

GANDRO



YANDRO 235



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(If anyone notes that the British price is lower
than the US one; yes, it is. But it's too high
for most British fans.)

THE RIGHT TO BUY WEAPONS IS THE RIGHT TO BE FREE.

.....A. E. van Vogt

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ARTWORK

Cover by Shayne McCormack

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"Atavism" copyright 1976 by L. Sprague de Camp

A Bicentennial quote for you, from that giant of historical novelists, Kenneth Roberts, who wrote best-sellers about the Revolution before it was even popular.... specifically, this is from OLIVER WISWELL, and the speaker is a Boston doctor treating British wounded after Bunker Hill. "What'll happen to this country, Oliver, if it falls into the hands of men willing to fire rusty nails into those who don't agree with 'em?"

(No, I'm not particularly opposed to the Bicentennial; I'm opposed to mindless enthusiasm for slogans. This country probably is the world's greatest, but only because the rest are worse, and that should be kept in mind.)

RSC

RAMBLINGS



Please don't laugh when I say that this would and should have been cut sooner, because it isn't entirely our fault. One of the more irritating delays occurred during the actual mimeoing, and for some of you -- perusing some messy pages in your copies -- the problem will be obvious. (For others, those happy, carefree souls with no experience in the agonies of pubbing, it will not be obvious, and tant pis.) We got into a crop of deteriorated stencils, and their condition did not become apparent until the ink hit the drum -- at which point the stencils started disintegrating from the top down. Fortunately, this only involved about five or six critical stencils

(there were others in bad shape, but I managed to muddle on through, outracing their tendency to shred into inky gobbets). But those five or six had to be retyped. Also fortunately, none of them involved artwork -- repatching or recutting would have consumed that much more time.

And one of these days realsoonnow we are going to have to haul this typewriter up to IBM and have the keys re-aligned, among other adjustments. (One of the several reasons we would not consider owning a current model IBM typer is distance and the general I'm All Right, Jack attitude of the corporation in our area. We have a choice of transporting the machine to Ft. Wayne--at their convenience and by their hours -- or paying ridiculous amounts per mile for some repairman to come here, look at the machine and say "yup, it needs work" and then transport it back, and forth -- charging mileage each time, not to mention labor. No mention of loaners or sloughing off minor repair costs with a casual "I'll get you next time" (and then never charging for the service "next time") -- which our favorite office supply store does. And if the mood strikes them, they'll even transport to the door, no charge.)

Besides, I can't see what I'm typing on a golf-ball type machine, and my thought patterns operate strictly on what appears on the paper.

Speaking of deteriorating -- as in stencils, above -- another, worse, case is the alleged postal service. Which makes the Hugo ballots this time a scrumpy thing. We hope you will receive them in time to nominate. Even if we'd gotten the issue out a month ago, though, that would be no assurance the committee would get your ballots in time. I hope -- considering that and numerous other foul-ups and delays in the on-going MidAmerican proceedings -- the committee will take all such problems into account. Postal "service" is not even a bad joke anymore. We were bitterly amused at the recent furor over the dropping of special delivery. We haven't received a special delivery letter in years. Don't misunderstand me. People have sent us special delivery letters; we simply haven't received them -- not by any route remotely described as "special delivery". Any such letters arrive whenever the once-a-day rural mail delivery occurs, and at no other time. Air mail too was a farce, for speed purposes, for years before the P.O admitted the same. In fact in our area we frequently got air mail a day or more later than surface mail sent from the same place at the same time. (One extra handling of mail delayed it.) I mean, one wonders where they spent all the gravy money they scooped in over the years -- selling innocent city dwellers "special delivery" services and then not bothering to perform the service paid for. Frankly, though it would mean the end of pubbing and tenterhooksy trips to the mail box which all fans love, I'm more than ready for an end to that sort of "service"; me for a personal computerized print out in every home -- I can dial a current fanzine list or the newspaper and somebody who wants to send me a

special delivery message can, and I would receive it, maybe within minutes. Ah yes, the glorious, super efficient world of the future we all read about in so many sf stories is here -- and in some cases, it's a mess.

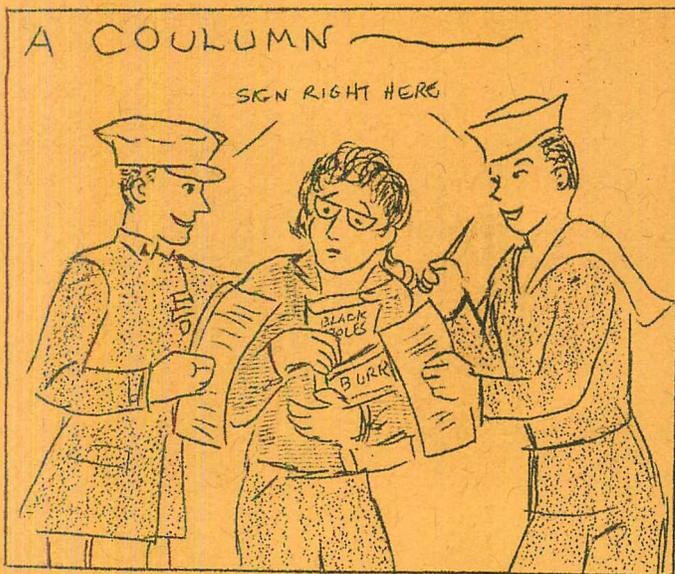
NOTE: Mea culpa. I forgot to tell Buck the cover logo this issue is by Dave Locke, so he didn't put that info into the contents.

And **this** is a good place to mention, also, my profuse gratitude for the continuing efforts of our artists and logo-ists. And I'm happy to see letter writers commenting on art which pleases them, too. The artist is too often the forgotten fan in the fanzine world. He/she deserves much more recognition and appreciation than he/she usually gets. Time is long since past when I could, for example, spend two and a half hours stenciling an intricate George Barr cover, but even pasting in an electro-stencil has its own satisfactions, vicarious enjoyment of the artist's work and the pay-off of my nagging the electrostenciller to cut the art lines "deeper, deeper!" Thank you, and please keep 'em coming.

In his column Bruce mentions working on a school edition of an April Fool newspaper. Over the years we've watched some commercial ventures in that line, too, some of them surprisingly effective. I don't know if this is unique to small town editions or to the naivete of the rural populace or what, but it's been fun to watch. Most recently the Hartford City newspaper milked a local broohaha both to its own amusement and the administration's profit. One of our local "scandals" is an accumulating plethora of outstanding parking tickets -- largely because one of the worst offenders is the county prosecutor. (He insists he's parked on the city square day after day -- without feeding the meters -- because he's there conducting official business; the cops say he isn't either, he's in his private law office across the street, and he's ripping off the town coffers.) So April Fool's the newspaper ran a solemn feature on the city fathers finally cracking down and issuing warrants for arrests and anticipating all sorts of explosions -- and a flood of payment for overdue fines -- "because the law's the law." Interestingly enough, quite a few guilty people didn't turn to the inner page and spot the "April Fool" clincher; instead they rushed down to pay their outstanding parking tickets. (We don't know, as yet, whether the notorious prosecutor was among them; probably not, but one can't have everything.) So the item amused many people, jolted the scofflaws, and helped lower the city's tax rate a bit. Admirable results for a joke.

When we lived in Wabash, Indiana, the local newspaper pulled an April Fool's story perhaps possible only in Indiana. They ran a big front page feature announcing the Federal Time Commission had finally made a decision about Indiana's straddle-the-fence position between time zones: The state would be split exactly in half along certain old zoning lines, and the demarcation point would run precisely down the main north-south street of Wabash. It was amusingly outrageous -- and so convincing to a great many citizens that it took a front page disclaimer in the next edition to calm them down. This was back in the late 50's/early 60's, when the time commissioners still had hope of doing something -- anything -- with Indiana's ambiguous position between Eastern and Central time zones. Since then, they gave up. With the exception of a few cities in the corners of the state -- which follow the dictates of the metropolitan areas, in other states, nearest them -- the state simply sits still and lets the rest of the area do the shifting around. We don't move our clocks, but we do get a trifle confused trying to remember whether we're on Eastern time in the summer or winter, or whether we gain or lose an hour going to Illinois or Ohio. But think of the consolation -- we don't have to reset our clocks. Just our tv viewing habits and traveling habits and...

When I was a chee#ld, my hometown of Anderson, Indiana had a crumbling monstrosity of a courthouse. I do mean crumbling. Everybody tiptoed wacking past it. So the newspaper ran an April Fool's photo montage story showing what everyone had always feared -- the dome collapsed into the rest of the structure, with appropriate accompanying story of the terrible destruction. We were sort of disappointed to find it was all a hoax. Suppose someone could try that on the US Post Office and scare them into shaping up? Hoping you don't have the same evil ideas... JWC



We really do seem to be picking up in production. Soon we'll be back where we started from, a monthly edition without my invaluable help to put it out.

The trouble with spring, besides the fact that it is hot, dusty, with growing grass and stinky garbage, is that there are few cons at this time of year that we can attend. The earliest will be Midwest-con, I believe. (We are speakers at a Trek con put on in Indy by a local fan who should know better by now, but I don't consider that a convention.)

The military must be really hard up for people to join, despite what they tell to Congress. I keep getting recruitment folders from each branch of the service, both active and reserve. The last one looked

like it was aimed at people who hadn't quite gotten out of the cartoon-watching stage when it came to reading. I find that rather insulting. I mean, even though I'm not going to join their stupid outfit, I at least deserve treatment according to my station in life. (Besides, they clutter up the mailbox.)

As for school, the teachers still haven't learned. They are still trying to cram in as much education as possible at the very last minute, despite the fact that it must be obvious that no one is going to learn any of this stuff now, needed or not. Most of the seniors that I've talked to say they're going to slack off these last weeks, and I have no reason to doubt them. Yet the teachers are busily assigning tests, quizzes, and other such items as if they were the last of the stock, trying to make up for two semesters of ignorance in the last four weeks. They won't succeed. So far, the class that has remained the stablest is English, where I always found very easy assignments. (Write a two-page report on this poem. This takes me maybe 30 minutes if I'm feeling bad.)

Graduation for our class will be May 21, though we'll be out of school shortly before then. I tried to talk the class sponsors into allowing my father to speak as a minister of the Universal Life Church for graduation, saying that he would be very inspirational and "today" for the class. But somehow all I got were suspicious looks. So I guess I'll be the only beneficiary of his speech. ("The free ride is over, kid. Now you have to earn your own way.")

Some minor incidents noted in the papers: I read recently that ⁱⁿ Indianapolis some crooks got away with the theft of several hundred weapons from a Marine armory, including some .45 caliber revolvers made especially for some ancient war or other. Tell me again how gun control will keep guns out of the hands of criminals.

I have paid my way into a school banquet. The publications people at our school, the ones who publish the school newspaper, were trying to get me to do some work because I spent most of my spare time down there. So I wrote most of the April Fool edition for them. (Strictly by accident -- I had expected there would be several contributors for a fairly large paper; but there were only four, and I ended up writing over half the copy. My weird sense of humor was over the heads of most of the kids, but one of the teachers told me that it was the funniest edition of the paper yet.) (And someone else took it all seriously and threatened my life...)

And I will take this opportunity to say that perhaps I was wrong in part of my book reviews. Maybe THE PEOPLE'S ALMANAC wasn't superfluous for people who are underprivileged and haven't read as much history as my father and I. But to us, it was unnecessary. I would also like to take this time to nominate a personage of my own; last ish Father dedicated Yandro to General James Wilkinson, a very successful man in our nation's history. To follow in his footsteps (which is as easy as it looks; he slogs through some rough territory), I would like to remember Dr. Edward Bancroft, another successful individual who made his fortune in our great country.

But sometimes I wonder just how long it will remain great. Our government class

is made as easy as possible, because it is a required course and Mr. Leeth doesn't want to fail anyone. But several people have failed it. What's so difficult about the theories under which government is supposed to operate?

This is turning out to be a dull year all around. I mean, when the only major issue among the Democratic candidates happens to be whether or not they should keep talking about Carter's phrase, "ethnic purity," you know there's a dull election ahead. (And I think the whole affair is a splendid example of how to judge things out of context. Notice how no one has mentioned just in what reference the phrase was used, only that it was used. As a debater, I find that suspicious.) The trouble with all this is that we can't look ahead with any certainty. I don't ask that we should know exactly what will happen for the next three years; but our predictors can't even hazard an accurate guess as to what the economy will be like in the next three months. (But then, what do I know about it? I can't even get 50 percent right on a Sidney Harris quiz.)

With all the hoopla about the Bicentennial, and merchants trying to cash in on it, it seems surprising that I haven't yet heard about a Bicentennial automobile. The auto is a basic part of our culture, and it looks like there would be money in combining love of auto with country. Really, though it's unlikely any furor will be made over an equally important year in our nation's history: 1989, the two-hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution. I guess only war and nobility in war can inspire people; nobility in peace and in planning isn't quite as thrilling.

A collector's foible: several people bought the new \$2 bills, got stamps and pasted them on, then got them canceled at the post office to show that they were really first day issues. I wonder; defacing the currency is a federal crime, and those canceling machines couldn't help but get a little on the currency; and wouldn't that make for a nice interdepartmental squabble in our government?

Perhaps we ought to re-make the statue we so rudely tore down to melt into bullets back on the eve of the Revolution. George III does deserve a little credit for causing our independence, after all.

And now, for some book reviews.

GIVE 'EM HELL HARRY, by Samuel Gallu [Avon, \$1.50] And I will say this book is definitely superfluous, unless you have somehow managed to avoid reading or hearing all the Truman anecdotes. The stage play, with James Whitmore, was very good; but when you see it down in cold print, without the magic of the stage, you realize it's just various quotes and scenes described by Harry and his biographers many times over. You would be better advised to pick up Merl Miller's PLAIN SPEAKING, or some of Truman's own books. But if you really want a copy of the play, this does seem to have it complete, along with a lot of photos to pad the book out to nearly half the size of regular books.

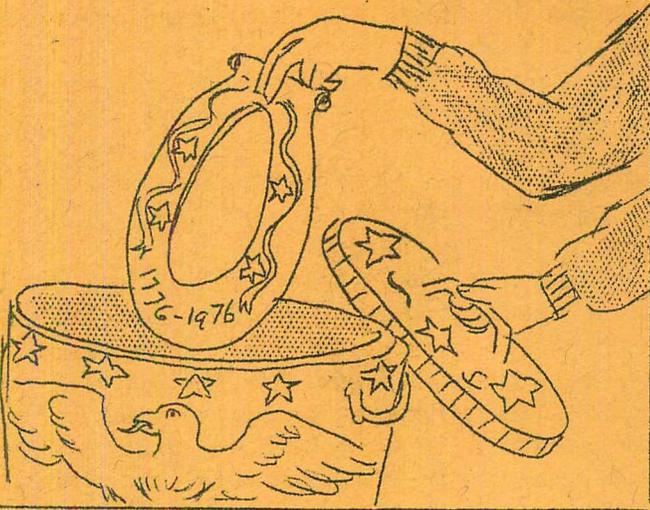
THE THREE-PIPE PROBLEM, by Julian Symons [Avon, \$1.50] A borrowing, and quite a good one, of the immortal Conan Doyle character. An actor who plays the part of Sherlock Holmes on British television gets involved in solving a series of murders, using the methods Sherlock made so famous. Though the ending is slightly unsatisfactory, overall this is a rather good book. Recommended, especially to Holmes buffs.

HORRORS UNKNOWN, by Sam Moskowitz [Berkeley, 95 cents] This wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. Though an anthology of horror stories that haven't attracted the attention of any previous anthologizers can't be all that good, this does seem to be worth the money. It includes "The Challenge From Beyond" (the round-robin story written in five separate parts by C.L. Moore, Merrit, Lovecraft, R.E. Howard, and Frank Long; it's not terribly good, but not nearly as bad as you would think), "The Flying Lion," "Grettir At Thorhall-Stead," "Weerewoman," and a few others. None of the stories are top-notch, but they all avoid being outright awful, and the Francis Stevens story, "Unseen-Unfeared," manages to outdo Lovecraft in horror.

CYBORG #2: OPERATION NUKE, by Martin Caidin When I was a little chee-ild, I used
SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN #1, M. Jahn to watch a syndicated tv version of Sup-
SMDM #2, E. Richards erman. SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN is much the same
SMDM #3, M. Caidin thing, only they don't have to intriduce Kryptonite to harm
SMDM #4, J. Barbee the hero. #1 and #3 in this series are the best, but they
SMDM #5, M. Jahn all take themselves too seriously. Only for nostalgia.

Finally, I would like to say that the vast majority of critics of the rules of Mid-American suffer the same problem I did and do: they don't read carefully enough. BEC

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The Toronto Public Library recently inquired about a subscription, saying that YANDRO was an "important" fanzine. I don't know about you, but that strikes me as hilarious. Not that YANDRO should be important, but that there should be such a concept at all. An important fanzine is a little like an important limerick, or an important barrel-jumping contest.

Bookwise, Juanita's gothic, FEAR STALKS THE BAYOU (or, The Slough of Despond) is currently out from Ballantine, and my TO RENEW THE AGES (or, Menace of the Mute-Ants) is out from Laser. I've been paid for my working

over of BUT WHAT OF EARTH?, which I assume means that it's been accepted, but no word on publication date. And Juanita has finished her Babylonian gothic for Ballantine, but no word on acceptance yet. Gene and I are struggling with the wombat book (and the wombats are winning).

Hugo possibilities. A ballot is enclosed. Note requirements and then vote, if you are eligible. Possibilities are few and far between this time. However, for novels we have RAX by Michael Coney, THE EXILE WAITING by Vonda McIntyre (she says it had a 1975 edition, so it's eligible), Coney's THE JAWS THAT BITE, THE CLAWS THAT CATCH, and possibly Joe Haldeman's THE FOREVER WAR. For novella; "The Silent Eyes of Time" by Algis Budrys (from F&SF), and if 54 pages is long enough to qualify, "My Brother Leopold" by Edgar Pangborn, from EXALTATION OF STARS. For novelets, we have "Night of the Vampyres" by George R.R. Martin, from AMAZING, "Something's Coming" by James P. Girard and "In The Bowl" by John Varley, from F&SF, "Songs of War" by Kit Reed, from NOVA 4, and maybe "Home Is The Hangman" by Roger Zelazny, from ANALOG. In the realm of short stories, there are "The Percy Boy," by Reginald Bretnor, from F&SF, "Child of All Ages" by P. J. Flauger, "Fault" by James Gunn, and "Unfaithful Recording" by Bob Shaw, all from ANALOG. Best editor: Ted White, Ed Ferman. Professional artist: Kelly Freas, Steve Fabian, George Barr, Bonnie Dalzell, Chris Foss, Eddie Jones, Bruce Pennington. Campbell Award for new writers: John Varley. No competition at all. Gandalf Award: L. Sprague de Camp, Thomas Burnett Swann, Manly Wade Wellman. Frankly, I haven't really had time to pay attention to many fanzines in the past year, but we'll take a stab at it. Best Fanzine: SF&F JOURNAL (formerly WSFA JOURNAL), AWRY, STEFANTASY, STARLING, NYCTALOPS, UNICORN, and possibly TRIODE. Best Fan Writer: Ethel Lindsay, Sandra Miesel, Dave Locke, Danny Lien, possibly Sam Long and John Alderson. Fan Artists: Dennis Dotson, Jackie Franke, Bill Rotsler, Jim Shull, Ken Fletcher, Alexis Gilliland. There's a fair sampling; if they aren't the best, they'll do until the best comes along.

Speaking of fanzines, I really do plan to get out another DEVLINS REVIEW in a month or so, but in the interim I want to mention XENOPHILE, P.O. Box 9660, St. Louis, MO 63122. Price is \$6 per year bulk rate, or \$12 first class. While it has articles and excellent artwork, it is mainly for collectors, and the bulk of the contents consist of ads. In the latest issue there are ads for a 1931 ASTOUNDING or WEIRD TALES for \$25 each, a rare edition of Clark Ashton Smith's poetry for \$168.75 - or recent hard-covers for a couple of dollars and more recent magazines for 50¢ or less. Something to fit almost any price range. (Unfortunately, I seem to have all the reasonably priced material; my wants are closer to the \$25 range than to the 50¢ one.) The latest issue also has quite a few good articles, including a reprint (possibly revised; I didn't check) of the famous Grennell dissection of The Shadow, which has previously appeared in such disparate locations as GRUE and GUN WORLD.

I note various horrified articles over Johnny's inability to read, write, or add, most of them blaming tv. Perhaps. I wonder if any correlation has been made between lowered intellectual ability and the air pollution index? Is the decrease in ability

worse in cities than in rural areas? Probably it isn't, but then, carbon monoxide and our other air and water-borne chemicals do have an adverse effect on the brain.

In the interim - this editorial is being written in fits and starts (mostly fits) - I've been reading the CONTINUUM series of pbs. Review next time, but I wanted to mention Edgar Pangborn's "Mam Sola's House" as a Hugo possibility. It's barely science fiction, but it's great writing. (In fact, any story by Pangborn in a given year should be considered for the Hugo, automatically. There may be better stories that year, but there may not be.) I assume this would class as a short story, though I'm not terribly good at estimating word count.

Got a notice from Sharon Jarvis that NOW YOU SEE (or NYSHIT as we have begun abbreviating it) has been sold to a British hardcover publisher, Robert Hale & Co., for early 1977 publication. Lots of egoboo and not much money, from the looks of it. Or maybe not even too much egoboo. In the same mail as the announcement came a Fantast (Medway) catalog, which listed a couple of the current Robert Hale publications, SLAVER FROM THE STARS, and COSMIC CAROUSEL. Yes, indeedy. And they figure NOW YOU SEE will appeal to the same audience, eh? Oh well, any sale is better than no sale.

Incidentally, Fantast is selling the British hardcover of Wollheim's THE UNIVERSE MAKERS for £1.79, which would be around \$3.50, a better price than the US hardcover edition. It doesn't seem to be coming out in pb. I'm going to get one; anyone want to order one thru me? (Figure approx. \$4.00 counting postage, etc. Might vary a bit either direction.)

I'm finishing this editorial on Good Friday; hopefully we can get the issue out early next week. (Have to, if the Hugo ballot is to do any good.) It doesn't seem that I've done all that much worth writing about since the last issue. I did visit the exhibit hall of the National Rifle Ass'n. con in Indianapolis and revelled in all the weaponry displays (though one advertising "Replica Black Powder" bothered me a bit - isn't anything genuine these days?) It was a fairly fannish group; the three Coulsons, Jim Lavell, John Miesel, Carolyn Doyle, Anna Schoppenhorst. One disappointment was in missing Dean Grennell. He was present, but gone from the GUN WORLD booth the three times I stopped by, and there was no hope of locating one person in that mob. (We had planned on staying overnight with the Lavells and maybe trying again to see Dean, but that was partly because Juanita was supposed to be cutting a recording tape. When Sandra failed - after heroic efforts to get things organized - to get that arranged, we went on home and I did a little writing.)

My most recent acquisition in the violence line is a Phillipine kris. I've wanted one ever since reading various South Seas adventure novels in my misspent youth, and seeing the actuality in a Bannerman catalog as a teenager. First time I've seen one when I had the money to get it with - this was at an otherwise undistinguished gun show in Hartford City. (The general comment from bystanders as I bore it off was, "Goin' to cut some corn, hey?") I really should get a Buck Knife sometime, though...

My most recent acquisition in the "conversation piece" category is a Bicentennial Garbage Can. The local Hook Drug Store was selling them, and I couldn't resist the obvious symbolism. Besides, it will be appropriate for the storage of other Bicentennial promotions.

I knew collectors were a bit odd, but.....dept. I was a trifle croggled by newspaper accounts of people who took their brand-new \$2 bills to the post office, had a stamp affixed, and then cancelled, to prove they were First Day of Issue. And the hell of it is, they'll probably become valuable. The strangest fads take hold of the Great American Collector (and I always lose any chance of profiting because I can't believe that anyone would attach any value to these obviously phony "collectable" items.) I suppose that growing up in the Depression affected me; I have the collecting urge in full strength, but I keep thinking that a crash is going to come and anyone caught with a supply of this garbage will be wiped out. (I can at least sit home and read my major collection, if worst comes to worst.)

And if worst doesn't come to worst, we'll try to get another issue of YANDRO out in a couple months - and an issue of DEVLINS out in the same period.

AND THAT'S TRUE TOO

COLUMN BY

DENNY LIEN

I just got my typewriter back from the repair shop, which makes this as good a time as any to start the column promised/threatened to Yandro for a few years now. It's traditional for a new column to start out with a biographical introduction and a statement of what the columnist hopes to accomplish. I'm not a traditionalist.

However, as a concession to my ancestors (which reminds me -- how's your mom, Mom?) I might say that I'm thirty years old, male, a fan for the past thirteen years or so, a Minneapolis fan for the past four or five, and a reference librarian at the main li library of the University of Minnesota by trade. (And I'll gladly trade you the for a small fortune and a three-hour headstart.)

As to what I hope to accomplish: I hope to get beyond one or two columns before inertia claims me and vice versa. And to fill up a page or two or three and thus kill a tree or at least a twig. And to take up enough fannish energy to prevent me from letting myself become sucked into the Insidious Dr. Apa again (a fate worse than gafia -- and one which I'm trying to buy off by recycling my apazine title as my column title).

As I said, I just got my typewriter back from the repair shop. (Actually, I only wrote it, but I probably would have said it if I'd been asked. Do I have to do everything around here?) There was a time -- several years -- when I conducted fanac without one of these typewriter crutches and even felt vaguely contemptuous of those decadent enough to require one for their writing.

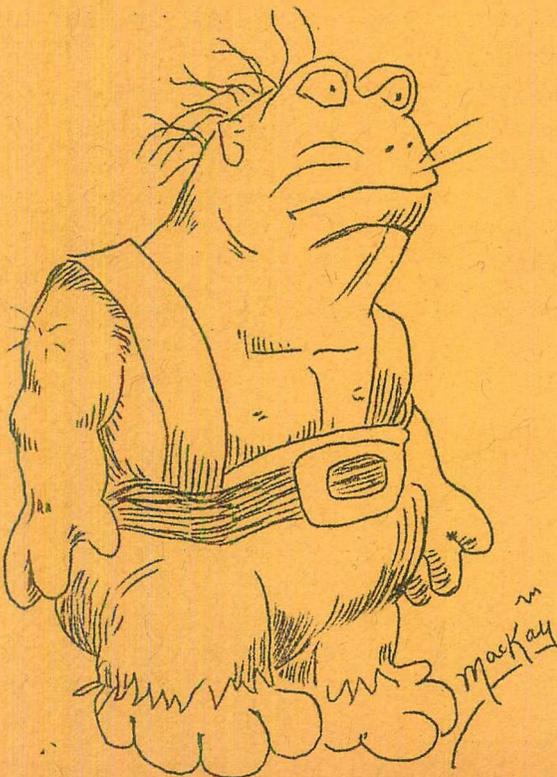
But I've been spoiled. Six weeks without my symbiote left me an emotional wreck -- but, paradoxically, at the same time emotionally healthier.

At least I'm quite sure now that I no longer suffer from pennish envy.

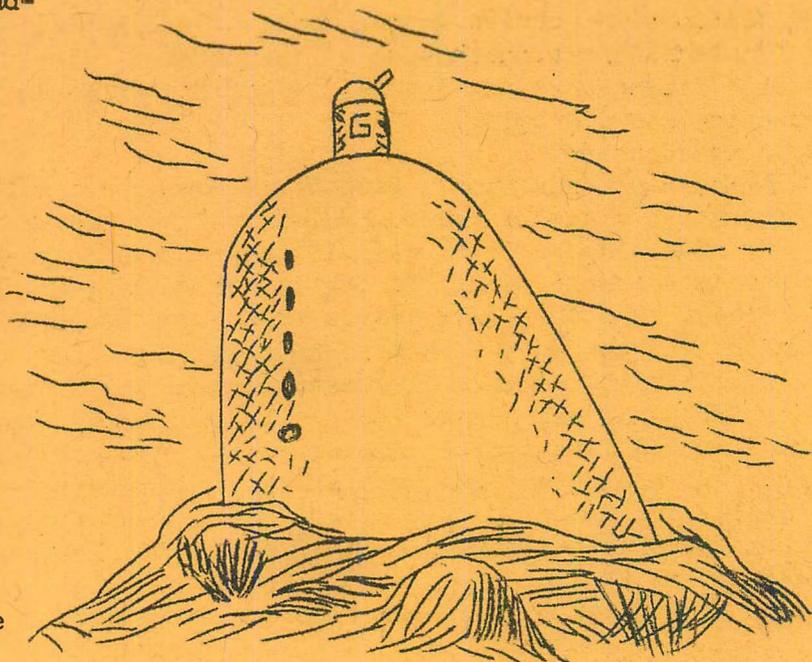
***** ***** *****

I know that it's a frequent misconception that science is catching up with science fiction, but it hadn't occurred to me that science might be catching up with fantasy fiction as well (photographing the Loch Ness monster doesn't count).

One of the Acquisitions people brought the flyer over to the Reference Division and asked me if I wanted to order the book advertised in it for our collection. (I'm in charge of religion, science, and technology orders for Reference, a logical assignment for an agnostic English major.) The flyer had flown in from Belgium, with a bit of help from an airplane; the book advertised was a new



multilingual Biblical concordance. (Someday I'll have to finish reading the Bible. The suspense is unbearable.) It looked reasonably interesting for those who would be interested in such a thing; scholarly, devout, a labor of love (even though they proposed to exchange it for some of the library's money instead of simply requesting our love in exchange. Libraries are notoriously lousy lovers. *Librarians, on the other hand...*) I turned to the footnote in small type, looking for a price, and got a fright instead. It read, in part:



"...The computer processing will be done on an IBM 370. The programming will be done by the Benedictine Monks of Maredsous in the COBOL language...An important bank of Biblical data...will be recorded in a form suitable for computer storage."

I'm sure all Yandro subscribers will have long since read Arthur C. Clarke's "The Nine Billion Names of God." (If you haven't, go do so; we'll wait for you. Back already? Good.) As I said, I'm sure all Yandro readers will have long since, or in a few cases, short since, read said story. As you will recall ("You VILL recall...you haff relatives in the Science Fiction Book Club, hmmm?") that's the one in which Tibetan monks make use of computer technology to compile a list of all such names, thus ending all need for the universe -- and thus ending the universe.

I don't think that the Benedictine Monks of Maredsous are intentionally working in that direction. But it may well be that there really are things man was not meant to know...or, worse, things man was meant to know. And that we're about to find out.

The project is supposed to be completed around 1978. The bidders for a 1979 Worldcon in Britain may want to take note, and perhaps take it easy. Don't start any long continued stories (like Perry Rhodan).

I preferred the days when monks spent their spare time illuminating manuscripts.

In the meanwhile, life goes on (for lack of a better direction). Minneapolis fandom, remaining neutral on the subject of the Continental Drift theory but feeling that in any case the continent is drifting too slowly to get them anyplace, has begun to infiltrate the West. We've lost two members within one month to Los Angeles: Nate Bucklin and now Don Bailey. Adding in my wife, that makes three members of Minn-STF within six months, and if one adds in the old Minneapolis Fantasy Society members like Poul Anderson and Redd Boggs it becomes obvious that over the decades California fandom has been becoming steadily Minnetotized. (Notice all of the lefse and lutefisk fastfood stands in Berkeley; the snowball fights that the San Diego police have tried vainly to hush up; the trained gophers that have become all the rage of the Hollywood animal set -- surely you didn't think that was really a dog inside the Lassie suit?)

This is, of course, all part of the master plan. Minneapolis has never ceased bidding for the 1973 Worldcon (except for a brief period shortly before when it was to be voted upon, which hardly counts) but it is less well known that to increase our chances to win it we have begun to establish powerbases in other areas of the past.

Or, in other words, Los Angeles in 1975!

Susan Wood's "Clubhouse" column in the March 1976 Amazing opens up more questions

than it answers. ("Why does the porridge bird lay its egg in the air? Why is there air? Why is a mouse when it spins? Dhactwhu -- Remember?") Especially the following distinction, buried in the midst of a discussion of fanzines of various degrees of fannishness/serconishness: "I'm not even faintly interested in the details of Jessica Salmonson's sex-change. I am interested in Harry Warner's reasons...for not answering his doorbell."

Think about it.

Is there a connection? Does Harry Warner Jr. refuse to answer his doorbell because he thinks it might be Jessica Salmonson? Or because he thinks it might not be?

Why have a doorbell at all, if one refuses to answer it?

Why have a sex at all, if one is not willing to change it?

Perhaps it's only that sex is sercon and doorbells are fannish? But if they are fannish, why not answer them? Who's teasing whom?

Or, since the context discusses personality in fanzines, perhaps sex lacks personality while doorbells have it? At least ignored doorbells -- which have at least pathos, which is a start? Are doorbells possessed of more personality than doorbuzzers? And what about the personality of knockers? (Let me rephrase that...)

If I start ignoring my doorbell, will Susan Wood find me fannish? If I start ignoring my telephone and my mail as well, will everyone begin to find me super-fhhan-nish?

And if so, how will I ever find out about it?

Random thoughts from recent Minneapas, for the benefits of those who are not members (and for that matter, for those who are, since I'm not and haven't had anywhere to get rid of these).

An argument over the color-scheme of zebras, Blue Petal, the only known zookeeper in fandom ~~in captivity~~ claims they are basically white with black stripes. Someone asks how it can be told that they are not rather black with white stripes.

Obvious answer: if they were black with white stripes, then albino zebras would be pitch-black. Q.E.D.

Someone comments in passing that the term "mundane" is a putdown and hence should be avoided. A thought that a term with which .000001 or so of the human race puts down the rest is a rather futile one; analogy with albinos sneering at "pigment chauvinism."

A startled realization that I've been thinking a lot about albinos lately. Obviously I subconsciously fear fading out of fandom.

A check of the October 1975 Denver phonebook reveals an interesting fact. (Well, probably more than one, but it reveals only one to me. I'm perfectly willing to hear about what it reveals to the rest of you and might even be willing to offer a prize to that person to whom it reveals the greatest number of interesting facts. Dull facts don't count.)

Various chronic complainers, such as Buck Coulson (see Devlin's Review number one, page eighteen) have griped about the confusion between fandom's two active Don Thompsons: Don-of-Cleveland and Don-of-Denver. There has been an occasional suggestion that Hugo-nominated Don-of-Denver might have picked up a stray vote or two from this confusion. Be that as it may or may not be, if so it happens to be or be not, he said paddingly and ploddingly, the worst is yet to come.

The Denver phonebook reveals no less than nineteen Donald Thompsons in that city alone.

Given the number of practical jokers in fandom (~~the top one~~), it is clearly only a matter of time before someone contrives to meet and to recruit to fandom the other eighteen.

And who knows how many more Donald Thompsons there are in Cleveland?

Someone has complained that fandom is basically a small town. It has the potential instead to be a small clone. Think of it...a Hugo ballot made up solely of Don Thompsons. An apa made up solely of Don Thompsons. A con open only to Don Thompsons (the DonCon, of course). This Could Plunge All of Don Thompson Into War. Think of it.

Or, if you prefer, forget it. After all, there is to my knowledge at least one other Denny Lien in Minneapolis, and I presume he knows nothing of fandom. Since you don't know which of us is telling you this there's no real point in assuming we/I know what I'm/we're talking about.

Even if you did know, there's no point in assuming that.

One of us will see you next time.

----- two triolets -----

----- MICHAEL A. JUERGENS -----

I gaze upon the stars at night;
They shine so very far away
From me, as on the grass I lay.
I gaze upon the stars at night
And feel their ancient, burning light
Converging on this ball of clay.
I gaze upon the stars at night;
They shine so very far away.

A brief one million years ago
There lived a man who was like me
In form; what did he think and see?
A brief one million years ago --
The patient hunt, the sudden blow;
Evolving culture, by degree....
A brief one million years ago
There lived a man who was like me.

Received a notice that Marshall B. Tymn of Eastern Michigan Univ. and Roger C. Schlobin of Purdue Univ. North Central Campus, will be publishing an annual series, "The Year's Scholarship in Science Fiction and Fantasy", to appear each December in EXTRAPOLATION. "Any off prints or information for inclusion in the bibliography" should be sent to Dr. Roger C. Schlobin, Dept. of English, Purdue Univ. North Central Campus, Westville, IN 46391. Proposed divisions of the biblio are General, Bibliography and Reference, Teachers' Aids (including films and slide presentations), Authors, and Selected British Scholarship. Which I hope is interesting to someone out there because it doesn't interest me in the slightest.

The University of Notre Dame Press has published STRUCTURAL FABULATION: An Essay on Fiction of the Future, by Robert Scholes. Price \$6.95, to the Press, Notre Dame, IN 46556. Scholes is professor of English at Brown University. The book got a good review in ALGOL, if that helps, and one is also quoted from Delap's F&SF REVIEW. (It won't get a good or bad review here unless they send me a copy because I'm not paying \$6.95 for it.)

DIARY OF A MAD DOOR TO DOOR SALESMAN

ARTICLE BY

jessica amanda salmonson

Since I was a little kid, I've been a door to door salesman. It began with kid-scout cookies which I helped my big sister sell all up and down the block. Upon the kid-scout cooky box was recorded this legend: "Packed by weight, not volume," which meant the company only made the box half again as big as the contents and if it looked emptier than that when you opened it, that was because they were baked a year before and all the kids selling them had been carrying them around a long time, falling down a lot, crumbling them to bits. But people kept right on buying them nonetheless, because so long as no one tried to find out where all the proceeds went to, they could delude themselves into thinking it was for a good cause. The cookies purchased were generally put into the school lunchboxes of sons and daughters who happened to be kid-scouts, thus were my sister and myself made to pay retribution for selling them.

Shortly after, I began delivering newspapers door to door. It was easy to get customers, as nobody liked to drive to the nearest newsstand every morning for the daily paper. Much easier to drive to the nearest mud puddle.

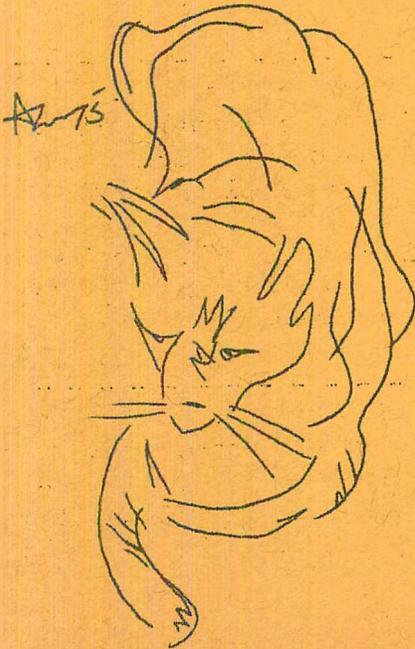
While in my teens I sold magazine subscriptions. I'd knock on the door and pretend to be taking a survey. I think the survey was actually to compile statistics on the number of persons dumb enough to sign contracts for magazine subscriptions while young salespeople pretended to be taking surveys.

Still later in life I sold vacuum cleaners, only we were trained not to call them vacuum cleaners. If you told someone at their door that you were selling vacuum cleaners, you'd get the Grand Slam in the face. So when the door opened, I'd stick my foot in it and say, "Greetings, charming lady! I'd like to clean your house (and your pockets) as a free demonstration so you'll see how good the Immaculating Suction Device vacuums floors."

I was laid up in the hospital for weeks with a broken foot.

On my feet again, I found work with a greeting card company and sold maudlin personalized all-occasion cards from house to house. I had cards for every conceivable occasion plus 365 holidays. I had so-you-had-a-baby cards and getting-married cards, often sold in that order. And each card came complete with the customer's name indelibly offset and misspelled, a real personal touch. People didn't even have to sign them. Delivery by December 26 was guaranteed.

Later on I found a more lucrative job with the Dilly Brush company. The doors would open and I'd exclaim, "Hiya, lady! You got something what's insides is dirty? I got just the brush to clean it!"



And I did, too. There was a teeny weeny little brush made especially for unplugging the clogged holes of salt shakers. There was a U-shaped brush for cleaning bottles around corners. One very popular brush among the ecology freaks was designed to replace toilet paper. Then there was the handy-dandy bistle-shedding-hunky-dory-toothpaste-tube-cleaner-outer. You name the bottle, I had a brush exactly that shape.

When Dilly Brush fired me, I found it difficult to find a new job in my specialized field. It proved necessary to put on a wig and a dress in order to get a position with Ding-Dong Cosmetics. I'd promise ugly old hags that they could be turned into 21-year-old ravishing beauties with my marvy skin (and brain) softener, formerly sold as Doctor Honk's Snake Oil Medicine for All Ailments and Hair Grower.

Today I'm employed with the Know-It-All Encyclopedia publishers. Right now you folks reading this are probably pretty ignorant, else you wouldn't be reading this. But if you buy from me a complete set of Know-It-All Encyclopedias, I promise you'll know just how stupid you've been.

Well, now that I've rested my corns and bunions for a spell, I guess I'll say good-bye and go knock on another door.



NEWS ITEM: DUFF winner this year is Christine McGowan, with Paul Stevens coming in second. So Christine will, barring accident, be at MidAmericon. The Fund could still use a bit of extra cash. (And next time it could use more votes; only 105 voters this round. Write Rusty Hevelin, 3023 Old Troy Pike, Dayton, OH 45404 for any additional information (but you'd be better off running him down at a con).

FORTHCOMING CONVENTIONS (in no particular order)

Midwestcon, June 25/27, Quality Inn Central, 4747 Montgomery Road, Cincinnati, OH 45212. \$3 registration. Banquet; otherwise informal (so informal that there isn't even an address on here to write to for information). Rooms \$18 single, \$26 double. One of the two oldest regionals in the country, and one of the best.

Rivercon, July 30/Aug. 1, write Rivercon, P.O. Box 8251, Louisville, KY 40208, for information. Registration \$5 in advance or \$10 at door. Poul Anderson and Jodie Offutt guests of honor; Kelly Freas toastmaster. A fairly complete program. Last year's con was excellent; this one and Midwestcon we definitely plan to attend.

Kubla Khwandry, June 4/6, Nashville. Write Ken Moore, 647 Devon Drive, Nashville, TN 37220 for info. \$7.50 registration. Don Wollheim GoH; Andy Offutt, MC. (I keep promising Ken that we'll make one of these - they sound great - and we never do.)

Byobcon, May 14/16. Write Byob-Con, 508 W. 75th. St., Kansas City, MO 64114 for info. Registration \$6. C.L. Moore and Fred Haskell GoH; Jodie Offutt Toastperson.

Beneluxcon, May 15,16, at Noordwijkerhout. Write P. van Oven, Rietgors 62, Eemnes, Netherlands, for information. No registration listed; hotel room 41.25 francs.

Scancon 76, June 4/7, at Stockholm. Write Scancon, P.O. Box 3273, S-103 65 Stockholm, Sweden, for information. Registration: Supporting, 10 krona; Attending, 40 krona. Make money orders payable to Lars-Olav Strandberg, at postal money account #70 85 25-1. GoH Jack Vance; various European authors present. (10 krona would be \$2.60)

Bouchercon, Oct. 1/3, Culver City, CA. Write Len Moffatt, Box 4456, Downey, CA 90241, for information. Registration \$4 until Aug. 1; \$6 afterwards. Full name is the Anthony Boucher Memorial Mystery Convention.

Intermountain Star Trek Con, Aug. 13, 14, Salt Lake City. Write Intercon, P.O. Box 11057, Salt Lake City, Utah 84147, for info. Registration \$9 until May 31; \$12 after.

ATAVISM

The bull and the horse, the dog and the man
Have undergone changes since time began.
During the last couple of million years,
They've all been tamed, as far as they can.

The bull was an aurochs, mighty of horn;
The horse a wild tarpan, stocky of limb;
The dog was a wolf, swift, shaggy, and grim;
A man a carnivorous ape was born.

The bull chews cud and his calves begets;
The horse his master to ride him lets;
The dog his owner's property guards,
And civilized man his past discards.

But often the bull forgets his rôle
And charges the man to kill him dead.
The horse, possessed by the tarpan's soul,
Beneath its hooves its master would tread.

The dog, be he never so friendly and tame,
In passion will, wolflike, rend and maim.
So why should we with amazement gape
When man reverts to the killer ape?

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

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Golden Minutes

RED NAILS, by Robert E. Howard [Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston RI 02982 - \$15.00] This is the fourth in Grant's matched set of Howard's works. There are four tipped-in full color and numerous full-page and smaller pen-and-ink works, all by George Barr. (Actually, all of George's works could be considered pen-and-ink, I guess, since he works with colored ball-points, but the four are in full color.) The artwork is magnificent, as is the general bookmaking. The story is more improbably than usual for Howard, but well enough told, and not one of the best-known Conan sagas. The plot is terribly predictable,

but it does get neatly tied up in the end.

SPACE TRAVEL, by Albro Gaul and Virgil Finlay [secondhand, \$3] When World published this large-sized volume in 1956, I wasn't about to pay \$5.00 just to get the Finlay illustrations. The text is a rather juvenile imitation of Willy Ley, and \$5.00 was a lot of money, twenty years ago. By now, I'm willing to pay three 1976 dollars just for the illustrations. They aren't Finlay's best; he was at his best in the exotic, not in diagrams of the solar system or prosaic pictures of rocket ships. But there are a lot of them, they haven't been reprinted, and a few of them, such as a double-page spread of a mythical "Martian canal", are gorgeous. There's also a portfolio of "early space ships" in illustration, as compiled by Sam Moskowitz -- this does add slightly to the value of the volume. Very slightly. Mostly, the book is for Finlay fans; keep your eyes open in secondhand book stores.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION ILLUSTRATION, by Anthony Frewin [Pyramid, \$4.95] For people who just enjoy sf illustrations in themselves, this is probably the poorest of the recent spate of books on the subject. Frewin's hundred years are from 1840 to 1940, which guarantees that the pulp illustrations included are among the worst of the lot, similar to del Rey's effort for Ballantine; while the reproduction process is every bit as bad as the one used in Aldiss's book for Bounty. (Aldiss has good selections and bad color works; del Rey has magnificent color work and idiotic selections; Frewin manages the worst of both items.) However, as a scholarly work on the history of illustration he comes across much better. And his early, pre-pulp illustrations, are unusual and, sometimes, effective. I can't say I share his enthusiasm for Isidore Grandville, who in any event seems to have been a fantasist rather than a science-fiction artist, but Alfred Robida and the selection of Victorian artists are quite interesting, historically. And his early pulp illustrations are interesting historically, if not visually.

THE BEST OF C. L. MOORE, edited by Lester del Rey [S F Book Club, \$3.04 - Ballantine, \$1.95] The Book Club edition is sturdier; the Ballantine has by far the best cover. Take your pick. Ten stories, an intro by the editor and an afterword by the author; 300 pages in hardcover of 375 in pb. They include the Moore classics: "Shambleau," "No Woman Born," "Vintage Season," "Black Thirst" (the first Moore story I read and the one which made me a Moore fan) is here. And there is "Daemon," which might be the best of the lot. The others are lesser items, exotic romances. But they're all worth reading. Recommended.

IRRATIONAL NUMBERS, by George Alex Effinger [Doubleday, \$5.95] Effinger is one of the new, young writers, highly thought of by the majority of the critics, who bores me to tears. (I would have said that this might be my fault, but Silverberg already did in his patronizing introduction -- patronizing of science fiction, not of Effinger -- and

irritated me thereby. On the whole, I like Effinger's fiction better than I do Silverberg's anyway.) Basically, there's nothing to dislike about his writing; it's just the basic assumptions behind the stories that are so full of involvement and concern for humanity and predictable.

THE HELLHOUND PROJECT, by Ron Goulart [Doubleday, \$5.95] Goulart prefers to poke rather raucous fun at society, rather than being concerned about it, so I enjoy most of his work. Although this novel has a bit more of a plot and semi-serious adventure to it, and fewer low jokes than the usual Goulart work. (The usual Goulart is exemplified by conversation like "It claims to be a Nearly Authentic Imitation Dried Banana, but it's obvious the dumbbell company never tasted a real imitation dried banana in their lives.") Anyway, like most of Goulart's work, this is not to be taken seriously, and I enjoyed it.

THE VOLCANO OGRE, by Lin Carter [Doubleday, \$5.95] This is #3 in Lin's Zarkon series. The Zarkon series, in case you've been lucky enough to avoid it, is a recreation of the 1930's pulp superhero, complete with 1930's icky dialog and purple descriptive passages. Lin's major talent seems to be the ability to perfectly mimic the style of various bad authors of the past. For anyone who knows the original, any single book of this series is hilariously funny. Unless you're more of a literary masochist than I am, however, the series as a whole is unreadable.

OUT OF THE STORM, by William Hope Hodgson [Don Grant, \$10.00] Hodgson is my personal favorite of the horror writers who flourished in the early years of the century. His best stories have been collected in two volumes by Arkham House (and his worst ones in another volume by the same company), but I think they're all out of print. This includes seven short stories previously unpublished in book form, though some of them appeared in the brief reincarnation of Weird Tales a couple of years ago. Approximately a third of the book is taken up by Sam Moskowitz's biography of Hodgson. Each of the stories has a full-page illustration and a small cut by Steve Fabian, while the dust jacket illo is by Hannes Bok. The stories are good examples of horror fiction, though there is a certain arbitrariness about them that keeps them from being Hodgson's best work. (But they're nearly all better than the short horror fiction being written today.)

THE RIM OF SPACE, by A. Bertram Chandler [Secondhand, 90 cents] This is an Avalon edition; I think Ace may have put out a pb copy. Pretty pure space opera; considering my dislike of endless series about the same characters, I'm happy to read a Rim Runners story that doesn't involve John Grimes. A lightweight, enjoyable time-waster.

THE DARK DESTROYERS, by Manly Wade Wellman [secondhand, 90 cents] An Avalon edition; the story originally appeared in Astounding in 1938, and is not one of the best examples of the period. Nicely paced action, but too many little oddities, such as aliens who must totally insulate their cities, and wear insulated armor when outside the cities, but who do not bother to insulate their aircraft (because if they did, the hero would have been stymied.) No worse than a lot of modern stf, really, but no better. Acceptable as action adventure, if you miss it you're not out much.

ARENA: SPORTS SF, edited by Barry Malzberg and Ed Ferman [Doubleday, \$5.95] "Whispers in Bedlam," by Irwin Shaw, is a light, amusing novelet about pro football, which is generally neither light nor amusing. A good beginning. "Mirror of Ice," by Gary Wright, is a slight extrapolation of lugging (lugeing?) and a nice try at getting inside the mentality of the idiots who race anything. "Dodger Fan," by Will Stanton, is a bit too crude to be amusing to me. Allegedly humorous. "Closed Sicilian" is Barry Malzberg's idea of irony. Overdone but acceptable. (Not very funny, but a trifle better than Stanton.) "Arena," by Fred Brown, is probably one of the most famous stf stories ever written, thanks to "Star Trek." It's "sport" only by a very liberal definition, but it's a good story. "Nobody Bothers Gus," by Algis Budrys, is even more

tenuously connected to sports; it's about the lonely superman, with a nicely worked out reason for the loneliness. "Open Warfare," by James Gunn, is a fairly obvious but pleasant golfing story. Lightweight. "Gladys's Gregory" presents eating as a sport -- with certain complications. It's one of those utterly stupid stories that F&SF used to publish now and then under the delusion that they were funny. John Anthony West is the author. (The editors say his latest book is THE CASE FOR ASTROLOGY. I think he's finally found his field.) "The Night Boxing Ended," by Bruce J. Friedman, beats out the West effort handily as the worst story in the book. Quite possibly the worst story I've read all year. Incredibly inane; I note that it was originally published in one of the Playboy imitations. Presumably one that was hard up for fiction. "Beyond the Game," by Vance Aandahl, covers the horrors of organized sport for those school children who dislike sports and are forced to participate in them anyway. Overdone, but it makes a point. And "The Hungarian Cinch," by Bill Pronzini, is a fairly typical pool-hustler story, science-fictionalized by the addition of aliens. None of whom, regrettably, is named Bat Durston. Overall, a fair anthology for those who haven't previously read the stories. Better than half the page-count is devoted to well-done stories, which is above average for anthologies these days.

THE BOWL OF BAAL, by Robert Ames Bennet [Don Grant, \$7.50] A lost worlds story from 1916. It's not good, but the author makes a valiant and interesting effort to avoid the clichés of lost world fiction. Tigra may seem a trifle crudely depicted today, but she should have wowed them when the story was first published. Bennet intended to jolt his readers with his conclusion, and he probably succeeded. The rest of it -- the lost valley in the Arabian desert, the people there who worship strange gods, the monster surviving from a long-ago age, and the intrepid adventurer who gets mixed up in it all, are pretty standard fare. Enjoyable to people like me who like antique pulp adventure stories; for the rest of you, I won't guarantee anything. A nicely made book, with dust jacket and pen-and-ink interiors by David Ireland. Try it and see what you think.

VULCAN REFLECTIONS, edited by Devra Langsam [T-K Graphics, \$1.95] Several ST essays reprinted from Devra's fanzine Spockanalia. Vulcan Culture by Devra, Vulcan psychology by Juanita, Spock's family background by Sandra Miesel, Vulcan Physiology by Kay Anderson, Juanita, and Sherna Comerford. A 33-page booklet. If you must read about ST, the material here is as good as you're likely to find.

UNIQUE TALES #1, edited by Ken Krueger [Shroud Publishers, 5652 Vineland Avenue, North Hollywood CA 91606 - \$1.00] Normally we don't review magazines, but... The editor says he likes the size (8 1/2 x 11 sheets folded lengthwise) and not to bitch about it. I say it's a damned awkward size and I say...well, not quite. This is a fantasy magazine. Quality isn't all that great, but it lives up to the title; the material is unique. Also difficult to review without giving away too much. Authors are David Andrews, George Allan England, Walt Leibscher, Bob Silverberg, Jack Woodford, Bob Briney, Fred Adams, and Dave English. I found Andrews and Leibscher cutesy-poo to the point of upchucking, but then I have a low tolerance for that sort of thing. You might think they're funny. The others are more or less serious, and quality varies. I've read worse.

DREAMS MUST EXPLAIN THEMSELVES, by Ursula le Guin [Algol Press, P.O. Box 4175, New York NY 10017 - \$3.00] The author comments on her own writing, writing in general, and a little -- a very little -- personal background. Plus a short story, "The Rule of Names," which is set in the Earthsea background but predates the trilogy and is essentially unconnected to it. The background, she says, was still being developed when this one was written.

KINGDOMS OF SORCERY, edited by Lin Carter [Doubleday, \$6.95] Lin has this thing about including excerpts from novels, and I detest anthologies which include excerpts from

novels. If I want to read a novel, I want to read all of it. There are excerpts in here from: MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES; THE WELL OF THE UNICORN; THE SWORD IN THE STONE; THE LION, THE WITCH, AND THE WARDROBE; THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING; WATERSHIP DOWN; VATHEK; and LILITH. Most of them classic fantasies, but... He did manage to dig up a short by William Morris, a couple of little known Poe stories, "Shadows" and "Silence"; three short "Fables from the Edge of Night" by Clark Ashton Smith, Leiber's well-known "The Two Best Thieves in Lankhmar," Robert H. Barlow's "The Tomb of the God," de Camp's "The Owl and the Ape," and his own previously unpublished "The Twelve Wizards of Ong." Aside from a rather uncritical love of swords and sorcery, Lin has this fascination with the beauty of words. He is enchanted with a mellifluous flow of language, whether there is any particular meaning behind the words or not. So are a lot of other fantasy readers; if you are one, you'll enjoy this book tremendously. If you're not, you're better off skipping it. (I'm not, and I thought it was a waste of time.)

DRAGONSONG, by Anne McCaffrey [Atheneum, \$7.95] Latest in the chronicles of Pern. This is considerably more of a juvenile than the previous works in the series. The story is concerned with an adolescent who overcomes lack of adult understanding to achieve her heart's desire -- in this case, becoming a harper. There is no villain; only a generation gap. (An approved technique for modern juveniles.) The book is much more simplistic than McCaffrey's previous fantasies, and not nearly as good. Acceptable, certainly, but nothing to vote for come Hugo time.

MY NAME IS LEGION, by Roger Zelazny [Ballantine, \$1.50] Three connected novelets. "Home is the Hangman" is reprinted from Analog, "Kjwalll'kje'k'koothai'llkje'k" is from AN EXALTATION OF STARS, and I can't remember where "The Eve of Rumoko" first appeared. (And Ballantine gives no previous credits.) They're all good, though they tend to mix tough-guy private-eye plots with maudlin endings, which is not a virtue. Recommended somewhat.

RAX, by Michael Coney [DAW, #170, \$1.25] This is my choice for the Hugo this time. If the alien background isn't quite as believable as Hal Clement's are, it comes close enough. The plot is that of a boy growing into manhood amid the civilian dislocations of a major war. The ending has a rather unfortunate feel of deus ex machina, but it isn't quite; the previous explanations are present. I'd have appreciated more of an explanation of the lorin and the irrational human reaction to them, but one can't have everything, I suppose. What one gets is enough to make it the best novel of the year.

THE FOREVER WAR, by Joe Haldeman [Ballantine, \$1.50] The Analog series, published as a novel (which it really is). The scientific premise is the relativity of space travel; anyone fighting an interstellar war can't go back home because the people back home age faster than he does; by the time he gets back, everyone he knows will be gone. (This was first used, as far as I know, by L. Ron Hubbard in a nice but forgotten novel titled TO THE STARS.) Haldeman handles both the dislocation and the stress of combat (terror followed by boredom) very well. Recommended.

THE FORGOTTEN BEASTS OF ELD, by Patricia McKillip [Avon, \$1.50] A proud sorceress succumbs to the temptation of evil, but is redeemed by the love of a good man. (There's more to it than this, of course, but for the reader who couldn't find "the sly sense of humor" mentioned in the blurb, a fair share of it comes in this parody of the Victorian melodrama.) The wizardry is pretty standard fare, but the characterization is well above average. I was impressed by the attention given to the entire Sirle family; there are enough well-drawn characters right there to stock two of three normal fantasy novels. Highly recommended (particularly to femfans, considering that for once the woman is the strong central character).

THE ENQUIRIES OF DOCTOR ESTERHAZY, by Avram Davidson [Warner, \$1.25] A collection of the series of stories which has been appearing in F&SF. As in many of Avram's stories,

the background details are more entertaining than the plots in most cases. (In a few cases, the plot is virtually undetectable, but the various bits of business keep the reader interested.) Some of the stories are fantasy; some aren't. Dr. Esterhazy (doctorates in medicine, jurisprudence, philosophy, literature, science, and reputedly two other fields) operates in a rather thinly disguised Vienna in about 1905. (Avram's Triune Monarchy of Scythia-Pannonia-Transbalkania is made up a chunks taken from the real Austria-Hungary, Serbia, Bulgaria, and perhaps Romania of the period -- with a couple of chunks extra to make up Graustark and Ruritania, both shown on the maps in the book. The real nations, though somewhat shrunken, are still present.) Despite the weak plots, the stories themselves are highly enjoyable and are recommended.

WHEN THE WAKER SLEEPS, by Ron Goulart [DAW #175, \$1.25] The title, of course, parodies Wells, but the plot is closer to Laurence Manning's THE MAN WHO AWOKE. Goulart, of course, has his own version of why our hero was put to sleep (he was messing around with a mad scientist's wife and got caught), and of the sort of world he wakes up to (weird, but unfortunately not too improbable). A very funny book. Recommended.

A SONG FOR LYA, by George R.R. Martin [Avon, \$1.25] Martin's first collection, if I recall correctly. (However, since the oldest copyright date is 1971, we really haven't been waiting overly long for it.) Includes "With Morning Comes Mistfall," which was nominated for several awards, but not by me. (It's a plea for mystery and romance in real life, and I'm strictly on the side of facts and reasoning.) Well done, but definitely not my type. The title story won an award, and I believe I voted for it -- possibly because it appeals to my lone-wolf attitudes. But I think it's better done, too; there's more meat to it. In between these we have "The Second Kind of Loneliness," "Override," "Dark, Dark Were The Tunnels," "The Hero," "fta," "Run To Starlight," "The Exit to San Breta," and "Slide Show." They're all competent, well-written stories. I enjoyed them all when I first read them -- and I had forgotten them all by the time this book came out. (But if they're unmemorable, I repeat that they're all enjoyable at first reading, except perhaps the one from Vertex, which is about par for that magazine's fiction. If you haven't read them before, by all means get the book.)

THE MINIKINS OF YAM, by Thomas Burnett Swann [DAW, #182, \$1.25] A mixture of Egyptian people and gods with Moslem houris. (One of Swann's bases for the story is that the houri legend is based on a race of non-humans. Aside from being houris, however, they behave much like Swann's other non-humans -- that is to say, more intelligently than their human counterparts.) The characters seem a bit more author-manipulated here than in most of Swann's work, but it's an enjoyable story. Recommended if you like fantasy.

CHANGE, by Ann Maxwell [Popular Library, \$1.25] This is sort of a science-fictional gothic. Can the super-powered heroine trust the equally super-powered but short tempered, moody planetary manager? (Of course she can, but finding out takes up a great deal of wordage.) I enjoyed it, even if I laughed in the wrong places occasionally, but I hesitate to recommend it. I suspect most fans will cut it to pieces.

ABILITY QUOTIENT, by Mack Reynolds [Ace, \$1.25] Fairly standard stf adventure. Would have gone over great in Startling Stories in the 1940s. Again, I rather enjoyed it, but not because it's particularly good. (I enjoyed it because I have low taste at times.)

THE TRIBESMEN OF GOR, by John Norman [DAW #185, \$1.50] "The 1976 Gor Novel!" is the blurb. Good; that seems to promise the series is over with for the rest of the year and we can get on to something good. Norman spells out his sexual philosophy here: "The girl, one among thousands less fortunate, had encountered a male, surely, too, one among thousands, who could be, and was, to her and for her, her absolute and natural master, the ideal and perfect male for her, dominant and uncompromising, who

could, and would, demand and get her full, yielding sexuality, which a woman can give only to a man who owns her totally, before whom, and to whom, she can only be an adoring slave." (That's a pretty good sample of Norman's sentence structure, too.) I ran across this more or less at random, and rolled around on the floor for a while. It intrigued me into reading a few more passages, but nothing else was that hilariously funny. (Though later on he does refer to Earthwomen as "cheated of their domination by the aggressor sex.") There must be more emotionally immature males in fandom than I thought, to make this stuff into a best-selling series. Oh well, it's got a nice Gino D'Achille cover. Otherwise, it's for males with insecure egos. (I'm told that I have the biggest and most secure ego in fandom, so I tend to enjoy the series as kitsch when it gets bad enough -- and this one certainly does.)

WARLOCK'S WORLD, by Christopher Anvil [DAW #168, \$1.25] A moderately humorous swash-bucklers. Rescue of the beleaguered princess and all that. Light but enjoyable.

SECTION G: UNITED PLANETS, by Mack Reynolds [Ace, \$1.25] Novelization of a series of stories that appeared in Analog. Special agents with special talents. Also moderately humorous, if not overwhelmingly so. An adequate interstellar agent affair.

IN THE GREEN STAR'S GLOW, by Lin Carter [DAW #180, \$1.25] This is the sixth -- and according to a note in the back, the final -- book in the series. Making it somewhat of an oddity, a closed series (but one that can be opened again easily enough if sales and the author's enthusiasm warrant it). It's another Burroughs imitation, more or less. (To be honest, I have only skimmed it; the skimming didn't turn up anything interesting enough to make me look at it more closely.)

THE WAR GAMES OF ZELOS, by Richard Avery [Fawcett, \$1.25] #3 in the "Expendables" series. This time our heroes run up against an alien race who may or may not be human. (All the possibilities from parallel evolution to a super-race which bred both human and alien are discussed with appropriate awe -- the series isn't really for fans but for adventure readers, and the sf concepts are trotted out for an audience which has never encountered them before.) As an adventure series, it's acceptable. Interestingly, the author works with only three continuing characters; the remaining members of the spaceship's crew change from book to book. It provides a bit more variety, even if the varied characters are mostly stock types.

THE SENTINEL, by Jeffrey Konvitz [Ballantine, \$1.75] The other day I was asked to take one of the women from the factory to the hospital emergency room; she'd run an over-large splinter into her palm. I had this book with me, to read during the noon hour, so I stuffed it into my pocket. At the hospital, I waited in the company vehicle -- a pickup truck -- while the operation proceeded. Thus, my choices were limited; I could read the book or twiddle my fingers. After 64 pages, I sat and twiddled my fingers. I didn't believe there was a printed word anywhere that I would reject in favor of doing absolutely nothing; I have been known to read milk cartons, bread wrappers, and junk mail when there was no other option. This book is less interesting than any of the foregoing. It's a young-girl-in-the-clutches-of-Satanists novel, and it is awful. The nice, catchy cover is the only good part of it.

THREE-EYES, by Stuart Gordon [DAW #171, \$1.50] The conclusion of Gordon's series of a world being changed. Also a very long and slow-moving book. I didn't particularly like it, but then I enjoy a little faster pace in my entertainment. Well enough done if you like the more philosophical approach to your science fiction.

MARUNE: ALASTOR 933, by Jack Vance [Ballantine, \$1.50] Space opera; villain has drugged hero, causing him to lose his memory. Hero must recover memory and then discover villain, which of course he does. Vance's strong points are his exotic backgrounds and names. (To plumb the idiocy of Burroughs and/or imitators, compare their made-up

names with the ones Vance uses. Vance's seem real.) This is well worth reading; not great literature, but solid entertainment.

INVASION, by Aaron Wolfe [Laser #9, 95 cents] An adequately written book of the reaction of an isolated family to the "invasion" of their rural area by a spaceship-load of aliens. That is, it's very adequate right up to the ending, which is a cop-out on a couple of counts. Nice picture of Bob Passovoy on the cover, but otherwise not recommended.

THE KING OF EOLIM, by Raymond F. Jones [Laser #12, 95 cents] A retarded" child -- by future standards, not ours -- eventually finds a place for himself in the universe. No particular insight into feelings of rejection (or even an attempt to provide one), but a competent adventure story. More for fringe-fans or non-fans than those attuned to current sf.

BLAKE'S PROGRESS, by Ray Nelson [Laser #13, 95 cents] Harlan Ellison has been plugging this for a Nebula. It's not that good, but it's a quite well-done time-travel/historical novel. (Central character is William Blake, the poet.) I think Ray missed in tying Blake to a bit too grandiose a concept (the survival of humanity), but aside from occasionally sounding a bit melodramatic, it's a good job. Recommended unreservedly.

BIRTHRIGHT, by Kathleen Sky [Laser #14, 95 cents] Sf adventure. Our hero must discover whether he is human or android; the new owner of the android manufacturing company or merely one of its products. He goes through the usual routines to find out, but the plot moves briskly enough and the characters are adequate. This sort of thing has been the staple of science fiction for years; readable if no award-winner.

THE STAR WEB, by George Zebrowski [Laser, #15, 95 cents] I quit on this one before I got very far into it; there were too many arbitrary happenings which I suspected were never going to be given an explanation. Characters simply perform actions according to the author's dictates. (Possibly everyone comes up with a logical reason by the end of the book -- in which case the last half of the book is nothing but explanations -- but I doubted it.)

KANE'S ODYSSEY, by Jeff Clinton [Laser #16, 95 cents] I did finish this, but I skimmed a lot of it. Hero is the rebel with the inquiring -- and bullheaded -- mind, and he has the usual problems in a society in which sub-cults with varying life styles are neatly compartmented (to the point where they don't know anything about what happens a few miles away, which never seemed very convincing to me). Adequate as action adventure but not inspiring.

THE BLACK ROADS, by J. L. Hensley [Laser #17, 95 cents] The supporter of the System who eventually learns the error of his ways. Much more smoothly done than the above two; the characters have at least a semblance of reality; and if the background is totally impossible in light of the present knowledge of our oil reserves, it sounds plausible while you're reading it. It would have gone over great in Startling Stories. Recommended. (Incidentally, after Joe's reaction to seeing "J.L.Hensley" on the cover, Laser may be less partial to using initials in the future.)'

LEGACY, by J. F. Bone [Laser #18, 95 cents] Another one made for Startling. The plot is remarkably similar to Lester del Rey's old SFA serial, POLICE YOUR PLANET, which Ballantine recently reprinted. Police work on a corrupt planet. (In which the population lives in fairly small domes because of poisonous atmosphere, which restricts the size of the necessary background and makes the author's work easier.) The characters are pure cardboard and I loved them; they took me back to the days when I was a starry-eyed neofan. (Well, a neofan, anyway.) Pure space-opera, but handled skillfully. Recommended. And I think that's Ann Asprin on the cover...)

THE UNKNOWN SHORE, by Donald Malcolm [Laser #19, 95 cents] A good enough idea, but the characters seem crudely depicted. Doctor amputates limbs in order to pack more refugees into spaceship, with the assurance that the lost limbs will be regrown when they reach safety. Then, of course, the ship malfunctions and they are forced to land on a strange planet and use what prosthetic devices they can whip up. Various recriminations and personality stresses result, naturally. It's competent, but it's not as good as it should have been.

SPACE TRAP, by Juanita Coulson [Laser #20, 95 cents] Scout team finds previously unknown (to the officials) alien race being menaced by an unauthorized human colony. Of course, they solve the problem but their adventures in doing so are fairly enjoyable. Similar to numerous Andre Norton plots. (Maybe similar to all Andre Norton plots, since they tend to be similar to each other.) I liked it, but then I'm prejudiced.

RULER OF THE WORLD, by J. T. McIntosh [Laser #24, 95 cents] A fairly standard adventure story with several macho incidents which seem out of place with the rest of the book. McIntosh has never learned to handle characters very well -- Juanita won't read any of his books because she can't stand his females. The plot is handled well enough -- except at the end, where the alert reader learns that the whole thing was unnecessary. Not recommended.

GATE OF IVREL, by C. J. Carryh [DAW #188, \$1.25] Very good swords and sorcery. I have the nasty suspicion that the ambiguous ending means that it is the start of a series (and if it is, I won't like the forthcoming books), but on its own it's worth reading. Plot is rather amusingly familiar; the background was probably inspired by WITCH WORLD, but one might say that Gene and I did a parody of this book six months before it appeared, which is a good trick. Anyway, this is a good job. Again, the sorceress is the strongest character; we seem to have advanced beyond the days when Jirel was an oddity.

COLLISION COURSE, by E.C. Tubb [Pocket Books, \$1.50] Number 4 thru 6 in the "Space:
LUNAR ATTACK, by John Rankine [Pocket Books, \$1.50] 1999" series. Illustrated with
ASTRAL QUEST, by John Rankine [Pocket Books, \$1.50] stills from the show. I assume the books are still based on the tv series, but since I'm not watching the series I can't guarantee it. Since Tubb and Rankine are both competent authors, I rather hope the dialog is taken directly from the show; I'd hate to think either of these gentlemen was responsible for it. The plots seem about the right level, too. On the whole, I think the comic-book version should appeal more to the level of intelligence of the people who watch the show.

RETURN TO THE PLANET OF THE APES #1, by William Arrow [Ballantine, \$1.50] I don't watch this, either...so...the blurbs say this is based on three teleplays. This one really belongs in a comic book, too, but Arrow has done a bit better with it than the British writers are doing with "Space:1999." (Of course, he has more to work with, which helps.) It's no worse than the average sword and sorcery novel, certainly.

STAR TREK LOG SIX, by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, \$1.50] Also based on three teleplays, but these are treated separately as novelets instead of being schlumped together into a novel. (ST not being a single continuous story like APES). It's a much better book than the foregoing, mainly because Foster catches the strong points of the show; the humor and interplay of characters (which Blish never did). Recommended even for general stf reading; it's not the greatest book of the month, but it's a long way from the worst.

STAR TREK: THE NEW VOYAGES, edited by Sondra Marshak and Myrna Culbreath [Bantam, \$1.75] Eight ST stories and one poem, reprinted from various fanzines with new intro-

ductions to each story by members of the ST cast. The authors are fairly familiar to fan names: Juanita Coulson, Ruth Berman, Eleanor Arnason, Doris Beetem, Shirley Meech, I must admit I never heard of Claire Gabriel, Marcia Ericson, Jennifer Guttridge, Sherley Malewski, or the editors before, but presumably they're more familiar to ST fans. By fan standards, the stories are pretty good. By professional ones, they're more or less acceptable if uninspiring. (But nobody, except perhaps the editors, cares about that anyway; the book will be bought by hordes of Trekkies, which is all Bantam is interested in.) Recommended as an oddity, and let's hope it stays that way.

THE VIRGIN AND THE WHEELS, by L. Sprague de Camp [Popular Library, \$1.25] Two novelets, one from Unknown and one from Thrilling Wonder Stories. "The Wheels of If" is one of de Camp's -- and science fiction's -- best stories. One of the early alternate worlds plots, where changed decisions at the Battle of Tours and the Synod of Whitby produced the result of Vinland competing with several independent Indian states on the North American continent. To destroy political opposition, the villains in Vinland swap the mind of an opposition leader for the mind of our hero, who then has to learn not only what's going on, but who he's supposed to be. Excellently handled. "The Virgin of Zesh" was one of the Author's Krishnan stories, in which the heroine gets mixed up with a back-to-nature poet, a missionary society, a mad Russian security officer, a psychologist, and the intellectually brilliant ruler of a tribe of apemen; all of whom (except the missionaries) are much too amorously inclined for her to appreciate. A fairly funny swashbuckler; not up to "Wheels" for quality but enjoyable. As a whole the book is highly recommended.

TO RENEW THE AGES, by Robert Coulson [Laser #26, 95 cents] "How do you review your own book?" Bruce asked. "Lovingly, of course," I said. Actually, it could have done with another draft; now that it's in cold print I note a few things (such as the hovercraft that on occasions do unhovercrafty things) for which I had worked out a semblance of an explanation which I then forgot to include. However, it gets judged for what it is, not what it might have been. It's an unserious stf adventure laid in that good old standby, post-atomic America. (I like it, if for no other reason than that it proved I could turn out 50,000 words without Gene to help me...) For the technically inclined, I might mention that there are several minor editorial changes from my manuscript, but I did get to check the galley proofs, and any changes I disliked enough to complain about were put back the way I wanted them.

THE BEST OF ISAAC ASIMOV, [Fawcett, \$1.50] As the author mentions in his introduction, the stories were chosen more as representative than as best, but they're mostly good. "Marooned Off Vesta," "Nightfall," "C-Chute," "The Martian Way," "The Deep," "The Fun They Had," "The Last Question," "The Dead Past," "The Dying Night," "Anniversary," "The Billiard Ball," "Mirror Image." Most of them are available elsewhere. ("Nightfall", in addition to being generally regarded as his best single story, is also his most ubiquitous.) But if you don't already have a good proportion of them, this is a worthwhile volume.

THE BEST OF KEITH LAUMER [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Laumer hasn't been known for short stories; these are from the days he was getting started, in the 1960s. Included are "The Planet Wreckers," "The Body Builders," "Cocoon," "The Lawgiver," "Thunderhead," "Hybrid," "The Devil You Don't," "Doorstep," and "A Relic of War." They tend to vary between slightly overdone humor and slightly overdone melodrama. They're not bad; about average quality, probably. But I've read better.

THE BEST OF ROBERT SILVERBERG [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Like the Asimov volume, this is also a representative sampling; the "best" of various years. Since Silverberg hasn't been spreading his own biography over his last dozen or so books, like Asimov, it's a nice touch to have him introducing each story and placing it in context. As for the fiction itself, I don't like it. I read all of his early material -- I had time to read everything, then -- and I didn't like it. I read the first examples of his

new, mature style after his announcement that he didn't need to be a hack any more and henceforth would write only about themes that were important to him, and I didn't like it. (In fact, I had some problem seeing any difference in quality.) Eventually, I quit reading Silverberg because I no longer had time for everything, and I certainly wasn't going to miss anything by dropping him. (That is, I quit reading Silverberg's fiction; I consider his non-fiction to be of top quality.) So, I read all of these stories once and didn't like any of them, and I'm not about to read them again. They include "Road To Nightfall," "Warm Man," "To See the Invisible Man," "The Sixth Palace," "Flies," "Hawksbill Station," "Passengers," "Nightwings," "Sundance," and "Good News From the Vatican." Most of them, particularly the latter ones, have been quite popular. (Not with me, but then you're not required to agree with me. If you're a newcomer, try this one and see what you think of Silverberg.)

GREAT SCIENCE FICTION FROM THE MOVIES, edited by Edward Edelson [Pocket Books, \$1.25] The cover, a still from one or another of the Apes films (I wonder how APES AND EPICS would have gone over as a title?) is more than a little offputting, but actually this is a brief history of the science-fiction/fantasy film, aimed at the juvenile market. Edelson makes a few errors, but in general he has a very competent survey of the field. I would think that most Yandro readers, however, would already know everything in the book and their only reason for buying it would be nostalgia and to enjoy the numerous still photos that illustrate it.

NEBULA AWARD STORIES 8, edited by Isaac Asimov [Berkley, \$1.25] These cover the 1972 awards; the winners in novella, novelet, and short story categories ("A meeting With Medusa," by Arthur C. Clarke, "Goat Song," by Poul Anderson, and "When It Changed," by Fred Pohl, "Patron of the Arts," by William Rotsler, "On the Downhill Side," by Harlan Ellison, "The Fifth Head of Cerberus," by Gene Wolfe, and "When We Went To See the End of the World," by Robert Silverberg. Plus an introduction by the editor. I've never been convinced that the Nebula finalists are really the best stories of the year, but they're good enough to be worth buying.

THE OTHER SIDE OF TOMORROW, edited by Roger Elwood [Pyramid, \$1.25] Anthology of original stories, presumably aimed at teen-agers, since all the central characters are in that age bracket. "Come Sing the Moons of Moravenn," by Leigh Brackett is a fairly amusing tale on the theme that the beauties of non-technological life are easier to talk about than to produce. "Examination Day" by Gordon Eklund is a rather thin story about enforced conformity. "The Speeders" by Arthur Tofte tries unsuccessfully to get inside the minds of "speed-crazy kids" and make them, at least at the end, seem sympathetic. It's a failure on every count. "Let My People Go!" by Joe Green is well-crafted but makes the point that emotions are somehow superior to logic (which has always struck me as asinine, but which is terribly popular. In inverse ratio to reasoning ability, I suspect.) "Night of the Millennium" by Edward D. Hoch is, like all of Hoch's stuff, a slightly disguised detective story. Acceptable but not particularly good. "A Bowl of Biskies Makes a Growing Boy" by Raymond F. Jones is melodrama about conformity; the government conspiracy theory is popular among kids, but Jones never quite makes it believable to me. Still, it's a competent story. "Final Exam" by Thomas N. Scortia presents a fairly stock plot with a hero who is much too noble to be interesting. Reads as though it had been aimed at the Boys Life market. "The Others" by J. Hunter Holly is a very well-done story of the problems and aspirations of physical cripples. The plot is ridiculous, but Holly handles it well enough to make it come across, while the emotion is enough to be more or less believable and not enough to be maudlin. "Peace, Love, and Food for the Hungry" by Gail Kimberly is the opposite of the Brackett story; Kimberly says that idealism can conquer evil, and I don't believe a word of it. Overall, there are no outstanding stories, four acceptable ones, and five that can be ignored without any particular loss.

THE VALLEY WHERE TIME STOOD STILL, by Lin Carter [Paperback Library, \$1.25] I reviewed

the hardcover a while back. This is a none-too-good imitation of Leigh Brackett's exotic/adventure fiction. The paperback price puts it into the barely acceptable category, but you won't lose much by passing it up.

FRANKENSTEIN, by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley [Pocket Books, \$1.95] This is obviously an edition for the academic trade. The original 1818 text is reprinted and annotated by the editor, James Rieger. There is also a collation of the 1818 and 1831 texts, the introduction to the third edition, an article on the historical context in which the book was written, and a selected bibliography. For those who want to study the book (or are required to study it) this should be a help. (For the fan who just wants to read it, there are cheaper editions -- but a lot of fans like to delve into the history of their books too.) Recommended if you need this type of volume.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, by Lester del Rey [Ballantine, \$1.50] I still think the ending is a cop-out, but otherwise this is an excellent book; one of the few really good examples of religious science fiction. Originally printed in 1962 by a rather obscure publisher; reprinted in 1970 by Ballantine. If you don't have the earlier editions, this is highly recommended.

LITTLE FUZZY, by H. Beam Piper [Ace, \$1.25] The original 1962 Avon edition is by now a rare book. Not that the writing is all that great, but it's a charming story about a delightful set of aliens, and it took fandom by storm. (And legal difficulties have prevented any reprints until now.) It's a short novel, but it's fun, and highly recommended. (If you haven't read it, you ought to; if you have the original edition you should pack it away carefully and buy this one to read/loan/whathzveyou.)

GREEN PHOENIX, by Thomas Burnett Swann [DAW, \$1.25] Reprint, A good novel; probably one of Swann's best, though not my favorite by a long ways. And since Swann is one of the two or three best fantasy writers, this one is also recommended. It's based on Vergil and the story of Aeneas, with Swann's non-humans worked into it.

THE STARMEN OF LLYRDIS, by Leigh Brackett [Ballantine, \$1.50] Originally in Startling Stories, as I recall, this is sheer space-opera, by one of the top practitioners of the form. I never thought it was one of Brackett's best, but compared to some of the imitations -- mine included -- it's great stuff. Recommended.

FURY, by Henry Kuttner [Magnum, \$1.50] But it's being sold new for prices as low as 25 cents. This is one of the books Lancer is selling under a pseudonym. (Not too coherently, since the cover says Magnum Books and the title page says Prestige Books.) It originally appeared in Astounding at the tapering off the Golden Age, 1947. It's essentially a superman story, but the Kuttners were brilliant writers, and the plot and characters are far superior to the average of this type. Recommended.

A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE, by Peter S. Beagle [Ballantine, \$1.50] Beagle's first, and as far as I'm concerned, best, book. It's fantasy, and a love story (two love stories, actually) and philosophy and some of the funniest passages in the fantasy field. Beagle's characters are totally impossible and the most believable I've encountered in years. And the entire book takes place in a cemetery. If you didn't buy one of the earlier editions, but this one.

This has been a great period for high-class reprints, for some reason.

POLYMATH, by John Brunner [DAW, \$1.25] One of Brunner's space-operas; very well done and recommended as long as the reader realizes he isn't going to get one of those brilliant depictions of the coming debacle for which Brunner is noted. Original publication in 1974, however, and you should have read it then.

WANDOR'S RIDE, by Roland Green [Avon, 95 cents] Also first published not that long

ago. Quite good swords and sorcery if you don't object to it being the first of a series. (I do.)

MOTHER WAS A LOVELY BEAST, by Philip José Farmer [Pyramid, \$1.25] I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. A nice collection of imitation Tarzan stories. As the initial collection of feral human stories, it lacks a few things (like very many stories that weren't inspired by Tarzan). Though George Bruce's "Scream of the Condor" is fascinating -- not good, but absolutely fascinating. The old pulps had their moments.

NERVES, by Lester del Rey [Ballantine, \$1.50] With all the disaster books and movies lately, I wondered if someone wouldn't resurrect this one. Ballantine has, with fancy best-seller type cover and all. It's an atomic-plant disaster (not a power plant; one making rare isotopes) and the only thing keeping it from being the newest (and best) of the disaster novels is that it was written in 1942, well before man-made atomic energy existed. It's a curiosity in that it is one of the few times where anybody outdid Heinlein with a similar plot (this is far better than Heinlein's "Blowups Happen"), and it's an excellent book and if you don't already have one of the myriad previous editions, go out and buy this one.

HUNTERS OF THE RED MOON, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [DAW, \$1.25] Reprint of a good sf-adventure story -- "The Most Dangerous Game" translated into sf terms. Moderately recommended.

THE COMPLETE ENCHANTER, by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt [Ballantine, \$1.95] A bargain at the price, considering it's a reprint of two hardcover novels (not to mention that both the originals are now collector's items). Of course, originally it was a series of novelets, but trying to pay for copy (let alone three copies) of Unknown would cost more and take longer than buying the hardcovers. These are humorous fantasies; a modern man is thrown into the literal worlds of various classic fantasies (Scandinavian myth, Spenser's "Faerie Queen", and Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso".) Naturally, for the reader, a knowledge of the original works is a great aid in understanding these stories, and in picking out the humor. But it's not absolutely necessary (as I know from personal experience -- I'd have liked them better if I'd read Spenser and Ariosto, but I enjoyed them anyway.) Highly recommended.

THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD, by H.P. Lovecraft and August Derleth [Ballantine, \$1.50] A novel of the Cthulhu Mythos. For my money, the mythos can't take novelization; the mood can't be sustained and the whole thing gets monotonous. But the true aficionados seem to enjoy it.

VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS, by Guy and Candie Carawan [Knopf, \$8.95] Reminiscences and songs about mountain life, mostly about poverty and coal mining and the inherent nobility of character of the poor. Plus photos of the area, emphasizing the same things. The attitude is a bit much to swallow, but the ingredients themselves are interesting enough.

INCREDIBLE FACTS, AMAZING STATISTICS, MONUMENTAL TRIVIA, by Will Eisner [Publisher's Central is selling it for \$1.00] The title tells it; it's a trivia book. Things like the average marriage lasts 5.5 years (9 years in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island), and in 1906 the average speed of horse-drawn traffic in New York City was 11 1/2 mph, while in 1972 the average speed of auto traffic was 8 mph, and 2 percent of the world's population has an IQ of 148 or more. This sort of inconsequential information would seem to be a natural for fans.

ONE WINTER NIGHT IN AUGUST, by X. J. Kennedy [Atheneum, \$5.95] Unless I'm mistaken, X.J. Kennedy is ex-fan Joe Kennedy, who used to write doggerel to Planet Stories. He's doing a little better these days. This slim little volume of verse is intended for children (8 years and up) and is a sort of cross between Dr. Seuss and Ogden Nash.

"My mother's name is Draculeen,
She lets a big bat bite her.
And folks who sleep here overnight
Wake up a few quarts lighter."

It is mostly juvenile, but it's also fun. Recommended to those with the spirit to appreciate it. (And if you can't find a copy in your friendly local bookstore, I'll be carting a few around to conventions.)

CATCH ME A COLOBUS, by Gerald Durrell [remaindered, \$1.49] Durrell in an assortment of exploits as zoo-keeper, from expeditions to catch his own animals to efforts to keep alive those rarities he obtained. Not as strictly devoted to humor as the other Durrell books I've read, but equally good. Recommended, especially if you can get one at that price.

THE BANNER OF JOAN, by H. Warner Munn [Don Grant, \$5.00] A series of poems about Joan of Arc, connected by quotes from various contemporary sources. Interesting. The main problem is that Munn isn't a very good poet. His verse rhymes and is in meter, which I approve of. But rhyme and meter are too often awkward.

"She'd slip away and go to church,
Leaving us all there in the lurch." ...

That's the sort of verse one finds in high school publications, or secondrate fanzines. (It doesn't appear very often in Munn's work, but often enough to jar me when I read it.) Recommended to fantasy readers with tin ears (which most of you have, anyway).

WITCH'S CROSSING, by Florence Stevenson [Signet, \$1.25] A straight gothic, without even the glimmer of humor Stevenson usually manages to get past the editor. Not recommended except to Stevenson completists (of which I am one).

THE KILTERNAN LEGACY, by Anne McCaffrey [Dell, \$1.25] Not recommended except to McCaffrey completists. I gave up early on, largely because her heroine has about as much force of personality as a piece of foam rubber. I loathe people like that, particularly in fiction. (I may have some -- not much -- sympathy for the real people.) From what I gathered by skimming here and there, it's also as melodramatic as a Victorian popular play.

A GIRL LIKE I, by Anita Loos [Ballantine, \$1.75] Now, here is a woman I can admire. The book details the author's adventures in the early days of Hollywood -- as a writer, not an actress. (There were drawbacks to this. "...my beau didn't want to believe I was an authoress; it turned me into some sort of monster..." I don't think much of her solution, which was to become a "closet author", but I can sympathize with the problem.) It's a fine, funny book, and if I disagree with a lot of Loos's observations on life, she at least makes them entertaining. (New York snobbery; a male describing his unhappy love affair. "She liked me well enough, but she moved to Chicago." Following her to such an uncivilized place was of course out of the question.) Highly recommended.

HUNTERS FROM THE SKY, by Charles Whiting [Ballantine, \$1.75] An account of the Nazi paratroops and glider troops. It's not a great military book, but it's very competently, and includes everything from the first assault on Eben Emael to the capture of their first commander, General Student, in 1945. Recommended.

JENNIE, by Peregrine Churchill and Julian Mitchell [Ballantine, \$1.95] Book version of the tv series. This is Juanita's book; she liked the series and she's a sucker for biographies. She said it was more detailed than the tv version, but not as much so as she'd have liked. (Jennie had a pretty long and active life to be covered in under 300 pages.) Gives the flavor of the people. Illustrated with both stills from the tv show and photos of the actual people. Mostly for those who enjoyed the show and want it in a more permanent version (or those who missed the show and want to know what it was all about.).

HOW TO DO IT MEDITATION, by Alan Watts [Pyramid, \$1.25] This booklet contains 62 pages; half of them photos and the other half partially devoted to text. (Very partially; some pages contain less than 100 words.) Meditation is thus proved quite profitable to somebody, but I don't think it's the meditator. (Of course, it's the quality, not the quantity, that counts. The quality consists of such clichés as "Trying to convey the idea of smells to you in words has the same sort of frustration one gets trying to describe color to the blind." That's the entire theme of one page.) The book is aimed at people who think they can buy their way out of boredom, and it's good enough for them.

ASTROLOGY FOR THE AQUARIAN AGE, by Alexandra Mark [Pocket Books, \$2.75] Juanita said this was a very complete workbook -- all the proper charts and that sort of garbage -- but superficial in the interpretation. Whatever; I think the whole thing is silly, so I'll take Juanita's word on relative quality within the field.

THE COMING OF SETH, by Jane Roberts [Pocket Books, \$1.95] People who hear ghostly voices used to be locked up. Now they write books about their experiences. I'm not much in favor of either course, really. This one isn't even well-written, and nobody who isn't already a believer is going to be taken in by the author's leaps from insufficient evidence to improbable conclusions.

THE BLACK SWAN, by Rafael Sabatini [Ballantine, \$1.50] One of the swashbucklers which the movies used to delight in presenting, usually with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., or Errol Flynn in the lead role. Not to be taken seriously, but fun.

AND I have an observation. The Wild West is expanding. Authors who have written and rewritten the same plots in the same constricted settings are pushing the limits forward. Two recent Westerns, THE GRINGO BANDIT, by William Hopson, and THE SHOTGUN MAN, by Frank O'Rourke, are set in Pancho Villa's Mexico, in 1914 or so. (O'Rourke is the better writer, but hampered by copy editors who go hog-wild with decimal points to produce ".30-.30" rifle" or a Winchester ".97" shotgun.) John Robinson pointed out the best thing about the Hopson book: the center of three characters getting strung up on the cover bears a close resemblance to Harlan. (Jesus between the thieves?)

THE BANKERS, by Martin Mayer [Ballantine, \$2.25] A big one; over 560 pages. Also very slow reading, unless you're already somewhat of a financial expert. Mayer is covering the banking industry, and trying to explain the background of national and international finance. And at the end, he points out a possibly nasty future. The fault, he says, is that "our technology has outrun our management capacities". Which environmentalists have been complaining about for years...but the worst oil spill is less of a catastrophe than a major bank failure. At any rate, it's an interesting book if you have the time to read it. (It took me two weeks of spare-time reading, at an hour or so per day.)

FEAR STALKS THE BAYOU, by Juanita Coulson [Ballantine, \$1.25] This is one of their astrological gothics; Aries, to be precise. There's a horoscope of the heroine by Sydney Omarr, but you can skip it without any loss (and if you're interested in entertainment, you will. Incidentally, the horoscope was supposed to guide the author, but since Omarr didn't get it done on time, horoscope and book were written independently.) Ignoring the come-on for the suckers, the book is a pretty standard gothic, better written than most. There's some Tuckerizing; John Guildry gets in for services rendered (pretty much the services described, in fact) and a few other fan names appear. Moderately recommended (but then, of course, I'm biased).

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Gary Anderson sent the prize this time; a catalog of the Univ. of California Extension, Santa Barbara. With courses in "A Study of America Through Indians, Cowboys and Outlaws", "Creative Dreaming", "Finger Painting In The Classroom" and "Fibre Art Workshop: Yarn Basketry" (I always thought those were jokes), "Self-Healing - The Holistic Approach of Edgar Cayce" and (in case your catalog doesn't draw them) "How To Recruit, Train, Retain and Track School Volunteers". Allegedly adult education in a tax-supported institution. No wonder Johnny can't read or write; neither can his parents - or his instructors.//I'm a member of the Audubon Society and in general I appreciate it, but I did look a bit oddly at an invitation to join in "Nebo Ridge Appreciation Day".//Mary Schaub sends a clipping on Bolivian air travel; hair-raising but too long to quote.//I got this pitch from an outfit selling mail-order miracles. It's a bit complicated. They send you this piece of a gunny sack, a couple of inches square. You pray over it and send it back, with a "seed gift" (money, naturally). Then they pray over it and send it back to you, and you carry it with you. And the miracle you prayed for back when you were praying over the burlap comes to pass. (Or, to use their wordage, it is now "a sign of our united faith FOR THE SPECIAL MIRACLE WE'VE CLAIMED." No guarantees, you see.) I suppose one of the byproducts of our disenchantment with science will be an increase in religious quacks. //Paula Smith sends one on the Postal Service's consideration of a campaign to get people to write more letters. A belief that the PS could handle the letters they're getting now might help more than a few ads.//Denny Lien sends a Xeroxing of the ENCYCLOPEDIA JUDAICA material on the Protocols of Zion; they say it was written by an unknown author, in Paris, at the behest of the Russian secret police, "possibly intended to influence the policy of Czar Nicholas II". The first Russian edition appeared in 1905; popularity of the tract waited until after WW I. So it's a more recent fabrication than I had assumed when I reviewed it.//I think it was Elsie Lee who sent the clipping about the woman who bid "six and a half" for a rare coin. She thought she was bidding \$6.50 and was a trifle perturbed to learn she had made the winning bid of \$6,500.00. (It was decided to not enforce the bid, because she didn't have \$6500, but think twice bore sticking your hand up in an auction. The bid could have been enforced....)//The Thompsons send one about an elderly storekeeper who was threatened by a juvenile gang. He went to the police and they told him to buy a gun; that they couldn't help him. So he bought one. Unfortunately, what he got was a sawed-off shotgun, so as soon as he gets out of the hospital (the gang caught him outside the store and shot him in the back) he faces up to 10 years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. The gang? Oh, they're still at large. Probably getting a better take from their extortion, now that the forces of law and order are assisting them.//Alan Dodd sends a typically British clipping on the .357 Magnum revolver, "Deadliest horror gun ever made". (Aside from the fact that the .357 has little if any more power than the Walker Colt, a cap-and-ball firearm first marketed in 1847, and less than the modern .41 and .44 Magnums, it produces less devastating results than a 12 gauge shotgun loaded with buckshot. One of the problems of the pro-gun wing in this country is the irrational fear they produce in people who know nothing about them.)//Alice Hopf sends a clipping on the woman who solved the problem; she repelled an intruder with her husband's longbow. Got him in the shoulder.//Denny Lien sends a headline: BRIGHT ECONOMIC FUTURE PREDICTED FOR MINNESOTA, BARRING DISASTER.//Thompsons send a clipping on some Bicentennial promotions for my garbage can; a red, white and blue casket (I suppose that would be too big to go in) and Bicentennial beer cans. (I just saw some of those in the grocery this evening; Falstaff puts them out. But that's no worse than 7-Up's Bicentennial pop cans, when you come right down to it.)//Also from the Thompsons; Parliament is considering listing the Loch Ness monster as an endangered species. (Exploited to death?)//Randy Scott sends a science fiction column from the Univ. of Oklahoma campus newspaper. Reasonably well done, too.//Chris Sheldon sends in a L.A. Times column about water hyacinths being used to treat raw sewage. Orange Grove, Mississippi, is using them in its community sewage plant - and planning to harvest and sell the hyacinths for animal feed.//Chris Walker sends a sample of the medical column Cliff Simak is doing for the Minneapolis Tribune. Not a "my symptoms are.." column, but one reporting news of new medical discoveries. /RC/

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

I have been exchanging some highly stimulating letters with Bill Danner, who originally wrote me because of your printing my query about the phrase "larroes to catch meddlers" in Yandro. Just last week, I got a hot new lead on the mystery, and I shared it with Bill and Manly Wade Wellman in separate notes, since I didn't know when the next Yandro would be out to convey the news to all those breathless souls who've been following the search -- all two of them. I

got a remaindered copy of an old, once famous children's book, DAVY AND THE GOBLIN, by

Charles Carryl, an American broker who wrote the book for his son after being inspired by ALICE IN WONDERLONG; it was

published in 1885, and apparently became quite a hit then; since, it has fallen into obscurity, being remembered, if at all, for its rousing song "The Walloping Window-Blind." I had put the book aside when I got it, and chanced to open it while transferring it to some new bookcases -- there was a chapter heading: "Layover for Meddlers." I turned to the spot, to find the hero encountering a 6-foot lady Roc wearing a plaid shawl and carrying a basket from which muffled sounds of struggling were emanating. The Roc asked Davy to hold the basket; he inquired what was inside, to which she replied, "Lay-overs for meddlers," and hurried away. Davy naturally peeked, and was bowled over by an escaping horde of brown creatures like snuff-boxes on legs. The one he tried to grab rolled over on its back (apparently the cause for the appellation "lay-over"), and blew a puff of smoke at Davy, who was unable to capture any of the lay-overs, and had to run for his life from the returning Roc.

I wish I knew if Carryl originated this whole matter or merely repeated a catch phrase much known at the time. Mr. Wellman had written me last year that an old friend of his interpreted the phrase to mean "lay-overs" (by which he meant a whip well laid-on) to catch meddlers." Possibly this friend had earlier read Carryl's book. I'll let you know any further developments on this utterly minor crusade.

I've since embarked on another hunt. Patrick O'Brian's naval novel POST CAPTAIN had his British Navy chaps giving a dinner aboard a warship (around 1800), and finishing up the evening singing catches. One was the "well-known catch about the lily-white boys," and he quoted this fragment: "Three, three the rivals, / Two, two the lily-white boys clad all in green-o / But one is one, and all alone, / And ever more shall be so." I've looked in everything without luck. The set-up sounds suspiciously like a description for the English crown among Edward IV and his brothers George, Duke of Clarence (good old butt of malmsey Clarence), and Richard III; with the two lily-white boys being the nephews murdered in the Tower. I've written to O'Brian c/o his publisher, and hope to find out more about this new puzzle. Have you ever heard of the song?

[[The lily-white boys are new to me. Ann? Sandra? Thompasons? RSC]]

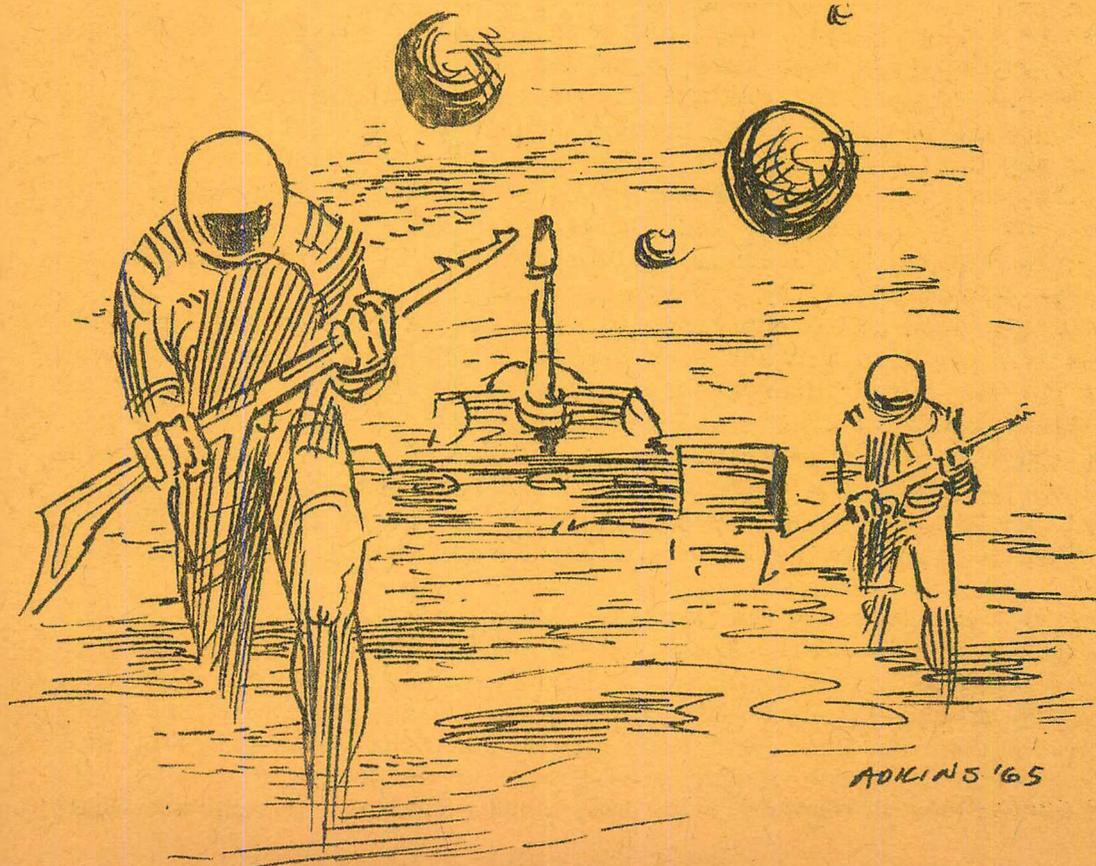
George Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101

Greatest discovery of the 20th century? Presumably this lets out things that were just evolutionary developments of things that already had been discovered by 1900... so: how about the triode -- the three-element vacuum tube, basis of all electronic amplification since? Transistors, for all their impact, tend to be devices for doing what the vacuum tube can do before them -- but there's nothing before the vacuum tube that can/could do what it can. Or, heavier-than-air flight (though without airplanes, the lighter-than-air aircraft, already discovered by 1900, would have accomplished much that the airplane eventually did). Or Henry Ford's assembly line (not his automobile, which was no real advance over what had been done before). Or penicillin, the first broad antibiotic. All in all, though, I'd vote for Lee De Forrest's triode, (which he once called his prime evil...).

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

One thing you incredible reading types have to remember in your book reviews is that hardly anyone else covers as much reading ground as you do. (Check the Y letter-col, filled with letters from people saying, "How do you DO it?") Saying, then, that "Unless you're just beginning to read history, [THE PEOPLE'S ALMANAC] will be mostly superfluous," might be more accurate if you add some stipulation concerning just how much history you have read.

We have a sub to American Heritage, we do buckets of additional reading, and we keep up with current events by means of newspapers, news magazines, and TV and radio. But by no means was THE PEOPLE'S ALMANAC "mostly superfluous." We do take much of the text with copious quantities of salt -- but the biases of the book become quite obvious in extremely short order. We find it an incredible handy reference book on an incredible variety of subjects -- a starting point, if you will, for more in-depth reference as well as its primary use. Its primary use? It's the best book of bathroom reading we've come across. Just lovely. It functions as anthology, tidbit gatherer, and illuminator. If we were writing something on one of the topics found in it, it'd be of enormous help as a starting point -- indicating areas in which we might profitably do further checking.



So, unless your readers (a) can read Les Whitten's THE ALCHEMIST in a day (as Bruce did the last time we visited) and (b) do read in that amount, maybe they ought to take a look at the Wallace & Wallinhinsky book. We've shown it to two people (one via mail, one in person) at least (who knows how many people react to reviews?) who have bought it with delight.

Gee, you've had "a long, white winter." Whereas we did have snow for Christmas for the first time in nine years and had the coldest, most ~~precipitous~~ precipitating January in some time, the rest of the wintry time (the rest of November and December and virtually all of February) has been unseasonably mild. In fact, we haven't had a frost here in weeks, and the pussy willows and forsythia are threatening to bud/bloom and flies are hatching. Which should screw up spring, since it will surely blight all the spring-blooming stuff when we do get more additional (it's redundancy day, I guess) snow/cold weather.

Additional comment on the review of THE PEOPLE'S ALMANAC: (1) Bruce's review gives the impression that it's a history book -- which it is only partly. It's crammed with all sorts of other material as well -- gobs of different sorts of current events, for example, in its survey of the countries of the world.

Dave Locke's piece is ghastly. However, it makes us settle even more into our own ways. I felt a bit blushing when I came to his section saying, "It is perhaps descriptive of me that I have a high tolerance for other people's personal flaws. Probably because I live in a glass house myself (his flaws I don't have, but I have my own)." Gosh, I said internally, he's a better man than I am, Gunga Din. We tend to have a low tolerance for personal flaws in others -- though we be flawed ourselves. (Who isn't?) Our personal flaws in others don't bug us, though...

But I found on completing the piece that if Dave had had our sad tendency to be put off by his neighbor's flaws, he'd not be as likely to be contemplating moving again. Maybe the S.O.B. would have bled to death in his own house, instead of trotting over to Dave's for air...and he not only has Dave as the first one he thinks of in a time of trouble, he has Dave to think of as the man who used to be his buddy but who dumped him. Not a combination that would cheer us in Dave's place -- not when dealing with a guy who turns to guns in berserk moments...

We have maintained very cordial relationships with most of our neighbors, especially me (since I occasionally say the heck with everything and go kill an hour talking with any one of a number of area wives). It means that (a) we don't have to get involved when we're enormously busy, since we're known, I'm sure, as being a little odd but that (b) we can help when help is needed and (c) we can get help when help is needed. (The other day, Valerie got Victoria A flu on the day I had to take Stephen for registering at the best large nursery school in the area. I checked to try to register by phone with no luck. I called a neighbor to find out if she could go register me. Instead, she came over to the house and stayed downstairs -- with Valerie upstairs -- while I dashed over and registered. Now that's a buddy!)

I very much enjoyed MEZ Bradley's piece on basic SF plots -- except that (arrgh!) she gave away endings on a few. Whyohwhyohwhy?

Supplementary comment on the basic plots piece is that in his "On the Writing of Speculative Fiction" (in Eshbach's OF WORLDS BEYOND), Heinlein says, "There are three main plots for the human interest story: boy-meets-girl, The Little Tailor, and the man-who-learned-better. Credit the last category to L. Ron Hubbard. I had thought for years that there were but two plots -- he pointed out to me the third type." And later he goes on, about the third type, "I had been writing this story for years before Hubbard pointed out to me the structure of it." (By the way, "The Little Tailor" is an omnibus for all stories about the little guy who becomes a big shot or vice versa.)

We've stuck some books on our wantlist after reading about them in this issue. (Yes, publishers of the world, those review copies you're sending the Coulsons do reach people who will buy your books.) FERAL and ANDROMEDA GUN, just to name two. In your review of the Shroud books, you say the Chambers stories are available from Dover "assuming you can find it." Gee, anyone can find Dover books by writing for their book lists! It's one of the nice things about Dover.

Ahhh, generations of readers...we came across FLASHMAN on the recommendation of

someone we can't locate. (I wrote it down carefully after his/her enthusiastic comments on it, but when I went to thank the person I thought it had been, it wasn't. There's a sentence for you.) We raved about the FLASHMAN books to you. You reviewed the books in Yandro. And now Derek Nelson is glad you recommended them because he picked them up from that and enjoyed them. Way to go, word of mouth.

I think Jackie Franke has a completely marvelous point which I must confess had escaped us till she mentioned it. SFEXPO should, indeed, clear the Fakefen out of Midwestcon and leave it to the Trufen for a really gorgeous weekend. (Not that there seem to be that many Fakefen at Midwestcon, anyway. Which is one of the reasons it's so grand.)

Loved Kay Anderson's account of Gary's computer adventures. In fact, we have filed the anecdotes mentally and plan to retain them (though, when called on to supply them, our brains may just say, "Wait").

We'd really appreciate details on the Sterling Lanier brass figurines: price, appearance, etc. Does he have a catalog? (I see here he does, come to notice it. How does one go about getting one?)

You did see, didn't you, that the Senate passed unanimously the revised copyright law and sent it on to the House? Provisions that I recall include that it's a death-plus-50-years arrangement (instantly making all the Baum Oz books public domain, for example) and that Xerox copies on a short-run, individual basis, are OK but that copying on a large-run, institution-wide basis is not. All sorts of questions arise, thanks to the brevity of the story. At least, we hope it's thanks to the brevity of the story and not holes in the legislation. No note, for example, of what happens when (as in the case of comics and movies) the copyright holder is a corporation. No note, either, of how retroactively it takes effect. (Roy Thomas in doing his comic-book adaptations of Oz books, was told by the corporation's lawyers that copyrights have been frozen since 1960 in anticipation of the new legislation and that nothing has gone into public domain in that time. First we'd heard of it, but it was positive enough that Marvel had to stop doing the adaptations, since only the first two books in the series had gone into public domain before 1960.)

[[Yes, you can write to Dover for their mailing lists -- I get them regularly -- but I know of only one person who ever had their complete catalog (and it was an out-of-date one). Getting on their mailing list does not guarantee finding any of their books that you want.// Bruce says THE AL-CHEMIST isn't really that long a book. (What was that book I read at your house one weekend? I recall your telling me I wouldn't get it finished, but I did.) RSC]]

Laurine White, 5408 Leander Avenue, Sacramento CA 95841

"Difugalty" was interesting. After Dave's build-up, Dean Grennell has got to tell everyone those horror stories, so we can all shiver. You can have the same problems with neighbors in an apartment building, though. People shoot guns in apartments, too. Only the walls are thinner between families.

How about this new "Discovery of the Century" -- purple chlorophyll? Alexander Kent's series about Bolitho (TO GLORY WE STEER) is enjoyable. Seven books in pb so far. Today at work I discovered another bibliophile was reading SIGNAL - CLOSE ACTION, the latest one. I asked him if he didn't think the series is as good as the Hornblower books? "No, it's not," he replied. "It's better."

[[You wouldn't disappoint a lady, would you, Dean? Tell. RSC]]

Elsie Lee

My brother went to Saudi Arabia on assignment in January, and returns with titillating information (I have him well-trained to collect exotic story backgrounds). Did you know that Arabs use only the right hand for eating? Men, that is. The left hand is used for all excretory functions, hence is unclean! I conducted an immediate probe, naturally. Dave says he doesn't know if they're all left-handed; he doesn't



know how they fuck -- there's no prostitution so he'd no chance to observe; he doesn't know about the women; of course he never saw any of 'em eating. As for himself -- and my various other male acquaintances -- they all use the right hand to "piss and wipe" as Dave puts it. Also, in Arabia, NO woman of any nationality whatever is permitted to operate a car! Could you believe such priggery?

Do you have the catalogs for Dover Publications? If not, you should. 180 Varick Street NY NY 10014. The catalogs are free, the books are well bound and not too expensive. They have all sorts of things -- think you could even list the address in Yandro.

[[The unclean hand is presumably because they don't use toilet paper. (Yandro, the scatological fanzine...) Since women are unclean all over, as I understand it, maybe sexual intimacies must be done one-handed. Uncleanliness is probably why women can't drive cars. (They probably have laws against pigs driving cars, too.) RSC]]

George Oshry, 522 Cottonwood Street, Grand Forks ND 58201

On the basis of your blurb in Yandro I raced right out and got a copy of de Camp's SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK. So now I'll quit bugging you about editors and publishing and whatnot as most of the answers seem to be in his book. I thought the book to be very helpful and useful.

At the moment I'm ploughing through a fantasy by Cherryh (whose name looks like something out of C.A. Smith or Lovecraft), GATE OF IVREL. I'm about a third of the way into it and though I don't find that I've got the same thrill as reading LOTR or Norton, it's a very well constructed book. I gagged a bit at the beginning frame with its fleeting mention of the time travel ability of the "gates", but it's sort of like the frame Norton used for WITCH WORLD; it got the story going and then was forgotten (and a good thing that, too). Of all the themes in stf, time travel irks me most, but I think I've said this before. No doubt DAW's sent you a copy for review.

My wife and I have a question about the fanzine depicted on the cover of Y234. Actually, the question is designed to astound and amaze you with my eclectic talents at language. Is there really a fanzine called EE BAH? That's the transliteration of the Hebrew, and as near as we can figure it means "A Heap of Ruins is Coming (or Comes)." Now, aren't you astounded and amazed. You're not? Aw, shit!

Back to Y234. I really enjoyed Bradley's piece. Most of what she said was fairly obvious, but that was to be expected. For her category "Quest" I prefer the term "Travelogue." Almost all fantasies (and I would say all fantasies, except one might quibble if Lovecraft's walking a couple of blocks to find something weird constitutes traveling) involve the protagonist going from point A to point B, doing something weird, and then mostly drifting back to point A. I've often wondered if one could write a fantasy yarn in which the protagonist like Mycroft Holmes doesn't move out of his room at all throughout the tale. It'd be an interesting experiment. I have one in mind, but only the barest of outline, a phrase here and there, of a wizard who does his stuff in a sedentary way.

I'm surprised that you apparently didn't like Burroughs' THE WAR CHIEF. I thought that it was a cut above most of his other writings, since it was based mostly on things he had himself experiences. There was a bit more "authenticity" if I may use that word. Plot-wise it was about as usual, but his landscaping was superior. One sees the same thing in the long "frame" to PRINCESS OF MARS. Unfortunately, I bought my copy several years ago and so I haven't seen the "hilarious" cover you mention.

[[I find better-than-average Burroughs still not worth reading. I'm not sure that was, anyway. The background may have been a trifle more authentic, but the characters were even more than usually divorced from humanity.// At the last ISFA meeting, there was some commentary about who Cherryh is, "really". Nobody believed the name. (Though as a minor connoisseur of odd names I'm more willing to believe in it than most people seem to be. I've run across stranger ones.) RSC]]

Ed Cagle, Star Route South, Locust Grove OK 74352

Hopefully I've started answering your letter early enough in the morning to be able to finish it before some silly sonofabitch starts the first forest fire of the day. We've had a few dandies this past week or so; all day long, every day. None have reached the camp yet, but four came close enough to make me give serious thought to starting backfires. Fighting fire is an extremely non-productive job. It is easier since the local forestry bunch acquired a new bulldozer, equipped adequately for firefighting, but it is still a pain in the arse. The only thing I've gained from the experience is a lot of new acquaintances with the local fauna (human and otherwise). It is odd to be stumbling through smoke so thick you choke and bump into someone with a rake in his hand (or her hand, as was the case on several occasions) and say, "Howdy, who are you -- I'm such and such -- oh, you live up on such and such -- how's things? -- glad to meet you, see you, don't get trapped, etc.". It is also odd, and even slightly surprising, to be toodling along through dense smoke in a jeep and to suddenly run into someone's old milk cow. Very dense smoke. Very tough cow, too. I knocked her sprawling, but she got up, gave me a dirty look, and calmly crossed the road downwind and went right through a three-wire barbed wire fence.

I noticed several people drinking milk to counteract smoke inhalation. Is that another old wives' tale? I personally shunned the milk in favor of more volatile spirits, but I wondered about the milk remedy. If nothing else it might have kept me from bouncing the old cow...

[[The efficacy of milk in cases of smoke inhalation is news to me. Anyone out there got any information? RSC]]

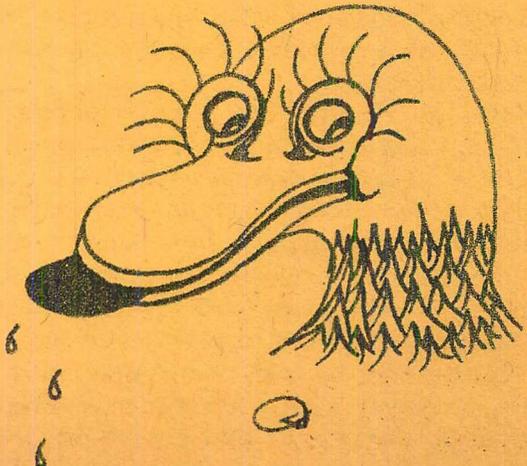
W.G. Bliss, 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe IL 61523

Yandro has a slow steady improvement -- a deliberate evolution? -- and obviously durable. Someday Bruce's grandkids will be cranking the mimeo and the computer outlet typer will be cutting the stencils.

Ah, yes, the historic nostalgia of this year -- I got out THE ROBBER BARONS and re-read part of it. The straight scoop on the old time tycoons. National Geographic pointed out that Ben Franklin's print shop was near the capital building and did get a lot of gvt printing.

I haven't been in Chicago since '44; just the thought of driving in that traffic...shudder.

I see gun control is still being discussed. Latest local idiocy: Friend of mine was slurping beer late at night and a couple of punks came in the beer joint (I only get around to the taverns to fix their tvs) (I drink soda pop) and they were not exactly welcome; Gave the gal who owns the place some static so she got out her gat and they left; but they came back with the fuzz, who closed the joint for the evening and ran her in, but couldn't manage to make anything stick. And only last year another tavern owner in the same block got a 40G settlement from the county/town for a



similar stupid deal. Been meaning to ask a state cop about a situation I thought of. Supposing somebody lost a legal gun and someone else came upon it laying in the street -- but they did not have a gun permit. Would they be breaking the law if they picked it up and advertized for the owner? Would they have to get a gun permit before they could legally pick it up even to take to the police station? But a gun laying in the street is potentially a definite hazard; somebody could run over it and cause it to fire.

Obviously too much restriction of firearms is going to sharpen up the technology of other weapons. Back when I was little and ornery the kids in our neighborhood got on a big kick of slings one summer. By the time our elders decided it was hazardous we had graduated to long slings. We stood on a box for clearance on the wind-up and could do one-half city block with one-half brickbat easy. Come to think of it, that would be one way to put some life in baseball; throw the ball with a sling instead of pitching it. It might also make a spectacular new hazard -- balls exploding when hit. And speaking of safety -- OSHA seems to be getting around everywhere; they even had hard hats on the filling station people here. But they seem to ignore obviously hazardous things like flag-pole sitting and professional boxing, and have likely failed to set up safety equipment specifications for going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

You've likely heard by now, one of the most colorful characters (and he had pubbed fanzines) around sf, Richard S. Shaver, passed away on the 5th of November last year.

And perusing along in Ramblings -- an interesting mental exercise is comparing the attitude of the law and cops towards over the road trucks as compared to railroading in its heyday. The railroads have their own cops. Will the truckers end up with their own cops?

Bruce's kollum -- don't tell your father (or you might get stuck to do it) but there is another cheap way to cool soda pop; wrap the bottle with burlap and soak with water and twirl it over your head on a cord and the water evaporating will do the job. When in the USN (fading ancient history, to be sure) we often ran up the taxpayers' overhead a bit; CO2 fire extinguishers make a fine instant cooler.

Rumblings -- you can say that again, cheesh, wotta winter -- lots of hail yesterday. It left my garage roof like a sieve. Rescued a few boxes of fanzines from out there in the nick of time.

Hadn't read any of Harlan Ellison's for a long time, so I got APPROACHING OBLIVION. He tells off the whole "now" generation in the intro. All of the stories are readable, the most likable was "I'm Looking For Kodak." "Hindsight 480 Seconds" is defective; he should have been left to be the final reporter because he was listed in the government registry as word assembler, and a spaceship left with his berth vacant. It is a strangely beautiful theme, but Harlan was tooled up for it very well. For Bradbury, it would have been a natural. I often wish Bradbury and Heinlein would write like they used to.

Sometimes my life is full of interruptions. Here it is the 4th already, and I just got my copy of Odyssey. Not bad for a first ish. (Haven't had time to read all of it yet.) Charlie Brown gave Y a nice plug, so your circulation will probably zoom to 9000. The same outfit also pubs some far out stuff like flying saucer zines.

In a late Forum, Palmer says it is suddenly becoming a hit and he had to have an extra press run. Mostly because he has been running articles on what the establishment is up to lately.

"Difugalty" -- Cheech. There's one of those in our neighborhood across the street. Was given to dipsomania and pounding on his old lady. Then one hairy day he was given a message by some of her Mexiaan relatives with the sharp point of a shiv sticking in his adam's apple, and he does seem to have reformed so far. The message had things like -- there is a gravel pit handy where nobody would ever find the body, you know.

One nine plots -- gosh, there should be more; I kinda allus thought there was. Only nine and sf writers are the most inventive...

"Grumblings" -- Mae Strelkov; I wonder if it would be cheaper under those inflationary circumstances to pin the pages of a zine up on a wall and photograph onto 35mm slides? It would greatly reduce foreign postage costs. I've given inexpensive repro some thought once in a while without coming up with much. It should be feasible to have some sort of plastic sheet that ink would not wet, then a typer ribbon soaked in

a plastic that has an affinity for ink. At the very simplest, it could be set up like a common proof press, and a rolling pin covered with blotting paper could be used for inking. However, such printing would be reversed, so it would have to be read by holding it up to a mirror, unless one had a knack for reading backwards. So it would need a special typer that had flipside type and typed backwards. More practically, the inking plastic for the plate could be transferred to another plate, possibly by pressing and a bit of heat, perhaps with a steam iron. I'm not much hip on modern miracle chemistry, but if somebody around fandom is, it could turn out practical.

Roytack: Us tv repairmen have a finger on the viewer's pulse. Quite a few common watchers were enthusiastic about SPACE:1999. Wot little I saw didn't generate any enthusiasm. Working on tvs results in fractionated viewing.

Bob Vardeman: Oh, zip reading depends on the eyeball (and of course also a bit on wot it is hooked up to). Efficient readers tend to have wider fovias, which do make all seeing less work. The way I figure it, a magnetic monopole is one side of a section taken perpendicular to the direction of a magnetic field, and a magnetic field is a mono object. There doesn't seem to be any way to label a magnetic field except to modulate it. Add two fields together and it is impossible to determine the portions. All the wordage I've read on guns has finally (I got a very good book a couple days ago, FIREARMS CURIOSA) resulted in a new murder method for mystery writers. The butler does it with the car engine (or it could be cycle or outboard or model airplane engine or the lawn mower or a snowmobile -- gads, the possibilities). Guns are a heat engine. Early (and unsuccessful) history of internal combustion engines included the attempt at using gunpowder as fuel. There is a starting device for engines that does use shotgun shells. Is a gun permit required if one has an engine with that kind of starter? Has anyone ever used it in a murder mystery? The villain screws it back on the engine and no one can find the shotgun that put the deer slug through the victim until a storm on the moors puts off the main power in the last chapter and the butler gets out a shotgun shell to go and start the emergency electric generator. Anyway, outside of a number of ways of firing the sparkplug out of an engine as a deadly projectile, the piston could be fired out of the cylinder.

Gary Anderson: since I am a crackpot inventor, I know these are disturbing to engineers. Engineers live in a world of certainties. Tilt that a bit and they get shook. Sometimes a simple innocent query will get them to fermenting -- like how does a common washing machine motor work? And, speaking of gyros (which usta be standard equipment in space operas), why do they always react at right angles? The gyroscopic effect is usually a problem in machinery.

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

It's nice to read of something good about the Dorsai folk for a change. Lately it seems that certain fen have taken it unto themselves to rid fandom of this Threat. I've heard them labeled as fascists and compared to Mao, Goebbels and various other Monsters out of history -- which is patent nonsense, of course. Their games may not be my games, but they are playing games and I'll deny no one their fun as long as it hurts no one else. To attribute Deep and Dark meanings to them (or, to be more precise, to their use of a Uniform -- horror of horrors!) more than borders on paranoia; it supercedes it to a great degree. (The last I heard from one voracious foe of the Dorsai is that they may well be nice people and friendly in person, but maybe Castro is personally charming too. Now how the heck you gonna argue with someone who takes a position like that? I won't.)

Thanks for expressing some optimism about the future of our society, Juanita. I feel much the same; that it will take delicate handling, but a balance can be struck between oppression and license. Neither extreme is healthy, that's for damned sure. (Though if I had my druthers, I'd take licentiousness over the law-n-order life any old day...) But I believe the backward swing of the pendulum began before too-great a swing to the lawless direction took place, so the chances of a drastic swing in the other direction are reduced. As you say, knock plastic.

Enjoyed -- if that's the proper word -- Dave's "Difugalty" this issue. I'd heard most of the story before, but not to the full detail he went into for this install -

ment of his column. It makes one really pause to think about just where one's responsibility is to one's fellow man begins and ends. I've always considered myself a tolerant person, but I don't think I would've gone through as much hassling with pesky neighbors as he did -- but then, we usually follow Dean's advice and steer clear of involvement with people who live nearby. About the only contact we have is to borrow things or help out when somebody's stuck in the mud or snow -- no visiting back and forth at all. I like it that way, and Dave's piece only confirms my suspicions that neighbors are fine, as long as they stay in their own yards.

The more programmers I speak to (fannish ones, in the main, who at least claim to be above the common herd and perhaps even are), the less I feel confident about the programs that operate business computers. I approve heartily of taking the view that one should blame not the machine, but the operator and/or programmer when things go wrong, rather than the machine itself. (Do you curse the car that crunches your car's fender in an accident or the driver in it? Or the stupid designer who included inefficient braking systems, complicated "module" construction for car repair, or other cost-increasing but useless geegaws?) It's all too easy to scream that the Machines Are Taking Over when faced with a confrontation with a recalcitrant computer, but that's not really the case. It's just Bureaucracy as usual, only with a handy-dandy hunk of hardware to hide behind.

Methinks I'll eventually pop for that Gunn book. The faults that it seems to have are not so large as to negate the value of it, and it does seem to cover the field the best of other books of its type that I've heard of. It's awfully expensive though, so ghod knows when I'll get around to acquiring it. Hope the hucksters have grabbed a sufficient supply...

I scanned the Krenkel book at Confusion, and agree it's a beauty. Once again, though, we were strapped for cash that weekend (laid out \$114 for a new exhaust system the day before we left for the con), so I couldn't get it. Maybe next time. Or the time after that.

Speaking of books, Sandy picked up a copy of Swann's THE MINIKINS OF YAM awhile ago, to do up for school book report. Mike Resnick, bored with writing one night and aware that I keep as atrocious hours as he does, read me a review of the novel and I discovered that the "minikins" are the Arabian houris that populate the Moslem concept of heaven. They rank themselves (the females, at least) as whores, concubines, and courtesans. I'm wondering what sort of effect Sandy's report will have on her 8th grade teacher. Confirm her worst suspicions, I suppose.

Bravo to Vardeman! I, too, consider the term hack to be an insult. A well-done hackwork novel is far more enjoyable to read than a miserable failure of a Great Novel -- at least to me. Give me more writers who hit the keyboards with the idea of earning their money rather than displaying their artistic sense (or, too often, lack of it) or working out some traumatic event that happened in their childhoods. The writer who's worried about the check is more apt to give me an interesting yarn than the artsy-craftsy one any old day. Sure, you get a lot of crud, too, but no more (and perhaps less) than you do from the writer who is motivated purely by aesthetic reasons. At least, so it has been in my experience.

Really liked McKay's lizard on p. 33. Neat.

Read in Science News (to toss in inappropriate comments now and then) that there actually seems to be one or two chemical additives to our processed food products that don't do us ghastly harm. BHT and its chemical cousin BHA (used to keep foods fresh and often incorporated into packaging material in cereal boxes) not only do not cause cancer, they seem to inhibit skin, lung, liver, mammary, and stomach carcinomas in laboratory animals. Considering that the tests were being done to "prove" the opposite, it's a stunning revelation. Traces of selenium and vitamins C and E accompanied the doses of the other chem-



a stunning revelation. Traces of selenium and vitamins C and E accompanied the doses of the other chemicals, and seem to have some connection with their action in breaking down carcinogens into chemically active forms. Golly gee whiz! An additive that does some good! How 'bout that? (Of course, they don't know that the amounts taken in by humans is enough to be of benefit, but that is still under the process of study.)

I approve of your rebuttal to the hand-gun control adherents. Has any study ever been done to see if reduction in the number of guns reduces murders by all means and not just guns? If there has been, I'd assume the gun-control people would be trumpeting the data at top volume. That they haven't seems to indicate that it's never been done. To me, the data revealed by such a study would go far to convince me one

way or another about the issue. Right now, as a former hand-gun owner (we only have a shotgun and a rifle now) I'm imagin the banning of handgun sales, though I have no violent objections to registration. (Wouldn't applaud such a law, but wouldn't protest it, either.) (I also don't think it would do much good...)

Anderson's tale of the conscientious fellow who was being ignored reminds me of Wally's practice at work when the Higher Ups insist on shipping out defective steel over his objections. He operates on the Cover Your Ass With Paperwork Principle, and has copies of everything for steel that he knows damn well will be bounced by the customer, so no one can get his neck for letting it through. It bugs the bosses when he does it, but there's not anything they can do about it, so they tolerate it. As was the case with the fellow Gary referred to, no one else sees the write-ups Wally makes about the defects except his own bosses, so they consider it an Internal Affair. Lord knows what would happen if he followed the Gordon Rule and sent out copies to the customers.

[[I spent an hour or so in general discussion which included one fan who objects to uniforms on principle. I left it with a very low regard for his intelligence and have avoided him at succeeding cons. I'll tolerate stupidity, but not when it's shoved in my face. RSC]]

Lester Boutillier, 2726 Castiglione Street, New Orleans LA 70119

Crime is getting worse in New Orleans. People don't want to get involved, so they stand by while people are murdered. It used to be that we'd hear of that in New York and other cities. But in recent times that dreadful condition has prevailed here. And in California Sal Mineo was murdered while his neighbors, hearing his cries for help, did nothing. Society gets sicker and sicker. The cause may be overpopulation. But what are the immediate pre-solutions?

My choices for Hugo novels at this point appear to be IMPERIAL EARTH by Arthur C. Clarke, DOORWAYS IN THE SAND by Roger Zelazny, INFERNO by Niven and Pournelle, MARUNE, ALASTOR 933 by Jack Vance, and SHOCKWAVE RIDER by John Brunner.

That was a strange cartoon on page 8. I liked it.

The drawing on page 12 was great tho, the best in the issue.

Most of the stuff in SHERLOCK HOLMES' WAR OF THE WORLDS appeared originally in F&SF in the early 70's. And I read it there. Quite, quite funny!

My satire on the Gor series, "A Story for John Norman," will finally be seeing print in Nolazine this month. The editor is still Jim Mule. NOSFA meets the 1st and 3rd Fridays of every month at the Read Road public library. We should be putting on NoCon 2 this summer.

Doyle's copyright is up as far as this country's concerned. It won't be up in the United Kingdom until 1980 (50 years after Doyle's death).



Phoenix in '78? Or is that just a Westercon bid? And if it is, will Los Angeles be unopposed for the '78 worldcon?

Rick Norwood has said that OPTIONS reads like a contract-breaker, something written deliberately to be bad and therefore rejected by the author's publisher, leaving the author free to show his next book to another publisher first. But sometimes the bad book is bought by the publisher, who thinks it's a good book. That's what happened with THE INFINITE MAN by Dan Galouye.

I don't know; I rather liked Brunner's pessimistic novels. When I look at the world and its probable future I feel quite pessimistic too.

I read THE BEST OF CORDWAINER SMITH, and the "cute" names and relatively shallow characterizations (in some cases) didn't hold me up. The only story in the collection I didn't like was "The Dead Lady of Clown Town," which I thought was overlong and rather insipid. My favorite Smith story, however, is a non-Instrumentality story, "No, No, Not Rogov," which wasn't included in this collection.

Right on about John Collier!

I'll believe in that cure for arthritis when I see it. (I've suffered from the thing since I was 16.) And that monopole was predicted by Larry Niven many years ago, at a time when the very idea of a monopole was scoffed at by most scientific "authorities." (Niven predicted it in one of his stf short stories.)

Jessica Amanda Salmonson said she has no use for men? Well, I'll just say that I have no use for Jessica Amanda Salmonson. Her statement that most men aren't nice or intelligent I take personally. It's very sexist. I find that most people aren't nice or are unintelligent (which, come to think of it, makes me more cynical than Salmonson.)

I like contact with people, contact that I can get only in a city. I enjoy looking at other people in a bus or an elevator. I think that if I had to live in the "peaceful, serene" country I'd quickly go batty.

There's nothing intrinsically wrong with housework. This doesn't mean that all women should concentrate on housework. But if an individual liberated woman wants to concentrate on housework, that's perfectly all right in my book. Being a housewife (or househusband!) is not ignoble in and of itself.

The staples keep coming off the last page of the Yandro issues I get.

[[If enough people get murdered, it will lower the population, and... no? Unfortunately, the libraries seem to be buying Rottensteiner's rotten book in preference to Gunn's, because it's cheaper. Too bad; everyone go down and pound on your librarian's desk and demand the Gunn book./ You not only make a more cynical statement than Salmonson, you agree with her. (Assuming that men are people, which I generally -- but not always -- do.) I loathe contact with people. Contact with friends is nice, but friends are few and far between. People in general I can easily do without. RSC]] [[But I can't, which is maybe the only reason we show up at as many conventions as we do. My husband, the hermit -- who unfortunately for him is married to a former city mouse, a rampant gregarian. JWC]]

We have an advertising flyer for L.A. in '78; Pacificon III. Send \$1 to Pacificon III, P.O. Box 24560, Los Angeles, CA 90024, and you will receive benefits at the convention. (The exact nature of the benefits isn't specified, which looks very sinister to me.) Assuming L.A. wins the bid, of course.

Also we have a Philadelphia In '77 Worldcon Survey from Lew Wolkoff, 243 Mcclay St., Harrisburg, PA 17110. This is a 15-page report on the results of a survey of fan attitudes toward Worldcons, particularly as regards size. 218 responses, which isn't bad for fandom. (Did I answer; damfino.) Might be interesting; I assume it's available on request, if he hasn't run out of copies by now. (Since it's also publicity for the Philadelphia bid, he shouldn't have.)

Another con; Autoclave, May 28/31, Detroit. Write Autoclave, Box 04097, Detroit, MI 48204. Registration \$5 now, \$6 after May 1, \$7 at door. GoH Gene Wolfe & Donn Brazier. Mike Glicksohn Toastmaster.

Ballot

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(TITLE) SHORT STORY (SOURCE)

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DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

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PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

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JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

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GANDALF AWARD

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CUT ALONG THIS LINE BEFORE MAILING

Regulations

In order to be counted your ballot must be postmarked no later than April 30, 1976, and must have your MidAmeriCon membership number entered in the space provided. (If you are not a member but wish to vote, enclose a check for \$20.00 [for an attending membership] or for \$6.00 [for a supporting membership] with your ballot. This is the only instance in which anything other than ballots should be sent to the Hugo Awards P.O. box.)

Please do not list more than five persons or works in each category, but feel free to leave any space blank. For this ballot all votes are of equal value, so the order in which you list your nominees within each category is of no importance.

Please be sure to read the categories listed below, and try to be reasonably certain that the persons or works you nominate are eligible for that category and for 1975 considera-

tion. In order to preserve our eyesight and to make sure your ballot will be counted, please make every effort to write legibly. In the story categories; if you know where and when a work originally appeared, please list that also.

The ballot is a self-mailer; just seal it (if a check is enclosed, be sure to seal it all the way around), stamp it, and drop it in the mail. Remember, the P.O. box is to be used for *Hugo material only!* Any mail other than ballots or correspondence to the Hugo subcommittee is likely to be delayed reaching its proper destination.

This nominating ballot may be reproduced by anyone as long as it is reproduced exactly and includes the information on this page. If you do we would appreciate knowing where or, even better, send us a copy.

Louis Allen Graham
Hugo subcommittee chairman

RULES OF ELIGIBILITY—ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS (HUGOS).

HUGO—BEST NOVEL: A science fiction or fantasy story of 40,000 words or more, appearing for the first time in 1975. A work originally published in a language other than English shall also be eligible in the year it is first issued in English translation, and an author may withdraw a version from consideration if he feels that version is not representative of what he wrote. A story, once it has appeared in English, may thus be eligible only once. Publication date, or cover date in the case of a dated magazine, takes precedence over copyright date. A serial takes its appearance to be the date of the last installment. Individual stories appearing as a series are eligible only as individual stories, and not eligible taken together under the title of the series. The Awards sub-committee of the Convention Committee may move a story into a more appropriate category if it feels it necessary, provided the story is within 5,000 words of the limits.

HUGO—BEST NOVELLA: Rules as for

Best Novel, with length under 40,000 and above 17,500.

HUGO—BEST NOVELETTE: Rules as for Best Novel, with length under 17,500 and over 7,500.

HUGO—BEST SHORT STORY: Rules as for Best Novel, with length under 7,500 words.

HUGO—BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: Any production in any medium of dramatised science fiction or fantasy, which has been publicly presented for the first time in its present dramatic form during 1975. In the case of individual programs presented as a series, each program is individually eligible, but the entire series as a whole is not.

HUGO—BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Any illustrator whose work has appeared in the field of professionally published science fiction or fantasy during 1975.

HUGO—BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR: The editor of any professional publication devoted primarily to science fiction or fantasy appearing during 1975.

HUGO—BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: Any generally available non-professional mag-

azine devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects, which has published four or more issues prior to Dec. 31, 1975, at least one issue of which appeared in 1975.

HUGO—BEST FAN WRITER: Any fan whose writing has appeared during 1975 in magazines defined as amateur magazines.

HUGO—BEST FAN ARTIST: An artist or cartoonist whose work has appeared during 1975, through publication in magazines defined as amateur magazines or through other public display. Nomination of the same person for both professional and fan artist is permissible, but anyone whose name appears on the final ballot for professional artist will not be eligible for the fan artist award for that year.

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD (presented by *Conde Nast*): Any writer new to the field of science fiction or science fantasy, whose first professional story was published during 1974 or 1975.

GANDALF AWARD (presented by *SAGA and Lin Carter*): A writer who has over his writing career, contributed to the advancement of Fantasy or Heroic Fantasy.

HUGO AWARDS
P. O. Box 23033
Kansas City, MO 64141