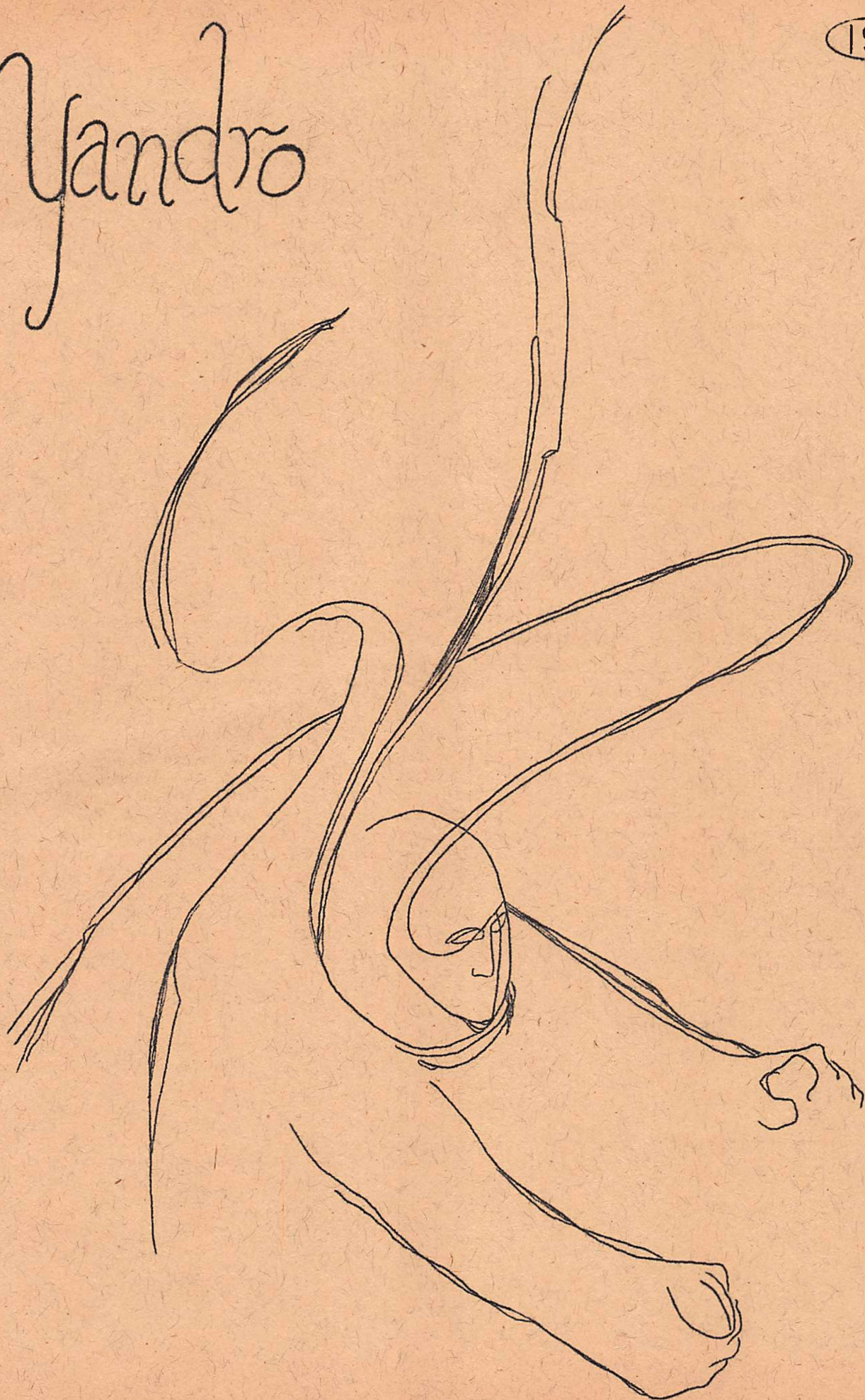


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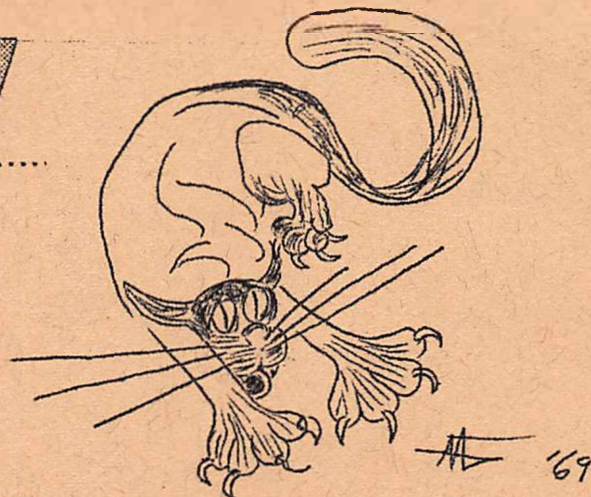
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CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial) - - - - -	JWC - - - - -	2
A Coulumn - - - - -	Bruce Coulson - - - - -	3
Rumblings (editorial) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	4
Peering Around (column) - - - - -	Joe L. Hensley - - - - -	6
The Amazingly Desperate Neofan (verse) - - - - -	Jeff Cochran - - - - -	8
The Story of a Shaft (article) - - - - -	Derek Nelson - - - - -	9
More Golden Minutes (book reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	11
Difugalty (column) - - - - -	Dave Locke - - - - -	12
Time Blend (Poetry) - - - - -	Elizabeth Fishman - - - - -	13
Through The Wringer (column) - - - - -	Elizabeth Fishman - - - - -	14
The Myth (poetry) - - - - -	Kathy Clifford - - - - -	16
Golden Minutes (book reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	17
Grumblings (letters) - - - - -	- - - - -	24

ARTWORK

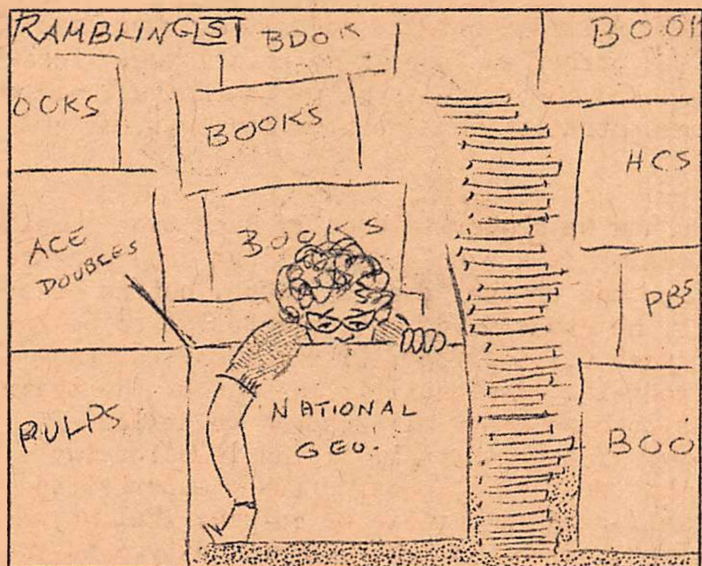
Cover and cover logo by Jeff Cochran

Page 1 - - - - -	Alexis Gilliland	Page 14 - - - - -	Alexis Gilliland
" 2 - - - - -	JWC	" 15 - - - - -	Jeff Cochran
" 3 - - - - -	Bruce Coulson	" 24 (logo) - - - - -	Sherma Burley
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" 6 - - - - -	Arthur Thomson	" 25 - - - - -	DEA
" 7 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn	" 28 - - - - -	Mike Klaus
" 10 - - - - -	Dave Locke	" 29 - - - - -	Mike Symes

NOTE: We have in our files an article, "An Alternate Approach To Addiction". This is handwritten and not signed, and I don't know who sent it in. (A possibility is Alexis Gilliland, but I'm not positive.) Will the real author please stand up? I was going to use it in this issue until I discovered I didn't have an author to attach the blame to.

ECOLOGICAL NOTE: In the April-May issue of NATIONAL WILDLIFE magazine, there is an interview with Dr. Paul R. Ehrlich. This is must reading for everybody. If you don't get the magazine on your news stands, borrow a copy from your local library. (If your local library doesn't subscribe, demand that they do.) RSC

More signs of spring in the midwest: today I plucked 6 ticks from various parts of my anatomy. (Before any of them had dug in, fortunately.) The joys of rural life. RSC



I will finish up this mimeoing today -- I will, I will. All the damageable stuff on and under the mimeo work table will have to be taken to the new house by us, not the movers, and I am a great unbeliever in last-minute rushes. Besides, I have this feeling there are going to be lots of other last minute things-to-be-moved being discovered, and I'd just as soon have my Rex M4 and all its impedimenta safely out of the way. (The where I'm going to find over there to put it out of the way; I don't know.) One thing you discover if you move a lot of stuff with any (horrors!) regularity'-- things take up incredible amounts of space when they aren't neatly stacked on shelves. Like all the books that you got on those vertical rows

of shelves suddenly become acres of cubical boxes...and you become convinced that they are never going to go back onto that few shelves. And right now the room we are going to use for an "office" (fan publishing, writing, correspondence, reference material and general center-of-activity), large as it is, is layered a yard deep around the walls with material out of the summerhouse -- which was where we had been storing things like extra paper, fanzines, scrapbook stuff...you know the sort of vital, terribly important things you want to keep around but don't want to trip over. We've left the center of the room as bare as possible, because that's where our back-to-back complex of two big desks and the mimeo work table goes, and the movers will need room to maneuver it in. Unfortunately, we have yet to pack and carry over all the stuff that is in and on the desks and on top of and underneath the mimeo table. It all has to go somewhere, too, before the movers arrive, and I'm sure I don't know where. After we're there it can all go back where it belongs and occupy far less space, but until then... Sigh.

Difference, I suppose, between mundania and fan problems in moving. We've known for a trifle over two weeks (counting back from our target moving day) where we would be going, had the key and access to the place. So I did my preparatory-to-moving-in cleaning (mopping, dusting, vaccuuming) the first days, and all but absolutely essential kitchen equipment is already at the new house. Has been for over a week. What's left around here in the typical "important" stuff to be moved is nil; a bit of bedding, a few curtains, stuff in the medicine cabinet, towels. But all, or most, clothing is in the new closets...just all the possessions that usually obsess the mundane housewife. The movers could trip over the box carrying the last of my kitchen equipment and I'd still be fairly well equipped to cook and otherwise kitchen; I wouldn't panic a bit if they busted my remaining dishes. But oh lordy the fan stuff, the collection stuff, the records and tapes... I don't think we're ever going to get moved.

On top of everything else the times they are a-changin'. Literally. We lost a precious hour last Sunday thanks to the switchover to daylight savings time. Walter Breen commented to me (anent astrology problems) that "Indiana...was a GAWDAWFUL MESS...in time zones". Well, it isn't as bad as it used to be, admittedly, where towns twenty or less miles apart were in different time zones. But it is still a weird and pervery thing to realize we are now on the same time setup as NYC and probably wherever it is in Maine where the sunlight first touches the good old USA. It is a peculiar thing to be wandering around in daylight at 8:30 or 9 PM during the last week in April. It is an advantage in moving, giving us extra evening daylight in which to transport stuff ...that is, when it isn't raining, which is another jolly characteristic of spring time in Indiana, along with suddenly finding you're part of the Eastern Establishment, and maybe even of the NYC Metropolitan Area.

People who know my penchant for formal balance will undoubtedly guess that there was supposed to be an illo in the lower right-hand corner on page 11 of this issue. Thanks to the way we work, there isn't. Buck overlooked the felt-tipped pen markings I had on the stencil and typed over them. Greater concentration hath no book reviewer, or something.

Just for the curious, maybe I should explain how we do work. Usually Buck types "Golden Minutes" and "Strange Fruit" first, so we'll know how many pages those are going to run. I may pick a pictorial logo heading for one or the other of these, but no other illos. Once we know how many pages are left, he gives me the other material to be put to type, and I lay out illos and start. On page 6. I use a felt tip (red) to trace where illos are going to be (running an already-illoed stencil in and out of the typer occasionally louses up the art if it happens to have heavy black areas or delicate stuff, and it's easier to do it last, anyway). I type through, trying to allow two illos per four pages -- I'd like to do more but we have a lot of written material to squeeze in, usually. If I run out of material...end an article or column...halfway down a page, say, I lay that out on Buck's desk, so that he can dig up and type in extra material...usually poems or such. I proofread, try to catch and correct all the errors, and then do my stylus work -- headings, page numberings, illos. Most of the time the contents page is the last one done before I start mimeoing. And, this issue not being atypical, when all the rest of the mimeoing is done, then I do my editorial and Bruce's, cut an illo for the first page of Buck's editorial and run those three stencils. All clear? I was afraid of that. It really works quite well...I mean, as far as distributing time and labor.

Also on page 11 I am credited with brilliance I really don't possess. Buck attributed the summary on THIS IMMORTAL to me. I didn't really say that first; Alex Panshin did, or at least he was the one I remember reading re the book, and I just found myself in total agreement. Buck hears me more than he reads you, Alex (sorry), and so remembers better. Zelazny, in this book at least, is one of those people I read with a true air of "God, he's good." But as more than one person has noticed, the book turns out to be fairy gold and crumbles if you look at it too hard.

It is pouring rain and according to Ft. Wayne radio one of their police cars drowned under a railroad elevation (I must tell you about their railroad elevations some time) and I've got to pack the National Geographics and finish mimeoing and collating and we're never going to get all this stuff ready in time. Never never never.

See you next month, publishing from the new and improved Route #3 residence.

JWC

A COLUMN ----- by ----- BRUCE COULSON

A fireman is your best friend, as was proven on the afternoon of April 12, when a huge grass fire almost engulfed our landlord's buildings, and would have had it not been for the volunteer fire dept., which stopped the blaze.

At last my literary talents are being recognized. I won an award edition of ESCAPE FROM CORREGIDOR for writing one of the two best Letters to the Governor in our school. (The book, I may add, was written by the Governor.) The book's dust jacket is just full of "how wonderful our Governor is" noises. Yeech!

Nothing else of importance has happened, except I hope to have a moving report by next issue. So au revoir!



BEC



This is being typed on April 24, and at the moment I am contemplating the idea of packing all those books and magazines upstairs. We have found a place to move into, and, happily for all my correspondents, the new house is still on Rural Route #3, so our mailing address won't change. (And we're taking the mailbox with us to frustrate the route carrier; hopefully by the time the new owners move in here the carrier will have adjusted to the change. I do not guarantee anything, but I hope.)

Major thing wrong with the new place, from my point of view, is that there are virtually no grounds with it. We do have a place for a garden, and

there is a moderately large yard, practically crawling with shrubs, flowerbeds, trees and so on. But I won't have a couple of acres of old orchard to roam around in. (Tho there is a woods some distance away across the road that is reputed to have deer in it, so I'll have to investigate that.) The major things right with it are that it is a large enough house, and we don't have to buy it; we're renting. (But this time, we are renting with the idea that we are still looking for a place to buy.) The house is even larger than the one we're in; 9 rooms, attic, full basement and closed-in back porch. However, there are no outbuildings, and the landlord is using the attic, one of the rooms of the house and one basement room for his own storage, so the available room is about what we have here; possibly a shade less, since Juanita's mother is moving in with us. But we aren't going to be horribly cramped as I thought we would be. (Or at least was afraid we would be.) Presumably there will be other flaws and benefits that we'll discover later.

By the time you receive this, we will probably have moved. Movers are supposed to arrive here at 8:00 AM (we get up early here in the sticks) on May 2 and I have promised the landlord that we'll try to be completely out of here by May 9. (Movers are only going to take the big stuff and maybe some books; all the guns, records, fanzines, mimeo paper, collections, scrapbooks, mementoes, we move ourselves.) Last night I dismantled our outdoor fireplace - I put that thing in, and when I go, it goes. (I hadn't cemented it; the bricks were just laid up, so it wasn't impossible to move.)

Couple of items in the Hartford City paper lately. One is that this summer, Hartford City will be the focus for a huge group of bicyclers who will gather here and then leave on a 3,000 mile tour, supposedly spreading Christian cheer or something. It figures; other cities get motorcycle gangs, but all we rate is bicycles.

And we've had some good old Hoosier weather lately. A bit of rain, producing high water in spots. You know how people occasionally run over animals along the highways? Well, according to the paper, one of Hartford City's more respectable citizens ran over a bass one day last week.

Alan Dodd sends me a clipping, alleging that postal rates are "certain to rise" because of an increase in the pay of postal workers. In Britain. (And they have a Post Office Corporation.) Remarkable similar activities on both sides of the Atlantic, there.

Amazing the sort of interesting old items that moving will bring forth. Old newspaper clippings and magazine excerpts (would you believe over 50 pounds' worth?) that I'd forgotten about, valuable little gadgets that have been lost for years (and will return to that state during the moving process, lying dormant until the next move), a few old wedding presents that we never used and will probably, now, get rid of, books I didn't know I had, and all sorts of fascinating trivia. Packing and sorting is tremendously complicated by the urge to examine all this stuff, and it is eventually boxed with a firm promise that this time I'll get it all properly sorted out and arranged for easy reference, once we've got settled in.

I'll probably make the same resolve next time we move, too.

This stencil being typed on the following day, when I'm still aching and moaning from moving 3 trailer-loads of stuff. After two weeks of moving, we're now down pretty much to books and records and guns and furniture. I start packing books today.

I see by the paper that the factory producing replica spittoons, which I croggled at some months back, is now affluent enough to advertise in PARADE. People must actually be buying the stuff.

We almost left this place in a blaze of glory. We had this old couch that wasn't worth moving and which was in too bad a condition to sell, so we decided to burn it. (Us rural types are great air polluters.) So we hauled it out in back, dumped it on a pile of old newspapers, tree limbs and assorted rubbish, and touched a match to it. It being a windy, dry day, I had previously wet down the grass around the pile, and had a couple of huge buckets (actually 10-gallon garbage cans) full of water and a couple of shovels handy for subduing any resulting grass fire. And it turned out to be drier and windier than I thought it was. The fire department stopped the grass fire two feet from the barn, after my best efforts succeeded only in slowing it down a little. (It's a frightening experience to use one's tried and true method for stopping grass fires and find that this time it does no good whatsoever.)

Maybe I should mention that back in the lettercolumn, when I commented to John Trimble that most of the convention business meetings I've attended have been dominated by longwinded bores, I didn't mean him personally. (For one thing, John hasn't even been at most of the con business meetings I've attended; the ones he's attended, I haven't. I can only recall one where we were both present. And it wasn't St. Louis; I gave up the attempt to get sense out of a convention business meeting long before St. Louis; I prefer to try to undermine the whole process.) Anyway, John may be wrong on occasion, but he isn't a bore.

Gad, I can't have run out of things to say already! Trouble is, I've been concentrating more on finding a house, and then on getting into it, than I have on anything that would be interesting to other fans. The vastness of our current house is beginning to come home to me; after moving six trailer loads of material, plus more stuff moved via car in between weekends, we've barely touched the material in the main house. All we've done is clean out the tool shed and major storage areas. (Of course, this comprised a lot of the bulky, unwieldy material. The books can be packed into nice neat boxes - hundreds of them! - and stacked more efficiently.)

No fanzine reviews this issue because I didn't have time to read any fanzines. I have a huge stack; next issue we will have pages and pages of fanzine reviews. (Feb.)

Got an ad the other day for the "Bro-Dart Home Library Plan", another books-at-discount deal. They make a tempting offer - two-month free membership so you can assess the value of the club before paying your \$4.00 membership fee. So perhaps I'll report more on this in a couple of months. They seem to go in heavily for "lists of best sellers" and books their experts predict will become best sellers, however, and I tend to avoid best sellers as I would the plague. The rest of their promotion seems interesting enough, except that I tend to buy my hardcovers from remainder lists, and buying from Bro-Dart would mean an increase in price. My hardcovers are generally history and biography anyway, and they're just as good when remaindered as they are brand new. (But I do have a faint guilty twinge about not providing any royalties for the author, if it turns out to be a good book.)

Also got an official "Star Trek" catalog yesterday. They don't give up, out there... I might even buy a few decals, which don't seem to be too overpriced.

Mike Deckinger sent me a copy of SCREW, presumably to keep me abreast of current developments in literature. Certainly I'd never see one in Hartford City.... I'm afraid the literary quality impressed me as being quite similar to that of the "comic books MEN like...sent in plain brown envelope" that used to be prevalent out here in the midwest. (I never paid for any of those, either, but I had plenty of them shoved in my face at one time or another.) It's out in the open now, is all, and occasionally - but not often enough - crossed with a sort of imitation-MAD approach. Not a very good imitation in most cases, but they're in there trying. Or at least, in there. I have hopes that this is the growing pains of sexual freedom and that eventually the market for this stuff will diminish to that of the totally uncritical. (Hmm....that could mean 90% of the population, now that I consider it carefully. SCREW may be here to stay.)

PEERING AROUND

column by

JOE L HENSLEY

I went out to a meeting of a civic club the other night. I used to go quite regularly, but I've about quit. What happens is you go and you have a few belts with the boys beforehand. Then they gong something and you file in and eat a soggy supper which you wouldn't have been able to stomach if you hadn't had those few belts. Afterwards there's the bar or the poker table and you can go home feeling like a solid citizen. Believe me there are certain people who wouldn't miss it and would feel all civically upset if someone took it away.

The speaker for the evening was a very nice fellow. I know him well. You can beat him playing poker by just watching his eyes. He gives it all away. He's even got a peculiar smile that he assumes when he thinks his hand is unbeatable. Over the years I've learned to treasure this fellow. At Christmas time I always have to restrain the urge to buy him a blanket to keep him warm.

Someone recently named him to some sort of a youth group and he's now become an immediate expert on that subject. He speaks on it at the proverbial drop of the hat, always wearing that peculiar smile.

He had a few complaints for our aging audience. One that he kept coming back to time after time was that this generation of kids is too serious -- they can't laugh at themselves. And I could see my friends and neighbors nodding to themselves as he went on. He had them convinced.

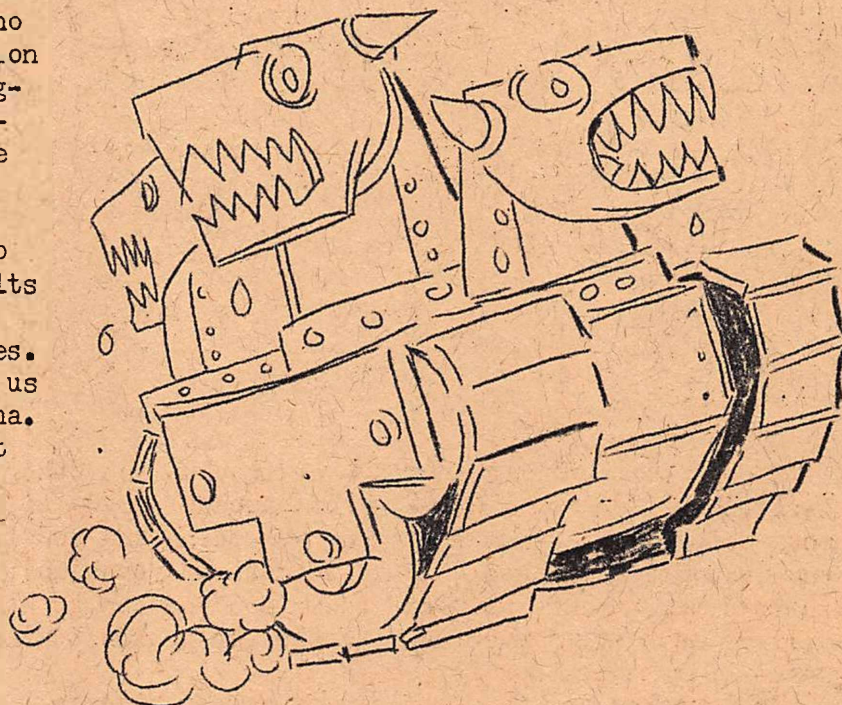
I've been thinking about it since. I'm a laugher and always have been. So I wonder why the kids don't laugh all the time?

The only reasons I can think of are:
(1) The fact that air, water and land are getting to the place where a kid can see that he won't outlive them.
(2) If he's a boy he's expected to serve in an unpopular war that appears to be spreading and spreading and...
(3) He sees the situation as far as over-



Atom

population is concerned. My generation laughs and admires people who have a lot of kids. His generation will either plan and pill and legalize abortion or he'll be standing hip deep in teen agers by the time he's my age. (4) He sees, by means of the television, the idiotic things that people can do to each other. He sees the results of the crazies, the bombs in the buildings, the riots in the cities. (5) He knows that everyone loves us and loves him from Russia to China. (6) He can easily tell that what he's being taught in school is cogent and useful. (7) He sees that all of us adults are handling things pretty well, as long as we get our normal stipend of bourbon. (8) And, of course, he knows that we'll continue to elect and appoint good people to fill our offices. He can see it from the top to the bottom -- from the Supreme Court right down to my local expert on youth.



Kind of silly for them to be so serious. I'll have you know my generation wasn't and isn't that way. Once the supper was over, for instance, I went out in the bar. The whole place was chortly over the latest smutty racial story.

Hah hah.

I got invited out again a couple of weeks ago. They've got an advanced writing class out at Hanover College which is near here and because I'm around (and free) I went out to talk to them.

I took along some things to show them. I've got a story that will be out in Anne McCaffrey's new Doubleday anthology ALPHA TO OMEGA and I took my copy of that along in case anyone wanted to see how you prepared a story to send same out. I took along a contract with a publisher for a book so they could see what that looked like. And they were interested in those things. They passed them around from hand to hand and asked a lot of questions.

I thought they were particularly interested in the money angle -- what things pay. I don't feel that this was for grubby reasons. They were interested, I guess, because those prices seem to put a value on writing, to be one method of judging it.

I got to ask some questions too. I asked about what they read in science fiction. Some of them looked blank. I asked if anyone had ever read Vonnegut. No raised hands. Two had read Tolkien, five raised their hands when I mentioned Robert Heinlein. Almost all of them had at least heard of Bradbury, but I blame this partly on the fact that a lot of high school texts contain his stories, which is bad taste, but not that bad.

I asked them what sort of writing they were interested in doing. When I mentioned novels two students raised their hands tentatively and said maybe someday... Short stories brought me half the hands. Poetry (I suppose because it's short and can be done in little time) brought almost all hands and we slipped back to short-story-normal on articles.

I got picked at a couple of times because I write commercial novels. One kid seemed to think there was something wrong with a system with rewards for that but most of the rest of them looked at him pretty coldly. Foreign rights intrigued them and several had trouble with the idea of a translator and what the relationship is between writer and translator (normally none).

I did get through to them pretty warmly when I started talking about what you can get said in a novel -- that you can ride any hobby horse as long as you do it well. And I could see them begin to calculate that three pages a night (this is what I try to do when I'm working, which is like maybe once a month) for a couple of months will give a novel.

Later we had cakes and coffee and I got to talk to some of them individually. Some-one got me going on selling something from chapters and outline and I think they pretty well frowned on that. I guess it seemed like cheating to them. After all how much can you tell from some chapters and an outline? I got into Dumas and some of the others who turned it out day after day and that quelled them.

I don't know whether I helped any would-be writers. That's hard to figure. But I did get a chance to plug our best, to tell those who didn't already know that science fiction isn't the machines perpetually shooting sparks in "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," or the giant tarantulas that menace the world from the late night movies. Or Ray Bradbury's charming anti-science inanities.

That alone made it worthwhile.

Spring is here; the first dandelion has appeared. JWC

THE AMAZINGLY DESPERATE NEOFAN

by Jeff Cochran

Look now on our friend the lone neofan,
That amazingly desperate type of young man.
Surrounded by three or four walls of old stone,
Sitting all night and emitting low moans.

Just one week before he'd perused all the titles,
Read all the pages, digested the vitals,
And decided that he could write so good as that.
Then he moved to the typer; 'twas his turn at bat!

All through that same night (and part of next day)
The blurry-eyed neofan pounded away -
Book reviews, articles, letters of comment,
Spurred by a fire like the tail of a comet.

He stapled them, sorted them, threw them in envelopes!
Dropped them in mailboxes and let loose his soaring hopes.
Before his mind's eye spread a vision of joy;
Printed ms's by this lonely boy.

Thus passed a week spent in clouds of delight.
But when it was over it ended in fright,
For before him the contents which had held his hopes high
Were stencilled with notes: "No good" and "Goodbye!"

So we leave our poor neofan; spurned, without joy;
... His spirit smashed flat like a child's day-old toy.
Please be kind to the neofans, they're such fragile things,
And in some there's the greatness experience brings.

Fandom is for individualists; neofans should be seen and not herd.

RSC

THE STORY OF A SHAFT

by DEREK NELSON

There's a lot of talk in the world about how international co-operation and friendship can be furthered by intra-country sports meets, cultural exchanges and so on. But just don't try and tell it to a Canadian.

For a full decade now Canada has been getting the shaft in international sports competitions, and in particular hockey.

Try this out for a cast of villains: one Bunry Ahearne, a Canadian long resident in Britain and president of the International Ice Hockey Federation (IIHF), Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee (IOF), the Soviet Union, Sweden.

The situation. In Europe the best hockey players of each country end up representing their country on the national teams that go to compete for the world hockey championships. Every fourth year the world cup is part of the winter Olympics. All very fine, but as long as there's been world hockey Canada has been forbidden to use its best players, unlike anyone else.

Why? In theory it is the hoary old distinction between "professional" and "amateur". In fact, it is simply that the Europeans don't want to face our best in the hockey arena and for very good reason -- they'd lose.

For years this has infuriated the people of Canada, but the decision-makers in the political and hockey worlds of our own land refused to do anything about it. So naturally, for years (since 1961) we haven't won a world championship, and a couple of times we've finished as badly as fourth.

All right, Canadians, burning a little, got used to that. We even formed a special team, composed of ivory-pure amateurs, mainly university studnets, called the Canadian Nationals or Nats for short. They play out of Winnipeg.

Comes autumn 1969. It looks like a good year. For the first time the world championships will be coming to Canada, the "A" series games to be played in Winnipeg, the "B" series (to which the US was relegated last year for the first time) to hit the ice in Montreal. The IIHF agrees, on a tie-breaking vote cast by Bunry Ahearne at the annual congress, to allow Canada to use "nine professionals" in the world tourney. A condition was laid down that the IOF agree to this, even though the 1970 championship wasn't to be an Olympic one.

The Nats are coming along too. For the first time in years the Russians lose more games than they win in a Christmas tour of Canada when playing the Nats. Against a Czech team the Nats hold their own. And all this with the use of only two pros, neither of them of outstanding quality. (We still can't use our best players since any pro who plays in the National Hockey League (NHL) in '69-70 (250 of them), is automatically disqualified from playing for Canada. But even getting to use second-rate pros is a step in the right direction -- toward an open tournament.

And now it starts. Canada tries to get an answer from the IOF on its ruling. We try through the Canadian Olympic Committee, through the IIHF, through the Canadian government and any other way we can think of. But no comment.

Russia keeps threatening to back out of the tournament. One excuse follows another, the most prominent being Russian bitching over the schedule to be played in Winnipeg.

A secret meeting is held in Stockholm in November among four of the five "A" division teams Canada will face: Sweden and its lackey Finnland, Russia and its Czech and East German lackeys. Canada isn't invited to this Stockholm meeting, and neither is Ahearne.



And suddenly, shortly afterward, to everyone's complete surprise, Brundage returns from the dead and says any team playing in the world tourney against Canadian pros "could lose its Olympic eligibility."

Canada screams. The IIHF calls an emergency meeting of the "A" division members. Canada suggests that the tourney continue but that it not be called the world championship to get around the Olympic ruling. The Swedes think that's a great idea, and say so. But the next morning the vote is 5-1 that Canada either get rid of its pros or we'll lose the world tournament.

We tell the IIHF to stick it.

So the world championships now go to be played -- for some strange reason -- in the back-up city called Stockholm. And when the championships were pulled out of Prague by Ahearne in 1968-69 only one guess is allowed as to which city was back-up then too.

Canada announces she will no longer compete in any international competition (except the Olympics), and will try its best to make sure other nations actually send amateurs to the Olympics, and not just in hockey, either.

Every Canadian is united behind the Canadian decision and Canadian objectives (to make world hockey championships like world soccer), though there is considerable disagreement on the timing. Some, especially Winnipeggers, felt we should have played out the tourney under the IIHF's decisions. A lot of time, money and effort had gone into the preparations for the games in the Manitoba capital. Besides, even the amateur Nats had a good chance of winning, and it would have been even sweeter to tell Europe to stick it after a victory.

The counter-argument was that the Europeans had never had any intention of either coming to this continent to play, or of playing against Canadian professionals. Just consider for a moment that Russia's primary aim is to win the tourney, and that Sweden's is to pick up the gate receipts for staging the tourney. Item: at the March and July IIHF meetings the heaviest opposition to Canadian use of pros came from Russia and Sweden. Item: the secret November meeting in Stockholm marked the beginning of the escalation of the war of words waged by Europe against the Winnipeg tourney. Item: Russia bitched over the schedule to be played here; when the tourney moved to Sweden the same schedule was adopted, and Russia concurred without a murmur. Item: under present IOF rules no team can be disqualified for playing against pros, as soccer has demonstrated time and again, but, as usual, a different ruling was applied to Canada and ice hockey. Item: Brundage said teams playing against pros "could" lose their Olympic eligibility; he didn't say they would, and he equally refused to say whether his decision was a personal or IOF official ruling, and then, of course, he refused to put it in writing. Item: it took Brundage almost nine months to say anything about the issue at all even under continual Canadian questioning. Item: Sweden first agreed to the Canadian suggestion that the tourney be held in Winnipeg without accreditation and then changed its mind overnight. Item: the IIHF emergency meeting that repealed our pro right and which Canada walked out of was illegal, since only a congress can repeal a ruling by a congress, not the six "A" division teams alone. Item: in the 1964 Olympics a professional played for Austria, and in 1968 one played for Sweden: no one objected at that time. Item: one member of the Swedish team competing this year is one the suspended list of the New York Rangers, which makes him a pro no matter how you look at it. Item: for some reason it is permissible for the Europeans to play the Nats (including their two pros) at any time except in the world championships. Item: a Swedish hockey player can earn over \$60,000 a year; Russian hockey players compete eleven months of the year and earn more than Russian doctors, but for some reason they're still considered amateurs.

Item: income from the world tourney is a cool half-million dollars, and Winnipeg tourney organizers knew the Swedes were preparing for the world championship even before the emergency meeting said it would be so.

So now it's stalemate. Poland replaces Canada in the world tourney. The U.S., which should have taken over our position as the lowest ranking "A" division member last year, refused to be elevated to show its backing for Canada's position. For that America has our thanks, especially since it could cost them an "A" entry in the '72 Olympics.

But whatever happens, let's not hear any more hypocritical wishful thinking about the importance of international sports contacts in saving the world.

Agggggghhhhhh.

MORE GOLDEN MINUTES

by Robert Coulson

Being an additional book review column designed to cover the books read since the original column was finished and before they become hopelessly lost in the moving process.

MOONS OF TRIOPUS, by John Rankine (Paperback Library, 60¢) A competent space-adventure, originally published in England. I picked it up strictly because I recognized Rankine's name as a contributor to Carnell's NEW WRITINGS; the cover is designed by the same person who does Paperback Library's occult books, and the book presumably confused the hell out of several occult-book buyers (who are easily confused anyway). The story is not outstanding, and Rankine's handling of the language is choppy; he occasionally tosses in bits of pseudo-psychological jargon but doesn't do it consistently, and the result is faintly annoying. Despite all this, I did enjoy the book, and I'd consider it at least average; maybe a bit above. Its positive points are for straight adventure fans only; do not expect anything else.

THIS IMMORTAL, by Roger Zelazny (Ace, 60¢) A reissue of the original Ace edition. Juanita's comment on this one was that the reader goes through it, marveling at the brilliant prose, and only after he's finished it does he realize that there's nothing there; it's all froth, albeit brilliant froth. I can't better that description; the book is a highly entertaining adventure, with the correct dash of humor.

EARTH IS ROOM ENOUGH, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 75¢) Another reissue. The stories include "The Dead Past", "Franchise", "Gimmicks Three", "Kid Stuff", "The Watery Place", "Living Space", "The Message", "Satisfaction Guaranteed", "Hell-Fire", "The Last Trump", "The Fun They Had", "Jokester", "The Immortal Bard", "Someday", and "Dreaming Is A Private Thing". There are also two Gilbert-&-Sullivan pastiches, "The Foundation of S.F. Success" and "The Author's Ordeal", both of which are fine, funny, fannish items, and contain a considerable quantity of truth. (It's a fine author who can make poetic fun of his own epics.) Most of the stories are short, most are humorous, most are excellent. Highly recommended for those who don't already own copies.

THE ATLANTIC ABOMINATION, by John Brunner (Ace, 60¢) My review of the original Ace publication of this consisted of the title and the comment "It certainly is." An attempt at re-reading confirms the earlier diagnosis. Mind you, all this must be viewed relatively. For Gardner Fox or Robert Tralins, this would be a pretty good book. For Brunner, it's terrible; much worse than earlier fiction he'd done for NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY. Writing and characterization is awkward; it reads like a first draft in which the author concentrated on plot. And the plot is a bad imitation of a typical PLANET STORIES lead novelet.

HEX, by Arthur H. Lewis (Pocket Books, 95¢) An absolutely fascinating account of the trial of three murderers of a witch in Pennsylvania in 1928, with a full background of both the Pennsylvania Dutch "hex country" and of the particular background of the crime. (The witch - warlock, actually - had hexed one or possibly two of the men, and in their attempt to get a lock of his hair, he fought back and was killed.) Also interesting comments on the court procedures of the time. Don't miss it.

Ditragalry

#5

COLUMN BY
DAVE LOCKE

..... ABSENCE OF THE LONG LOUD SILENCE

It was like spotting an old but not forgotten friend. The Lancer edition of Wilson Tucker's THE LONG LOUD SILENCE caught my eye, and I deserted my wife and son on our record-shopping expedition. Pushing my way through the jungles of discount merchandise and herds of wild shoppers I captured the book and carried it to a secluded spot away from the well-trod paths.

"A new edition especially revised and updated by the author." Great thundering rhinos, I'd have to re-read it for sure.

Back in the late fifties I'd bought the Dell edition, with its horrible Powers' cover, and at that time thought it one of the best science fiction novels I'd read. My tastes in reading matter have been modified somewhat since the late fifties, but I've looked back upon the reading of this book with quite some fondness ever since. I've threatened a re-reading several times, and got put off by the fear of the disillusionment which often accompanies re-reading old favorites encountered during adolescence. I recalled the sketchiness of WILD TALENT which hadn't been noticed on the first reading, and the other books that didn't cut as fine an image the second time around. Better to cherish the old memories.

But I had had a lot of enjoyment from re-reading old favorites. THE SPACE WILLIES, and a number of others. And SILENCE was "especially revised and updated." I couldn't resist.

I read it in one sitting, and the old memory was still intact. It's a great novel. I haven't my old Dell edition for comparison purposes, and my memories are foggy in spots, but I would guess the revisions are minimal. Corporal Russell Gary is now a veteran of Vietnam, and a few other pieces of background are modernized. I can't spot the addition, deletion, or modification of any scenes or incidents, and the original ending stands intact. The updating is obvious, the revisions are not.

I'm surprised that Lancer didn't use any endorsing quotes to jazz up the sales. I recall quite a few that could have been used, like Damon Knight saying it was one of the all-time 10 best science fiction novels that would stand up to a re-reading. Poor marketing. At least the cover art is more reasonable.

The story falls in the after-the-bomb category. The bombs this time mostly carried plague, and decimated only the eastern half of this country. Anyone immune to the plague was nonetheless a carrier, and the western part of the country guarded the Mississippi to prevent persons from crossing. It's a survival story of one man, Corporal Gary, and it's the type of story that has been done many times but never quite as well as this. Cooper came close with ALL FOOLS DAY, close enough to make me throw that title into my list of favorites, but not close enough to overshadow Tucker's novel.

It's too bad that authors like Tucker, and Oliver, and MacDonald, aren't active enough in the science fiction field. It's too bad for us, although it's more profitable for them to be elsewhere. Since my reading runs more to author than to type of story I've read articles, westerns, mysteries, and contemporary-type stuff by this crew. I consider it a general rule that a good author is good regardless of the field

he's writing in, although MacDonald wrote a brilliant soap opera, I COULD GO ON SINGING, that I couldn't finish; brilliant garbage is still garbage. Tucker writes excellent mysteries, and he's written a lot of them. But I miss his science fiction. I guess what I'm looking for is balance; if Bob wrote only science fiction I'd have lost out on reading a lot of good mysteries.

If you haven't read THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, which is in that same category of must-read classics as THE DEMOLISHED MAN and MORE THAN HUMAN, here you've got to read it "in a new edition especially revised and updated by the author."

You could hardly ask for more.

We are in the market for short, witty, interlineations to fill spaces like this. RSC

TIME BLEND

by Elizabeth Fishman

Once upon a Springtime the world stopped
And would spin no more.

The sun stayed at its left
And the moon stayed at its right,
And the stars stayed as they were.

And the sunside grew white with bleached bones,
And gray and black with parching.

And the moonside grew white
And deep-cruled with freezing.

And those who felt life only in light
Forever had light.

And those who hid in the dark of night
Forever had night.

And the stars wheeled on
And away.

ADDRESSES

George H. Wells, Apt. 5, 257 Furman St, Syracuse, N.Y. 13205
Richard Labonte, 53 Rosedale Ave., Ottawa 1, Ont., Canada
William D. Bruce, 5711 Gulfton, #59, Houston, Texas 77036

THROUGH THE WRINGER

COLUMN BY

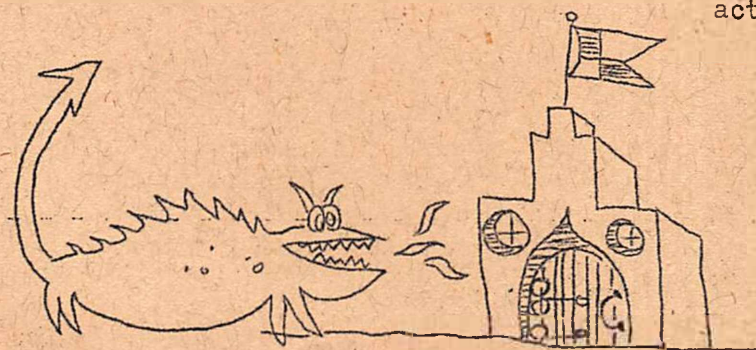
liz fishman

My neighbor is angry because squirrels hide cookies in his flowerbeds. I know he's angry because he stopped my rotten little brother and growled, "Those damn squirrels are hiding cookies in my flowerbeds." Rotten came home to me, "He says the damn squirrels are hiding cookies in his flowerbeds." I felt good about that. This particular neighbor has a petty mean mind that only opens to getting as much as possible at the least cost; he can't possibly appreciate the wonder of having four or five squirrels sitting on the front porch waiting for their morning cookies. (Tollhouse is a favorite among furred tree-people.) I come out on the porch with the box, sit on the stairs holding it, and they rummage around helping themselves. They sit there eating till full and then run to my neighbor's yard with the rest. And it's not always cookies -- leftover breakfast toast smeared with peanut butter, apple slices, grapes, assorted nuts -- and the surplus is always stored in the flowerbeds. And as I watch them fiendish delight fills me as I visualize my neighbor once again sinking his fingers into a wet, sticky ant-encrusted peanut butter sandwich, or a mass of half-decayed grapes while he's digging around his precious tulips. And the clanking, crunching and knocking that wafts from his power mower when the walnuts are zooped into the blades is another kind of soul music.

I never have liked this neighbor, but maybe I wouldn't take such pleasure in the whole thing if it weren't for an incident this past winter. Every winter I liberally sprinkle the yard with birdseed, peanuts, and leftover scraps of bread. I've done this for all the eleven years we've lived here, and as a result I have a huge clientele of doves, crows, blue jays, cardinals, starlings, sparrows, pigeons and assorted finches, and as it goes into Spring, robins and unidentifiable sorts that don't stay long. They settle in the surrounding trees, wait till I've finished layering the yard, then swoop in as I turn to go -- droves of them winging in from as far as a block away; it looks like an Alfred Hitchcock movie. I never realized how my neighbor resented this until one of those birds fell down the chimney.

It was one of those rare times when my rotten little brother wasn't talking, yelling or screaming in rage; his big mouth was pressed shut by his mump-swollen cheeks. He becomes kitten-like when he's tired or sick -- a blond and pale kitten with enormous

blue eyes underlined with dark rings. The kid actually becomes loveable. He was curled against me as I read a book of poems to him when suddenly, from the fireplace across the room, we both heard a frantic flapping descending the chimney, then a loud, soft dull thud. I pulled the firescreen away, opened the draft, and looked up -- the bird peered back, only his head showing over the shallow well that formed a shelf over the back wall of the fire-



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69

place. I reached for him but he pulled down and back into a corner. Rotten's eyes were wide with concern as he knelt beside me. "Is he dead?"

"No, just stupid. Tripping himself down a chimney and then backing away when help is offered."

"Oh."

"Uh huh. Just your everyday average dumb dove."

"If you can't reach him why don't you get into the fireplace and stand up?"

"How would you like to join the bird?"

The flapping started again. I kept hoping the bird would rise far enough to fall over the two-inch wall of the shelf, and down into the log grate and brought an old pillow from the basement to lay in the grate. To no avail. So I called the humane society. No answer. Just then I heard our neighbor pull up in his drive-way and called to him as he opened the screen door of his porch. "There's a bird in the chimney and I need someone with a longer reach than I have."

"Leave him there."

"No, you don't understand. He's trapped right above the fireplace. I can't reach him and he'll starve to death."

"What makes you think I can get him?"

"Well, your arms are longer and I can almost reach him. Please, he'll die there."

He opened the screen door wider. "What do I have to do with a bird?"

At that moment I had a wild urge to rip off his twerpy mustache. "You really won't help, huh?"

"Well, you're the one who keeps bringing them around." The screen door slammed.

Rotten, who had been standing beside me, yelled out the window, "You nasty son of a bitch!" I pulled him back.

"Don't say things like that!"

"Ok." He leaned out the window again. "Big dumb bastard!"

The big dumb bastard son of a bitch slammed his back door. I closed my bedroom window and the both of us sat on my bed to think.

"Liz, he'll die."

"No, he won't. I'll call the fire department."

"There's a bird in my fireplace. Could you send someone?"

"Lady, we can't send a truck out there for a bird."

"Not a truck, just one man. I don't care if he has to take the bus."

"Sorry, lady. Try the police."

"The police. Ok."

"Listen, there's this bird in my fireplace. Could you send someone?"

The woman turned from the phone and I heard her ask, "Do we rescue birds?" Nope. "Try the fire department."

"But they told me to call you."

"I'm sorry."

I again called the fire department. "There's this bird in my fireplace and I was told to call the fire department."

"Lady, I told you, we can't send a whole engine out there for a bird."

"But he'll starve to death and I won't be able to sleep tonight knowing that the poor helpless thing is cold and thirsty and hungry and ---"

"Look, get a hanger, straighten it out except for the hook, and hook him down."

"Hook him down? But won't that hurt him?"

"No, it won't hurt him."

"Ok, but if it doesn't work, I'm calling back."

He laughed. "Right."



I prepared the hanger as directed and stared at it. "He's crazy. It won't hurt the bird, it'll kill him." I picked up the phone.

"It didn't work."

"Did you straighten the hanger?"

"Yes, but it didn't work." (Oh, yes, I lie a lot.)

"Well, there's nothing I can do."

Now I felt anger. "Oh, you could if you tried. There must be firemen who are doing nothing more than playing cards. Send one of them out here. What's the matter with everybody? Isn't there enough humanity to extend a little, even for a bird?" It was a long speech, the gist of it given here. I don't remember all that I said but at the end of it the fellow at the desk said, "All right, Give me your name, address and telephone number and I'll speak to the fire chief." The fire chief called and told me he was sending a man out.

I showed him where the bird was. "What's the pillow for?"

"So he won't hurt himself when he comes down."

"But he just fell all the way down the chimney."

"And if I had known I would have had a pillow up there."

He grinned. "I was warned about you."

"Will you please get the bird?"

He reached and pulled the struggling bird to the pillow -- a large, slate-colored pigeon. "I thought the department said it was a dove."

"Well, I thought it was; I only saw its face. But if I knew it was a pigeon I wouldn't have said so."

"I believe that."

He went to wash away the soot, I released the pigeon who flew right back to the chimney, and then called the fire department. "The bird's out -- a pigeon."

"A pigeon?"

"A pigeon. I want to thank you."

He sighed in resignation. "Just as long as you're happy, lady."

Most definitely.

THE MYTH

by Kathy Clifford .

Runner on four feet,

Strong and fleet,

Tall and fair.

Do I see you standing there,

Or are you just a shadow of

my mind,

A creature out of place and

out of time,

A remnant of a long-forgotten tale?

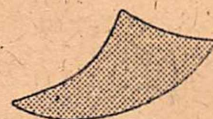
White as ivory, as the moonbeams

pale

You, with your single, silver horn;

Out of a legend, Unicorn.

GOLDEN MINUTES



THE STARKAHN OF RHADA, by Robert Cham Gilman (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95) This is the third in the Rhada series; I missed THE NAVIGATOR OF RHADA, which I will now have to pick up somewhere. Because this is an excellent adventure series. It's fairly pure space opera; the sort of thing that used to appear in STARTLING STORIES (in the better issues). The characters are interesting, the theme of a Doomsday Ship carrying revenge across the centuries is good enough for an action plot, and the author makes his people refreshingly human, from the aristocratic and domineering mother to the grieving alien and the supercilious spaceship. ("It was the expression a female assumes when she begins to manage a hapless male's existence because, dear and brave boy that he may be, he is, after all, only a man.") In the first book, the jacket blurbs made somewhat of a mystery of the author's identity. My only contribution is that he's British - or at least he uses the British form of "billion". Whoever he is, he's good.

MAGELLAN, by Colin Anderson (Walker, \$4.95) Rebellion against a sterile, inward-turning society. (I appreciate that last, in these times when people complain that money should be diverted from space probes to serve the wants of The Common People.) The ultimate cult of the machine combined with the ultimate in cradle-to-grave security for everybody. I didn't find the actual writing all that entertaining; authors with Something Important To Say are generally pretty dull. Anderson is perhaps better than most - at least I wasn't even tempted to put the book down in the middle, as I do so many examples of modern "meaningful" science fiction. Overall, it's a much better book than I expected when I first looked at it. No Hugo possibility, but worth the time spent in reading it.

THE LAMPTON DREAMERS, by L. P. Davies (Tartan Book Sales, \$1.00) Despite the fact that one group of Davies' surly villagers could be substituted for another with no particular loss, I am absolutely fascinated by his novels. This one, despite appearing in the Crime Club, is pure science fiction (or at least if you consider espers pure, it's pure). It's the mood of the book that gets me; the gradual building up of tension as more facts are revealed about the person who is controlling minds in the village of Lampton. Highly recommended.

A GRAVE MATTER, by L. P. Davies (Tartan Book Sales, \$1.00) This one, also a Crime Club selection, is a detective story, although there are hints of the supernatural before all is explained. The problem is that the corpses of two children - skeletons, actually - are uncovered - and no children are or have been missing. Complications, including an old and quite insane British family, rapidly appear. (To judge from British detective novels, all the oldest names in England are round the bend. How about it, you British readers; are they, really?) I found it not as enjoyable as LAMPTON DREAMERS, but still a good example of the detective story.

7 CONQUESTS, by Poul Anderson (S F Book Club; hmm, I forget what they cost, now. \$1.75?) Includes "Kings Who Die", "Wildcat", "Cold Victory", "Inside Straight", "Details", "License", "Strange Bedfellows". These are not pleasant stories. They embody Anderson's opinion that the world is a harsh place and that people are equally harsh and the reader had better face the fact. I found all the stories good, "Details" excellent, and "Kings Who Die" one of the top stories of the decade.

THE CONTINENT MAKERS, by L. Sprague de Camp (Twayne 1953) I picked this up for \$3.00 at the Worldcon, and I believe I got a bargain. This is arranged as a sort of Future History of Viagens Interplanetarias, the giant Brazilian space transportation firm. Stories originally appeared in ASTOUNDING, STARTLING, TWS (I wonder how many new fans know immediately what TWS stands for, as all us old fogies do?) and FUTURE, from 1949 to 1951. All stories are humorous; most are adventurous as well. They are "The

Inspector's Teeth", "Summer Wear", "Finished", "The Galton Whistle", "The Animal-Cracker Plot", "Git Along!", "Perpetual Motion", and "The Continent Makers". If you run across a copy, grab it - unless, of course, you run across it in my library.

LAND OF UNREASON, by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt (Ballantine, 95¢) I had long been under the impression that I owned all the Pratt/de Camp collaborations; I had forgotten this one. I didn't find it one of their best, but all of their joint efforts and most of their individual ones are well worth reading. Our Hero is taken as a changeling by a bunch of drunken fairies to the court of Titania and Oberon, where he meets devious adventures. Like most "incredible journeys", many of the adventures poke fun at contemporary society, but the authors are content to laugh at our foibles; they do not view with alarm or produce half-assed solutions.

AFTER THINGS FELL APART, by Ron Goulart (Ace, 75¢) The insane gyrations of a fragmented society. Goulart is doing somewhat the same job as Pratt and de Camp; his fun-poking is at a more frantic pace, however, and the background is more acceptable to moderns. It is a fragmented California of the future, where every little nut cult has a country of its own. The hero isn't exactly trying to improve matters; by this time the idea of improvement seems to be abandoned. He's trying to keep things from getting too much worse. The book is the first I've seen in which Goulart redeems the promise of his more hilarious short stories. A great book.

THE SWORD SWALLOWER, by Ron Goulart (Dell, 60¢) The novelization of his 1967 F&SF novelet (or was it two novelets?). Ben Jolson and the Chameleon Corps, and their adventures on the planet which is combined mausoleum and funhouse for the Galaxy. A readable, mildly amusing novel; not nearly as good as the Ace one listed above.

ALIEN ISLAND, by T. L. Sherred (Ballantine, 75¢) What happens to Earth when an alien spaceship sets down, picks a human representative, arms him with unstoppable weapons, and gives him the authority to purchase various Earth products for alien consumption. Buying beaver skins from the Indians, in other words. Jealousies, jockeying for sales by each country, and so on. An interesting, quite enjoyable story. Not "significant", maybe; the comments it makes on human society are obvious ones. But entertaining. A couple of quibbles; a cube measuring two feet in every direction is not "two cubic feet", which I believe is what he's thinking about. What he says is that two cubic feet is 8 times one cubic foot, which is ridiculous. And, for that matter, the amount of gold being talked about would not act on the economy in the way he says. What it would do is lower the world price of gold - which would still wreck the economies of most of the world's nations. Quibbles aside, however, it's an enjoyable book for killing a dull afternoon and I recommend it.

HIGH SORCERY, by Andre Norton (Ace, 60¢) This was a big disappointment; when I saw it I was overjoyed at the idea of a new Norton novel. And then I opened it and discovered that 80% of the book is taken up with reprints of her two IF novelets, "Toys of Tamisan" and "Lizard's World". Good enough stories, but I'd already read them. The other three short stories, 30 pages total, appear to be new. "Through The Needle's Eye" is the sort of story that might well have appeared in UNKNOWN; a fascinating little fantasy. "By A Hair" is more WEIRD TALES type, or maybe MAGAZINE OF HORROR; fairly good little horror tale, but not outstanding. And "Ullly The Piper" is a sweet story that is pure condensation of Norton. The two longer stories are in the swords and sorcery category, though both deal with espers. Excellent adventure, if you have not already read them.

CITIES IN FLIGHT, by James Blish (Avon, \$1.25) The first one-volume compilation of Blish's four "Okie" novels, some of which were in turn compiled from novelets in ASTOUNDING in the 1950s. Novel titles are THEY SHALL HAVE STARS, A LIFE FOR THE STARS, EARTHMAN COME HOME, and THE TRIUMPH OF TIME. Also included is an Afterword by Richard D. Mullen, reprinted from RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, in which Mullen, who points out the parallels between the books and Spengler, for anyone interested in wading through his prose. This is a classic of science fiction, despite the cardboard characters (Blish has never been noted for creating real characters). The plot and the ideas carry the story, and most of the time carry it very well.

FEAR & THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE, by L. Ron Hubbard (Berkley, 75¢) FEAR is one of the authentic fantasy classics from UNKNOWN; still regarded as such although it is actually not fantasy at all but the story of a disintegrating mind. One of the first and best of the "psychological science fiction" tales, and probably the best thing Hubbard ever wrote. It's a short novel. "The Ultimate Adventure" is a novelet, also from UNKNOWN, which reads like a trial run for the better-known SLAVES OF SLEEP. Swords, sorcery, ifrits, ghouls, and a weak-kneed hero who discovers that crossing into other dimensions works as well as a Charles Atlas course.

THE HIGH PLACE, by James Branch Cabell (Ballantine, 95¢) Third of the Cabell books to be reprinted in Ballantine's "Adult Fantasy" series. Cabell is the complete cynic. I loved one line; "Those older people, who had so boggled matters, had been thrust aside in favor of more youthful and more vigorous exponents of quite new fallacies.." Florian Puyssange cheerfully adulterers, murders and lies his way through the novel, while following the great law of living; "Thou shalt not offend against the notions of thy neighbor." It's a lovely blast against middle-class hypocrisy. Highly recommended.

DR. CYCLOPS, by Henry Kuttner (Popular Library, 60¢) I hadn't realized that Kuttner wrote the original story - nor, for that matter, that Kuttner had at any time in his life written anything quite as bad as this novelet. It's bad enough to be amusing. The book also contains a Cap Future novelet; "The Harpers Of Titan", and Bryce Walton's "Too Late For Eternity". The latter is actually quite a good story; whether it's worth 60¢ all by itself or not depends on how you feel about expenses; it takes up not quite half the book.

HAWKSBILL STATION, by Bob Silverberg (Avon, 60¢) The novel version of Silverberg's story in GALAXY which was so well received. It's quite a good book. I never saw quite what all the shouting was about over the GALAXY version; I hadn't realized that good competent science fiction had become that rare. Oh, it has a psychological twist, of course; a rather bluntly stated one, in fact. But basically it's a good, solid, above-average story.

GLORY ROAD, by Robert A. Heinlein (Berkley, 95¢) I've always thought this tongue-in-cheek novel of high adventure was one of Heinlein's best. It has a good plot, interesting characters, and it pokes a good deal of fun at the conventions of sword-and-sorcery writing. It is not meant to be taken very seriously, but it's a fine, enjoyable story. If you haven't read it, do.

A TOUCH OF STRANGE, by Theodore Sturgeon (Berkley, 95¢) You don't see much Sturgeon any more; these stories were all originally published in the 1950s. But when he was writing, he was one of the two or three best in the field; he actually produced the sort of beautiful prose-poetry that mainstream critics credited Bradbury with. Despite the blurbs I don't consider these stories his best work, but they are very good. They are "Mr. Costello, Hero", "The Touch of Your Hand", "Affair With A Green Monkey", "A Crime For Llewellyn", "It Opens The Sky", "A Touch of Strange", "The Other Celia", "The Pod In The Barrier" and "The Girl Had Guts". Highly recommended.

SECOND STAGE LENS MEN by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) The last three books in the CHILDREN OF THE LENS by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) Lensman series (the final one MASTERS OF THE VORTEX by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) somewhat forced into the association by the paperback publisher). Number of printings of the original edition run from three to six, so the books are awfully popular with somebody. Not with me, tho. Since my reviews of the earlier books in the series I've heard some objections to the garish Gaughan covers, but they do sort of fit the garish stories. The ultimate in space-opera, which by some quirk of my personality never appealed to me.

THE FAR-OUT WORLDS OF A.E. VAN VOGT, by A. E. van Vogt (who else?) (Ace, 75¢) A reprint of an earlier Ace edition. Stories include "The Replicators", "The First Martian", "The Purpose", "The Earth Killers", "The Cataaaaa", "Automaton", "Itself!", "Process", "Not The First", "Fulfillment", "Ship of Darkness", "The Ultra Man".

I've always liked van Vogt's short stories. These aren't his best, but they're worth the money if you haven't already read them.

THE WORLD OF NULL-A, by A. E. van Vogt (Berkley, 75¢) A specially revised edition, it says, with a new foreword by the author. I read the foreword, where the author explains that the novel is a dramatization of identity. However, I read the story once, years ago, and once is enough. This may well answer all of Damon Knight's objections to the original version, but if it does you won't find out from me. It's on the market, it is a new edition, and it is a stf "classic" as that term is loosely used. If you want to try it; fine. You probably should, if you're a newcomer to science fiction. But I have better things to do.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF-16, ed. by John Carnell (Corgi Books, 4/0) Carnell seems to be going with series. This contains "Getaway From Getawehi", an "Unorthodox Enginggers" story by Colin Kapp, and "Meatball", a "Sector General" series by James White. The Kapp story is pure engineering fiction, the sort of thing George O. Smith used to do for ASTOUNDING, except that I think Kapp's version is better written. The White story is a direct sequel to previous "Sector General" stories in Carnell collections, and I assume the whole set will eventually be published as a novel. (As a short story, this has defects; as part of a novel, it could be great.) Then there is "All Done By Mirrors" by Douglas R. Mason (strictly psychological effort), "Throwback" by Sydney J. Bounds (I suspect somebody, probably Carnell, of using the title as a deliberate pun, since the piece is indeed a throwback to the fiction of the 1930s), "The Perihelion Man" by Christopher Priest (interesting in an odd way, but not really a story. Not even an account of Man under stress, when you come down to it, though that's what it appears to be on the surface), and "R26/5/PSY And I" by Michael G. Coney, a humorous if obvious account of the cure of a recluse who liked his own company better than that of others. (Though I was tempted to write the author a nasty letter saying "I do not need to be cured.")

ENGLAND SWINGS SF, ed. by Judith Merrill (Ace, \$1.25) You know I didn't read this. I did sort of skim through it, looking for interesting spots. I didn't find any, except for one or two items I'd read before. I had liked Keith Roberts' "Manscarer", somewhat. Otherwise, there are 28 items, total, in here, most of them from Moorcock's NEW WORLDS, and they do absolutely nothing for me except put me to sleep. Mostly I don't understand what the authors are getting at, and when someone kindly does explain the point of one to me, my reaction is "He got paid for writing 3,000 words about that, when half a dozen is all the subject is worth?" (I think that's one reason I don't understand them; I keep looking for important hidden meanings instead of literary trivia.) So, I'm undoubtedly too prejudiced to review the book and I'm not going to.

POSITIVE CHARGE/GALLAGHER'S GLACIER, by Walt and Leigh Richmond (Ace, 75¢) I didn't read this one, either. It's out; if you enjoy the Richmonds' writing, get it.

THE JESTER AT SCARR, by E. C. Tubb/TO VENUS! TO VENUS! by David Grinnell (or Don Wollheim, if you prefer) The Tubb half is part of his Dumarest series, which do very little for me; they strike me as barely adequate space opera. The Grinnell half is one of these near-future stories in which heroic spacemen triumph over incredible odds. Allowing for an extremely simple plot, it's reasonably well done. Anyone who has read many of the type knows in general how it's going to come out, but the problems and solutions are fairly presented, and the characters are about average quality of cardboard for this type book. I mildly enjoyed it; it's a nice book for something to read when you don't much want to think about what you're reading.

THE POWER OF X, by Arthur Sellings (Berkley, 60¢) Weird thing; no previous publication given, but I've read it before. British magazine probably; read the editorial to see why I didn't spend much time trying to hunt it down. Anyway, it concerns a new reproduction technique called "Plying", and an art dealer who finds that he can tell the original from a plied copy when nobody else can. Then he finds out that the President has been Plyed - and isn't the original. Fairly good stf adventure; lightweight.

TIGERS AND TRAITORS, by Jules Verne (Ace, 60¢) The second half of the story that begins with THE DEMON OF CAWNPORE. The story picks up somewhat in this half, but it is not one of my favorite Vernes. It does contain action and occasional humor, but the reader really should plow through THE DEMON OF CAWNPORE first to get the background, which is a discouraging prospect.

PERRY RHODAN #5, by K-H Scheer and Kurt Mahr (Ace, 75¢) Rhodan begins to look more like a modern Richard Seaton here, with space battles, hyperspace, rescuing friendly aliens from evil aliens; the lot. It's not at all badly written; in fact, the weakest parts are the continuing characters. I'd guess that if you like Doc Smith you might consider the Rhodan stories a trifle pale, but would like them. (I consider them a trifle - only a trifle - better done and more believable than the Lensmen.)

G-8 And His BATTLE ACES #1: The Bat Staffel, by Robert J. Hogan (Berkley, 60¢) It's a lovely comic-booky Steranko cover. Once you get inside, though.....Doc Savage is great literature compared to G-8. I believe the word is "camp" if it hasn't been outmoded. The pure essence of pulp. (And a note to some "New Wave" writers; nothing is as ridiculous as outdated slang, and in 30 years your epics are going to get the same sort of reception. The trouble with writing about Now problems is that Now problems have a way of looking silly in a very short time.) I wonder what SEVEN DAYS IN MAY is going to read like in 1990? Or Ballard's stories? Oh well; this is sort of fun, as long as you approach it with the right attitude. (Hmm...for any obtuse or literal-minded readers, no I was not suggesting that SEVEN DAYS IN MAY is "New Wave" writing. It's just another type that will soon seem ridiculous - even sooner than the "New Wave" material will.)

PRELUDE TO NIGHTMARE, by John Macklin (Ace, 60¢) Another in Ace's occult series; about as bad as the majority of occult books.

LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT, by Sir Walter Scott (Ace, 75¢) This is a bit better; not as far as the occult, but as a historical document. The language is pretty hard going, and I'm not positive that plowing all the way through it would be rewarding, but snatches here and there were quite interesting.

WINDOW TO THE PAST, by Hans Holzer (Pocket Books, 95¢) Now the occultists are putting out gimmick books. As history, this has two strikes against it. First, you have to believe that the mediums actually conversed with spirits, and second you have to believe that the memory of these spirits of their former lives is more or less accurate, both of them extremely dubious propositions. As it turns out, the "spirits" seem to come up with the same solutions to history as the imaginations of Sunday supplement writers do. Stanton masterminded the plot to kill Lincoln, the lovers at Mayerling were murdered, Aaron Burr didn't really conspire against the government, and so on. I'm surprised he didn't include "information" that Oswald didn't really kill Kennedy; maybe that will come in the next book. Believe this garbage if you want to; it's a free country.

THE TWO SIDED TRIANGLE, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood (Ace, 75¢) Hurwood has extended his writings on weird people to include some of the weird ideas about sex possessed by more or less normal people. Quite interesting and it does make me wonder (even more) whether the human race as a whole is worth bothering about.

THE PLEASANT GROVE MURDERS, by Jack Vance (Ace, 60¢) A sequel to THE FOX VALLEY MURDERS. Not quite as good, I think, as the previous book; the characters are less interesting and the detecting seems to hang on some pretty thin clues. But still a very good detective story, and totally different from Vance's fantasy work.

SECRET AND URGENT, by Fletcher Pratt (Blue Ribbon Books) I picked this up second hand. It is a history of codes and ciphers. As much as possible, the author presents an actual historical incident featuring a particular cipher, explains the cipher used and tells something about its inventor, and then shows how it was (or could have been) broken. The notes include frequency tables and other information required by

the amateur cryptographer. A fascinating book for either the historian or puzzle fan; you might want to keep an eye out for it. And did you know that while it's unlikely that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, he did produce a cipher which has never been broken? Or at least it hadn't up to 1939, when the book was written.

THE GLASS TEAT, by Harlan Ellison (Ace, \$1.25) Most of you know the utter contempt in which I hold Harlan, so when I say this is probably the most entertaining book I've read all month it isn't just out of friendship. (In fact, it takes considerable self-discipline to make such a statement at all.) It is assembled from Harlan's columns in the Los Angeles Free Press, apparently from the beginning right up to date, since it contains his version of the Dayton Incident, batted around here recently. Most of the material is on tv, which is probably why I like it; my opinion of tv approaches Harlan's opinion of everything except Harlan. The book has the usual amount of self-glorification (Harlan operates on the theory that if he doesn't speak well of himself, nobody else will, and he may be right), but aside from that the material is fast-paced, witty, and generally intelligent. Most material, as I said, is on tv, but there are side comments on God, censorship, Harlan's speaking tours, and other more or less related material. By all means buy a copy.

NOTES FROM THE NEW UNDERGROUND, ed. by Jesse Kornbluth (Ace, \$1.25) This is all vital and immediate and angry and deadly dull. It does demonstrate the utter paucity of ideas produced by this group. They don't like present society - for which I can't blame them - but they have no practical ideas at all for replacing it with something better. When cornered by an interviewer and asked to present something concrete, they retreat into mysticism, which don't grow no beans. Which I suppose is natural for a group which takes as its model a society which has been unable to feed itself for hundreds of years, even with aid from our despised machine civilization. Their much-publicized concern for human life is mostly hypocrisy; if the world did follow their ideas, half our present population would starve within ten years.

THE PETER PRINCIPLE, by Dr. Laurence J. Peter and Raymond Hull (S F Book Club, \$1.75?) Subtitled "Why Things Always Go Wrong". A quite enjoyable bit of lightweight humor, primarily concerned with the problems of hierarchial systems and how to outwit them. It's been compared to Parkinson's Law; actually it isn't as good as Parkinson, but it's worth reading. I wouldn't advise anyone to buy a hardcover, but someone has put out a paperback version recently and it would be worth getting.

KREUZERKRIEG, by Edwin P. Hoyt (World, remaindered at \$1.98) Two accounts of the CORONEL AND THE FALKLANDS, by Geoffrey Bennett (Pan, 6/0) World War I naval engagements off the coast of South America. Hoyt, who tells things from the German viewpoint, has somewhat the more enjoyable book, but the Bennett paperback, part of the British Battles Series, supplies the photos - 8 pages of them - and the statistics. Together they make a fine combination. (The paperback photos were particularly interesting in that the German commander, Vize-admiral Maximilian Johannes Maria Hubert Graf von Spee, bears a striking resemblance to L. Sprague de Camp.) Coronel was the first defeat of the British navy in over 100 years; it was avenged at the Falklands. The books also provide insight into World War I naval problems, particularly the matter of coaling. (If they operated at top speed, the German cruisers had to coal every four days, an insuperable problem to a nation with only a few weakly defended foreign bases.) I begin to see why von Luckner used a sailing ship for his raiding.

WIND IN THE WIRES, by Duncan Grinnell-Milne (Ace, 75¢) This is by far the best of Ace's World War I flying series to date. Grinnell-Milne tells what it felt like to fly in planes which had a ten-mile speed variation in between stalling and having the wings fall off. The first solo; "I knew nothing whatever about flying, and it was far too early in the morning and it was cold and I hadn't had my breakfast or said my prayers." Joining the Squadron at the front; "I had to walk round the table to shake hands while the entire company stared in open-mouthed silence as though I were some newly discovered disease." The big-name aces in this Ace series spend a lot of time talking about their victories, which presumably was what the public wanted to read about. Grinnell-Milne gives a flavor of what it was like. Recommended.

WILDERNESS EMPIRE, by Allan W. Eckert (Little, Brown) A Christmas present, so I don't know the cost. This is part of a series dealing with the white man's conquest of North America, which began with THE FRONTIERSMAN. The current book deals primarily with the Iroquois Confederacy, and largely with the Mohawks. Their efforts to play both ends against the middle by bargaining with both Britain and Spain, their occasional successes and more frequent defeats, are chronicled in detail covering some 600 pages. It's an incredibly long book; it took me two weeks to finish, where one day is sufficient for the average sf novel (or half a day if I spend my day off in reading). It's also highly entertaining to the amateur historian, and informative to anyone interested in the history of our Indian affairs. There are interesting little sidelights, such as that the first "Great Society" in North America appeared in Canada in 1757 and was a cloak for graft and official dishonesty. The charge that genocide (as applied to nations) was a white invention is exposed; the Iroquois wiped out the Erie tribe, man, woman and child, because the Eries had harbored an enemy of the Iroquois. (The whites could wipe out tribes more thoroughly because they had better weapons, but the intent of the Indians was the same and they tried just as hard.) I thought it was a great book.

THE UNLAWFUL CONCERT, by Fred Gardner (Viking Compass, \$1.25, distributed by Ace) The account of the Presidio Mutiny of 1968. It seems to be a reasonably fair account. Gardner is firmly on the side of the mutineers, but he doesn't (or can't) twist the account to make them look good. What he can do is make the Army look terrible, which requires very little besides relating the facts of the case. The result is that everybody comes out smelling of garbage (somewhat similar to the more recent "Chicago 7" trial). It's an extremely unpleasant business all around, but probably, like many unpleasant things, good for you. Recommended for anyone interested in what's going on in the country.

THE REAL MA BARKER, by Miriam Allen de Ford (Ace, 75¢) The success of "Bonnie and Clyde" has produced a new movie and a new book relating to the movie and taking advantage of its publicity. Ma Barker is somewhat the same sort of crook, vicious and greedy, but she comes across as somewhat more intelligent than Bonnie and Clyde. (Though her subordinates certainly weren't any mental giants.) The author does a good job in piecing together an accurate if occasionally sketchy account - I'm sure it's to be preferred to the movie on a factual basis, though it doesn't have the pretty photography. Unfortunately, there isn't really enough readily available material on the Barker gang to make an entire book and presumably the author didn't have time for extensive research. So the last third of the book is devoted to extremely sketchy accounts of other notable gangsters of the period. Presumably acceptable if you have not read much about the era, but offering nothing new to anyone who has. Recommended for beginning gangster fans.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS, by William Howard and Brad Steiger (Ace, 75¢) (Reviewed by Ruth Wellons) I liked this one better than most. Especially the chapter on the pre-school and elementary school child. He also puts more sex into handwriting symbols than other writers have done. Different from other books I've read, probably because this is graphology and I studied grapho-analysis.

LAMENT FOR THE MOLLY MAGUIRES, by Arthur H. Lewis (Pocket Books, 95¢) The history of the Irish terrorist group in the Pennsylvania coal fields in the middle 1800s. Lewis' prose is not going to compete with Alan Moorehead's or Stewart Holbrook's, but he's a competent writer, and the history itself is interesting. The Mollies were not, as he points out, connected with early labor organizations except peripherally; they were a secret terrorist group, an early-day Irish Mafia. For anyone who thinks that not getting involved is a symptom of the sickness of modern society, here's an account from the book. A witness at a murder trial testified that he had heard the victim cry out, "Oh, don't! Oh, don't." He was asked what he did then. "We got up and ran down to the cellar." was the response. And this was no decadent city-dweller; the men who avoided involvement were a group of coal-miners, men involved in one of the most dangerous professions of the day. (They were simply being discreet.....)



Gene Wolfe, 27 Betty Drive, Hamilton, Ohio 45013

I've enjoyed the magazines (Joe Hensley's calm sense alone was worth the price of 196). If it's of any interest my book THE LAUGHTER OUTSIDE AT NIGHT, which Don Bensen mentioned will be re-titled, will be called OPERATION ARES. ORBIT 7, which at the time he wrote was apparently scheduled for June, ought to be available now -- at least, I've received my author's copies. Like your reply to John Brunner, but much more common (in print) is that abortion the .410 gage. Not to mention the 22 calibre, larger than the largest naval ordnance.

"(Oh well, they know what we mean.)"

He raised his knife and fired.

(And while I'm thinking of it, how the heck do you fire an arrow? They do it all the time.)

/Offhand I would say one would have to fire an arrow by touching a match to it. However, according to my dictionary, "firing" a missile is an accepted colloquialism. RSC/

Liz Fishman, 2815 Princeton Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45406

I also remember Juanita sending extra sheets for Rotten to color. He taped them all over the house, except for the one he was going to send with his thank-you note. This was at the time he was just learning to print and he absolutely forbid me to write for him. It took two agonizing weeks for him to get Dear Juanita the way he wanted (letters took up half instead of all of the page), and then he was ready for the rest. He's not the most even-tempered little so-and-so I have ever encountered and the letter never survived the attack. He devoured three tablets of paper and countless fat green pencils. Those pencils, by the way, sparked many a flow of curses. The rotten kid kept breaking the points, and because our sharpener won't take fat green pencils I had to use a paring knife. I sheared away half the pencil, fingernails and many layers of skin before I could get enough lead to protrude. (I gave Rotten the envelope with the Moby Dick stamp. He liked that, but he was more impressed by the fact that he now has your address. And he wants to type you a letter. I think I'm going to cry.)

We had a cat once, an orange and white long-haired beauty my mother found. Mom named her Zsa-Zsa, and seven months later I named him Joshua. We didn't (and still don't) have mice, but our basement soaks up moisture and rain rather nicely so we have a healthy population of big, shiny, hard-shelled water beetles living within the walls. Joshua would sit on the stairs and wait for one to saunter by. You could hear him crunching his prey all the way upstairs. I never understood how he had room for food after a few hours of hunting. And I never tried to; I get sick thinking about it even now. (In the pitch black of one recent early morn I unaccountably woke with a craving for tea. Since I decided some time ago that ghostly things tuck away after 2:30 I didn't bother to switch on any lights. Half way down the hall one bare foot came down on something cold and hard, and now broken. I knew it was one of those damn beetles, and I stood there on one foot trying to decide whether to get sick right there or turn on the light first. I finally hopped back to the switch and watched the beetle drag its broken back away. Then I made a one-footed sharp left turn to the bathroom and plunged my tainted foot into hot sudsy water. It took a long time for the bottom of my foot to forget.)

Mel Torme sings anything and everything better than anyone anywhere. Which reminds me, that John Jacob Niles album. It finally came in and I took it home. It snapped the needle. There was a crack one half the circumference of the record -- no, it was a break. I didn't notice it. I took the album back and they told me to pay for it. I

told them it wasn't my fault and I refused to pay. In fact, I had a good mind to make them pay for the needle. To my surprise the fellow at the information desk thought that was a great idea. So he made a deal. He gave me three dollars for a new needle and I gave him one dollar of the four it cost for the album. You definitely are a troublemaker, Reverend. From now on, it's just Mel Torme and me.

/I think I should resent those slurs on John Jacob Niles. But at least you attributed the problem to the crack in the record and not to the one in his voice, so I guess it's all right. I still like old John the minstrel, though. RSC/

Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee Street, Wauseon, Ohio 43567

Tucker has been a member of First Fandom for quite some time. Guess he changed his mind.

/Tucker double-crossed me, eh? You can't trust these foxy grandpas. RSC/

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

Since you happened to mention typewriter ribbons, I wonder if you've heard of a sort of wholesale supplier for writers' needs, Writers Supply Club, P.O. Box 4443, North Hollywood, Cal. 91607? I sent for their free samples of paper and carbon paper (25¢ for handling) and it turns out that you can get a good discount on all sorts of stuff -- many grades and weights of paper, carbon paper, ribbons, pencils, etc. -- once you pay a once-only fee of \$5.00 to join. It looks as if it will pay me to get some of their stuff even considering the distance and mailing costs. You might be interested in learning more about their arrangements.

I did indeed see some of the TV broadcast of NIGHT OF THE GENERALS -- about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, due to changing channels to pick up the made-for-tv movie, "The Mask of Sheba", which turned out to be quite entertaining, even though we learned from TV Guide that the Ethiopian landscape was actually Mexico. O'Toole looked perfect as Tanz, but Sharif was not my idea of Grau. I gathered from reviews of the movie that they lost much of the impact of the book in the muddy screenplay. There were so many great touches in the book -- Tanz's seizure in front of the Van Gogh self portrait, for instance. I have never been that wild about Van Gogh, but the notion of a psychopath being that much affected by that particular painting lends new interest to the self portrait.

/Sounds interesting, particularly since Standard Stationery Supply of Chicago apparently isn't going to send the typewriter ribbons I ordered. Even in movies, I'll take Kirst over most authors. (And whatever they did to the rest of the plot and characters, Peter O'Toole was absolutely perfect as Tanz. RSC/

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

Competition has now closed for the Dumbest Title of the Sixties, by the way. In the Fifties the handsdown winner was THE UNKNOWN--IS IT NEARER? That was a Signet paperback with two authors, the names of whom I disremember.



There was no clearcut winner for the Sixties until, in the closing months of 1969, Sam Moskowitz and Alden Norton came forth with GREAT UNTOLD STORIES OF FANTASY AND HORROR. It must take two authors/editors to come up with the really dumb titles.

Oh, so you're going to be boycotting Toronto? And if you'd been on the Heicon committee, you'd have refused to give permission to Toronto to hold its con Aug 21-23? Well, you know I bet if you were on a con committee and someone tried to tell you that you weren't permitted to hold (or shouldn't hold) your con when you bloody well wanted, you'd tell that someone to whistle up a rope. Or some such. I cannot possibly imagine that (1) anyone planning to go to Heidelberg would be dissuaded from going by the presence of a North American minicon or that (2) anyone able to attend the Toronto Fan Fair II could be convinced he should go instead to Heidelberg. And the same goes for the Detroit Triple Fan Fair in connection with Heidelberg.

But I don't know a great number of fans who can afford to go to Europe; do you? And I think those who are going will do so whether or not there are any other cons on in the U.S. And why should those who flatly cannot possibly attend Heicon be forced to do penance with no cons at all this year? Really... If that were to be the case (no cons at all when celebrations are held abroad), I suspect the courtesy of giving cons to overseas bidders when overseas bidders request them would end abruptly.

Someone (in Saturday Review?) recently commented that saying "The I Ching" is like saying "chili con carne with meat." Our copy says on the spine THE I CHING.

Uh, isn't there such a thing as a "registered lobby"? And doesn't the NRA have one? Like, with official lobbyists in Washington? If so, couldn't this be what Jesse Unruh meant when he referred to "the gun lobby" as opposed to his own "pressure group"? I know the term has the loose meaning of a pressure group -- but isn't there a formal, political term "lobby" as well?

I'd say that it shouldn't be too difficult to toss aside the tossing aside of the European Worldcon concept. As noted, no one much adheres to any previously set rules unless all are happy with said rules. Which, obviously, all are not with the voted-on plan at St. Louiscon. If, by the way, voted-on resolutions are to have any meaning at all in the longrun (and maybe they aren't, no matter what), there has got to be some mechanism set up for voting that is as "fandom-wide" as can be. The business of voting's only being permitted to some special group or other for Major Matters is just not determining of much besides who happens to be in a particular place at a particular time. It would seem that on such a major question as Worldcons vs. NAScons, voting should be held the same way the old nominating ballots used to be run: anyone known to fandom can vote -- and publicity should be widespread preparatory to deadline for voting. But that won't be done--and so it'll all continue to change from year to year, depending on the whim of the sector of the country in which voting is held. (Couldn't Heicon vote that Boston will be the last Worldcon ever held outside Europe? And Boston vote that the next year's con will be the last ever held...etc.)

Foomf.

Dennis Lien did a lovely alliterative verse, there. The wondrous weirdness of his wistful wail did sound the sadness of the startling stabbing of Star Trek.

David Lewton has had weird experiences in comics fandom if he honestly thinks that, "There, either you are a pro, or you are nothing! When speaking of pros, you first put on your most reverent tones. When a pro contradicts himself, you nod in agreement; when a pro turns out to be a real creep naught is said about it." That may have been the way he conducted himself in comics fandom, but I can't imagine why he did. I'd say comics fandom has less of a caste system than most fandoms, if only because its existence has been shorter than most fandoms... But reverence for pros? Har...

In your review of 14 GREAT TALES OF ESP, you say, "Heinlein's 'Project Nightmare' concerns espers in the military, was first published in Amazing, and as far as I know has never been reprinted until now." We note it was published in Amazing Apr-May 53 and was reprinted there in Jun 67. It was also in the collection MENACE FROM EARTH. It was notable in that in its original appearance Heinlein was quoted as saying that he grew fond of his characters and killed them off only with great reluctance. In the course of "Project Nightmare," Heinlein wiped out Cleveland.

Before I go further, let me recommend to you something I keep forgetting to mention. Write to Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller, P.O. Box 1023, Danbury, Connecticut 06810 for a List of Publishers and some order forms. This is a Good Deal--much better than the American Book Club. The listing gives you publishers of books, with notes as to which ones you can get discounts of 33 1/3% on--and which ones you can get only 15% discount on. You can get any Modern Library book from ERH at 33 1/3% off, for example, Arkham House, unfortunately, is one of the 15% off publishers, but it's the only one which is of the many publishers whose books we've considered buying recently.

Caution: You must order using his order forms--so send for those right away. And then have fun. Doubleday, Dover, Random House, and Simon & Schuster are all 33 1/3% off--plus mailing charges of 25¢ per book. We got the first batch of books ordered in two weeks from our sending the order (all but one--which they had to back-order--which took about a month to arrive). They are willing, apparently, to look for books which they don't have in stock--and are extremely efficient about it all. Unreservedly recommended.

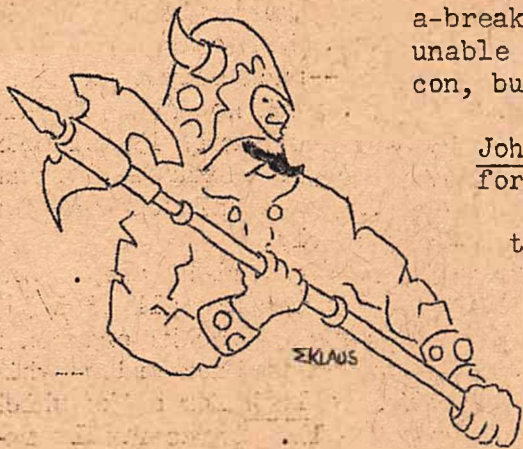
Wups! 'I just checked and they don't list Essex House, I see. But one could give 'em a try. If discount was only 15%, the total cost would come to about \$1.90--which wouldn't be much of a savings, though. Sorry about that, Irv Jacobs.

I trotted upstairs to locate that Worlds of If for April 66 about which Dan Adkins wrote so amusingly; somehow, such things enrich appreciation of cover art so enormously. Then I glanced inside, at the interior art which Dan mentioned he had done. Yes, obviously Wood-studio work. Then I looked at the credit line inside. Whereas it's true that Morrow got credit for the cover, I think it's only fair to point out that Nodel got credit for the interiors.

Gee, Buck, you're such a prude about stealing--excuse me, "permanently borrowing." I mean, who's hurt by Louis Morra's taking some of the "older, more rare" (read "virtually unreplaceable" for a library) books from his library? True that it'd be far less reprehensible to steal a book from a friend; he'd only be stealing from one person instead of from all the people of his community, he wouldn't be taking many, many man-hours from library workers trying to locate and finally confirm the loss of the texts, and he wouldn't be skunking researchers depending on the books' presence. But after all, Buck--think of the marvelous challenge in swiping from An Institution!

But I wish you'd mention that there may be some readers of Yandro who DO, occasionally, Get Involved. And that some of them may, fair or not to the candid thief, mention Morra's behavior to his local library.

/Being a sadist, even with my friends, I couldn't resist quoting that plaint about "no cons at all this year" if big-hearted Toronto hadn't put one on. Midwestcon, Ozarkcon, Marcon, Octocon, Phlange, Minicon, and PeCon aren't really conventions at all, you understand, and neither are the east and west coast regionals...As a matter of fact, I am extremely irked by people who say "Gee, you won't mind if I impose on you, will you?" and I think that's exactly what Toronto did. For the rest, see my reply to Bob Roehm last issue. (You didn't get last issue? I just happen to have a few extras, at 40¢ per...)//There is such a thing as a registered lobby, but I have my doubts that the National Rifle Association runs a registered lobby in the state of California. (I could, of course, be wrong there, but if they do they never told me about it.)// Well, Cleveland is hardly a character. (Although, considering some of those newspaper clippings you send, maybe it is, at that.) RSC ... My own feelings about the date of the Toronto Fan Fair (though I haven't said much) is that it's that...the date... which hurts. I really swallow all this stuff about Age of Aquarius and try to put yourself in the other guy's shoes and empathize -- and doing that I found myself thinking if I were in Heidelberg I would be smiling politely and hurting inside, and I don't like doing that to somebody. Even though I'm never going to be in a position to attend an overseas con. And I see the Aussies are even having trouble smiling politely. Was it really necessary for Toronto to pick the identical date of Heicon? Wouldn't a week or more one way or another have been more cooperative and give-the-other-fellow-



a-break-ish? I don't have any axe to grind, since I'm unable to attend Toronto or to attend Heicon, but that's the way it feels to me. JWC/

John Trimble, 417 N. Kenmore Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90004

Yandro #195 just arrived, and I feel impelled to comment at some length on the current discussion of the "rules" changes made at StLouisCon. I had intended to do this after the Gilliland/Silverberg article/s in #194, but I put it off for one reason or another, and alluvassudden, here is #195, with Roy Tackett's article, Milt Stevens' comments, etc.

I don't happen to have Yan #194 to hand, so I'll have to paraphrase Bob's or Alexis' comments/

objections from memory; please forgive any inaccuracies which pop up because of it.

First off, Bob may very well be right in saying that it appears that the StLouisCon business meeting voted to sort of "nationalize" the HUGOs. The actual wording of the motion was to effect recognition of a de facto condition: the HUGOs are an English-language award. The supporting argument cited the fact that the totality of international tradition consisted of 5 awards to British subjects. It was also noted in the discussion, that the Germans do have their own set of awards largely paralleling the HUGOs, and that other non-English speaking fandoms probably would be following suit soon.

Further, the administration of the HUGOs was awarded to English-speaking cons. That is, whenever the WorldCon is held by/in an English language area of the world, the WorldCon will administer the HUGOs; whenever the WorldCon is in a non-English language nation, the North American Science Fiction Convention will administer the awards.

This change will not take effect until 1971, after NorEasCon.

Now to RoyTac's fulminations...RoySan, no one is presuming to "dictate to SF fans," with regard to the "World Science Fiction Society (UnInc) Rules." On the contrary, I think that the rules themselves make it plain that this is a set of criteria which past business meetings of World Science Fiction Conventions have enacted as guides to administering WorldCons and HUGOs. There is no enforcement provision, except for the "good faith" provision you cited (Article 3.05, stating that "by bidding, a convention committee promises to abide by this constitution." Try to enforce that...can't be done.

Your sentiments re furthering internationalization of SF & SF fandom are admirable, and I agree that we ought to pursue this route to the fullest extent possible. I disagree that the StLouisCon Business Meeting kicked this idea in the groin when its back was turned (as HE once said, about another matter). The attitude of the majority of attendees of the StLouisCon meeting is pretty ably summed up by Milt Stevens' letter in Yan #195.

Now, as to Alexis Gilliland's charge that the Business Meeting at StLouisCon "railroaded" the changes in the HUGOs &/or the NASFiC & Rotation Plan changes. Yes, it is true that we dealt with these motions in rapid succession, however, we had had two previous "pre-business meeting" sessions, advertised in the program book (or, rather, the first one, at 10 a.m., Friday, August 29th, was advertised; the second one was announced at the close of the first), prior to Monday morning's "official" Business Meeting of the 27th World SF Convention. The purpose of the pre-business meeting sessions was to hash out-differences in the motions to be proposed at the official meeting.

If anyone (Alexis?) had something to say about the motions, or was sufficiently interested in them to effect changes, we kind of expected that heshe would show up at the pre-sessions, to help rough them into shape, or modify, or discourage, or oppose them, or Something.

Now then, if anyone would like to be a Secret Master of Fandom, I would be glad to send him/her an application blank...

/The fact that the HUGOs have been an English-language award is in my

estimation no particular reason for specifying that they should remain that way. Quite the contrary; it's something to be done away with as soon as possible. (I started to say it was something to be ashamed of, but it isn't really; when the HUGOs were started there wasn't much except English-language science fiction being written. European and Japanese and so on stf was largely reprint. Now it's different.) You aren't going to get many fans to show up at a business session because every business session I've been to, which amounts to a fair number, was dominated by longwinded bores, and because con committees don't always follow the recommendations anyway. (I know it's an interlocking problem; if we had more intelligent business sessions, con committees might pay more attention to them. But business sessions keep bringing up things like the World Science Fiction Association, Inc., which then have to be killed off amid bad feelings all around, and attending them never seems at all remunerative.) Would a mail ballot be any improvement? It would for me, because I could avoid all those endless banal speeches. But whether it would bring more intelligent results or not is doubtful. Which is why I am firmly in favor of complete autonomy, tempered by tradition, for con committees. RSC/

Reg Smith, 1509 N. Mar-Les Dr., Santa Ana, California 92706

I thought #194 was a pretty good issue; the letter column, though short, was especially good this time. Regarding my article on Palmer, I looked through the current issue of Flying Saucers and discovered that the man looking for "sub-humans" didn't have an ad in this time. Perhaps he found all he wanted. The "Can Head Bones 'Move'?" ad is still there. I was tempted to send in for this, but decided it probably wasn't worth a dollar. Also, the address is in Los Angeles; I don't live too far from LA, and I don't want any of these "head bone movers" paying me a personal visit.

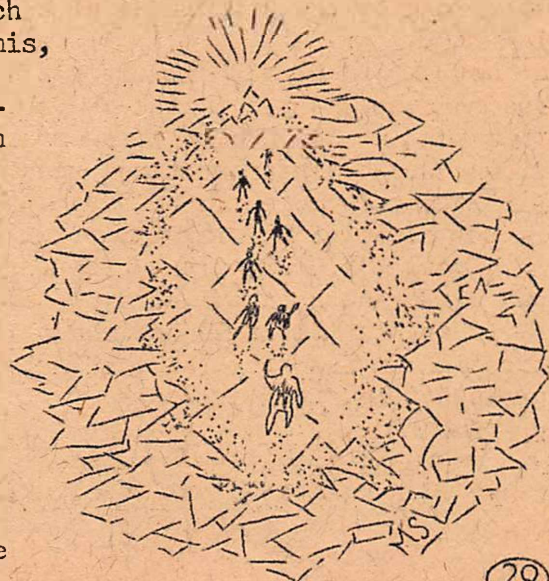
I don't know whether Powell paperbacks are distributed in your area or not; if they are, you might be on the lookout for TWO DOZEN DRAGON EGGS by Donald A. Wollheim. This is a collection of Wollheim's short stories written over the past thirty-five years. A few of the stories are pretty bad and Wollheim's writing style is undistinguished, but several of the stories have very clever plots, and many of the 24 stories were new to me. The best of the stories that I hadn't read previously was "Malice Aforethought", although a person should be a Lovecraft fan to fully appreciate it. The cover painting is excellent, and if you get this book be sure to read the writing at the lower right-hand corner of the egg. It's very funny, and there's even a plug for Ace. (You'll probably need a magnifying glass to read the writing.)

The other day I bought a batch of old Yandros from 1961 and earlier from someone; I even got a copy of Vandy #26. I haven't had time to do more than glance thru these issues. I note that you have a much better stapler now than you did in those days. Also "Golden Minutes" is much longer than it used to be; I very much approve of this, since "GM" is one of the best things about Yandro.

One of the issues I got was #100. In this, Juanita says, "Will I someday be reminiscing for a 200th issue? Croggle." You'd better get ready to croggle, Juanita. Number 200 will soon be here.

I was interested in the pictures on the cover of #100. The picture of Buck with his guns makes him look like a gangster. If you have a similar picture for the cover of #200, I suggest that you point the rifle straight at the camera; it might scare away some of your surplus readers.

Actually I was thinking more of horns and a pitchfork for the 200th issue. One never points a gun directly at anyone, (unless one is planning to shoot him), and we don't have



any remote controlled camera, so that's out. I pick up "Powell Sci-Fi" (yech!) at the secondhand book store in Marion. I have never seen any of the books, on any newstands in this area, but they turn up regularly among the used books. Someone subscribes, maybe? Anyway, I got the Wollheim book just recently. Passed up various other Powell goodies, which didn't look like they were worth the dime apiece that I'd have had to pay. RSC Hughes' cover is cute, but he can't spell (I mean in the writing in the egg). And we don't have surplus readers; you are another one who hasn't got the word that now that I have an electric mimeo I know longer object to new subbers. Our struggles with the press were the only reason we got so desperate back there some issues. Now the problem is solved. JWC/

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois, 61745

Yandro continues to be the world's best second-rate fanzine. Long may it publish, and if you print nothing more than the two editorials, plus the columns by Bruce, Hensley, and Fishman, I will remain your most loyal subscriber sending a twenty-dollar bill every year for consecutive lifetime subscriptions. But I've already told you I rely heavily on your book reviews, so you've better continue with those as well.

You've probably already discovered that you have to watch Hensley like a hawk and stand ready to edit his copy. He's sneaky. He will fill his column with pornography, much as he filled the pages of the Indiana Law Review every time the opportunity arose. He justified his contributions to the Review with the excuse that he was merely reporting sin in Cupcake County, but an independent researcher (a Mr. Don Rogers) discovered that most of the "sin" existed only in the Hensley imagination and that his county was as clean as the pages in outdated copies of Cap'n Billy's Whiz Bang. The only documented illegal activity in which he was involved concerned a cock fight; he stopped it, after his chicken lost.

A point made in Dennis Lien's letter recalls to mind a great scheme I once hatched to achieve fame and fortune in one fell swoop. Back yonder when I was writing such unforgettable classics as "The Princess of Detroit" (I think you will remember that), I had me this brilliant idea on how to get rich quickly and retire young. I decided I would publish two books based on the Bible. The first volume would be a Concordance of Crime in both the new and old testaments, using "crime" in the modern sense: that which is illegal or disapproved of today.

While the fat royalty checks were still rolling in, I would whip out a companion volume, the Fully Expurgated Bible. This scheme involved merely copying some popular version of the book, but inserting the old-fashioned dashes each time the text spoke of a sinful happening likely to rot young readers' minds. No one in my edition would be permitted to know his wife. He would instead ---- his wife. I think I would make a fortune. (I still may be able to sell this idea to Terry Carr. How many fans would be interested in a copy of the Ace Bible, for say a buck ninety-five?)

If Ace does not send you review copies, I'll send along one of my new book next month if you promise to restrain your rage to a reasonable degree and not hurl it across the room with a shout of disgust. And if you promise not to give away a certain something at the end. After 25 years I'm able to take the bad reviews along with the good, without resorting to strong drink, but in the upcoming May issue of Science Fiction Review my poor old throat is sliced without sympathy.

The reviewer there calmly gave away the ending, and gently nagged me for not telling the reader in the first chapter. Jeez. The book is built like a mystery novel, with both subtle and unsubtle clues carefully scattered through the length of it to give the reader a fighting chance -- to allow him to discover a certain something about the protagonist, before another person reveals it near the end. But damn if Dick Geis didn't choose a reviewer who blew the whole bit, not realizing what I had done; not realizing it was built that way!

I nearly lost my self control and smoked a roofer.