



ORBELY



# YANDRO

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### CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial) - - - - -	JWC - - - - -	2
A Couolumn - - - - -	Bruce Coulson - - - - -	3
Rumblings (editorial) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	4
The Minnieska Incident (fiction) - - - - -	Glenn & Philip Rahman - - - - -	6
Golden Minutes (book reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	13
Grumblings (letters) - - - - -	- - - - -	26
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	33

### ARTWORK

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" 2 - - - - -	JWC	" 13 (logo) - - - - -	Eric Mayer
" 4 - - - - -	JWC	" 26 (logo) - - - - -	Dave Piper
" 6 - - - - -	Eric Mayer	" 27 - - - - -	Victor Kostrikin
" 7 - - - - -	Victor Kostrikin	" 30 - - - - -	Dave Jenrette
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" 11 - - - - -	Alexis Gilliland	" 33 (logo) - - - - -	Eric Mayer

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A gymnosophist is a yogi, bare. ....Dainis Bisenieks  
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"The Minnieska Incident" came to us through the services of Bev and Gene DeWeese. As I recall (it was some time ago) a longer version was either published in the UMW fanzine or presented at a writing class. (Once I got hold of it, I conveniently forgot its previous history. Fan editors are like that.....) RSC  
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A few weeks ago there was a spate of articles in newspapers and magazines about the newest social configuration the "extended family". As one writer put it, the extended family doesn't have to live together, or even live in the same town; the members get together at special occasions, exchange correspondence, and generally provide reassurance and stability for one another. Sound like a social group we know - like fandom? The author didn't say, but I assume that it isn't absolutely necessary for all the members of an extended family to like one another. (I don't like all my real relatives; why should any other group be different?) So, while there are a lot of fans I wouldn't allow in my house - and most of them know who they are - fandom in general does serve somewhat as a family for us. We all have contacts outside fandom - but it is to fans that we go for understanding. (And we don't always get it; well, nobody is perfect. Except me, of course.)

People I owe letters to will receive them - eventually. People I owe fanzine reviews to will receive them - eventually. Editors I owe manuscripts to will..... RSC

## RAMBLINGS



It is raining, and did all night, perhaps accumulating more than an inch. I realize this is hardly startling news to most of you, but it seems almost miraculous to us. Nothing the Ohio-Mississippi basin has gone through this summer compares to the catastrophic drought in the Sahel, of course -- but to a region used to a lot of precipitation weeks...months...without appreciable rainfall are terrible, unheard of. The grass has been burnt as dry as a Southwestern desert's since July, and kitchen gardens -- and people -- shrivel.

I can testify to one side effect of a drought in an area which doesn't know such: a psychological bludgeon. One tends to feel aimless, unreal. Not the same



as enervation from high heat and high humidity. A different, even less pleasant sucked-dry feeling. The sort of thing that makes otherwise rational people stand out in the unclouded sunshine and stare at the sky -- as if by thinking hard enough one could make it rain. If ESP working in tandem from thousands of hard pushing brain waves could have altered matter, made it rain...it should have this summer in the Midwest. But it didn't.

It was the sort of summer to make you understand and appreciate Indian rain dances, or the desperation of someone firing a shotgun into the cloudless sky.

Now it's raining. Probably the start of a two-months' long spell during which it'll rain nearly every day...a pattern that ordinarily drives people to tear their hair from boredom and frustration. But I don't think we'll mind it a bit, this year.

Like earthquakes, tornadoes, and other overwhelming phenomena of nature, drought digs home the truth of humanity's puniness. We may have come a long way, baby, technologically -- but we've still got a very long way to go.

Our agent, Virginia Kidd, called last night to say...anent a grumble in "Rumblings" ...that the advance for the stf novels really is on the way. I view matters philosophically. If we'd had the money in hand before we left for Discon tonight, we'd be tempted to blow chunks of it on things like artwork and books and so forth; now we can be thrifty and sane and frustrated. Besides, I should save the money to get some frames for artwork I acquired at previous cons. It is a nice send-off present to know that the Post Office hasn't eaten the money in a canceling machine, or something of the sort, though; thanks again, Virginia.

Last Discon we were standing in for the Trimbles, hosting and hostessing the art show, which makes for a lot of nailchewing and sundry worrying. This time we intend to sit back and watch other people tear their hair. We will just relax and enjoy...after we get there. Long congettingto trips are debilitating, but a lot less so in good company. The trip back from Torcon was over very quickly, it seemed, thanks to the fact that Kay Anderson was with us; that extended Torcon nicely, as Kay and I zapped all over the area after the con, taking in places like the Neil Armstrong Museum, etc. Later the Aussies dropped by and it wasn't really until October that the con really seemed to end, and I was sorry to see it go. This year we'll be driving to DC with oldest friends the DeWeeses, and I anticipate a non-tedious trip, adequate compensation for the monotony of the highway and the callus encouragement of sitting in a car for a thousand miles.

We even more want to relish this con because we know the fun will end once we're back; no visiting, no nice, easy letdown to ease the skids to workaday again. It would be lovely to have an excuse to goof off and tour (places I wanted to see and now can because I have the pretense of showing them to an out of state friend)...but we can't afford it. As Buck mentions, lotsa writing to crack down on. And if this rain does a good job, I expect...in my copious free time away from the typewriter...to be canning tomatoes and freezing beans. And after this drought, I'm considering trying to grow soybeans next year -- to eat, not to sell; it is a sad and awesome thing to watch a farmer chopping corn for silage (poor silage) in mid-August, or plowing under soybeans because there are no blossoms and will be no crop.

I mean, I would feel a little easier about enduring another summer like this one if only cacti grew in the Midwest. None of this business about chopping one in half and getting a drink amid the desert's aridity. I can't quite see sawing down a box elder tree and squashing it to get the sap out. Hoping you are not the same... JWC

a column ..... bec

This has been a slow news month. I've basically been doing the same things that I was the last time I wrote, and not much more.

Have any of you heard or seen a movie called "Moon Zero Two"? My father recently got a secondhand book which was based on the movie, and it is one of the worst books I have read all year. To begin with, Our Hero, a former deep space explorer, is currently making a living on the Moon by salvaging damaged satellites and selling them. (This supposedly pays for the bulk of his fuel, air, food, etc.) He resigned from the "Corporation" that runs space travel because they aren't going out exploring the solar system; his girl friend is an agent hired to get him back to piloting ships for them. She threatens to close down his ship in ten days unless he cooperates. The Villain, Mr. Hubbard, steps in. He offers to buy Our Hero a brand new spaceship if he aids in performing an illegal job for the aforementioned villain. You see, he wants to land a solid sapphire asteroid on the Moon in order to mine it cheaply. Yes, a solid sapphire asteroid! And he's going to mine it after it has been fused and buried on the far side of the Moon. Also, he gives no explanation of what he's going to do with the sapphire after it has run down the gem market and Our Hero, being a dunce, doesn't ask him.

After they've blasted the asteroid into orbit (no explanation why Earth or Lunar observatories don't notice this; as a matter of fact, there is no explanation why making an asteroid into a meteor is illegal) Our Hero lands and tries to help a distressed Earth maiden who wants to find her brother who is a miner on the Far Side. The Villain's thugs object to this and start a brawl which winds them up in the clink. Then Our Hero is busted loose by his Buddy and the Girl and off they go.

After killing the thugs who murdered the Girl's brother, they meet with The Villain who says that her brother was mining in the very territory in which the new sapphire meteoroid would land. The Girl asks the sensible question, "Why sapphire?", and we find out that Mr. Hubbard is going to line rocket tubes with it. (Sapphire is obviously cheaper than ceramics and other old-fashioned stuff like that.)

Then there is a wild scene where the girl, who has never handled a spaceship, makes it loop and make passes at the orbiting asteroid on a clockwork schedule -- every ten minutes; just like those old war movies where fighters would make strafing runs.

In the end, of course, The Villain goes down with his asteroid and Our Hero and his New Girl (the Old One got shot trying to get in the way) vow to go out into space together, ignoring the dozen or so legal charges that should be leveled against him.

I'm also gathering research material for an article titled, "Chess in Modern Literature," and I'm finding that an awful lot of the good stories about chess have been written by science fiction authors.

I hope to see a good many of you at Discon.



Every issue I swear that next time I'll take more care - particularly with the letter column - and every issue gets put out in a tearing hurry for one reason or another. One of these times....

The hurry this time is that everything I mentioned last time as a possible professional sale did sell, and with an extremely short deadline. So I'm doing a stf novel with DeWeese with a Sept. 20 deadline, Juanita has deadlines of Sept. 25 and Oct. 15 on a stf novel and a gothic, respectively, and we're keeping busy writing. (We also sold short stories to an original anthology, but those are at least

completely written and out of the way.) I'd feel better about all this if we had received any money for the stuff; I was expecting to use it to attend Discon on, but it seems we'll attend on our usual shoestring.

Incidentally, assuming that any of you who are going to Discon get this ahead of time, I'll probably be in the huckster room despite the ridiculous table prices. Atheneum Books asked me to display and (hopefully) sell their hardcover Andre Norton books; since they have only 3 titles, I'll try to rent a corner of someone's table. And if any of you readers have a desire to own copies of Here Abide Monsters, The Crystal Gryphon, or The Jargoan Pard, I'll be happy to sell you some.

While I'm advertising, let me say that I'm negotiating for the importation of the British magazine, SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY, which is certainly the most beautiful stf mag ever produced. Tabloid size, with full-color interior art, some of it double-page spreads. We rather intend to keep two copies of each issue ourselves; one for the magazine collection and one to dismantle for the artwork. I think that cost to purchasers will be \$1.00 per copy. Depends a bit on postal costs; if I mail copies to you, the price may be higher. (I haven't received any stock as of this writing, so it's a bit hard to say. I know what I'll be charged for the magazine itself, but not what the shipping charges will be. And it's a rather fragile publication, so if I mail out very many I'll need some sturdy envelopes.)

Awhile back we had a short discussion of fannish terminology, and why it exists. My position is that every job or hobby develops its own terms that are unknown to the public at large. I recently ran across an interesting example in OUTDOOR INDIANA, of all places. One of their articles used the terms "scorper", "chamfer iron", "howeling knife", "sunplane", "long jointer", "howel plane", "croze", "kerfing saw" and "pod auger". (That last one I had heard of; the others were all new to me. (The article? On the art of the cooper - which I suppose is another term that might be unknown to some of you, though I expect fans to be widely read enough to know it.)

I really believe I might turn into a salesman yet. Some time back we were visited by an insurance salesman. It was a reasonably good deal, but we didn't have any money, so I didn't buy any insurance. But I did sell the man a couple of paperbacks.....

Looks like Juanita and I will be speakers at an ST convention in Kalamazoo. They have Harlan as Guest of Honor and Ruth Berman as Fan GoH, if that sounds interesting enough for any of you midwestern fans to infiltrate the ranks. The idea originally was for the Trekkies to be exposed to science fiction in general, though I don't know if that's been held to or not. It's the first of November; weekend after Windycon.

Last convention attended was Midwestcon. As usual, a very pleasant convention. The huckster room got so crowded that a second one had to be opened. Unfortunately it was some distance away from the first one and I gather was not visited much by buyers. I got into the first one and did quite well. Picked up various items, including Sandra Miesel's booklet on Tolkien and Ruth Berman's on Sylvie and Bruno (got them from T-K Graphics, since Ted Pauls had the table next to me.) Mostly, of course, Midwestcon is

one vast three-day party. (I have trouble explaining this concept to co-workers. They can understand Worldcons after a fashion - naked women! - but regionals baffle them.) I had my first encounter of any length with the Kansas City group. They seem pleasant, but I don't have all the names attached to the faces yet. (Well, it took a visit to a Columbus club meeting last year to do that with the Columbus group, and I've been seeing them for years.) At this distance, Midwestcon is all a pleasant blur. Considering that I seldom went to bed before 4:00 or 5:00 AM, I don't really think that's surprising. I've never had the stamina to stay up with Tucker and watch the dawn come up like thunder, but then we rural types all are used to going to bed with the chickens, you know. (It was nice to be in a bed for a change...no, that's too old a joke to get by.) I spent a lot of my partying time with Leigh and Norb Couch, since I never get to see them except at conventions. Getting so I never get to see Don and Maggie Thompson except at conventions, either.....

Weird things still arrive in the mail. Sometimes in the local paper, as in the little item about the Maine candidate who has asked for a recount when he didn't have an opponent. (Maine law says primary candidates need 50 votes minimum to get on the November ballot and this man only received 48. If the recount doesn't provide two more votes, he'll have lost an election to nobody.) Mary Schaub sends a clipping on life in Waziristan. ("It is a trifle unsettling, not to say constricting, for a visitor to step out of his Jeep to relieve himself along the road and suddenly to find four armed scouts standing around him at attention in a tight defense perimeter." People who complain about kidnappings in the US have no idea how well off we are, it seems.) We in fandom don't realize how well off we are while we bitch about convention registration fees, either. I am now receiving a fanzine for junk mailers published by the post office. (Seriously. It's called MEMO TO MAILERS and it's got little tips on how to run your mail room more efficiently and new postal regulations and all like that there.) Anyway, a recent issue advertised a big junk mail convention (they call it a "Postal Forum" to be held in Washington, D.C. Sept. 30. While I was looking for the date - so I could see if it would be possible to drop in while we're at <sup>D</sup>iscon - I found a little notice that says "Registrant will not be processed until receipt of \$60.00 Registration Fee." That took care of any ambition to attend on my part. Even for the chance of meeting Barbara Walters and Bill Cosby.

We did attend the Science Fiction Research Association Conference in Milwaukee, though. I have very little interest in science fiction research, but we owed the DeWeeses a visit anyway, and since Ursula le Guin was going to be there and we wanted to meet her, we picked that weekend for a visit. The attendance was strictly unofficial as far as we were concerned, and actually rather minute. We attended what I gather were the high spots on the program, and they were dull enough. (After reading Fred Lerner's letter in a recent ANALOG about the SFRA, I think Fred should have a little heart-to-heart talk with Tom Claeson.) However, we did get to meet le Guin, who was quite pleasant, and at the folksing arranged by Gordy Dickson we met Leah Fisher, who is going to be an ornament to future con folksings if she stays interested in fandom. The most interesting part of the program was listening to Alex Panshin tell a roomful of college instructors that western education was fossilized. He did not, shall we say, receive hearty agreement. (We got Alex down to a small fan party at the DeWeeses that night and he said that after spending the day defending himself from outraged teachers he certainly needed the relaxation.)

George Fergus sends a batch of clippings. I did like the one from a tv listing on "The Magician" - "Blake sets out to disprove a report that his love interest died after being struck by a car". I didn't know they showed that sort of thing on tv. And a little note about the Republican whip in the Illinois State legislature resigning his post just before going to jail for income tax evasion, which sounds strangely prophetic. Murray Moore sends one on a Russian fire department which sounds as inept as some of ours. It took three calls to rouse them to fight a fire in their own fire station, and when they did get set up they were unable for some time to pry open a street fire hydrant, when they did get it open it ripped their hoses, they tried to set up a folding fire ladder upside down and all in all put on a creditable Keystone comedy. And there are more clippings and next issue we'll get better organized. Really we will..... RSC

the  
MINNIESKA  
INCIDENT  
by  
G. ARTHUR & PHILIP J. RAHMAN

The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but someday the piecing together of dissociate knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age.

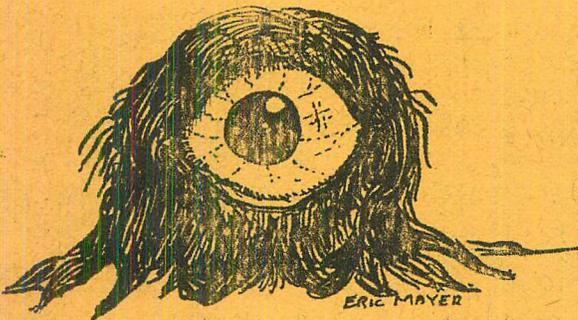
--- H. P. Lovecraft

There are few of us left who remember the federal raid on Minnieska University thirty years ago or the subsequent arrests and seizures. True, there was that Senate investigation, but the executive agencies refused to cooperate to the extent that at least three subpoenaed officers chose suicide to the possibility of breaking under the pressure of questioning. In the end the case was filed away with only the unsatisfying conclusion that the affair was somehow connected with Washington's war on World Communist subversion. Yet I, as a participant in -- that is, as an observer of -- those months in Minnieska, must insist that World Communism played but an insignificant rôle in the bizarre arrest of nearly six hundred students, faculty members, and administrators, or even in the curious execution of James Prouse.

The less-principled tabloids of the time tried to place the blame for the incident on certain undisclosed projects of the science departments and, in particular, on the much-maligned Dr. Bannor. In all fairness, however, it must be stressed that the horrors grew out of the clandestine doings of the Arts, Humanities, and Economics departments.

The public knows of Minnieska University only as the alma mater of some of the more decadent practitioners of the most grotesque schools of surrealism: Wilson, Genzuel, the Bosch-like Trudeau, and the infamous Pickman. Ironically the more bizarre stylists from that institution have achieved little following outside of small, decayed groups of cultists in France and Germany.

Those who have never seen Minnieska might find it difficult to understand the persistent undercurrent of the occult that permeates that wasteland. The old ways are strong there and the short, stunted inhabitants are steeped in the darker lore of their abandoned homeland, Belgium. Little wonder that the children leave those impoverished farms and crude-wrought shacks at such an early age. Back then the university was the only center of enlightened thought in the county. Given the cold light of reason that lit that institute it



was inevitable that the terrible superstitions of the region would take root and flourish.

The prelude to the final decay came with the passing of Professor Kroeninger, the elderly chairman of the Anthropology and Social Sciences departments. Although heart failure was pronounced the cause of his horrid and violent death on St. John's Eve of 1952, campus rumor placed the blame on the Belgians Prouse and Connolly, respective chairmen of the decadent Arts and Humanities and longstanding rivals of Professor Kroeninger for faculty leadership.

The loss of such an important faculty member was a severe blow and it precipitated an intense, if brief, search for a suitable replacement. Thanks to the vigilance of Mr. Prouse, the University had the good fortune to acquire the services of the now-controversial Dr. Thaddeus Bannor, who by happenstance was between jobs and living with relatives on the outskirts of town.

Upon Prouse and Connolly's influence Bannor was quickly elected president of the faculty senate, to succeed the dead Kroeninger. He thereafter initiated a program of broad curriculum changes to his department and to the Arts and Humanities. Study groups were appointed to revitalize the natural sciences and supply them with new purpose and direction. The administration and regents gave in on all points after an abortive attempt to remove him.

Not long after the fall quarter had begun I had my first encounter with Dr. Bannor. I was delivering to him a small box of powders from the Chemistry lab where I was a part-time assistant. He took the packet from me with a peculiar mocking grin.

"So you're Jorgensen's assistant?" he asked. I nodded politely. "He's mentioned your interests in witchcraft, demonology, and the Elder Blasphemies. A man of your inclinations should consider switching his major to anthropology.

"I'll have nothing to do with those degenerates," I responded firmly.

After his frown faded we began to chat about demonology, but then, after a cautious, almost embarrassed pause, he quietly asked me if I might know where he could locate a copy of the dreaded MALEUS MALEFICARUM by the mad monks, Sprenger and Kramer. Unfortunately my personal copy was at home. However I told him that Professor Vanderwaal had the Penguin abridged translation, but it would take much persuading to make the Literature Department chairman agree to loan it.

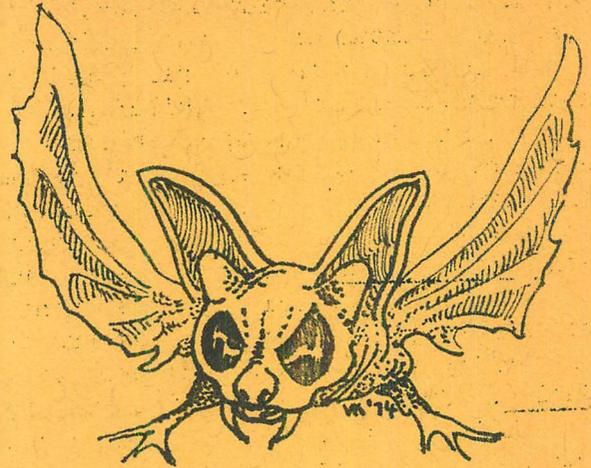
As I was leaving he called after me, "Tell Jorgensen to order some more of those same powders! We'll need a lot more before we're finished!" With that he cracked a wry grin and carried his powders, strangely enough, to Shafer-Quincy dormitory. It was only then that I noticed how short he really was.

## II

Perhaps you know of some of the special courses offered that year; not all the college catalogs could be found and burnt by the federal marshals. In geometry Euclid was all but abandoned. I recall how instead new interpretations of the mathematical laws were presented, along with certain loathsome implications inherent in the isosceles triangle -- hints of things long-thought to have been suppressed with the irradiation of the Pythagorean Cults.

Far worse were things hinted at by my English Lit instructor, Professor Vanderwaal. I dare not be specific here, but it concerned the true meaning of the coded alliterations of de la Mare. In this charged atmosphere questions arose in folklore better left to quantum physics.

On Connolly's instructions the library began to purchase an assortment of bizarre



texts, such as the hideous NECRONOMICON and LES CULTES DES GHOULES. But perhaps the most blasphemous of all was Thaddeus Brannor's own PRE-HUMAN RELIGIONS.

By Halloween the general public began to associate the campus with certain disappearances of pets and children. There arose mutterings of sacrifice and forgotten rites that will be long remembered. Perhaps you have heard rumors of that despicable ceremony of vile and degenerate Eskimos, the Nachnkaloon, which Bannor sponsored for the student-body's amusement before the government put a stop to such doings. Owing to my work schedule I did not personally witness it, but others, seeing the detestable Nachnkaloon, told me it was terrible.

It was undoubtedly the enactment of this unspeakable rite by the smug dorm-buddies of Shafer-Quincy -- mainly members of the arrogant Pi Alpha Nu, Arts and Economics fraternity -- that spurred Mike Cushing to condemn them in the school paper, The Choice. Cushing (editor of that paper, president of the Student Senate, letterman, and chairman of the Campus Crusade) wrote scathing editorials criticizing the ceremony, the decadent fraternity, and, especially, Dr. Brannor, who organized it. His attacks continued weekly until he suddenly vanished, a week before Thanksgiving vacation was to begin. (Quite ignoble for a campus leader to cut out early like that.)

When Cushing returned he seemed refreshed, but different. He was a good inch and a half shorter, loathed the daylight, and was suddenly vulnerable to the Elder Signs. Moreover he took to wearing a bulky leather glove on his left hand. This curious fashion he maintained until spring. At that late date he started sporting a glove on his right hand -- and a mitten on his left. Nevertheless, the rest must have done him good, for his indignation waned and he forgot his feud with Bannor. But his glowing tributes to the man in The Choice satisfied few malcontents, outside of the Campus Crusaders.

No, few campus factions gave in so easily. Mr. Hartford, the chemistry instructor, complained that Natural Sciences Chairman, Jorgensen, was mishandling the Chemistry funds in favor of certain supplies destined for Anthropology. Early in December he was without warning stricken critically ill and taken away to live out those last, pain-wracked weeks in the Minnieska State Hospital. Other conservative elements in the faculty likewise fell victim to deteriorating health, chance accidents, and bizarre experiments, while friends of Bannor filled the vacuum.

Among the student-body the problem was worse. True, the Student Senate, under the influence of their president, issued a blanket endorsement of Bannor's policies, but the student-body was not so uniformly behind Bannor's clique. After Mike began to crusade for Bannor half the student-body rallied behind him. The rest were automatically and irreparably alienated from him and from anthropology in general.

### III

Yuletide came and with it the horror of December twelfth. I remember that morning -- Professor Jorgensen had told me to take the department pickup to the airport and bring back another load of those Samoan powders he was having flown in monthly. On the way out I passed a fellow lab assistant, Mathew McKinsey, who was looking more grey and fearful than usual.

"Did you see the football game last night?" he whispered hoarsely.

"No," I replied. "But I heard we won. Quite a come-back after that losing streak -- too bad about the other team though."

"Then you haven't heard about the deal Coach Ginko made with Bannor or how Biology is involved?"

"Oh?" I said.

He silently closed the lab door. "They tore the other team apart, like rampaging brutes -- I was up close and I'm sure that wasn't padding underneath their jerseys.." He paused to look behind. "...And they've changed the lyrics to the school song -- It's horrible! They just chant in a dead tongue! No! Chant isn't the word for that dreadful cacophonous croaking!" Then he added, his voice trembling, "...and they call to the awful god -- Yahsidtz!"

I was about to leave when Matt grabbed my arm and put a question to me -- why were we supplying Anthropology with so many powders and herbs? "Have you ever heard of chemicals like these before?" he demanded. "What can Bannor be doing with them?"

I had not given it much thought -- the aconite and hensebane were of obvious value, but what was that cursed root? I left Matt with the problem and hurried to the airport. But the plane was late and did not come in until 2:05.

Soon after I returned to the screaming campus with my load of monkeywood crates. At first I thought that all the excitement and strange noises meant that some of the sacrificial animals had escaped from the Biology building. I stopped the pickup and put my head out the window to have a look. Imagine my delight to spot two wallets, a purse, and a watch lying abandoned and unclaimed in the blood-spattered snow.

I must choose my words carefully now in relating what I saw and why half the student-body disappeared that day, never to be heard from again. I knew that something was truly wrong when I pulled the pickup into the parking lot -- in the rear-view mirror I caught a glimpse of a screaming coed being carried off by a loping fantabulous shape. I was shocked -- but then please remember that this was 1952 and the New Morality was as yet a thing unknown.

Suddenly fearful that there might be the danger of looting going on during the confusion, I rushed to the Christopherson Residence Hall to protect my valuables there. That dormitory, like all the others (with the exception of Shafer-Quincy), had suffered heavy damage -- all the doors kicked in and all the windows shattered from the outside. In the ravaged hall I found my roommate, Tom, with his face bruised and his bare chest marred with five, deep, parallel lacerations. I slapped him to consciousness and demanded to know who had done this to my room.

"It was an accident," he stammered. "You're so late. They broke in and attacked me by mistake...I'm loyal..."

Our conversation aroused something in the rubble behind us; it started to groan. Bradley, from the room which, until this afternoon, had been directly above ours, lifted himself from the ruin and incoherently poured curses onto Bannor, associating him in some unfathomable way with the disruption.

"Don't talk that way!" snapped Tom. "It's not Bannor's fault -- we all agreed it had to be done!" Then he added cryptically, "It had to be -- the time was right for Bannor -- and Prouse knew it! Maybe now we faithful can get on with our great work, untrammelled!"

"...They can read into your heart," rasped Bradley, oblivious to Tom. "They had me but I fooled them. They left me for dead..."

Tom screamed for silence. "Fool, you've told too much! You'll ruin everything!"

"It was horrible," Bradley babbled on. "Loping shamblers, things on wings...and those cursed root-eaters!" That was the last sensible thing Bradley ever said. After that an idiot grin contorted his face and he began to lapse into fits of poetry in iambic pentameter, containing vague references to certain undreamed-of uses for solanum. He was still like that when the Health Service sent him away to join the screaming Mr. Hartford.

Tom's behavior surprised me, but then I had never really gotten to know him -- he was always at those Pi Alpha Nu meetings. Still, I truly regretted that the arrival of some Samoan powders required that I miss his funeral that bleak day three weeks later.

Mr. Strome, the dean of students, was quick to deny any knowledge about the mysterious disappearances. His office, however, released a statement attributing the mass vanishment to the usual student apprehensions about the approaching final tests. This theory was vigorously endorsed by The Choice, with the added suggestion that they could have gone over into Wisconsin. Certain bloody drag-marks leading down to the riverbank seemed to lend credence to this. Reason was breaking down -- and I was mad too: McKinsey had run off to Wisconsin, leaving me with all the lab work to do. The worthless slacker.

#### IV

With the dissidents vanished campus activities increased and the first serious

complaints by the townsfolk of being preyed upon began to surface. You, my friend, already know of the grave-robbing scandal and the rash of desecrations. Perhaps you have even heard rumor of that abominable, unearthly skeleton that graced Anatomy and how Registrar Wilkins was found hanging, headless and eviscerated, but you could not possibly know what they put in the hamburger -- nor should you, for few who do sleep well and none can ever touch ground beef again.

umors of virginal sacrifices seemed corroborated by that inexplicable night in early January when three coeds and a housemother vanished from the women's dorms. After that only highschoolers and younger girls seemed prey to the disappearances.

Soon after the sacrifice affair Prouse returned from a two-week leave of absence -- seemingly younger and more vigorous, though loath to sunlight and vulnerable to the Elder Signs. Immediately after his return a sunset curfew was instituted. An alien element crept into the degenerate production of the Art department and the consumption of powders waxed with the increased activities in Shafer-Quincy.

We all complained of the curfew, but none so bitterly as did the furtive, nightmare-haunted residents of Shafer-Quincy Hall. Where once they strutted, basking in the glow of campus leadership, they were shunned now -- shunned for the grotesque changes that were taking hold on them. Most ceased attending classes and spoke but seldom. They had become decidedly timid and kept exclusively to the company of fellow fraternity brothers. Paradoxically, they detested the confines of the residence hall, but had developed a morbid fear of the sun, so that they scurried out each morning at the earliest permitted hour and were seldom seen during the day as they kept close among the shadows of stairwells, the woods and its caves -- until the curfew compelled them to slink back to Shafer-Quincy, trembling and sobbing hysterically. That Bannor had decided other uses for Pi Alpha Nu than mere campus leadership was testified to by their declining height and thickening tongues.

Walpurgisnacht came and with it a horrid night of debauch revelries. All pretenses were dropped and the faculty filled with delusions of omnipotence. Many an instructor cried out in the classroom his true and hideous objectives. It was then that the Astronomy class signaled openly to something in the Hyades and the zoology seminar announced a field trip to the dreaded South Nahanni Valley in Northwest Territory. Can I ever forget how we ran screaming from Connolly's class when he gleefully revealed the monstrous connection between the Posthomerica and the Twa Corbies? Everyone sensed impending catastrophe.

V

On the morning of May seventh Bannor came to the lab. Professor Jorgensen, chairman of the redirected Natural Sciences, had fallen into fits of despondency and fatalism when the Samoan powders had failed to come in for the fourth straight day in a row. He walked about the lab disconsolately in a near-trance, mumbling only, "It's no use. Without the powders we will lose control -- there could be no escape."

Bannor did what he could to cheer him, but even he seemed uncharacteristically apprehensive. He tried to convince the sobbing Jorgensen that the delay was no doubt due to the hurricane over Tahiti and that the shipment would certainly be in today. But it was to no avail and the chemist seemed on the verge of a nervous collapse.

Bannor asked me to take the big truck down to the airport and wait there in the chance that the transport might arrive. As he walked out toward Shafer-Quincy Hall I reflected on the doctor's vast scholarship. He was the author of several



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73

distinguished forbidden books -- the things that man knew!

The plane arrived late in the afternoon and I rushed back to campus as instructed. Suddenly, as I drove up, I spied a screaming coed being carried away by a loping federal marshal. Needless to say, I remarked upon my good fortune to spot a watch and a purse lying abandoned in the blood-stained grass.

When I drove up to the encircled Shafer-Quincy Hall federal agents pulled me from the truck. "Thank God, you've brought the powders -- bullets won't stop that thing!" cried their leader.

"It will give us time to use the Elder Signs!" cried another. Strange noises were coming from inside the dorm, gurgling, plopping sounds. Frantic agents were discharging bursts of tracer bullets into the doors and windows and bringing powerful flamethrowers to play.

But now some of the agents began tearing apart my load. Carrying boxes of powder, several marshals rushed into the dormitory. The others began to quickly move through their well-rehearsed ceremonies -- I was amazed at their skill in the rites of the Elder Blasphemies. In moments it was over and the weary agents began to brick shut all the doors and windows and besmear them with Elder Signs.

Passing the burning library I had no idea that Connolly had died there trying to save his beloved collection of forgotten and suppressed knowledge. Nor did I understand why rushing bulldozers were leveling the Economics building before my eyes. I noticed that all the doors on the dormitories had been kicked in and all the windows shattered from the outside.

The campus leader, Mike Cushing, was cornered on the riverbank where for a time he kept the FBI at bay by hurling dolomite boulders. But in a final rush he was incinerated by flame-thrower bursts.

Jorgensen was captured without a struggle and was rumored to have been held incommunicado in an Idaho asylum until he died, still screaming that the Elder Signs couldn't hold "it" forever. The bulk of the faculty and undergraduates, and all the administrators and graduate students, vanished never to be seen again. But I cannot say anything about the monstrosities discovered in the Biology lab -- they were shown only to Bannor and certain of the regents before the half-maddened marshals burnt them.

I was in the cafeteria, eating a hamburger at the unguarded grill, when a blast indicated that they had cleared a path to Prouse. Just why the immediate ritual execution of the art instructor took place was never explained. Let it suffice to say that his bound, bloodless body was left there with seven silver bullets pumped into certain mystically significant points on his tiny, stunted corpse.

Of course some elements of the student-body were spared when it was determined under questioning that they had known nothing of what was going on at the University. Besides these athletic scholarship people (excluding the triumphant football team which was subdued and sent to Michigan research laboratories for study), that fraction of apathetic, second-rate students who convincingly professed no interest in Bannor or in the government's action was eventually released.

Once out of jail I transferred to Minnetonka, well outside the Belgian districts, to finish my studies.

Bannor, it turned out, was never captured. After a desperate chase through the woods by federal agents he had managed to escape into one of the woodland caves.

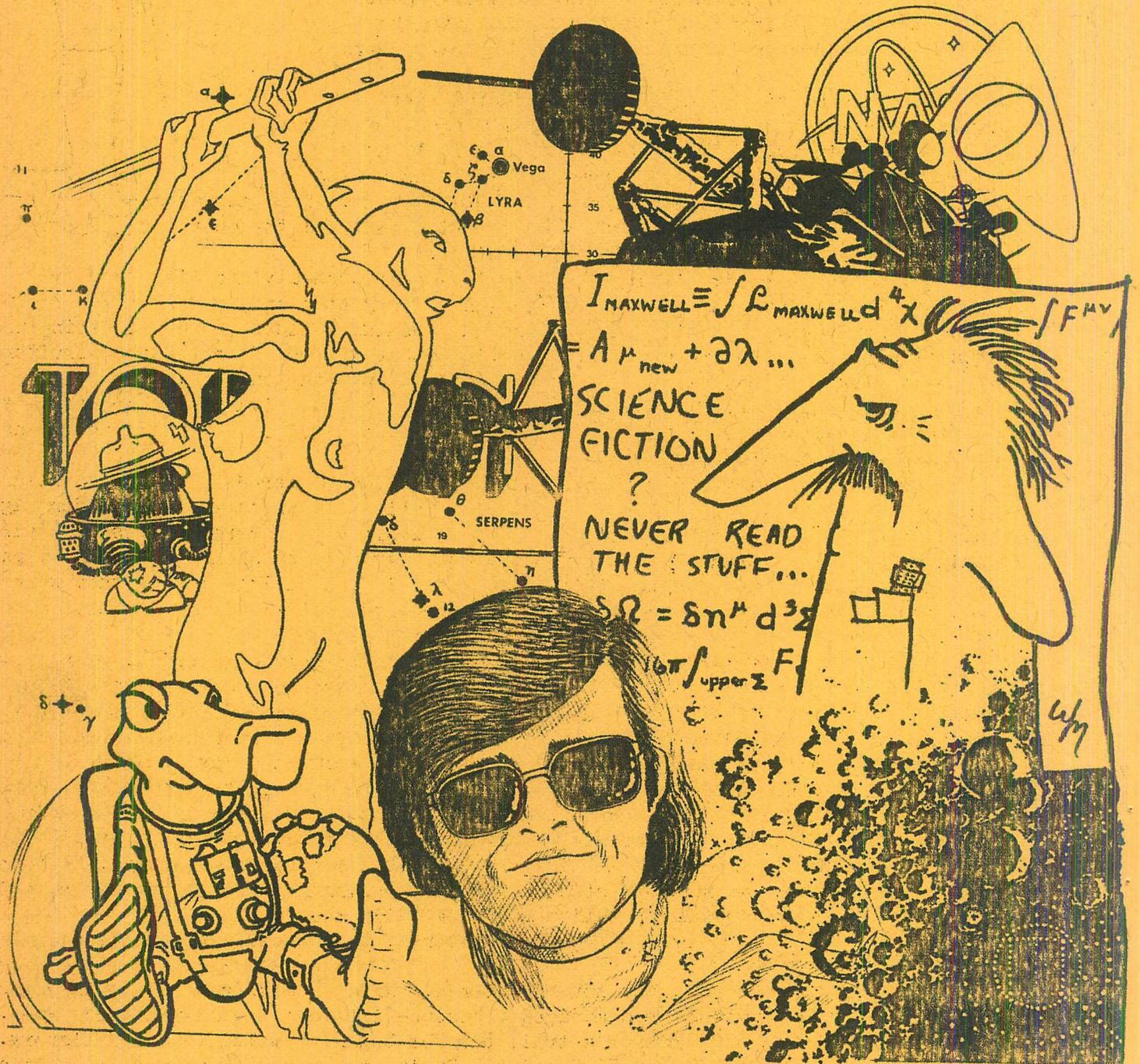
Having entirely lost Bannor's trail the FBI began to delve into his history. The records go blank in World War II Belgium. During the mass deportation of Belgian



farmers, villagers, and especially intellectuals to Germany's death camps, all records pertaining to Thaddeus Bannor were lost. Captured commandants denied knowing anything about Berlin's motives for the Belgian atrocities. They passed the buck up to Goebbels, Goering, and Himmler, who killed themselves before any explanation could be extracted. Nuremberg came up with only the unsatisfying conclusion that Hitler's attempt to destroy a nation and its people was somehow connected with his program against World Zionist subversion.

When I contacted the chemistry department to Minnetonka I realized the true tragedy of Minnieska: after two years of study not one of my credits would transfer!

Lately word has it that Bannor's surfaced in Tibet. Say what you like -- that man is a genius!





THE ASTOUNDING FIFTIES, by Frank Kelly Freas [Freas, \$12.95] 84 black-and-white illustrations, well reproduced on pale blue paper, stiff covers, spiral bound. (If you buy one, take good care of it; 90 percent of these are going to disintegrate before they're 10 years old.) How well you like it depends, I suppose, on how well you like Freas' artwork. I like it. (I still have one of the old Advent folios of Freas' work -- and how many of those are left in circulation, I wonder?) The Coulson collection of stf art books is now well represented by Freas, Finlay, and Dollens -- now if someone would do something like this for Edd Cartier I'd be happy.

SURVIVAL FROM INFINITY, edited by Roger Elwood [Franklin Watts, \$5.95] Original anthologies for juvenile readers would still seem to be rather rare, so I was interested in this one. The first impression it gives is that it contains some of the most hideous artwork I've seen in years; one assumed the artist is a member of the school which believes that children's illustrations should look as if they'd been drawn by children. Retarded children, preferably. However, art is merely the icing, and if this icing is somewhat curdled it needn't spoil the book. Fiction includes "Survival On a Primitive Planet" by Arthur Tofte (the primitive plot is covered wholly by the title; writing is adequate but uninspired), "Institutions" by Barry Malzberg (a trifle crudely expressed -- which was a surprise -- expression of our computerized future), "I Have Heard The Mermaids" by Lisa Tuttle (wanderlust; one of the better stories here), "Survival, A.D. 2000" by Mack Reynolds (remarkably bad propaganda for cooperation instead of conflict), "Serpentine" by Mary Schaub (reasonably good alien contact story), "Meeting the Aliens on Algol IV" by Robin Shaeffer (somewhere more emotional alien contact), "Walls" by Mary R. Kinsolving (rather crudely written story of the rebel against mechanization), and "Reflection of a Star" by Raymond F. Jones (excellent account of alien contact and the ultimate choice of life work that everyone must make). Overall: Jones has a story that would be good anywhere, Schaub and Tuttle are good despite weaknesses here and there. A lot of the others demonstrate that it isn't easy to write good children's fiction. Considering the lack of competition, however, the book can still be recommended for the 10 to 12 year old level. Not for adults.

THE MANY WORLDS OF POUL ANDERSON, edited by Roger Elwood [Chilton, \$6.95] The beginning of a series covering major stf authors, apparently. This has a fairly nice variety of Poul's work, plus two critical essays about his writing. Stories include "Tomorrow's Children" (a disaster story, and the problem of what, really, constitutes "Humanity"), "The Queen of Air and Darkness" (award-winning novelet of the clash of two totally different cultures), "Epilogue" (another clash of cultures -- human and robot, this time -- in an engineering problem story), "The Longest Voyage" (bringing civilization to the natives, from the natives' point of view), "Journey's End" (one of the disadvantages of telepathy that nobody else thought of), "A World Named Cleopatra" (not a story at all, but the background information on an alien planet which could be used as the locale of a story), "The Sheriff of Canyon Gulch" (one of the Hoka stories, co-authored with Gordon Dickson -- human foibles parodied), and "Day of Burning" (the problem of being peaceable for the general good when you'd prefer to clobber somebody). Essays are "Her Strong Enchantments Failing" by Patrick McGuire (specifically about "Queen of Air and Darkness") and "Challenge and Response" by Sandra Miesel (about Anderson's work in general). I agreed with McGuire but didn't find his work all that interesting; Sandra's is more interesting, but (or possible because) I didn't always agree with it. Overall, a very good book.

THE DISPOSSESSED, by Ursula le Guin [Book Club, \$2.99] The clash of cultures again, more thoroughly treated than in Anderson's shorter works. The central character is a scientist in an ideal communist society. Unable to pursue his studies because they are not considered beneficial to the general populace, he moves to an ideal capitalist society, where anyone can do what he wants as long as there is a profit to be made. A third society of Russian-type state communists is thrown in for a bit of contrast, but not much is done with it. The moral seems to be that genius doesn't seem to fit in anywhere. On Anarres, Shevek must conform to the mediocre norm; on Urras, his work is to be used for exploiting the less fortunate. Unfortunately, Urras, where half the book takes place, never seemed quite real to me; the characters there were symbols rather than living people. Anarres, in contrast, is very expertly delineated. Overall, it's a good book, and an excellent depiction of the naive genius. (If any such really exist; le Guin makes me believe they do.)

OVER SEA, UNDER STONE, by Susan Cooper [Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, \$3.95] These THE DARK RIS RISING, by Susan Cooper [Atheneum, \$5.95] are the first three install- GREENWITCH, by Susan Cooper [Atheneum, \$5.50] ments of a projected 5-book series. Since it's about a clash between elementary Good and Evil, it is inevitably compared to Tolkien, which it doesn't resemble at all. It has none of the attraction for adults that Tolkien's books -- or even those by Alan Garner -- have. On the other hand, if I had read these when I was ten or twelve years old I would have thought they were wonderful; they're heartily recommended to juvenile librarians and any of you with children or young relatives. In the initial book, the three children of the Drew family, on a vacation in Cornwall, are drawn into a search for the Holy Grail by their Great-Uncle. (British background in all these, incidentally.) Great-Uncle Merry is one of the Immortals on the side of Good; late in the book one of the children finds a clue to his identity. "Merriman Lyon...Merry Lyon...Merlion...Merlin...No, it's not possible." The writing is pretty standard for juvenile adventures; well done, but I've read a lot of other books quite similar. DARK, a Newberry Honor Book, is considerably more original. On his eleventh birthday Will Stanton discovers that he is one of the Immortals, and in the remainder of the book he is taken through a sort of occult Eleven-Plus examination, coupled with a quest for various Signs. (But the Signs end up being given to him or simply appearing, and have far less to do with the plot than the author would like you to think.) Merriman Lyon is his instructor in the white arts. In GREENWITCH, Will and the Drew children are united in an attempt -- successful, of course -- to foil a bid for power by the forces of the Dark. In keeping with most children's books, the Dark is very evil and the Light is so good that it's a trifle suspicious to a cynical adult reader. But at the proper age level, the adventures would be fascinating.

HAVE YOU SEEN THESE? by Isaac Asimov [Nesfa Press, \$5.95] A continuation of the series honoring Guests of Honor at Boskone. They had to dig to find any Asimov stories not already grabbed by someone else, so that overall this is perhaps not as good as the previous volumes by de Camp and Lowndes. But it's interesting. This includes "The Day of the Hunters" (the love of hunting carried to the ultimate), "Shah Guido G" (a moderately well-done shaggy dog story), "The Monkey's Finger" (trials of an author with an obstinate editor), "Everest" (a gimmicky vignette), "The Pause" (intervention by friendly (?) aliens to save us from ourselves; not very good), "Blank!" (malfunction in a time machine), "Silly Asses" (a vignette; very poor vignette), and "Rain, Rain, Go Away" (which is sort of cute but not at all profound; another gimmick story). Asimov's comments on the stories, why they were published, why they were written, etc., is in most cases more interesting than the fiction.

WORSE THINGS WAITING, by Manly Wade Wellman [Carcosa, \$9.50] A beautifully bound volume which includes 29 of Wellman's horror stories, one poem, and a dust jacket and 21 interiors by Lee Brown Coye. Taking the artwork first; I was never much of a fan of Coye's. His stylized pictures never portrayed any horror to me, and in this volume his depiction of "The Flying Horned One" is positively cute. (It's a lovely bit of artwork, but doesn't fit the story at all, since the being is supposed to be malevolent.) But they were sort of nostalgic, since Coye was the major illustrator for Weird Tales for years.

artwork, but doesn't fit the story at all, since the being is supposed to be malevolent.) But they were sort of nostalgic, since Coye was the major illustrator for Weird Tales for years.

The fiction is a mixed bag. It isn't helped by the editing, which in several cases places stories with similar ideas and gimmicks side by side where their similarities are the most noticeable. In general, the fiction bringing in actual folklore is superior to the run-of-the-mill ghost stories which open the volume. (But there are exceptions; I think Wellman made up the Pineys, but he made them up exceedingly well. And "For Fear of Little Men" has what I think are actual Indian legends at its base, and is terrible. In general, though, the ones with southern folklore or history as background are the best.) Overall, the fiction is very good (assuming you enjoy horror stories, which I do on occasion.) Not as good as the ones in WHO FEARS THE DEVIL?, perhaps, but close to it. Two stories are billed in the blurb as "the first stories of John the Balladeer", but don't you believe it. "Frogfather" might be-written with John as the central character, but John is far too knowledgeable to get caught in "Sin's Doorway" without a better reason than the narrator has. In my case, horror fiction shouldn't be read in such a large dose as is presented here; I enjoy it more when it is spread out among other reading. But nevertheless I enjoyed this one very much and recommend it.

CITY OF WONDER, by E. Charles Vivian [Centaur Press, \$1.25] I wish Don Grant had picked this for his recent hardcover volume instead of the one he did. This is in no way modern writing. The fact that the author picked Piltown Man as the basis for his "scientific" theory is sheer bad luck, but the theory itself is a pretty ridiculous one to hang a story on, however it's based. The attitudes and actions of the characters reflect the 1920s and are more alien than those of most "alien" cultures in current science fiction. But with all these strikes against it, it's an enjoyable book. (Or at least it's enjoyable if you can "suspend disbelief" for a story espousing such antiquated notions; a lot of the younger science fiction fans can't do that, for all their allegedly broad mental horizons.) The plot is one more lost civilization, with our intrepid heroes discovering a remnant of Lemuria on a remote jungle island. Pure corn, but exceptionally well handled for the time.

THE GINGER STAR, by Leigh Brackett [Ballantine, \$1.25] This is supposed to be the first of a series, and I don't particularly like an endless stream of books about the same character. Also, I read Brackett's earlier Eric John Stark stories in Planet Stories and never thought a lot of him; her other writing was much better. However, (you knew I was building up to a "however", didn't you?), Brackett is one of the few people who write sword-and-sorcery the way it should be written. This is, I think, better than the earlier Stark stories, but even if it wasn't it would be superior to 90 percent of the s&s on the market. (Brackett can be matched by de Camp, by Jack Vance at his best, and by John Brunner on the rare occasions that he essays the field, and by very few others. Even Vance can't do it most of the time.) Brackett can even make Stark's long journey, escaping from captivity only to find himself in another, palatable. I didn't think anybody could do that; I hate heroes who keep getting captured and finding out things from being bragged at, and I generally end up hurling the book across the room at the nearest cat. But I read this all the way through and enjoyed it.

THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST, by H. Rider Haggard [Ballantine, \$1.25] This surprised me. I'm not overly fond of Haggard and his terribly Victorian-novel heroes and his overabundance of long descriptive passages. I'll admit to skimming over the more turgid parts of this one, but I rather liked it, on the whole. Maybe I'm just a sucker for lost-race stories; I suspect that I am. Like CITY OF WONDER, this is more than a little creaky with age and strange notions of ideal human behavior, but it's also a quite good adventure story.

WEB OF EVERYWHERE, by John Brunner [Bantam, \$1.25] Brunner is also an exceptional author; normally I do not read very far into books whose central characters are as

unpleasant as Hans Dykstra. Of course, the "hero", if there is one, is the poet Mustapha Sharif, but I can't say I find him terribly likable, either. The female characters are impossible. The society, based on instantaneous transmission and with almost no legal privacy, is one I view with loathing. But it's still a good book; not up to Brunner's best, but good reading. Dykstra is, in essence, a man looking for his soul -- in the wrong places, of course, or there wouldn't be a novel. And he doesn't fit the society any better than I would, which provides me with a certain amount of sympathy for him.

WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD, by Suzy McKee Charnas [Ballantine, \$1.25] Another book which I suspect is the first of a series, though it's not billed that way. An after-the-plague/Bomb background, with humanity reverting to the ultimate patriarchal society. The author never convinced me that the setup would last as long as she says it has, but otherwise it's well handled. The attitudes of her characters are actually shaped by their society. Which does not make for a pleasant book, but for a good one.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN, by Thomas Burnett Swann [DAW #94, 95 cents] I didn't enjoy this as much as I usually do Swann's books. However much I may be willing to tolerate homosexual love, I don't empathize with it worth a damn, which is a drawback in reading fiction based on it. Otherwise it's the usual good job. Stay away from it if you happen to be narrow-minded about your religion; this is the story of David and Jonathan, and while I'm sure it follows the known records I don't think Billy Graham would approve of some of the fantasy elements. Swann is gradually tying together various Mediterranean legends; the supernatural races who appear here are the same ones who have shown up in other books. (My only real complaint is that he has humans mating with egg-layers and producing offspring; I know Burroughs did it, and I didn't believe him any more than I do Swann.) George Barr does some nice interiors but I don't much like the cover.

ICERIGGER, by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, \$1.25] Fairly standard space-opera plot; spaceship crashes on a primitive planet and the survivors have to work their way across country with the help of the natives. Foster has a nice background and a reasonably good cast of characters and does a good job of the book. There are a few errors attributable to sloppy copy-editing -- as on page 19, when Ethan apologizes for something he hasn't said. I don't particularly like keeping Skua September a mystery man all through the book because it makes his actions seem too arbitrary, but maybe Foster is planning to use him a future books, and it isn't a fatal drawback. Recommended as sf adventure.

THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR, by Josephine Leslie [Pocket Books, 95 cents] First time in paperback, it says, which surprised me. One would think that the pb publishers would have brought it out to cash in on the publicity of the movie and/or the tv series based on it. This is another one I read as a teenager (Jodie, if you think I read weird books now, you should have known me then). I don't recall the movie too well, but the book is much better than the tv series. For these days, it's a rather tame romantic love story with a bit of humor thrown in, but the characters are good. I can identify with Captain Gregg...

HROLF KRAKI'S SAGA, by Poul Anderson [Ballantine, \$1.25] One problem with epics is that they're mostly tragic. This one is even moreso than most; every time a major character is introduced you know he or she is going to come to a bad end, and you're always right. The only variety is in the method of destruction. Poul gets into the mood of the material; gloom and doom, like a Scandinavian gothic. It's well done, but I'm afraid my Danish blood has thinned out too much for me to really like it. Lousy cover.

THE BODELAN WAY, by Louis Trimble [DAW #86, 95 cents] Plot is fairly standard interplanetary intrigue; what puts this somewhat above average is Margil, a female feline with an uncertain disposition and extremely certain desires. Margil was probably fun

to write about and definitely fun to read about, and Kelly Freas has done a nice cover of her. Otherwise the book is competent, so it's recommended.

THE LEGEND OF MIAREE, by Zach Hughes [Ballantine, \$1.25] Miaree is sort of a super-butterfly, not nearly as interesting as Margil. Plot is human exploitation of the natives, but the style is "fery boerdigal" to quote a Sabatini character, and all in all I didn't bother to finish it. The idea is good enough but I couldn't take the writing style.

TWILIGHT OF THE BASILISKS, by Jacob Transue [Berkley, 95 cents] One more sterile future city with no contact with nature. I even agree with the major tenet, but I can't say I think much of Transue's pseudo-poetic expression of it. "...a perpetual fetus in this womb of glass and steel" indeed!

PLOYMATH, by John Brunner [DAW #85, 95 cents] Colonizing a new world -- specifically a world which the colonization ships crashed one rather than one aimed for. The hero is an apprentice superman, suddenly called on to exercise his talents on a world he wasn't trained for. Nice adventure story, not particularly serious, and with one of the most hideous covers I've seen recently. Recommended.

THE SHAPE CHANGER, by Keith Laumer [Berkley, 75 cents] A novel about Lafayette O'Leary, a sort of junior-grade Retief whose gimmick is that he shifts into alternate worlds without meaning to. A moderately good, moderately humorous adventure novel.

CABU, by John Robert Russell [Pocket Books, 95 cents] When I read these I mostly SAR, by John Robert Russell [Pocket Books, 95 cents] kept wondering how they got published. Not because they're bad; they're actually about average writing. But because they're by a newcomer, and they have not one spark of originality about them. Oh well. CABU is the mind-transfer-to-a-primitive-planet plot, which I suppose was quite original when Edgar Rice Burroughs first used it. In addition, Russell hasn't bothered to keep his planet internally consistent. "Time there is not related to time here." "In the past year I have grown to manhood on Cabu." (page 17) "The best I could do was make the day the pyramid was completed the first day and count from there, calling every thirty days a month." (page 68). "Our love-making that morning resulted in a birth six months Cabu time later -- more than twice as long as it takes on Earth" (page 88). Otherwise there are the good nomads and the evil city dwellers, and... SAR is an after-the-bomb story and a little better, though it also has some inconsistencies. Fairly typical fragmented cultures through which Sar wanders.

THE MOON CHILDREN, by Jack Williamson [Berkley, 75 cents] This was serialized in Galaxy a while back. I like the story after the opening, but I flatly disbelieved in the miraculous children and it spoiled the first part of the story for me. I don't really believe in miraculous saviours of mankind, either, but these were acceptable once the first few chapters were out of the way.

SINGULARITY STATION, by Brian N. Ball [DAW #84, 95 cents] Investigation of an impossible field of warped time and physics, and of tangled human emotions. Somehow I never really seem able to believe in any of Ball's characters, and I don't quite know why; they're delineated as carefully as they are in most current stf. His physics is equally carefully described, and I don't believe in that, either. Maran the Mad Scientist is too much like one of the "Star Trek" menaces; interesting, or amusing, but never for a moment believable.

THE HIGH DESTINY, by Dan Morgan [Berkley, 75 cents] Palace intrigue wrapped around a method of prolonging life. Competent, but not exciting.

GAMES PSYBORGS PLAY, by Pierre Barbet [DAW, #83, 95 cents] Superscientific aliens manipulating a world of puppets who believe they are medieval knights and ladies. Our hero is investigating possible dangers to the galaxy by mingling with them. Unfortunately the plot is made to order for Keith Laumer or Ron Goulart, and Barbet does it straight.

THE SOFT KILL, by Colin Free [Berkley, 75 cents] A thoroughly nasty future world of Security, drugs, and intrigue. Competently done but I can't say I liked it very much.

EARTHWRECK! by Thomas N. Scortia [Fawcett, 95 cents] A fairly logical way of ending the world, given present tensions. The survivors in Russian and American space stations aren't handled quite as logically. We are constantly being told that Captain Longo is an emotional Italian, but he shows about as much emotion as a cigarstore Indian. (Maybe Scortia is as ineffective in writing about emotions as I would be -- in which case he shouldn't try it.) Some of the others, who aren't supposed to be so highly emotional, get quite maudlin. It isn't really a bad book, and I rather enjoyed it, but I never believed a word of it.

A YANK AT VALHALLA, by Edmond Hamilton/THE SUN DESTROYERS, by Ross Rocklynne [Ace, 95 cents] I got this for the Hamilton, but in the end I didn't care too much for it. I think I've been spoiled for Norse god stories by Lester del Rey's "When the Earth Tottered" (DAY OF THE GIANTS, in pb), in which Loki is depicted as the one intelligent man in a bunch of unintelligent barbaric superbeings, wryly amused by the situation. I just can't take him as the traditional evil demon -- or evil Mad Scientist, in this case. And the Norse gods never seemed terribly bright in any case. (Of course, none of the traditional gods do, because they always had to be flawed to account for the human misery they caused.) The other half of the book is Rocklynne's "Darkness" series from Astonishing Stories. I recall Gene DeWeese telling me how marvelous it was, but then Gene liked Doc Smith, too; I can't say I thought much of it, though it is original and imaginative.

MANHOUNDS OF ANTIARES, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW #113, \$1.25] Our hero is off on what I assume is another series of adventures. Fairly faithful to the ERB originals, if you like that sort of thing.

THE MAN WITH A THOUSAND NAMES, by A.E. van Vogt [DAW #114, 95 cents] Another van Vogt melange of identity-switching, aliens with sinister purposes, and so on. I sometimes think that you could take a half-dozen van Vogt stories, mix the pages at random, and most of the readership would never know the difference. Another crappy di Fate cover.

SUICIDERS, by J. T. McIntosh [Avon, 75 cents] Lots of nice fast action. Whenever it flags, McIntosh throws in another complication and gets it moving again. The results are sort of fun, even though I'd hesitate to call them good reading. I enjoyed most of the book, for one reason or another. The hero is sort of a walking phallic symbol, and McIntosh manages to keep him interesting to read about even if I would avoid being in the same room with him in real life.

ROBOTS HAVE NO TAILS, by Henry Kuttner [Lancer, 95 cents] The Gallagher stories from the old Astounding. Gallagher is the sort of mad scientist that Ron Goulart might write about, except that Kuttner did it first -- and better. It's one of the very few classically humorous sets of stories in science fiction, and one of the best. Go out and buy a copy, if you can find one with Lancer undergoing bankruptcy. You'll never find better entertainment. (And you'll have some trouble locating this. I have the Gnome Press hardcover, but I suppose it's a rare book by now, and this paperback edition may be rare in a few years. Get it now.)

THE EARLY ASIMOV: BOOK ONE, by Isaac Asimov [Fawcett, \$1.25] The first half of the hardcover edition. It's hard for me to judge these stories; I never considered Asimov one of the top writers of the period, but these are quite nostalgic. Original publication ranges from 1939 to 1942. Asimov comments on each story; how and why it was written, what editors and the public said about it at the time. Stories are "The Calistan Menace," "Ring Around the Sun," "The Magnificent Possession," "Trends," "The Weapon Too Dreadful To Use," "Black Friar of the Flame," "Half-Breed," "The Secret Sense," "Homo Sol," "Half-Breeds of Venus," "The Imaginary," "Heredity," and "History."

THE STAR ROAD, by Gordon Dickson [DAW #116, \$1.25] A collection of stories with a nice Eddie Jones cover. (Incidentally, I only mention covers if I think they're exceptionally good or exceptionally bad. Most of them, like most stories, are mediocre.) This includes "Whatever Gods There Be" (the ultimate sacrifice to insure space travel), "Hi-lifters" (spacejacking for a noble purpose; the explanation is a little weak, but the story is fun), "Building On the Line" (individual initiative versus gadgets), "The Christmas Present" (alien contact), "3-Part Puzzle" (more alien contact; humanity as an enigma), "One Messenger Mountain" (defeating the invulnerable aliens), "The Catch" (the interplanetary White Man's Burden), "Jackal's Meal" (more alien contact; Dickson likes to match up variant ways of thinking of the universe), and "The Mouse-trap" (future punishment). Overall, quite good.

KAI LUNG UNROLLS HIS MAT, by Ernest Bramah [Ballantine, \$1.25] One of the few books to which the appellation "quaint" might be applied. It has charm, and an ironic Oriental (or pseudo-Oriental, depending on which authorities you believe) humor. Kai Lung outwits his opponents, natural and supernatural, with masterful subtlety.

ALIEN HORIZONS, by William F. Nolan [Pocket Books, 95 cents] A collection of short stories, including "Starblood" (an original idea in alien contact), "Jenny Among the Zeebs" (PR work of the future, overdone with allegedly futuristic slang, which is a failing of Nolan's), "The Joy of Living" (in essence, what makes a successful marriage? And can it happen between human and android? In the forward, Nolan says that the basic question is still relevant. Unfortunately, his basic assumptions about it aren't.) Then there are "The Last Three Months" (an original method of invasion), "The Underdweller" (another invasion, original but illogical), "Full Of, Mostly, Bagels and Cream Cheese" (an amusing story of a haunting), "Kelly, Fredric Michael: 1928-1987" (remarkably unpleasant alien contact), "The Day The Gorf Took Over" (a parody of all the bad Hollywood monster movies), "Happily Ever After" (more aliens, this time on their home planet), "Fasterfaster!" (a parody of a little of everything, including Harlan Ellison stories), "He Kilt It With A Stick" (a more-or-less horror story, except I can't be very horrified at what happens to characters I don't like), "Toe To Tip, Tip To Toe, Pip-pop As You Go" (an allegedly humorous look at a future sex, also badly over-slanged), "The Party" (a version of Hell that I can sympathize with), "Papa's Planet" (a totally pointless little story), "Solution" (human thought patterns and a sort of brainwashing), "Lawbreaker" (future crime and punishment; emotional but illogical), "The Mating of Thirdburt" (the automated future), "The Worlds of Monty Willson" (a vignette of alternate universes), and "Promises to Keep" (a vignette in play form about humans and androids and all that stuff). Overall, Nolan is the most typically Hollywood writer in the field. Some of this stuff is good, and a lot of it isn't, but it all reads like it was designed for either tv or for people who like to read about "Hollywood glitter".

THE SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME, Vol. IIA, edited by Ben Bova [Avon, \$1.75] I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. The blurb calls this "The greatest science fiction novellas of all time", which is more or less true. (They aren't novellas, they're novelets, but if they aren't quite the greatest of all time, they come close.) This was originally supposed to be a single book, but Bova selected too many stories, so it came out in two volumes, even in hardcover. Stories were picked by ballot by the Science Fiction Writers of America, the only restriction being that only one story per writer was chosen for the inclusion. This includes "Call Me Joe" by Poul Anderson, "Who Goes There?" by John W. Campbell, Jr., "Nerves" by Lester del Rey, "Universe" by Robert A. Heinlein, "The Marching Morons" by C.M. Kornbluth, "Vintage Season" by Henry Kuttner and C.L. Moore, "...And Then There Were None" by Eric Frank Russell, "The Ballad of Lost C'Mell" by Cordwainer Smith, "Baby Is Three" by Theodore Sturgeon, "The Time Machine" by H. G. Wells, and "With Folded Hands" by Jack Williamson. If there is a single one of these that you haven't already read, except maybe for the Anderson and Smith entries, it's worth the money.

LEST DARKNESS FALL, by L. Sprague de Camp [Ballantine, \$1.25] Another winner in Ballantine's "Classics" series. This has had quite a few previous printings (Unknown 1939, Henry Holt 1941, Prime Press 1949, Pyramid 1963, and 1969), but none of them are very available at the moment. (And even if I don't much care for the Ballantine cover, it's positively fabulous when compared to the last Pyramid cover.) A young archaeologist is dropped back in time to Rome just before Justinian's invasion. Knowing both his new present and the future in general outline, his job is to first, make a living, and second, head off the coming barbarism. The story is both authentic as to background and humorous as to detail. Excellent.

A QUEST FOR SIMBILIS, by Michael Shea [DAW #88, 95 cents] A continuation of Jack Vance's EYES OF THE OVERWORLD which is just as good as the original. Probably better, considering that the original wasn't one of Vance's better efforts. Swords and sorcery which is acceptable if not outstanding.

ZENYA, by E.C. Tubb [DAW #115, 95 cents] Another Dumarest story. Presumably Tubb, having latched onto an open-ended series that he can continue until he dies, is going to do just that. It's acceptable space-opera, I suppose. I don't like the series much, but that's typical for me.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF #22, edited by Ken Bulmer [Corgi, 35 p] This is the first volume of the series to be edited by Bulmer, and is very much a tribute to former editor Ted Carnell. The stories are by writers who knew and liked Carnell, and who were "discovered" by him, or both. It includes "An Honest Day's Work" by Harry Harrison (foiling the invasion at time-and-a-half for overtime), a short excerpt from Clarke's RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA, "Spacebird" by James White (a new "Sector General" story), "Three Enigmas" by Brian Aldiss (more or less raw symbolism, acutely disliked by me), "Wise Child" by John Rackham (a rather elderly gimmick, more or less amusingly presented), "The Rules of the Game" by Don Wollheim (cosmology with a difference; enjoyable), "Monitor" by Sydney J. Bounds (security checks on returning cosmonauts -- and the inevitable escapee), "The Time Wager" by John Kippax (the unlikely origin of humanity), "The Square Root of MC" by Laurence James (the race problem as an original solution to a well-known mystery), and "The Inverted World" by Chris Priest (an original background of physics theory, though I generally avoid fiction where the hero is named "Future Mann"). Overall, a fair book but not an outstanding one.

2020 VISION, edited by Jerry Pournelle [Avon, 95 cents] Edited by Pournelle and written by his neighbors. This is another original anthology, the gimmick being that all stories are supposed to take place in the year 2020. Sure. Anyway, we have "Build Me A Mountain" by Ben Bova (sugarcoated propaganda for more Moon exploration -- very agreeable but not much of a story), "Cloak of Anarchy" by Larry Niven (a drawback in the ideal of anarchism; since it told me what I knew already I didn't think a lot of it), "Silent in Gehenna" by Harlan Ellison (a very good emotional story of social conscience that I disagree with completely), "The Pugilist" by Poul Anderson (the controlled future society), "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry" by Dian Girard (the future of dieting, a lightweight -- yes, I know -- but enjoyable story), "Prognosis:Terminal" by David McDaniel (the future of the world and showbiz), "Future Perfect" by A. E. van Vogt (one of the usual van Vogt razzle dazzles, which work much better in a short story where he hasn't so much room to make errors), and "A Thing of Beauty" by Norman Spinrad (a very amusing idea which is not quite spoiled by Spinrad telling you how symbolic it all is.) Overall, mediocre; but Harlan and Poul have very good stories, and Spinrad and Girard are acceptable.

FUTURE CITY, edited by Roger Elwood [Pocket Books, 95 cents] I reviewed the hardcover a while back. Lots of quite short items, and overall not terribly good. But Joe Hensley's "In Dark Places" is excellent, the worst R.A. Lafferty story (which "The World As Will and Wallpaper" may well be) is enjoyable, Andy Offutt's "Meanwhile, We Eliminate" is good, and Harlan Ellison manages to making a blooming idiot (which his main character certainly is) full of pathos. Or maybe bathos... Otherwise, we have bad poetry by Tom Disch and Virginia Kidd, and mediocre to bad fiction from Ben

Bova, Laurence Janifer, Barry Malzberg twice, William F. Nolan, Dean Koontz, Harvey and Audrey Bilker, Tom Scortia, Frank Herbert, George Zebrowski, Robert S. Verberg, Robin Shaeffer, Thomas F. Monteleone, Ray Russell, and Miriam Allen de Ford. (I realize I wasn't quite this hard on the hardcover edition, but I'd only looked the contents over once when I reviewed it. Very little of it improves on rereading.) All original stories.

ALPHA 5, edited by Robert Silverberg [Ballantine, \$1.25] Undoubtedly the poorest volume in this particular series. We have "The Star Pit" by Samuel R. Delany (the -- morality? -- of interspatial travel), "Baby, You Were Great" by Kate Wilhelm (a surprisingly good if melodramatic story of the total performance), "Live, From Berchtesgarden" by George Alec Effinger (sin and symbolism and a few yawns from the reader), "As Never Was" by P. Schuyler Miller (classic story of a time-travel paradox), "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale" by Philip K. Dick (the problem of reality -- just which problem of reality I don't recall, but with Dick it doesn't make much difference), "Yesterday House" by Fritz Leiber (the Mad Scientist in love; rather well done), "A Man Must Die" by John Clute (a moderately poetic and moderately dull version of the Generations Ship), "The Skills of Xanadu" by Theodore Sturgeon (the power of love, especially when it's disseminated by magic/science), and "A Special Kind Of Morning" by Gardner Dozois (one of the most idiotic anti-war stories I've ever encountered). I never really expected to see P. Schuyler Miller have the best story in an anthology. Delany, Wilhelm, and Leiber are all readable; I could quite easily do without all the others. Reprints.

OTHER WORLDS, OTHER GODS, edited by Mayo Mohs [Avon, 95 cents] An anthology of religious science fiction. Reprints, and the editor had to look hard, science fiction not being noted for religious stories. At that, the two best religious short stories in the field (Lester del Rey's "For I Am a Jealous People" and Arthur C. Clarke's "The Star") were omitted. And Ray Bradbury's "The Man" is passed aside for a more poetic but less interesting "Christus Apollo". Otherwise, we have "The Cunning of the Beast" by Nelson Bond (a science fictional interpretation of The Garden of Eden; mediocre), "A Cross of Centuries" by Henry Kuttner (the immortality of violence and the dual nature of man; good), "Soul Mate" by Lee Sutton (the evils of telepathy and of following the mind of one departed; mediocre), "The Word to Space" by Winston P. Sanders (interplanetary missionaries; not bad), "Prometheus" by Philip José Farmer (another interplanetary missionary of sorts; very good), "The Nine Billion Names of God" by Arthur C. Clarke (a classic), "The Vitauls" by John Brunner (an unexpected and original side effect of over population; excellent), "Judas" by John Brunner (the ultimate in mechanical religion; good), "The Quest for Saint Aquin" by Anthony Boucher (a classic on the problem of righteousness), "Balaam" by Anthony Boucher (the morality of interplanetary contact; fair), "Evensong" by Lester del Rey (very philosophical but a very poor story), and "Shall The Dust Praise Thee" by Damon Knight (a cute but not terribly significant story of the Last Judgment). Overall it's not a bad anthology, and if you haven't already read most of the stories -- I'd previously read all of them -- it's worth your money. But I don't think it's as good as it could have been.

SF:AUTHOR'S CHOICE #4, edited by Harry Harrison [Berkley, \$1.25] I think Harry is starting to run out of authors. We have Brian Aldiss with "Old Hundredth" (a rather maudlin tale of Truth and Beauty), John Brunner with "Fair" (sugarcoated tolerance; good), "The Forgotten Enemy" by Arthur C. Clarke (a moderately different end of the world story; I can still recall finishing it when it first appeared and thinking that I'd been cheated of the time invested in reading it), "Warrior" by Gordon Dickson (the inflexible code; not really an outstanding story, but a moderately good one), "Et In Arcadia Ego" by Thomas M. Disch (a very poetic account of alien contact), "But Soft, What Light" by Carol Emshwiller (robotic love, allegedly amusing), "The Misogynist" by James Gunn (male chauvinist humor? Unfortunately it's wasted on me because I never knew the stereotype presented. I wonder if Gunn does?), "All of Us Are Dying" by George Clayton Johnson (a rather dumb little story of a chameleon personality),

"The Fire and the Sword" by Frank Robinson (the problem of discovering Eden; excellent), "Bad Medicine" by Robert Sheckley (one of the little problems of computerized psychotherapy; good), "The Autumn Land" by Clifford Simak (one of his pleasantly rural stories), "A Sense of Beauty" by Robert Taylor (pseudo-poetic drivel), "The Last Flight of Dr. Ain" by James Tiptree, Jr., (a good ecological story, but I would call it a long way from Tiptree's best), "Ullward's Retreat" by Jack Vance (an excellent overpopulation story), and "The Man Who Loved the Faoli" by Roger Zelazny (love and death; fairly good). Overall, I don't think you get a terribly good anthology by letting the authors pick their own stories. The author's notes at the beginning of each story are often better than the story itself.

SOME THINGS DARK AND DANGEROUS, edited by Joan Kahn [Avon 95 cents] An anthology of mystery, fantasy, and fact, aimed at younger readers (which I guess includes most of fandom, judging from the items included). These are, "Mr. Loveday's Little Outing" by Evelyn Waugh (a nice little chiller of the psychopathic personality), "The White Cat of Drumgunniol" by J. Sheridan le Fanu (a ghost story, a bit creaky for modern taste), "The Murder of Dr. Burdell" (by Edmund Pearson (a factual account of one of villainy's odder manifestations), "The Destruction of Smith" by Algernon Blackwood (a crude plot, but one of the most original hauntings ever invented), "Wet Saturday" by John Collier (a nicely ironic murder story), "The Fantastic Horror of the Cat In the Bag" by Dorothy L. Sayers (Lord Peter Wimsey detects a murder), "Fatal Visit of the Inca to Pizarro and His Followers" by William H. Prescott (incident from his history, THE CONQUEST OF PERU), "Man Overboard" by F. Marion Crawford (an early but excellent story of supernatural revenge), "Portrait of a Murderer" by Q. Patrick (incident in the life of a thoroughly nasty young man), "The Dead Finger" by Howard Pyle (the disadvantages of magic), "Boy Hunt" by John Bartlow Martin (a factual account of a rather ordinary event in wild country; I'm not sure what it's doing in here), "Calling All Stars" by Leo Szilard (rather crude but moderately amusing science fiction), "These Terrible Men, the Harpes!" by Robert Coates (factual account of Wiley and Micajah Harpe, early and particularly vicious Tennessee outlaws -- if this short item whets your interest, Paul I. Wellman has a longer account in SPAWN OF EVIL), "When the Bough Breaks" by Lewis Padgett (the problems of being parents to a superchild; excellent), "A Musical Enigma" by Rev. C.P. Cranch (a pretty good ghost story), and "The Sinking Ship" by Robert Louis Stevenson (a lovely philosophical reducto ad absurdum; like something one might find in a Dave Locke fanzine). Overall, fairly good, always assuming you haven't read all of them before, and it isn't likely that you have.

AND ALL THE STARS A STAGE, by James Blish [Avon, 95 cents] An odyssey of survivors of a planetary catastrophe looking for a new home. Well-plotted, interesting, but as usual Blish is never too good at characterization. If you don't object to slightly wooden characters, it's a good book.

CAP KENNEDY #9: EARTH ENSLAVED, by Gregory Kern [DAW, 95 cents] Lousy covers; I don't like  
CAP KENNEDY #10: PLANET OF DREAD, by Gregory Kern [DAW, 95 cents] don't like  
Gaughan's poster style. I like the title of #9, but it should have been combined with the back cover blurb. "Earth Enslaved, Or: Through the Terror Toroid". You can't hardly get titles like that no more. In #9 Cap has to fight his way through a malign matriarchy (this sort of thing is catching) to defeat and alien invasion. In #10, he battles a Dr. Keifeng, who is quite obviously a reincarnation of Fu Manchu. It's sort of fun. Not good, but fun.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #3, edited by Terry Carr [Ballantine, \$1.50]  
THE 7TH ANNUAL BEST SF, edited by Harry Harrison & Brian Aldiss [Berkley, 95 cents]  
THE 1974 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, edited by Don Wollheim with Art Saha [DAW #101, \$1.25]  
If you think I'm going to review every damned story in three "Best" collections, you're out of your skull. I'm sick of reprint anthologies by now, anyway. However, let's have a jaundiced look at them. Any overlap? Yes, more than last year. Carr and Wollheim both picked "The Deathbird" by Harlan Ellison (a sort of emotional boiler

22 "Calling All Stars" by Leo Szilard (rather crude but moderately amusing science fiction),  
"These Terrible Men, the Harpes!" by Robert Coates (factual account of Wiley and Mi-  
cajah Harpe, early and particularly vicious Tennessee outlaws -- if this short item  
whets your interest, Paul I. Wellman has a longer account in SPAWN OF EVIL), "When  
the Bough Breaks" by Lewis Padgett (the problems of being parents to a superchild)

explosion; I didn't particularly like it, but it's very good), and Wollheim and Harrison/Aldiss both picked "Parthen" by R. A. Lafferty (the usual cockeyed Lafferty appraisal -- of the alienness of women, this time -- and as usual, very good). Carr for some strange reason picked Lafferty's "The World as Will and Wallpaper" instead, and I still say it's Lafferty's worst. Carr's choices which I agree are the "Best" are "The Death of Dr. Island" by Gene Wolfe, "The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas" by Ursula K. le Guin, and "The Women Men Don't See" by James Tiptree, Jr. Down a very short notch is "Of Mist, Grass, and Sand" by Vonda McIntyre, and then below that Phil Farmer's "Sketches Among the Ruins of My Mind," "Rumfuddle," by Jack Vance, "Tell Me All About Yourself," by F. M. Busby, "Something Up There Likes Me," by Alfred Bester and "Brekenridge and the Continuum," by Robert Silverberg. All except the last are at least readable, and I'm sure Silverberg's effort is Intense and Meaningful and all that. Total of 365 pages; many of the stories are novelets. Wollheim had fewer stories that I liked this round. Michael Bishop's "Death and Designation Among the Asadi" was highly regarded -- by everyone but me, apparently. The ones which I'll agree unreservedly are "Best" are "Evane" by E.C. Tubb, and possibly "A Modest Genius" by Vadim Shefner, a tongue-in-cheek item from Russia. Other good items are Robert Sheckley's "A Suppliant In Space" and Clifford Simak's "Construction Shack" and then we're down to "Doomship" by Pohl and Williamson, "Weed of Time" by Spinrad, and "Moby, Too" by Gordon Eklund. Total of 280 pages; also some long stories in there. Harrison/Aldiss have nothing besides "Parthen" that I'd call "Best" of anything, but I liked "Roller Ball Murder" by William Harrison, "Ten Years Ago" by Max Beerbohm, "Early Bird" by Ted Cogswell and Ted Thomas, and "Serpent Burning on the Altar" by Aldiss. Joe Haldeman's "We Are Very Happy Here" is okay. Otherwise we have "Mason's Life" by Kingsley Amis, "Welcome To The Standard Nightmare" by Robert Sheckley, "The Birds" by Thomas Disch (a God-awful insipid ecology story), "The Wind and The Rain" by Robert Silverberg, "The Man Who Collected The First of September 1973" by Tor Age Bringsvaerd, "Captain Nemo's Last Adventure" by Joseph Nesvadba, "La Befana" by Gene Wolfe, "The Window in Dante's Hell" by Michael Bishop (another moderately good one), "Sister Francetta and the Pig Baby" by Kenneth Bernard, "Escape" by Ilya Varshavsky, and poetry by W.H. Auden, Anthony Haden-Guest, William Jon Watkins and Steven Utley. Total of 255 pages. This year I'd say Carr gives you the most for your money (even if it is more money), with Wollheim second and Harrison/Aldiss a very poor third. Harrison/Aldiss do give you more stories that you're unlikely to have read before, but mostly you haven't missed much.

ENGRAVINGS BY HOGARTH [Dover, \$6.00] Now this is my kind of artwork... This large-size (14" x 11") paperbound book presents 100 plates of Hogarth's satirical views of early 18th Century English life, plus material on the times, the artist, and the individual engravings. Highly recommended, particularly to anyone nostalgic over the pure, simple life of his forebears.

DOWN THE COLORADO, text by John Wesley Powell, photos by Eliot Porter [Promontory Press, \$30] But marked down to \$13 when I got it. Slightly taller, slimmer, and skinnier than the Hogarth book; hard covers. The text is acceptable, but I have other less expensive sources of Powell's work. The color photography is incomparable. This is quite probably the most beautiful book I own.

HARD TIMES, by Studs Terkel [Pantheon Books] I got mine secondhand for 49 cents; it's also appeared in paperback. John Miesel kept telling what a wonderful book it is, and I kept saying, "Yes, but it's so big I hate to start it." Well, it took me a week to get it read, but it was worth it. This is a look at the Depression from the people who went through it, plus a few current views from 20 year olds for contrast. Every walk of life represented; coalminer Aaron Barkham, farmer Oscar Heline, Congressman C. Wright Patman, New Deal Braintruster Raymond Moley, Inland Steel executive Edward Ryerson, entertainer Sally Rand, gangster Doc Graham, vagrant Ed Paulsen; altogether probably 150 different people, telling what it was like at the time, what they think about it now, and what they think would happen if we had a similar Depression now. Every viewpoint from that of the black ("Depression? The black man is

born in a Depression.") to almost a parody of the hard-hat mentality. A great book.

THE TREASURE OF THE SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS, by Gary Jennings [W.W. Norton, \$7.95] But I got a discount from the Natural Science Book Club. Intended as the definitive account of the Lost Dutchman Mine. Jennings made several tours of the area with photographers Berni Schoenfield and Alex Apostolides (familiar name, there). He debunks most of the legends and most of the other books on the subject, leaving a small kernel of fact; the Dutchman may have had some ore, obtained either from a secret mine or from high-grading at a known mine in the area, and two soldiers in the Superstitions picked up some "funny rocks" that turned out to be worth \$7000 and both men were killed on their way back for more. The rest, says Jennings, is romance and tall tales (and I'm quite willing to believe him). He's thorough; the book begins with how to identify gold ore and then goes into geology, anthropology, and history of the Superstitions before getting down to the treasure legends. It's an excellent book, and his "L'envoi", a verse from a Badger Clark poem, is quite apt. "Oh, stranger, tell my pards below I took a ragin' dream in tow, and if I didn't lay him low, I'll never turn him loose!" (Incredibly apt, considering the original subject of the poem has nothing to do with the book.)

THE STEAMBOATERS, by Harry Sinclair Drago [remaindered, \$1] I don't know if this isn't as good a book as his previous OUTLAWS ON HORSEBACK or if I'm just not as interested in steamboat history. Basically there seemed to be too many names and not enough action. (But I got an idea for an article out of it, so I guess I didn't waste my money. Provided I can sell the article, of course.)

SOMETHING LIGHT, by Margery Sharp [library discard] This was a mistake. I got it because it was cheap and because I liked her juveniles about Miss Bianca. This is a drawing-room comedy/romance; it was originally published in the Saturday Evening Post, and it isn't really very good.

THE TEXAS NAVY, by Jim Dan Hill [A.S. Barnes & Co.] But it's probably out of print by now. Dedicated to Alma Hill -- the NSF's Alma, I wonder? I've read better writers, but Hill is competent, and the data itself is fascinating. I found out that Texas once rented its navy to Yucatan for a revolution, and that the second President of Texas, Mirabeau Bonaparte Lamar, had a brother named Gazaway Bugg Lamar -- I've got to figure out a way of getting a name like that into a book -- and that a good many naval officers of the era moved from country to country like current executives taking a job with another company; if Mexico or Texas needed officers, they simply hired them from the opposition, or perhaps from the U.S. or France. Excellent book.

THE MORMON CONFLICT, by Norman F. Furniss [Yale University Press, \$1.95] The only full book on the Mormon War that I've found. A trifle dry, but with occasionally fascinating understatements. "...four cases of disrespect, including the attempt by a private to shoot his sergeant." And I learned about a local Indiana hero, John W. Dawson, governor of Utah Territory, "a man of loose morals whom the Republican chieftains of Fort Wayne had nominated in order to rid themselves of an objectionable person." I think they've got a few more up there now they'd like to nominate to something. (It's not really a humorous book, but I found it interesting.)

THE NATIONAL PARKS PORTFOLIO; THIRD EDITION, 1921 [secondhand] Interesting black and white photos of the parks of the time, and an equally interesting list of them. I assume that General Grant Park is now part of Sequoia, but what happened to Wind Cave, Platt, Sullys Hill, and Lafayette National Parks? Do they still exist? Under other names, perhaps? Or were they turned back to private or state ownership?

FOLLOW THE FREE WIND, by Leigh Brackett [Ballantine, \$1.25] Technically I suppose this is a historical novel, but I intend to file it with the biographies. It's the story of mountain man Jim Beckwourth, fictionalized by including conversation, thots, etc. The facts are strictly authentic. Beckwourth could serve as the classic model of "uppity n----", I guess. His exploits are fascinating. I don't think I'd have liked him if I knew him (I probably wouldn't have liked many of the mountain men, for that matter) but from a distance I can admire him.

WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP, by Michael Lesy [Pantheon Books, \$15.00] But I got mine as a book club bonus. I believe there is a paperback edition, also; same size and with plates included. This is the evocation of the dark side of an era. The major text consists of excerpts from a Black River Falls, Wisconsin newspaper, between the years of 1885 and 1900. Additional mood is created by excerpts from the regional fiction of Hamlin Garland and Glenway Wescott, and by the author's running history of the community. The aura is that of doom. There are very few murders represented, but insanity, suicide, and arson are principle activities. The favorite Saturday night pastime of the period, evidently, was burning down someone's barn (or house, or place of business). Or occasionally burning down your own, for the insurance. The number of suicides recorded makes one wonder if the movie theatres of the 1920s didn't do as much to lengthen the average lifespan as the medicine of the same period. ("The 60 year old wife of a farmer in Jackson, Washington Count, killed herself by cutting her throat with a sheep shears." "Mrs. Philip Fredericks...threw herself in her neighbor's cistern at Beloit and was drowned.") "One or two women found a somewhat less violent release. ("Mary Ricks, the Wisconsin window smasher, has put in an appearance at Eau Claire.") The accompanying photos are of the important subjects of the time; mostly studio portraits of families and of the deceased (an incredible number of babies in their coffins), but with occasional pictures of logging camps, a fisherman with his catch, an emporium advertising oysters, ice cream, and lemonade (which might have had something to do with the mental derangements, come to think of it), a barber shop, and a plethora of cross-eyed girls and boys (another common problem of the Good Old Days that you don't see much of any more). It's a terribly grim book; I can visualize some of our more emotional types getting up in the middle of it and throwing themselves into their neighbors' cisterns. But it's also fascinating. Highly recommended -- but don't start reading it when you're feeling depressed and want something to cheer you up.

NIGHTMARE IN EDEN, by Miriam Asher [Pocket Books, 95 cents] I tend to read gothics by looking at the last couple of pages first; if they show a sense of humor or even of competence I may read the rest. In this one I looked at page 172 and read: "I am free now," Frank said. "Free from the vow I made to my sainted mother on her deathbed, though there is little jubilation in my heart." Somehow, that discouraged me from reading anything else (I didn't think anything else in the book could top that, for one thing).

CONQUISTADORES WITHOUT SWORDS: ARCHAEOLOGISTS IN THE AMERICAS, by Leo Duvel [St Martin's Press, \$12.50] Again, book club. A rather intriguing idea, intended to give a very thin overview of archaeology in the Western Hemisphere. The author introduces original narrative selections from a wide variety of archaeologists -- from Thomas Jefferson and Alexander von Humboldt to Thor Heyerdahl, Victor W. von Hagen, and Covarrubias, and many points in between. Duvel does a fair job in each case of setting the scene for the narratives, but the interest of the reader may graph up and down in rhythm with his interest in that particular exploration. The book is broken into sections on Andean South America, Central America, Central and Southern Mexico, Mayan Lands, United States, Earliest Americans, and Northernmost America, including Vikings. There are nearly 600 pages and a bibliography and thick index. But naturally it's impossible to do a really deep job in one volume; the effect is flavor, and stimulating one's appetite to dig into the bibliography and read the selections -- and materials which had to be left out -- in full. My personal favorite is Eleanor Lothrop's account of helping her archaeologist husband on a dig in Coclé, Panama; she has a wry, practical wit the lay reader can really appreciate. Unless you're really engrossed with all styles of writing and all varieties of exploration and digs I don't think you can read this one straight through; and in that sense, it's not a widely useful book. No one area is covered thoroughly. As I say, a dip-into kind of thing. I'd suggest sampling it in a library before taking the plunge at this price. JWC

TAGGART, by Louis L'Amour Secondhand. FALLON is a rarity; a lighthearted Western FALLON, by Louis L'Amour which does not take itself or the genre seriously. Fallon is out for survival and if possible a fast buck, and his saga is rather entertaining. TAGGART, originally written 4 years before FALLON, is crap. Maybe L'Amour is improving?

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

So Bruce in 225 notes that chessplayers are not noted as spendthrifts and by 227 finds that they have acquired a local rep (among hotels, anyway) as hooligans? At this rate, P.R. of chess teams should sink below that of, say, the Hell's Angels in a few months and we can expect American International to start producing a chain of chess exploitation movies: THE WILD ROOKS, KINGS' BISHOPS ON WHEELS, WHITE KNIGHTS DIE HARD, EASY CASTLER, and, of course, MATE IN THREE. I see Dennis Hopper as Bobby Fisher.

Your secret mastership is slipping, Buck; only two of your recommendations made the Hugo ballot. (I voted for the Hugos for the first



time since 1963 or so; a strange feeling. I thought 3 of the 5 nominated novels were better than any of the novellas, that 4 of the 5 novellas were better than any of the novelettes, and that at least two of the novelettes were better than any of the shorts. It's a good thing there isn't a Best Short Short category...)

Bob Tucker is a nasty cynical man. More.

Presumably Hyperion Press included Merritt's THE METAL MONSTER in their Classics series because it had never before appeared in hardcover. (On the other hand, neither have Merritt's collected short stories, which are much better.)

I read and enjoyed the Ellison parody, but I've also been known to read and enjoy Ellison (sometimes), so that proves nothing. I don't recall it much except for an impression that to do it, William Orr must have read and reread Ellison stories more thoroughly and more often than I have ever been willing to do for the sake of a parody, and I congratulate him therefore.

Coney's Oedipian musings were great.

The problem with Pohl's anthology JUPITER is that the possibility for turning it into a series are limited. There are of course enough sf stories set on Mars, Venus, and the Moon for an anthology apiece (in fact, Venus has already had two and Luna one that I can recall offhand), but beyond that things might get sticky and even if the Pohls can turn out a volume called URANUS, things would fall apart completely when they got to PHOBOS or NEREID, let alone the smaller asteroids.

I have the strangest feeling that I have already laced this issue. If so, I wonder why it is still in the Active Pile (Yandro, the atomic fanzine), and if I told the same lies last time. Anyway, if I haven't already apologized for confusing Eric Lindsay (and you), when I spoke of reading "nonfiction by HKirst," I had meant to say "non science fiction." I don't know of any nonfiction by Kirst either, though I suppose he might have written some, if only letters to the milkman.

You seem to have dropped a line between the bottom of page 42 and the top of page 43. At least I don't think that you are intending to refer to Roy Tackett as "one of the more SF Commentary," as he is older and is not stapled.

Gee, as I've said a couple of times, "availability doubtful" is not an accurate description of my Electric Bumblebee Sandwiches. Anyone who wants it can get it for an occasional SASE. So far nobody has wanted it, though.

P26:

Presumably Juanita, by retaining STWA membership, will continue to get free books from it. Why do you want two copies of free books? Surely you don't -- gasp -- sell them?

"We actually got money for saying much the same things we expound to neofans for nothing." You mean Ball State University paid you good money to come over and snarl and growl at a class?

The obvious problem with using Benedict Arnold as a rook in a Bicentennial Chess Set is that halfway through the game the British side will suddenly have three rooks.

Some of Walt Liebscher's stories in ALIEN CARNIVAL were professionally printed in Magazine of Horror.

Did I ever tell you that I took a couple of (English) classes from the son of Francis Rufus Bellamy, author of ATTA? Said son shuddered when questioned; they'd tried to live it down... A nice guy, too; too bad.

Does Betty McLaren know Liz Fishman? If not, how do we go about getting them introduced and thus achieving Critical Humor Mass? From internal evidence, she seems to work for John Mantley. He's 54 years old, Betty; don't let him forget it. THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY was decades ago.

As for vegetarians worrying that plants also have feelings, Edward Page Mitchell anticipated that too. The man was a marvel.

Does Larry Propp have a current address for the (or even "a") Flat Earth Society? Serious question; the Reference Dept. at U of Minnesota Libraries, wherein I earn my daily bread-and-pulps money, gets this question a couple times a year, and our most recent address is care of a fellow in Dover, England, who's unfortunately somewhat dead now.

(By the way, I got hired for a professional job in said Dept. with job security and all like that, two weeks ago. I'd been working two years as a subprofessional and graduated in June and expected to be out of the work as overqualified. The librarian job market is even tighter than most others. Praise the Glaroon.)

Larry Propp's letter amazes. And amuses.

So Rune is "mostly of interest to Minneapolis fans?" That will be startling information to local St. Paul fans. ("I like Saint Paul; he's cool.")

227:

I will have to try to remember to send you a Midwestern Gothic newspaper clipping I have on discovery of a woman's body in a freezer in an abandoned resort cottage. Seems her husband had the body shipped up from a neighboring state a few months ago with plans to rebury in a fancy mausoleum, but he Hadn't Quite Gotten Around To It Yet.

Strongly disagree with your opinions of TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE and on Vance's "Morreion," but I forgive you anyway.

Bub Tucker bought one contact lens? (len?) Let's start a fund to buy him another one (and a pair of shoes, and a pair of gloves, and...).

"Lady Marjorie is going down with the Titanic next season"? Somebody warn her...

Andy Zerbe: I have all but two or so of RAWLowndes' magazines for Health Knowledge (Mag of Horror, et al), and while I won't part with them, I'll photocopy therefrom for you at cost (5 to 7 cents per exposure) if you wish. Let me know.

But Buck, of course you are uptight.

And nothing wrong with that. So am I.

I wonder if anyone would believe me if I were to admit to using "James Tiptree" as a pseudonym?

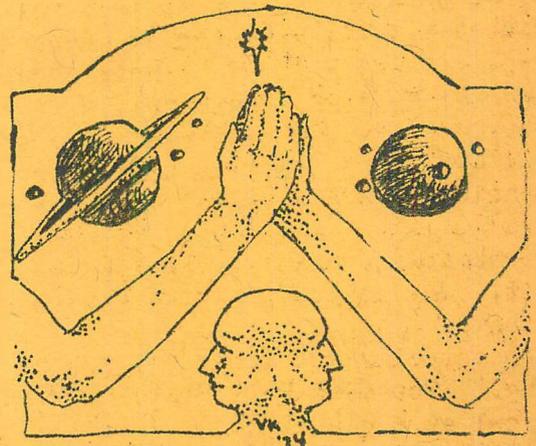
Hail and Farewell, Strange Fruit.

Bruce's backcover ad for Buck's Famous Collector's School is brilliant. It's also funny (the terms are not always synonymous, or however one spells it). Nice.

[[As an agonistic, I try to avoid mentioning St. Paul. RSC]]

Shayne McCormack, 49 Orchard Road, Bass Hill, NSW, Australia 2197

Your Barr artwork is really superb... how do you manage to reproduce those fine lines so well? I have terrible trouble with any fine artwork I try to reproduce. Of course, I'm a pretty bad printer; that may have something to do with it.



If Yandro was posted in April, that means it took 3 months to get to me, which is about double what it should be. Of course, we have had postal troubles here of late, and look like continuing to have them into the dim future. Although conditions here are still pretty good, with all the union trouble, the vicious circle of wage-rise/price-rise and all, I really don't know how long the good times can last. When basic commodities like milk and bread and eggs go up in price a couple of times a month, things are really getting bad.

Did you hear of the trouble that Frank Sinatra had when he was in Australia a short time ago? It was really very funny, and rather typical of the kind of strange things unions here tend to do. Old Frank made some kind of comment about the press, and the papers reported him as having said that Australian female journalists were hookers. Also, his bodyguards pushed some camera people around, and the media started squealing loudly and asking who this Sinatra guy thought he was, treating the Australian Press in such a manner. Frank decided he'd had enough of Melbourne hospitality, and decided to leave on his private jet; so the airport union put a ban on refueling his plane. It was eventually sorted out, and Frank generously gave his permission for one of his Sydney concerts to be broadcast live throughout Australia. Then the unions got upset because it wasn't part of the deal and threatened to blackban it unless they got paid extra. I really think capitalism can be carried a bit too far. At least, Unionism can. I've really gotten to hate unions in the last few years.

[[Yeah, our papers had full reports on Old Frank. I was sort of hoping they'd keep him down there; I wouldn't miss him, certainly. RSC]]

Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342

Hm, I seem to have passed over the course as a Meteoric Fan Legend very quickly. Pretty soon they'll gaffiate me, and then what? It's all honey on the upward arc; as Aljo Svoboda decrees one the New Fan Legend, APA L is all abuzz, and they tell one that his zine is a guaranteed Hugo nominee. It's exhilarating to enter into feuds for Ghu and County, verbally clashing sword-on-shield with the Evilepersons. But pretty soon it all gets turned around; the remarks cease to be jovial and become plutonian (Mike Glycer LOCs -- a new word in every one!); like in THE SPACE MERCHANTS, when the space effort is going well, the jokes are favorable, when it flops, you get jokes like "what happened when the astronaut injured himself zipping his fly". Pretty soon there's Quane, suffering from echolalia since I called him a "puritan" (not much of a perjorative, but it seems to have unexpected potency here), and Ayres referencing me in direct violation of the Galactic Litter Sanctions of 2109 CE. Old and tired, am I, without even knowing it; as soon as I read the report in a newszine, it'll be all over. Ah, for those auld lang days when fan legends were built more durably. Now I guess I'll have to turn in my navel and resign from the human race...

I hope you don't contract Bowers' Disease (plannum anabandonum). To announce in a new zine wherein "Robert Coulson reviews fanzines" is like announcing "Lee Harvey Oswald will give an exhibition of sharpshooting" -- an understatement in the extreme; I must witness this historical/hysterical occurrence with my own eyes!

Reading the list of authors in TWO VIEWS OF WONDER, the collection where story ideas were written up by a man and a woman, it doesn't look as if the anthologists strained themselves to find well-known women writers, even though the roster of male writers is mostly familiar. It seems to me that Ursula le Guin, Christine F. Hensel, Kathleen Goldin, Joanna Russ, Katharine McLean, Joan Vinge, Kate Wilhelm, and another whole boatload of women sf writers would have been likelier candidates.

On the whole it was one of the issues of Yandro I enjoyed most; I must be growing senile in my fannish old age.

[[I don't know about some of the others, but I have it on good authority that Katharine McLean won't write to specs, so that lets her out of any anthology where the ideas are presented to the authors in advance. And Joanna Russ probably figured that competing directly with a male was beneath her. RSC]]

Gene Wolfe, Box 69, Barrington IL 60010

Your back to nature issue has arrived. May I remind you that nature or serutan is regular. Autumn follows winter or whatever way it is, and the sun rises in the east every day unless you are in the southern hemisphere. Yandro used to be monthly, then it was ten times a year or something, and now it's irregular. It won't stay healthy if it's irregular.

I too go "Ni-e-e" when I get an acceptance. Editors have learned not to telephone me, for this reason.

Juanita, you are doubtless right about the "Trufans" and the "WouldBeFans"; but I have to confess to being a lifelong -- and I suppose incurable -- WBF. (Or as we say in less faanish circles, a radio station.) It's not that I don't want to talk to others, or to listen to others. It's just that no fan I meet at cons wants to talk about anything I want to talk about. Casting my mind back over the past (it's the snap of the wrist that does it -- that and reading a lot of Hemingway) I can (and in fact I will -- when Daddy takes a notion he takes a notion, unless it involves standing up) list all the subjects of all the fannish conversations I've had at cons on the fingers of one hand:

1. Doings of the SCA.
2. Bad food.
3. Sports.
4. Gossip about people I don't know. (For some reason, these people are usually from St. Louis.)
5. Exciting things that happened (they say) at some con I didn't attend.
6. How long the speaker has gone without sleep.

Musing over these invariable topics I have concluded that the fannish reputation for sparkling conversation is nothing more than a chimaera; and I believe that I am able to point accurately at the chimaeror -- it is Donn Brazier, and no other. Helpless, naive WBF's like myself read Title and come to cons expecting to bump into Michael T. Shoemaker, who will say: "Pardon me. Conversely, the people who 'think' show, without exception, an attempt at rational thought, whether or not they are the most intelligent or well-informed." We expect it, I say, but it hasn't happened yet, at least not to me.

So I go to cons -- when I do go -- in order to see friends I would not see otherwise, and to enjoy the programs. Someone, I think, should give a few awards for Best Panel Member. My own favorites would be Big Hearted Howard Devore, Rusty Hevelin, and Gardner Dozois. Any further nominations?

Buck, that memo you describe as simply incomprehensible ("Due to the failure of a 4160 volt insulator in the South Campus substation, which must be repaired first, the power outage scheduled for Sunday, February 38, 1971 has been canceled. This outage will be rescheduled at a later date!!) is -- except for the obvious typo in the date -- perfectly clear to anyone who has been involved in plant engineering work. Routine electrical maintenance would be performed during the scheduled outage. It can't be done now because the electricians who would do it are busy replacing the insulator.

[[We're regular; we've appeared every other month this year. Of course, that isn't when we say we'll appear, but you should know by now never to trust what a fan says, particularly about when his fanzine will appear. John Brunner and Andy Offutt make excellent panelists (except if you ever got them on a panel together it would probably run continuously until next year's con). And I rather liked the panel at one small midwestern con which featured Wilson Tucker ("Wilson Tucker? You're Wilson Tucker?!), Offutt, Joe Hensley, Gordie Dickson, Phil Farmer, and, ummm...somebody else. Can't recall who, right at the moment... Tell you what; at the next convention when we get into a party together, pick a subject, Any subject. RSC]]

[[But Gene, if you go to cons to meet friends you wouldn't see otherwise, you're already hopelessly hooked into trufandom, whether you realize it or not. You're a big, critical step beyond the "entertain me" stage. JWC]

Bruce D. Arthurs, 57th Trans Co., Fort Lee VA 23801

Jerry Kaufman's letter concerning how he can't get out of fandom because all his friends are there reminds me of a questionnaire I got from a Bill Bainbridge at Harvard about a month ago. One of the questions Bainbridge asked was, "Roughly what percentage of your best friends are science fiction fans?" By god, when I thought about it, I realized that I had to answer 100 percent. That disturbed me for a little while, but then I realized that the fanzines were piling up in the "to loc" stack, I had stencils to type, arrangements to make for the next con, and I just didn't have time to worry about how many of my friends are fans.

Strange. Your comment on page 29 about the Mafia smuggling weapons out of an Army depot came only a few days after I heard about the National Guard Armory in California being walked off with. Yet I'm sure the stencil was typed up before the event occurred. Three possibilities come to mind: 1) it was coincidence, 2) you have precognitive powers, or 3) you're the brains behind the operation. There's no hard evidence for the latter, of course...but don't leave town for a while.

Our company arms room was ripped off about a year and half ago. In January 73, the company was put on riot alert for the Presidential inauguration. The guns were passed out (correction: weapons; "guns" is a no-no) and everyone sat around on the parade field waiting to get up and go if necessary.

The day ended without any riots, so all the weapons were turned back in...except one.

I will say this for the Army; they can act quickly when they want to. Everyone was immediately restricted to the barracks, even the people who lived off post; they slept on the floor that night. Personnel who had already left were called back in. The sign-out sheet for the weapons was checked and it was found that the missing M-16 had been signed out to a man called Richards. Richards was interrogated by the MPs, and claimed that he had returned the weapon, and that it must have been stolen after being put back in the arms room; for the moment, however, he was put into temporary detention. A shakedown inspection was held, searching all the lockers in the barracks. The weapon wasn't found.

A company formation was held, and the CO announced that if anyone had any information concerning the weapon, no questions would be asked. It was also found in formation that two men, Wooden and Casey, were missing. Wooden had been put in jail in Petersburg that afternoon for assaulting his wife. Casey was called at his off-post address and he claimed that his car had broken down and he couldn't get back to post. One of our sergeants was sent in town to get him.

After the formation, one of the men, Riley, reported to the CO and told him that Casey had asked him earlier that day to drive Casey and Wooden to New York to sell the missing M-16 for \$400. Riley had refused.



Casey was brought in and questioned. He refused to answer any questions and was put into temporary detention along with Richards. The company commander went down to the Petersburg jail to talk to Wooden, who refused to see him.

However, Wooden's wife did see Wooden, and the next morning one of the company sergeants who knew her questioned her. She told him that Wooden had told her the weapon was in the apartment of Casey's girlfriend.

The two sergeants who'd been involved so far, Cox and Faust, went to see Casey's girlfriend. She said she didn't know anything about any weapons. Cox told her that if she didn't help them get the weapon back she was an accomplice and would be going to jail. She thought about it for a few moments and then took the M-16 from behind the sofa.

As it turned out, Richards had turned in the weapon and was completely innocent. When Wooden had turned his own weapon in, the armorer had turned his back for a few seconds, and Wooden had grabbed the nearest weapon (Richards!) off the rack and stuck it under his field jacket. Casey had also been in the arms room and saw Wooden take the weapon, and the two hid it in Casey's car until they were able to take it off-post.

Now what is interesting about this is what eventually happened to everyone concerned:

1) Wooden and Casey were given undesirable discharges for the theft.

2) Casey's girlfriend had her jaw broken by Casey after his discharge.

3) Richards was so prejudiced by the events and charges that he went downhill, and a few months later he got an undesirable discharge.

4) Sgt Faust, the hero of the day who had helped recover the weapon, was arrested about six months later on three counts of armed robbery and is now serving a year in Fort Leavenworth.

5) Sgt Cox, the other hero of the day, was divorced by his wife for extreme mental cruelty.

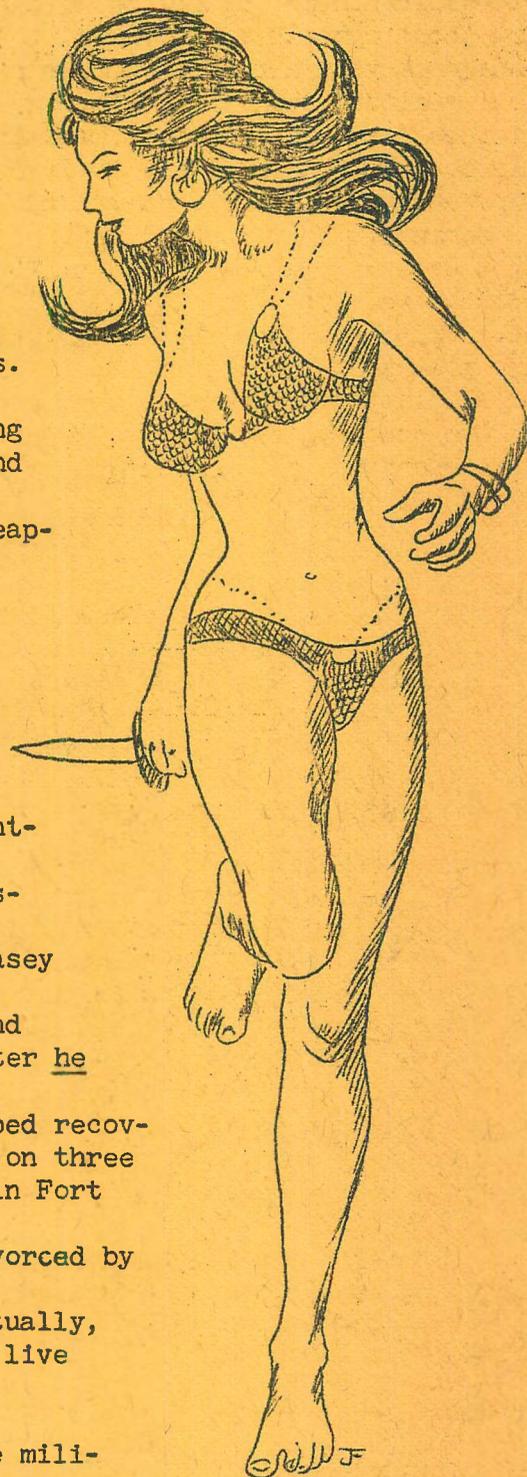
And so it appears that everybody suffered eventually, even the innocent. You'd think at least one would live happily ever after. But enough.

[[Some readers would say that story proves that the military contaminates everyone it touches. (They have a point; Look at Roy Tackett; as contaminated an individual as you'll ever see. Of course, Roy would probably say that the contamination is the sole prerogative of the Army, and that he is as pure as the...um...yeah.)

Nah, I wouldn't mastermind a strike on a National Guard armory. Unless I was desperate for money to get to Discon on...RSC]]

Bob Briney, 4 Forest Avenue, Salem MA 01970

I finally got around to reading the Florence Stevenson books. Consumed them like popcorn, in fact: the five Kitty Telefair volumes, plus BIANCA. All most enjoyable. But you should have warned me that someone (the publisher?) switched the order of two



of the middle Telefair books: #5 takes place immediately after #3, and presumably #4 precedes #3. If and when #6 makes an appearance, I'd appreciate it if you'd pick up a copy for me. I can't count on finding it locally, since there seems to be no discernible pattern to the distribution of Award pbs in this area.

I won't be attending Discon. Somehow I just can't seem to work up any enthusiasm for the location (the last time I was in Washington was in 1963, and I don't really think it has improved any since then), the program (?), or the idea of sharing the hotel with 2000 bridge players. I decided that I can put both the time and the money to better use.

Matter of fact, if anyone out there in Yandroland spots copies of Kitty Telefair Gothic #6, send me a couple of copies and I'll pass one on to Briney. I wonder if we should start a Florence Stevenson Fan Club? I know of half a dozen probable members, offhand. RSC/

John Carl, 3750 Green Lane, Butte MT 59701

One of the things I like about Yandro is its consistency. In a batch of old fanzines I recently got from Bruce Pelz, there were included a bundle of old Yandros ranging from issue #40. If they had higher issue numbers and the same reviews were applied to more topical books and fanzines, I wouldn't be able to tell the difference between them and this current issue. (It would seem out of character to see Buck raving about The Harp Stateside in such an extravagant manner.)

By the way, would you please be kind enough to print something to the effect that I'll be folding Reticulum after issue #2, if indeed that issue ever gets out. I've gone into my reasoning in detail in letters to other fanzines and don't feel like repeating myself; suffice to say that I'm now going to write locs instead of pubbing a zine. Cheaper and less work.

I think "consistency" is such a nice word -- so much superior to "rut". RSC/

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

I guess I'm an Elwood-Harlequinite also. I talked with Virginia briefly the other night when we were coming through Toronto and she said he'd taken one of mine. It's the one I've talked about before: A road world where all the "civilized" area remains behind the old interstate road fences and multiplications thereof.

The SFRA conference sounds like fun. We talked about going for a time, but I had to see some people in Ohio on legal business and we didn't get away from here until last Saturday noon. So we drove on up into Canada, up around Collingwood, north of Toronto, to the beach area. Weather like 65 - 70 degrees, winds blowing at 30 mph, water cold.

Mike and I had a great time hitting the book stores in Toronto. He picked up some Nivens he hadn't read and we both got cards inviting us to a nude body rub place, but Char wouldn't let us go. The Canadians seem very civilized to me. I think I'll go there again sometime.

Without Char? RSC/

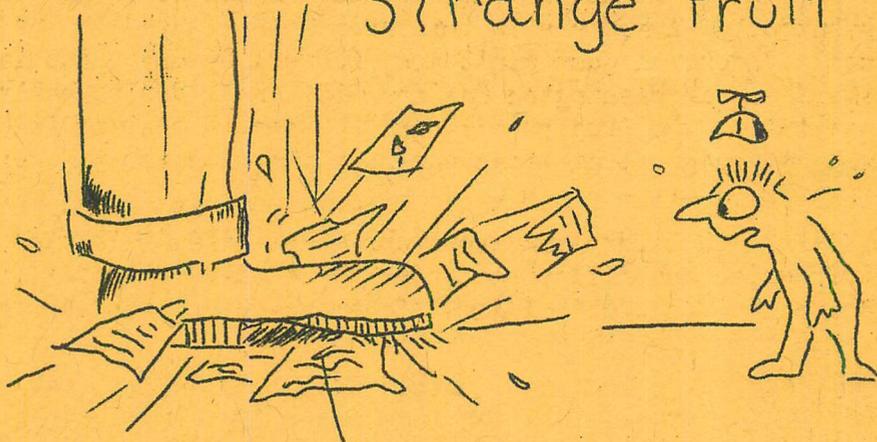
Joe Christopher, 820 Charlotte, Stephenville TX 76401

I meant to write back when 225 appeared that I appreciated Sandra Missel's list of the Van Rijn stories. (I'm looking forward to her book on Anderson, promised in a couple of years from T-K Graphics.)

In 226 you raised a question over the Charles Williams who is celebrated (if that is the proper term) by the Mythopoeic Society; he was a British writer of fantasies (not the current American mystery novelist of the same name). Sample titles: THE GREATER TRUMPS, DESCENT INTO HELL, ALL HALLOWS EVE. He also wrote Arthurian poetry and religious plays.

The problem of being cryptic; I knew who Charles Williams was, I just wasn't sure that he was the third member of the Mythopoeic Trinity. But you answered that, too./

## Strange Fruit



DEVLINS REVIEW has been postponed until October because I have this novel to write. This column will be, as I said, a sort of checklist of fanzines that I am recommending, for one reason or another. And to soothe the hurt feelings of various editors; not being included in here does not necessarily mean that I don't recommend your fanzine. My stack of fanzines to review is currently 18" tall, and

when I sorted out the titles that I especially recommend, they took up half the stack. I haven't the time to review that many right now. If your fanzine isn't in this issue's column, maybe it will be included next time. (Or maybe it won't be.)

Fantasy Trader #14 [Ron Bennett, 36 Harlow Park Crescent, Harrogate HG2 OAW, N. Yorkshire, England - 50p for 6 issues - USAgent RSCoulson] Primarily a sale list of the publisher. Some issues contain articles and quite a few individual ads, but this one doesn't. Prices don't seem too bad, and there is quite a bit of European material.

Xenophile #1, 3, 4 [Nils Hardin, PO Box 11751, St. Louis MO 63105 - 12/\$5] Digest-sized adzine, which includes a few articles and quite a bit of art. Prices, of course, vary from one dealer to another (Louis Jurena wants \$6 each for his 1941 Weird Tales while Claude Held wants \$10 for the same issues, for example.). There are enough different ads to give you a choice. Bulk of the ads are for the old pulp magazines, but there is a good variety of material offered.

Prehensile #11, 12 [Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342 & Milt Stevens, 14535 Saticoy, #105, Van Nuys CA 91405 - pseudo-quarterly - 50 cents] In general, this keeps getting better. I wasn't terribly thrilled with #11, but in #12 they've added one of the best fanwriters in the business (Milt Stevens, whose "Passing Parade" will be a column rather than an independent fanzine for awhile) as a permanent staff member, and excellent humorous material by Dave Locke and Jodie Offutt along with the usual book and fanzine reviews, editorial, and letters. Digest-sized, offset. Get it.

Tucker Bag #1, 2 [Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher IL 60401] Official publication of the Tucker Fund (maybe the only publication if some stencils from Locke don't show up pretty soon). Generally devoted to material being sold -- often auctioned -- to assist the Tucker Fund. We're firmly in favor of paying Tucker's way to Australia. (Or Siberia, or Tierra del Fuego, or...)

Haverings #57 [Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL Great Britain - 40p or \$1/4 - USAgent Andy Porter, Box 4175, New York NY 10017] A fanzine totally devoted to fanzine reviews. The only fanzine reviews that I bother reading (other than my own, of course, and if I could get my reviews on paper without reading them I would).

Electric Bumblebee Sandwiches #19 thru 29 [Denny Lien, 2408 Dupont Ave. S., Apt 1, Minneapolis, MN 55405] Normally I would not recommend an apazine to outsiders, but I find Denny's sense of humor fascinating, and you should too. For more serious types, Denny has a Frank Kelly Freas Cover Art Bibliography and Wilson Tucker Bibliography (professional material only, on bother). Same price - cost of a SASE.

Title #26 thru 30 [Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis, MO 63131 - no colophon that I can find without scouring these with a microscope, so I'm not going to bother. JWC] I begin to believe this is a reincarnation of Cry of the Nameless. It inspires the same sort of devotion from its readers, for the similarly unknown reasons. (I'm not even sure why I like it, but I do.) Primarily, I suppose, it has charm (and if you can define that, you're better than I am). Material is mostly letters and commentary, with a few columns. Often but not exclusively concerned with science fiction.

The Alien Critic #9, 10 [Richard E. Geis, PO Box 11408, Portland OR 97211 - quarterly - \$4/one year, \$7/2] One of the few serious fanzines to be published by -- and attract -- thoroughly acid personalities. (Most of us acid personalities don't take science fiction too seriously, though we may enjoy it.) It has a unique flavor; I'm not altogether fond of it, but it has some excellent material. (I don't like the arrangement of material at all, but the contents page helps.)

Triode #19 [Eric Bentcliffe, 17, Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, SW4 7NR United Kingdom - \$2.50/3 issues or the usual] Old fanzines never die; they only gaffiate. Here is a shining example of why it is impossible to count the number of fanzines; issue #18 was published in the early months of 1960. It's nice to see it back, with Jim Cawthorn's illustrations of Tolkien, one of their series of James Bond satires, and material from old-timers Bentcliffe, Terry Jeeves, Don Allen, and Emile Greenleaf. (Actually Greenleaf's contribution wasn't all that good, but it was nostalgic.)

Lesleigh's Adventures Down Under [Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison WI 53703 - \$1.00, proceeds to DUFF] Not only interesting but historical; the first-ever report from a Duff winner. (Down Under Fan Fund, for you newcomers.) Lesleigh covers everything from the problems of packing to the plane trip back, and her depiction of Australian fandom seems excellent. (I say "seems" because of course I haven't met most of the fans in question myself.)

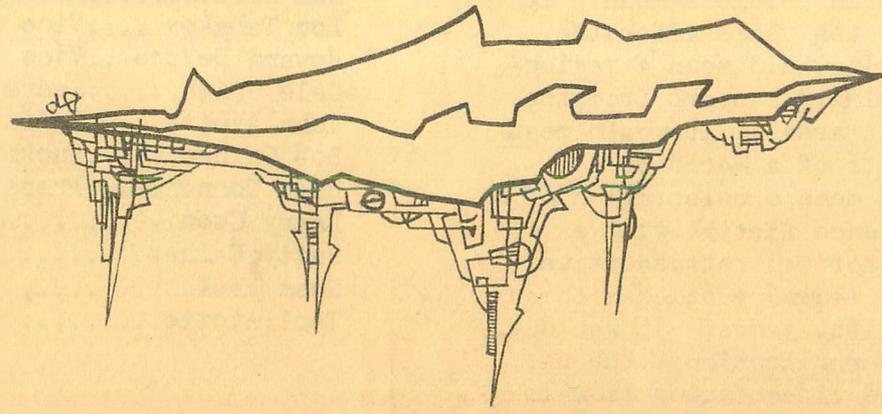
Forthcoming SF Books #19 [Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson TX 77566 - \$1.50/per year - bimonthly] Just what the title says; a list of what books to look for. By the time I get my copy a lot of them aren't "forthcoming any more, but they're still available.

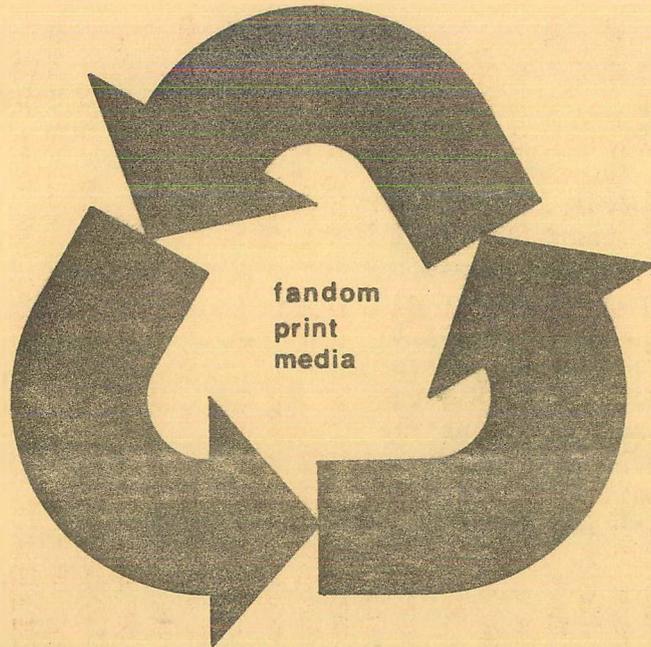
Awry #7 [Dave Locke, 819 Edie Dr. Duarte CA 91010 - irregular - \$1 or the usual] Probably the best humor fanzine around, having taken the title from a couple of Albuquerque contenders. Mostly, this issue is letters, but they are interesting letters, by and large, and there is also Dean Grennell explaining why he doesn't make public his home address -- I'd heard it before, in person, but it's still a fascinating story the second time around. (For anyone trying to discover the real name of the fan involved from the pseudonym Dean uses, give up. They ain't no resemblance.) Trina Hensel is good, and for the serious-minded there is a sort of spontaneous symposium on space travel benefits (or lack of them) and book reviews. Though if you're terribly serious about science fiction, you shouldn't be getting Awry.

Outworlds, #19, 20 [Bill Bowers, PO Box 148, Wadsworth OH 44281 - \$4/5 issues, or for accepted contribs] - quarterly] If you're terribly serious about science fiction, get Outworlds. A column by Poul Anderson, Jerry Pournelle, and Ted White having at one another (it couldn't happen to two more appropriate people), a column by Robert A. W. Lowndes, articles by and about professionals, excellent artwork. #20 also has several pages of serious material on fanzine publishing, covering mostly How To and Why.

Algol #22 [Andy Porter, PO Box 4175, New York NY 10017 - twice yearly - \$1.25] An even more spectacular production, with slick paper, photos, two-color covers, better art than most promags, and again a lot of material by and about professionals. (The contents page lists Robert Bloch, Poul Anderson, Richard Lupoff, Ted White, and Barry Malzberg; a lot of promags don't corral that many name writers.) It's a fairly quiet fanzine in contrast to the fulminations in Outworlds and Alien Critic, but very well done.

Remember... Columbus offers you an experienced and capable committee... a clean, attractive city that is easy to get to and is within 800 miles of 80% of random... superb convention facilities... an innovative program that will not lose sight of traditions... an inexpensive area to visit... good food at reasonable prices... a friendly city and a friendly committee that is ready to listen to your wishes... plenty to do away from the convention should you be able to break away--German Village--Busch Brewery--the Ohio State Fair... a choice of quality accommodations... free parking... the list goes on and on.





## Columbus in 76

## Tricon II

What would a 1976 Worldcon in Columbus mean? It would mean a Tricon II, exactly ten years after the original Tricon in Cleveland. It would mean a regionally based Worldcon with its primary support from the Columbus, Cincinnati and Detroit areas. It would mean an emphasis on the triple aspects of a Worldcon -- FANDOM--PRINT--MEDIA. It would mean a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of science fiction with a program organized around an historical retrospective of the field (fandom, print and media) coupled with an attempt to peer into the next fifty years. It would mean innovative programming and publications, the use of closed circuit television and video taping to make the programming more accessible to all, and plenty of space for all functions. Last, but not least of all, it would mean a convention presented by an experienced, capable and eager committee.

Larry Smith.....	Chairman.....	Columbus
Bob Hillis.....	Associate Chairman & Treasurer..	Columbus
Lou Tabakow.....	Vice Chairman.....	Cincinnati
Howard DeVore...	Vice Chairman.....	Detroit
Cele Smith.....	Secretary.....	Columbus
John Ayotte.....	Media Presentations.....	Columbus
Bob Gaines.....	Hucksters.....	Columbus
Bill Conner.....	Press Liason.....	Springfield
Larry Coon.....	.....	Wheeling
Betty Gaines.....	.....	Columbus
Ross Pavlac.....	.....	Columbus
Teri Ayotte.....	.....	Columbus

Attend the consite selection at Discon II and vote for

**Columbus**