another page was to be filled with the exotic dinners served in Toronto: Japanese, Chinese, German, Greek, and pure Canadian. When I came back to the States and had my first good old American meal, I threw up.

No, you wouldn't print it.



Eric Mayer, RD 1, Falls PA 18615

The cover's ridiculous. I like it! It'd be perfect for a mag like Thrilling Wonder Confessions.

I enjoyed Yandro but was a bit numbed by 10 pages of book reviews, especially since so many of the books were anthologies. It's pretty hard to sum up a story in one sentence. I do have a gripe; that remark about Dunsany's "studiedly archaic prose" makes him seem awfully dry -- even foreboding. I'd describe him as being very "sound conscious." His sentences tend to be long, convoluted perhaps, rhythmical, but not overly wordy or obscure.

It's refreshing, however, to hear someone say he simply doesn't care for so and so, or such and such, without attempting some justification. I'm especially tired of telling someone I don't like (for example) Captain Beefheart records and receiving a complex lecture on how "important," "talented," "original," and just all around "good" Captain Beefheart is. I never said he wasn't "good," I said I didn't like his records. I mean, you can't like everything that's "good." Take Dunsany, for instance...or MacDonald, or even Smith, or Malzburg...

I am in awe of people who manage to play chess and put out fanzines at the same time. With hobbies like those, who needs work? A few weeks ago Kathy and I decided to learn to play chess. We decided to "do it right"; bought some books by Reinfeld and BOBBY FISCHER TEACHES CHESS (naturally). The Fischer book was quite useful. It concentrated on checkmating to the exclusion of everything else. When he had finished the book, the chess neophyte, having no knowledge of openings, strategies, and similar arcana, and consequently being destroyed in short order, could much better appreciate his opponent's crushing endgame! I suppose the book reflected Fischer's style. Kathy's little sister got it right. She sat nearby while we were playing, obviously exasperated by our stupidity, every now and then admonishing one of us to "Get the King!" She probably knows more about chess than I do.

[Some of those stories would be hard to sum up in a novel, but we do our best. I think that all too much of Dunsany is awfully dry. I'll have to confess that I never got much out of chess books, either. Bruce has a shelf full, and presumably the only reason I beat him half the time is because I have 30 or so years experience on him RSC! [Well, producing Yandro isn't quite as miraculous as it seems because I don't play chess; I can, but I don't. Now if I would just abandon cooking meals, doing laundry and other occasional housework, and trying to write saleable copy, we might even get the fanzine back on schedule. JWC]

Denny Lien, 2408 Dupont Ave., S - Apt. 1, Minneapolis MN 55405

I'm all in favor of either Columbus or New Orleans in '76, if only because it will keep the local crazies from deciding to mount a Minneapolis bid. (Which wouldn't take much keeping; nobody seems very serious about it. There is talk of 1979, however.) Too bad the con couldn't leave the states in '76 instead of '75; one more place to go to get away from the Centennial (which is the short that Arthur Clarke rewrote into 2001).

And since you're listing con announcements, I might add that Minicon will be held over Easter Weekend of 1974 at the Minneapolis Hyatt Lodge (site of the 1973 Minicon) with Bob Tucker as Fan Guest of Honor, Ben Bova as Toastmaster, and a Pro Guest of Honor to be named. (Tobe Named, you will recall, wrote all those great Posi and Nega stories in Coverless Wonder Stories of '32. 1832, that is, but Tucker remembers them. In fact, he letterhacked a couple of them. Loved her; hated him.)

"Ramblings": Re your problems with troubled mundanes deciding you have a sympathetic face & are interested in their troubles -- my wife has the same problem. I've never quite understood it, myself. The secret is obviously to carry a book at all times (which I'm sure you do) and bury yourself in it when anyone approaches within five feet. Sneezing in his or her face might help also.

So: You know the ins and outs of canning, and much or all advice given by lecturers is incorrect. Considering the interest in the subject, why not emulate the Neo-fan's Guide to Fandom and put out a one-shot explaining the basics to beginners? (The

Neofan's Guide to Candom?)

"A Column": I hadn't heard about the free construction paper chess set as a cereal box prize, but I agree with you that it is a start. The question is, What is the conclusion? (Construction paper Risk games, in which each box you buy gives you one more country to cut out and mount on the gameboard, plus five more armies of each color, plus one more Risk card?)

"Rumblings": "Actually I think I'm looking for an ailment that will let me retire from work with disability pay without stopping me from writing or enjoying myself at home." Well, there's always Twonk's Disease (yes, no matter how much money we pour into the United FanFund, there's always Twonk's Disease). And Bruce, a few months back, suggested Sprained Eyebrow. On a more mundane level: leprosy?

"I wonder how all the liberal fans will react if their hobby is curtailed in the name of ecology" (re the paper shortage): well, I never met a tree I enjoyed so much as Yandro or Sandworm. On the other hand, I can name a few zines where the original tree would make better reading. I do agree that my interest in ecology stops where fandom begins. (And while I can live with high prices for meat, I'm horrified at talk of beer shortages.) Of course, I'm not sure whether I'm one of the "liberal fans" or not. (Nahh, I've got facial hair, I must be.)

Re those "fans who value you" concealing "secret yearnings for pot or incest or the works of J. G. Ballard": I can assure you (as I did at Worldcon) that I have no discernible yearnings for incest or J. G. Ballard and little or none for pot, but I will confess that I still buy a couple dozen Marvel comics every month and have been known even recently to read an ERBurroughs book (though my days as a Burroughs Bibliophile are a decade or so behind me. In passing -- and in parenthesis -- I met Vern Coriell fleetingly for the first time at the Torcon. He had totally forgotten EB member 219. So fleeting is fame. ((I hadn't intended to use "fleeting" twice in one sentence, but why not? It's got rights, and I don't got a typewriter eraser.))

"Difugailty" (the touching tale of a composer named Gail who can compose two fugues at once, or possibly just another typo): Dave Locke succeeds in making both apartment living and housebuying seem miserable, which is probably fair enough. I can affirm, however, that there is a third alternative more miserable than both; to wit, communal living. One has a whole house to run around in, but if he thinks he has problems now with keeping people out... Someday, when the scars have healed, I'll write a funny fanzine article on our second and last experiment with communal life and the Most Abominably Unforgettable Housemate We've Ever Met. But that was only fourteen months ago and I can't smile at it yet. Has Dave considered a tent, a cave, a park bench with a typewriter and a mimeo machine in his backpack?

"Things That Go Bump in the Mailbox": But Andy Offutt doesn't write anything but science fiction; as someone argued in Minneapa a few weeks back, all porno is really sf at heart. (To which I responded, only in the sense in which any Western in which a character fires five shots out of a derringer is obviously parallel-world fantasy.)
If both Playboy and Playgirl are busted on obscenity raps in different cities, how about a new amorphous skin mag called Plaything? 4SJ? Anybody?

LIZ FISHMAN IS BACK LIZ FISHMAN IS BACK LIZ FISHMAN IS BACK LIZ FISHM Well, yes, Liz, you are tempting Good Boys to Go Bad by owning things. Since I happen to live in a security building and can hence keep the goodies out of sight, I am willing at great inconvenience to myself to accept your electric typewriter (which I presume I can trade in somewhere on a manual, like God intended) and your Tim Kirk painting and hence prevent your corruption of the innocents. You may, however, keep your copy of the PASS-OVER PLOT; it does not do to rid oneself of all temptation and potential for corruption of one's peers, lest one fall in hubris, which, though slightly less sticky than a vat of chocolate, is no slouch. ## Andy Offutt is indeed a Mere Kentuckypolitan, but in all fairness it must be noted that his beard is a Britisher; he won it in a lottery. ## Wilson's Tucker's autograph is worth more than a bookmark, less than a book; with my own eyes (both of them) I watched him autograph several copies of THE TIME MASTERS at Pakka -- a Toronto specialty bookstore -- and hence boost their price from 95 cents to \$1.60, a clear raise of 65 cents. I knew few 65 cent paperbacks, but also few 65 cent bookmarks. Of course, Liz Fishman probably lights her cigars with

dollar bills, too. ## I've seen FRANCIS GOES TO WEST POINT. Surely this is what he meant when her boyfriend told her to "get off your ass" and write more instead.

"Misc": Sandra Miesel's comment on you and Tackett was probably worth the price of this issue in and of itself. (In, but not of? Of, but not in?)

"Things That Continue Bumping in the Mailbox": If Dover's \$1.50 copy of HPL's SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE "might well be worth it," I presume you've disposed of your copy of the British paperback DAGON where it also appears, along with several stories, for the U.S. equivalent of 95 cents or so? I find "Musical Praying Hands" pretty funny; apparently I possess even less religious feeling than you. I'm still waiting for a musical crucifix, though. (Spell that as the church of your choice does...)

"Golden Minutes": I quite agree that it is no great honor for Tarzan (as Farmer claims) to be related to Denis Nayland Smith; on the other hand, how many other pulp heroes do you know of named "Dennis"? Denny Fandom has to pick its ghods where it can. (Come to think of it, I don't know too many other fans named Fu, either.) ## "Exile of the Skies" was indeed reprinted in Fantastic Story Magazine: If I recall correctly, CJDaly is credited with being the first real "hard-boiled" detective writer, turning out for Black Mask a series of stories about one Race Williams, private eye, which were trailblazers at first and quickly became virtual self-parodies. The editor supposedly loathed them, but reader demand kept them coming. They have remained unreprinted and unprintable, though Ron Goulart quotes a few lines from them -- of the "Get your eyeball off my knife, creep" school -- in his anthology, THE HARDBOILED DICKS (a pretty unprintable title in itself!). Of course, I may be thinking of someone else completely, and if so Bob Briney will no doubt set us both straight quickly enough. ## I'm boggled at your comment on IVAN SANDERSON'S BOOK OF GREAT JUNGLES -- that he does not "classify jungles as 'Great,' 'Good,' 'Mediocre,' etc." -- mostly because I'm trying to decide what criteria one would use for so classifying. (Monkeys per square foot, pygmies per square acre, adventures per square mile, white men raised by apes per jungle ...) ## Well, you did it again. Now I'm going to have to read FLASHMAN and its sequels. Speaking of which, I recall that a year or so back you asked if any readers of Yandro ever paid attention to your nonfiction reviews (or non sf reviews), and I can't recall if I ever answered. On non-sf, at least, you got me started on Kirst, of whom I've now read all but three or so works available in English; on Sanderson (only read a couple yet), on whoever wrote THE WAR ON POWDER RIVER, and on many others that I could name if I were not now on my sixth beer... ## Re FLASH-

MAN, it occurs to me that you might very well like the saga of Augustus Mandrell (a rather similar character) if you have not already tried them (Don & Maggie Thompson got me started on those, for which I thank them). There are three to date, all by Ballantine pb: OF ALL THE BLOODY CHEEK; RATHER A VICIOUS GENTLEMAN; and FOR MURDER I CHARGE MORE, all by Frank McAuliffe (I don't guarantee the spelling). Augustus is a paid assassin, a placid egotist à la Buck Coulson, a charming rotter à la Flashman, and something of a rake (only in the line of duty). He gets involved in some very strange assignments, and usually manages to thwart his archenemy in the process, blowing off another limb or two of said archenemy as lagniappe. I do think you'd like him. ## "Doesn't everybody know how to ride a bicycle?" Well, no; a friend of mine from undergraduate days maintained stoutly that bike riding was a physical impossibility, just as bumblebee flight was. He eventually completed his PhD in mathematics... ## "It reads rather like an imitation of Chester Anderson's stuff...I didn't like the original." I can't look it up right now, but I can almost swear that when Anderson's THE



BUTTERFLY KID was nominated for a Hugo, you said that you enjoyed it as fan fiction, but didn't think it belonged on the Hugo ballot. The key word here is "enjoyed". (By the way, if you didn't think fan fiction belonged on Hugo ballots, why did you promote BORED OF THE RINGS the year it was eligible?)

"Grumblings": My experience with Betty Boop (gad, how erotic that sounds) is the same as yours and Gene Wolfe's; viewing them as terrible as a kid; seeing them for the first time in fifteen years or so lately and being astounded and amazed (and startled, and galaxied, and two complete science adventure booked).
Re Dean Grennell's (excellent; I'm stealing his Julius Caesar quote for my quote book) letter and your response thereto: I had not realized that you had killed a man -- however unintentionally and innocently -- with your automobile. How does one go about cutting a notch in an automobile? ## Jack Wodhams is rather a nit, is he not? I presume he is not typical of Australian fandom, else I might regret not voting for LA in '75. Ah well, even if my ship comes in (and brings me a ticket) and I find I can afford Aussie '75 -- no likely prospect, though an attractive one -- with any luck at all Wodhams will have decided we're beyond all hope and gafiated by then. ## Re Denis Quane's letter and your comment thereon, I will go down on record as somewhat pro-Locus (though indifferent to Algol). ## Will respond to K. W. Ozanne RealSoonNow. I did not think "Waltzing Matilda" was the Aussie national anthem, but I rather hope it becomes so. ## Re Lester Boutillier and his worries about "the death too soon of Ted White": tell me, Lester, when would be the death soon enough? Is Lester Boutillier a hoax? If not, why not? ## Of course I've noticed your left-wing vs. right-wing selective repression contrasts; it's why I dropped out of the ACLU several years ago.



[I'll allow you Marvel Comics; nobody is perfect...Liz tempts good boys to go bad by breathing, but I suppose that's a trifle off the subject. Bob Briney rated the Mandrell books highly and I bought one, but somehow never got around to reading it; it's still in the stack, somewhere. I certainly don't recall saying I enjoyed THE BUTTERFLY KID as anything; I might have said it was a good example of fan fiction, but that doesn't mean I liked it; you know my opinion of fan fiction. Actually, I don't think Wodhams is a nit; he just tends to leap to false conclusions now and then, and he managed to stir me out of my usual placid sardonicism.]

George Flynn, 27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren RI 02885

There's at least one glaring omission in Ed Cagle's list of ways to get a good review from Buck: at all costs, you must never make an error in the description/nomenclature of guns or other weaponry. Which brings us logically to Jack Wodhams' letter. OK, you're right that handguns aren't designed to shoot people, but can you deny that the vast majority of them are acquired for that purpose, at least contingently? I agree that outlawing them wouldn't affect the crime rate much, though there'd certainly some effect. But it would be something to cut down all those accidental/impulse/passionate/etc. shootings that occur so easily when guns are lying around. Jack's analysis of the gun-wielder's psychology is pretty overblown, but does contain a kernel of sense: the lack of risk (assumed, if not real) must tend to release inhibitions. The fact is that the gun is very dangerous instrument which a vast number of the population are not competent to use safely. (I worded that sentence very carefully; I

would say exactly the same thing about the automobile -- which it's at least more feasible to enforce a ban on. I wouldn't trust myself with one, either.) You'll note that nowhere here do I advocate a ban on handguns; I'm quite aware that prohibitions don't work, but that doesn't make me any happier about the situation.

Jodie Offutt must not go to the right cons. I've been to two in the past year where the Bitch Hour was on the program (at the end, naturally). At one they'd even brought in an asst. manager of the hotel to hear complaints, though all he could do was take notes and nod sympathetically.

That's a fascinating analysis of J. R. Christopher's. Checking the story, I find additional evidence for his theory: the conversation in question takes place at 4AM, and the hero is described as "a wretched exhausted heap". The curious thing about Hammett's use of "gunsel" is that most readers interpreted it the same way, and now the word is commonly used for "gunman" by people who've never heard the original meaning.

"By His Bootstraps" expanded into "All You Zombies"?! Actually, "BHB" is about five times as long, and the stories are completely unrelated in plot (as opposed to theme).

I'd like to know what "genocide" Derek Nelson's talking about. "They've virtually eliminated my people in Eire," indeed! In fact there never were a large number of Protestants in the South of Ireland, but I don't believe there's been any significant decrease. And those that are there have been prominent out of proportion to their numbers (because they're mainly upper-class, of course) and still are, having produced a couple of presidents and prime ministers. Most of the people in the South aren't interested in anything but keeping things quiet, so as not to scare away the tourists; the North is quite another matter, of course. In the Troubles of 1916-23 most of the killing was political, not racial/religious; there were a couple of small massacres a few centuries back in peasant revolts (the peasants naturally attacked the aforesaid ruling class), which Ulster propagandists then and since inflated to astronomical proportions. Despite all of which, it's true enough that genocide is likely to result if things go on as they are; it may be too late to solve the problem by giving equal rights, but certainly nothing else will work. (Incidentally, before writing this I browsed through a history of Ireland, written by a man with the marvelous name of Giovanni Costigan.)

[I'll agree that the majority of people acquire handguns for the purpose of shooting or intimidating people. (I doubt that the average city dweller who buys a gun for protection ever expects to pull the trigger -- or ever does so, for that matter.) As for the majority of guns being bought for the purpose, I'm not at all sure. A person buys one gun for protection; a gun enthusiast buys half a dozen because he likes them -- look at Grennell. And there are a lot of gun collectors and enthusiasts in the country. I read recently -- and I can't recall where, or who the writer was -- rather impressive statistics to prove the writer's contention that to reduce the number of impulse killings what the country needs is less emphasis on "machismo"; that in a huge percentage of cases, the killer is a male whose masculine vanity has been wounded. And if a gun isn't handy, they're just as apt to beat someone to death with a chair leg or anything else handy. Too bad I can't quote it. RSC]

Ed Gorman, 1311 Oakland Rd., NE, Apt #2, Cedar Rapids IA 52402

So Derek Nelson is "(appalled)" by the Berlin Wall but "(bored)" with European War Memorials. Strange. Is Derek suggesting that only those who fought Communism are to be celebrated? That the sacrifices made by the victims of the two world wars are irrelevant -- because they "merely" fought German fascism? Later he smugly proclaims himself an "anti-communist" -- as if he'd brilliantly defined the world's only important evil and set himself heroically against it. There was only a coin's toss of difference between Hitler and Stalin, Derek, and German Fascism was every bit the equal of Communism, both in terms of Grand Designs and the ruthless slaughter of millions. Shouldn't we honor the victims of both?

Yandro is still conducting a gun legislation argument? This is where I came in many

years ago. I don't know why you consider yourself an "utter reactionary" -- I'd at least question the "utter". All you're saying, I think, is that some human beings have a need and desire to kill other human beings with or without the aid of guns. Ideally this wouldn't be so, but then humanity never struck me as a very ideal lot, anyway. Let me bravely say that as an American I'm forthrightly against murder in any form. But strict gun legislation won't work -- can't be implemented effectively, enforced properly, and would only be treating the symptom. The matter is the human heart; and as the civil rights movement sadly proved, the heart cannot be legislated into doing the right thing. I'm sympathetic to the anti-gun people but their proposals are mostly admirably pipe-dreams.

Lately I've been re-reading Phillip Wylie. I'd forgotten how many major sf themes and devices he pioneered. His books seem modern except for two elements: his racism and class snobbery. WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE treats an American-Japanese valet this way: "When (Tony) arrived at his apartment, Kyto was waiting. There was an expression of distinct anxiety on (Kyto's) usually inscrutable face. The expression made him ludicrous..." Kyto is also described several times as "a little Jap" -- are you listening, Gerald Wilson? GLADIATOR is compulsively condescending toward the "masses". Workers are usually stupid, dirty, and suspect. For all Wylie's hatred of them, the rich are redeemed at least by their style and sense of "good fellowship". He apparently believed that the lower classes were incapable of wit or loyalty on any level.

C'mon, Buck, you're baiting us. RHUBARB better than "The Natural"? Malamud, in shorter lengths, is just so fine you must be kidding. And here I used to believe everything you told me.

The fannish comments generally baffle me. When I left fandom, people were still debating "Pitt, Pith, Piffle" or however it went. Letter columns bulged with praise for pulp fiction. Fans somehow enjoyed both Warhoon (Nixonian) and Habbakuk (Marxian). And many of us were demanding thatsf become Literature (unfortunately too many attempts were later made in that direction). This new fandom (or is fandom still divided into epochs?) seems, if nothing else, a hell of a lot more energetic. Today The Sick Elephant would be multilithed and bound in boards.

[I don't recall ever reading Malamud in the shorter lengths, and after The Natural I have no particular desire to.. RSC]

E. W. Ozanne, 'The Cottonwoods', 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge NSW Australia 2776
Our official anthem is "God Save the Queen", the same as Britain's. Sung to the same tune as "God Bless America", which is the same tune as "Deutschland Uber Alles", which was the point I was making in that letter.

Thinking about money, which I seem to have started to do, you may not be aware that we have just had another revaluation of our currency. \$1 Australian is worth almost \$US 1.50 now. I have here a list of per capita incomes from the 1972 BOOK OF THE WORLD which places Abu Dhabi first (\$US 4800), US second (4450), Australia 11th (2502). Just our currency revaluations since then would move us up to about 3600 and 3rd place. What I am getting at is the way a table like this can lead to false conclusions. Our variations in exchange rate haven't had a noticeable affect on my standard of living. Looking at it another way, France was about \$200 ahead of Australia, Switzerland about \$400 ahead on those figures. My own experience, having visited both countries, was that France had a markedly lower standard of living than Australia, Switzerland a somewhat higher one.

On a GNP basis, Australia should be about 10th in the world. Do you realise that Japan is second? I find it extraordinary to realise that the GNP of India, with 600 million people, is about the same as Australia, with 13 million. (Or Texas, with about 12 million. Texas would have been economically viable if it had not joined the US.)

[To be frank, I didn't really know what the Australian Anthem was (except that I did know it wasn't "Waltzing Matilda"). But what's this about using Matilda's tune and changing the words? Sacrilege! RSC]

Lee Hoffman, 350 N.W. Harbor Blvd., Port Charlotte FL 33952.

It seems I only write to you when something in Yandro pushes my button on the subject of gun control. This is due to a general tendency away from writing much about anything. I enjoy most of Yandro, especially your book reviews. I admire your objective subjectivity; your forthright acknowledgment that you are expressing personal opinion and not pontificating Ultimate Truths.

It's good to hear, Buck, that there are "no new medical problems" this round". You seem to have rotten luck in that line.

It's fun, isn't it, when a fad catches up with you? Like being able to say self-righteously that one is ecologically-oriented instead of simply cheap. A few years ago, being cheap instead of being conspicuous in one's consumption was so out.

It's fascinating how much double-think there is in the ecology business. Like the sudden deluge of magazines on slick paper in four-color process devoted to "saving our forests and waters" and like that.

Someone should warn Liz Fishman that if a poor little darling does burgle her copy of THE PASSOVER PLOT and she belts him, she's likely to be sued for doing it.

And Dean A. Grennell should bear in mind that the little old lady defending herself from a would-be rapist/murderer with her unwinking .38 had better not pull the trigger under any circumstances or she'll probably find herself in jail. Or at the least, in a great deal of financial difficulty. Self-defense can get one into a lot of hot water.

As long as I've come full circle to guns again, I wonder if you've ever seen any figures on what percent of crimes of violence in this country actually involve legally-possessed handguns? It seems to me that, as statistics go, that would be an interesting one.

By the way, along with the criminal, the mentally-disturbed gun-toter, and the sports snooter, there is another class of gun-owner seldom mentioned in these discussions. There is the collector who doesn't shoot, but just collects. The person who simply digs guns for reasons such as admiration of esthetically appealing machinery, or as artifacts. Nice respectable museums do this. So do nice respectable private citizens. A mess of guns aren't even used for propelling projectiles, but are just admired.

Well, over the years I've read a lot in Yandro about how the British have prevented excess violence in their land by stringent anti-gun laws. I am led to wonder why now they don't pass some anti-letter-bomb laws.

Of course it is possible that a small minority of British involved in the Ulster affair are throwing a bad light on the land as a whole. Perhaps it is unfair to consider the Ulster affair in one's overview. But then, by the same token, it would be unfair to consider certain specific outbursts of violence in untypical situations in this country in one's overview, too. One would have to omit such situations as occurred a few years ago in Watts and Detroit from consideration. By ruling out enough situations as "untypical" one might be able to prove there really isn't any violence in this country at all. That would be reassuring, wouldn't it?

Speaking of violence, I'm enclosing a clipping from the FUNTA GORDA HERALD (date forgotten) which implies a rather more direct way of preventing homicide than the outlawing of handguns. Simply exercise the male sense of dominance at as early an age as possible.



In answer to the question posed by Murray Moore, I would rather be shot dead quickly and cleanly than punched around a lot, especially if I got maimed in the process. I much prefer the idea of being dead to being hurt seriously and/or permanently.

I can't really understand the popular attitude toward being dead. If one is a good Christian, one would certainly welcome death eagerly as the step out of a world of toll, trouble, and continual testing into the peace and glory of the presence of one's maker. If one is an atheist, one must certainly believe that in not-existence there is nothing to fear. Only if one is a believer in and sinner against God with a firm faith in eternal perdition does one have any reason to fear the state of being dead.

Re Lester Boutillier's letter: Just when was George Wallace "killed" with a Saturday Night Special? Or are LB and I thinking of two different George Wallaces?

If I were a member of the NRA or read any gun magazines (which I am not and do not) I wouldn't believe everything they told me any more than I would believe everything the FBI told me.

By the way, back to Jack Wodhams: He says that legally banning the hand-gun wouldn't eliminate the hand-gun from society but would clearly declare and determine the moral issue and establish a standard between right and wrong. Don't the present laws against killing people and committing various violences already do this? And why would it be desirable to define the possessor of a gun, or anything else, as a "baddie" as long as that person did not use the gun, or anything else, in a harmful way?

I can't really think the possession of that battered old flintlock pistol (sans flint) sitting on my bookshelf makes me a de facto bad guy. I can't quite see where having a Colt .45 sitting in the same place would make me vile and evil. And somehow, Buck, I can't even see where taking potshots at old magazines in your backyard necessarily means you are a menace to society (unless of course you're committing this mayhem on the April 1943 Astounding).

[Oho; there's where the machismo article came from. But Jack thinks that possessing a handgun does make you a baddie, so obviously he wants it defined that way.//Fortunately, I never concerned myself much with style, so I could be cheap without worrying about it -- but it's interestingly different to find my views fashionable for a change. I haven't really seen all the fancy new ecological magazines; International Wildlife is the only one I get, National Wildlife having been around before the ecology boom. And the strangest publications are actually doing something about the problem; Old Stuff, a nostalgia/history/antiques magazine, is now printing its cover on recycled paper. (National Wildlife isn't...) RSC]



George Fergus, 2241 W. Cullom Ave., Chicago IL 60618

I notice that after receiving complaints from Liz Fishman and Laurine White about several pages falling off their copies of Yandro, you started using a heavier staple for the next two issues (Y219 and Y220). Thus your query as to whether anyone else was having problems went unanswered, and now that everyone has forgotten about it you're back to the same old inadequate staples again. Since you're not the sneaky type, I'm sure this is just coincidence. For all I know, you don't even use the same staples for all copies of each issue. (If you have 8 working typewriters, I imagine you must have more than one stapler.) But my back pages do almost always fall off. Yandro must be getting fat. See what comes of falling off your monthly schedule...

If chess players who can beat Bruce are becoming scarce there in the swamps of Indiana, perhaps he can find someone to play postal chess with who will keep his mettle under test.

Like Betty Kujawa, I jot down your recommendations from "Golden Minutes", only I make my notations in the margins of the latest Witter catalog. So, having records to hand, I can't figure out how Devra Langsam (Y219) bought HALCYON DRIFT and REGIMENTS OF NIGHT on the basis of your reviews. You've never mentioned the former and since you don't like Stableford I doubt that you've even read it. You didn't cover the latter until Y220, and it could hardly be predicted that you'd like it as you've panned every previous book by Brian Bell. What gives?

Devra also called Bruce's Column a Coulomb (what with Liz's clown, this is all getting confusing), but I've figured that one out. It means she gets a charge out of it. Or has this poor pun already made the rounds? Howcum I find two things to comment on in one of the shortest letters ever to appear in Y?

I'm willing to admit that there may be some unforeseen problems with unimaginative judges interpreting the Equal Rights Amendment, but so far all the horrifying examples" people have cited seem to illustrate their own (and society's) prejudices more than anything else. Roy Tackett expresses concern that the regulation that women employed by the federal government may not lift more than 25 pounds would have to be changed to apply to both sexes or eliminated entirely. (Although it might not be a bad idea to apply it across the board -- how many women do you know with hernias?) But there is a third alternative, to treat people as individuals. What's wrong with a law prohibiting employees from being forced to lift anything they don't think they can handle? Or, if you don't want to go that far, a limit based on some percentage of one's body weight? Sandra Miesel is upset that women who are drafted and pass the physical exam would have to serve in mixed combat units, and views efforts to pass the ERA as a surrogate for the fight to abolish the draft. Aside from the fact that there are already female volunteers in the army and will be more as it starts a new propaganda campaign to fill its quotas now that the draft is temporarily suspended, servicemen (I'm too conservative, language-wise, to come up with something like "servicperson") could be allowed to choose whether they want to be in all-male, all-female, or mixed units.

In my view, the ERA would force the government and other employers to treat people more on the basis of their specific traits and would shake up the bureaucracies a bit. Anyway, let's stop pretending that there are no frail men or robust women. If I remember correctly, Billie Jean King lifts weights. (I doubt that her recent match with Bobby Riggs proved much, but it sure was fun to see that loudmouth get his comeuppance.)

I do wonder if writing to one's representatives does any good. Last time ERA came up in the state legislature I wrote thoughtful letters to all of them, whereupon the only one who had previously voted for ratification changed his mind and now all four of them are against it.

Yes, Mayor Daley outlawed pay toilets in Chicago's public facilities, though I doubt that he did so because they discriminate against women. Boston is at least fair about it -- their coin locks are on the outside doors of the restrooms. Some places, I've heard, discriminate against the aged or infirm by having coin-operated elevators.

Hizzoner has also instituted annual checkups on exhaust emissions for all the autos in the city. Mine failed the first time thru and so I took it in for a tune-up. Unbelievable as it seems, the percentage of carbon monoxide emitted was reduced by a factor of 30! The output of hydrocarbons also went down, to about a sixth of the pre-

vious level. If this is typical, Chicago's air ought to take a dramatic turn for the better around the end of the year when all the laggards bring their snorting monsters in or face a fine of up to \$300. On the other hand, so many motorists may fail to comply that the law won't be enforced.

The first episode of the new animated STAR TREK (as compared to the lacklustre old STAR TREK) seemed pretty good, conceptually, though rather limited by the half-hour format. So one can at least hope to see some good stuff eventually, even though the second show was more typical of what you'd expect from Saturday morning.

I trust that no one is pining over the loss of UFO. Since the best things about it were the theme music and the gadgets, I eventually decided that the optimum viewing pleasure was obtained by watching the first minute or so and then turning the set off.

THE STARLOST (masterwork of the visionary Cordwainer Bird) looks like it could easily turn into a repeat of STAR TREK's third season transplanted to the spaceship from SILENT RUNNING and with the principal actors replaced by ones I don't like. I'm also rather turned off by the fact that it's videotaped, since the backgrounds all look like the stage sets that they are. This doesn't matter on ALL IN THE FAMILY, but does on an adventure/exploration show. (By the way, does anybody know why videotape and film look so different?)

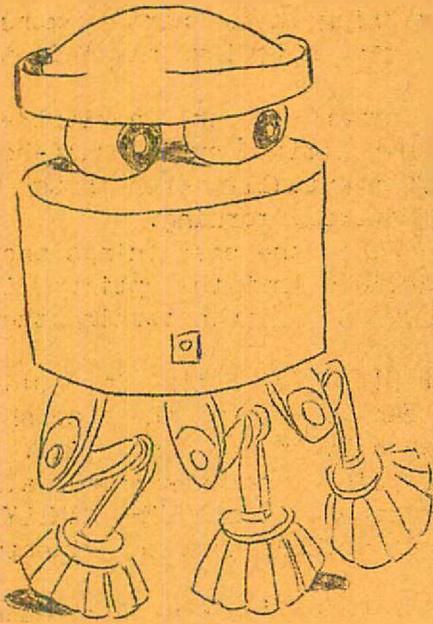
I used to prefer the adventure-suspense shows on TV, but they're now doing such excellent comedy-dramas that my favorites have changed to MAUDE, MARY TYLER MOORE, ALL IN THE FAMILY, M*A*S*H, etc. (I love Betty Garrett as the Bunkers' new neighbor. All these shows are so well-cast.) CALUCCI'S DEPT and ADAM'S RIB seem to be the best of the new season. The most surprising entry, I think, is THE GIRL WITH SOMETHING EXTRA, with its relatively adult treatment (so far, I hasten to add) of telepathy. It isn't quite a TV version of SLAN, nor does it overcome my dislike of John Davidson, but it does seem to be a cut above BEWITCHED and that ilk.

Miraculous Remedy Dept: The latest TV booklet describes "Jumping Over Puddles", a "Czechoslovakian film about a 10-year old boy who is cured of polio with the aid of friends who lend him a horse." Yet another of the unsung benefits of old-fashioned farm life?

You wanted to know if any of us Coulson fans are afraid to let on that we like things that you disapprove of. Well, to be truthful, I have a soft spot in my heart for gun control. Yes, I admit it. I tend to agree with Jack Wodhams that it is easier, both physically and psychologically, to kill someone with a gun than with a knife or other personal contact weapon. I've seen the statistic quoted that one is 5 times more likely to die if shot than if knifed. Additionally, a gun is a weapon of mass destruction. It's easy to shoot down 10 people. Harder to knife them or run them over or bludgeon them. Of course there are much easier methods, too: can we say Atom Bombs and Nerve Gas and Bacteriological Weapons Don't Kill People; People Kill People? Should scientists, engineers, and politicians feel no qualms about making and stockpiling them? Should anyone be able to buy them? The consensus appears to be that at some level of destructiveness public safety overrides individual liberty.

Handguns bear the brunt of the anti-gun pressure because their primary characteristics, portability and concealability, are useful mainly to those miscreants contemplating foul play, and presumably of minimal interest to those with a legitimate hunting or sporting interest. This is, I believe, the line of thought that leads people to say that handguns are made for shooting people. I would like some gun users to express their views on the following questions: Are there cases in hunting or target shooting where a handgun is more advantageous than a rifle? Does it make any difference whether we are speaking of the snub-nosed revolvers or automatics one sees most of the time on TV, or a longer-barrelled target pistol? Legislation so far has concentrated on the smallest (most easily concealed) and cheapest handguns. Most other projectile weapons, in addition to being generally less efficient, are either difficult to conceal (like bow and arrows) or practically impossible to regulate (like a slingshot).

A gun also seems an excessively dangerous method of defending oneself against burglars, muggers, or bullying husbands. In addition to the possibility of the gun's



being snatched away by one's assailant, who in anger and surprise may shoot his victim, a significant percentage of shootings are reported to be due to accidents involving only the gun owner and his family. (Not to mention the murders that occur in the heat of anger between friends or husband and wife because a gun is handy.) There have got to be better ways to protect yourself -- if you can't wield a knife then carry a canister of Mace in your purse and in a drawer at home -- something to reduce the risk of an accident causing a fatality.

Now I still haven't decided if all these arguments are enough to overcome the deprivation of civil liberties argument against prohibition of handguns. It seems better, in a controversial situation (whether it be prohibition of handguns, drugs, abortion, pornography, prostitution, or what have you), to allow people to go ahead and do whatever it is they're going to try to do on the sly anyway, and to keep Big Brother out of our lives as much as possible. On the other hand, in some cases such as

protection of minority rights, the government has to step on some of our individual rights to do as we please. Or so I believe.

[Devra is psychic; that explains it. // No, "anyone" shouldn't be allowed to buy nerve gas or bombs, or guns, and there are quite adequate laws on the books right now to prevent "anyone" from doing so. In the case of guns, they aren't enforced, but passing another law isn't going to help that situation. Anyone with a record of past felonies is prohibited by federal law from buying a handgun. I'm not sure about the firearms status of mental illness; such people should be prevented from buying guns (or sharp objects), but I doubt if they are. There are target matches specifically for handguns. There are cases in hunting where a handgun is an advantage, but I have no personal experience of any such. The "Saturday Night Special" could be dispensed with as far as I'm concerned (though you'd have to put some clause in to allow those with police approval -- plainclothesmen, bank messengers, etc. -- to carry them). I'd have approved the recent Bayh bill except that he was going to allow the Secretary of the Treasury to make the definition of just what a "Saturday Night Special" was. Aside from this being unconstitutionally vague, I am violently opposed to letting an appointed official ban anything he feels like. I'll make no objection to a bill banning purchase of any modern firearm with a barrel length less than, say, 4 inches, except for the above special cases. It won't do anything to stop murders, but it won't do anyone much harm and will make the liberals happy. As far as target shooting goes, you can target shoot with anything. I understand Sweden has matches for submachine guns, and allows civilians to own such weapons, and I've never heard of Sweden being considered such a violent society. (They do have a lot of suicides, but a submachine gun is an awkward thing to commit suicide with so I doubt if many are used that way. My whole point is that we're legislating against effects rather than causes.) RSC] [If I recall media accounts correctly, Bremer never should have been permitted to purchase a firearm -- according to present law. A comfort, I'm sure, to Governor Wallace. The irony being the gun could be traced, to a law-breaking dealer. The clamor, though, was not to throw the book at the dealer who broke the law, but to pass new laws. The problem seems far more involved than either extreme pro and con factions accept. Urban/rural,

libertarian (in the original sense)/ strictivist, and a very old philosophical conflict between those who believe major changes in human behavior can be worked via legislation, and those who don't. I don't believe we can hope for any speedy solution to the question. JWC]

Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce TX 75428

Yandro 222, arrived and I am pleased to see that I am part of it. I feel like a medieval artisan who has added his own gargoyle to a great cathedral. Speaking of gargoyles, it remains to be seen whether the prediction made in point #8 of my letter will prove accurate. Time will tell.

Locus 148 arrived and I am reasonably well satisfied with the Hugo selections. Every one of the winners, with the exception of "The Meeting", was either my first or my second choice. I suppose my attitude ought to be that it shows how perceptive and discerning the voters are, since they agree so well with my selections; but, while there are many suitable fannish precedents for such an attitude, it does seem to be going a little too far. And it would preclude my disagreeing with next year's choices, should they be less in agreement with my own.

And I see that Jerry Pournelle did win after all. My feeling of satisfaction is such that I'll refrain from disagreeing with some of the comments you made following my letters. Besides which I'm getting a little tired of that argument anyway, and I'll bet you are too.

I'll try hard to stay out of the line of fire between you and Wodhams, re guns. I don't own a gun myself, and have never shot one. I think of them as dangerous, for me, considering my ineptness with mechanical devices, but I'm not going to argue with those who don't feel the same way (particularly when they are the ones who have the guns). I feel much the same way about cars -- now cars are dangerous. I've never been able to buy the argument that "Cars don't kill people, people kill people." Nonsense, those things are out to get us. But I tolerate car-owners. I had better. Almost everyone I know falls into that category. And I wouldn't dream of trying to outlaw cars, just because I don't trust them. So why should I try to outlaw guns, just because in that case, it seems more feasible, politically, to do so?

I do think that it is a shame that the provocative nature of his remarks about guns have caused the remainder of his letter (the one in #218) to be overlooked. His remarks on the Apollo program seem sensible. The problem is convincing people in general of the worth of space exploration. How to do it? I wish I knew.

[I'd be willing to have a safety test required before anyone is allowed to handle a firearm, but considering the parallel case of driver's licenses and auto accidents, I doubt if it would be worth the expense of administering it. RSC] [Well, I noticed Wodhams' remarks on the space program, and if anything he didn't go far enough. It's the fashion to sneer disparagingly whenever a spokesman for the program enthuses that Apollo (in particular) and Skylab are the most important things our species has done since discovering speech and fire. But I very much agree with them. I'm sadly aware I'm in a minority, but I persist in my belief and can only hope within a generation or so the fact will come home to others. JWC]



Jerry Kaufman, 622 W. 114th St., Apt 52A,
New York NY 10025

I like your typos. They give me food

for thought. Two issues ago it was the mistake in Bruce's column that allowed me to talk about "chees playing" (which you typoed in my letter in such a way as to blow the joke). Now, in his reply to my letter, Buck says about fandom, "...it uncludes such a delightful assortment of screwballs." Which group am I uncluded out? I always thought we had a lot of nuts in fandom, but if they're uncluded, it must be quieter than I thought.

Have you ever read MISS LONELYHEARTS, Juanita? You sound rather like the main character in that, though I hope you don't let yourself get carried away as he did. (My own interpretation of the ending, which was a little obscure to me, was that he died to give Salvation to others, and cosmic, all-inclusive Love.)

About this nominating stuff...I'm pretty confused. Who is Keith Freeman? In Andy Porter's newszine Chronicle, I was listed as one of Peter Roberts' nominators, and Seth McEvoy was the other American listed. But when I was at Mike Glicksohn's apartment after Torcon, he showed me an official TAFP ballot, (which I haven't seen since) which listed Michael and several others as nominators. (I don't remember you being another, but I don't remember the other names at all.) The other nominee was Pete Weston. I remember Andy Porter and Charlie Brown being two of his nominators. There was no Keith Freeman. I don't know what is going on.

The religion of at least three of the men deeply involved in the Watergate scandal is Christian Scientist. This seems like quite a large percentage, since I have never known a Christian Scientist personally. (I did once know a Jehovah's Witness. Does that help?)

I have one major divergence from Lee and Dean on the subject of handguns. I cannot really believe that they were designed as sport guns, strictly for target practice, and then perverted into weapons. That they are legitimate sports, umm, tools? I won't deny. I've fired pistols at targets (rarely, I must admit) so I know that I get pleasure from the things pushing back, and making those little holes in the paper. But somehow I find it hard to believe that this was why they were made light enough to carry, but powerful enough to... Of course they protect people, of course you can kill a snake or even a deer with one (if you lean against a tree, brace your arm, and squeeze). The damn thing protects because the attacker knows it kills, and the gun kills deer because it has a bullet more massive than a twenty-two rifle bullet. I can go no farther than this, because my gun expertise is nothing compared with anybody else's in this argument, except maybe Jack Wodhams'; but this question of the design and function of the handgun, sport versus killing, seemed to be interpreted ass-backwards. I wouldn't mind if somebody gave me some evidence, but Lee and Dean just talked about how it is used now, besides killing. If they told me things about weight, handling, etc., or quoted some designers of handguns, I'd tend to listen to them. (Were dueling pistols the first handguns? Are CO2 powered target guns ever fatal? Are Zip Guns ever designed for the fun of it? Or are these irrelevant questions?)

This has been a recurrent Yandro argument. In ten years we'll be arguing about laser pistols, I think, and we'll be stating things in the same terms.

[I don't know what's going on with TAFP. I suppose Bentcliffe -- or Roberts' other backers -- asked several people and just picked the required numbers out of replies, and Bentcliffe was my only source for saying that Freeman had entered. But as long as I'm not listed as Roberts' nominator I can cheerfully back Weston, which is all to the good from my point of view.// On handguns, they were originally designed to kill people. So were knives, and they're still being used for the purpose. If you want to ban everything that was originally designed for killing, that's one thing; Wodhams wouldn't agree to that. (I wouldn't either, as a matter of fact, but it is at least a logical position.) Or you can admit that guns today are designed for a variety of purposes. You could kill someone with an Olympic "free pistol", but it would be an awkward weapon for the purpose (not to mention an expensive one). Similarly, you could kill

someone with an ordinary table knife; Ray Beam managed to gorily stab himself in the hand with one at a Midwestcon years ago, proving the possibility. (Throats are generally softer than hands.) But neither the table knife nor the Olympic target pistol is designed for use on people.] [Sorry about the typo spoiling your joke. It's been a hard year's night... JWC]

Florence Stevenson

I was delighted to receive your nice letter and the copies of Yandro. I was so pleased by your review of CURSE, which happens to be my favorite of my books -- because it was such fun putting everything in. However, the Gothick writers to whom it was sent for squibs of approval didn't approve, nor did book clubs, nor did magazines (i.e. Cosmopolitan, Redbook, Ladies Home Journal). The editors all said they laughed but what would happen if they wanted to print a real gothic after mine? They didn't take the chance.

I know my "Kitty Telefairs" aren't well-distributed -- because I hardly ever find them myself. What can you do? As it happens there are soon to be five -- an epic called WINE OF SATAN (tentative title) is in the works. It's about -- well, what do you think wine of Satan is? A beverage that vampires love. (I admit to doing a little borrowing from CURSE on that one -- because I happened to have liked Uncle Finnegan.) The other "Kitty Telefairs" are WITCHING HOUR, WHERE SATAN DWELLS, ALTAR OF EVIL, MIS' TRESS OF DEVIL'S MANOR. I have coming out with Signet KILMENY IN THE DARK WOOD (Aa little more serious than my other Gothicks). It should arrive around Xmas.

Currently, I am in the process of writing another Gothic -- which my publishers wanted to be a "real Gothic", but I simply cannot help putting in squibs of humor -- so I told them I must and they say okay. It won't be as broad as CURSE, though.

Tell your wife that she ought to perservere -- nobody should be expected to write a real, straight Gothic -- but on the other hand, if she can, she will probably make the best-seller lists, because it's the exclusive straights who rule the world. I think it's delightful having a book-executive villain. P.G. Wodehouse once wrote a detective story in which the villains turned out to be the two fellows on the front of the book (Grosset & Dunlap or some such).

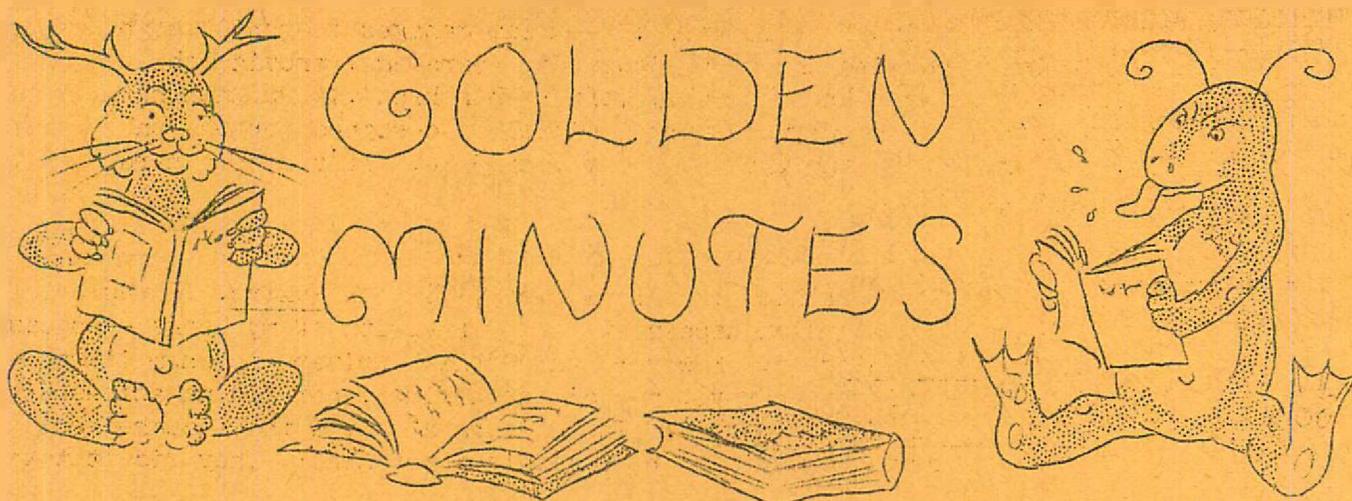
Since Miss Norton was kind enough to recommend my book I feel I should keep the chain moving by mentioning to you a book called THE GLASS HARMONICA, written by Barbara Nynde Byfield (MacMillan), which reminds me of your letter head re Crusaders. Her book was almost instantly remaindered -- which was wrong, because it's delightful. I called her up (I don't know her) and she said it's coming out in paperback. It also deserves lots of attention and she's an excellent artist. Her address is 133 Christopher St., NYC. The book is a sort of pixilated encyclopedia.

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

We've been picking lemons off some dying, abandoned trees down in a nearby ditch. Many trees haven't a leaf left on them and the bark is turning black (lemon bark is normally a dusty green), so I don't think they'll survive another year. The lemons on them are great, though they wouldn't sell in a supermarket. Instead of being big, oval, brilliant yellow and waxy (and half rind) like store lemons, they're stunted, egg-sized, spherical, dull yellow with brown splotches, and have dry, smooth skin. And they're almost all juice and pulp, with paper-thin skins. The skins tear to pieces as I juice them. We pick as many as possible, squeeze the juice and freeze it. The best lemonade we've had in a long time, and the price is right.

I read in the paper that the residents of the tract are petitioning the city to clear the trees, since the abandoned grove is used as "a place of sexual activity." Gad. Why anyone would go into the grove to hump amongst the thorny lemon trees and tall weeds when there are much more convenient places, I don't know. At any rate I'm gathering lemons while I may.

Just heard a commercial for Quasar tv sets. I love that choice of name. Quasar... nobody knows just what it is, and it emits radiation like crazy.



FANTASY CLASSICS #1, 2, & 3 [Fantasy House, 6045 Vineland Avenue, North Hollywood CA 91606 - \$1.95 each] I'm not sure whether to call this a book series or a magazine, but since we don't run promag reviews I'll put it in here. Size is 8 1/2 x 11, 44 or 48 pages, stiff paper covers. The blurbs call these "full length novels" but the blurbs are about as accurate as the old magazines where some of these were first published. In each volume you get one novelet, with one or more short stories to fill up the pages. #1 features Arthur Machen's "The Terror", one of his best stories and one not readily available in this country. (I have it in a British paperback collection of his works, where it takes up 90 pages.) Filling out the last couple of pages is Richard Garnett's "Elixir of Life", which I'd never encountered before. #2 contains "Werewolf" by Clemence Housman, which is blurbed as the classic werewolf story. Classic or not, it's incredibly bad writing, even considering that it was a pioneer effort. "The Diamond Lens" by Fitz-James O'Brien, comes across much better, even though I believe it's an older story, and the first ever written on a theme which Ray Cummings later ran well into the ground. Shorter works include "The Plant Thing" by R. G. Macready (terrible writing; I would guess it's from a 1930s horror mag), "The Third Thumb-Print" by Mortimer Leviton (creaky science-fiction of the "mad scientist" sort, but moderately interesting) and "The Tortoise-Shell Cat" by Grege la Spina (an excellent were-beast story). #3 features "The Obsidian Ape" by Robert Neal Leath, reprinted from a pulp called All-American Fiction. It's a lost-race story, and its pulp origins are painfully obvious, but it's still rather fun to read, and certainly you aren't going to find it anywhere else. Artwork in the three volumes varies tremendously. The cover on #1, by John Pound, is excellent; that on #2, by Phil Garis, is a bit comic booky but still quite good; and the #3 cover, by Gerry Mooney, would be rejected by most comics fanzines. On interiors, Kline is fairly good in #1, the unsigned artist who illustrated the Housman story in #2 knows less about human anatomy than I do, but Jim Garrison has a nice illo for the Leviton story, and in #3 Mooney varies from adequate to awful (they picked his absolute worst drawing for the cover, for some inscrutable reason). The price on these is pretty high for the amount of reading you get; it's due to the economics of publishing rather than to greed, but might make you think twice about buying. I would incline to say that #1 and 3 are worth the money to anyone interested in elderly fantasy; #2 is only for people who want a complete set of the publications.

NIGHTBIRDS OF NANTUCKET, by Joan Aiken [Dell Yearling, 75 cents] WOLVES is the THE WOLVES OF WILLOUGHBY CHASE, by Joan Aiken [Dell Yearling, 75 cents] oldest of these, and the poorest; NIGHTBIRDS is an excellent juvenile novel. Both are fantastic, but neither is, strictly speaking, fantasy. Proper age level for readers would be ten or twelve, at a guess; NIGHTBIRDS is sort of fun even for an older reader because of its frank impossibilities (the villain has contrived a cannon to shoot from Nantucket Island to England to assassinate the King, and the islanders are afraid the recoil will knock the island loose from its moorings and scoot it into New York harbor).

TRULLION: ALASTOR 2262, by Jack Vance [Ballantine, \$1.25] Another of Vance's original and exotic worlds, livened by an interesting if rambling story and an invented game -- hussade -- which seems to be a totally wild variant of soccer. The major part of the book concerns the local hussade league, with complications from gypsies, pirates, and problems in retaining the Old Homestead. It's a fun book.

THE BRAVE FREE MEN, by Jack Vance [Dell, 95 cents] The second book in the Durdane series; Etwane gains control of his country, defeats the invaders, and learns that this is only the beginning. Again, it's a good book, though you should read THE ANOME before trying it.

ALL THE GODS OF EISERNON, by Simon Lang [Avon, 95 cents] After a few pages of this I decided it was one more version of the Viet Nam war tossed into the future and I almost quit reading, which would have been a mistake. The parallels with Viet Nam are strong, but there are plenty of other items of interest here. Characterization is good; the war is a three-sided affair, and the author almost manages to make all three races seem real and three-dimensional. The major part of the story concerns the plight of the locals when two super-powers collide on their soil, and it's very well handled. The story isn't handled quite well enough to be a Hugo contender, but for a first novel it's very promising.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS, by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., [Daw, 95 cents] There is a lot of art-colony background here, but the only statements made on art are facile generalizations. Story is composed of intrigue, a homily on race relations, and a problem for the hero to solve. Lightweight but moderately entertaining.

PANDORA'S PLANET, by Christopher Anvil [Daw, 95 cents] More or less humorous piece about the sharpies from Earth trying to take over a rather stupid galactic empire. Eric Frank Russell used to do this sort of thing much better, but Anvil gets in some good points -- such as that a lesser intelligence which applies itself can outwit someone who is sharp but unwilling to work at it. Moderately recommended, even if you've read the novelet it's based on.

THE DRACULA ARCHIVES, by Raymond Rudorff [Pocket Books, 95 cents] The author is doing for Dracula what Farmer has been doing for Tarzan and Doc Savage; filling in the blanks and providing historical documentation -- mainly by retelling the stories of Countess Bathory and Count Vlad. It's not a bad book if you like the type; don't let the atrocious cover scare you off.

ARDOR ON AROS, by Andy Offutt [Dell, 95 cents] A none-too-serious pastiche of Burroughs' Mars series. (It's a little too serious to be called a parody, but neither is it the sort of thing which requires suspension of disbelief for enjoyment.) I do wish Andy would pick a different sort of story when he wants to toss in a speech on his ideas on society, but it's still an entertaining story.

RIGHT-HANDED WILDERNESS, by Robert Wells [Ballantine, \$1.25] A future-world detective story in which the suspense is well handled but the explanation leaves one feeling a bit gyped. Several sub-plots, including one borrowed from LOLITA, wander around but somehow never seem very real. Moderately entertaining, but flawed.

CANDLE IN THE SUN, by Robert Wells [Berkley, 75 cents] This came out two years ago; I read it when I got Wells' later book. It's a rather strange novel. Parts must be symbolic because read straight they don't make a lot of sense, but I'm not sure what they might be symbolic of. Different, anyway.

WANDOR'S RIDE, by Roland Green, [Avon, 75 cents] An adequate but not exceptional sword-and-sorcery yarn, which unfortunately appears to be the first book in a series. The plot is interesting enough; but Bertan Wandor has all the character and realism of a cigar-store Indian, and the lady Gwynna is a fit partner for him.

THE GODMAKERS, by Frank Herbert [Berkley, 95 cents] If you read fast, you might think this concerns the making of a God via psi-powers. If you think things over, you'll realize that all the god-making is doubletalk, but it's still a somewhat entertaining adventure story.

THE HALFLING, by Leigh Brackett [Ace, \$1.25] One reason I have such a low opinion of swords-and-sorcery and stories of exotic worlds is that the first ones I read were by Leigh Brackett and very few other authors can measure up to her standards. (Jack Vance and L. Sprague de Camp are the only ones who can equal Brackett more or less regularly.) The title story has a plot borrowed from the private eye genre; the tough guy who is in love with the villainess and in the end has to choose between shooting her and letting her get away with her murders. But Brackett does it so well, and works in the problem of implacable racial enmity, and it becomes tragedy instead of melodrama. "The Dancing Girl of Ganymede" has much the same idea (too much similarity for them to be published one right after the other) but isn't as well done. "The Citadel of Lost Ages" is much like some of the things Vance has done (but Brackett did them first); conflict in the far future when our science is a memory. "All The Colors of the Rainbow" is a fairly simple race story; quite well written. "The Shadows" is pretty straight science fiction; landing on an alien planet and trying to discover what parts of it are dangerous and what parts are helpful. "Enchantress of Venus" is one of her John Stark series, and I was never all that fond of Stark -- but compared to some of the stuff you get now in swords-and-sorcery, this is pure art. "The Lake of the Gone Forever" is another story with an impressive mood; the central character coming back to the world his father betrayed. And "Truants" is again science fiction, with very little mood at all but a rather cute idea. Most of the stories are novelets; you get a total of 350 pages for your money. All in all, this is the best science fiction of the month.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HORSE, by Larry Niven [Ballantine, \$1.25] Most of this one is devoted to the stories of Svetz and the Institute of Temporal Research, which keeps making flights of fancy rather than time traveling. The title story, "Leviathan", "Bird In The Hand", "There's A Wolf In My Time Machine", and "Death In A Cage" chronicle the confusing missions of the confused Temporal Researchers. "Flash Crowd" is science fiction; not only is there a fairly convincing technology of teleportation, but there is an extremely realistic story of what teleportation would do for -- or to -- the average man. And "What Good Is A Glass Dagger" is a sequel to "Not Long Before The End" and explains why magic doesn't work any more. A good collection.

MISTER DA V., by Kit Reed [Berkley, 75 cents] Her first collection, I believe, and about time. This includes the title story, (da Vinci brought forward in time by an Establishment type with no understanding of creativity), "To Be Taken In A Strange Country" (culture shock and a unique mating ritual), "Devotion" (anthropomorphism extended to false teeth; Reed has a weirder imagination than most fantasy writers), "The Reign of Tarquin the Tall" (one of the odder households in fiction), "Ordeal" (how to become a man -- with a nice psychological twist at the end), "Judas Bomb" (the generation gap carried to extremes), "Piggy" (the source of inspiration?), "The New You" (cosmetics extrapolated), "Automatic Tiger" (the folly of propping one's personality on external trappings), "I Am Through With Bus Trips" (the growing up of a tomboy; surreal but not fantasy), "Golden Acres" (old age in the future -- or in the present?), "At Central" (entertainment extrapolated), and "Janell Harmon's Testament" (the ultimate work ethic). Reed is unusual in science fiction because she can relate her fiction to the present without preaching and while keeping the story interesting.

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, by John Brunner [Daw, 95 cents] A short story collection. Includes "The Biggest Game" (hunting the hunter), "The Trouble I See" (the uses and mis-uses of telepathy), "An Elixir for the Emperor" (the problem of everlasting life), "Wasted On The Young" (a new economic and social system and the punishment fits the

crime), "Even Chance" (which side are you on? when you don't even know who's fighting...), "Planetfall" (the envy of the different, or the grass is always greener...), "Judas" (the God of the machines), "The Vitauls" (one of the more unusual possibilities of overpopulation), "Factsheet Six" (the fine art of prognostication), "Fifth Commandment" (the new supermen), "Fairy Tale" (a lovely piece of imagination about fairies and happy stars and jealous planets), "The Inception of the Epoch of Mrs Bedonebyasyoudid" (which was published in Quark, if you're wondering about the title; Quark bought things by title rather than content, though this item on racial revenge is written in the approved style as well), and "The Oldest Glass" (the mirror of Life). There is some rather obvious philosophy in this collection, but mostly it's for entertainment, not education, and quite entertaining it is.

INFINITY FIVE, edited by Bob Hoskins [Lancer, 95 cents] "The Science Fiction Hall of Fame" by Bob Silverberg, parodies the common themes of stf. ("The civil war has already started on E deck.") "In Between Then and Now", by Arthur Byron Cover, manages to reduce gods to the status of adolescents without adding anything to our insight or even being amusing. "Kelly, Fredric Michael: 1928 - 1987", by William F. Nolan, is a horrid little bit about a man being drained of information by aliens. "Nostalgia Tripping", by Alan Brennert, is a pointless little bit about man's longing for the Good Old Days. "She/Her", by Robert Thurston, is a good little item narrated by an alien first discovering humans. "Thrashing", by Barry Malzberg, is about the madness of assassins, and as uninformative as most of Malzberg's stuff. "Hello, Walls and Fences", by Russell Bates, is about artistic integrity -- or any kind of integrity -- and is very nicely calculated to fit the product which is New Wave science fiction. I wonder if Bates thought about that while he was selling the story? "Free At Last", by Ron Goulart, is one of Goulart's typically wild and wacky futures. "Changing of the Gods", by Terry Carr, is a nicely damning diatribe against current society, except that it's hard for me to get interested in a story where every character is an idiot. "Interpose", by George Zebrowski, is a religious story which may have great emotional impact (I wouldn't know about that...) but makes no particular sense. "Grayworld", by Dean R. Koontz, is a novelet of a man who undergoes the inexplicable, the secret locked in his unavailable memories; a reasonably good adventure story. And "Isaac Under Pressure", by Scott Edelstein, is a cute idea with no story behind it. I thought Clarion was supposed to teach people how to write, not just how to regurgitate raw ideas on paper? Overall, I've read much better, but the Thurston, Carr, and Goulart stories are good, and Nolan and Koontz are at least readable.

IMAGINARY WORLDS, by Lin Carter [Ballantine, \$1.25] Non-fiction. Lin discusses those writers who create worlds of their own. (He says this is the central tradition of fantasy, which is worth as much -- no more -- as anyone else's opinion on the subject. Lin manages to tangle himself up properly by stating on page 5 that supernatural horror and science fiction both broke away from the central fantasy tradition, the supernatural story doing so about 1765. Then on page 8 he says that the central tradition derives from the romances of William Morris, who was born in 1834. Only in fantasy can a sub-genre break away from a central tradition that hasn't been formed yet.) There are a few other little oddities; Lin claims there were 26 "Tarzan" books, 25 by Burroughs and 1 by Leiber. There were also 5 by "Barton Werper", but he ignores them; admittedly they weren't "official", for whatever that's worth, but they were Tarzan novels. And he isn't sure just what Tolkien wrote, referring to it as "Tolkien's book" on page 117 (it was three books) and "the trilogy" on page 119 (it was not a trilogy or anything near it). Well, I assume he mostly has his facts right, and his opinions are as good as the next person's, if no better. This is a long way from a definitive book on fantasy and its writers, but it's a beginning.

COOKING OUT OF THIS WORLD, by Anne McCaffrey [Ballantine, \$1.50] Recipes from science fiction writers -- which is not the same thing as science fiction recipes, though a few of them seem pretty fictional. Mostly, Anne took her recipes from members of SEWA, though a few non-members like Sandra Miesel also made it into the book. The

recipes are published in alphabetical order by author, but there is an index if you want to look up "chowders" or "squid with pine nuts" or whatever. Are they any good? How should I know? I'm no cook.

ONLY A LITTLE PLANET, edited by David Brower, photos by Martin Schweitzer, text by Lawrence Collins [Ballantine/Friends of the Earth, \$4.95] Similar to Ballantine's Sierra Club reprints except this is larger -- 8 1/2 x 11 instead of 6 1/2 x 9 1/2 -- and costs more. The text is poetic and pretty blah, but that's par for these things. (Once in a while you get some good text -- "The dark can be soft and come down softly but on concrete it comes down bang and lies there" isn't even an accurate observation, but it's a nice bit of word-play.) The important part of the book is the photos, and Schweitzer is good. Not as good as Eliot Porter, but good. Personally I'd have traded the whole text for some identification of the photos, but one can't have everything. It's a lovely book, and recommended.

DOWN AMONG THE WILD MEN, by John Greenway [Atlantic Press/ Little, Brown & Co. \$12.50] I got mine at a discount through Natural Science Book Club, largely because I have three of Greenway's folk records (and because the jacket notes on "The Cat Came Back" showed that he could write entertainingly). It's a great book. Ostensibly it concerns several trips into Australia's "outback" to record the customs of the aborigines, but Greenway uses this as a springboard for commenting on anything that strikes his fancy; college students, Australia's roads, religion, crime, etc. Warning; the author is considerably more right-wing than I am, so if I get your hackles up now and then, approach this with caution. Greenway does not hesitate to say precisely what he thinks. ("If I say Dr. Richard A. Gould of the American Museum of Natural History is full of prunes (a euphemism in deference to my editor's delicacy), you can be certain that an autopsy upon him (which should take place immediately after I next see him) will scientifically disclose an extraordinary medical phenomenon -- that he was composed largely of prunes. Do not argue with me in my margins about these things." He admits to an occasional inconsistency; the major one that I noticed is that after characterizing himself as a misanthrope and the average human being as an asshole, he defends DDT on the grounds that it has saved a billion lives -- another billion people to trample his archaeological sites and contribute to the decay of his hometown. (DDT is a disaster and the more lives it saves the bigger a disaster it is, but Greenway is too much swayed by consensus morality to admit it.) Anyway, inconsistent or not, it's a great book, from his description of "impossible" archaeological finds to the time when he and a companion were examining aboriginal paintings in a cave and their light went out. His companion asked him to keep talking so they wouldn't get separated, but he preferred to sing. ("The Death of Floyd Collins", of course; which proves the value of being a professional folklorist. I'd have been stuck with something like "Dark As a Dungeon", which isn't nearly as appropriate -- of course, I'd also have been stuck with the fact that I can't sing...) Highly recommended; if your library doesn't have this one, go buy a copy.

WESTVIKING, by Farley Mowat [McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., \$4.95] I don't know if there is a US paperback edition of this one or not; I got this in Toronto because I have wanted it for some time and couldn't afford the hardcover. It's the account of Viking settlements in Iceland and Greenland, and voyages to America. Mowat's particular theory is controversial, but seems logical enough. Aside from sneering at modern tendencies in naming (such as retitling "Famish Gut" to a more genteel -- and banal -- "Fair Haven"), he doesn't wander as far afield as Greenway, but the story itself is quite interesting enough. (Loads of names for you in here, Sandra; Thorbjorg Ship-Bosom, Eyjolf the Foul, Thord Bellow, Ulf the Squinter, and my favorite, Snaebjorg Hog.) On quality, there's very little to choose between this book and Greenway's; it wouldn't hurt you to read them both.

... And coming next month, a new classic by Basil Wells...



Breakthrough [Henry Bitman, PO Box 968, Azusa CA 91702 - irregular - free] The author mentions that he decided on publishing his own fanzine because of "hard luck in getting my material published elsewhere". If all your writing is as euphuistically turgid as this, luck had nothing to do with your difficulties, Henry. (For an example, "Poem" is defined as "a verbally symmetrical, audio-metrical indirect aesthetic illusion." This sort of fustian might delight a few English majors, but it's still garbage.) This issue is devoted to definitions such as the above, backed by tedious logic, plus a piece of fiction which is incredibly bad even for fan work.

Rating.....1

FYSK VI:#7 [Victor Cassara, Virginia State Penitentiary, 500 Spring St., Richmond VA 23219 - monthly - \$2.50 per year] A publication of the inmates of the Virginia State Penitentiary. Mostly, of course, it is for as well as by inmates; it's a good look at the insider's view of prison, and if you get your ideas about prison from tv, it might do you good to get a copy. There are occasional errors in English ("couragingly" for "courageously") but in general the writers express themselves better than

the average citizen.

#16

Smile Awhile^ [Florence Jenkins, 13335 S. Vermont Ave., Gardena CA 90247] The Alcoholics Anonymous fanzine. A sort of newsletter for readers, many of whom are in prison, and most of whom are probably more interested in the doings of their fellow readers than, say, I am. Plus lots of uplifting poems and phrases. Not as "literate" as FYSK, but more single-minded.

#7

The Mystery Trader^ [Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL, United Kingdom - 4/\$1.25, airmail \$2] A sale list, reviews, and letters. No articles this time; one of these days I'll send the one I promised, Ethel. RealSoonNow. This would seem to be ideal for the mystery fan.

T-Negative #21, #10 [Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417 - irregular - 50 cents] #10 has been reprinted; ST fans are still coming out of the woodwork, it seems. #10 featured stories by Jacqueline Lichtenberg and Juanita; #21 has one story, but is largely composed of articles, letters, reviews, a puzzle, and various odds and ends. The best of the ST fanzines that I've seen.

Under the Sign of Pisces VI:#3 [Richard Centing, 111 W. Hudson Apt. 1-C, Columbus OH 43202 - quarterly - \$3 a year] These are not strictly fanzines; they're academic literary magazines. Centing gave them to me at a Columbus club meeting, after I confessed a total ignorance of Anais Nin. (If you're equally ignorant, she was a writer, beloved by the sort of people who enjoy little literary magazines -- of which I am not one, obviously.) There's an excerpt from her writings in Circle, which impressed me as being deliberately "precious". Circle is primarily poetry and fiction; Sign is primarily essays and reviews. Both emphasize Anais Nin and her circle of acquaintances.

Ohioana Quarterly [The Martha Kinney Cooper Ohioana Library Assoc., 1109 Ohio Depts. Bldg., Columbus OH 43215 - sub through membership, memberships \$7.50 per annum] I also got this from Centing. It combines material on history, literature, and education, and seems to be mostly book reviews this time around. (I learned something; an article on Ambrose Bierce mentions "his early years in rural Meigs County, Ohio, and Kosciusko County, Indiana." I grew up in Kosciusko County; do you suppose there is something in the air there that affects people?)

The Salt Lake City Messenger #35 [Modern Microfilm Co., Box 1884, Salt Lake City UT 84110] An ex-Mormon devoting his time to "exposing" the religion. Mostly wasted on me, since I never believed any of it anyway.

Star-Borne V2#8 and 9 [S.T.A.R., PO Box 886, Dearborn MI 48120] Two or three fans at Torcon complained about the staples in Yandro culling loose. This fanzine avoids little problems like that by not having staples to begin with. It also has original layouts that should be the envy of Jerry Lapidus. Otherwise, it's a "Star Trek" newsletter. Seems to do the job quite adequately.

Tabebuian #6, 7 [Mardee Jenrette, Box 374, Coconut Grove, Miami FL 33133 - \$1/6 - British agent Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts.; Australiagent, Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW, 2776] Closer to Stefantasy than any other fanzine I can think of. Small (smaller than Stef), offset as opposed to letterpress, and devoted not at all to either science fiction or to fandom, but to oddities of the world in general. Enjoyable.

Tandstikkerzeitung #3, 4 [Don Markstein, 2425 Nashville Ave., New Orleans LA 70115 - trade, loc, or "other"] More or less entertaining editorial ramblings; I enjoyed it but find nothing much to say about it. About 10 pages worth.

Starship Tripe #3, 4 [Michael Gorra, 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford CT 06385 - irregular - loc, contrib, trade, 35 cents] As more material and letters come in, and Gorra gets more practice in publishing, this begins to shape up into a fairly standard type fanzine and out of the "neofanzine" class. Very heavy on reviews, though. (I should talk?) A plea is made in #3 for interlineations to help fill those awkward spaces at the bottom of pages that are the bane of all fan-editors. Rating.....3

Powermad #2, 3 [SP4 Bruce D. Arthurs, 527-98-3103, 57th Trans Co, Fort Lee VA 23801 - every six or eight weeks - for the usual or an 8 cent stamp] Personalzine. Quite a bit on life in the new army, which makes me just as happy that I never had any military experience. (Shooting at people and vice versa wouldn't have bothered me nearly as much as the daily routine, and trying to get along with my fellow soldiers.)

Loco No address on this Locus parody, but since it's pushing DeepSouthCon and the paper looks familiar, I suspect Meade Frimson. Very good except for the con'report.

Parenthesis #2, 3, 4 [Frank Balazs, 10 High St., Croton-on-Hudson NY 10520 - contrib, trade, loc] Personalzine plus letters. Muchly on NasFic, plus an attempt to boost Thomas Burnett Swann. (I'll go along with that, not that I think it will get anywhere; my attempt didn't. But then I'm too lazy to make much of an effort to get anyone a Hugo.) But stay away from blue-green paper, Frank; it's hard to read, especially with light mimeoing.

Perceptions #2 [Warren J. Johnson, 151 Harrison St., Geneva IL 60134 - bimonthly - the usual or 35 cents] All editor-written except the letters, but hardly a personalzine because it's all serious commentary on science fiction and nobody's personality is like that, is it? Anyway, there are loads of book reviews. Terrible book reviews. Johnson's taste isn't bad; given enough practice in writing he'll do quite well, but

as of now the writing is horribly awkward. The verse has the same defect and I didn't try the fiction. However, most fans start out the same way -- it's more noticeable when the neofan is trying to be serious, but it's not an irrevocable handicap. Give him some time to improve. Rating.....1

Oxytocic #7 [Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria VA 22302 - contrib, trade, loc, or 25 cents] First multi-colored dittoing I recall seeing in some time. Unfortunately he doesn't get the results that Adkins and Pearson used to achieve on Sata (but then, except for Bo Stenfors, nobody else ever got them, either). Now if he would just save his blue masters for illos and stick to purple or black for text it would be a lot more readable. More of the "Student Survival Manual", which is amusing, book reviews which I didn't bother with, and over half the mag devoted to letters. Rating.....4

The Anything Thing #6 [Frank Balazs, address above - irregular - loc, trade, contrib, five 8 cent stamps or 40 cents] General type; more fannish than serious. Rating.....5

Godless #4 [Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs, address above - irregular - trade, loc, review, or 35 cents] General type with strong editorial personality. Small but reasonably enjoyable. Rating.....5

Umbra #6 [c/o ASSFS, Box 350 DD Sunya, 1400 Washington Avenue, Albany NY 1222 - quarterly - 3/\$1 - contrib, review, loc] Club fanzine, sort of. Much humor, most of it a bit forced. Rather nostalgic; there used to be scores of fanzines like this. Rating.....3 1/2

Sugar Talk [Loren MacGregor, who didn't give his address] A one-shot, apparently produced at Torcon, where it was forced upon me. Actually, it's a cut above most one-shots because it contains a little actual entertainment for the reader. (The typical one-shot is produced entirely for the benefit of the editors.)

Sog #25 [Walter Stumper, 8764 New Hampshire, Saint Louis MO 63123 - 25 cents] News and reviews from the St. Louis comics group. Seems quite adequate; not being a comics fan I'm not up on the fine points of comics fanzines.

Rune #31 [Bev Swanson, 2301 Elliot Ave., S., Minneapolis MN 55404 - monthly - no price listed] Very small newsletter of the Minneapolis club. Usually something amusing in it.

Hi-Yo-SFPA, Away! [Meade & Penny Frierson, 3705 Woodvale Rd., Birmingham AL 35223] A one-shot (one hopes, anyway) of an index and general commentary on the SFPA mailings 34 thru 53.

Huitloxopetl 8.6 [Meade Frierson, address above] A combination letter-substitute, apazine, and Godknowswhat from one of the more interesting characters in Southern fandom.

The Unnamable #1 [Meade Frierson, see above] An apa devoted to Lovecraft? I am moderately croggled. Comments appear to be generally serious, though with Frierson it's sometimes hard to tell.

The Glass of the Five Jars #0 [Arthur Metzger, 1171 Neeb Road, Cincinnati OH 45238] Published for Apanage, it says, whatever that is, but seems more of an editor-written genzine; reviews, fiction, editorial. Very well reproduced but not very interesting.

I have a flyer from the Australia in '75 Committee, but the hell with that now.

Hello Again! [Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon OH 43567] Very thin SAPSzine. Major item is an account of a trip in a Ford Tri-Motor; the account isn't all that great, but it's an experience I'd like to have. One of these days (I'll probably

decide to go after the last one has been retired from service, if it hasn't been already.)

Vertigo #18 [Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Rd., Durham NC 27707 - 35 cents] Newsletter of Carolina fandom. Fascinating article on dime novels with an index of "Texas Jack" stories. I loved those titles, particularly "Texas Jack, the Prairie Rattler; or, the Queen of the Wild Horses". After a title like that, the story would have to be an anticlimax. Rating.....6

Note, if any newcomers wonder why some fanzines are rated and some aren't -- ratings are not given to personalzines, which are totally subjective, and to fanzines catering to special interests: "Star Trek", apas, and the like.

Locomotive #1 [Ken Gammage, Jr., 7865 E. Roseland Dr., La Jolla CA 92037] A fanzine to be composed entirely of letters. Since this is the first issue, it contains only two pages. An interesting experiment; personally I would guess that to get letters one must have something solid in at least the early issues to get people started.

By Owl Light #2, 3 [Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave., S.W., Seattle WA 98166 - trade or 8 cent stamp] Personal-type. Small, of varying interest depending on how closely my interests parallel Denton's. Not very closely, this time.

Forthcoming SF Books #14, 15 [Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson TX 77566 - bimonthly - \$1.50/6] Checklist for bibliophiles and fans wanting to know what to look for (or what they've missed, in some cases when publication is a bit late).

Karelia #1 [D. N. Hall, 202 Taylor Ave., Crystal City MO 63019 - free] This one is entirely devoted to classical music, an interest which I do not share at all. I enjoy listening to some classics; I do not enjoy reading about them.

Ouchi #1 [Ruth Berman, address above] A plea from Ruth for information on sf/fnal stories concerning chess. (She already knows all the ones I do.)

The Grimling Bosch [Harry R. Bell, 9 Eskdale Gdns., Lyndhurst Est., Low Fell, Gateshead, Co. Durham, NE9 6NS United Kingdom] Very small personal-type; don't recall seeing too many of this type from Britain.

Curse You, Red Baron! V#10 [Dick Eney, address probably in flux] Final issue, says Dick, as beautiful Viet Nam sinks behind the horizon. This is a sort of summing-up issue; interesting, as always.

Talking Stock #11 [Frank Denton, address above -- also Loren MacGregor, Box 636 Seattle WA 98111] Personalzine from two persons (I assume they are persons) which makes a small difference.

Jellybean Journal #6 [Nick A. Grassel, BJU BOX 34882, Greenville SC 29614 - 25 cents] A fanzine devoted to fanzine reviews; the only one such in this country, I believe. (Though that doesn't mean much, fanzines being as international as they are.) Neatly reproduced but not much content this time around.

The Raving Timmie Gazette [Meade Frierson - again?] Another letter substitute plus fanzine reviews plus mailing comments on the Cult plus con report. Some day I'll have to attend a southern con, just to see if Frierson is as weird in person as he is in print.

The Pointed Stake #8 [Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604] Another apazine, but with more the flavor of a personalzine. Collecting cat food labels? And I just called Frierson weird... But the idea for an "abortion"ship just outside Australia's territorial waters strikes me as a moneymaker for someone. A batch of interesting ideas

in here.

An untitled letter substitute from Eric Lindsay; doesn't seem reviewable.

Kosmic City Kapers #1 [Jeff May, Box 68, Liberty MO 64068 - irregular - trade, loc, contrib, 25 cents] General type. Emphasis on fannishness. Rating.....3

Awry #5 [Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive, Dr. #9, Duarte CA 91010 - contrib, loc, trade, six 8 cent stamps] Just possibly the best humor fanzine currently being published. The only semi-serious piece is Milt Stevens' account of the Anchorites. Milt is an obscure-history fan -- how much am I offered for my copies of (a) THE TEXAS NAVY and (b) THE STRUGGLE FOR THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE, 1717-1740, Milt? (They'll be reviewed in Yandro as soon as I get a chance to read them -- which will be right after I get to the volume on the siege of Kut which the DeWeeses gave me last Christmas.) Otherwise, you get everything from the saga of Dean Grennell's experiences with airlines to the secret formula for Carling Black Label Beer ("they ran it through the kidneys of a wolverine before bottling it") It's sold here, too, and I firmly agree. Its only competition is Drewerys, which is run through the kidneys of a Canadian Mountie.) Rating.....8

Gegenschein #9, 10 [Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia trade, contrib, loc, 50 cents] One of the few -- maybe the only -- Australian fanzine to contain general comments, both humorous and serious, on anything; not just science fiction or fandom. Subjects in here include speed reading (pro and con), spelling reform, religious science fiction, a defense of poetry, and various amounts of humor. Rating.....6

Since I Haven't Got Any Friends I Must Be Talking To Myself [Eric Lindsay, address above] Anzapa Publication. Personal comments, mailing comments, and sex.

And here is another untitled Anzapa publication on fanzine publishing; duplicating processes, inks, etc. Even includes a sample stencil. Probably valuable to the new publisher, though of course it's geared more toward Australian than US problems. Again it's by Lindsay, who was incredibly prolific those few months before his US trip...

Kangaroo Feathers #1 [David Grigg, PO Box 100, Carlton South, Victoria 3053, Australia - \$3/4] A reprint fanzine to cover the best of Australian fan publishing. Rotating editorship; each editor gets to select his favorite material for one issue, with David Grigg picking from Anzapa this round. Bangsund and Gillespie and Foyster have made such a name for serious critiques that it comes as a mild shock to read an entire Aussie mag filled with fannish material, but it's good enough. Rating.....6

The Terrean #101 [Meade Frierson - eek! - was to be next mailer] A TAPS mailing. This is one of the apas where everyone sends in his contribution and the official mailer collates and staples and mails out one contribution fanzine. This seems to be my last sample copy; thanks for the offer, but I said after the first sample that I wasn't interested.

It Comes In the Mail #5 [Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News VA 23605] Or "Mails", depending on whether you believe the cover or title page. Personalzine, commentary mostly on books, fanzines, and other such reading material. (Cereal boxes, milk cartons...)

The Neo-Fan's Guide [available from Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076 - 25 cents] This is the third edition of Tucker's classic, updated by the Lindas Bushyager and Lounsberry. Probably the best introduction to fandom ever written. (The two editions of Fancylopedia were more thorough, but their size discouraged attempts to learn much from them -- or discouraged mine, anyway. This can be

read in half an hour and the basic knowledge memorized in not much longer time.)

Grand Balloon [Binda Bushwacker, PO Box 24560, Los Angeles CA 90024] Somehow, Linda Bushyager managed to create a slight irritation in Los Angeles fan circles, and this parody is the result. It is occasionally more bitter than funny, but what the hell; so is fandom, sometimes. No address, unless you believe the one given above, so I do don't know where you can get a copy; Lois Newman handed me mine at Torcon, so you might go badger her for a copy. I know she'll appreciate it, especially if there aren't any copies left.

Inworlds #6, 7 [Bill Bowers, Box 148, Wadsworth OH 44281 - 25 cents] Letters, fanzine reviews, a few general comments.

The Penultimate Blimp #2 [Sue and Ron Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst 2076 Australia - loc, trade, spare reams of Aust 4to paper] Very small, personal-type.

Title #16 thru 19 [Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St Louis MO 63131 - I almost didn't quote an address, because there's no colophon; tsk, Donn, you're an old fan and tired and know better than that...JWC] A unique fanzine; discussions of everything from Shaver's deros to Wertham's non-violence, with the editor wielding a savage blue-pencil to winnow the nuggets from the chaff (do you think that could be the most mixed metaphor of all time?) and producing a highly entertaining magazine.

Rating.....8

Luna Monthly #47, 48 [Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell NJ 07649 - 40 cents] European stf news, lots of reviews, and an article or sooin a digest-size offset mag.

Rating.....5

Locus #144-thru 149 [Dena & Charlie Brown, Box 3938, San Francisco CA 94119 - 18/\$6] The leading newsletter of fandom. #149 has that ominous notice; Locus has become too successful and is becoming a problem to produce. Solutions are promised -- in time -- but I've noticed when a fanzine becomes a problem to produce it generally doesn't keep on being produced. (Yandro is an exception because Juanita, perverted soul that she is, enjoys running a mimeo, so it isn't strictly a case of egoboo versus effort.)

Rating.....6

Chronicle #1, 2, 3 [Andy Porter, Box 4175, New York NY 10017 - two 8 cent stamps or news, contrib] Since Locus emphasizes pro news, Andy wanted a newsletter for fan news (and besides, Locus wouldn't print his assault on the LACon financial report). In general, it seems to do a very good job, though even with minuscule typeface he can't cram all that much news onto one sheet. (Still, how much fan news -- as opposed to fan gossip -- is there to publish?) One minor correction: Leif Andersson (2 esses, Andy) is at Indiana University at Bloomington; Indiana State University is another and smaller institution at Terre Haute. (Midwest colleges aren't very imaginative.)

Rating.....5

Organlegger #6, 8 [Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342 - 25 cents] A west coast newsletter, though much of it is devoted to sniping at Andy Porter and Linda Bushyager. (Well, much of Chronicle was devoted to sniping at the LACon Committee; fair is fair, I guess. It was about time for another major feud in fandom, anyway.)

Rating.....4

Son of the WSFA Journal #91 thru 102 [Don Miller, 12515 Judson Road, Wheaton MD 20906 biweekly - 25 cents] Currently fandom's most frequently published fanzine, I believe. News, with emphasis on the Washington, D.C. club, reviews, occasionally letters or an article.

Rating.....4

The Gamesletter #50 thru 61 [Don Miller, see above - 25 cents 10/\$2] There is a continuing series on the Fischer-Spassky chess match, annotated by Don Cochran and Bob Long this time, but most of the mag is devoted to news of war-gaming.

Dilemma #2 [Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher IL 60401] I had intended to say this was a personalzine, but as just over half of it consists of letters...well, damnit, it's still a personalzine. I enjoy it, but then I'm prejudiced; I like Jackie. You may think it's terrible, but try it and see.

Kyben #4 [Jeff Smith, 4102-301 Potter St., Baltimore MD 21229 - 35 cents, 3/\$1] A long con report, somewhat better than most, a column by James Tiptree, and letters. Not bad. Rating.....5

Twilight Zine #27 [Jourcomm, c/o MITSFS, W20-421, MIT, 84 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge MA 02139 - 25 cents] Pretty cover; slick paper and professional color work. Inside is divided between parody fiction and (I am tempted to say parody minutes of meetings, but they're probably genuine, from this bunch). Also inside was a separate digest-size mag; Science Fiction Magazine Checklist 1961-1972. Rating.....5

Decal [Don Cochran, 708 S. Arlington Mill Drive #9, Arlington VA 22204 - 35 cents - irregular] Nicely reproduced. Couple of pieces of fiction; couple of articles. Alex is Gilliland takes all the romance out of meteor mining, and Cochran defines paleological terminology as used by Lovecraft. (Having a nodding acquaintance with paleological terminology and not much current enthusiasm for Lovecraft, I skipped that one.) Rating.....4

The HPL Supplement #2 [Meade Frierson, need I...\$1] Big thick one, with lots of weird fiction and several articles. Lovecraft fans should enjoy it, even if I didn't.

Dynatron #52, 53, 54 [Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107 - 40 cents] Primarily a personalzine these days, it still has much comment on science fiction because Roy, like me, is an old-time fan who still reads the stuff. (In fact, he's a much older-time fan than I am because he started younger.) All sorts of odds and ends crop up, though; politics (Roy does his best to make New Mexico appear to be the most ridiculous state in the Union, despite my knowledge that Indiana is), a report on Torcon in #54, a report on a Japanese con in #52, by Takumi Shibano, a reprint of a 1948 Russian article on science fiction, a few well-deserved sneers at CHARIOTS OF THE GODS, etc. Rating.....7

Starling #25 [Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main #1, Madison WI 53703 - 50 cents, trade, contrib of artwork, loc - quarterly] I don't think I can keep calling it a magazine of popular culture after that cover. My major interest here was Lesleigh's column on the works of Josephine Tey. I've read only DAUGHTER OF TIME (because I'm a history buff) and this makes me want to read more. Sure. RealSoonNow. Otherwise there are good book reviews and various comments on tv, the British space comics of the 1950s, Groucho Marx, and other interesting items. Rating.....7

The Degenerate #1 [Jim Khennedy, 1859 E. Fairfield, Mesa, AZ 95203 - price unreadable] Most of the fanzine, though, seems to be by Dave Szurek, with items on his personal experiences on welfare and as a panhandler, among other things. (He asks "Are any of you cold enough to just say 'let them starve'?" Well, being sharper than Wodhams he didn't ask me personally, so I'll pass up the opportunity to answer.) The mag also contains one of the worst comic strips I've ever seen anywhere. Actually, this issue had quite a bit in it of interest, but I don't think it's going to be my type of fanzine. Try it once and see if it's your type. Rating.....4

Space & Time #20 [Gordon Linzner, 83-10 118th St., Apt 4-M, Kew Gardens NY 11415 - bi-monthly - 60 cents] Amateur weird fiction. Not as bad as I expected; just not good. Nice reproduction -- which points up the lousy artwork -- digest-size, offset. Rating.....2

Chaos #12 [John J. Alderson, Havelock, Victoria 3465, Australia - 50 cents - irregular] Mostly fairly serious reviews of books and fanzines, but some personal material.

John comes across much better in here than he does in his letters to other fanzines -- but then, after his letters there's only one way he can go. Anyway, this is a fairly thick, fairly good fanzine, with emphasis on science fiction. Rating.....6

Outworlds #16, 17 [Bill & Joan Bowers, address above - 75 cents] #16 is offset, with nice artwork and neat, simple layout for a change; #17 is mimeographed. Both are fairly thick and contain good material; Ted White and Harlan Ellison having at one another, Bob Lowndes writing about Weird Tales and his stint as associate editor of Sexology, Poul Anderson discussing overpermissiveness in sex and politics, and letters from all sorts of Big Names. Rating.....9

BC #5 [Railee Bothman, 1300 W. Adams, Kirkwood MO 63122 & Leigh Couch, #1 Cymry Lane, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold MO - 25 cents] I suppose this would be classified as a personalzine, except it's an exceptionally thick one, and with two editors there is an even wider than usual variety of subject matter; a tribute to Woodie Guthrie (mostly cribbed from a record jacket; tch), comments on books, Terry Hughes promising to respect his elders, or at least those who are not fans, and guess-whodefending the honor of hunters and promising not to treat his juniors with respect (at least those who are not fans). Rating.....7

Passing Parade #4 [Milt Stevens, 9849 Tabor St #3, Los Angeles CA 90034 - trade, loc, or 25 cents] Milt is also having a lengthy argument with Ted White; one wonders how Ted has time to do his editing job... Photos of all the LASFS, the best one being that of Aljo Svoboda. Plus letters and some -- but not enough -- of Milt's weirder experiences as a member of the LAPD. (Including the nut who believed firmly that the police were building a deathray with which to kill all the women in Corona Prison. He probably heard that there was a science fiction fan on the force and built his theory around that, Milt.) Rating.....7

Magnus #2 [Eric Batard, Rue Kléber, 37500 Chinon, France - 3/\$1, 3/\$1.75 airmail] News and lots of fanzine reviews, in French with an English summary. Since I can't read French, I didn't get much out of it. He uses a lot of exclamation marks, but the French are reputed to be excitable...

Capricorn Chronicles #2 [Dale Leifeste, 46 Clinton Place, Apt 5, Mt. Vernon NY 10550 & Don York, 39 Clinton Avenue, Cambridge MA 02139 - trade, contrib, loc, 50 cents - irregular] Couple of major items; transcripts of a speech by Lowndes and a question-and-answer session with Wollheim. (Unfortunately, neither one tells me much I didn't already know.) Reprint of the LACon report published by the Village Voice, which wasn't quite as idiotic as most newspaper reports, but close to it. Overall impression of CC is of a couple of editors of reasonable intelligence and a knowledge of fandom derived exclusively from Linda Bushyager and Ted White, which gives them a rather odd outlook in places. Rating.....5

Girl's Own Fanzine #2 [Sue Smith, 78 Redgrave Road, Normanhurst NSW 2076, Australia] Still much concerned with Woman's Lib and the prospects of marrying "within fandom". John Alderson has one of the most ponderously unfunny "humorous" items I've ever read. (Maybe that's why I got a bad impression from his letters; he was trying to be funny and didn't know how.) I would have said that Woman's Lib has been beaten to death in the popular press except for encounters with vast numbers of people who don't know what it's all about, so I suppose it's still a good subject for fan articles, even if I'm getting bored. (I bore easily, these days.) Rating.....5

Kwalhioqua #8 [Ed Cagle, Route #1, Leon KS 67074 - contrib, trade, loc, 50 cents - monthly] One of the better current fanzines, though this issue doesn't seem to be quite up to par; too many writers trying too hard to be funny. A good item from A.B. Chandler, plus Richard Delap's reviews. (I like to read Delap reviews early in the morning; they get the old adrenalin moving. I'm not myself until I've been at least

annoyed once; being infuriated is better. Sets me up for the day.) Rating.....7

The Alien Critic #6 [Richard E. Geis, Box 11408, Portland OR 97211 - \$4 a year] Very well lives up to its subtitle as "an informal science fiction and fantasy journal". All sorts of contents. Ted White attacks SFWA, and allowing for Ted's usual overstatements and continuations of personal feuds it's a pretty accurate analysis. Marion Bradley has a fascinating article on editing. Various professional writers contribute letters of varying interest and intelligibility. A drawback for me is that the extreme "informality" of style makes it hard for me to locate items I want to read -- maybe you read fanzines straight through from first page to last, but I very seldom do. Rating.....8

Tomorrow And... #9 [Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford NY 14534 - irregular - trade, contrib. loc, 50 cents] With this one Jerry has managed to beat out Bowers' in the race for Ultimate Idiotic Layout (a race which Bowers seems to have abandoned in his last two issues). The shining example is a triptych which is folded in the middle of one of the side pictures because the printing on the reverse page wasn't spaced properly. (One might think that anyone as interested in artistic layout as Jerry would have done the page over, but apparently Art has its limits.) Anyway, the whole thing struck me as unintentionally hilarious. The material is good; mostly but not entirely serious. (I did love the letter from the would-be author, Jerry.) Unfortunately, holding the magazine for reading purposes is awkward, and I get too damned many fanzines to put up with any discomfort whatsoever in reading them, so I didn't read much of this; skimmed it to check the writing quality and to see if it said anything I hadn't seen in some other fanzine (it didn't). Rating.....6

Maybe #27 thru 32 [Irvin Koch, o/o 835 Chatt. Bk. Bldg., Chattanooga TN 37402 - trade, printed contrib, 50 cents] Irv seems to be going in for small frequent issues on a particular theme. #27 is general, #28 is fanzine reviews, #29 is a dictionary of fanzine terms (always useful for the beginner; keep this one in print, Irv), #30 is fanzine reviews again, and letters, #31 is serious articles, and #32 is back to fanzine reviews. An interesting idea; maybe if I'd do that we could keep Yandro monthly. Material -- what there is outside of fanzine reviews -- is not top quality, but is readable enough. A major objection is that "Star Trek" and Tolkien have been pretty well exhausted as subjects for general comment; the material on Moorcock and movie beauty is much fresher. Rating.....5

Harlan Ellison: A Bibliographical Checklist [Leslie Swigart, PO Box 8570, Long Beach CA 90808 - \$3.50] This, of course, is a special item; whether it's worth the price depends on the amount of your interest in Harlan and/or bibliography. It's an extremely attractive publication; not being a fan of Harlan's I have no idea at all as to how accurate it is, but Leslie seemed at a brief meeting to be the sort who knows what she's writing about. The text is livened by photos of Harlan, of many of the books and magazines containing his material, and even a still from one of his tv shows. (Too bad Leslie didn't know about the still Lee Lavell has of Harlan talking to a cop, shot through the Midwestern's celebrated Broken Door; it would have livened up the series of photos of Harlan at various stages of his career.)

Ash-Wing #12 [Frank Denton, address above - loc, contrib, trade, uncanceled stamps] Long editorial commentary, generally good; rather mediocre articles (Ed Cagle in particular writes much better for his own fanzine); medium-size letter column Rating.....4

Renaissance V5#2 [John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Avenue, Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922] Reviews, plus longer articles on H. Beam Piper and Russian science fiction. Now that Pierce isn't spending so much of his fanzine attacking the "New Wave", it's much more readable. (Not that I didn't agree with some of his basic ideas, but he didn't know when to quit.) A small fanzine by today's standards, but good enough. Rating.....6

Entropy Negative #6 [Daniel Say, Box 65583, Vancouver 12, B.C. Canada - .75 cents] Major item here is a long (22 pages worth) interview with Stanislaw Lem, which should be required reading for anyone like me who disliked SOLARIS and thinks Lem's major fan Rottensteiner is a pompous ass. Lem by himself is far more interesting and intelligent than Lem filtered through Rottensteiner. (But then I figured he had to be.) He does object to the lack of intellectuals in U.S. fandom, but that's his affair. Lem seems fully imbued with the true academic spirit (that academicians are supreme beings) but manages to make even that interesting. There is also an article on Lem, and one on Tolstoy's "Aelita". On the whole, the material is similar to what might be found in SF Commentary. Artwork is terrible. Rating.....7

Sirruish #11 [Railee Bothman, address above] A mixture of moderately humorous and moderately unhumorous material. Nothing really bad, and nothing really outstanding, either. Rating.....3

Kallikanzaros 6.5 [John Ayotte, 3555 Norwood Ave., Columbus OH 43224 - irregular] Mostly, this issue is a cover for Synergy, which Ayotte produced as a college "experiment in communications". (Translation: a fanzine for people who didn't know what the term meant.) Synergy is an interesting idea, but in this case the contents consisted of articles in which clichés were restated in academic terms. Presumably, future issues of Kal will be more conventional.

Nyctalops #8 [Harry Morris, Jr., 500 Wellesley, SE Albuquerque NM 87106 - \$1] A big, thick fancy fanzine devoted to Lovecraft and weird fiction in general. Beautiful artwork. Text is generally good if you're interested in the field. My interest is only mild, so I skimmed a lot of the text, but I highly recommend the mag to any fans of weird and horrifying literature who haven't seen it. Rating.....8

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Actually some more fanzines came in between the time I did the column and the time we are going to press, but enough fanzines is enough. Besides, I got some very funny material in the mail. The prize is a request from Harco Press to send them in my biography because they want to include me in a new volume titled Leaders of Black America. (Didn't know I'd been passing all these years, did you? The only logical explanation I can come up with is that Harco ran a computer cross-check between NAACP membership and any of several other books Juanita and I are in - Contemporary Authors, etc. For that matter, Who's Who In The Midwest asked me for material, but I didn't think they used it.....) Then there is the Retirement Benefit Survey Bureau, which sent a follow-up on a questionnaire which said in part "Several weeks ago we requested your opinion (which, incidentally, hasn't arrived yet)". Trouble being that this was addressed to "Local-Postal-Patron". The only logical answer I can deduce from that is that nobody answered their stupid questionnaire the first time. Somebody (sorry, but I forget to jot a name on the clipping - sounds like Joanne Burger) sent in a clipping on the sad plight of the vampire bats at the Houston Zoological Gardens; due to the meat shortage the packing plant which supplied their blood has closed. (The curator was not volunteering to donate....) Morris Dollens, I believe, sent one in about a wreck on the Garden State Freeway which dumped 22 tons of garlic all over the road. Morris also sent in a clipping on George Takei's race for a city council seat - he didn't win, but he came in a close second to the man endorsed by the mayor and a goodly number of the state and city politicians, out of 29 total candidates. TV appearances help. (Not mentioned in the clipping was the item that "Star Trek" was banned in LA during the race under the rule of equal time for candidates, which seems to be carrying the law a bit far.) Another clipping mentions that a recent opinion poll reports that 19 percent of Australians want to retain God Save The Queen" as the national anthem, 36 percent prefer "Advance Australia Fair" (which sounds utterly revolting, just from the title), and 21 percent want "Waltzing Matilda", "with or without new words". Incidentally, one reader of YANDRO mentioned that he (or she; I don't recall now) thought that "Waltzing Matilda" was the current anthem, and nobody came up with the correct answer. (Well, I didn't know the correct answer, either, if it comes to that.) RSC