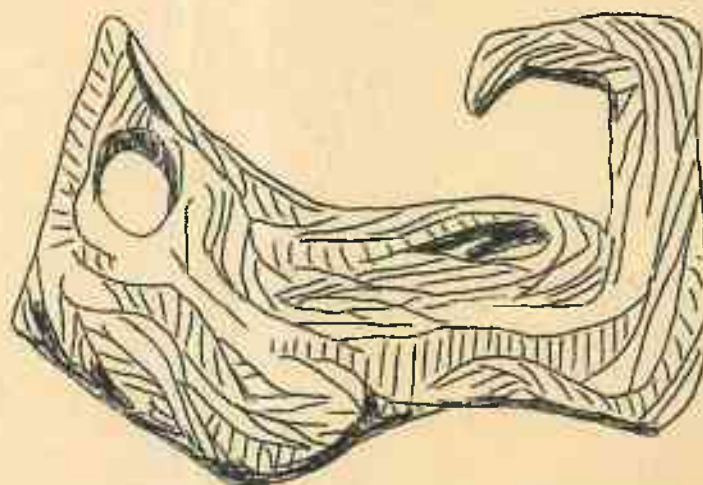
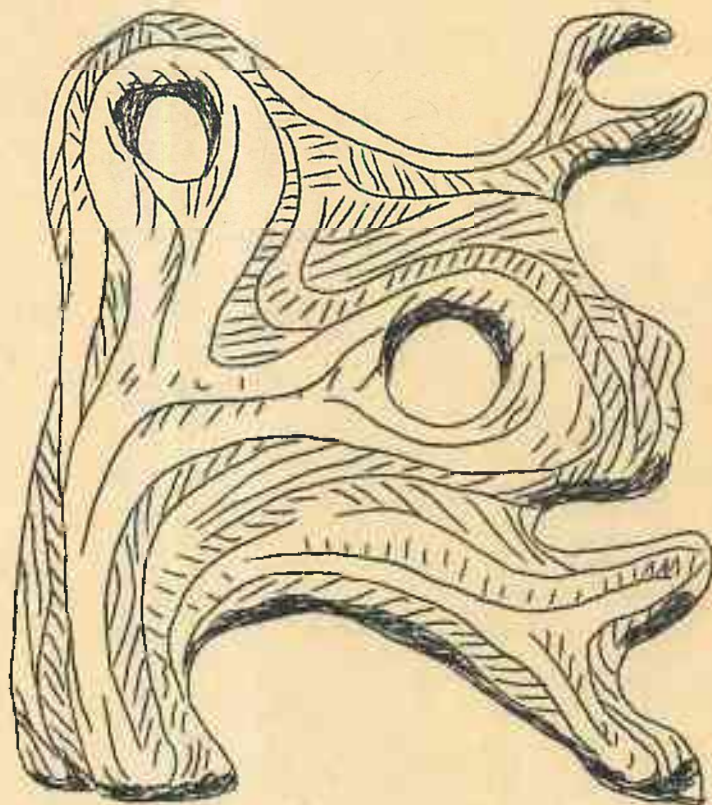
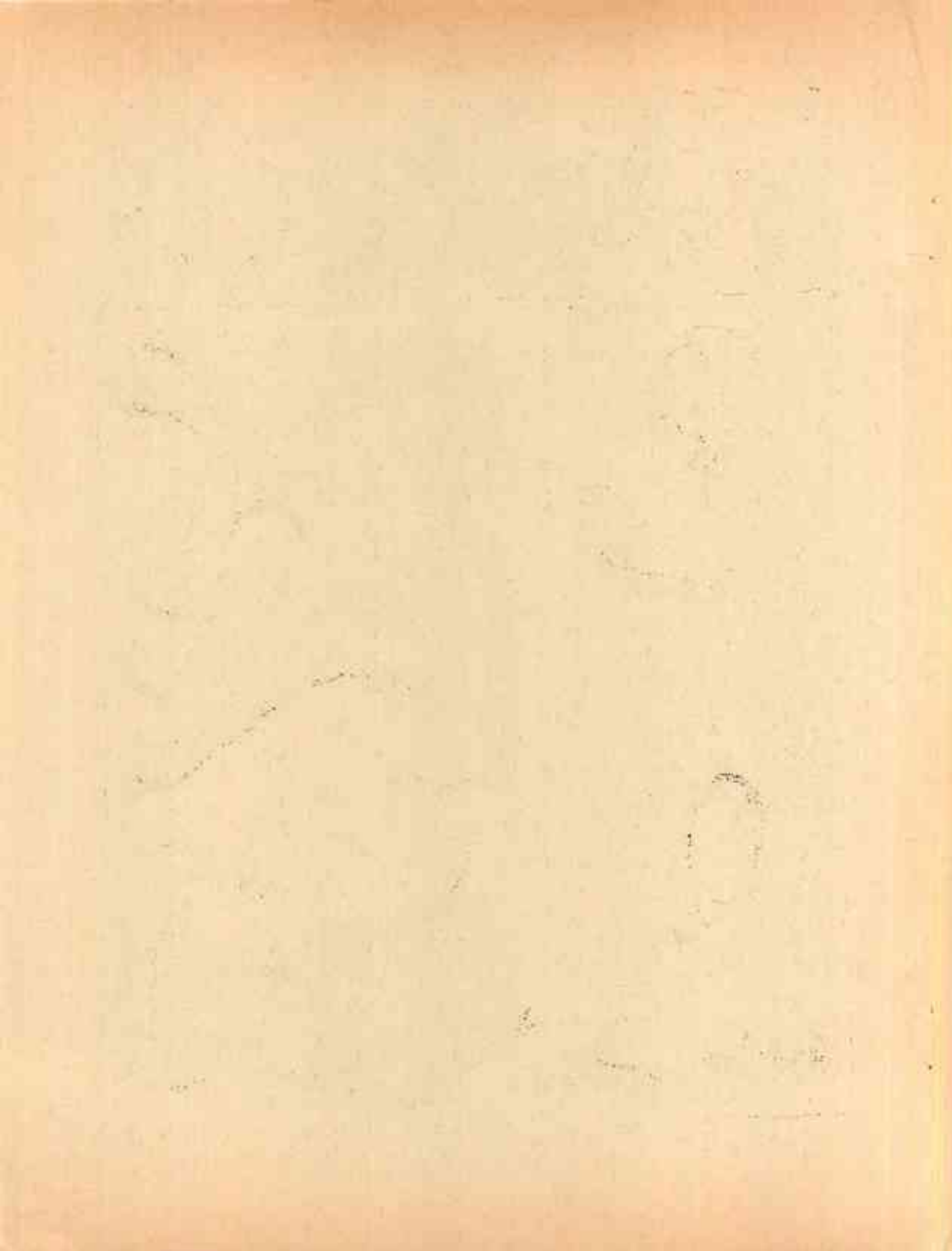


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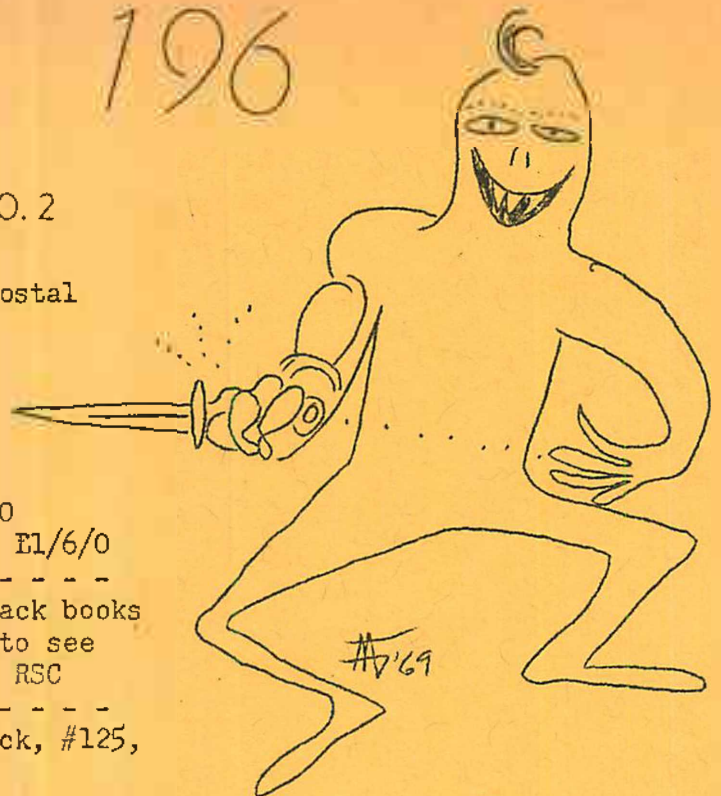
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We are still looking for lists of paperback books or magazine stories that you would like to see in hard covers. RSC

NEW ADDRESS: Bill Bruce, 8950 Chimney Rock, #125, Houston, Texas 77035



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ARTWORK

Cover by Robert E. Gilbert

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" 2 & 4	JNC	" 24	Dave Lewton
" 6	Jim Cawthorn	" 25	Richard Flinchbaugh
" 7	Arthur Thomson	" 28	DEA
" 10	Mike Symes	" 29	Dave Prosser
" 11	Dave Burton	" 31 (logo)*	Sherna Burley

* The page 31 logo features Ivy the Unicorn Unicorn.

Tribble the puppy was run over on the highway, more or less in front of our house, March 25. Age about 5 months. At least, moving away from this highway will have one advantage; we've had 3 dogs run over here in less than 5 years; Boondoggle, Snoopy, and now Tribble. Bat-Ears seems strictly a survival type; she'll be around for years yet. Lessa the puppy is still with us, and terribly lonesome right at the moment. Tribble was the epitome of the cute, lovable puppy; totally useless, but we're going to miss her (though not as much, perhaps, as Lessa does.)



Several issues back I was lamenting the tendency for so many of the current (old and new) fanzines going to electronic processes...and how it made them all look too much alike. I may have to go the same road to a partial extent. And for some of the same reasons several of the older fanzines went to electrostencil: time. I still enjoy cutting illos onto stencil, but transferring the ones with any amount of black areas takes a great deal of patience and care. I'd still like to keep it up, but the end of the month gets here too soon any more and I know in advance I'm never going to have the time to do a proper job on a particular illo. So I've been saving up several featuring those solid black areas,

and realsoonnow when the wind is right and I can afford it, I'll do a quick paste-up and send it to the electrostenciler's...hoping another postal strike doesn't eat the precious letter going or coming. (You see, out here in the sticks it isn't a matter of taking it down to your friendly neighborhood electrostenciller. I doubt the local printer has even heard of electrostenciling. No one in town sells mimeo supplies, for sure.)

But I still wonder about brand new zines in multilith. Pages of type in multilith. They have to dummy it if it's going to be done for them, and then pay for the work at outrageous prices. Guess I'm just an old fuddy duddy in the repro department. Multilith is only for special, large-run zines operated by very rich people. I certainly wouldn't advise Bruce to put out his first fanzine via multilith -- most emphatically if he expects us to pay for it. Actually, he doesn't. He's starting gradually by learning to print envelopes, and I have some stencil scraps he's learning to trace on; and I think he's almost decided he'll save up money and have his first fanzine art electrostenciled. It's probably discouraging to learn from me; I have always been unfairly fast with my hands and can trace an illo very quickly. But filling in those black areas takes TIME.

Anybody else but me still playing Ravi Shankar records? I was grateful for the boom in Indian music because for years I'd tried to buy recordings of Indian music at something approximately reasonable prices, and been frustrated. Suddenly Indian music was all the rage and prices came down and fidelity went up. I stocked up and figure maybe I'll have enough to satisfy me until the next boom.

Same with fashions. I tend to discover something I like (actually, I discovered most of what I liked at a very early age) and then stick to it through thick and thin. Meaning most of the time I'm wearing clothes-and-footwear that isn't even outdated -- it never was in fashion. Right now I'm waiting for chukka boots to come back around and become generally available in this area. I've been fond of them since my early teens, and whenever they're "in" I buy several pairs; but eventually they wear out, faster than the fashion wheel turns, and then I have to make do. Clothes I can make. I find a pattern approximating what I want (or take apart a favorite, disintegrating garment and trace a pattern off the pieces), alter it to suit my fancy, and keep it for years and years. I keep hearing rumors that this time, this season, American women are not going to be stampeded into trying to wear whatever the couturieres decree -- but I'm not sure I believe it, even this year. I hope the younger generation coming up has a bit more sense....I mean the ones graduating from young adulthood to matronhood (and the time when they're likely to get concerned about keeping up with the Jones-Smiths). I do think the midi length, as it's been exhibited so far, is one of the ugliest fashions our culture ever developed. I'd much rather people with beautiful young bodies

(female people, perhaps I should say -- or perhaps not) went to the maxi length, which at least has a trifle of grace. The leg just isn't shaped to be chopped at the calf and not make the wearer, no matter how great looking, appear mal-proportioned. Young girls with good legs should stick to minis or feel swirly in maxis if they want to wear something out of the ordinary. But I do hope they ignore the midi. Much as it may startle some males, there are women who can admire the way other women look, quite without jealousy. And I think seeing other women wearing midis is going to make me feel quite ughish, for just that reason. I do my own sewing, have no figure, and could easily run off a few midi skirts, but I have no intention of doing so. And don't you other gals either...unless for some weird reason you're convinced that's what you really want (you're wrong, you know).

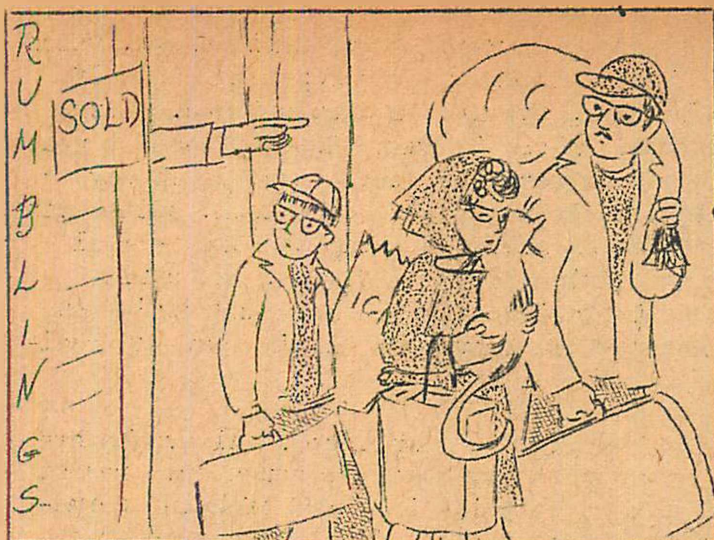
Right now we are house hunting (further details overpage in Rumblings). Always before we've rented, and you never get just what you want when you rent (although our present place comes pretty close, darn it). Now that I have to think in terms of being permanently stuck with whatever I pick, I'm feeling a bit of panic. I've learned to cope with a variety of plumbing fixtures, odd architectural constructions, general inconveniences and things that, if the non-existent genii would appear, I would wave away and improve or replace. I find myself making up lists of ideals, staring at these, deciding no one property could embody even a tenth of what I want, even if we could afford it. Have others of you who've gone the house hunting route gone through the same thing, or am I just a worry wart?

I don't know if the pollution is finally roaring down to the finish line (actually, I do; but out here in rural areas you tend to think you'll get a grace period) or what... but this winter has been terrible healthwise. And not just for me but for numbers of people in this open, basically non-industrial area. I don't mean colds and flu and the usual nonsense. Malaise, might be the term. Ugh. No energy. The blahs with a terrible vengeance. There's nothing you can put your finger on. The doctor won't even tell you it's some virus that's going around, because I suspect frankly they don't know and are maybe bothered by it just as much as you are and don't give a damn about anything. I've had to force myself to do things that I normally enjoy. Even reading sometimes became a chore. And I don't think I suddenly fell apart in one season. I have hopes spring will banish the whatever-it-is. Unless, as I said, it's the pollution. Then I'm stuck. Or shall have to convince myself that maybe speed isn't all so bad as it's cracked up to be after all.

Or maybe it's just being around the newly rejuvenated Indyfandom. It's centered in Indianapolis, and the larger part of the membership is young. I'm a tottering daughter of fandom and beginning to wonder if I ever had that much energy and enthusiasm. I must have had, to get Eisfa-Yandro running smoothly to the stage where it was as simple as putting out milkbottles (if the press equipment cooperated). But looking back, I don't know. I suppose I did. But I'm not sure I can keep up with it now. It's exhilarating, and exhausting, as the Lavells will be happy to testify. We hope the new blood stays with us. There's always some fallout after the first flush of discovering fandom, of course; but if they're true blue fen, we can expect that some of the presently reconstituted ISFA will be with us for years to come. That is what you're looking forward to, isn't it, Lee? Despite the dearth of magazines and that "dying sf" syndrome Pelz and Campbell debated about at Pittcon back in 1960 (remember, you old timers), fandom seems to be recruiting even better than before. JWC

A COLUMN ----- by ----- Bruce E. Coulson

Let's see now. Well, there isn't much to write. So far this has been a pretty dull month. (For me.) The fire department set fire to an old house outside Montepèlier. Quite a blaze, too. But except for a bomb scare at the high school, it has been quiet here.



As I type this, I haven't the vaguest idea of when we can mail the issue out. Postal strikes are unfannish. Presumably you will receive this eventually.

Lots of letters have been coming in on the Hugo/Convention rules bit; we'll try to get them in the next issue. In addition to chopping letters, I also left out Dave Locke's column this time; he'll definitely be back next time. Apologies to Dave; he had the column here all right. I just wasn't anticipating 8 pages of book reviews.

We might have a new address for you next issue. This place is being sold out from under us, and while I wouldn't mind

buying it, I can't afford to buy 101 acres of farm along with it. (Our landlord tried to sell the farm land separately, but says he got no takers, so now he's offering house and land together. He simply wants to get rid of it; he has over 450 acres of farmland, and very little help, and he wants to cut it down to something he can handle. I can't say I blame him.) So, we don't know when the place will sell and when we have to move. We put our names in with several real estate agents today. I don't want to buy a house, but considering that it's wellnigh impossible to rent in this area, and this is no time to be looking for a job somewhere else, I may have to. We'll stay here until we find a place we really like, or until we have to move, whichever comes first.

What's something more cheerful? Well, we hear rumors that Ace has bought pb rights to 10 Heinlein juveniles for \$125,000. No word on who bought the last Heinlein novel; he may still be considering various bids. (Wouldn't it be great to be in the position where publishers are bidding for the privilege of publishing your books? Man!)

Midwestcon is June 26-28 at the Carrousel Inn, 8001 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45237. Registration is \$2.00, payable at the con. We will probably see you there. (I use the qualifier because it's always possible that we'd be moving that weekend, and also possible that the postal strike fouls up our reservations. But barring such accidents - and even a lack of reservations shouldn't keep us from the con; just from the motel - we're planning to be there.)

The latest issue of THE CRISIS, there are the results of a poll of NAACP branch and conference presidents for a list of the greatest Negroes, living and dead. Most of the answers aren't too surprising, but I was mildly startled to see Julian Bond coming in sixth among the living Negroes, well ahead of his fellow politicians Ed Brooke and Adam Clayton Powell. (I wonder if any other state legislator has been that well known nationally?)

Clippings again. Dodd sends one informing us that the British product "Ginger Nuts" had to change its name to "Ginger Biscuits" for the US trade, due to American prudishness over the word "Nuts". Weird. Of course, American advertisers are apt to object to the strangest things - but the last time I looked, "Grape Nuts" and "Grape Nuts Flakes" were still on the breakfast food shelves, with no particular objections being voiced about them. Bob Briney sends one from the Boston Herald Traveler, crediting "amateur Japanese astrologers" for the discovery of the Tago-Sato-Kisaka comet. I know this is the age of Aquarius, but that's going a bit far. Dodd again, with an ad; importers are in need of a "banana ripener", previous experience essential. One learns something every day; I always thought bananas did their own ripening and all you had to do was stand back and let nature take its course. Couple more British clippings, deploring our military stockpile of poisoned bullets and police use of hollow-point or "dum-dum" bullets. I must say I deplore that myself - except that the "poison bullet" article reads more like the figment of someone's overactive imagination than fact. (I seem to recall that the Daily Mirror is one of the less reputable British papers?) In any event, British papers are so insistent on publishing true or imaginary accounts of American barbarism that I suspect a mass inferiority complex. In the same paper as the dum-dum article is an item concerning a request from members of the Scottish police

for greater protection from armed criminals. (They want easier access to guns.) Our police may have their little faults, but they haven't come to the point of asking someone to protect them, yet. Still more from Dodd; a former British secret agent had to turn in his revolver because the police were afraid someone might take it away from him - presumably to use on a Scots policeman. The police said they didn't want anybody owning guns no matter how expert he was. The British government is now seizing Rhodesian stamps from collectors and dealers, presumably to keep the vast income from stamp sales away from the Rhodesians. (It may be petty, but at least it makes more sense than our own withdrawal of a consulate one day and vetoing of UN action against them the next.) Is Britain doing as well in stopping other trading, though? One clipping from our local paper - or rather the Fort Wayne paper, which is the one we get for news. The Hartford City paper is for local ads. Anyway, there is an account of the Mayor of Terre Haute leading a raid on an "adult" book store and announcing that "we're going to do all we can to stamp out smut". This is hilarious only if you know Terre Haute's reputation; whorehouses are doing a booming business and are more or less openly defended by the city administration (at about the same time as the bookstore raid, several policemen who had raided houses of prostitution without orders were fired). Sex is all right in Terre Haute as long as all you do is indulge in it; reading about it is a terrible crime.

... Aside from reading (which produced those 8 pages of reviews), I haven't been doing much this past month. Weather has been terrible. I sit inside and read, or work on the novel, which is finally beginning to shape up. Maybe I can get it mailed off by the end of March and forget about it for awhile - until someone buys it. (And once the initial outline is hammered out, the rest won't be so hard. My basic problem in writing is that I can't plot. If I was doing new wave science fiction that might not matter, but it matters tremendously in the stuff I'm trying to write. So the initial outline is agony, but once I get a semblance of plot to hang my conversation on, I'm ok. I could write a novel composed entirely of conversation if March Laumer hadn't already done it.

Promotion for a new NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC book asks "What will you DO on your vacation?" It then goes on to promote a book that tells you what to do. As somebody who has enough vacation plans lined up for two lifetimes, I am mildly amused and somewhat appalled by people who need to spend \$10 for a book to tell them what's going on in this country. It's the problem of being in a minority. I'm all for shortening work hours, but I'm outvoted by people who wouldn't know what to do with all that spare time. (Some occupations which achieved extra-short work weeks went back voluntarily to longer ones because the workers were bored with inactivity.) Of course, money is another consideration to this family, especially if we have to buy a house. But with time and money, I'd like to attend more conventions, visit several Civil War battlefields, spend more time in nature study while there is some nature left, go deer hunting, drive up the AlCan highway to Alaska, spend three or four weeks catching up on my reading, get in a decent amount of target practice, take a week to file my fanzine accumulation properly and another week for correspondence, visit various museums, camp out with the family at various state and national parks, and so on. And of course I'd like to see the rest of the world as well, but that's out of the question on my income. But while I don't know what I'll do on my vacation, it's because of an infinity of choices that I can't make up my mind about. I've got plenty of ideas.

The greatest sports event in Indiana is over for another year; the state high school basketball tournament. This time interest ran extra high (for me, anyway) because two smaller schools, Carmel and Logansport, made the final four along with Muncie Central and East Chicago Roosevelt. Having gone to a small high school (about 80 students) I am a fanatic follower of various smalltown lost causes. This time the little towns didn't quite make it, Carmel losing to East Chicago in the final game. Oh well, it was close. (It is a matter of some pride with me, anyway, that Indianapolis Tech, one of the largest schools in the nation with 7,000 students, has never won the state basketball championship. Anybody but a Hoosier would probably say "who cares?", but this state is still basketball-crazy.)

From WINNIE, I see that NEBULA winners were THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, "A Boy And His Dog", "Time Considered As a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones", and "Passengers".

PEERING AROUND

----- column by -----

----- JOE L. HENSLEY -----

Obviously I couldn't call this occasional column "Peeping Around." I mean with me being an ex-prosecutor and all it just shouldn't be done. But let me wander on.

I went to the Tricon a few years back and I had a kind of a bad time. The jet I flew up in had a flame out as we were rolling down for takeoff. I never did believe in flying much anyway--you know if He'd wanted us to fly and like that--and that about closed it out. If there'd been a way I'd have traded my ticket back in and gone by bus, but everyone else got in the nice new airyplane they brought for us and not wanting to show my cowardice so did I. And so I got there.

I'm glad I went. Some jolly fellows gave me an SFWA badge and Harlan hauled me downtown to a place where there were a bunch of writers and I quickly found the bar. After that things went from confused to blurry. I'd been in trial for something like nine days right before leaving and I was beat out and ready to celebrate and I did. So the next day I slept in while all the other fans were downstairs picking at each other and I didn't get up until it was almost time for the banquet. Even after a hot and cold shower I was still a little edgy, not ready to sit quietly at a table while speeches were being made.

So I sort of hung around outside, hungry for food, but more thirsty than anything. And I met this great guy. He was standing outside too. I remembered him from somewhere, but I couldn't call his name and he didn't know mine.

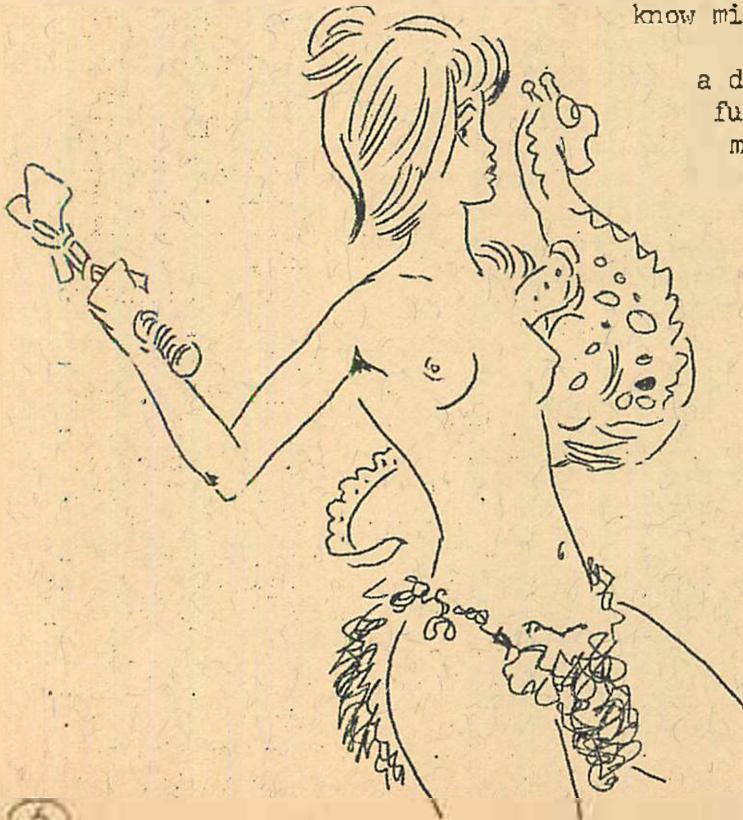
He said: "You look like you could use a drink." He looked at me with wise, thoughtful eyes. He was fiftyish, medium height, medium build. "I've got a bottle in my room."

"If we can't get an elevator," I said, "I'll carry you there piggyback."

And so I met T.L. Sherred. He was at that time, I think, a civil servant, working somewhere in the Detroit area. Now he's sort of semi-retired and he's back writing again. More about that anon.

At Tricon time he was a guy who'd written some science fiction years before. Other people who'd written far more had moved on and if you'd called their names out to me in block letters I wouldn't have remembered them.

But I remembered Tom Sherred. I think maybe he did four or five stories and every one of them was memorable. Then he quit, just vanished



back into the woodwork.

Now, here he was back. So we drank his good whiskey without ice and we sat around and talked about the world and about writing and stuff we'd read or been through and had a hell of a time. We missed the banquet and the speeches and the awards.

I saw him again at St. Louis this last year. We sat out on the pool deck and drank Budweiser beer with my wife and his wife. He told me he'd sold a book to "Ballantine". I knew it had been more than ten years and I wondered what his book would be like, hoping it would be like what he'd done before.

I read it recently. It's called: ALIEN ISLAND. "Ballantine" brought it out and it's number 01815 and sells for six bits.

It's a pretty good book. I recommend it. Tom Sherred is a natural born writer. He isn't one of the cute ones we keep getting, the kind who seem to be sitting back watching themselves perform gyrations in type and stand on their noses on the lower case "e". He certainly isn't new wave. He's a story teller and ALIEN ISLAND is a well told story that keeps you tied to it all the time you're reading its estimated 70,000 words. I like some new wave stuff and I'm certainly not knocking it, but I like ALIEN ISLAND too. I believed it while I was reading it and it's getting damned hard for science fiction to do that to me anymore. I can't suspend belief as easily as I once could. It takes a story teller to keep me going on a novel, although I can read the tour de force shorter stuff.

So I recommend ALIEN ISLAND. Fight around the blurb on the cover and the hideous painting and go right at it.

I suppose the thing I'm really trying to say is that the book is medium good, but what is great is to have T.L. Sherred back in the fold. Conventions need more people around who drink good whiskey and don't barf all over everyone while they're doing it. At least for me they do.

From Tom Sherred to Milford, Pennsylvania may seem like a long stretch, but it really isn't. Sherred's a writer, and a good one and Milford has nurtured some good writers and has some in residence now.

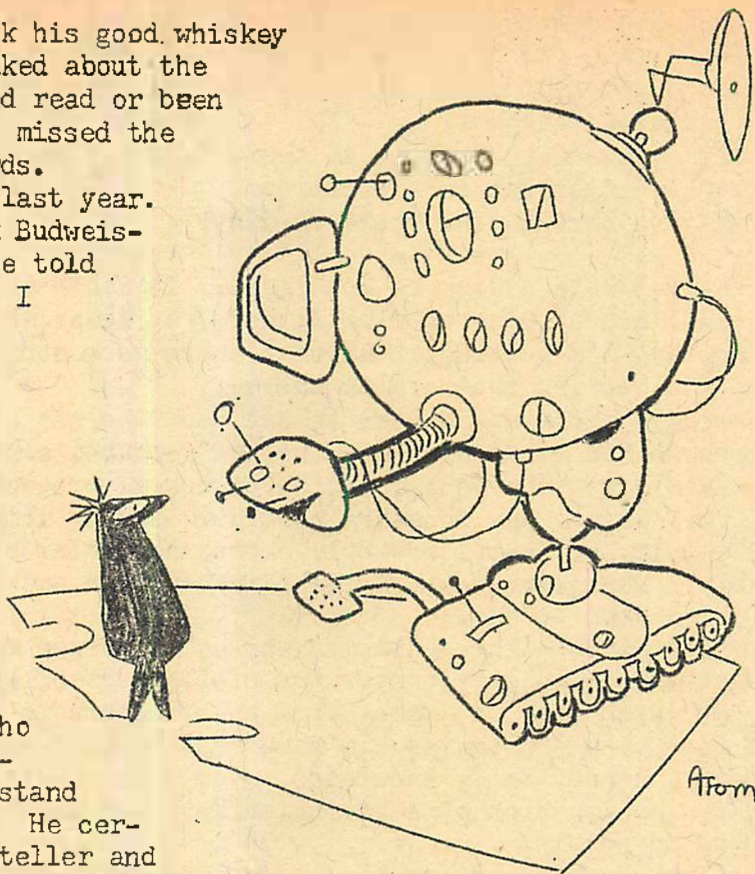
I find myself unamused, if there is such a word (and if there isn't then look what I've done), at what is currently going on. Somehow or other a certain group of writers, and I refuse to call them a clique, has been bad mouthed by other writers. I suggest those other writers spend less time spreading joy or whatever it is they are spreading and spend more time on rewrite.

You could smell the seething in Saint Louis.

I've been to a couple of Milford conferences. I've had stories that were in the workshop cut up and I've cut up some stories myself. I thought it all was very good fun.

I can't think of any vacation I've ever taken that I enjoyed more than Milford vacations. And I've seen no tangible evidence over the years I've been around that there's any plot to run things set up by any ingroup of writers.

I think some of the complainers have problems controlling their persecution complexes. The easy answer for a semi-psychotic is to blame his difficulties on a shadowy something, a dark plot. The ego is hard to please and it seems, these days, very difficult for some of our more notable cry babies to keep within the bounds of reason.



So they are spreading the story that SEWA is being run for the benefit of a few, that the awards are controlled, and that the Milfords are part of the bad crew in control. I've been around for quite awhile and it's sort of amusing to me.

But it's getting pretty vicious. Funny, these days, how one spreader of horse hockey can influence another.

I foresee the day when one of the accused is going to take one of the accuser's hat, jockstrap and overcoat in a courtroom.

I may yawn through the whole verdict.

Recently I sold a book to Doubleday. It isn't a science fiction. It's a suspense novel and I'm not going to plug it here, at least not anymore than I've already done.

Thing that I'm getting at is that there were stories in the newspapers in the area and now I'm getting the results thereof.

A few days ago a woman came to see me. She was a lady in her far sixties. She had a prim mouth and nervous eyes. She had set up a scheme and written it out to end the war in Viet Nam. She wanted advice on how to protect herself so that she got the credit and, of course, any monetary rewards. Having some brights I refused to read her idea and told her that I was only a poor scribbler of words and not up on international affairs. I gave her some copyright information and sent her on her way. I charged her no fee, I hasten to add.

There is also a fine gentleman who comes to see me occasionally. He has a shock of white hair that I'd give one or two of the last of my teeth for. He pities the world well. He is a poet. He comes from an aristocratic and wealthy family. Now and then one of them dies and leaves him some small amount or some large amount. He doesn't work. He has not, to my knowledge, ever sold a poem or ever had one of his essays accepted for publication by a paying market. He is, however, quite well known to the vanity press people.

I read his contracts for him. I've done that over the past years. He seems quite satisfied with what I tell him, but he treats me with a great deal of condescension. After all, I get paid for what I write. That isn't quite the same as what he does. I'm only, for him, the best there is around, but there really isn't anyone around you see.

I hasten to add that I do charge him a fee.

It's also becoming more and more of a drag upon me to read things. If Junior writes something cute you can be sure that mother will bring it to me to comment upon. If Percy does a story in one of the unpaid quarterlies then I get it. If Archibald or Susie get an "A" on a composition I'll lay you two to one I see it before the moon is out.

I am the local judge of literary talent. That wouldn't be too bad if it stopped there, but it doesn't of course. Before I came here I lived in another town. I married a girl from yet another town. I get stuff through the mail from those towns and other towns into which old friends have moved and spread my fame without buying my books. I get stuff from people who don't even have any tenuous connection with me or with any of my family.

And God help me if I don't like it--if I actually make any constructive criticism.

What I do now is just nod my head and suggest submission to the markets.

And if my adventures are like other adventures that's why there are so many slush piles.

HUCKSTERING SECTION

We are still selling the second issue of ST-PHILE for 50¢, NEO-FAN'S GUIDE for 35¢, a few back issues of YANDRO at 40¢ each (inquire about specific issues), Speed-O-Print mimeograph and ditto supplies at a slight discount from list price if we mail them to you and a larger discount if we bring them to a club meeting, Midwestcon, or whatever, and an assortment of science fiction hardcovers, paperbacks, and magazines. Anybody know if an A. L. Burt edition (ex-library) of KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES is worth anything? Anybody want one? (I intend to read it first, though, or at least attempt to). No sf pulps, unfortunately; digest mags only. We'll have these at the Midwestcon (you won't mind riding on the luggage rack, will you, Liz?) RSC

ON FAMILY NAMES

a proposal by

J. R. CHRISTOPHER-HAYES

One of the oddities of our American culture is that while we espouse (if that is the bon mot) feminine rights, we insist marriages are based on women taking their husbands' names. In this case, the Spanish habit of combining names with an and (the Spanish y) is better, even if not perfectly adapted in their practice to our particular situation. Following the occasional English custom, I suggest we begin the practice of hyphenating family names.

What I am precisely suggesting is that both the man and the woman have a family name which names are to be combined upon marriage. So far as I know, there are no laws which will keep us from simply beginning the practice individually (as married couples)--perhaps the word is not individually but dually--and letting the credit companies keep track of our "alias".

The logical but not very useful thing would be to put the names in reverse order:

Robert Smith m. Mary Jones =

Robert Smith-Jones

Mary Jones-Smith

This, however, would cause confusion in phone listings, etc. Unless we want to cause confusion, this reverse sequence is ruled out.

Another possibility is to put the feminine name first, on the analogy of "Ladies first". But this would cause the confusion of a shift in the masculine name. Logically, there is nothing wrong with this, but in our society it will raise all sorts of questions when a man applies for a job (while our society is not upset over a woman's name change). Therefore, the best compromise we can work out is to put the masculine name first: this may cause some problems over the sheer fact of a hyphenated addition, but at least it will not cause as many problems as the other ways of addition while at the same time being fairer to the woman being married.

Thus far we have discussed the current situation in regard to marriage, but now let us consider the situation for children. Let us assume Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Jones have two children, Margy Smith-Jones and Robert Smith-Jones, Jr. What happens to their names upon marriage?

John Brown-Green m. Margy Smith-Jones =

John Brown-Jones

Margy Brown-Jones.

Thus the woman's feminine name, Jones, remains with her throughout life, as her husband's masculine name, Brown, remains with him. (If her husband was only named John Brown due to the current situation, he still would become John Brown-Jones upon marriage.)

The son I mentioned above--Robert Smith-Jones, Jr.--would lose the Jr. upon marriage:

Robert Smith-Jones, Jr., m. Jane White-Black =

Robert Smith-Black

Jane Smith-Black.

This establishes the basic solution to feminine rights: the woman having a family name which is handed down to her feminine descendants (as the man's family name is handed down to his masculine descendants). But what problems would be caused by this? I see none of importance. It would be possible for a person to end up with a duplicated

name: James Jones-Jones (or Eleanor Roosevelt-Roosevelt) if both the man and the woman had the same family name. But this seems only a rare occurrence of minor importance.

Perhaps a more important problem is that the women of today would still be starting with a masculine family name from their fathers (or from their mother's father if they picked up their mother's maiden name). Also, some of these names are not very feminine--Johnson, for example. Smith, while logically acceptable in these days of equal working rights, still applies historically to a masculine job occupation. The solution, for those women who are dissatisfied with the maiden name available to them, is for them to choose a suitable name--Aster, Sabina, or Pen-thesia, for example. Or perhaps to follow the Irish model: O'Stella or O'Katheryn, for instance.

Thus the equality of the sexes can be symbolized. (I am surprised that so few science-fiction

writers have considered such a point: are they, as a matter of fact, conservative--in the matter of sexual equality?)

A PIECE OF PROOF sharon towle

Like a coal, hump of blackness
Hunched over, menacing
Blot on the fresh green landscape --
Are you the Black Cat?

I, who love cats, mostly,
Dare to look back, and find
Furry ears emerging
Furry head raising

And patter on indoors
Reassured -- until
Emptying my basket
I find a small spider

Interlineations are too hard to think up

We have here the second progress report of the third Minicon. April 3-5, Minneapolis. Write Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418 for information, provided the postal strike ends in time. If it doesn't end in time we won't get this to you before April 3 and you can forget about it. Hotel is the Dyckman, on 6th. St. between the Nicollet Mall and Hennepin Ave., wherever that is. (There is a map enclosed with this report. Hmm. I see they have the Dyckman located with reference to the Leamington, which is the only Minneapolis hotel I ever stayed at. Now I see why I was always lost in Minneapolis; the streets run on the bias. But I still don't understand why my cab driver got lost.....) Sounds like a pretty good convention, but we're going to be spending that weekend looking for a house. RSC

THROUGH 8 THE WRINGER

COLUMN BY

liz fishman

I know there are three million things to write about, and I'd be most grateful if I could think of just one. It isn't that I have lost my masterful touch, it's just that creative genius is being hampered by the daily routine of this household that I, with no chance to protest, found myself dumped into at birth. For instance, the phone is now ringing for the sixtieth time this past hour. The ring of it has startled me for the sixtieth time this past hour, causing whatever fingers were in mid-flight above the typing keys to jam themselves down in between whatever keys said fingers were aiming for. My mind racing rock salt talk, I pick up the phone to hear a simpering voice ask for my seventeen-year old brother--for the sixtieth time this past hour. I yell for the clutz and throw the phone to him when he comes clumping with his Li'l Abner size feet. "It's a girl, another one. What are you doing, running a brothel?"

"I may be. But if you're thinking of becoming a cat in my house, forget it. I've got strict standards."

Crushed, I went back to the writer to untangle the strike keys that had been jammed up when the phone rang, and for some reason the ribbon decided to pull loose and pull out as the strike keys went down. While I was trying to slip it back onto the track, or whatever it is, my rotten little brother, who had been at a neighbor's all afternoon, came home. (You don't know how many times I've tried to talk him out of coming back at all, luring him with stories of the open road, with a peanut butter sandwich in his hand, the wind in his hair, a song in his little black heart--and hopefully, gypsies waiting around the bend to grab him away. But to no avail, for he and I both know that those gypsies would soon be at the door, on bended knee and offering me all their gypsy gold, to take him out of their gypsy hair. Being humane, I'd have to do it.) The kid flopped into a chair next to me, one muddy boot coming down on my now muddy bare foot. That startled me, too. I pulled the ribbon halfway out of the writer. Rotten didn't seem to notice.

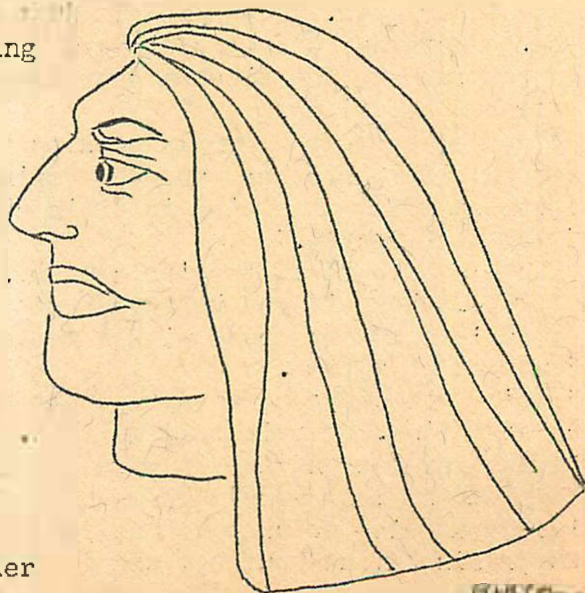
"Boy, I'm tired," he panted, "I've been punching Marvin for three hours."

"Take your boot off my foot."

"I'm going to punch him tomorrow, too."

"Take your boot off my foot, I said!"

He took the boot off my foot. By this time the ribbon was wound around my hands and the kid offered to help. Horrified, I declined his offer and told him to take off his coat and boots and go lock himself in the refrigerator. He sat down on the floor and began tugging at one boot, which came off in three hard jerks and flew from his hand to land atop my beribboned hands. I grabbed the boot, threw it, and in the process pulled the ribbon completely off both spools. At this moment my mother came into the room, most probably in answer to my screams for her to come and get her kid the hell out of my sight.



"You needn't shout. Children don't like shouting, they don't respond to it. Why don't you just talk to him?"

"He's your kid, you talk to him. And what do you mean children don't like shouting? You shouted at me when I was a kid."

"Never mind. You were a pretty rotten kid."

"Of course I was a rotten kid. All kids are rotten. But him! He's so rotten that there's no other word to describe him. He's rotten! Rotten to the core!"

"He's just a child. You should be more understanding. After all -- what are you doing with all that ribbon?"

"I thought I'd drape it over the front door. I have a feeling that this house will soon know a murder."

With that I freed my hands of the destroyed ribbon, and while I washed off the ink at the kitchen sink my rotten little brother went about making a snack for himself--a saltine cracker mounded with half a jar of peanut butter, glass of cranberry juice, potato chips to stick atop the peanut butter and one celery stalk. By the time he came to the table with his spread I had a new ribbon in the writer, clean hands, clean paper and one muddy foot. Now to write a column.

"Did I tell you I punched Marvin for three hours today?"

"Yeah, you told me."

"I'm going to punch him tomorrow, too."

He began pressing the potato chips into the peanut butter. "I'm really going to beat him up. Doug's going to help me."

"There's someone I'd like to beat up at the moment," I growled, "And I'd need no help at all."

"Do you want to know why I'm going to beat up Marvin?"

"No."

"Because we're enemies." And so they've been since they've been in diapers.

"Listen, I'm trying to write something. Finish your peanut butter and go out and punch Marvin again."

"No, I'm too tired. And Marvin's father chased me away because I was punching Marvin, but I told him, 'Your ugly son started it yesterday and he better keep his stupid, ugly, fat feet off me!' And then I ran home."

"His feet?"

"Yeah. He kicks me all the time. Marvin's a sissy."

At this moment the coffee I had made a few moments before began perking, and then, before I could turn down the heat, boiled over to put out the flame of the gas burner. As I cleaned the hot mess I kept telling myself that I should be grateful that it was today, not yesterday. Yesterday I cleaned coffee from four walls, a floor and a ceiling. When I make coffee I always set the filled percolator into the water while waiting for it to boil. Then when it just starts perking I turn down the heat and clap the top on. Yesterday a friend stopped by and I forgot about the topless pot. When I finally returned to the kitchen geysers of coffee were being spurted all over four walls, a floor and a ceiling.

With the coffee now gently perking on another burner I went back to my typewriter. My rotten little brother was now working his way through a new bag of potato chips, stuffing handfuls at a time into his cavernous jaws. The noise was deafening.

"Stop that racket."

"I can't help it if they're crunchy."

"It would help if you kept your mouth closed when you chewed."

"I can't close my mouth with a whole bunch of potato chips in it."

"Eat one at a time."

"You're not supposed to eat potato chips that way. You're supposed to eat a whole bunch at a time. Marvin told me that."

"I thought you and Marvin were enemies."

"He told me last week when we were friends."

"Are you going to shut up and let me get this written?"

Surprisingly, he shut up, and I went back to staring at the blank sheet in the writer.

"I thought you were going to write something."

"I'm thinking. Shut up so I can think."

"Okay." He left the table and came back a moment later with the latest edition of Playboy. "I'll be quiet and read about naked women."

"Why don't you read that Walt Disney story book I bought you?"

"There's no naked women. I looked."

"You sure? Why don't you look again?" Now he had the centerfold out.

"Boy, naked women are groovy. Look."

"I don't want to look. I want to write."

"Are you mad at me or something?": With that he knocked over the glass of cranberry juice, some of which destroyed my tablet of typing paper, some of which splattered my blouse and some of which washed the mud off my foot.

The house is quiet now-- I have stopped screaming in rage and wrath.

I am going to take a walk; I'll write the column tomorrow.

◆ ANNOUNCEMENT ◆

We do not believe that Australian fans should bid for a World Convention under the present rules. We believe that these rules, while passed with the very best of intentions, make it almost impossible for the bidding committee of any non-North American country ever to hold a Worldcon, as the term is presently understood, again.

However, we also believe that with modified rules (more or less a return to the pre-1969 rules) Australia could host a most satisfactory convention.

Therefore we feel that the following course of action is the most appropriate:

- (a) that at the Easter Convention (i.e., the 9th Australian SF Convention, to be held in Melbourne during Easter, 1970) the decision on bidding for a World Convention be postponed,
- (b) that between that time and the Heicon Australian fans should encourage in all possible ways a set of rules regarding World Conventions which assures that more than the name goes around,
- (c) that on the basis of reports by Heicon attendees and others, the decision should then be made on a possible bid.

Signed: John Foyster, 12 Glengariff Drive, Mulgrave, Victoria, 3170

Robin Johnson, 33/100 High Street, North Sydney, NSW, 2060

Gary Mason, Warili Road, French's Forest, NSW, 2086

NOTICE

We have received a notice from the editor of a new fantasy magazine. This is FORGOTTEN FANTASY; the first issue is supposed to be on the newsstands shortly. Editor is Douglas Menville; Associate Ed. is R. Reginald. The mag will be devoted to reprint "classics" of the Wells and Verne eras. (Reading between the lines, I would guess that SCIENCE FICTION BY GASLIGHT sold well.) Price will be 60¢. First issue, supposed to be out this "summer" (not a terribly definite date) will include the first installment of William Bradshaw's "The Goddess of Atvatabar", and two short stories, Doyle's "Terror of Blue John Gap" and F. Marion Crawford's "The Dead Smile". Cover by George Barr. Sounds like either a long serial installment or a thin magazine. This would seem to be somewhat the same type mag as the Lowndes line. Publication will be bimonthly.

Anybody remember the disasters when the Army moved the mail in the 1920s?

BERKLEY/PUTNAM NEWS

Here's a list of our titles through August and of Putnam's for the whole year (as far as we can see it now). The new Heinlein MS is on offer to a number of houses now, including Putnam, and a deal will probably be made next Monday; I'll let you know how it turns out. Title is I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, and the MS runs to 657 pages.

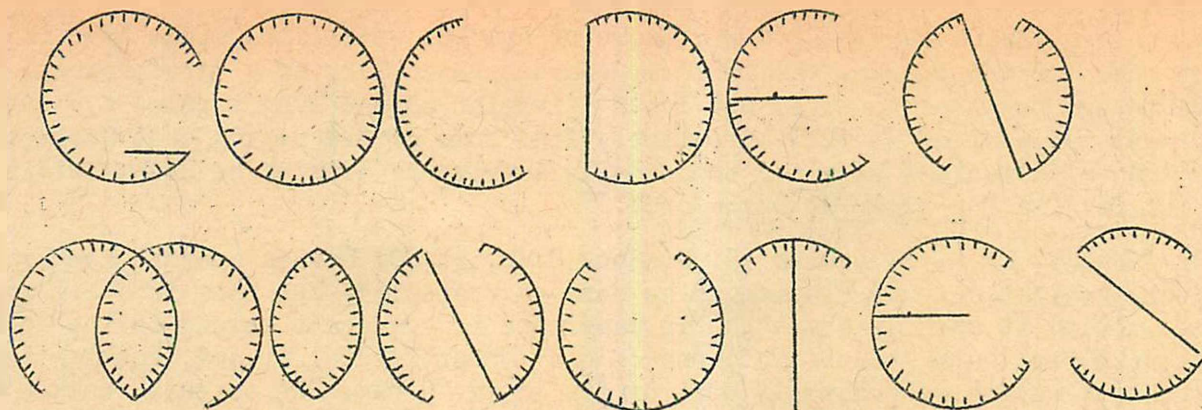
- March CITY OF FLAMING SHADOWS (Spider #4), Grant Stockbridge, X1795, 60¢; reprint
GLORY ROAD, Robert A. Heinlein, N1809, 95¢; reprint
FEAR and THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE, L. Ron Hubbard, S1811, 60¢; reprint
APEMAN, SPACEMAN, Leon E. Stover & Harry Harrison, N1819, 95¢; anthology rpt.
- April THE BAT STAFFEL (G-8 #1), Robert J. Hogan, X1734, 60¢; reprint
THE VAMPIRES OF FINISTERE (Guardians #4), Peter Saxon, X1808, 60¢; original
THE TWILIGHT MAN, Michael Moorcock, S1820, 75¢; original
RETIEF:AMBASSADOR TO SPACE, Keith Laumer, S1829, 75¢; reprint
A TOUCH OF STRANGE, Theodore Sturgeon, N1830, 95¢; reprint collection (complete text of hardcover edition; previous Berkley editions were cut)
COLOSSUS, D.F. Jones, S1840, 75¢; reprint (tie-in with movie THE FOREIGN PROJECT)
- May PURPLE ACES (G-8 #2), Robert J. Hogan, X1746, 60¢; reprint
THE LONG TWILIGHT, Keith Laumer, S1810, 75¢; reprint
SF:AUTHOR'S CHOICE /2, ed. Harry Harrison, N1837, 95¢; original anthology
- June ACE OF THE WHITE DEATH (G-8 #3), Robert J. Hogan, X1764, 60¢; reprint
DAMNATION ALLEY, Roger Zelazny, S1846, 75¢; reprint
DUNE MESSIAH, Frank Herbert, N1847, 95¢; reprint
ORBIT 6, Damon Knight, ed., S1848, 75¢; reprint anthology
- July PRIME NUMBER, Harry Harrison; original story collection
THE LAUGHTER OUTSIDE AT NIGHT (title to be changed) Gene Wolfe; original
THONGOR FIGHTS THE PIRATES OF TARAKUS, Lin Carter; original
SHIELD, Poul Anderson; reissue of original novel
(Numbers not set; most prices are 75¢)
- August THE THIRD PAN BOOK OF HORROR STORIES, ed. Herbert van Thal; original
(tentative) THE SINGING CITADEL, Michael Moorcock; original collection
TIME TRAP, Keith Laumer; reprint

Putnam Science Fiction

- TIME TRAP, Keith Laumer, \$4.50, February
THE DALETH EFFECT, Harry Harrison, \$4.50, March
ORBIT 6, ed. Damon Knight, \$4.95, April (delayed from December, production problems)
OUT OF THEIR MINDS, Clifford D. Simak, \$4.50, April
WHIPPING STAR, Frank Herbert, \$4.95, April
THE WORLD SHUFFLER, Keith Laumer, \$4.50, April
TWENTY YEARS OF THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, ed. Edward L. Ferman and Robert P. Mills, intro by Isaac Asimov, \$4.95, June
ORBIT 7, ed. Damon Knight, \$4.95, June
(following publication dates and prices are tentative)
BEST SF 1969, ed. Harry Harrison, \$4.95, July
SEA-HORSE IN THE SKY, Edmund Cooper, \$4.50, August
WARLOCKS AND WARRIORS, ed. L. Sprague de Camp, \$4.95, September
THE HOUSE IN NOVEMBER, Keith Laumer, \$4.50, October
Untitled novel, Clifford D. Simak, \$4.50, November
ORBIT 8, ed. Damon Knight, \$4.95, December
In the later part of the year, some substitutions can be expected.

Local ad: "FOR SALE - 6 room house, paneled and carpeted with new furniture." I can understand carpeting with furniture if you had an awful lot of it, but paneling with it? Weird people. Ad concludes "Must see to appreciate." I'll bet!

Have a notice here of a revel sponsored by the Eastern Kingdom of the Society for Creative Anachronism, but since it's for Feb. 7th.....



THE WANDERER, by Fritz Leiber (Walker, \$5.95) I have never been too fond of this novel, but it did win a Hugo, so it's probably worth your while to look into it. It's sort of a more literate rewrite of the old Balmer-Wylie When Worlds Collide, with real live aliens added. It's the reactions of good old average people to an alien visit. I didn't find the characters terribly interesting; apparently most fans did. Try it and see for yourself.

RE-BIRTH, by John Wyndham (Walker, \$4.95) This one I did like, both on first reading and re-reading this edition. The background is the common after-the-Bomb; the plot is the fairly simple one of mutants trying to stay alive in a population that has enshrined "the norm" as its god. It has its flaws. Some of the characters are pure cardboard (Rosalind, for example, is sugary cardboard.) But others, such as David and Sophie and Gordon, are entertainingly real.

THE LEAGUE OF GREY-EYED WOMEN, by Julius Fast (Lippincott, \$5.95) An abridged version was in the August VENTURE, and it wasn't very good. The book version is an improvement. There are some startling resemblances to Jack Williamson's Darker Than You Think, a much earlier (and better) book. In fact, even the aims of the protagonists are quite similar, once you get around the fact that Williamson presented his as unmitigated evil and Fast presents his as benevolent (or is it so benevolent?) The Fast book is, of course, much more slickly written and up to date, and all in all it's a fairly good fantasy adventure. The book seems remarkably well bound, too, for a modern publication. Basically it's a mystery plot; who are all these women, and what do they want? The revelation isn't too amazing, but it's readable enough.

THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT, by Harry Harrison (Walker, \$4.95) This is probably the slightest novel Walker has brought out yet. Quite entertaining for anyone interested in very light reading, however. Slippery Jim DiGriz is the interstellar con-man co-opted by the forces of the Lawr to bring in a fellow criminal. Lots of action, a good amount of humor, and an enjoyable if forgettable novel. By all means give it a try if your library gets a copy, but I can't really recommend that you spend \$4.95 for it.

THE WARLOCK, by Wilson Tucker (Crime Club, \$3.95; Avon, 75¢) A spy novel with touches of the supernatural and a science-fictional denouement. (Well, borderline science fiction, anyway.) This is fast-paced action-adventure; an American agent is set to tracking down a mysterious somebody in the middle of St. Louis; a somebody who seems to have all sorts of interesting characteristics. The humor is minor, but Bruce was fascinated by the progressive deterioration of relations with the auto-rental agency.

THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, by Wilson Tucker (Lancer, 75¢) This is the updated version of Tucker's classic. The updating doesn't really amount to much (yes, Bob, I'm sure it was a terribly tedious job, but like all good literary rewriting, the results don't stand out). The premise - that the US east of the Mississippi could be virtually wiped out while the remainder is untouched - is as shaky as ever, and as quickly forgotten as the reader becomes involved in the adventures of Russell Gary, trapped on the wrong side and determined to cross the river despite every effort to keep him out. (Because,

you see, he's a plague carrier.) One measure of how far we've come since 1952 is that when the book first appeared, one reviewer characterized Gary as a "professional heel". Other reviewers objected to this, but I can't imagine anyone even voicing the thought today; in fact I suspect we will more likely find some critic saying that Gary is too infused with middle-class morality to actually survive as long as he does. This is an absolutely fascinating book. Go buy a copy.

TWILIGHT JOURNEY, by L. P. Davies (S. F. Book Club, \$1.70) Davies doesn't seem quite as good on straight science fiction as he does on mysteries, but this is still worth the money. (Grab it when it comes out in paperback if you don't belong to the Book Club.) A scientist puts himself into one of his own artificial dreams, knowing that he must find a way to wake himself up - or die in the dream. The science seems a bit fudgy, and the evil intent that the scientist is trying to thwart is melodramatic, but the reader does get wrapped up in the story. Not top flight, but fairly good.

THE RELUCTANT MEDIUM, by L. P. Davies (Crime Club, \$3.95) All these Crime Club books I got at Tartan Book Sales at a discount, incidentally. This is top flight Davies; a mystery with supernatural overtones. And since Davies has written fantasy, you don't know until the end whether it will be explained (as one normally assumes in this sort of thing) or whether it will turn out to be supernatural, after all. The enjoyment does not depend on the suspense of knowing who the villain is; I picked the villain on page 18, although I did doubt my own choice briefly a time or two. The mystery is in how the thing is being done, and the way in which Davies repeatedly builds up to a revelation on one page and cuts the ground out from under it in the next. The plotting is fascinating (partly, I suppose, because I don't know how to do that sort of thing.... or at least I don't seem able to do it myself.) Highly recommended.

SCIENCE FICTION BY GASLIGHT, ed. by Sam Moskowitz (World, \$6.95) An anthology collected from the general fiction magazines published between 1891 and 1911. A thirty-five-page introduction by the editor is as interesting as any of the stories; it gives a capsule history of fiction magazine publication during the period covered. Short introductions to each story add to this history, although I was somewhat annoyed by the amount of repetition of material in the general introduction. The stories are almost bound to be new to you. I had read two; "The Voice In The Night" by William Hope Hodgson (which is the best fiction in the book but has really been anthologized quite often) and "The Land Ironclads" by H. G. Wells. The other stories vary in quality, but none of them are particularly outstanding; science fiction was in its infancy in those days, and the anthology shows it. They include "The Thames Valley Catastrophe" by Grant Allen (a lava flow in England), "The Doom of London" by Robert Barr (a primitive look at air pollution; up to date in outlook if not in execution), "A Corner In Lightning" by George Griffith (a stodgy mad inventor), "The Tilting Island", by Thomas J. Vivian and Grena J. Bennett (Manhattan sinking under the weight of its skyscrapers), "Finis", by Frank Lillie Pollock (the last people on Earth), "An Express of the Future", by Jules Verne (Moskowitz says that this is not mentioned in any biography or bibliography of Verne. After reading it, I felt that maybe this is because Verne was ashamed of it and suppressed further mention of it - it is undoubtedly the poorest story in the book.) "The Ray of Displacement" by Harriet Prescott Spofford (there was "woman's science fiction" even then!), "Congealing the Ice Trust" by Capt. H. G. Bishop (a crude story, but an interesting idea), "Lord Eeden's Motor" by J. B. Harris-Burland (a mechanical ghost, and one of the better stories in the book), "The Death-Trap" by George Daulton (an over-reliance on purple prose, as in this description of Chicago: "Down here in these granite gulches nature's sweet dew is befouled by the young giant wallowing in the madness of his toil." Tends to be funny rather than horrible.) "The Air Serpent" by Will Page (a predecessor of Doyle's "The Horror of the Heights", which I read somewhere recently), "The Monster of Lake Lanetrie" by Wardon Allan Curtis (a left-over elasmosaurus, a mad scientist, and brain surgery performed with a machete), "The Dam", by Hugh Johnson ("future" war with Japan), "Submarined" by Walter Wood (an excessively crude war story) "The Purple Terror" by Fred White (fairly good story on man-eating plants), "Professor Jonkin's Cannibal Plant" by Howard Garis (oh yes, I'd read this before, too, but I'd

mercifully forgotten it), "An Experiment In Gyro-Hats", by Ellis Parker Butler (somewhat amusing), "The Hybrid Hyperborean Ant" by Roy L. McCardell (mildly amusing), "Where The Air Quivered" by L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace (fiendish Oriental devices; fairly good), "In Re State Vs. Forbes" by Warren Earle (This is the prize of the book. The murder victim's corpuscles arrange themselves in order to spell out the name of the murderer in Morse code. It's the sort of thing you have to read to believe.) "Old Doctor Rutherford" by D. F. Hannigan (reincarnation; pretty bad), "Itself" by Edgar Mayhew Bacon (stage Irishmen and magic cures), "Citizen 504" by Charles H. Palmer (our future regimented society) and "The Mansion of Forgetfulness" by Don Mark Lemon (a melodramatic vignette, which is every bit as awful as it sounds.) The book is interesting as science fictional history, and a few of the stories are worth reading on their own merits. But primarily they illustrate a period of history that seems even farther away than 60 years. If you are an antiquarian, you should love it. (I must have tendencies that way; I rather enjoyed the whole thing; despite the worst of the stories.)

MISTS OF DAWN, by Chad Oliver (Winston) I picked this up secondhand for a dime; it's part of the old Winston juvenile series, originally (1952) aimed at the 12-year-old market or thereabouts. Some of the novels are now showing up as Tempo paperbacks with nothing to specify their juvenile origin. (If you see a pb that was originally published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, or just by Winston, it's probably a juvenile.) For the age level, this is a very good, exciting adventure. A modern boy time-travels back to the days of Neanderthals and Cro-Magnons. (I recall a few critics objecting to the depiction of the Neanderthals as villainous brutes, but despite our affection for historical underdogs we don't know that they weren't.) Not really recommended for adult readers unless you have the facility of putting yourself in the place of a 12-year-old.

THE SORCERER'S SHIP, by Hannes Bok (Ballantine, 95¢) I know they're trying to package their "adult fantasy" books as a set with similar covers, but I think it is unfair to publish a Bok novel and let somebody named Ray Cruz do the cover for it. A Bok novel deserves a Bok cover. The story itself isn't all that great; Bok was a better artist than he was a writer. The plot is hackneyed, the characters are at best mediocre. The background and descriptions are fairly good, but they can't carry the whole book by themselves. It isn't really bad; just not terribly good.

INFINITY ONE, ed. by Robert Hoskins (Lancer, 75¢) The latest of the original pb anthologies. (Steranko cover, Dave.) One story, "The Star" by Arthur C. Clarke, is reprinted from the original INFINITY magazine. It's the best story in the book, but then it was the best story in 20 issues of the magazine, too. "The Pleasure of Our Company" by Silverberg is psychological; exploring the mind of an overthrown leader, the basic ideas had no need to be couched in science-fictional terms at all. "Echo" by Katherine MacLean, is about telepathic plants. "The Great Canine Chorus", by Anne McCaffrey, is the old one about the deprived child with esp powers; nothing new, but charmingly told. "Pacem Est", by Kris Neville and K. M. O'Donnell, is about war and religion; it's very symbolic and pretty much a waste of time. Ron Goulart's "Keeping An Eye On Janey" is fabulous; this is the sort of thing I'd do if I was that good. "The Packerhaus Method", by Gene Wolfe, must have had some sort of point that I couldn't locate; the obvious one is too slight for any editor to waste money on. (Isn't it?) "The Water Sculptor of Station 233" is very mod and exceedingly dull. It's by George Zebrowski. "The Tiger", by Miriam Allen deFord, is schmalz, but I enjoy that sort of thing. Young love; the whole bit. "Hands of the Man", by R. A. Lafferty, is interesting and amusing. "Nightmare Gang", by Dean Koontz, is much the best thing I've ever read by Koontz; a nasty little story. "These Our Actors" by Edward Wellen, is no better than the stuff he used to turn out for GALAXY, and that was pretty terrible. Sophisticated hot air. "Inside Mother", by Pat De Graw, is an interesting feral-children story. "The Communicators" by Poul Anderson, is a very good account of the problems of power (a theme that Anderson seems to like) and human relations with enemies of the state. There are three vignettes, by Stephen Barr, Gordon R. Dickson, and Michael Fayette; all are eminently worth avoiding. Overall; not bad. I'll be looking forward to INFINITY TWO - but not quite as eagerly as I await NEW WRITINGS IN SF #16.

GALACTIC PATROL, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) Presumably Pyramid will release the en-GRAY LENS MAN, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) tire "Lensman" series in this new, garish format. I must admit it's appropriate to the subject matter, but I still don't like it. However, my opinion of anything connected with the Lens series is suspect. I don't care all that much for the books, either, but Pyramid's first edition went thru five printings, so somebody likes them. Probably the same people will think the new covers are great. The story is a science fiction classic, and every fan should read at least one or two of the Lens books for historical perspective. (Like medicine; they're good for you even if you don't like them.) And I suppose they can be considered the ultimate in space opera.

SPOCK MUST DIE!, by James Blish (Bantam, 60¢) An original novel, the first in Blish's ST series. Quite frankly, I didn't read it. Juanita did, and said that Blish seems finally to be getting an idea of what the series characters were like. At 118 pages it's a pretty short novel. The science is probably better than that of the original show; Blish is strong on science. The plot, as related by Juanita, sounded pretty icky, but it is precisely what ST fans will go for. A random sampling of the conversation shows that it is reasonably accurate-to-character, though I saw a few questionable dialogs.

THE ANYTHING TREE, by John Rackham/THE WINDS OF DARKOVER, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ace, 75¢) As a sucker for well-written space-adventure, I always enjoy a new Darkover book. It is the one type of series that I like; it has a continuing background but different central characters in each book. Barron's adventures with telepaths, robbers, and maidens in distress, were thoroughly enjoyable. Corn it may be, but it's my kind. The Rackham half is competent space-opera. A beautiful girl, lonely castaway, evil villains and a planet run by a thinking tree. It isn't great, but it's an adequate time-waster. Altogether, a thoroughly enjoyable book.

SEED OF THE DREAMERS, by Emil Petaja/THE BLIND WORM, by Brian M. Stableford (Ace, 75¢) I was a little worried about Stableford when he talked about the Wildland's pollen on page 26 and on page 28 said "The Wildland, being vegetative, did not need sexual reproduction." But it was a premature worry; this isn't supposed to be scientifically accurate, or even scientific. A more typical quote is "I think, now, that in any conflict - with others, with one's own past - it doesn't matter at all what you are. It only matters who you are. Life is a battle of identity." Personally I prefer even bad science to sophomoric philosophy, but that's a matter of choice. The story is symbolism and allegory, and what ostensibly occurs in the plot is beside the point. (At least, I hope that's the explanation, because on the surface it's a lousy imitation of Jack Vance. But I think I spotted a few allegedly deeper meanings in there.) Petaja is another of my pet dislikes; his writing style irritates me. I'm not sure why; it really seems adequate for this level book. But it nearly always does, and this was no exception. The reactions of his characters seem artificial. So, I didn't like it, but if you really dig inter-planetary adventure you might enjoy it.

THE PNUME, by Jack Vance (Ace, 60¢) Now this is more my type of adventure. Vance only jarred me at one point, where a "pirate galley" is "becalmed". I know it's an alien world, but becalming a galley is a pretty good trick. Otherwise his background is suitably exotic, his people are suitably peoply, and while this isn't the best book in his "Planet of Adventure" series, it's a good enough conclusion. I'd enjoy seeing this entire series as a hardcover book sometime. My sense of wonder is very rarely stirred any more, but this one made it. (The series is better read as a whole, however; get the 3 earlier books.) Come to think of it, though; did Adam ever find out who shot him down in the first place, and why? I don't recall reading an explanation.

STARSHIP, by Brian W. Aldiss (Avon, 75¢) One of Aldiss' earlier books, written in 1958. His version of the generations-ship, with the disaster causing everyone to revert to barbarism. It must be a good plot; I've read it 7 or 8 times and still like it. (Heinlein is tops, somebody in IMAGINATION - Mari Wolf? - did the poorest job, and Aldiss comes along in the middle somewhere.) I must admit that the ending here is more believable than anyone else's, though. And the characterization is pretty good.

THE CAREFULLY CONSIDERED RAPE OF THE WORLD, by Shepherd Mead (Ace, 75¢) If you don't start this with the expectation that it will be as great as the blurbs say it is, it could be moderately amusing. Mead has taken the idea of Wyndham's Midwich Cuckoos -- the sudden fertilization of large numbers of women by aliens -- and approached it from the comedy angle. Unfortunately, a good share of the time he didn't quite reach it, and the result is pretty tepid comedy. (Except, presumably, for those arrested development cases who snigger about anything concerning sex.) It's slick, readable, and mildly amusing in spots, but it's a long way from "black humor" or "inspired comedy". As lightweight entertainment, it's adequate.

THE UNICORN GIRL, by Michael Kurland (Pyramid, 60¢) This is the third Kurland book I've read (counting that unfortunate first collaboration with Chester Anderson) and the first one that repaid my time and effort. This one isn't bad. (Compared with the Mead book it's a riot of laughs.) It is, sort of, the sequel to Chester Anderson's The Butterfly Kid, but I found it much more enjoyable than its predecessor. Our heroes are, more or less accidentally, shuttled through a variety of alternate worlds, or dimensions, or whatever, where they undergo various humorous or adventurous experiences. Kurland is no Eric Frank Russell in the humor department, but he manages an entertaining book.

AND CHAOS DIED, by Joanna Russ (Ace, 75¢) A truncated version was in the Feb. F&SF, as "Initiation". (Don't read this, Irv. If you disliked the short version, you'll hate the novel.) However, I found it fairly straightforward, most of the time. After all, it's concerned with what it's like to learn telepathy (and teleportation and all the rest) from a race that already uses it, and the person doing the learning is going to be confused a good part of the time. In fact, my only objection came in the part about the return to Earth, where Ivat shoots himself in the hand with a target arrow and is variously referred to by the author as "dying" and a "near-corpse". Not bloody likely; not in a society where "everyone must take care of himself". I can accept a certain physical degeneration, but that's a bit much. (Ivat might think he was dying, but there is no chance that he really would be.) I don't think Russ is ever going to be one of my favorite authors; we don't seem to think alike. But I found this one enjoyable, and quite original in treatment (which is hard to get in combination any more.)

THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR, by Avram Davidson (Ace, 75¢) I reviewed this in hardcover. It's an excellent medieval fantasy, and I'm sure Davidson had as much fun writing about his lonely cyclops, the manticores, the phoenix as I did in reading about them. It is not science fiction, so if you're one of those who draws an arbitrary line between science fiction and fantasy, you may turn up your nose at it. But you'll miss some very good reading if you do. The book is simply medieval superstitions taken literally, with a quest for love and some identity-shuffling reminiscent of "H.M.S. Pinafore" thrown in.

GENESIS FIVE, by Henry Wilson Allen (Pyramid, 75¢) A slick adventure story, set in a slightly future USSR. The "science" is gobbledegook ("Antibody reaction was avoided because the agents of transmission had been passed through the humanized minds of the animal hosts"; "The wolf, an animal which killed for sport, or in anger, or merely through some urge unknown"). As sciencefiction, it is pretty terrible, but as a fastpaced adventure story it's quite readable. It's the sort of "science fiction" that gets picked up for cheap movies, and a direct descendent of the material that used to fill FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES magazine. Yuri Suntar is a likable hero, and even a skeptical reader can become interested in his melodramatic adventures. Mildly recommended, despite the "science".

THE MERCY MEN, by Alan E. Nourse (Ace, 60¢) A revised and expanded version of a story from one of the earliest Ace Doubles (their 10th or 11th, depending on whether or not you count D-13 as science fiction). At the time, ESP was very big, and this was just one more esper novel; not a particularly distinguished one. The expansion has improved it; it still isn't going to be on any Hugo ballots, but it's average quality or better. (Or maybe it hasn't improved; maybe the average quality has gone down since 1955?) A medical research center is used as background, but very little is done with this; the hero's search for vengeance is in the foreground at all times.

THE INCREDIBLE TIDE, by Alexander Key (Westminster, \$4.25) I don't know; the little bio included says Key has been living in the North Carolina mountains, and I think it's beginning to get to him. Escape To Witch Mountain was excellent, if derivative. Then came The Golden Enemy, which was still good, but somewhat overly preachy about our sweet little animal friends. Now comes this one, which is more religious propaganda than story. Our hero talks to God (actually and literally). Or, to be more precise, God talks to him. The theme that "all men are brothers" is stressed, but the hero doesn't overcome the Bad Guys by pure force of will; the author wipes out the majority of them in a convenient earthquake. (This takes place after a great natural disaster wipes out most of the world, so one earthquake is enough to do in the remaining totalitarian city-state.) Very little happens naturally; the author is sticking his fingers in and manipulating his characters every step of the way. Not particularly recommended, even for young children. (The suggested age level is 12 and up.)

FIVE TO TWELVE, by Edmund Cooper (Berkley, 60¢) This must be for the PLAYBOY set; a man revolts against a woman-dominated society. The entire theme of the book seems to be that "the only good woman is a submissive woman", which I'm sure will please loads of stupid male readers but tends to irritate me. The characters were well enough drawn, but not particularly likable. The writing is slick - but again, I didn't like it very much.

GULLIVER OF MARS, by Edwin L. Arnold (Ace, 60¢) Originally published in 1905, reprinted by Ace a few years ago, and now reprinted again. Dick Lupoff thinks that this is the book that Burroughs drew from in creating his Mars series. (Various other experts think that Dick has rocks in his head, but there is certainly an amazing similarity between this and Burroughs' early Mars books.) The book is surprisingly good for its age (superior to most of the contents of Science Fiction By Gaslight, for example). For the reader looking for something different - but not too different - in high adventure.

THE STEEL CROCODILE, by D.G. Compton (Ace, 75¢) I have never been able to appreciate Compton's writing. I see this has already received a couple of nominations for the next Nebula Award, but I didn't bother to finish it. This is probably a personal thing, rather than due to the writing (although the writing is pretty stodgy); I am just not interested in a tract concerning the spiritual needs of humanity, or the horrifying blasphemy inherent in starting up a new religion without God's approval.

BEST SF STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS 3, ed. by Mike Moorcock (Berkley, 75¢) Contains "In Passage of the Sun" by George Collin, "Multi-Value Motorway" by Brian Aldiss, "The Great Clock" by Langdon Jones, "The Post-Mortem People" by Peter Tate, "The Disaster Story" by Charles Platt, "The Heat Death of the Universe" by Pamela Zoline, "Coranda" by Keith Roberts, "The Soft World Sequence" by George MacBeth, "Kazoo" by James Sallis, "Integrity" by P.F. Woods, and "The Mountain" by James Colvin. Plus an editorial by Moorcock which tells us that these are all concerned with myths and how much we need consciously created myths in order to accept the future. Which is possibly why I found most of them unreadable. And I doubt like hell that the authors here are showing us how to come to terms with the future; they are trying desperately to make their own terms with the present, and not succeeding very well.

THE WAR AGAINST THE RULL, by A. E. Van Vogt (Ace, 75¢) Straight interplanetary adventure - "space opera". Van Vogt stories are not noted for consistency, but this holds together moderately well. I believe Ace published it originally some years ago, and of course the first publication was in a series of stories in ASTOUNDING in the 1940s.

IS ANYONE THERE? by Isaac Asimov (Ace, 95¢) A reprint of a book Ace just published a year or so ago. It must have sold well. This is a collection of more or less unrelated articles that originally appeared in a variety of places - largely slick publications (or should the NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE be characterized as "slick"?). Anyway, this is an extremely well-written popular science book that would have been helped immensely by an index. (What do publishers have against Asimov and Ley that nobody gives them indexes? I know the books are considered "entertainment" - and qualify - but even a layman likes to be able to look something up now and then.)

THE BRIDE OF FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (Pyramid, 60¢) The brilliant but evil doctor is back again, plotting to destroy the world. (One of his casual boasts is that he has removed Herbert Hoover to make way for Franklin Roosevelt; I hadn't realized that FDR was that much hated in Britain. But then, Rohmer must have been pretty conservative, politically.) It's rather enjoyable, if not taken seriously.

Incidentally, I forgot to mention in my review of GENESIS FIVE, that Dr. Ho Wu Chen appeared to be Fu Manchu under one of his numerous nom de plumes. Not even his creator could stop the doctor's exploits.

BLACKLASH, by John Brunner (Pyramid, 75¢) The original title of the British edition was A Plague On Both Your Causes. Brunner's comment on the American titling is that it "makes it sound like an inferior Western." But then, I don't suppose John read about "white backlash" every day in his newspapers for months like we did. This isn't science fiction; it's a spy novel set in a thinly disguised Rhodesia. The plot and action are fairly typical spy-stuff; somewhat above average. The finale is a rouser, and had me chuckling for some time over the beautiful simplicity of the plan. (It doesn't depend much on the previous actions, making the book look considerably padded, but I can forgive that, since the padding is also entertaining.)

THE FOX VALLEY MURDERS, by John Holbrook ("Jack") Vance (Ace, 60¢) I don't read all that many mysteries, but this seemed to be a good one. Man who has been convicted of child-murder gets paroled, returns to his home town, and the people who testified against him start dying in accidents. The sheriff has the problem of solving the "crimes", preventing a lynching, and getting re-elected. Very well done; neatly tied up, and I must admit that reading it was somewhat frustrating; no sooner would I pick out a suspect than he would be found dead. Plays hell with my confidence in my powers of deduction.

HANGSAMAN, by Shirley Jackson (Ace, 75¢) I wouldn't exactly call this a novel of suspense, as the cover blurb does. It's a part of the growing up - or possibly disintegration would be nearer the mark - of a somewhat weird girl from a completely nutty family. Horrifying in spots, but not weird or mysterious. I have to admit that this one was a bit too feminine for me, but I rather liked it anyway.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #20: THE CORFU AFFAIR, by John Phillifent (Ace, 50¢) This is a perfectly adequate spy novel, but it lacks the ingredient that sets apart the better U.N.C.L.E. shows and books; namely, humor. (I could imagine it having been produced during the show's last season, when humor was notably absent and I quit watching it.) I am beginning to suspect that Phillifent (also known as John Rackham) doesn't have a sense of humor. If he does, he's careful to avoid showing it in either fiction or personal correspondence. If you like spy stories, this is good enough; if you are an U.N.C.L.E. fan, wait for the next McDaniel effort.

WITNESS TO WITCHCRAFT, by Charles Lefebure (Ace, 75¢)

THE FLYING SAUCER VISION, by John Michell (Ace, 60¢)

THE OCCULT WORLD OF JOHN PENDRAGON, by Brad Steiger (Ace, 60¢)
LO!, by Charles Fort (Ace, 95¢)

Two new and two
reprint books in
Ace's occult series. I can't really

recommend any of them, but I suppose the best of the lot is LO!, even though it is elderly and has been reprinted previously - at least once before by Ace. Some of Fort's ideas should delight the "New Wave" sf writers; he speaks of "the childish attempt to find the absolutely dependable in a flux, or an intellectually not very far advanced attempt to find the absolute in the relative." The trouble is, he applies this to his own writing, with the result that his ramblings verge on incoherency.

YOUR FUTURE IS IN YOUR HANDS, by Elizabeth Peckman (Ace, 75¢) I loaned this to our palmistry expert (Juanita's mother) and received this commentary. "The numbered and lettered Examples (pictures) are out of order and do not seem to follow the chapters or any other order I noticed. I spent half the time looking for the Example referred to in the chapter. As for information, some agrees and some disagrees with other books on the same subject. I'm glad I read your copy instead of spending my 75¢ on it." So much for that one.

THE COTTON KINGDOM, by Frederick Law Olmstead (Modern Library #G99, \$3.95) This is a fabulous book for anyone with the slightest interest in the South or slavery. It is based on three trips through the south made by the author in the 1850s, and it utterly demolishes various myths about the South which still exist today, including "Southern hospitality" and Southern cooking. The writing is both entertaining and informative, there is an index, and at over 600 pages it's a tremendous bargain. I had heard about this as the reference book on the South, but I hadn't realized that it was still in print until Marty Helgesen informed me. By all means try it.

THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION, by Kenneth M. Stampp (Vintage, \$1.95) This is a specific history of slavery and how it operated. I bought both it and THE COTTON KINGDOM for research - this is designed better for research because it is divided into sections on work, housing, punishment, religion, maintenance, and so on. It is not, however, as entertainingly written as Olmstead's book, and not as enjoyable to the general reader. (Though it certainly isn't dull, either. But it's more concerned with statistics and averages.) Good, and I certainly got my money's worth. But only for the person specifically interested in slavery; it doesn't cover the South in general. Also indexed; it is ideally produced for someone who wants to look up specific information.

HOW DO THEY GET RID OF IT?, by Suzanne Hilton (Westminster, \$4.95) A book about our disposal of unwanted objects; past, present, and a few guesses about the future. Suggested for ages "10 and up", and I was delighted to discover that it wasn't "written down" for the kiddies. I think most adults could discover information new to them in here; I did. (And it was hopeful information; an experimental "glass" which is water-soluble. The sides of the bottles are treated with a water-resistant material, but once the container is discarded and smashed, it melts down into a puddle after a few rains and soaks back into the soil.) An outstanding elementary book on trash disposal - go bug your friendly local librarian to get some copies. You might even want one yourself.

THE GREAT DREADNOUGHT, by Richard Hough (remaindered, \$1.98) An interesting account of what was the biggest battleship in the world - H.M.S. Agincourt, nee Reshadieh, nee Rio de Janeiro. (She was originally ordered by Brazil, sold to Turkey when Brazil could not pay for her, and commandeered by Britain just prior to World War I.) This is the fifth book by Hough that I have acquired, and while it's probably the poorest of the 5, it's still interesting reading. Hough can keep you reading even when nothing, really, is going on. The reader also gets a look at the armaments race of the early 1900s; they were worried about a "battleship gap" then.

TRUTH IS STRANGER, by Ann Landers (Dantam, 95¢) The sadist in me delights in the problems of others, I guess. (And I am delighted to have my opinion of the human race confirmed. In any event, I found this fascinating. Also contains good advice, if you need any. For awhile, all the younger fans liked to sneer at Ann Landers, presumably because her advice was on how to live in the world the way it is instead of how to nobly change things and stay happy in the process. But I think I'd trust Landers' advice more than I would that of any of her critics. (Not that I'd be likely to take it; I'm very bad about taking advice.)

WHATEVER BECAME OF...?, by Richard Lamparski (Ace, \$1.25) If you don't object to most of the wordage being concerned with what the various people listed were celebrated for instead of what they're doing now, you might want this for your nostalgia shelf. It isn't all that well written, but it does have short biographies and photos of various celebrities of yesteryear, from Beverly Aadland to Burton K. Wheeler.

HOLLYWOOD'S UNSOLVED MYSTERIES, by John Austin (Ace, 75¢) A companion piece to the above. This is what happened to the ones who didn't make it; things like the murder of William Desmond Taylor, the suicide of Carole Landis, etc. The style is gossip columnist traditional, but the facts are there if you're interested.

SEVEN GLORIOUS DAYS, SEVEN FUN-FILLED NIGHTS, by Charles Sopkin (Ace, 75¢) The saga of a man who spent seven consecutive days in front of not one but six tv sets. As a stunt, interesting; as a book, spotty. Sopkin tries to hard to be funny most of the time.

GRUMBLINGS



Liz Fishman, 2915 Princeton Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45406

Oh, I think I'll be able to get a column in more than once a year or something; time for it can be easily made. I have this system, you see. I always keep my typewriter uncovered and with a sheet of paper rolled in ready to go. Then, whenever I can, I clack out a few words or lines until the piece is finished. And I carry the writer wherever it's possible--the breakfast table, for instance. It works out fine. Except for a few mornings ago that is. The pounding caused my orange juice to slop over onto the paper and into the typer's very innards. Naturally, this threw my rotten little brother into gleeful cacklings at the precise moment he had taken a mouthful of hot chocolate. Part of the chocolate spewed onto the kitchen curtains and the other part just dropped into his scrambled eggs. His older brother, who sits across from him, thrust his elbow into my bowl of oatmeal in ducking to avoid the geyser of chocolate. I suppose this all goes to prove one thing--never, as long as I live, will I ever have want of material. All I have to do is open my eyes in the morning.

I bet I know why you bah, humbug imagery--you don't understand it. And I bet something else--you just don't give a damn. No wonder my future slim unprofitable books of poetry will be slim unprofitable books of poetry. Nobody, but nobody, gives a damn.

I told some friends about this mailman or ours and they were appalled. They suggested I report him, something that I've stated to his face in the heat of battle but would never do. I have a firm rule that says to never stem a source of material. Besides, as maddening as it is I think I really look forward to seeing what he'll come up with next. Actually, my whole life is like that--frantic, disorganized, and filled with the unexpected on a day to day basis. Senility will never be one of my problems.

This FAPA is new to me. Are all the mailings like Vandy, newsletters with a small circulation? And what does FAPA stand for? I enjoyed the paper, particularly one article. It had to do with the alleged addictiveness of cigarettes (and I don't think it is alleged) and the fact that you don't care if people smoke as long as they don't do it in your direction. I fixed one of those obnoxious flesh and blood chimneys once. There was a man who sat across from me on the bus every morning with the biggest, foulest smelling cigar I had ever seen. And the smoke all came at me. And no matter how many times he was asked to at least puff the smoke out of the window he continued to pollute me. One day, when it was too cold to open the windows, the bus driver leaned around his seat and handed me a squirt gun. After getting over my astonishment, I took aim and fired. The chimney just sat there with the wet cigar hanging from his wet face while the busload of passengers applauded. Then he lit another and I fired, another and that was cooled for him. He gave up. The next day he was at it again when I boarded. He just sat there and watched me walk to my seat, open my purse and pull forth the full gun. I only had to squirt him once and that was that. After that he spent the whole ride downtown staring at me malevolently. And he never again rode that particular stagecoach.

I don't see why that fellow should have gone to all that trouble to decipher the murdered girl's corpuscles. Corpuscles are clever, I suppose, but wouldn't it have been easier to check her stomach and see what could be read in the alphabet soup? You may think about that, digest it as it were.

And another thing I keep forgetting--I'm nuts about that little piece that Dennis Lien wrote, "A Soliliquy on the Death of Star Trek etc.". Now why isn't he doing a column for you? That fellow has a grand sense of humor and puts it down so well.

It was pretty hectic at work today. On one Thursday of every three or four months the business merchants of Dayton perpetrate a cute little gimmick called Downtown Dayton Day, and yesterday was another. Prices are supposedly lowered and the bus ride downtown

is free--it's the Christmas rush all over again, only worse, I think. For the life of me I cannot get the hang of working a cash register and whoever works the counter does it for me. However, in a rush there's a shortage of personnel. This time I was stuck with the register all by myself. Impossible; I just couldn't do it. But I did find a way to solve the problem. I just jotted the sale down on a pad and stuffed the money into my skirt pocket. Then when I had a free moment I ran to the register and pressed buttons until the drawer opened and dropped the money in. The next day, today, was hectic because no one could figure out the extraordinary amount of sales recorded and the shortage in the drawer. I explained the situation to the manager, gave him the pad, and he took it from there. It took awhile, but it checked out. Then the tall, blue-eyed, long-lashed manager invited me to lunch. He says he's going to have to keep me around at least until he has me figured out. In that case my job is secure, and I do like his blue eyes.

My rotten little brother has one of those old students' desks; a delapidated thing with the folding seat attached to the front of it. He drags a kitchen chair into his room (which shows a spark of brilliance on his behalf since that is also where the desk happens to be) and whacks away in a one-fingered frenzy at his Tom Thumb. He wants to be a writer, and does show a certain uniquely weird flair for it. (He also has an addiction for Ben Casey and a preoccupation with pregnancy, and combines the two by performing Caesarean sections on his teddy bears.)

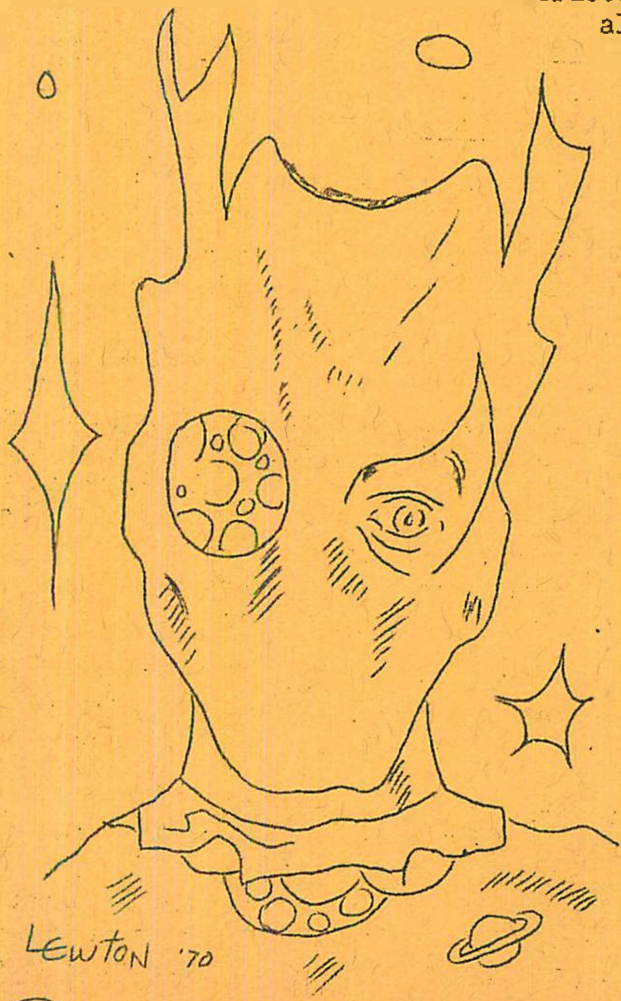
Most likely cyclamates and jimson weed are being outlawed because they indeed are injurious to health, and they have no lobbyists in Congress. (I don't see why anyone would want to ban firearms; They aren't injurious to chromosomes; they don't rot lungs or go through red lights. They merely tap one's blood supply.)

Yes, the blue-eyed manager and the floorwalker (known as Ol' Lightfoot among the behind-the-counters people) are in the same store. If you do shop in this particular store better bring Juanita along and make her stick close by. When Lightfoot is attracted to a man and that man is alone, he will not be alone for long. Lightfoot prances with the speed of a silvery, twinkily bullet that has been touched by Tinkerbell's magic wand. True.

John Brunner, 53 Nassington Road, London NW3
England

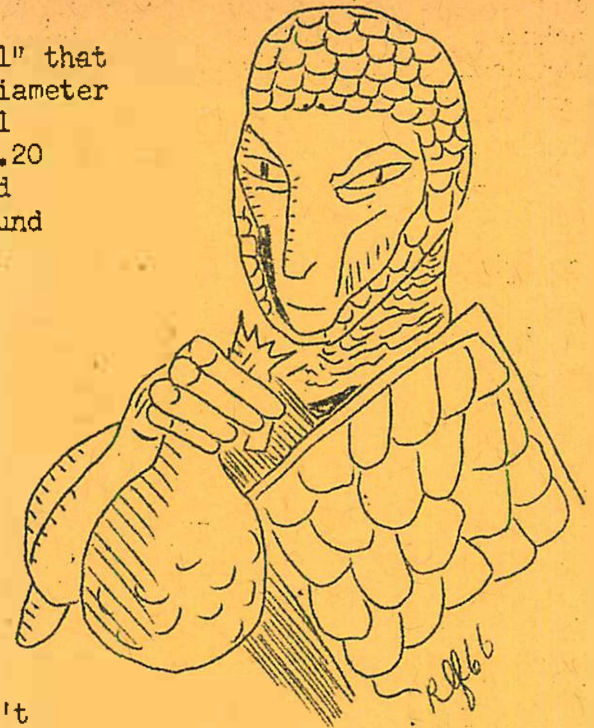
Hastily: thanks for Yandro #193, and please tell Art Wilson that "Hopefully the sun will shine" is a German idiom ("Hoffentlich wird die Sonne scheinen") which crept into American via Yiddish. The word is now functioning as one of those rather precarious adoptive exceptions-to-a-rule that are variously termed "hanging adverbs", "adverbs in apposition" or "adverbial absolutes".....my choice, by analogy with the regular accusative absolute.

Yan 194. But you've been very unfair to Bill Pronzini (p. 4). If anyone's at fault it's the printer who added the irrelevant decimal in front of the figures. There is so a twenty-gauge shotgun, or as we call it over here a twenty-bore (Christ, I never thought I'd be correcting you on a subject connected with guns!). I just called up Cogswell and Harrison to make sure my memory wasn't at fault, and the guy said, "A light gun, suitable for a lady, more used in America than here and mainly for shooting skeet." Your 3" barrel would be--what? Oh, maybe a "minus-



four-bore"!

/Ah, but it's just that "irrelevant decimal" that I object to. A 20 gauge gun has a bore diameter equal to the diameter of a solid lead ball weighing 1/20th of a pound. Therefore a .20 gauge would have the diameter of a 5-pound lead ball, whatever that is. (A three-pound iron cannonball is about 2 3/4 inches in diameter, but I don't really feel like working it out in lead.) As an author you tend to blame printers for such errors; as a reader, I tend to blame authors. RSC/



Mary Long, 726 Wilson Avenue, Lakeland, Florida 33801

I've heard a lot of round-about talk and read a few articles written with an obvious smirk or two (or three?) about the cons. I'm planning on Agacon in August (my first con-found it) and would like a few things explained. Like define fun, and specify! What goes on that I can't tell my mother? And don't send answers in a plain brown wrapper (mother gets suspicious). All seriousness aside, is it that bad? If so, you can bet I'll be there!

I loved "slippery Fishman's" column in Y-195. What style, what punch. (Did I do all right, Liz?) She's really like that, yea she is. And she's even nice to little old Confederate-born children like me. D'you know she's trying to convert me to be Jewish? Ask her about blueberry Gefilte fish.

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

I just received your note today about the delay in mailing Yandro 195. I'm still enjoying 194. Your tale of the frozen garbage was most entertaining--especially at long distance. This has been the coldest winter in our state's history; I wish those Canadians would keep those miserable arctic air masses to themselves.

The episode with the kris struck a reminiscent note, as I once weakened momentarily and ordered a Black Forest hunting knife (for which I had no use whatever). It arrived finally, and turned out to have been made in the Black Forest of New Jersey--so much for authenticity.

On the array of Dover's humor list, I have their fine book of Lear's great drawings and verse one of Jerome K. Jerome's collections, and the Lewis Carroll's. Have you ever tried the great Canadian humorist Stephen Leacock (not available from Dover, alas)? He did some marvelous things, including one of the funniest on mathematics that I've ever read.

Among the titles you listed, THE EMPEROR ARTHUR by Turton sounds good--what period? KREUZERKRIEG I've seen advertised, I think, at some idiotic price. I have Doenitz's memoirs, but have never had the chance to read them. Speaking of the sea (and thanking you for the Tartan Book address in the earlier Yandro), I'm quite fond of the rousing sea novels of Douglas Reeman, an English ex-RN man. I've gotten 2 from Tartan (not read yet), and can recommend several of his others, some of which have come out in paperback--HMS SARACEN, THE LAST RAIDER, and in hardbound, SEND A GUNBOAT! Very satisfactory. I learned of F&SF from Charlie Brown, and I've been patronizing them ever since.

Must stop for now. I hope that your kris doesn't prove too soft for use--try to avoid catching it on the ribs of the victims.

Dave Piper, 24 Dawlish Drive, Ruislip Manor, Middx, HA4 9SD England

Hi'de just lhike to phoint hout that yhour shnide referhence to my hoccashional drop-

ping hof han 'h' hand the hindication thereof hof han hunheducated hand hilliterate background has struck me to the quick hand has reshulted him hacute depresshion which chan honly be hallivihated by chopious quantities hof Bheer!! Hhhhhhic!!! Yhours, hever so slightly...

/Sure, and ye Sassenachs have no feelin' for the language at all,
at all. RSC/

Bob Briney, 233 Lafayette St., Apt #2, Salem, Mass. 01970

Weather? We've had it pretty good so far--cold, of course, but relatively little snow; no bad storms at all. The worst storm of the season apparently struck here while I was in Michigan for Christmas. The Michigan weather was mild while I was there, but according to the last letter received from my mother, I got out just in time. About two hours after I left (6:30 PM on New Year's Day) it started to snow, and kept on until it had dumped almost 40 inches of snow on Muskegon. The airport was closed for a couple of days, and even the trains had trouble getting in and out of the city. (That train always has trouble--on one vividly-remembered trip, during Michigan's coldest December in Weather Bureau history, the damn thing ran out of fuel half-way between Grand Haven and Muskegon. We had to drag selves and luggage through a field three feet deep in snowdrifts and then endure a cold, cramped and smelly bus-ride to complete the trip.

Do whatever is necessary to keep Elizabeth Fishman writing letters to Yandro. Her contributions to the last two issues are the freshest and funniest things I've read in a long time.

In the past month I acquired the set of Rosemary Sutcliff's historical novels for young readers. I had read the two that Dell reprinted in paperback, but until I visited Charlie Brown's place last fall, I didn't know that there were so many more of them. There is a series of ten books, tracing the history of Britain from the Bronze Age to the Norman occupation: WARRIOR SCARLET, THE MARK OF THE HORSE LORD, THE EAGLE OF THE NINTH, THE SILVER BRANCH, DAWN WIND, OUTCAST, THE LANTERN BEARERS, THE SHIELD RING, BROTHER SIMON, KNIGHT'S FEE. All are still in print in England (from Oxford University Press) in a nicely illustrated matched set. Am slowly reading my way through them, trying to prolong the enjoyment. There is also a new "adult" book from Miss Sutcliff: THE FLOWERS OF ADONIS, in which she invades Mary Renault's territory (Greek antiquity).

Just finished Philip Jose Farmer's LORD TYGER. Another waste of talent...many exciting action scenes strung on an absurd plot, and told with the usual attention to clinical detail (including the color and consistency of monkey shit). Have also read John Baxter's SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CINEMA. The latter has many interesting illustrations (not the usual run of stills that you find in any work on the subject) and much information that was new to me; it is obviously a well-researched book. On the debit side, it contains some hasty judgments, and bits of awkward and downright careless writing. Still, it is a work of serious intentions, and worth reading.

(Show me a factory with a cocktail lounge, and I'll show you a potted plant.)

You have undoubtedly seen announcements of the "natural history" set of stamps which the U.S. will issue on May 6th: a se-tenant block of four jumbo-sized stamps, picturing the American bald eagle, an Indian canoe party, a herd of African elephants, and an assortment of prehistoric reptiles. Already the fuggheads have been at work: one of the Boston suburban newspapers published a letter in which the writer accused the Republican administration of using undue influence in order to get an elephant pictured on a stamp. Personally, I think the reptiles give a more accurate picture of current political climate.

(Show me a milkman wearing high heels and I'll show you a Dairy Queen.)

The "interlineations" were cribbed from a Boston disc-jockey; don't blame me for originating them (only for passing them on).

/The other day Bruce asked why the US didn't allow living people on stamps; I was glad to have your letter to draw on. (If they make this much fuss about elephants, think what it would be like if they let in live politicians.) RSC/

Ron Bennett, 45 Namly Garden, Singapore 10

Picked up a fairly recent Time magazine in a hospital waiting room today (soccer injury) and read a short article by Humphrey on the lines that as Vice President he was extremely limited as to what he could or couldn't do or say. Johnson, he said, demanded absolute loyalty and he wasn't allowed to do much real work in case he "upstaged" the President. Seems very reasonable to me and I am, after all, an expert on the US Vice Presidency. Agnew played golf here, about half a mile away, last month. Just to show how we Colonial types do hob-nob with the Big Names. I'll add that today my son waved at the Duchess of Kent. Don't stop publishing out of sheer jealousy.

This letter on throwing knives by this Art Wilson character intrigues me as being written by an American isolationist. Who is this Wilson chap, anyway? He should try spending a little time on this side of the Pacific.

CHARLIE CHAN IN THE CITY OF DARKNESS is on TV tonight. I must remember to ask a few Chinese friends what they thought of it. We had Shirley Temple, George Murphy and Jim-my Durante in LITTLE MISS BROADWAY on Tuesday. Boy! Talkies!

/Gee, you're right up to date over there; a Ft. Wayne tv station has been running a Charlie Chan festival of sorts for over a month (Once a week, I hasten to add). I tuned in to see if they were as bad as I remembered from my childhood Saturday-matinee going days, and they certainly were, and hilarious. JWC/

Dennis Lien, 530 Mabel St., Tucson, Arizona 85705

#193: Ramblings--I don't know how the other volumes in the Oxford History of English Lit read--and I've got to get around to reading the first few Real Soon Now--but I'd be flabbergasted if any of them were as enjoyable as Lewis' ENGLISH LIT IN THE 16th C. Lewis was an exception; most scholars feel unclean unless they manage to be monumentally dull. John Dover Wilson and G.K. Chesterton (all dead, you'll note) are about the only other exceptions that come to mind at the moment. (My examining board last spring said they enjoyed my qualifying ((M.A.)) exam very much and all that, but they suggested that I dull my style up for the prelim ((PhD)) exams. Apparently it's only doctors who are required by University Law to be unreadable.

You keep puppies outside, in an old mailbox? By now they've probably fallen out and died in the plunge, so I guess there's no point in calling in the SPCA.

Oh, people have suggested the Bible is improper reading for the young before; Matthew Lewis' THE MONK--c.1800--is the most recent (that is--oh you know what I mean) example I've encountered (the passage in question was censored out of later editions along with some of the more explicit sex, Coleridge and other reviewers objecting). Good fun.

Elizabeth Fishman must have two brothers, no? Took me a moment to make the connection.

Oh, beagles as Universal Life Church ministers are old hat. I hear Kirby has ordained at least one ant farm. How'd you like to be married by an ant farm? (Better than be married to one, I suppose.)

A few other colleges grant Candidate in Philosophy degrees under one name or another --Yale, I think, and at least one Canadian university, as of the date (1963?) of Don Cameron Allen's report on THE PHD IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE--which Nan Braude ought to read if she hasn't already done so. Though I suppose it's too late for her to back out now, being a Cand. Ph. and all (which looks like "Canadian Physicist" or some such).

DRAGONS AND NIGHTMARES in the Belmont edition is an (unauthorized, says Chalker in Locus) reprint of 3/4s of the Mirage Press hc. Anyway, "A Good Knight's Work" was first printed in Unknown, and I think the other three stories were published in Weird Tales in the mid-40s, though I may be misremembering.

Heinlein's "Project Nightmare" appears in THE MENACE FROM EARTH, and I think Amazing reprinted it a couple years ago.

/As a matter of fact, the puppies got all the way to the local post office, but they were returned for lack of sufficient postage. RSC/

Rick Brooks, RRL, Box 167, Fremont, Indiana 46737

I liked THE RELUCTANT MEDIUM by Davies especially for his handling of the supernatural. Instead of either explaining all the supernatural as trickery or treating it all as real, Davies did both. With the long history of mediums faking when they couldn't make the grade, this struck me as a more real approach than the others.

Enclosed is something for your sense of ~~Wonder~~ wonder: the movie version billing for Lovecraft's THE DUNWICH HORROR starring Sandra Dee. Ghosh! Whow! My sense of wonder has wandered off.

Yandro #195 was pretty, but why the Thanksgiving cover? I hope that those goons thought to clean the turkey before biting in--still it looks unsanitary to me.

As for books like THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE (THE HUMAN ZOO is the one which hits me the hardest), the main criticism I've read of them is that they oversimplify too much and ignore all but their theory. However, I suppose the theory needs to be overstressed to be noticed.

THE BIOLOGICAL TIME BOMB is the book that has bugged the most of those that I've read in the last six months. It seems that the potential of biological engineering is almost unlimited...as is the potential for misuse.

We had an anti-pollution thingee here last week which drew 250 people on a lousy evening. Might have something doing here, but I'm sure as hell not going to picket local air polluters. I have too much of a tendency to make gestures anyway.

Tell Liz Fishman that the Society for the Abolition of Computers is utter silliness. It makes more sense to call for a society for the Abolition of People as they are the ones responsible for the misuse of computers...and weak-minded enough to blame their shortcomings on the computer. Machinery and I rarely get along, but I have no illusions as to who is to blame on that score.

The Albigenians basically differed from the Catholic Church in that they believed that while God was responsible for most of Creation, the Devil was responsible for creating mankind. The Catholics then got together and very obligingly proved the Albigenians right by almost wiping them out.

/Oh, I don't know; I think Sandra Dee would make a pretty good Dunwich horror. Seriously, the Lavells saw it, and said it wasn't nearly as bad as they'd expected. RSC/

Jeff Cochran, 424 Kioldstad, Placentia, California 92670

Here is also a plus vote for Elizabeth Fishman as a columnist. Her letters are beautifully funny. But she's wrong about Easter Rising.

It's an old, old term's present form. The original was "East'er rising!" and was a call by sailors using the sun for navigation. The term later fell into misuse when Mary O'Connelly shot down the sun with a double-barreled shillelagh.

Does Janie Lamb still act as "receptrix" of the N3F? And does she still live at Rte. 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee? I'd like to get my introductory package but am not sure of whether or not my addresses are up to date.

You probably got a short note from me yesterday or the day before. Well, I mailed that today and then discovered in today's mail Yandro #195. Say, how about putting the number on the front of the issue? My copies I remember by number, which means I must dig for something when I want to find it.

On your Hugo nominees: LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS is my own personal favorite, and

JAGGED ORBIT is good (but the resolution of conflicts at the end is too makeshift for my tastes.) But BUG JACK BARRON and UP THE LINE? I won't go into BJB except to say that he overdoes the old Herbert ploy of detailing all the mental minutiae, most of which are not the sharp self-images and infighting that Spinrad portrays. Anyone who rationalizes his feelings or attempts to analyze them can tell you that most actions are the results of vague emotions, and not diamond-clear pages of thought. UP THE LINE was all right, but I found both the ending and beginning to be poorly written. That ending, in particular. The last time it was successfully used was in NOVA, and it only made it there because the entire story up to the end led the reader to accept it with a little thought. UP THE LINE is far, far from Hugo quality. "Sam my black guru" my foot.

DUNE MESSIAH and MACROSCOPE should also have been dropped from your list. Neither was of the quality a Hugo winner should be, and MACROSCOPE in particular suffered from many faults, most notably the mistakes Piers made with his details of how the macroscope could be used. Like how could the macroscope get a horizontal view from a vertical position, and "Guiding" the others around with it (the destroyer), and worst of all, Piers didn't play fair with the reader. He just tossed in solutions from the blue, like the existence of Yvonne and other cute moves.

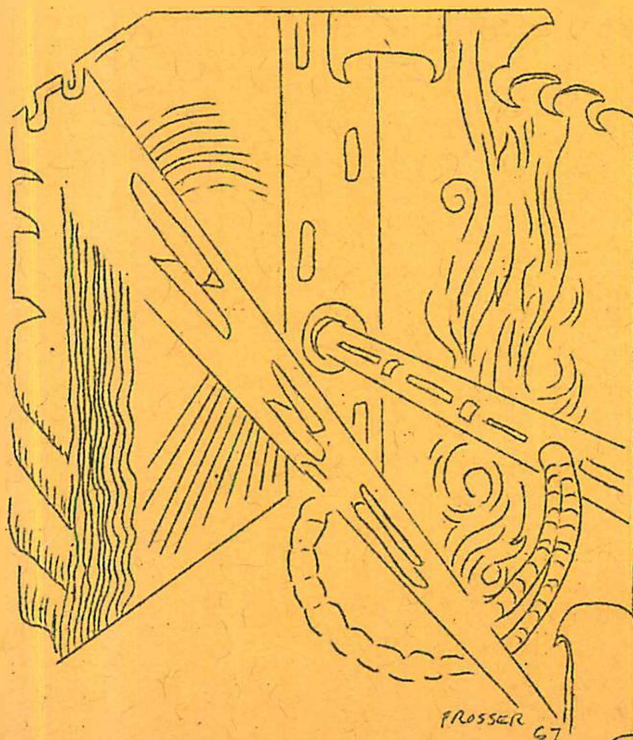
To continue: On the clippings of the Ellison caper at the Dayton Arts Center; I believe I can offer more information. Harlan has a column in the LA Free Press called "The Glass Teat". It's a television review column mostly, but he took time off to discuss Daytona. (Some of my statements may be off by a little bit. I'm working from memory. I'd send you a copy of the column but my dad threw mine away.)

Anyway, it seems that Harlan did communicate very well with the kids who were brought to see him--or one group, anyway. That group was made up of black kids from the poorer areas of Dayton, but soon Harlan had a wild session going. Discussion on all sorts of important subjects. He was also talking to them in their own language, which included some words that the director did not like. Now for the real bit of typical Harlan Ellison diplomacy. There was another group Harlan talked to. A group of WASP kids from a catholic school(?). Ooops, I mean white anglo saxon catholics, of course. It seems that these young people were the products of sheltered lives. They, in the course of discussion, not only refused to acknowledge that there were racial problems in Dayton, but made such logical statements as "aren't drugs immoral?" and others, worse ones that I don't fully remember. Harlan got quite angry at many of these, started ranting about how they'd been closed to the world and didn't care what was happening enough to try and correct the world's faults, and on--and you can imagine what language Harlan was using on these catholic kids and the chaperone who was with them. That's as far as I know about it, and can't guarantee what I've said to be totally factual (after all, it was Harlan's version of it).

/That sounds like Harlan, all right. I told Jeff that as far as I knew his information about Janie Lamb was correct. Any revisions from the audience?RSC/

Irv Jacobs, PO Box 574, National City, California 92050

Dave Locke's "Difugalty" #4 in Yandro #195 has prodded me into writing these lines. I can't be sure if the article is a put-on or if he really believes that Sensitivity Training is a subversive idea. If Mr. Locke's intentions are strictly



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humorous, then I've surely misunderstood him. Anyway, his quotation from a book by W. C. Skousen really intrigues me.

Skousen is a self-appointed expert on the Communist Menace. He was at one time a chief of police in some western city, but more recently he has become a familiar figure at the rallies of the Far Right. I believe he was or is associated with Dr. Fred Schwartz and/or Billy James Hargis. Skousen's books are usually found only in John Birch Society bookstores. Skousen, like most of the authors to find favor with the customers at JBS bookstores, is a firm believer in the Devil Theory of history. The Devil Theory is that everything a conservative, stand-pat individual finds objectionable (Hippies, long hair, pornography, the Mental Health program, and now, heaven help us, Sensitivity Training) can be definitely traced to brain washing efforts by You Know Who. These "experts" on the Red Menace spend a lifetime poring over the works of Mao, Che, Marx, et. al., and by using carefully selected passages from these works, will "prove" any point they wish to make.

Mr. Locke says that "an intelligent readership, given ground work, can draw its own conclusions." Well, I certainly can do so. Bolshevik self-criticisms have nothing whatever to do with Sensitivity Training. It occurs to me that if some of the spoiled brat radicals who are burning banks and setting dynamite charges had ever had the opportunity to engage in Group Dynamics, a number of their unshakeable convictions might have become unglued.

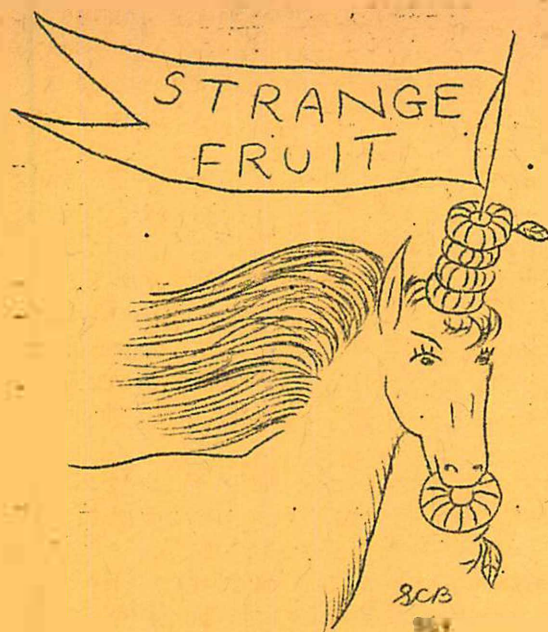
/I rather suspect Dave thinks that Sensitivity Training is a stupid idea. I tend to agree. And while Communist "self-criticism" may not have inspired Sensitivity Training, I think it's obvious that they are traveling the same useless road. RSC/

Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Indiana 47130

I'm at a loss to understand your hostility to the Toronto convention. Do you seriously believe that anyone who is able to go to Heicon will instead go to Toronto? In our affluent society there are still lots of people (me included) who simply can't afford a European vacation. And even if I could, I can't spend that much time away from school. The Toronto group is simply trying to provide a place for us poor unfortunates to go.

Sure, there are plenty of regionals for those who can't attend the worldcon, but most of these are at difficult times for fans who work or attend school year round. The traditional worldcon time (even if it is a week early this year) is the best time for a convention, particularly for the large number of high school and college students who make up a substantial part of fandom--and these are the very fans who are most unable to take the time and money to go to Heicon. As it is, the last two weeks in August are about the only time I have for conventioning during the year, and I'm grateful to Toronto for holding a consolation con then. (After all, it's not as if the Toronto Fan Fair were hurting Heicon.) So, I wish you'd reconsider.

/This was the most pertinent of the defenses of the Toronto Con. (Aha, Dave! I got 3 violent objections to my editorial without even trying, and you only got one--so far--on your column. So there.) I have to admit that Bob has a valid point, and what do I say--that Fannish Principle is more important than his convention-going? (I did, as a matter of fact, but I'm aware that it sounds fatuous.) However, to answer the other objectors, yes I do believe that Toronto will attract some fans who could go to Heicon. The ones who scrape up the money for Heicon but feel that it's really more than they want to spend, and isn't it nice that Toronto is closer? Furthermore, it's a precedent. Next time you'll have a bigger con at the same time as an overseas convention. ("Why not? Nobody objected when Toronto did it.") And eventually instead of any pretense of World Fandom you'll have North American fandom and European fandom, with outspokenly competing conventions. I'm not dumb enough to think I can change the opinion of anyone who has already decided to go to Toronto; but I want my lack of endorsement of the idea on record. RSC/



SERENDIP #22 thru 29 (John McCallum, P. O. Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 10¢ or 100 pages for \$1.00) A Postal Diplomacy journal - the game must be heating up, with 8 issues since Christmas. In addition to the actual game reports, you get arguments over rules, player rating lists, and other extras, all equally meaningless to the non-player.

LA GUERRE (Buddy Tretick, 3702 Wendy Lane, Silver Spring, Md. 20906) Another Diplomacy mag, featuring a tournament of 5 Diplomacy variants. Applications for playing positions being accepted. Not for me, but if you're interested.....

ISFANEWS #3, 5, and Special Issue (David Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46220 - monthly - 10¢) News of the Indianapolis club. With them (I think) came LEWTON'S PLATFORM and a letterzine, THE IMMORTAL GLUG. A lot of this covers the disagreement between the Formalists and the

Anarchists over whether or not to have formal programs at the meetings. All of this is now ended, with the Anarchists coming out on top, for once.

FANS IN EXILE #1 (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Drive, Indianapolis, Ind. 46226 - MIC is MICROCOSM #1 monthly and 10¢; FIE is probably a one-shot) FIE is more on the club disagreement (somebody said fued, but it was hardly that). MIC is editor-written; general-type ramblings and reviews. Along with this came an ad for Burton's rock music fanzine, THE NEON CORNFIELD. (An appropriate title, anyway.)

LOCUS #46 thru 49 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, N.Y. 10457 - biweekly - 10 for \$2.00) One of the leading fan newsletters. Somebody commented that LOCUS news is too pro-oriented, but then fans are interested in the news of professionals (and professionals are rarely interested in the news of fans). I'd have said it was too convention-oriented, but that's because I dislike con reports. So, since everyone has a different ground for complaint, it must cover the news pretty well. Rating.....7

WINNIE #5, 6, 7 (Michael Ward, Box 45, Mountain View, Calif. 94040 - biweekly - 6 for \$1.00) Smaller than LOCUS, with an emphasis on west coast news. Not too much overlap on news, particularly on minor items. Rating.....5

OSFAN V2#3, 4 (Linda Stochl, Rt 1, Box 89c, House Springs, Mo. 63051 - monthly - 15¢ or 12 for \$1.60 - staff is Doug Clark, Chester Malon and Sally Watson, but Linda collects the money) #3 is strictly club news, but with #4 they are getting fan correspondents in other areas and look like becoming a leading fan-oriented newsletter. (But not until their correspondents improve a bit.) Rating.....4

LUNA MONTHLY #9, 10 (Frank & Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St, Oradell, New Jersey 07649 - monthly - 30¢ or \$3.00 per year) A digest-size, offset mag. News, book reviews, various lists (conventions, forthcoming books, magazine contents pages, etc.) #10 has the news that Jack Chalker's Mirage Press is considering suing Bob Bloch for breaching a contract to sell a pb reprint of DRAGONS AND NIGHTMARES ahead of schedule. There is the typically pompous quote from Chalker - even when he may be in the right he sounds bad - but no mention of amount of suit. \$35,000, anyone? Rating.....7

GREEN DRAGON #8 (Tolkien Society of America, Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226 - irregular - no price listed; I think you're supposed to be a member of the Society to receive it.) A short newsletter concerning Tolkien news. (However the most interesting Tolkien news came from LOCUS, which mentioned that in 1969, Ballantine had sold 294,000 copies of FELLOWSHIP, 365,000 of TWO TOWERS, and 323,000 of RETURN. I want to know what those 32,000 buyers thought about receiving the middle of a novel with no beginning or end? Must have been confusing for them, to say the least.

DALLASCON BULLETIN IV (Dallascon, P. O. Box 523, Richardson, Texas 75080 - quarterly - free) News, lots of items boosting Dallas for the '73 Worldcon, and lots of ads, mostly comics oriented. Not terribly interesting unless you're a comics fan, but what can you lose?

THE HEICON FLYER #3 (Don Lundry, RD 1, Old York Estates, Hightstown, New Jersey 08520 - bimonthly - "subscription for remaining issues \$1.00") News for those on the chartered flight to the con, including useful tips like an explanation of the Michelin Travel Guides. Useful if you can make Heidelberg, which I can't regretfully.

THE LEGAL RULES (Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534 - annual - 10¢) This is the second edition. Jerry is serving a quite useful purpose in publishing these, so everybody can see what to object to. As I pointed out earlier, nobody ever follows the rules exactly anyway, but con committees do use them as guidelines, at least, so they should be as unobjectionable as possible. I don't exactly recommend the rules, but I do recommend the publication.

THE FOUR DOOR GRAPE #3 (Ed Smith, Route 2, Box 151-C, Matthews, No. Carolina 28105 - irregular - no price listed) An Apa 45 publication, largely devoted to rock music. Naturally I can't judge the quality of the commentary, but if you're interested in this sort of thing.....

HARPIES #7 and last (Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich. 48234 - no price listed) Schultz is cleaning up his files with this final issue. Some interesting material included, however.

THE NEW FORERUNNER #10 (Gary Mason, Warili Road, French's Forest, N.S.W. 2086, Australia - monthly - 20¢ or 5 for \$1.00) Aussie news; fans, comics, conventions, and VISION OF TOMORROW. Like all newsletters, it's interesting if you're interested in the people involved. I am, somewhat. If you want to know what's going on in foreign fan centers, try a few copies.

THE GREEN FANDOM #1 (Caryl Dixon, Macalester College, St. Paul, Minn. 55101 - 10¢ - no schedule listed - coeditor, Linda Lounsbury) I don't really like faaan fiction any better than I do fan fiction, but it's a start. (They ask for contributions; send some.) Reproduction is very good for beginners, and the editorials are pleasant. Quite promising. With this came AIN'T NO USE #5, by Blue Petel, with reproduction so poor that I didn't read it and can't tell you if the material was any good or not.

HARMALINE #1 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, Texas 77566 - no price or schedule) A N'APA mag; dunno if it's available for general circulation. It's worth asking for, anyway; the worst you can get is a "No". Editorial comments, humor, mailing comments.

INDELLABLE SPOT #1 (James Langdell, 1756 14th. Ave, San Francisco, Calif. 94122 - no price or schedule) N'APA again. Strictly editor-written; maybe not as good as Joanne's, but interesting enough.

RENAISSANCE, V2#1 (J. J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey - no price, schedule, or Zip Code listed) A long and somewhat dull article on "Thematic Hierarchies In Science Fiction". Hm; here's the schedule and price; quarterly and free. There is a long attack on Silverberg's introduction to DARK STARS. I'm afraid Silverberg made more sense than reviewer Hodgens, however; Hodgens must give every single word a precisely literal meaning and even then shows remarkable obtuseness. He obviously believes that reviewing every phrase gives him more ammunition than considering the entire context of the introduction would. (It doesn't; it makes him look like a pompous ass.) The book reviews by the editor are competent enough; I don't agree with all of them, but they make their point.

Rating....4

NAPALM #7 (Wally Conger, Route 1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, Calif. 93420 - irregular - 15¢) A letterzine. Major discussions on war, violence in general, the sad state of our society; occasional references to science fiction. Reasonably well done. Rating....5

HAVERINGS #42 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, Gt. Britain - bimonthly - 6 for \$1.00 - USAgent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St, Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201) A fanzine devoted to fanzine reviews. Quite a few European fanzines that I'd never heard of before are mentioned in here, along with the old faithful. Rating.....6

OUTWOLDS #1 (Bill & Joan Bowers, P.O. Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203 - bimonthly - 50¢) Lovely parody of "2001" by Hank Davis. Otherwise a various assortment of material that left me cold. (Not bad; just not my type.) Bill says he is going to attempt a small, frequent fanzine; presumably the material will be anything he happens to like. Rating.....5

S F COMMENTARY #7 (Bruce R. Gillespie, P.O. Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia - bimonthly - \$A3.00 for 9 issues) That would be \$3.35 US, if the rate hasn't changed in the last 2 years (I'm going to have to get me a new WORLD ALMANAC). This is the successor to AUSTRALIAN S F REVIEW, and contains much the same type of material; generally serious commentary on science fiction. Sometimes overly serious (but it never becomes as pompous as some North American fanzines do). In general, it's for people who take science fiction seriously, and sometimes I wonder why I enjoy it. But I generally do. Rating....8

SCOTTISHE #54 (Ethel Lindsay, address and agent's address under HAVERINGS, quarterly - 4 for \$1.00) Book reviews, letters and a fairly long editorial. All very well done, but the issue didn't seem quite as good as usual. Less of the editorial personality showed up, I believe. (Though I couldn't say why.) This is a fairly small fanzine, but generally an exceptionally good one. Rating...8

T-NEGATIVE #5 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn. 55417 - quarterly, I think - 50¢) Old Star Trek fans never die.... All written by Ruth this time, which I consider an improvement. I could do without the exhaustive list of which ST acrots have appeared in which other places, but I suppose it's a must for the faithful. (Would you believe I meant "actors" up there? I was going to conflu it out, but acrots is such an interesting word....it ought to mean something.) There is one piece of fiction, an account of happenings on the set, and some very good artwork.

FIRST FANDOM MAGAZINE #13 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St.; Wauseon, Ohio 43567) To be eligible for First Fandom, as I understand it, you have to have been active in fandom prior to 1938. I don't qualify, so this is the first FF publication I've seen. I had heard the usual things; that the group is incredibly stuffy and useless, and so on. (Bob Tucker refused to join First Fandom, for which he is eligible, and wangled an honorary membership in Apa 45 - for fans born during or after 1945 - instead. Of course, Tucker is almost as hard to get along with as I am, so...) After perusing the material by Vern Coriell and Bob Madle, I'm tempted to believe the comments are correct. (Though admittedly Madle was doing a sort of con report, which is very hard to make interesting, and the best writers usually flounder over it.) Terry Jeeves does much better, but I suppose that could be because he likes some of the same stories I do. (I know exactly what he means about "Rescue Party", even though he's a trifle bonkers for liking E. E. Smith better than Thomas Burnett Swann.) A digest-size, multilithed publication.

THE UNDERGROUND, V 12 #4 (Wayne Finch, 616 No. 73rd. St., East St. Louis, Ill. 62203 - quarterly - 50¢) A journal of caving fandom. (What really gets me is the fanzine review column in which 7 other caving fanzines are reviewed. I had this impression of UNDERGROUND being an unusual outgrowth of speleological fandom, due to Finch's ~~science-fictional~~ science-fictional mentality.) Along with fairly serious reports on caves, equipment, and the like, there is much attempted humor and a moderate amount of successful humor, plus the usual ingroup jokes which don't mean much to an outgroupier. Overall, it's about as interesting as the average science-fiction fanzine - and has as much to do with science-fiction as some stfmags do.

PEGASUS #6 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, Texas 77566 - irregul-

ar - for contribs, comment, or trade) A weird combination of bibliographic information and engineering humor which works out to be a very entertaining fanzine. There are lists, as complete as possible, of sf books published each month, book reviews, letters, and humor. Rating.....7

MOEBIUS TRIP #3 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Illinois 61604 - "10-weekly" - .35¢) Lightweight, general type material. Sometimes interesting; the electric post-office (mentioned by Bill Conner some time back in our letter column) as it might effect the stamp collector, for example. There is a long book review of MACROSCOPE, and the usual other fanzine material; letters, illos, etc. Rating...4

STATIC, FLUTTER AND POP #1 (Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, Ala. 35223 - 24¢ in stamps or information on sf radio shows) Devoted entirely to adult science fiction radio programs. The editor dismisses (with much more gentleness than I would show) such programs as "Flash Gordon", "Captain Midnight", "Tom Corbett", "Tarzan", etc.; shows which made no pretensions of being adult. (Pretensions? Okay, pretenses. This doesn't seem to be my day.) He's interested in "Two Thousand Plus", "Dimension X", "Exploring Tomorrow" and the sf shows of the fantasy series such as "Quiet Please", "Lights Out", "Inner Sanctum", "Suspense" and "Mysterious Traveler". It's not my field, but anyone who is interested in the now-extinct audio versions of science fiction might find this a valuable magazine.

INFINITUM #2 (Dave Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46220 - bimonthly - 50¢ - contributing editors, Daves Burton and Gorman) And Lee Lavell was doing most of the work on it, at least while I was there.... Mimeographed this time, except for a very good offset cover by Mike Gilbert, and I think reproduction is improved over the first multilithed issue. Lots of full-page artwork (all you artists who get your big work rejected by us try here; Dave likes the big ones). Electrostencilled art, too, so good reproduction. Devoted to fiction and reviews. Fan writers are more ambitious than they used to be. I don't like the results much better, but that could be because I'm an old fogey. Lee Lavell's fanzine reviews are longer and much more detailed than mine. With this came A LETTERZINE; Dave believes in segregating letters of comment in their own fanzine, where they'll be more comfortable. The letters all seem pretty normal. Rating.....5

ENERGUMEN #1 (Mike Glicksohn, 35 Willard St., Ottawa 1, Ontario, Canada - quarterly - 40¢) Multilithed, which allows for some fascinating artwork, particularly the Alicia Austin on page 26. The usual variety, including not one but two fanzine review columns. (Hmm, in here he says electrostencils. Very good repro, anyway.) I can't say I agreed with much of the material, but it was mostly quite interesting Rating...6

PHANTASICOM #2 (Jeffrey D. Smith, 7205 Barlow Court, Baltimore, Md. 21207 - irregular - 2 for \$1.00 - coeditor, Donald Keller) A thick dittoed mag. The final editorial mentions that this may be the last issue unless they get more subscribers. With all the big fanzines around, new editors want to produce big issues, too, without considering the amount of money they're going to lose on these monsters. Fiction, reviews, verse, an interview with Roger Zelazny, a maze, letters, a con report. I can't say I'm thrilled by mazes in fanzines, but it is an improvement over crossword puzzles. Aside from a pretty total disagreement with the editors' taste in books, I found nothing particularly outstanding (neither extra good nor extra bad). Rating....5
The use of varying ditto colors to set off headings and comments is very well done.

WEIRDBOOK THREE, (W. Paul Ganley, P.O. Box 601, Chambersburg, Pa. 17201 - more or less annual - 75¢ or 4 for \$2.00) Technically this is a professional weird magazine, since the editor pays for material. Multilithed, large size, 30 pages. Primarily weird fiction and verse, with old pros like Robert E. Howard and Joseph Payne Brennan sharing billings with names I'd never encountered before. Mostly I thought the verse was terrible and the fiction not at all bad for its type. If you enjoyed WEIRD TALES and get MAGAZINE OF HORROR, you'll probaably enjoy this thoroughly. I'm of two minds; weird fiction has to be exceptionally good before I like it, and only one story - Quednau's - made it. (Is it fair to rate this against a fanzine?) Rating...8