

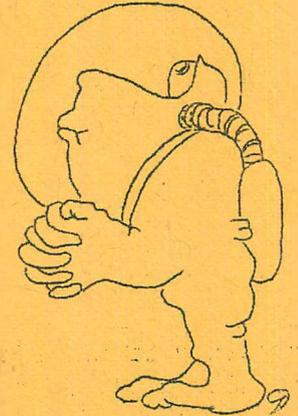
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Addendum to Rumblings: Since I wrote it, Sandra has been informed by Sapiro that he didn't intend to sue her, only Chilton. After hearing that, I tried to recall how long I have known that book contracts have clauses stipulating that the author is responsible for producing original material and that any problems about copyrights or plagiarism are his/hers, not the publisher's. I couldn't recall - but I knew it at least 15 years before I ever saw a contract. Sapiro with all his alleged expertise on science fiction evidently never knew it.

RSC

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ARTWORK

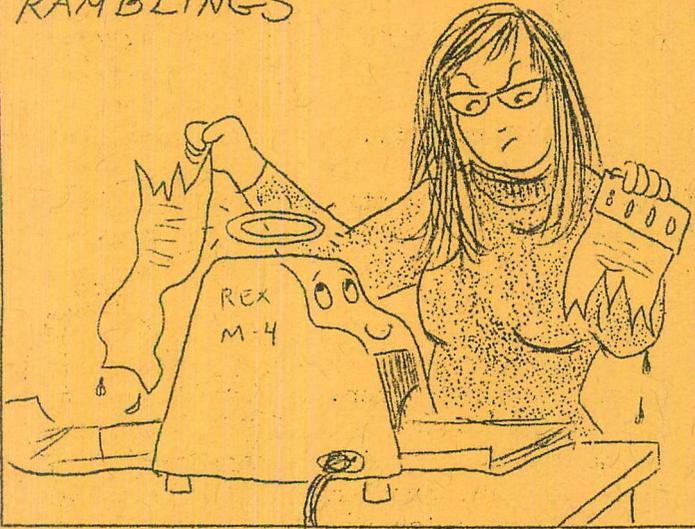
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Page 1 - - - - -	Dave Rowe	" 17 - - - - -	Arthur Thomson
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" 4 - - - - -	JWC	" 19 - - - - -	Dave Piper
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" 10 - - - - -	Bjo Trimble	" 26 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn
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Note: "The Fossils" copyright 1975 by L. Sprague de Camp.

More last-minute notes. Seems I did sell my outline to Elwood. Contracts arrive today. Now I can go buy a crossbow and put it down on my taxes as "research". It will complement the boomerang I picked up at a local gun show awhile back. (Yes, Roy, they have weird.....) I got a British steel helmet at the same show (in case I get the boomerang to come back.) // Got an ad from the local TSC Store (a farm-oriented chain) the other day. One of the sale items is a "Hanging Cattle Oiler". I have to admit, that defeats me. I didn't know one oiled cattle, hanging or otherwise. (Maybe it's for treating cows which have gone dry.....)

RSC

RAMBLINGS



Eagled-eyed fans of fanzine repro will notice that I had some mimeo problems on a few pages -- enough that the run of this issue had to come to a stencil-torn halt while I hauled the machine to the repairman. (I think Betsy Curtis detailed the uncanny habit of machinery to fall apart as soon as (or just on the verge of) one gets a windfall -- immediately chewing up whatever you'd hoped to blow on your own enjoyment. Did she mention machinery which behaves erratically but put-upable-with until you take it in for an overhaul -- and then it starts throwing shoes with giddy abandon? That applies here. Sigh.) At any rate, my expert repairman wasn't able to do too much, but he did ease somewhat the

tendency of the mimeo to rip the stencils out of the headers by the roots. Now it's developed an old-new quirk -- sending sheets through slaunchwise. Fortunately it's only doing that so far -- knock plastic -- on hand-crank operation. But that'll mean another trip to the repairman. Last time I had an M-4 with the slaunchwise hangup I ended up swapping machines with them, for free.

I'd hoped to include with this issue a sheet containing the information on the 1976 Futuristic Design Contest conducted by Bjo. But the combination of mimeo foulups and her microelite format canceled that out. So I'm ordering all you enthusiastic designers of far-out clothing to write to Bjo and request the information. Include a SASE. There are a lot of categories for you to choose from, and you needn't design the whole outfit from whole cloth. Ejo includes mannequin designs so you can draw your creations and submit them -- and don't worry if you're not an artist; it's the design that counts. I think this is a category of stf extrapolation that's been too much neglected: what will people be wearing in the future? If you insist you haven't the knack for writing stf but always had the urge to put your imagination to work, this may be your chance. I consider costume and clothes design a branch of art, and longtime readers know how I feel about art as an overlooked facet of our field. So use your spring gumption to write Ejo Trimble, 696 S. Bronson Ave., Los Angeles CA 90005. Do it now before you forget, and that'll give you plenty of time to get busy noodling costume ideas before 1976's deadline.

Remember last issue I was moaning over the clipper ship cover on my Beagle gothic? Well, seems the publicity department slapped on the brochure an old somethingorother they had lying around -- not waiting for a print of the cover which was actually used. And the cover which was actually used was great. As in DeWeese's case, I was flabbergasted and delighted to see that the artist -- or whoever excerpted for the artist's use -- really read the book! Wonders have yet to cease. A showboat, an Indian princess, the man with the bloodstone tipped cane...the works. I even forgive him for lightening the heroine's hair (so it'd show up better against the dark backdrop, an understandable artistic license). I'm totally pleased. Hadn't thought anybody in the publishing field still operated like that.

Though we do know Kelly Freas operates like that. If the few studies he showed us for the projected Harlequin series are typical of all the others, it's going to be a very striking publishing venture. Kelly's covers -- like Gehm's (?) for Beagle -- really illustrate the texts within.

We had that sneak preview of some of the cover studies at Marcon, where Kelly and Polly Freas were happily in evidence, along with a lot of other much enjoyed people like the Thompsons and the Gainses and...impossible to name everybody. And there were several hundred somebodies. Fair sized regional and simpatico parties. But it is nicer when

the hotel is all ours at a con, or the hotel blocks us away from the mundanes. And the mundanes sharing the hotel at Marcon were very mundane, I'm afraid. I haven't felt such hostile stares since the Midwestcon at the Carrousel, where hippie type fans were being mashed against the building by Cadillac drivers and other uptight mundane guests. The hotel rooms were excessively dinky, but as long as the parties move, fans can put up with that. But next time let's start our filksings off on the con floor -- if the film program allows. (I hope MidAmeriCon is taking into account the conflict between loud filksings and film programs sometimes sharing the same con floor; the noise problem gets fierce at times. If the singers don't bellow they're drowned out by the sound tracks, and if they do irate film buffs come pounding on the walls.)

Not only was Marcon a moderately pleasant con, but there were bonuses coming and going. On the way there we stopped at the Neil Armstrong Museum in Wapakoneta, Ohio. I'd been there before when Kay Anderson visited us after Torcon, but Buck and Bruce had never seen the place -- and now Buck's talking about going back again realsoonnow. I could lay around in the planetarium there for hours, myself. And leaving Columbus we stopped at a super-remaindered hardback book store the Gaineses tipped us to last time we were there. Good thing they took BankAmericard. The sort of store you can go wild in -- and still feel frustrated because there are so many more books you had to leave behind. Now all I have to do is find time to read the ones I got. Anomaly -- once you start writing fiction steadily you have so little time left to read it; reading time goes to research for material to use in writing the fiction.

Update on Rumblings, by the way -- Buck has now sold an sf novel to Harlequin too, or contracted to do so, and he will be spending all spring and summer bitching because he never has time to do anything, but write. Hoping you are in the same boat if you want to be...

JAC

a column

My column is being cut down in space this issue due to the mimeograph problems. My mother doesn't want to run any more stencils than she can help.

Once again I qualified for the State Congress in speech, and once again finished with nothing. It's getting to be a tradition now. This was a bit more exciting than the other times; I and several other "senators" were seriously considering introducing a motion of censure against another senator, "For impugning the honesty, motives, and tone of the speeches and statements made by his fellow senators." I was busy figuring out how many votes it would get, and I think that it would have ten (two thirds), but I decided that the judges wouldn't like it, so we let it drop. (Good thing, too; he got first place.)

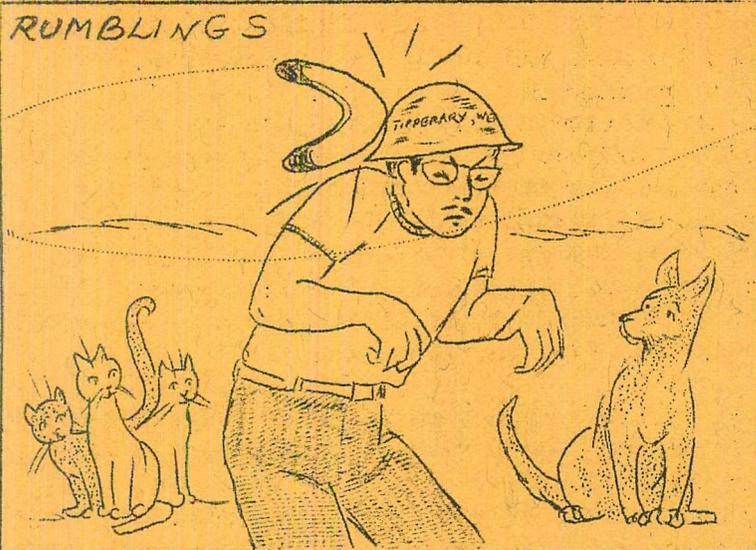
I once again won some prize money from a chess tournament. With three points out of four I tied for the Class D prize and won five dollars. (Since I spent nine dollars on entry fees and food, it wasn't too profitable.)

Marcon was a nice regional. The hotel itself was a little strange; whoever heard of an escalator going up without a downward one beside it? Or non-suicide proof windows? (Or, for that matter, one that would smash up your car in their parking lot and then ask the poor guy to wait a week for repairs. After first trying to deny that the hotel staff had done the damage at all.) But the people were fairly pleasant. I spent about 30 dollars in ten minutes helping Rusty Hevelin unload his stock, and he closed down in 45 minutes (I think he took me seriously when I said he should have business cards printed: Rusty Hevelin, Huckster, Open by appointment only.) I still say there was a dearth of parties, but all things considered I'm glad we went.

The latest event at school was the matter of two mice running around the cafeteria (one of them squashed in the most disgusting way). Yes, indeed. And people wonder why I bring my lunch to school. (Actually, rumor has it that someone brought the mice for just that purpose. The trouble is, most of my classmates are willing to believe that mice live in the cafeteria.)

BEC

RUMBLINGS



I guess this is the official 21st Anniversary issue of YANDRO. It should have appeared in February -- and would have, if I hadn't unexpectedly run out of stencils. Then we got busy with novel outlines, and Juanita got sick, and with one thing and another we'll probably be lucky to finish this in March. I ought to be used to this by now; I'm sure you are. (Just pretend this paragraph is expressly for the people who have sent in for their first copy and by now are beginning to figure they've wasted their money.)

The other morning as I walked in to the office from the parking lot, I met the woman who services our candy

machine. She was coming out of the building, and I didn't realize it until I was past her that what she was lovingly carrying in both hands was a crossbow. It isn't precisely what one expects to see in a small town on a workday morning. I keep wondering if she brought it along to lend weight to her bill collecting, or what? One of those strange unexplained occurrences, like the time I was driving in town in a very thick fog and I happened to look up and there over my head, completely silent as far as I could tell and about a hundred feet up, was a biplane. It vanished into the fog while I sat there with my mouth open. (It's not just the fans in the Midwest that are weird, Roy.)

Normally, this would be the issue where I kindly advise you what to nominate for the Hugo Awards, but it's a little late for that, too. However, I did save out my ballot, or a Xerox thereof, and I'm mentioning my nominations more or less for my own records; if you're interested, fine. (YANDRO is, among other things, a sort of giant diary. The other day Juanita and I were disagreeing on when we'd moved to this house -- "Look it up in YANDRO.") Okay. Novels: THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE (Niven & Pournelle), ICE AND IRON (Tucker), THE COMPANY OF GLORY (Pangborn), and THE DISPOSSESSED (le Guin). Novellas: There weren't any good novellas, so I pretended that Tom Swann's "Will-o-The-Wisp" wasn't really a novel and nominated it for the category. Novelettes: "A Father's Tale" (Lanier), "A Winter Memory" (Brennert), "Midnight By The Morphy Watch" (Leiber). Short: "After King Kong Fell" (Farmer), "The Day Before the Revolution" (le Guin), "The Gateway to Now" (Coney), "West of Scranton and Beyond the Dreams of Avarice" (McLaughlin), "Scholarly Correspondence" (Maine). Dramatic: "Killozer" (This was actually Bruce's suggestion, but I agreed. He also nominated "The Killer Bees", I believe, but I didn't like it quite that much. Pro Artist: George Barr, David Hardy, Kelly Freas (Bruce also put in Freff, I believe). Pro Editor: Ted White, Don Wollheim, Ed Ferman, Fanzine: STEFANTASY, DYNATRON, AWRY, Fan Writer: Dave Locke, Sandra Miesel, Roy Tackett. Fan Artist: Alex Gilliland, Bill Rotsler, Sheryl Birkhead. Contribution To The Field: This struck me unexpectedly; where did that category come from? However, basing my vote on the criteria listed on the ballot - Wilson Tucker, P. Schuyler Miller, Bjo Trimble. Campbell Award: Clark Collins, Herb Brennan. (Though I'm mightily tempted to begin voting "No Award" on that one.) Fantasy Award: L. Sprague de Camp, Thomas Burnett Swann, L.P. Davies.

Family news. Juanita's gothic, STONE OF BLOOD, is on the stands, with a surprisingly good cover on it. Gene DeWeese's THE REIMANN CURSE is also out; well, Gene's practically a member of the family. Juanita and I finally got contracts for the short stories we had accepted last summer (no money yet, though). To be in an original anthology titled BEYOND TIME, edited by Willy Ley's daughter Sandra, published by Pocket Books and I have no idea when. Gene's and my epic, currently titled NOW YOU SEE IT/HIM/THEM/WHO/US? is scheduled for Doubleday in October. No word on when our Harlequin book will appear, though Elwood said the series will begin showing up in September. Gene and Juanita have had outlines accepted for a second round of Harlequin books; Elwood rejected my first one and I haven't heard yet on the second. (Juanita said if I did sell him one I'd just go around bitching about how I never had time to do anything - I would, too.) Gene has more gothics coming, and a doll book.

I'm writing this just before Marcon; since we probably won't finish the issue until after the con I suppose I should hold this so I can include a con report. (Ha!) Anyway, I want to get it out of the way.

The mail has been doing pretty well by us. Alex Yudenitsch sent 5 pounds of mate from Brazil, and Alan and Elke Stewart added to my odd assortment of playing cards with a Bavarian deck. (Suits are hearts, bells, leaves and accrns; court cards are kaiser, ober-officer and unter-officer. The deck is meant for playing Schafskopf, which seems to be one of those peculiarly German games. I read the rules, but after discovering that "all queens, jacks, and diamonds are trumps" and in the side suits the rank is Ace, 10, King, 9, 8, 7, etc., I decided not to play it. Particularly since my deck doesn't happen to have queens, jacks, or diamonds.....I got as far as the rules about schneider and schwarz before giving up utterly on understanding it.)

I don't know how many of you have heard that Leland Sapiro is suing Sandra Miesel and Chilton Books because Sandra's article in The Many Worlds of Poul Anderson was originally copyrighted for RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY by Leland. Of course, Sandra was pretty careless is not checking on this before book publication - for that matter, she was pretty careless in having anything to do with Sapiro to begin with. Okay; copying an entire issue of a fanzine in your own name may be easier than reserving rights to the authors - though every other editor I know does copyright for the authors. Trying to cut yourself in on a professional sale because of such copyrighting is beneath contempt. Leland isn't really in fandom any more, as far as I know, so I suppose he can't be run out of it. Too bad.

Well, back to more amusing things, such as the fact that Joe Hensley is now a judge. Amazing, the problems that beset our judiciary system.

Denny Lien sends a classified section clipping: "Popsicle wrappers!! Now available below market value. Act now and take advantage of Christmas specials. No dealers." Do you suppose it could be in code? (Well, yes it could, come to think about it.) The home and garden section of the Fort Wayne paper had this big headline: "GROW PLANTS FROM SEED". Well, yes, that's the usual way, all right.....Alan Dodd sends a fascinating clipping from England. In view of the increasing violence in England, and the need to keep weapons from the hands of the criminal element, the police have officially disarmed the Boy Scouts. Those terrible knives, you know. "A tragedy could happen if a Scout was attacked in the street". Yeah; he might fight back instead of allowing himself to be beaten up like a good little police state citizen. The Fort Wayne fire department is using a clairvoyant to locate an arsonist. No luck on the arsonist, but the occultist did unearth some local history that the historical society didn't know about. (She described "an old Post Office" building; nobody had any idea what it could be until they dug into the records and found one where the clairvoyant said it was.) Mostly we get good postal service in this state. However....awhile back at work I sent out two letters to the same distributor (in Georgia) on the same day. Same identical address. One was delivered and the other came back marked "addressee unknown". Sandra Miesel send in a clipping having a little fun with the new-type names for pro teams in various sports - the Chicago Fire, the Portland Storm, the New Orleans Jazz, etc. The writer had some good worldwide possibilities; the Accra Bats, the Peiping Toms, the Perth Snatchers, the Bombay Doors and the Dieppe Purple. Then he went on to invent teams for Indiana towns; the Hammond Eggs, the Cairo Practors, etc. Armed with an atlas and a low sense of humor I came up with the Waverly Wafer, the Chili Supper, the Brazil Nuts, the Conrad Hilton, the Flora Dora, the Shirley Jackson, the Portland Cement, the Carmel Apple, the Patriot Game, the Birdseye Pea, the Deputy Sheriff, the Cuba Libre. Gene DeWeese, with an even lower sense of humor, added the Plymouth Rock, the Milford Mafia, the Berne Baby Berne, and the Huntington Chorea (which is a sick joke if I ever heard one). Do you suppose this sort of thing will ever replace elephant jokes? Awhile back I got this big envelope from the International Biographical Centre, in Cambridge, England. I opened it up and it's a fancy embossed paper saying it is a diploma "awarded to ROBERT COULSON for DISTINGUISHED ACHIEVEMENT and is the subject of commendation in MEN OF ACHIEVEMENT 1973." Which I guess is their way of announcing I'm included in some biographical volume. Not quite as unexpected as making Leaders of Black America, but fancier. (Remember, Bev, if you've got that one in Milwaukee I want a Xerox of my bio; it's not every red-blooded American WASP who can achieve an honor like that.)

FISHMANIA

BY

LIZ FISHMAN

We've moved again. Our landlord decided she wanted to move back into the house by August 15, and we were only too glad to oblige. That big beautiful house we were so in love with, and even thought about buying when the owner let it be known she was thinking about selling, began falling apart right before our eyes: the hot water heater leaked and took hours to regenerate; the furnace was thinking about retiring; the kitchen ceiling leaked when anyone showered in the bathroom right above it; and the tile in that bathroom squished from the water that leaked under it from the unheretofore seen hairline crack between the wall and the tub; the toilet tank workings were rusted and corroded beyond belief; most of the plumbing hung onto whatever was supposed to be passing through it; termites, who apparently don't like to start the ruin of things but have no scruples about finishing them, were munching their crazy little heads off. And let's not even talk about the wiring that left three-fourths of the house roughing it the last six months we were there -- the part with the refrigerator and stove, no less.

So, the landlord wants her house back. Most certainly the landlord may have her house back, with blessings from us one and all.

We bought a three-bedroom ranch with a huge fenced-in yard. The people who lived here before were cruddy slobs; it was the filthiest place I've ever seen (I don't mind a little tabletop dust here and there, but it does get to be a bit much when you can swear to seeing sweet-potato vines growing from closet corners), and the sour, musty odor that hit you upon opening the front door would have turned aside a horse. It was certainly turning away everyone else the two years the house was on the market -- everyone but my mother.

I didn't see the place until the day after the former owners moved out, leaving behind them mounds and encrusted layers of dirt: two broken, splintery desks in the bedrooms, some scatterings of rusty nails and bright chips of plastic through-out, and five or six pleasantries their dog performed in the garage. I was staggered with disbelief -- that a habitat could be in such condition, and that my mother bought the damned thing. "I don't believe it," gasped I, "you actually bought this damned thing? You actually did?"

"What's the matter with you?" she queried.

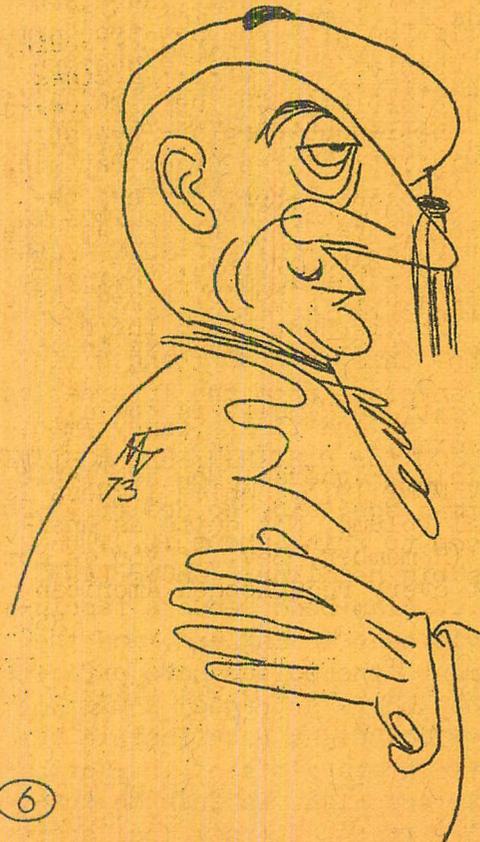
"Have you no vision? Can't you see what I see?"

She must be kidding. "You must be kidding."

"You're not your mother's daughter, that's all."

"Well, unfortunately you're your daughter's mother, and how could you do such a rotten thing to your own child?"

My rotten brother (from now on I'm leaving out "little"; the kid's ten and looks thirteen) walked out the front door in time to hear the last part



of conversation. "Yeah, how could you do this to your sweet, blue-eyed baby boy?"

"You," I snarled, "deserve what you get."

In the meantime, my mother had walked to the other side of the house, and was gazing at it thoughtfully. "Avocado-brown, and lime-green trimmings. How does that sound?"

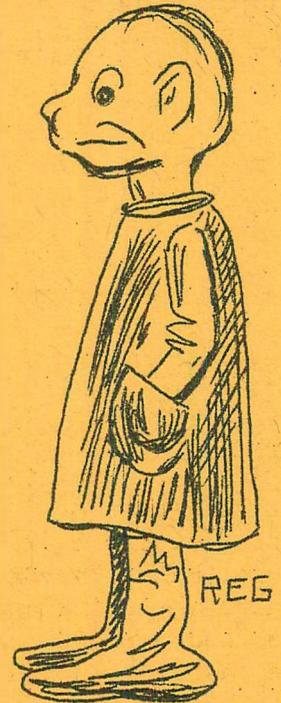
I thought about it and it sounded terrific. "Well, it's an improvement over its present red, white, and blue." (Did you ever feel like saluting a house?)

"All right, we'll scrub the inside from ceiling to floor, and repaint if we have to (didn't have to). Then we'll tear out that miserable kitchen tile and lay a burnt-orange floor with a brown French provincial design. The same for the entryway, but in a kind of gray, slate-green with the same design. Retile the small bathroom, hang ceiling to floor drapes in the bedrooms, and maybe we ought to have matching bedspreads. We'll find a hanging Tiffany lamp for the kitchen, and the Boston fern on a slate-green stand in the corner by the window." Coming back to Earth, she smirked, positively smirked, at me. "Well, my child?"

Well, it all turned out as she said, and I'm still caught by surprise everytime I walk in the front door. And I'm not the only one. The neighbors, who had followed our progress with wonder at it all (and brother, wait till I tell you about these neighbors) were also stunned. Almost every day that we've been here (almost two months) one of them is at the door on one pretext or another and on admittance ends up taking an unguided tour. It wasn't so bad in the beginning, but they come any damn time they please and won't take no for an answer. ("Oh hell, won't take but a minute to welcome a new neighbor." "But you've welcomed us three times already." "Oh, don't mention it now. Folks around here were born with friendship in their bones." Sigh.) They breeze right in past us. If it's at meal-time, "Looks like you had a fine dinner." If it's just as we're getting up, "Well, now, you just getting up?" If we're getting ready for bed, "You folks retire kind of late, don't you now?" (And what about you, you old friendly thing, you?)

I'm also getting tired of having to remember to lock the bathroom whenever I'm in there for whatever purpose. A closed door means nothing to these people except that it's a closed door, no obstacle at all to folksy curiosity. (I can never forget the time about twelve years ago when we were renting one-half of a double. The landlord decided he wanted to sell the building, and while we were still there he sent people through. One afternoon my sister decided to take an early bath and was in the tub when the landlord brought a family, all at his convenience, of course. The father and son went upstairs and I followed behind getting there just as the man had opened the bathroom door. The four of us -- the man, his son, my sister, and myself -- were numbed into a staring tableau. After an eternity the man slammed the door and turned to his goiter-eyed son. "Thir's a gorl in thir!" The son said nothing, just kept his eyes, his big dumb eyes, on the closed door. By this time the wife, the landlord, and my mother had joined us, and the man turned to stare at his wife, a great red whale of a woman. Before he could say anything about the "gorl in thir" my sister, who had apparently pulled herself from stupored shock, started yelling, "Mother, there's a man out there! There's a man out there! He looked at me! Help!" The wife stepped in front of the man and bellowed, "Thir's a gorl in thir! And ya wir a lookin' at 'er, wirn ya!"

The landlord, a nattily-dressed rotten being of Greek extraction, turned to my mother, waving his arms frantically. "He didn't mean it! Tell her he didn't mean it!" This was definitely the wrong thing for him to have done, knowing full well as he did how much my mother detested him. Mom looked into the shallow depths of his brown ferretty eyes and smiled, then called out loudly, "Sue, don't worry. That nasty man won't



open the door again. His wife stopped him." Then, smiling prettily at the ferret, she opened the bathroom door a crack and slipped in.

The landlord was now working up a good case of apoplexy and the man was close behind. Staring at the closed door, he kept repeating "Ah din know thir was no gorl in thir. Ah din know." His wife, her face purple with rage, suddenly spun and slapped her son's face, a blow that should have knocked his eyes the rest of the way out. "Ya wir lookin' at 'er too, wirn ya? Gettin' ta be jest like yer pop, arn ya?" Pop-eyes said nothing at all.

The landlord, still waving his arms, turned to me for help. Another wrong move on his part. "Tell her, tell her, I say!"

"Well, all right. I did see the whole thing, you know." He nodded encouragingly. "When I got to the top of the stairs, ma'am, your husband and son were looking at my sister while she was bathing." And that's the truth.

I do think that miserable weasel would have hit me if it hadn't been for the woman pushing herself, husband, and son past us, down the stairs and out the door, out of sight forever. The landlord, seeing his down payment go with them, forgot me and ran after them, still waving his arms.

And as I am a great believer in that kind of history never repeating itself, I lock the bathroom door.

"Set neoprene flaps in plastic mastic."from a blueprint

UPCOMING CONVENTIONS

Minicon 10 - April 18-20, Downtown Holiday Inn, Minneapolis. Pro and Fan GoH; Poul Anderson and Redd Boggs. Banquet, costume ball, art show, auction, hucksters. Write to Don Blyly, 343 E. 19th. St., Apt. 5B, Minneapolis, MN 55404 for information.

Rivercon (DeepSouthCon XIII) - July 25-27, Stouffer's Inn, Louisville. Pro and Fan GoH; Phil Farmer and the Coulsons. Thomas Burnett Swann also to be there, for those of you like me who want to meet him. Panels, speeches, art show, auction, hucksters, and an excursion on the Belle of Louisville. Write Rivercon, P.O. Box 8251, Louisville, KY 40208 for information.

KUBLA KHAN KHUBED - May 30-June 1, Rodeway Inn, Nashville. Goh: Andy Offutt. Panels, artshow, hucksters, banquet, lots of pros in addendance. Write Ken Moore, 647 Devon Drive, Nashville, TN 37220, for information. You are expected to get your hotel reservation in by May 17.

DISCLAVE 1975 - May 24-26, Sheraton Park, Washington. Hucksters, art show, movies; no banquet. For information, write Alexis A. Gilliland, 4030 8th. St. South, Arlington, VA 22204.

BYOBCON 5 - July 18-20, Muehlebach Hotel, Kansas City. Games, panels, art show, hucksters, banquet. Pro and Fan GoH: Robert Bloch and the Bushyagers. For information, write Byob Con 5, 4441 Pennsylvania, Kansas City, MO 64111.

MIDWESTCON XXVI - June 27-29, Quality Inn, Cincinnati. GoH: Andy Offutt. Banquet, Meet the Authors party, hucksters, movies. No address for information; hotel address for reservations is Quality Inn Central, 4747 Montgomery Road, Cincinnati, OH 45212. Route 562 (a spur of the main north-south expressway) runs right to the hotel; you can follow the signs. We were advised at Marcon by Lou Tabakow to get our hotel reservations in soon, as it's shaping up to be a big convention - Midwestcons usually are pretty fair-sized when there is no Worldcon in the U.S. The Fan Awards will be presented at the Midwestcon banquet, if that's an inducement for you; it isn't for me. (The Midwestcon does have one of the best convention banquets; you actually get some food for your money. But I haven't attended the last several and don't intend to go to this one.)

The Coulsons will be at Midwestcon and Rivercon. I thought seriously of trying to make Minicon this year, but I seem to have sold a book instead, so I won't have the time necessary to go 600 miles to a con. Similarly, I've heard good things about the KKK bashes, but I'll have to put off going again this year.

GOD SAVE THE MARK

Confessions Of A Collector

by DAINIS BIENIEKS

Every fan who is a collector has discovered the pleasures of visiting Goodwill stores, rummage sales, and benefit book sales (in Des Moines, the big annual one is run by Planned Parenthood) in quest of rare and precious tomes. It's less fantasy for me these days and more general literature. Nothing like a 50 cent *OUTSIDER* has turned up...oh, I've found two *WORMS OUROBOROS* in twenty years and two *ISLANDIAS* (not rare) and a few things like the first edition of *THE ENORMOUS ROOM*. But in between the big thrills I provide for an occasional lesser delight. I filch book marks from the volumes I look at.

Sometimes one will be found in a book I have picked up, but I get more of them by scanning the tops of a row of books for a tell-tale sign -- a projecting edge or the thin dark line of a space between pages. The older a book is, the better it's likely to be. Surreptitiously, I remove the find and slip it between the pages of a book that I am going to buy. Oh, if I found something of value like a dollar bill, I would turn it into the clerk. I do show envelopes and cards with uncanceled stamps. But anything else -- nobody could profit from it, and I need it: I'm a connoisseur. I take it.

There's a lot of ordinary stuff -- scraps of paper, envelopes, library bookmarks; no interest in these. We progress upward to clippings of book reviews, which I allow to stay with the book and which are in any event cribbed from the text on the dust jacket. There are other newspaper clippings more or less germane to the subject of the book. But the pleasure, if any, is spoiled by a property of newsprint. After some years, it leaves a symmetrical yellow stain, like a Rorschach test, on the pages between which it has been placed. Unpleasant if you're actually buying the book. I've found some curious things: A brief piece about the League of Nations' decision on Armenia had a melancholy interest. From the late 1920s came a report on some guys who were setting out for Central America where, said they, a treasure of thousands of pounds of Maya gold was to be found. I suspect that as they traveled their backers got taken for a ride.

Documents of the times. Even the lowly penny postcard may be called such. Think how long it's been since that expression had to pass out of the language. Sigh. There are quite a few postcards, both "gummint" and "pitchy" -- the latter usually showing the architectural glories of the county seat, in the unnatural colors they had before Kodachrome. If they're used, I send them to a fellow in my native Latvia; if unused, I use them for correspondence. It amused me to send postcards showing places where I have not been. I have kept only an ancient Valentine and a couple of advertising cards. Then there were a couple of membership certificates in the Harding Memorial Association. You know about Harding. He looked like a President ought to look, and he died in office, and the grieving citizens subscribed to the construction of a monument resembling a Greek temple. I sent them to a couple of Washington journalists. One of them remembered Harding. (I never heard from the other, who had spoken slightly of the Great Man. I responded with some tongue-in-cheek praise.) My very latest "document of the time", though I don't know of what time, was a slip of paper and printed thereon

some Freshman cheers . For the benefit of posterity,
I reproduce them here.



1.

Raka-bula, Raka-bula, Ki yi yi
Huka-laka, huka-laka, ke di fil
Raka-bula, Raka-bula, To be just,
FRESHMEN! FRESHMEN! Yell we must!

2.

Che-He, Che-Hah, Che-Hah! Hah! Hah! FRESHMEN!

3.

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka, Bow, wow, wow!
Chick-a-lacka, chick-a-lacka, Chow, chow, chow!
Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka, Who are we?
FRESHMEN! FRESHMEN! Yes-sir-ee!

Then there are more personal things. I have no interest in love letters or in ordinary portrait photographs or snapshots. But some amusing things turn up. I have before me a photo in postcard format showing a strange procession. In front, a horse and buggy; behind it, several ranks of costumed kids, some with band instruments. There are boys with knickers; the auto in the background also looks nineteen-teenish. And I laughed and laughed at the photo I found in a copy of HEART THROBS. You know about HEART THROBS? It was an anthology, first issued in Teddy Roosevelt's day and kept in print for a dismayingly long time, containing the sentimental favorites of the American people, the kinds of things they carry around in their wallets, all about God, home, the flag, and (especially) motherhood. "The Old Oaken Bucket" is in there, and "The Lost Chord", and if you don't find it there, look in the sequel, titled logically enough MORE HEART THROBS. On the cover of many editions is a colored picture of a sweet little old white-haired granny, an album on her knees, mugging at the painter. Well, that photo showed a granny who was the spit and image of the one in the painting. She held an arm affectionately around a boy in a striped T-shirt -- aged around eleven, at a guess.

He was chubby, with a roll of fat around the middle, and had curly hair that must have been red. He didn't look like he returned the affection -- the surly look on his face seemed habitual. An American tragicomedy, all in that one picture.

The revelations of American taste I find in these books are disheartening. Oh, not in the books I end up buying -- they are by definition good books. The ones I reject...the book club selections of the past fifty years: I know many of them simply from the binding: how many copies have I seen of THE SUN IS MY UNDOING?...in them I sometimes find other things which their readers have liked. Not all the corn in Iowa grows in the fields. Twice I have found the texts of poems in praise of Iowa. One was a mimeographed copy and the other a transcript -- possibly an original work. Here is the latter, verbatim et litteratim.

Spirit of our western land;
Hovering peaceful, amoung
The dwellers of the nations stand,
To you this lay is sung.

In Springtimes incence hours,
In likeness Paridise has come;
The wafting breezes, scenting flowers,
That is Iowa, My home.

Summer gladsome time arrives;
Glorious sunshine, bountious rains,
The immense drop in verdure lives
In Iowa, my peace remains.

The Autumn days are here again,
The woods in brown and sear;
The azure skies reflect the grain,
Iowa's harvest of the year.

Winter. Winter. Beats the hearts
To measure of the chiming bells,
As Heaven pure ecstasy imparts
To Iowa, joy none excells.

May we revier these waving plains,
Forsake not this virgin sod;
'Till we relinquish all life's claims,
Before their benefactor, God.

I certainly have never heard either of the poems sung. I wonder what the tunes might be? The present specimen doesn't scan too well...

Graeco-Latin names have been invented for all sorts of hobbies: philately, numismatics, etc. I would be deeply grateful if anyone would tell me the name of this one.

MORE MAIL-ORDER HUCKSTERING (Cont. from pp 16)

Sorry; I hate continued items, particularly when they're continued before they begin. But I ended up with more catalogs than I could list on one page.

Fax Collector's Editions, Box E, West Linn, OR 97058 - Reprints of scarce older material at horrendous prices. Obviously aimed at the academic trade.

Fred S. Cook, 501 Farr Ave., Wadsworth, OH 44281 - actually I don't know if Fred sells much by mail; I got the Fax catalog from him at Marcon. He seems to handle various reprint lines and the usual odds and ends at cons (I also bought a couple of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES from him at Marcon at quite reasonable prices.)

Hyperion Press, Inc. - see address in book reviews.

War Games Unlimited, P.O. Box 433, Elmhurst, IL 60126 - a field in which I have minimal interest, but their catalog seems to have about anything the wargamer could want.

Lou Zocchi, 1513C Newton Drive, Biloxi, MS 39532 - Another big wargame catalog. I believe this is a new address for him (which probably explains why the YANDRO with the review of "Alien Space" was never delivered to him). Large selection; quite a few science-fictionally-oriented games.

HJMR NEWSLIST, P.O. Box 308, North Miami, FL 33161 - primarily for philatelic literature; their Vol.2#2-3 was a special science fiction edition. Out-of-print hardcovers.

NEWS ITEM: Selections on final Nebula Ballot for 1975 - Novels - "The Dispossessed" by Ursula le Guin, "The Godwhale" by T. J. Bass, "Flow My Tears, The Policeman Said" by Philip K. Dick, "334" by Tom Disch. Novellas - "A Song For Lya" by George R.R. Martin, "Born With The Dead" by Robert Silverberg, "On The Street of Serpents" by Michael Bishop. Novelets - "The Rest Is Silence" by C. L. Grant, "If The Stars Are Gods" by Eklund & Benford, "Twillia" by Tom Reamy. Shorts - "After King Kong Fell" by Phil Farmer, "The Day Before The Revolution" by Ursula le Guin, "The Engine At Heart-spring's Center" by Roger Zelazny. Dramatic - "Sleeper", "Fantastic Planet", "Frankenstein: The True Story".



FLAUTISTS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

by J. R. CHRISTOPHER

During the recent XXth (Modern) Olympiad, I picked up my copy of C.M. Bowra's translation of THE ODES OF PINDAR (Penguin Classics, 1969), to read some of Pindar's Olympian odes. But I was struck by Bowra's "Main Events in the Games" (pp - xix-xx), particularly the last, entitled "Flute":

Early competitions in the Pythian Games seem often to have been musical, but in the fifth century that in flute-playing alone survived.

I do not know if all the various Games in Greece had such competitions. (Pindar's celebrations of victories are thirteen or fourteen for the Olympian Games, for one is doubtfully his; twelve for the Pythian, eleven for the Nemean, and eight for the Isthmian.) But the point is that the Greeks considered the skill -- in at least one of their competitions -- as worthy of a place alongside such events as footracing, wrestling, and boxing.

Why have the Modern Olympics not reinstated flute-playing? It is not too late. I gather from the TV commentary that each host nation can add a sport to the games. Perhaps Canada in 1976 or whatever country will host the 1980 Olympics can be persuaded to do so. Organize a letter-writing campaign now! (We will not consider what Orwellian addition will be made in 1984.)

Just think of the national flute-playing competitions which would result! It reminds me (my associational processes being somewhat erratic) of the old limerick:

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot --
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot or
To Tutor two tooters to toot?"

But I must admit that my motives are not entirely pure. My eldest daughter (in the sixth grade) has recently taken to the flute in her school band. (I am in the process of paying for a \$204 instrument.) No doubt she was inspired by the examples of her aunt and of an old family friend in Norman, Oklahoma. But I am inspired by the idea of her entering the Olympics. She will be fifteen in 1976 and nineteen in 1980. Write now!

And after we have taken care of this classical matter, we can raise the question of why the athletes (not the flautists) do not compete nude, as did the ancient Greeks.

Bruce Coulson is an old Peter Miesel.

Ad in the local paper classified section: "Repossessed Miracle Water". Leaving me to wonder if the poor owner fell behind on his tithes or what..... RSC

THE FOSSILS

The fossils in the Mesozoic Hall
 Were speaking, and the Brontosaurus sighed:
 "It pains to see our planet occupied
 By weak, defenceless human beings small."

"And ugly!" said the armored stegosaur.
 "We dinosaurs were beasts of normal mould,
 Well-made and shapely, beauteous to behold,
 With handsome plates and spines and fangs galore."

"Fear not," said horned Triceratops. "In vain
 They'll dodge their doom. They have, I hear, surmised
 That we're extinct as overspecialized;
 But man, with monstrous, weirdly swollen brain

"Has also overspecialized become;
 And now they use these brains of freakish girth
 To plot the means for blowing up the earth.
 We dinosaurs were never quite so dumb!"

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

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A THOUGHTFUL CRITICISM OF THE PROPOSED 1975 FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

BY ----- david v. jenrette

I have now received several copies of this new, proposed plan for fanzine activity. I don't care for it. I don't think it helps fandom or the spirit that fandom has. I, personally, reject it and have no intention of supporting it. This does not mean that I have any animosity toward the individual committee members; indeed, I currently trade my fanzine with about eight of them. In my slowest, most pedantic fashion, I will try to explain my feelings.

I. Motivation.

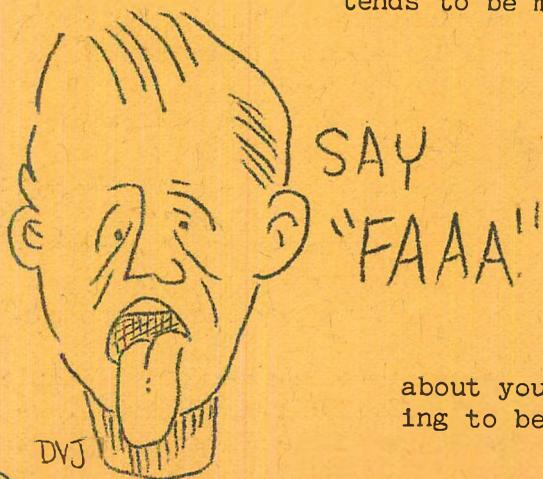
Why do people do things? What drives them? A recent article that I read in an ed journal said that there are really only two kinds of motivation: extrinsic and intrinsic. A rough set of examples: someone who is intrinsically motivated does things for the pleasure he (or she) gets out of doing them, such as working a crossword puzzle, playing solitaire, playing a game with friends, etc. Someone who is extrinsically motivated does things for the end result, such as the person who gets a college degree because he wants the diploma, not because he enjoys classes.

Now please note that I am not saying that one form of motivation is better than another nor am I saying that all activity should be one way or the other (or that all activity is one way or another), but as a guide to understanding a person's motivations or even influencing them this idea of extrinsic vs. intrinsic has a lot going for it. How do you get someone who is extrinsically motivated to do something? Answer: you offer him something he wants or threaten him with something he doesn't want. How do you get someone who is intrinsically motivated to do something? Answer: not nearly as easily; the best you can do is make him dislike what he likes and the way to do that is simple: praise a person for doing well what he likes to do. That may seem strange, but it has been demonstrated. I could give you examples, but you can do your own experiments: find something that someone you know likes to do strictly for the fun of it. Start praising them for it or giving them little rewards for it and watch them start avoiding you and the thing that used to give them pleasure will become less interesting. Curious trait of the intrinsically motivated...

Also, a more sinister question, who do you suppose tends to be more dishonest? Who has his eye on the ends which justify the means? I'm just asking...

I, personally, am an intrinsically motivated person. Although I have to work for a living (extrinsic component) I'm in a job that I like and I do things just about as I want to do them. This keeps me reasonably happy and not terribly ambitious.

And the finally question for this section: what kind of motivation should science fiction fans have? I don't know about your answer, but mine is "intrinsic". We're not trying to be filthy pros or dirty hucksters while we're fan-



ning even though we might try to write or sell books, etc. on the side.

The concluding statement for this section: To me, the idea of giving awards for something which is supposed to be fun is detrimental to the whole concept of fandom. If you're so concerned about an award then you may be missing a lot of fun along the way...

II. The Daguerre Pictorialists

Some years ago a photograph that I took was awarded 18th prize (out of 180,000 entries) and I received a fine wrist watch as a prize (which I accidentally let go through the washing machine about a month later) and the picture was published nationally (US Camera, Aug '59). I was also selling other picture stories nationally, had my own photo business at the University of Miami, and felt that I knew a thing or two about photography, indeed.

A friend belonged to a club called the Daguerre Pictorialists, an amateur photography group, and suggested I show them some of my work. So I submitted my prizewinner to their "salon" and not only didn't they award it first prize but they actually refused to display it! (And it wasn't a nude or something either.)

Having made about \$20,000 over a three year period with my photos I had enough inner feeling to not feel terribly upset over the refusal, but think how a complete amateur would feel. It wasn't until a few years later that I read PHOTOGRAPHING NATURE by David Linton and agreed with what he said:

"(The rules of competition) were invented by a group of amateur photographers who called themselves 'pictorialists' because they imitated paintings. They held sway within camera clubs during the first half of the 20th Century, where they conducted contests called 'salons' and awarded tin trinkets to one another. By now most of them have died off, leaving no trace upon photography in general except the loss of some potentially talented people whom they scared away."

I, frankly, do not care to be judged by my peers. If they're really my peers then their opinion is no better than mine, so who needs them? I would be just as embarrassed getting an award from them as not getting it. Thank God the Daguerre Pictorialists didn't accept my picture! And if you want good examples of peer judgement look up what the peers said about Poe, Thoreau, and van Gogh. (To rhyme is not a crime.)

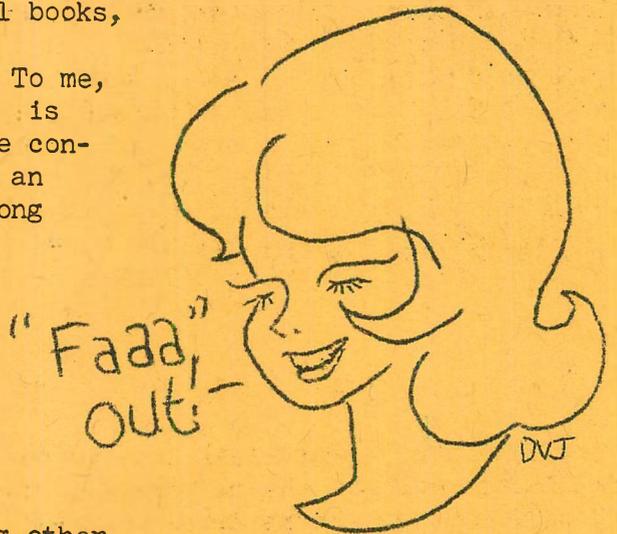
III. To Your Battered Bodies Go!

We all know that none of us can have our own way all the time: you can't be an independent anarchist all the time (into every life a little reign must fall), but if you play your cards right there are ways to maximize and avoid death and destruction. A recent human relations workshop told us that there are three basic battling styles: Win-win, win-lose, and lose-leave. We'll take these in reverse order:

"If I am not immediately made captain of the team, I'm leaving," says the lose-leave personality, who has set up an impossible situation and then leaves.

Win-lose is where a battle has to be fought up and down all the way. "You're either for it or agin it." This makes life a continual fan-feud and since you can't win all the time eventually there are only losers. I hate to be critical of Bill Bowers' otherwise excellent fanzine Outworlds, but it seems like so many of his letters are win-lose and lose-leave as played by Jacob, White, etc. Win-lose and lose-leave ain't the only choices, friends.

To me, fandom ought to be 100 percent win-win and it can be. You put out a fanzine. I put out one. A lot of people put them out. We can all win. We can all trade. We can all publish Mike Glicksohn and Harry Warner letters and we can all get Sheryl Birk-



head and Bill Rotsler art. As soon as we pick a BEST in any category then the others all lose. In order for one to win, the others must lose. Who needs that? Especially when we don't have to have it.

I wouldn't even mind if there were no fan Hugos. I certainly will not go out of my way to try to earn one even though I desperately need it (My office door keeps swinging closed: it would make a good doorstop). But remember, there has never been a real questioning of the ballots for the fan Hugos, has there? Do you think that there will be any questioning of the balloting done with these awards? Any questioning of credentials? There may not be -- fans are too noble for that, aren't they? But which award (Hugo or Faaa) leaves itself most open to it?

SUMMARY

In conclusion, I personally oppose the Faaa for the reasons given above and summarized below:

1. Awards for fanning take the fun out of fanning.
2. Peer awards are not necessarily of a quality defined as peerless.
3. Win-lose situations lead to win-lose battles and resultant misery.

And my last word to the committee is: if you don't enjoy fanning just for itself, why do you bother with it?

Ed. note: The opinions expressed above emphatically are those of the management. RSC

MAIL-ORDER HUCKSTERING

Fantast (Medway) Ltd., 39 West St., Wisbech, Cambs., Great Britain PE13 2LX - for British stf. More or less monthly mimeographed lists. Checks or international money orders accepted. Instead of paying for each order, I have for 10 years or so been sending fairly large amounts (large for me) at any time I can afford to, and they ship whatever I order and charge it to my account. Warning; any postal service crossing the Atlantic will be slow. Be prepared to wait two or 3 months to receive your order.

F&SF Book Co., P.O. Box 415, Staten Island, NY 10302 - the dealer I most often use for current U.S. hardcovers and paperbacks. Regular printed catalogs - bimonthly?

Barry R. Levin, Pacific Building, 506 Santa Monica Blvd., Room 319, Santa Monica, CA 90401 - out-of-print hardcovers at collectors' prices. Nice printed catalog.

Purple Unicorn Books, 4532 London Road, Duluth, MI 55804 - current hardcovers and paperbacks. Continuing catalog sheets punched for loose-leaf binder.

Dragon Press, Publishers & Booksellers, Elizabethtown, NY 12932 - American and British hardcovers and expensive pb's, new and out of print. Printed sale sheet.

The Science Fiction Shop, 56 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10014 - current material. Also a walk-in store at that location for fans in the area; most dealers listed here are primarily mail-order.

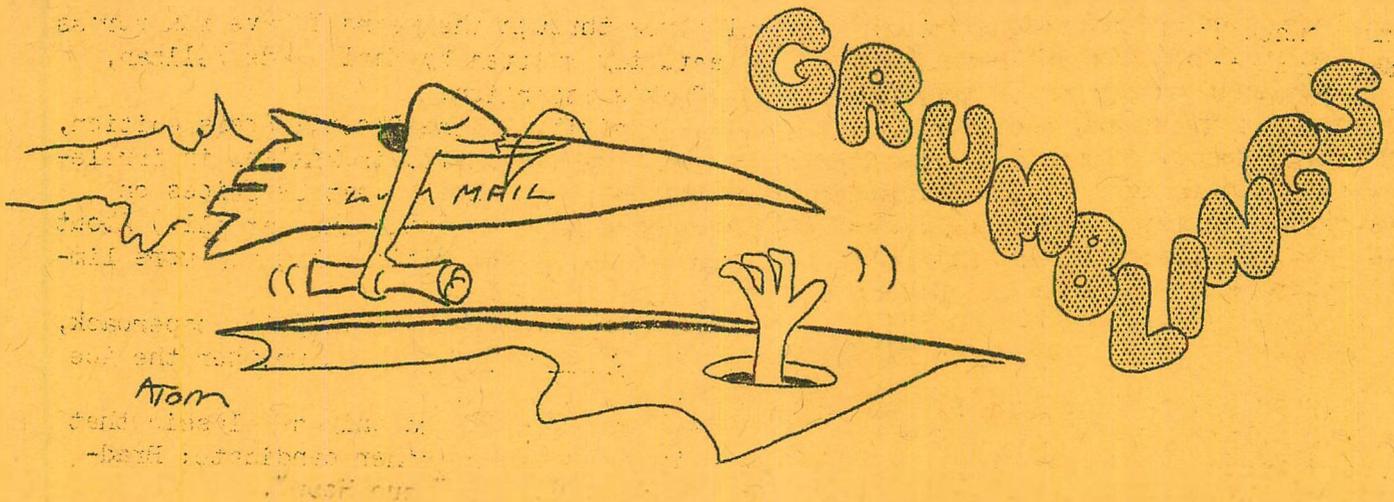
FANTASY TRADER from Ron Bennett, 36 Harlow Park Crescent, Harrogate HG2 0AW, North Yorkshire, Great Britain - a trade-fanzine plus sale catalog. I'm the U.S. Agent; sub is \$1.25 for 6 issues. Issued irregularly.

T-K Graphics, P.O. Box 1951, Baltimore, MD 21203 - Most current hardcovers and pb's, plus their own academically-oriented pamphlets. Current catalog is 60 pages.

Steve Lewis, 62 Chestnut Road, Newington, CT 06111 - mysteries and detective books, mostly secondhand, mostly pb. Printed catalog.

Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL, Great Britain - also mystery and detective. Mimeographed sale list.

Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston, R.I. 02892 - primarily his own hardcover publications of Robert E. Howard books and reprints of elderly fantasies. But he also lists George Locke's Ferret Fantasy books and occasionally scarce out-of-print items. Printed advertising sheet.



James Tiptree, Jr., PO Box 315, McLean VA 22101

This is not a respectable LOC, since I have just come home from a nice soggy swamp in Yucatan -- also a nasty sharp dentist in Merida -- and find about three desks heaped with REPLY INSTANTLY OR ELSE. But I have to say that I fell off the, uh, couch laughing from Sandra Miesel's Canadian send-up. Well roared, Miesel! The Alexis Gilliland illos very nice too...

Oh, by the way, Jerry Gianattasio has a slight booboo in his critique of Wolfe's split-brain hero. It may well be true that a split-brain patient does not turn his head to see, but the nerve supply he indicates is wrong. The crossover in the optic chiasm does send the input from each half-eye to a separate cerebral hemisphere. If damage occurs after the chiasm the victim has hemianopsia (half-blindness). The visual projection areas (area striata) in the two hemispheres are extensively linked through the corpus callosum (we see no vertical division) and these connexions would, in Wolfe's boy, have been cut. To sum, each hemisphere of the brain does not receive afferent fibers from both sides of the retina. As to the difference in personality, I am not qualified to comment, and I suggest that not very many people are.

[[Slight confusion here; perhaps the inking was too light on James' copy to make the separation between letters clear, but the hemispheric comments were by Freff, not Jerry. JWC]]

Bob Briney, 4 Forest Ave., Salem MA 01970

The Bookfinger edition of DR. CYCLOPS can hardly be called "fancy" -- limited, yes, but not fancy. The edition was supposed to be 1000 copies, but an undetermined number of them were lost or damaged in shipment from England (where the printing and binding of all the Bookfinger editions is done); according to the publisher, the printers used something like paper towelling to wrap the packages, and some of the wrapping simply disintegrated from dampness in transit.

There has been another Bookfinger release since DR. CYCLOPS -- Sydney Horler's THE VAMPIRE. It is indeed a vampire novel, but there is very little else one can charitably say about it. Horler's heirs refused to take any payment for the reprint rights, which may say something about their opinion of the book.

Just received Y230, and will add a few comments to my earlier letter.

On DR. CYCLOPS: the movie came first, then a magazine short story, then the book, and (so far as I can tell) all from different hands. The film was completed in 1939, released in 1940; screenplay credited to someone named Tom Kilpatrick. Then, in the June 1940 Thrilling Wonder Stories, appeared a short story, "Dr. Cyclops", by Henry Kuttner (under his own name). Later in 1940 the book appeared, published by Phoenix Press and by-lined "Will Garth", which was a Thrilling Publications house-name. It was the magazine story, not the book, which was reprinted by Popular Library a few years ago. There is no evidence that Kuttner had anything to do with the book -- he once had a short story published under the Will Garth house-name, but that was his

only connection with that by-line. Several times through the years I have run across statements to the effect that the book was actually written by Manly Wade Wellman, but have never seen confirmation or denial of this assertion.

Anyway, the recent Bookfinger edition is a facsimile of the Phoenix Press edition, with the original by-line. (The fact that the book was printed in England is irrelevant -- except that if the British printer had not been able to beat US prices on printing and binding, the reprint would never have come into existence at all.) About 800 copies survived the transatlantic shipment, making the edition slightly more limited than the publisher had intended.

Brunner's GIVE WARNING TO THE WORLD (DAW) is an expansion of a 1959 Ace paperback, ECHO IN THE SKULL; the latter was originally in Science Fantasy, but whether the Ace edition was identical to the magazine version, I don't know.

Your statement that Brown's "The Star Mouse" was the one and only sf classic that Planet published is arguable. I would throw in at least one other candidate: Bradbury's "The Million-Year Picnic". Or "Mars Is Heaven". Or "Zero Hour".

[[But are any of Bradbury's stories science fiction? Oh well, that's quibbling. On Will Garth; I suppose that's what I get for relying on memory instead of looking it up in an index. RSC]]

Jodie Offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman KY 40329

I hesitate to say any good words about the Post Office, but not long ago Missy got a letter from a little girl who lives in Florida. They had met and hall-crawled -- hall-ran might be more apt -- together at Kubla Khan last spring. The letter was addressed like this:

Missy Offet
Funny Farm
Moorehead City Ky

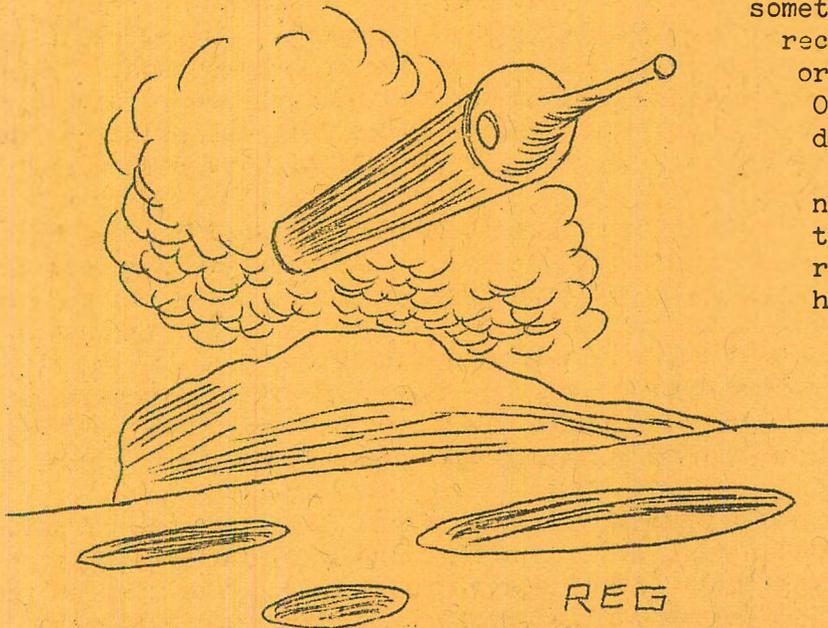
I can't imagine how it got here. The only things right about it are Funny Farm and Ky. There must not be any other Funny Farms in our state.

[[In one way, people like you and we have the best deal from the post office; in a small town, anybody who gets as much mail as fans and authors is known. Of course, even getting it to the town was tricky in that case. RSC]]

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107

Is that Flinchbaugh cover... something from the files? I don't recall seeing anything by him -- or even hearing of him -- in ages. Old fans never die, they just disappear into the files.

Fires. Albuquerque has a number of them, of course, and the local arsonists are working regularly. One chap was original; he opened the gas valves in a vacant building and let the building fill with gas. Yep, it blew. The blast was heard on the other side of the mountain even. Broke windows for blocks around. Albuquerque's citizenry, if that's the proper term, were right on the ball. Looters were on the scene before the cops even knew



where the blast was.

Well, at your recommendation I checked PRINCE ELMO'S FIRE out of the library to see if I could recognize anybody. I think I spotted Bruce in a couple of scenes.

I started WATERSHIP DOWN but didn't get too far into it. The adventures of rabbits doesn't appeal to me these days.

Buck, your review of CAXTON'S BOOK: "...in that era newspapers ran fact and fiction more or less indiscriminately." In that era? They still do. More fiction than fact, I think. Some of those wire services feature stories are all fiction.

I can remember waiting patiently for Planet Stories. It was quarterly and that extra month between issues always bugged me. Ah, those were the days when I haunted the newsstands looking for new issues of all the stfzines. They don't make 'em like that anymore.

Devlin's Review...you know what you've done, don't you? I will now receive forty-eleven requests for sample copies of Dynatron. All accompanied by sticky quarters or four-cent stamps or somesuch. I'd better plan on running off a lot of extras on the next issue. Fortunately, after sending out the samples I'll never hear from any of the people again and can drop the mailing list back to normal.

[[Yeah, I had to haunt several towns to fill out my magazine files in the late 40s and early 50s. Planet was stocked in only one drugstore in North Manchester, and - since I only got down there about once in three months I was reasonably happy about the schedule. (By the time they got up to bimonthly, I was working in the town and had no problem.) RSC]]

Brian Tannahill, 615 East 69 Street, Kansas City MO 64131

There were a couple of good articles in the newspaper recently. I didn't save them of course, because by the time I get around to trying to find the paper it was in, so much time has gone by that I can't locate it. One of them concerned an enlisted man in the navy who was courtmartialed for refusing to make coffee for his superiors. The trial board reconsidered their guilty verdict and acquitted him. The headline read, "Coffee Conviction Found Groundless".

Another item was coverage of a trial somewhere in the southwest. The prosecution charged a man with kidnapping and rape, according to this sequence of events: the man forced his way into a young woman's home, made her drive her car out onto a back road, threw her onto the hood of the car, and was raping her when he fell asleep. The woman managed to get away without waking the man and went to the police. Several hours later the police found the man still asleep on the car. Talk about jaded...

A few weeks ago I went to a free introductory lesson for Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics Course. The company claims it can teach you to read at speeds ten or twenty times faster than the average reader with no loss of comprehension. After being shown a bit of the technique I had no doubt that their claims are not the least bit exaggerated. The idea is that the eye should look at large blocks of words instead of a word at a time. They guarantee to refund the money to anyone who does not at least triple their reading efficiency. If I weren't a pauper I'd have signed up in a minute. I am hoping to have the money for it at some point in the future. Imagine reading a novel in about half an hour!

I made a statement in a letter you printed that was not entirely correct. I said that all the activities at MidAmeriCon will be in the con hotel. Actually a theatrical production is being planned to be held in the nearby Music Hall. The gist of the statement was that we are not taking the convention center approach to handling the



crowd, and that much was correct. I seriously doubt that anyone cares, but I wanted to mention it for the sake of accuracy. Other things we might do with the Music Hall are explained in the second Progress Report, which is going out in the mail tomorrow, and I'll probably be better off not talking about it anymore.

[[I do read some novels in half an hour; it's known as "skimming". If I enjoy a book, I don't want to read it that fast. (I'd love to give one of those "look at large blocks of words" types an R.A. Lafferty novel and then when they were done ask them what it was about.) But John Norman...yes, a half an hour is about right.RSC]]

[[In the late 30s and early 40s good public school teachers used a combination of phonics and see-and-say methods of teaching reading. And their techniques almost automatically lead to a process of rapid reading. No big thing was made of it -- just the assumption that this was what reading was all about. That and pleasure. You can wolf down a steak dinner in a couple of minutes if you chew fast, too, but I'd think you'd enjoy it more if you savored the experience. Same for reading.JWC]]

Jack Wodhams, PO Box 48, Caboolture 4510 Australia

I have to come out of retirement for this one. In Yandro 229, Freff knocking Gene Wolfe's "The Death of Dr. Island" gives me six kinds of colic.

We have encountered this kind of complaint before, from like nitpicking super-critics. SF is speculative fiction and requires from its readers a certain suspension of disbelief. How much solid in-depth research should a simple story-teller have to do in order to try and authenticate the details of his premise? How much sweat would Freff care to put out in the reference library in order to validate the minutiae of a yarn that initially, problematically, may be worth but a couple hundred dollars or so?

We write about neurons, space-drives, psychoanalysis, big toe transplants, time-warp, clairvoyance, extra-terrestrials, Kung Fu Juice, predatory vegetables -- what does Freff expect us to be, encyclopedic physiologists, biologists, combination physicists, and also zoologists, anatomists, botanists, et.al.? For a writer there is a limit to just how much homework is desirable, or even necessary. The homework done to create Tarzen was elementary. No right-thinking naturalist could concede this jungle tale to have any feasibility whatsoever. The "facts" that support Tarzan are utterly implausible garbage that cannot bear scrutiny. SF, generally, is intended to be viewed rather through a telescope than a microscope.

Too many facts can be like too much lead on a line -- the interesting buoyancy of the bobbing float can be defeated and sunk by excessive drag. The essence of SF is not the science but the fiction. Facts we have; our need is for conjecture and extrapolation. To discern, to predict, to emphasise effect, 1984, rather than cause. It is the germ of visionary truth that forewarns, that makes SF so worthwhile, to get us to think, for God's sake, upon the import of proposed facts, to be concerned not so much with the method of becoming invisible, but to consider what becoming invisible would mean.

We guess. We create cyborgs. We create Frankenstein. We create Jekyll and Hyde. We create the K.O. fart. We create King Kong. We create the petrified leg, the light-bender, the seven-legged grosser, the telekinetic diamond diviner -- sometimes all of them and more in the same day. Who the hell is Freff to tell writer Gene Wolfe where the seat of personality lies? Who the hell is Freff to pontificate upon the why and how and limits and specifications of what can or cannot pertain to a certain brain, to its function and determinants, to its boundaries of capacity and response? Who the hell is Freff to positively define impossibilities, to declare absolutes upon mental effects regardless of individual disparities?

Freff is a pedantic meathead. It is Freff who does not know what he is talking about.

[[I thought, in your letter of retirement from the field, that you said one of the reasons was that you couldn't devote the amount of careful attention to your stories that they deserved; that you were compelled to write your best every minute. Now you say that, what the hell, the author isn't getting paid much anyway so what

do we expect? One thing I expect is for you to not try to turn into an Australian Ellison, belaboring anyone who dares criticize the Lord's anointed. If your idea of science fiction is that anything goes and to hell with science, then you're better off out of the field, and so is the field. RSC]]

Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor OH 44060

Valerie (now 7 1/2 and well esconced in fandom) is currently having a bout with bronchitis (translation: a cough -- so says our cynical pediatrician). Bronchitis has to be one of the more aptly-named diseases -- Valerie keeps going "Broonch, bronch, bronch, broonch" with a "ch" pronounced as "k", of course.

Gee, we heard a year or so ago that The Economy had forced Mail Pouch to discontinue painting barns for free. We'd commented sadly on the Death of an Era whenever we passed aging barns in need of paint -- on the tragedy of the loss of such a great service. And now we see in Y that Old Traditions Never Die and that the Mail Pouch Painter Springs Eternal. Gladdens the heart, that does.

Does it make Bruce happier to know that Valerie often complains that she doesn't get mail in the amounts we do? These here now fan kids got to shape up and start their own letterhacking and stop basking in the light of their parents, thassall. Why, just today Margaret Thompson got an invitation to join Cheeselovers International and get free five mystery cheeses.

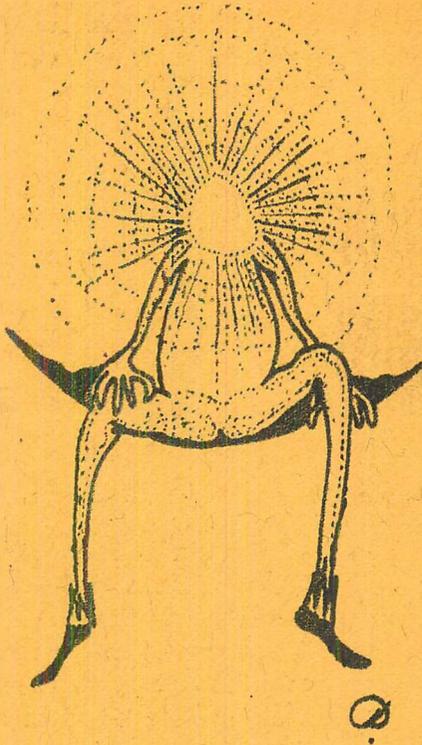
And Donald A. Thompson got a bill from Gulf Oil for \$59.60; lotsa fun driving 50 miles a day roundtrip in these days of overpowerin' oil companies. (That, mind you, is driving the smallest "economy" car made in the US. Thanks to our not polluting the air as much, we get worse mileage in the Gremlin than we get in our Plymouth station wagon.)

Buck's mention of the Royko piece sneering at Euell Gibbons' ulcers reminds me of the time I saw him on a syndicated talk show. Someone asked him how could stand to live entirely on foraged food. He snorted a bit and inquired whether such questioners ever asked cod fishermen how they could stand to eat nothing but cod. He 'lowed as how he'd just been in a pizza binge the day before and tried to get across the idea that his diet was simply a bit more widely selected than that of most people; he had no more intention of living solely on burdock and chicory than other people had of living solely on beef liver. He obviously didn't manage to get that idea across -- More fun to think of him as a weirdo, obviously. Which may be what gave him the ulcer.

Well, Richard Adams has been on an assortment of interview shows concerning WATERSHIP DOWN -- and he always seems to make the point that he wasn't writing a gigantic allegory or Tolkien or any such. Doesn't seem to get across any better than Euell Gibbons. He does make the point, too, though, that he loves making a lot of money. A most refreshing type.

Yes, children's literature has lots of separate, major, international awards; off-hand, I think of the Newbery (US children's texts), the Caldecott (US children's picture books), the Kate Greenway (British picture books), the something-or-other (British text), and the Hans Christian Andersen Award (international, not given every year, and I think it's given for the entire body of the creator's work, rather'n for a specific book). That's what I come up with offhand... Even though the awards are sort of divided by country, they're really an international thing, I think -- though I can't recall a British book winning a Newbery. Hmmm.

Gosh, I tend to think of all fan wives as being liberated types -- but I suddenly recall Noreen Shaw's fury about ten years ago. Seems that (some time before we were talking) she'd gone with Larry to a Midwest fangroup meet. A meal was served; everyone chatted happily; the meal ended; she continued talking with the men as the group adjourned to the living room. Suddenly, she realized that all the women were pulling towards the door, while the men settled down in the chairs. But she continued to listen and talk and such until the women spoke up with an insistent invitation to leave the men. She was virtually hustled out of the room so the men could talk "man talk" -- and the women stood around in the kitchen, washed the dishes, and discussed dirty diapers. She was still seething when we spoke to her.



I suppose today the nation's consciousness is raised to the point where she could dig in her heels, they'd say "Oh, you're one of those," and she could stay with the "man talk". At least, I hope so. But then the pressures were so strong that even Larry couldn't do anything much without being completely disruptive.

Debbie Frey comments wistfully that she "can't catch up" to fandom, since the stage she's in now most of the fan's she's with were in 15 years ago. It deserves to be noted that there's no NEED to catch up. Some of the rest of us have something of a reverse problem, in that we've stood still for lack of time to devote to fanning -- and a whole bunch of new people (like Debbie Frey) have come along, become well-known-fans, and started new areas of discussion without our being aware of it. Heck, I couldn't tell you offhand who Ted White is arguing with hotly right now. Really Out Of It.

So Debbie shouldn't worry about what has gone by; it's easy enough to catch on to anything you really want to find out about. For the rest of it, swimming with the rest of the school will teach the way all by itself. Now's that from the Metaphor of the Month Club?

I'm trying to picture Buck explaining Immaculate Conception to his Catholic coworker. Don had a sort of different situation when a Catholic coworker (at the Cleveland Press, mind you) started snickering over a story in the paper about a decade ago. "Hey, can you imagine?" said the coworker. "Here's some guy claims there are gonna be too many people in the world!" Admittedly, overpopulation wasn't quite as common in discussion as it is today, but it was not unpublicized -- but he couldn't imagine such a thing.

We pretty much back the Post Office on the matter of the ZIP code after years and years of sending things to vast assortments of people with whom we've had minimal Other Contact. (1) It gives the Post Office a couple of chances to deliver it, when lousy handwriting would make it almost impossible with one identification as to city. (Believe us, we've had mail with addresses for us that we had trouble making out, and we know where we live.) (2) There are an incredible number (is an incredible number?) of unlikely city-and-state combinations; coming swiftly to mind are El Paso, Illinois and Albany, California. Virtually every state has at least one Springfield and Jamestown. There are two Perry Townships in Ohio. (3) Lousy handwriting can really drive wild someone trying to deal with a non-ZIPped letter. Is the writer telling you he lives in Maine, Massachusetts, Missouri, or Mississippi with his personal abbreviation in his personal scrawl? A ZIP will tell you. (4) And you can even catch an occasional honest-to-goodness error; my mother gave me Roger Elwood's address as being in New York with a ZIP beginning with "0". I said, "New York doesn't have a ZIP beginning with '0'." She double-checked and found that it was, indeed, New Jersey. (5) And so on. No, we figure you earn the right to complain vehemently about the service if you really give the Post Office every break; if you play games with it, it gets the right to play games with you.

So we feel no compunction about demanding refunds when we pay extra for a return receipt and get one out of four of the ones paid for. (Even the defensive local PO had to admit that was lousy and no way attributable to our actions.)

While chatting about ZIPs and unstated states and such, I'll note that there's an Orlando, Kentucky (pop. 50) and an Orlando, Oklahoma (pop. 202) as well as the Orlando in Florida (pop. 99,006). I don't offhand find the state specified anywhere in

this "Orlando in '77" flyer -- and I hope the committee isn't planning the con for Orlando, Kentucky. Maybe Tucker could talk his way into a Kentucky living room for a 20-minute chat -- but I fear the rest of us would have a hard time fitting sleeping bags into the town square (or, more likely, street).

[[Considering unlikely addresses, how about Jacksonville, Illinois, home of some filthy pro or other? There's a Sullivan IN and IL, Milford IN and PA, and so on. Not to mention Indiana PA and Wyoming NY, which are another sort of problem.// Only time I ever ran into a fan party where the men and women separated, it was in California. Never had it happen in the Midwest -- but then Noreen lived in weird places like Cleveland; no telling what goes on with the fans there. RSC]]

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

Please don't put that "Honorable" on the envelopes. The mailman tells the neighbors. There was an orgy up the street the other night and, for the first time, we wasn't invited. This thing is digging into my social standing.

I was over in Cincinnati yesterday and I looked for books. I didn't find either Gene's or Juanita's, but I did get into a funny situation. I can't think of the name of the bookstore, but it's downtown and pretty big. I went in, looked over the current hardcovers, then went down into the basement. There were racks of science fiction and fantasy. I asked the girl about gothics. She superciliously told me that they didn't handle gothics. And that with all of those Ackerman-edited crud-zines from Ace on the wall. She became perturbed when I laughed. I looked a couple of other places, but nothing yet. I'll get them in Louisville next time we make it there.

[[Joe is now a judge. Don't get caught selling encyclopedias in Ripley County. I thought of trying "More of Less Honorable" as an address, but I suppose he wouldn't like that either; some people are picky. RSC]]

Steve Beatty, 1662 College Ter. Dr., Murray KY 42011

I rec'd a letter from T.B. Swann in which he mentioned in passing your review of HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN, saying it was "rather a shock as the main characters come straight from the Bible." Actually, they came from the Bible through considerable distortion.

What about that poll for SF characters on postage stamps?

You deserve a Hogu award for pure cussedness, but what category? You're too old and venerable to be Biggest Fugghead, too many people have seen you so you can't be Best Am. Hoax.

[[I got about six responses to that poll for SF characters on postage stamps (each specifying a different set of characters, of course) and it hardly seemed worthwhile to publish them. Belated apologies to those who did send in lists, but you were swamped by the general apathy toward the idea.// One man's distortion is another man's psychological interpretation. I never said Swann's versions weren't accurate, just that the religiously inclined wouldn't approve of them, and I assumed he already knew that. I was hoping to spark enough curiosity among the readers to sell a few books.]]



Mary Schaub, Box 218 c/o C.S. Schaub, Apex NC 27502

Yandro #230 came on the 19th, and was most enjoyable. You do correspond with some genuine characters. I was interested to see Manly Wade Wellman's letter. I had noted in a review somewhere that he had a story called "Larroes to Catch Meddlers" in a collection, so I wrote him a note; for many years, Mother has wondered just what the "lar-roes" were in the saying, only as she remembered it, it went, "set layoes to catch meddlers". Wellman wrote back most cordially, explaining he didn't know what the varmints were either, but he'd heard the phrase, and used it to connote some particularly BAD critters. Maybe you've heard the phrase in its Indiana version, if there is one.

Missed the Hatfield-McCoy feud movie. Isn't it heartwarming how the moviemakers latch onto these regional stories/legends and then decide to film them in Timbuctoo instead of at the general site of the muddle in question? I wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that they were planning to make a film on Sherman's march through Georgia, filming it in Spain, say, to get the true local color. Little details like that don't seem to matter much to the movie moguls -- or the TV crowd, either, for that matter. A friend of mine who lives near Chicago watches "The Night Stalker" regularly, relishing the utter lunacies they come up with on the geography of Chicago -- she told me that one evening Kolchak was urgently directed to rush to the corner of A and B streets, which he did. Had he but known, she informed me, A is parallel to B in the real world, so Kolchak was not only fighting the supernatural, he was also taking on Euclidean geometry at the same time (brave man, that). I'm sure they figure that 99 percent of the audience doesn't know one Chicago street from another. Gives those who do plenty of innocent merriment.

[[I suppose it's too expensive to do the shooting in Chicago, and I'd rather have a phony background on "Night Stalker" than none -- it's the only series I watch regularly -- but I'd like it still better if Kolchak wasn't wandering past eucalyptus trees when he's supposed to be on Halstead Street. (And it is sort of fun to watch the scenes and pick out which ones are actually shot in Chicago and which are filmed in California.)// I'd never heard the phrase before Wellman used it in the story title (F&SF, 1951). Anyone out there in the readership know anything about it? RSC]]

Steve Simmons, 124 Carlann, San Marcos CA 92069

Sandra's bit on the Canadian was without a doubt the funniest thing I have read in a long, long time. I passed it around the house here, and everybody got a big kick out of it. Then I showed it to a friend who had to have Hoosier Hysteria explained to him. Oh well.

Psych of Risk was all right, but I kind of dragged my way through it.

As usual the letter column was fun. Freff accurately dissected Death of Dr. Island. How does Bruce like having his sex life discussed in the lettercol?

Jeez, Bruce, do you need special shoes or something? I picked up a pair yesterday for 6 bucks, and they'll probably last me a few years, But as for having proof of your logical thinking -- nonsense. The fact that there were only 18 other people invited proves that the deck is stacked. You might have proven that you are the best of the nineteen candidates there, but they were limited to a specific age group and consisted only of those who wanted the opportunity to lose for their schools. What about all those unsung geniuses who are using their logical talents to seduce women, which is decidedly more rewarding (if you succeed) than debating?

As for you taking over the fanzine reviews -- sure, why not? I can always skip them.

Seriously, it couldn't hurt.

Well, not much.

On second thought...

Speedreaders -- Paula Smith might qualify. She and I read "Brothers" (Dickson's piece in Astounding Anthology) at Chambana, both of us at the same time. I'm faster than anybody I know, and she was well ahead of me on every page. Of course, I can always claim that my blood was thinned by a certain well-known non-industrial solvent and disinfectant, but not all that much.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Box 89517, Zenith WA 98188

Carcosa Books is preparing a gigantic hardback, cheap at \$15 pre-publication price, of the best works of E. Hoffman Price. Box 1064, Chapel Hill NC 27514. Price is one of the few original members of the "Lovecraft circle" still alive -- he and Frank Belknap Long. Price, I'd dare say, was the only true artist of the lot; not just a fellow who couldn't write anything else but weird tales garbage, unlike most of that HPL circle of friends. A relatively minute percentage of Price's works have been anthologized however, and this will be the first widely available collection of his works outside of the original pulps like Argosy, Adventure, Blue Book, Short Stories, and of course the lousier but more often worshipped Weird Tales, Thrilling this and that, and etcetera. If you're lucky, Buck, you'll get a free review copy. I'll have to buy mine, but shall be glad to do it.

[[No, I'll have to buy mine, if I do; I was willing to pay for the Wellman, but I was never all that much of a fan of Price's. RSC]]

Leah Zeldes, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park MI 48237

Jessica Salmonson should be made aware that while Midwestern females are feminists they're of a more relaxed type than most. We don't want to kill off our menfolk, as is advocated in such books as SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL (Robin Morgan, ed.); we like them too much for that. And we don't mind a little bit of chivalry; who's to be hurt if someone opens a door for me, or helps me with my coat? Midwestern feminists focus on the more important things; equal pay for equal work, equal opportunities, etc.

There are quite a lot of people who are quite different in person than on paper. To give an example of someone I know well, Cy Chauvin is extremely quiet and shy in person, but I don't think he comes off that way in print. Sheryl Birkhead is even more of an ochlophobic; that's why she doesn't go to many cons. And I don't think I come off the same way in person as I do in print, merely because I express myself better in writing than I do in speech. (Most people's conversations with me are punctuated by remarks like "Speak up, Leah," or "Spit it out," as I have a tendency to mumble and/or stutter when I'm nervous.)

Re speed reading: Warren Johnson was a speed reader (and probably still is, but have you noticed the tendency fans have to talk about gafiates as if they were dead?). Supposedly he could read faster than should have been humanly possible, and that's how he managed to review a phenomenal number of books. However, a number of people reading those reviews felt he missed the point of the books. Warren did take a speed reading course.

Book sales. An organization my mother belongs to regularly holds a used book sale, and I invariably get dragged along to help out. I don't complain too loudly, however, and this gives me first crack at the books and a rather sizable discount as well. At the latest one I picked up 31 paperbacks and four hardcovers for a total of \$6. Actually, the best used book sale held in this area is the annual Brandeis sale, but anyone wanting science fiction had better forget that one. No matter how early you get there, you always hear the same thing: "Science fiction? Sorry. The guy from Dearborn Heights has already been here." *Sigh*

I'm afraid you don't know a lot of today's youth, Buck. What you know are a lot of fandom's youth, and they are an entirely different thing altogether. In fact, two of the names you mention (Bruce, and Sandy Franke) are not even fannish youth, but fannish offspring, which is a still different thing, and if you have no confidence in them, it's only your own fault.

Rusty, Ro Nagey (ConFusion charlman), and Jim Martin (an Ann Arbor fan and law professor) were on a local radio program the Sunday night of the con. They had thought they would be talking about science fiction, cons, fandom in general, and so on. Instead they wound up talking for three hours on the Bermuda Triangle, UFOs, psychic phenomena, and suchlike. It was a call-in program, and most of the callers related such fascinating experiences as the religious enlightenment they received while being chased down the street by a UFO. There was one interesting call near the end, though. A man sounding remarkably like Howard Devore called in to ask the "panel of experts"

if they could solve the dilemma of "Who sawed Courtney's boat?".

[[Whoa, there! I may have to take responsibility for any lack of confidence in Bruce, but I categorically deny your insinuation that I'm responsible for Sandy Franke. I didn't even know Jackie back then. RSC]]

Andy Porter, PO Box 4175, New York NY 10017

You've been running covers by Dick Flinchbaugh. The last artwork I had from him was something like 5 years ago. Do you get artwork now, or have you had that stuff in your files? And if the former, I'd appreciate Flinchbaugh's current address.

I've been laid off (read fired) from my job. So much for Charleson Publishing Co. The first inkling I had that they were bastards was when the VP called from his Connecticut home to fire a secretary by phone; told her not to come in tomorrow, on a Monday. I was told on Thursday afternoon at 4:30 not to come back. A week later they fired my assistant, the day the big convention issue she was working on came out. The new guy they hired was hired as my replacement, to work on 2 magazines. Now he's saddled with four -- precisely the shit they pulled on me a month after I'd been working there.

They also reported my severance as vacation pay (a whole month's worth at a company that doesn't have any written vacation policy? Sure...) to unemployment, so I can't collect until March first.

The above two paragraphs prompted by skimming Gene DeWeese's letter.

I agree with Rusty, to some extent. The prices for huckster tables are in some cases too high. However, lowering the prices without first denying the right of comics and film fans to swamp the rooms (always prefer-crass and unfannish term) will defeat the purpose. You'll have an additional 10 fans, plus an additional 50 comix dealers.

Interview in PW with Harlan by Alice Turner mentions Harlan talking about writing to the SF fan/reader market as "talking to your armpit".

Word received that Hans Stefan Santesson died (found in his apt. by the police) Friday, the 21st, or thereabouts.

Remind me to finish the story I've been working on for five years...

[Finish your story, Porter; you don't have anything else to do. (If I get laid off, I'm suddenly going to produce one hell of a lot of chapters-and-outlines.)//Rusty is in favor of dumping comics hucksters, too.//It's really a shame that fandom doesn't give Harlan the respect that he knows is his due.// The Flinchbaugh illos are old, and he's getting his contributor's copies at the same old address. Or at least we're sending them there; God knows if he's getting them. RSC]]

Larry Downes, 21960 Avon, Oak Park MI 48237

First and foremost, tell Bruce that I am not a BNF. Nowhere near it. (Oh, sure, I like to fantasize about being

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even a Big Name Neo, but even that, sadly, is not the case.)

With that out of the way, let's get onto basics. Like, for example, why did I receive this of Yandro? (#230, for those of you who are counting). I have several hypotheses. The first is that I was mentioned (three times, no less). However, considering that the lastish I had an entire column about me and did not receive a copy, I will dismiss that one.

My next thought was that perhaps you are trying to interest me in a subscription to Y. But, after the way you screamed about cutting down (or at least keeping to a minimum) same, I doubt this highly. Actually, Buck, I would most likely subscribe to Yandro should you go ahead and let Bruce take over the fmz reviews. After all, everyone knows how much I like humorous fan writing. But enough of this idle rambling, onto some serious nitpicking.

And while you are at it, you may also tell Bruce (since I'm not speaking to him; can't stand to mingle with those beneath myself, you know) that the entire purpose of my fanzine, Ay, Chingar! (yes, I I know you don't like to give plugs, but... tough), was not in the least bit solely to vilify him. Oh, I admit, I may have, on occasion, used slanderous statements pertaining to him, but one could not say that I vilified him. After all, vilify means to defame, and how can you defame someone... (Besides, in the second issue I took a switch; I let other people attack him. Don't want to have all the fun myself, you know.)

I can't understand Leah Zeldes' complaint about her mother wanting her to give up fandom for a Nice Jewish Boy. (Which, she no doubt has told you, is a contradiction in terms.) After all, I have it from highly reliable sources that Leah's mother thinks that both myself and Cy Chauvin are "cute", and neither of us can be considered Nice Jewish Boys. Cy's not even Jewish. (And before fandom, I never even knew such people existed! Living in a 99 percent Jewish community may have something to do with that.) Actually, someone should tell dear Mrs. Zeldes that all of the local Youth Groups are full of hypocrites clinging to their phony beliefs about their religion. Most of them are atheists, or at least agnostics, and don't give a damn one way or the other about Judaism, but use it as an excuse to smoke dope with the Rabbi's son, and therefore get away with it. While I have never had much in the way of serious worshipping, I am opposed to this exploitation of religion as such. So there.

[[It's not the length of the mention that counts -- it's the quality. In #230, I mentioned you. (You know, you remind me of Dave Lewton; that ought to worry you for a few minutes, anyway. Ask Chauvin who he was.) RSC]]

[[Now that you bring it up, Larry is quite a replay of Lewton, isn't he? JWC]]

"I was looking for something bright enough to sneeze at."Gene DeWeese

SHERLOCK HOLMES FANS TAKE NOTE: In the April 1975 issue of GUNS & AMMO magazine there is an article, "The Guns of Sherlock Holmes". It's a quite well-written article, with photos of the guns, of Holmes, and of Watson during his service days. Appreciation is expressed to "the Watson family for access to the Holmes-Watson collection", and to Mr. Sean Wright, of the Non-Conanical Calabashes (I assume the latter group is well-known to dyed-in-the-wool Holmes fans.) Authors are Scott McMillan and Garry James.



reading ('redin)

derived from

books

Golden Minutes

LOVECRAFT, by L. Sprague de Camp [Doubleday, \$10.00] An extensive biography of America's greatest fantasy writer since Poe. This is largely an unbiased work, though I detect a few deCampian prejudices here and there (a dislike of "free verse", a belief that authors should be businesslike and efficient in knowledge of their profession and use of their time, etc.)] Since I share them -- even if I don't practice the latter to the extent Sprague recommends -- they don't bother me. There are lengthy quotes from Lovecraftian letters which illustrate one or another of the facets of his personality. There is a complete documentation of Lovecraft's odd home life and even odder beliefs. (If there is a single flaw in the book, it is the repeated illustration of Lovecraft's racial bigotry, each time accompanied by an aside that this attitude was quite common in the early 1900s. Maybe I'm just annoyed by the space devoted to something I already knew, but it seems a bit overdone, and tends to make Lovecraft seem a bit more repellent than his contemporaries say he actually was.) Overall, though, it's an excellent book and worth your money. My own liking for Lovecraft's work varies considerably according to how I feel at the moment, and currently isn't too high -- I enjoyed de Camp's writing more than I did the numerous quotes, but on the whole I found the book fascinating. And de Camp uses, on page 333, the absolutely correct definition of science fiction (meaning the same one I've been trying to ram into your hard little heads for years). Lovecraft is a marvelous character to read about; more interesting than his own ghoulish horrors.

MOTHER WAS A LOVELY BEAST, by Philip José Farmer [Chilton, \$6.95] A wonderful idea for a book; an anthology of fact and fiction about humans raised by animals. In execution it is marred by my personal distaste for excerpts from novels in such a collection; I have never seen any point in reading half of a novel, or one chapter out of a novel. I want the whole thing or nothing. The excerpt in here from ONE AGAINST THE WILDERNESS by William L. Chester is pretty much a complete story in itself, but I don't think the one from Olaf Baker's SHASTA OF THE WOLVES is. Otherwise, we have "The God of Tarzan" from JUNGLE TALES OF TARZAN (a rather silly little story purporting to be religious), "Extracts From The Memoirs of Lord Greystoke" as edited by Farmer (a noble but not always successful attempt to produce a Tarzan within the bounds of possibility), "Tarzan of the Grapes" by Gene Wolfe (a fairly humorous account of the problems of a living myth in current society), "Relic" by Mack Reynolds (similar but broader; Tarzan as an old, but still muscular, man), "Scream of the Condor" by George Bruce (an infant raised by condors; as Farmer says in his introduction, the audacity of the idea is worth preserving from oblivion), "The Man Who Really Was... Tarzan" by Thomas Llewellyn Jones (an elderly article from a 1959 man's magazine; interesting, but not to be regarded seriously), and a short article by Farmer on feral children. The basic flaw -- aside from my personal dislike of excerpts -- is that 119 of the book's 226 pages are devoted to Tarzan. However much Farmer may know his subject, his book is far too one-sided to be of much value as a study of feral man in either fact or fiction. If you happen to be a Tarzan fan, fine; if you aren't, you're out of luck.

NIGHTMARES AND DREAMS, by Nelson Bond [Arkham House, \$5.00] Nearly everything in here first appeared in Blue Book in the 1940s and early 1950s. I always liked the samples of Bond's writing that I saw; they were lightweight and superficial, but generally amusing. The book is more of the same; Bond is nearly always competent and never brilliant. Much of the material is humorous; some of the humor is a bit crude for modern tastes (like his series about the mad inventor Pat Pending), but most of it is enjoyable. His serious material involves rather simple ideas, by fantasy standards, but very slick writing. I bought my copy off Rusty Hevelin at some convention, or other last year, and I think I got my money's worth (but don't expect it to send you into ecstasies.)

THE DAY OF THE NESS, by Andre Norton and Mike Gilbert [Walker, \$5.95] The recommended age level listed is 8 to 10, which seems about right. For that age level, it would probably be quite an exciting book. For older readers, the major item of interest would be the numerous Gilbert illustrations of alien creepie-crawlies, some of which seem to be quite familiar to viewers of Gilbert fanzine cartoons. Basically, one batch of aliens fleeing from another batch lands on Earth, and are helped by a 10 or 11 year old boy and his cat. A small book, but ideal for an age group which doesn't have much in the way of science fiction reading. (Librarians take note.)

THE BEST OF HENRY KUTTNER, [Book Club, \$3.00] Seventeen stories from one of the great science fiction writers of the 1940s. Kuttner wrote everything from lowbrow humor to some of the most intellectually stimulating fiction of his era, and this is a good sampling. (I object to the inclusion of two of his "Hogben" series and none of the "Pete Manx" series but in general this is as good as you can expect in 340 pages; a complete collection of Kuttner would run to volumes and almost every story he ever wrote is somebody's favorite.) This contains several of his recognized finest stories; "Mimsy Were the Borogroves", "Two-Handed Engine", "The Proud Robot", "Absolom" -- and quite a few of his lesser but still highly entertaining stories. And one item which I have never seen reprinted before and never expected to, despite the fact that I enjoyed it; "Nothing But Gingerbread Left". It's a sample of the flood of the anti-Nazi fiction poured out during World War II; everyone from Sub-Mariner up took turns at fictionally drubbing the Germans. The stories were all so totally tied to an era and a propaganda effort that they were dated as soon as the war ended -- but Kuttner's is still funny 30 years later, despite its total impossibility. As a book, this is highly recommended; if you've never read much Kuttner you have missed much of the charm of the 1940 sf mags.

THE IRON DREAM, by Norman Spinrad [Equinox/Avon, \$1.95] #6 in the "SF Rediscovery Series"] With a 1972 copyright, this has hardly been out long enough to be rediscovered in 1975, but then the "Rediscovery" in the series is obviously just an advertising gimmick anyway. I'm again disappointed that Avon didn't take the plunge and sell this as **LORD OF THE SWASTIKA**, by Adolf Hitler, but again buried this vital information on an inside page. It's a fascinating idea competently worked out, though like many satires it tends to go on somewhat too long. The best parts are the author's biography and the psychological "Afterword", but the book itself is entertaining. (In case you haven't heard of it before; it is a 1930s-ish science fiction novel by an Adolf Hitler who emigrated to New York in 1919 -- to escape Willy Ley? -- with all his neurcoses intact.) Quite enjoyable.

ALMURIC, by Robert E. Howard [Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston RI 02892] I haven't read everything of Howard's, but from what I've seen this may well be his worst book. It's another superman type on an alien planet, with the adventures being far less believable than anything John Carter ever got into. It's a nice edition -- good dust jacket and reasonably good interiors by David Ireland, nice binding, good print -- but wasted on an awfully bad story.

NEWTON AND THE QUASI-APPLE, by Stanley Schmidt [Doubleday, \$5.95] An intriguing idea based on cultural interference, and a fair amount of action. Well-meaning aliens with anti-grav manage to interfere with a primitive planet's equivalent of Newton. Beyond this, is a lot of action. It's a competent story, but I should think that anyone experienced in disguising themselves on alien planets would have to be pretty careless to overlook a differing number of fingers. Sort of spoils the mood of the big confrontation. Otherwise it's a good enough lightweight adventure story.

THE MASTER KEY, by L. Frank Baum [Hyperion, pb - \$3.75, cloth - \$8.95] For years I've heard about Baum's "only science fiction story", unreprinted and rare. So when Hyperion reprinted it my curiosity was aroused. I found out rather rapidly that one reason why it's never been reprinted before is that it's not very good. It's not science fiction, either, by my definition; Baum's use of electricity in this novel is no more scientific than his use of a tornado in THE WIZARD OF OZ. (Of course, I'm not particularly concerned with the line between science fiction and fantasy, but some people seem to be.) The Demon of Electricity presents the hero with an assortment of electrical marvels, which lead to various rather boring adventures. I suppose if a child is small enough, he might find them thrilling (it's hard to tell, since the only child I'm intimately acquainted with was getting things like THE LORD OF THE RINGS read to him before he was old enough to read things himself). In any event, this can be recommended only to hardcore Baum fans or very small children.

IN SEARCH OF THE UNKNOWN, by Robert W. Chambers [Hyperion, pb - \$3.75, cloth - \$8.95] This is considerably better. It's a collection of more or less connected short stories. The first three were included in the Dover edition of THE KING IN YELLOW as "The Harbour-Master", "In Quest of the Dingue", and "Is the Ux Extinct?". (They have no separate titles in the current book.) They take up somewhat less than half of the book. The remainder is composed of another three adventures, somewhat more interwoven than the first three (though this involves having two of them told to the narrator by a third party, which is awkward). Chambers pokes a good deal of light fun at scientists and at people in general. ("All scientists harbor a natural antipathy to romance in any form, and that antipathy becomes a deep horror if fiction dares to deal flippantly with the exact sciences, or if some degraded intellect assumes the warrantless liberty of using natural history as the vehicle for silly tales." Or, when one character's aunt turns into a cat and then has kittens... "Were the kittens black?" I enquired. "No," he said, "my aunt drew the colour-line, I'm proud to say.") The flippant dialogue is a bit much in spots, but for a 1904 version of light humor, it's generally excellent. Recommended, at least in paperback.

Copies of these books, and a free list of Hyperion "Classics of Science Fiction" series, may be obtained from Hyperion Press Inc., 45 Riverside Avenue, Westport CT 06880. There are 23 books in all in the series; I'll try to have a few more reviewed next issue.

UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS, edited by Sam Moskowitz [Holt, Rinehart, & Winston, \$7.95] This is also being sold by Hyperion; address above. I assumed from various descriptions of it that this would be another collection of early short stories, similar to the editor's SCIENCE FICTION BY GASLIGHT, which was intriguing. It isn't; it's a collection of excerpts from early novels. A. Merritt's THE MOON POOL is represented by the original novelet, "Friend's Island" by Francis Stevens is a short story, Murray Leinster's "The Mad Planet" is a novelet, and Ray Cummings' "The Girl in the Golden Atom" may be a complete novelet here, though it was paperbacked as a novel. But we have excerpts -- and short excerpts at that -- from "Under the Moons of Mars" (book title, A PRINCESS OF MARS), DARKNESS AND DAWN, POLARIS OF THE DOG-STAR PACK, and THE BLIND SPOT. Some of these have been reprinted in paperback, and the rest in Famous Fantastic Mysteries back in the 1940s and the reader would be a lot better off looking up the complete stories if he wants to read them. The editor's long article, "A History of the Scientific Romance in the Munsey Magazines, 1912-1920" takes up 143 pages and is interesting enough, but hardly worth the book's price tag. Not recommended unless you can pick it up for a couple of dollars or less.

THE WILK ARE AMONG US, by Isidore Haiblum [Doubleday, \$5.95] Haiblum has an individual approach to interplanetary farce. Much of the time his sense of humor doesn't match mine, but I can at least applaud his attitude. Look over this tale of a lunatic alien invasion; you might like it.

SCIENCE FICTION, TODAY AND TOMORROW, edited by Reginald Bretnor [Penguin, \$2.95] I didn't even know Penguin had a U.S. branch, but this book comes from it. This is a general survey of science fiction. In his foreword, the editor says that he feels it is a good and useful book. (I'll agree fully on "good"; I'm not sure who it would be useful to, but with the academic invasion, who knows?) Ben Bova writes on "The Role of Science Fiction" in an article that is no different from a dozen or so I've seen in fanzines, and no better. Fred Pohl, however, has an excellent article on the economics of publishing which should be read by everyone who has ever written, "Why don't they...?" George Zebrowski manages to say very little about "Science Fiction and the Visual Media" (partly, perhaps, because he seems to consider John Baxter an expert). Frank Herbert says we should learn to live with the universe rather than trying to impose our ideas of order upon it. Theodore Sturgeon says science is a religion and science fiction a method of experimenting with alternate forms of it. Alan E. Nourse pretty much repeats Bova. Tom Scortia has a long -- and generally good -- article on science fiction's effect on various social groups, and vice versa. James Gunn writes on "Science Fiction and the Mainstream" -- basically he's back on the role of science fiction again, but he does it a little better than Bova or Nourse. Alex and Cory Panshin discuss trends. (I like Alex and Cory personally, and they write purty good, but I almost never agree with what they're saying.) Then you get into the "how to" section; Poul Anderson on world-building, Hal Clement on alien-building (those two should have been reversed), and Gordon Dickson on plausibility. Ann McCaffrey writes on the romance -- in both meanings of the term -- in the field, and Jack Williamson finishes things off with an article on the teaching and criticism of science fiction. Basically I suppose the book is academically oriented, though a lot of fans will want it. Overall, it's a pretty good survey of the field, even tho I disagree with some of the individual articles. Recommended.

PHOENIX WITHOUT ASHES, by Ed Bryant and Harlan Ellison [Fawcett, 95 cents] This is Bryant's novelization of Harlan's initial script for the ill-fated tv series "Starlost". Plus Harlan's account of how the producers of the show screwed both Harlan and the viewing audience. (The account makes an entertaining story -- but I'd have enjoyed it more if it hadn't sounded quite so much like some of the opinions Harlan expressed about Gene Roddenberry before "City on the Edge of Forever" won a Hugo. It's not that I don't believe his account; it's just that Harlan has screamed rape so often that it's not very impressive any more.) As for the story -- the idea of a generations-ship has fascinated most people in the field, and an incredible number have written about it. (As an idea for a tv series, it was brilliant.) Considering that this one was made from a tv script, this version comes across quite well. I don't think it's even close to the best of this sub-species of sff, but it's readable and entertaining. (And one of the major drawbacks for me -- that it is obviously the first installment of a series -- may not bother you.) Recommended.

SPACE ADVENTURES, edited by A. L. Furman [Lntern Press/Pocket Books, 75 cents? Well, it says it's edited by Furman; from the authcrs included it looks more like it was edited by Larry Sternig. It's a juvenile anthology; supposed to be a teenage level but closer to the 10-to-12 level in actuality. I bought it strictly for the three stories by "A.M. Lightner" ("The Mars Jar" is impossible but interesting, "Best Friend" is overly sentimental but otherwise good, "A Great Day for the Irish" is a rather poor romance). There are also two stories by Sternig (acceptable but too contrived) and one each by Richard Ashby (a poor Planet Stories type scaled down for juvenile consumption), Arthur Tofte (deux ex machina ending), and Bettyann Kevles (moderately interesting medical problem). Overall, this isn't really recommended, though if you know some ten-year-olds desperate for stf it's better than nothing.

WARM WORLDS AND OTHERWISE, by James Tiptree, Jr. [Ballantine, \$1.50] A collection which I think bears out my theory that Tiptree's best stories aren't the ones that get awards. (But those are good too.) This includes "All the Kinds of Yes" (alien contact with a vengeance), "The Milk of Paradise" (memory, mental conditioning, love and the nature of reality), "And I Have Come Upon This Place By Lost Ways" (no substitutes for personal involvement; nicely written but I don't believe it), "The Last Flight of Dr. Ain" (the love of nature), "Amberjack" (cute but minor horror story of mistaken identity), "Through a Lass Darkly" (the problems of intertemporal communication; lovely), "The Girl Who Was Plugged In" (a long detailed look at a nightmarish future; I don't believe this one, either, but it's beautifully done), "The Night-Blooming Saurian" (an old hunting story -- I first read a version in a Western titled FRIAR TUCK -- worked over into science fiction, and an excellent job it is), "The Women Men Don't See" (a look at women in society; probably the best story here), "Fault" (nice gimmick but inconsistent), "Love Is The Plan The Plan Is Death" (nice description of an alien culture), and "On The Last Afternoon" (can any human wholeheartedly will himself to be a sacrifice? -- second-best story here). Overall, an excellent collection. Get it.

THE PAST THROUGH TOMORROW, by Robert A. Heinlein [Berkley, \$1.95] Heinlein's Future History series; 830 pages for your money. And -- with all due respect to all the science fiction floating around this month -- if you haven't already read this one and you're figuring on buying only one book, this is the one. There are lots of stories that are technically "better written" -- but they don't get the reader involved. There are lots of stories that the critics deem more important -- but these are going to be the ones that last. Some of them are outstanding, some of them (such as "The Menace From Earth") are badly written and generally idiotic. Overall, this may be the best science fiction you'll ever see.

PATRON OF THE ARTS, by William Rotsler [Ballantine, \$1.25] A stf artist writes quite convincingly of a new artform, the people who are affected by it, the future world it exists in, and the transformations it works. It's a good novel, though I have this feeling that it could have been written with no science fictional content at all and been better.

THE LION OF BOAZ-JACHIN AND JACHIN-BOAZ, by Russel Hoban [Pocket Books, \$1.25] Nice imagery, and all sorts of symbolism for the critics to interpret. It's a very personal view, and as usual with such views I'm not at all sure that I understand it, and the parts that I do understand I disagree with. But it's interesting -- not science fiction, possibly not even fantasy, but interesting.

THE TEXAS-ISRAELI WAR; 1999, by Jake Saunders and Howard Waldrop [Ballantine, \$1.25] This, on the other hand, has no symbolism at all. (If it didn't take place entirely on Earth, it would be a space opera.) An Israeli mercenary tank force, fighting for the United States in a war with Texas. Moderately entertaining and forgettable.

STAR SMASHERS OF THE GALAXY RANGERS, by Harry Harrison [Berkley, 95 cents] A parody of the early space operas; Tom Swift crossed with Richard Seaton and a touch of Murray Leinster's nameless heroes. Fun, but I thought Harrison overdid it considerably; the sophisticate leering at his cloddish ancestors. (Possibly a personal reaction of mine; other readers seem to enjoy it without reservations.) Try it and see how you'll like it.

VOYAGE TO A FORGOTTEN SUN, by Donald J. Pfeil [Ballantine, \$1.25] It's blurbed as "a rousing space-opera", but I can't say it roused me much. Competent but not memorable.

THE NOTE IN TIME'S EYE, by Gerard Klein [DAW, \$1.25] I wonder what the title of this would have been if Pournelle and Niven had chosen something else for their little epic? Oh well. Klein's fiction varies considerably according to the ability of his translator. C.J. Richards has done a good job. This is a space-adventure novel, nothing terribly serious, but it reads well, and is somewhat more memorable than the books immediately above.

NORSTRILIA, by Cordwainer Smith [Ballantine, \$1.50] This, it is claimed, is the original version of Smith's major novel, previously published in two parts with extra material tacked on. I can't say that it's all that much superior to the previous publications, but Smith was one of the masters of imagery and if you like that sort of thing here it is. It's one of the few creations which actually had influence on other writers.

IDENTITY SEVEN, by Robert Lory [DAW, 95 cents] Vam Vogtian intrigue; interplanetary Menace. Competent, but not my type of book at all, at all.

THE GASP, by Romain Gary [Pocket Books, \$1.25] Another mainstream novelist has a fling at science fiction. A fairly interesting gimmick, writing adequate but not nearly as good as I expected, and no science.

A FUNERAL FOR THE EYES OF FIRE, by Michael Bishop [Ballantine, \$1.50] Bishop writes allegorical fantasies rather than science fiction. He produces the effects he wants, and is generally praised by the readers, but I tend to go to sleep in the middle of one of his novelets, let alone a 290 page novel. (I'm sure that Bishop's first novel is an important event, and you probably should read it -- it's good for you. But I didn't.)

THE PENRIS DEVICE, by Brian M. Stableford [DAW, 95 cents] Another in the series about Grainger, the interplanetary agent. Since I dislike series to begin with, and I find Stableford somewhat turgid, not to mention verbose, I didn't like it.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SUN, by Christian Léourier [Berkley, 95 cents] The residents of a sheltered society must adjust to an Earth returned to Barbarism. It's a fairly interesting problem. Presumably translated from the French, like Klein's work, but very well done. By the author? No translation credit given. (And I just thought; maybe my dislike of Stableford's work is because it has never been translated from the British.) Stf-adventure; an enjoyable enough way to spend an hour or so,

THE HAWKS OF ARCTURUS, by Cecil Snyder III [DAW, 95 cents] Space-opera. Adequate plot except I seem to have read it before frequently and Snyder doesn't really put anything new into it. The improbabilities are too straight-facedly serious to be very entertaining.

STARSHIP, by Brian Aldiss [Avon, \$1.25] Aldiss's version of the generations-ship plot is worthier of Avon's Rediscovery Series than some of the books they've had in it. (He doesn't really bring anything new to it, but it's a nice entertaining story of a giant spaceship whose inhabitants have returned to barbarism.) It's been reprinted several times before, but not recently; if you're a newcomer, it's worth getting.

AS THE CURTAIN FALLS, by Robert Chilson [DAW, 95 cents] Far-flung magic in the tradition of THE DYING EARTH. (But not as good -- well, even Vance couldn't repeat his success there.) Acceptable adventure-fantasy, but unmemorable.

THE FALL OF COLOSSUS, by D. F. Jones [Berkley, 95 cents] The first book was bad enough. This one isn't any improvement, certainly. (The first one made a pretty good movie, and this one may too, but don't waste your time on the book.)

TRIPLE DELENTE, by Piers Anthony [DAW, 95 cents] Piers goes overboard on the unpronounceable alien terms, but it's an interesting idea of government. Mildly recommended.

THE GHOSTS OF EPIDORIS, by Gregory Kern [DAW, 95 cents] Cap Kennedy #14. Speaking of space-opera... Kennedy is stilling battling the evil minions of Fu Manchu (who in this series is operating under the nom de plume of Dr. Kaifeng). Lots of fast action, and quite competent writing; I've read worse. (I've also read a lot better, but essentially this is a juvenile; one step up from the comics. As such, it's quite acceptable.)

THE ISLAND OF THE DOGS, by Lee Falk [Avon, 95 cents? The Phantom #13. A half-step up from the comics? One of Falk's actual comic-strip adventures had been novelized by Warren Shanahan. I never read the original, but this seems true to the concept of the strips I have read. Not being a comics fan, I can't exactly recommend it, but the entire idea of novelizing a strip is an interesting reversal of the usual procedure.

ATTAR'S REVENGE, by Robert Graham [Pocket Books, 95 cents] Sub-Mariner rides again. WAR OF NERVES, by Robert Graham [Pocket Books, 95 cents] Attar has been "scientifically" adapted to ocean life rather than a natural-born son of Atlantis, and he's considerably more noble, but otherwise there isn't a lot of difference. Not in the ploys; certainly, which are the usual international spy things. (Not the better international spy things; the well-worn ones.) It's violent enough; I'm sure it will sell along with all the other modern revivals of the superhero pulps.

AS THE GREEN STAR RISES, by Lin Carter [DAW, \$1.25] Number 4 in this imitation Burroughs series. If you like Burroughs, you'll probably like this. If you don't like Burroughs -- and I don't -- I recommend passing it up.

WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE, by David Gerrold [Ballantine, \$1.50] The computer which develops a mind of its own is a favorite stf gimmick these days. Gerrold has one of the better versions of it. I don't think a lot of some of the philosophy being propounded, but it's a fine entertaining novel, and Harlie is one of the more interesting characters in recent fiction. Doubleday first published it a couple of years ago; this is a reprint.

THE COMPANY OF GLORY, by Edgar Pangborn [Pyramid, \$1.25] This was in Galaxy last year (which Pyramid carefully avoids telling you) and you may note in the editorial up there that I noted it as a possible Hugo candidate. Sometimes I wonder about Pangborn's age; he's been writing brilliant portrayals of elderly protagonists for twenty years now. Demetrios, storyteller who can recall such fabulous magic as the telephone, automobiles, and a time when the Hudson was a river instead of a sea -- is not really his best, but he's good enough to be worth reading about. Not really a whole lot happens in here, but it's still the sort of book I hated to put down. Highly recommended.

STAR TREK: LOG FOUR, by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, \$1.25] Three more adaptations from the cartoon ST series. Foster is still doing his competent job, making the books more interesting than the show they've been taken from. Remarkably bad cover.

TO DIE IN ITALBAR, by Roger Zelazny [DAW, 95 cents? A group of outré characters meet, plot, and squabble over their different obsessions. Zelazny is one of the best at thinking up original characterizations, but unfortunately none of these seemed very convincing.

ORN, by Piers Anthony [Avon, \$1.25] Reprint of a nice enough book, Orn, the intelligent prehistoric bird, is one of the best characters in stf. The time travelers who become involved with him aren't nearly as interesting --- the book is entertaining but not top quality.

LOST CONTINENTS, by L. Sprague de Camp [Ballantine, \$1.95] The definitive history of the belief in Atlantis, Lemuria, and similar lost lands of antiquity. Originally published by Gnome Press, it was considerably revised and updated for a Dover edition a few years ago. It's a bit disappointing to find that Thera isn't considered, but otherwise it's an excellent book.

OTHER WORLDS, by Carl Sagan and Jerome Agel [Bantam, \$1.95] A skinny book for the price, but then it has more illustrations than text, and illustrations are expensive. Sagan says absolutely nothing new to anyone who has done much reading about the solar system or extra-terrestrial life, but what he does say is said quite well. The visuals are cute. Look it over if you see it on your friendly local news stand; you might find it worth the money.

ALIEN RACES AND FANTASTIC CIVILIZATIONS, by Serge Hutin [Berkley, \$1.25] An occultist takes a few kernels of fact and lots of kernels of fiction and cashes in on the popularity of CHARIOTS OF THE GODS. If there is indeed a sucker born every minute, this should sell excellently.

THE HUMAN AURA, by Nicholas M. Regush [Berkley, \$1.25] I suppose Kirlian photography will touch off a new boom in this old superstition. As editor, Regush has assembled an anthology of aural literature featuring everyone from Paracelsus to Edgar Cayce. A writer might find it useful as a background for a fantasy.

ARIGO: SURGEON OF THE RUSTY KNIFE, by John G. Fuller [Pocket Books, \$1.50] Another book on psychic powers, but with a broader factual base. Arigo did perform his cures; why his patients didn't all drop dead of infection or surgical ineptitude is open to question, but there is no doubt that they survived. (Fuller prefers the psychic explanation; I prefer to recall that surgeons operated -- and saved lives -- for hundreds of years before the discovery of antisepsis, and that even now there are occasional cases of men who have acted as doctors for years, to the perfect satisfaction of the community, before their lack of a medical degree is exposed.) In any case, it's moderately interesting despite Fuller's insistence on dragging in his psychic powers and whatnot.

MISTRESS OF DEATH, by Piers Anthony and Roberto Fuentes [Berkley, 95 cents]

THE BAMBOO BLOODBATH, by Piers Anthony and Roberto Fuentes [Berkley, 95 cents]

#2 and #3 in the "Jason Striker, Master of Martial Arts" series. I can't judge how accurately the various combat techniques are portrayed but the plots are pretty standard 1930's pulp. Lots of action, adventure, and very little logic. There are occasional fantasy elements, but no more so than in most of these sadism series. The books are rather well-written for their type, but it isn't a terribly interesting type.

PUTNAM'S CONTEMPORARY GERMAN DICTIONARY [Berkley, 95 cents] Berkley just issued these
PUTNAM'S CONTEMPORARY FRENCH DICTIONARY [Berkley, 95 cents] a year or so ago, and
PUTNAM'S CONTEMPORARY SPANISH DICTIONARY [Berkley, 95 cents] here they are again. The
PUTNAM'S CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN DICTIONARY [Berkley, 95 cents] paperback format is, I
THE NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS [Berkley, 95 cents] suppose, handy for students, and the books are probably worthwhile for anyone who wants to be able to decipher a few foreign phrases without going to the trouble of actually studying the language. I don't know how well they'd work for serious study (never having attempted serious study of a foreign language). The Thesaurus should be of interest to any fan writers; we have a few thesaurians around the house, though Juanita uses them more than I do.

PLAIN SPEAKING, by Merle Miller [Berkley, 95 cents] An excellent biography of Harry S. Truman. The book was done primarily from tape recorded interviews with Truman. This wouldn't be at all a good method to use with most politicians, but "Give 'Em Hell Harry" wasn't noted for being reticent about his reasons for doing anything, and the results are probably as accurate as most biographies -- and maybe a bit more entertaining. Highly recommended.

THE QUOTABLE HARRY S. TRUMAN, edited by T. S. Settel [Berkley, \$1.25] The trouble is that even with as outspoken a politician as Truman, publishing a book devoted to quotes from his speeches and writings sheds no light on the person or the era, and is worthwhile only if the quotes themselves are brilliant or humorous. These are neither.

WHY?, by Eli S. Chesen, M.D. [Berkley, 95 cents] Subtitled "President Nixon's Psychiatrist Profile". I suppose books "explaining" Nixon will flood the market for a few years. This one seems to contain no revelations and quite a bit of asinine speculation. (Nixon's habit of maintaining a wood-burning fireplace in his air-conditioned offices is introduced as an example of grandiosity; Nixon repealing the elements. Chesen is apparently one of the psychiatrists who can't believe that Nixon might have enjoyed watching the shifting patterns of a flame just the same as you or I might.)

ADOLPH HITLER, by Colin Cross [Berkley, \$1.50] This is supposed to be "based on new research that shatters old myths". Maybe. It didn't shatter any of my old myths, but it's a quite adequate biography. Moderately recommended.

LOVERS, FRIENDS, SLAVES... by Martha Stein [Berkley, \$1.75] Stein played Peeping Tom (Peeping Tallulah?) on call girls and their clients, and came up with pretty much the same conclusions about American sex life that all the other researchers have. (But reading a "scientific" study about call girls is more respectable than reading porn.) "Julie" provides a more or less first hand account, presumably filtered through a ghost writer, of one of the girls in the business. Both books are quite competently written and neither one has anything new to say.

I WILL BE CALLED JOHN, by Lawrence Elliott [Berkley, \$1.75] A biography of Pope John XXIII. Elliott isn't a brilliant writer, but he's extremely thorough. Probably how well you like it depends on how interested you are in John XXIII; the writing itself won't sustain your interest (as de Camp's writing on Lovecraft does).

DOCTORS OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER, by Richard Dunlop [Ballantine, \$1.50] This is one of their Comstock Editions; originally these were to be sold primarily in the West, but I've noticed this one on the news stands and supermarkets around here. Overall it's an excellent book. After some early stuff on home surgery (including Peg-Leg Smith, the trapper who amputated his own leg, whittled himself a peg to stand on, and later in a fight used the peg to kill two men who had the discourtesy to shoot at him -- mountain men, on the average, were pretty tough) the book drags a bit, but picks up when we get to the '49 Gold Rush, cow towns and mining camps, etc. One lovely description is of the medical kits packed -- with instructions -- by eastern druggists for use by ship's captains who had no doctors on board. In one case the instructions were all keyed to numbers on the labels of the bottles. So when one captain ran out of item #9, he just mixed some of #5 and #3... One descriptive sentence seems to leave more of a story untold than it gives: "Dr. Beverly Cole successfully ligated the left common carotid artery of U.S. Marshal Hopkins after his stabbing by Judge Terry in a California brawl." And a biography of Dr. Goodfellow, of Tombstone, might be interesting; he wrote up the medical aspects of the wounds sustained by the Earps and their opponents for eastern medical journals, was a contributor to Scientific American, and once in court found it impossible "to explain what he was doing with a horse that had a U.S. Cavalry brand on it". Recommended.

THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN, by Carlos Castaneda [Pocket Books, \$1.50] I tend to approach any book
A SEPARATE REALITY, by Carlos Castaneda [Pocket Books, \$1.50] of philosophy
JOURNEY TO IXTLAN, by Carlos Castaneda [Pocket Books, \$1.50] with the idea that the author probably doesn't know his ass from a hole in the ground. If the books have been joyously accepted by a segment of the population that I have no respect for, my prejudice increases. So Castaneda's volumes had a couple of strikes on them in this column before they ever arrived. Castaneda has an interesting style' nice short sentences, never involved, easy for mystics and Time reviewers to understand. He produces a neat, step-by-step account of a mystical approach to life. In fact, they're quite well written books. The only trouble is that I don't believe a word of them. I would say they're probably worth trying; I'm sure a lot of fans will think they're great stuff. You may be one of them. I'm not. The foreword in TEACHINGS says that other world-views are valuable because they give us an insight into our own culture. Maybe -- I've never seen one that gave me any more understanding of our culture than I had before I started it, but I suppose some readers may.

THE DOG WHO WOULDN'T BE, by Farley Mowat (Pyramid, 95¢) An absolutely hilarious account of Mowat's childhood in various Canadian locales ("There can be few places in the world that are so resolutely determined to defend themselves against any suspicion of culture as the villages of central Ontario.") Central character is the dog Mutt, a thoroughly believable if improbable animal; he is accompanied by several other pets, and several of the elder Mowat's odder friends. Highly recommended.