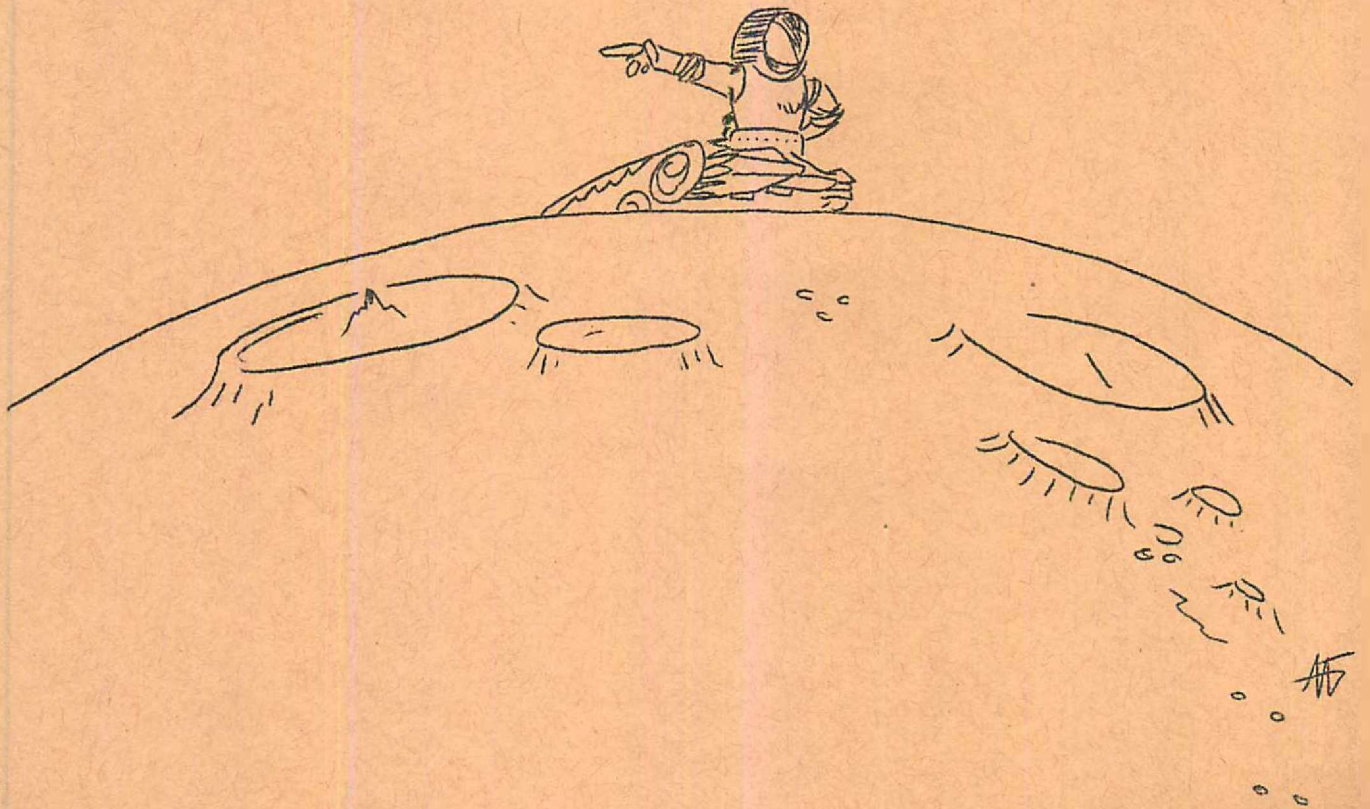


# YANDRO



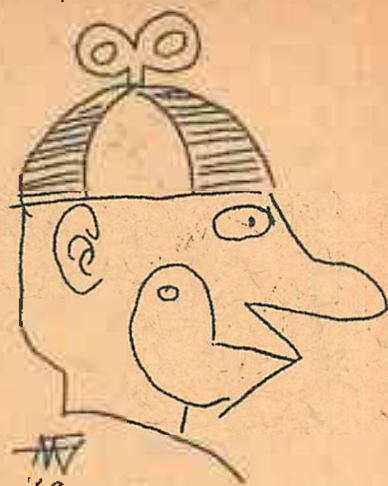
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# Yandro

198

FAKE FAN



JUNE 70 --- VOL. XVIII NO. 4 ---

Would you believe 9 times a year?

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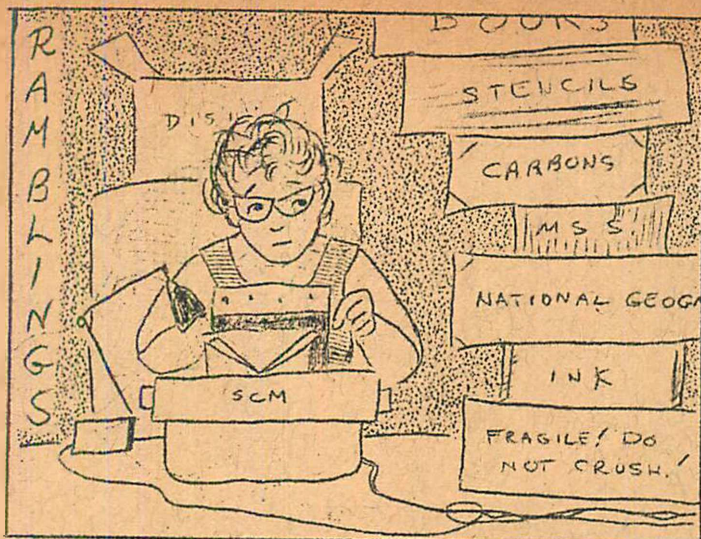
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"Singing before a live audience helps a performer to sing before real people."  
.....Glenn Campbell, on a tv show  
-----

Just picked up a copy of ZOTHIQUE, by Clark Ashton Smith, in Ballantine's "Adult Fantasy" series. Cover technique looked vaguely familiar, and lo and behold; it's George Barr. It may have lost a bit in translation; it seems to lack some of Barr's jewel-like color. But it's still gorgeous. (Even though the central figure could be either an emaciated witch or a wizard in drag.) Maybe George will finally get a chance to offer Jeff Jones - who is good but monotonous - some competition.

-----  
I wonder what ever happened to the organization of fans of Guy Gilpatrick stories? Anyone remember Colin Glencannon and Duggan's Dew with nostalgia?





If I had a little list of things to mention in this editorial, topics I really wanted to discuss and like that, it's long lost in the moving. I haven't even found all the letters that came, and must be answered, before moving day.

Moving day. That is one of the vastest misnomers I've ever typed. Moving day began the day we heard from the landlord (our previous landlord) the sad but unavoidable news that our house was being sold out from beneath us. From that day on it became a matter of looking at possessions with a jaundiced eye and trying to decide if this or that was something we really wanted to box

up and carry with us ghod knows where. (Of course, at that time it seriously looked as if we might be forced to move into a much smaller house than the one we were occupying.) As it turned out, we didn't in the end get rid of anything we would have kept anyway. We didn't really need, for example, a 30+ year old Kroehler couch with broken springs, burn holes, ruined upholstery and a few stowaway beetles (that was the disposal job that started the grass fire previously reported in these pages, the fire that almost disposed of our previous landlord's barn) -- not when we have a nice three-year old Kroehler sleeper lounge my mother presented us with several Christmases ago.

Moving day, really, began the evening we talked with our present landlord, looked at this barn of a place, and agreed on matters. In this rural areas that consists of him naming a price, us saying fine, and us producing a check the next night and getting the keys. No leases. From that time on there was no more nail chewing ("what if we can't find a place in thirty days?") and lots more hard work. No more dim distant future speculation. The truckers had been called, and by May 2nd there had to be enough room for them to maneuver around the furniture. We didn't have a prayer of getting everything out by May the 2nd, but what seemed like tons of boxes and cartons and baskets of stuff had to be moved before then. And once we carried it into the new place (which was, mercifully, only two miles from our old one) we had to carefully decide where to stack all this stuff so it'd be out of the way when the moving men brought the furniture in.

Plus my mother and I were combining two sets of household goods, since the move was from our place and her place to this place. Ed Wood used to say you could get a complete stf collection in a good sized closet. I can't even get my dishes (now that Mom and I are working with two of everything) into a good sized closet, or pantry, or several thereof. Fall rummage sales, here we come. Thank ghod for basements to store stuff in.

May 2nd the movers took two loads of the furniture and some of the bookcases and other stuff like that. We dedided later we probably should have had them take three loads, since the price turned out to be much cheaper than we were expecting. It took us till May 9th to get everything out of the house...and that involved two-three trips over to the old house every night of that week and many times during the days.

Then we just sort of collapsed among the boxes for a couple of weeks. It was sort of horrifying to think of unpacking all that stuff. It was memorial day before we had the time and energy to get the books unpacked and the libraries set up. (The major library is about 15 x 15 or maybe more, but that's not quite enough; we had to use another room for the overflow.)

I begin to understand why inveterate renters like us finally begin to think in terms of buying the place they're living in in the desperate hope that this time they are



going to stay put, and nothing short of the bomb or a new interstate coming through the bathroom is going to get them to move, ever again.

We still aren't really unpacked, totally, and there are still numerous things we haven't found. All in all, things seem for the best. This place is bigger, housewise, smaller grounds and outbuildings wise, and constitutes a fair swap for what we had. It is literally crawling with greenery and flowers. The elderly lady who owned the place was, I suspect, a big fan of seed catalogs. I am not a devotee of flowers; my mother is -- and there are numerous varieties of flowers, shrubs, and etc. that she's never seen before.

As long as one of them doesn't suddenly develop into the rutabaga that ate Chicago and we all find ourselves gobbled up in our sleep one night, fine. They gotta remember the rules -- this is not a submarine, and Admiral Nelson is probably back doing Shakespeare, so no fair rampaging through the corridors waiting to be clobbered by a fire ax.

About now I am avidly looking forward to the Midwestcon. It will be nice to have a weekend when I don't have to think about sorting something. Or opening boxes. Or deciding where I'm going to put something after I've opened the box.

Profound apologies to Lee and Jim Lavell. They brought up the copies of Embelyon #1 distributed with this issue (mail copies) couple/three weeks after we'd moved. At that time we told them we hoped to have an issue out by the end of May. We didn't remember how long it takes to get things unpacked and to make any semblance of order out of the incredible chaos resulting from moving. It has been six plus years since we'd moved. Memory dims. It is not their fault; Embelyon is really a May issue, and fan historians can note it that way if they choose.

Letter today from Larry...Propp? (No last name, but the address sounds right)...commenting on my comments bleching over the midi. He reads somewhere the style is dying, and if true we can huzzah loudly and leap in with our cleats (come on, women's lib) and stomp it to death...two four six eight we don't want to midi-ate. JWC

## a column..... BRUCE COULSON



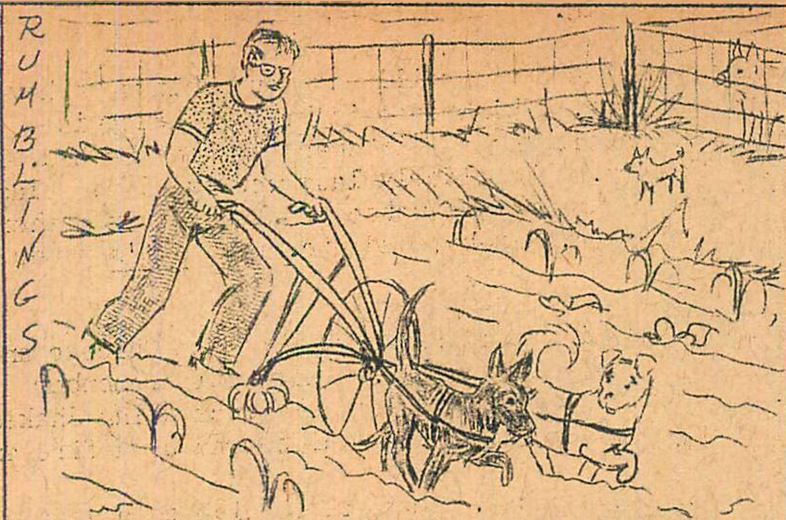
I have here an actual ISFA meeting report. It was taken during the meeting, thus it is rather hectic, but here it is: driving to the meeting; arrival at same; fannish talk; auction conducted by Lee Lavell; more fannish talk; Dave Burton leaves; Dave Lewton, Gorman, and Jim Dorr leave shortly afterwards; still more fannish talk; meeting ends.

If it's not one thing it's another. We leave a house that freezes solid in the winter and instead get one where animals escape. Two weeks ago a cow went over a low fence and wandered around a little while before our landlord and son came here and chased it back where it was supposed to be; and only yesterday some piglets got out. Our house is right next to a pig field and as I was wandering in that general area I noticed that two piglets were out and near our garden. I called Dad out and we discovered that it was not two but five piglets that were out. We chased them back in and plugged up the

holes where they got out (we thought). Within five minutes three more piglets got out, so Dad and I went and did the same thing over again. We turned our backs and another pig got out. We did the same thing again.

Oh yes, my moving report. There isn't much space so I'll merely say this: packing is the hardest part in moving. Now I will leave you to ponder the above slogan. BEC





are more or less settled into the new house now. Main problems are a constant round of grass mowing (the grass grows faster here and I can no longer let it go two weeks to a month between mowings without having to slow down to keep the mower from stalling when I do mow it) and cultivation of our garden, and the fact that I've been working overtime fairly steadily since we moved. More or less in sequence we moved, got the kitchen arranged, the record player set up temporarily (I have to clean old varnish off its regular perch) and furniture arranged, the office equipment moved out of boxes, library set up, and curtains hung. I still have to build a new bookcase, get the regular record shelves set up, arrange my tools properly in the basement, and move all our duplicate kitchen equipment into the basement until it's sold in the fall. (Oh yes, and put up the tv antenna we just received from Allied Radio.) The extra kitchen equipment comes from the fact that Juanita's mother moved in with us, and it isn't being sold now because everybody is having rummage sales now. There will be less competition later on. A vhf antenna was required because the only antenna here was uhf (and that was mounted on a lightning rod, which Juanita regards apprehensively; I'll have to do something about that some day, too.)

Does anyone want 11 issues of REALITIES (1957 and 1958 issues) for \$5.00 for the lot? Does anyone want to make an offer? How about #2 and #4 of CAHIERS DU CINEMA, English-language version?

A few interesting items culled from various sources. Liberals claim that one reason for firearms registration is that it enables the police to trace weapons involved in crimes. The National Shooting Sports Foundation investigated this claim, checking the records of New York City, which has had firearms registration for years. It discovered that not once in the past fifteen years has firearms registration aided a case presented by the prosecution. Not a single registered handgun was used in any crime of homicide, assault or robbery in 15 years. So let's not hear any more about that excuse.

There was also an interesting item in the June 1970 AMERICAN RIFLEMAN. An ad for Ithaca guns listed their group of "advisory experts" who are supposedly called upon "to help us develop a better, broader line of guns". One of the skeet experts in the list was John Kujawa. How's the gun testing going, Betty? And do you think Ithaca will actually pay any attention to recommendations?

Just got an ad from the Imprint Society, offering an annual series of 10 books each, "produced by leading artists and craftsmen here and abroad". Price is only \$250 for each set of 10 books. Somewhat of interest to fans; one of the books in the first set is KING SOLOMON'S MINES - that ought to drive a completist up the wall, since you can't pay \$25 and get just that book, you have to take the whole set.

Notice here that Fantasy Collectors of Chicago are holding a "summer special" on July 12, at 4624 N. Pulaski Road, Chicago, Illinois, from 12:30 to 9:00 PM. General admission \$1.00; dealer's tables \$1.00. Rick Yager is guest of honor and the unex-purgated "King Kong" is the feature film. For further information, contact Ross Knight, 4326 N. Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60613.

With this YANDRO comes the first issue of EMBELYN (if you are getting it thru the

May, 1970 was, according to various reliable sources (and Bob Tucker) the 40th anniversary of the publication of the first fanzine. Various fans were supposed to mark the anniversary with special issues of their fanzines, and so on. Some of them may even have done it. Here at YANDRO, however, we preferred to approach this landmark anniversary with due reverence. So we duly observed a moment of silence.

Now that we are back to publishing, however, we may continue on a regular schedule. The move was traumatic as all moves are, but we



mail - if you buy at the Midwestcon, we might have run out of EMBELLYONS before you got there. In that case, Lee Lavell will be happy to sell you the second issue. (Sorry about the delayed distribution there, Lee.) This is a sample only; next issue you have to buy for yourself (or acquire by any other method you may have perfected).

Hey, Tucker, I have a proposition for you. You used to make noises about a fan hotel, and lately you've been touting Hartford City for a Worldcon. Well, it just so happens that the Roll school is going to be sold in a few months. Roll is a village of about 150 people, not too far from us. Originally the school held a full 12 grades; later with consolidation it was used as an elementary school, and now it's being abandoned altogether. So all I need you to do, Bob, is put up the bankroll. We'll buy the school, turn it into a fan hotel, and hold the next Midwestcon in exotic Roll. It doesn't have a swimming pool, but there's a fine gymnasium and you can shoot basketballs instead. (And it would be the biggest damned party room you ever saw.) You've got me all enthused now; all you have to do is furnish the dough.

Everything piles up at once. Work (overtime at the office) gardening, lawnmowing, Scout committee meetings, fanzines, getting this place set up; 6 days a week I work at the office and the other day we go somewhere or I have work here. (It isn't really that bad, I guess, but it seems that bad. I got a new Kirst book for my birthday and I haven't had time to read it yet. I like to let a new Kirst sit awhile, while I savor the anticipation of the joys of reading it, but not for 6 weeks.

It did get me to thinking about favorite authors, though. Shortly after I discovered science fiction, I had five favorites, who could be counted on to turn in a wonderful story every time. They were Heinlein, Sturgeon, de Camp, "Don Stuart" and Lester del Rey. It was awhile before I discovered that "Stuart" was a pseudonym for John Campbell, and by then he wasn't writing anything but editorials and had been replaced in my favorites by Poul Anderson and Eric Frank Russell. I was trying to think who my five favorite stf writers were today, and I couldn't find five. Of those currently writing stf, I eagerly anticipate new material by L. P. Davies, Thomas Burnett Swann, and (a trifle less eagerly but still anticipation), John Brunner. (Thing is, I don't know that I'll like a new Brunner story; though the odds are in favor of it. There have been things like THE ATLANTIC ABOMINATION and QUICKSAND along with all the great fiction.) Now the authors whose works I most eagerly anticipate are in fields other than stf. Hans Helmut Kirst, Alan Moorehead, De Camp, Stewart Holbrook (though there I have to locate an old book that I haven't previously read), George R. Stewart. (No, I am not starting another poll on favorite authors. I will publish the results of the poll on paperbacks we'd like to see hardbacked pretty soon, though, as soon as I have time to collate it. There's this slight problem that Hank Davis sent in 124 titles, and.....)

Ran out of anything to say, so I spent a few minutes showing a few of the less intelligent pole bean runners where the poles were. Juanita commented earlier this year that the garden looked so much more real and gardeny after I'd put up the bean poles. Which, considering that we'd never grown pole beans until last year, struck me as a bit unusual. I suppose it's another evidence of our partiality toward antiques; you don't see pole beans very often around here. Our landlord's son, who has been on a farm all his life, didn't really believe in them (I'm not sure he does yet). I also have the sort of mind that derives enjoyment from watching the moon rise over a well-tended vegetable garden. I'm coming to believe that Betty Kujawa's description of me as a hick was one hundred percent correct.

Anyone interested in the Sept. '55 issue of PLAYBOY? It seems to be the only one I have, and I can't think why I have that. (Oh, I see; it has a two-page color section by Ackerman on sexy fantasy as exemplified by pulp magazine covers. It's pretty funny; I guess I'll hang onto it for awhile, after all. This is what is known as an unprepared, or desperation, editorial. I haven't even had time to make notes lately.)

The move itself came off fairly well. It was all the unpacking and rearranging that wore us out. The library went up over Memorial Day weekend, and it took all weekend to do it - plus the fact that the humor section is still on the floor because we ran out of bookcases. There are still boxes of odds and ends sitting around in the office and the living room and the back porch that I'll have to do something about real soon now. We do have room for everything; it's just that it has to be stored more efficiently than in the past.

See some of you at the Midwestcon. NSC



# Vitugalty

#6

column by

DAVE LOCKE

I guess the next best thing to being a pillar of the community is to support yourself with a column. Unfortunately, nothing like that applies to me. Many times I've been called a pill, but I've never been so energetic or outgoing as to get enmeshed in community affairs in any of the various communities I've lived in. I've dabbled, but somehow it's not the same thing. I support myself, two hungry dependents, and our style of existence by bashing out letters to overseas manufacturers and by the dubious and disheartening means of being a manager. A middle manager. I support only my spare time enthusiasm with a column, the rewards for which are either amusement or are dubious and disheartening. But I digress. This is how I write a column. I digress.

Cy Condra, the wonderful and horribly amusing man who corners me at parties and talks my ear off, has stayed on the mailing list for Pelf, a fanzine of Dave Hulan's and mine, by showing up at our parties and giving us hardbound editions of horrible and wonderfully amusing old books. For two years now he has been writing an article for us about a thousand foot owl, but that's another matter. He's on our mailing list because he gives us these wild books. I just read one the other day, and it gave me a typewriter block.

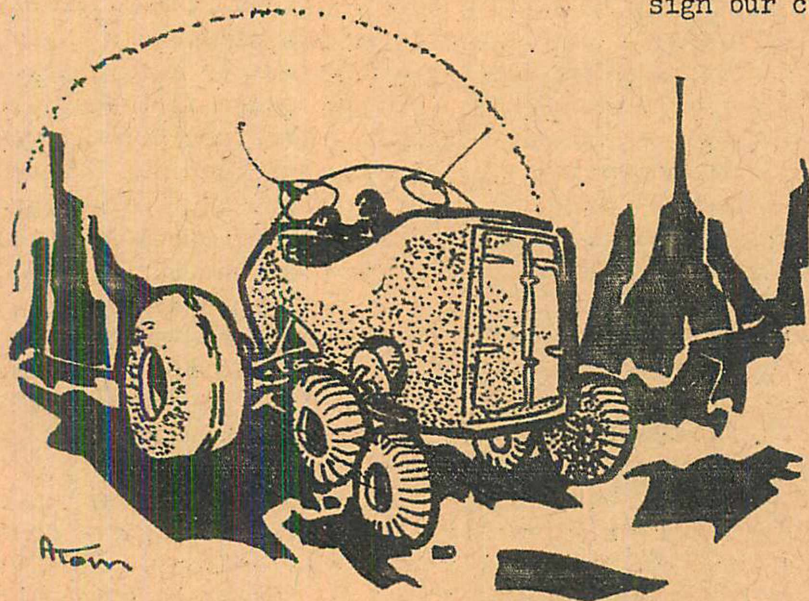
JOE, THE WOUNDED TENNIS PLAYER, by Morton Thompson, would give any writer of columns, fanzine columns or otherwise, a distinctly uncomfortable feeling deep in the pit of his ego. This is a book of Thompson's columns, and it so uprooted my feelings of ability that I even refused to help my wife make out the grocery list. I reread my old columns until my tears of pain caused so much show-through that I couldn't read any further. My wife had to sign our checks. I was a cripple.

I gradually worked my way out of it. After all, we have to start someplace. Thompson had to start someplace. I have to start someplace. Edgar Rice Burroughs started by being a copywriter for Sears. He never improved his writing style, but he placed his talents in a more lucrative field.

I started by being an N3F Director. Today I write a column for Yandro and co-edit a fanzine with Dave Hulan.

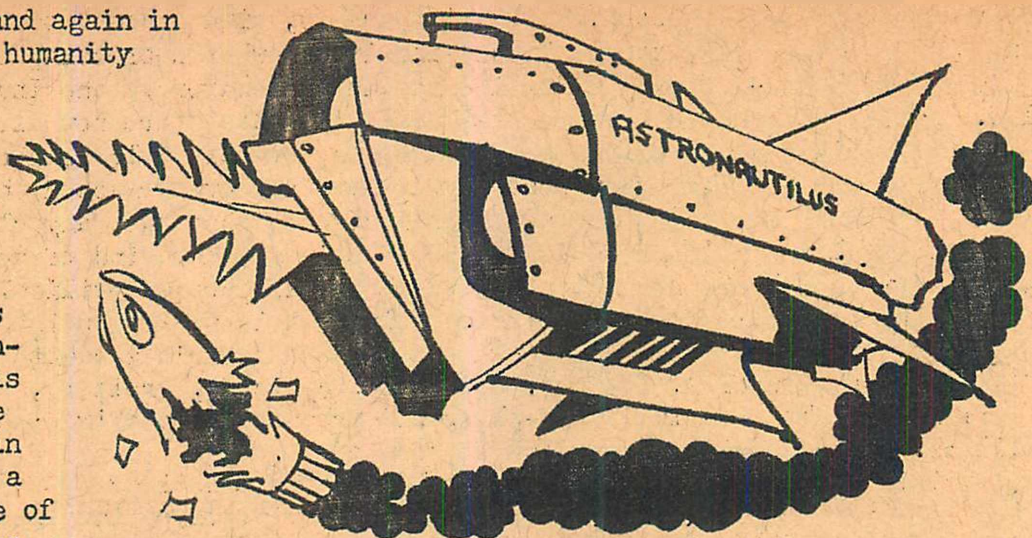
Maybe someday I'll have my own fanzine.

I think the key to success is to promote an image of apathetic incompetence. I've





observed this time and again in the small circle of humanity that I call my span of existence. The competent, apathetic individual is the one who succeeds while the man who is mentally and emotionally committed to his endeavors is the one most likely to remain forever tortured by a never-changing plane of existence. I feel so strongly about this that I'm undergoing a program to



change my whole way of life. I've always liked to think that I was competent, but I've been more empathic or emphatic than apathetic. You gain more objectivity than you lose by being apathetic. If a new problem arises at work a person is strung up in consideration of time and priority, empathy and demand, conscientiousness and image. The apathetic individual listens and then turns around and takes the easiest way out that will prevent the problem from bouncing back and from breeding other problems. He doesn't get sidetracked with numerous other considerations, most of which compound a problem without actually having too much bearing on it. Things are simpler to the man who is apathetic. I find it a miasma of discontent to be anything otherwise.

Let's say you have two widgets in your house, a fact you discover when your best neighbor is over visiting you. You ask him if you can use one. Have you ever noticed the concerned anxiety that passes over him as he contemplates 1) Could he really use the thing? 2) If he can't use it how much does he want to risk offending you by turning it down? 3) Would he be depriving someone who might really have a need for it if he accepts it without really having a need for it? 4) How can he decline graciously? 5) How much should he thank you for it?

A person of apathetic competence would say to you: "Sure, I'll take it. I can always throw it away if I don't need it."

Suppose a management consultant walks up to you and asks about your plans for self-improvement. He wants to know what courses, seminars, and books you will be making use of to further the knowledge which you can apply to your job. He wants to know what plans you have made. Eighty percent of the people asked would be caught flat-footed and would do an awkward dance to attract his attention elsewhere. Fifteen percent would have their plans ready and would watch the consultant do a little song and dance because of his surprise and delight in finding one of you young eager beavers. The other five percent of you would be apathetically incompetent, and upon being asked what plans you had made for self-improvement you would answer: "None, I like me just the way I am. On the off chance something comes up that I can't handle I'll call in a specialist and watch what he does, and then I'll know how to do it the next time it comes up."

Suppose you're on vacation and you happen to remember that you owe your FAPA dues, but you don't remember the address to send them to and they'll be late if you wait until you get home before sending them. What do you do? If you do nothing you won't get thrown out, you maybe just cause a lot of people the trouble of petitioning you back in again. That's called apathetic incompetence. To be competent about it you just write your best friend and ask him to send the dues in for you. If he doesn't get them in on time because the deadline was already squeezed when he received your pctosard, then you've put the bug on him and you can fairly well assume that he'll feel involved enough to be the one who starts the petition for you. However, if he's apathetically competent, then that's another matter.

Something else that I've been thinking about lately, in an idle manner, is the ever



increasing number of How-2 books that come flooding into print. I ran across one not too long ago that set me aback, about fifty cents, with a blurb that read "Will make you master of the perfect squelch". I find it somewhat depressing that repartee is now the subject of a How-2 book. It's like selling firewater to the Indians, or maybe rifles. Is nothing sacred anymore, that even the masses are now allowed to eat cake?

Everybody likes to be witty, but many of us are only half as good as we like to think we are, and a whelmingly great number have not even reached that level of performance. It's cause for being outrageously indignant that just any clod can pick up this book, 2000 INSULTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS, and if he's got any kind of memory at all he can soak up a few good lines at a time and turn himself into a devilishly lethal wise guy.

It's like computerizing the retort. This book is broken up into chapters, each with insults for a particular type of person. And there's a chapter with just squelches. The wit of absurdity, analogy, burlesque, cynicism, drollery, epigram, facetiousness, ridicule, thought-play, word-play, and urbanity -- they're all here in breezy one-liners. It's unfair. Just look at some of it.

His claim that he's self-made sure relieves the conscience of the rest of the world. The Red Cross rejected his blood donation -- his plasma had an olive in it.

Only his varicose veins save him from being completely colorless.

His mouth is so big, he can whisper in his own ear.

He's so narrow-minded, he can look through a keyhole with both eyes.

The only thing he'll share with you willingly is a communicable disease.

He'll ask a question, answer it himself, and then tell you what's wrong with it.

The way he drank his soup in a nightclub, ten couples got up and danced.

It's an art the way he avoids picking up a check. You have to hand it to him.

What's on your mind? -- if you'll please excuse the exaggeration.

But why not? We've got How-2 books on everything else. How-2 live in New York on 28¢ a day. How-2 screw. How-2 make a killing in the stock market, in New York, on 29¢ a day. How-2 write a fanzine column, from New York, and so on. We naturally talented people just have to work harder to rise above the level of the programmed people, in this age of the ersatz.

Only the man with a column is looked upon as a pillar, because he is standing on a pedestal, in an ivory tower. That is, only if he doesn't try to give anybody the shaft.

But, I digress.

That's how I wrote this column.

-----  
"I seem to recall that last year while surveying the 1968 magazines, you made the comment that you probably wouldn't be selling anything to F&SF." Bob Roehm  
-----

#### HIDDEN ELUSIONS

by Liz Fishman

Why is it all

Inside

My head

Behind my eyes

Where I can't see?

Why can't dreams

Be held,

And locked in a box

In a drawer,

Just to be

When it's dreams

I want to see?



# Teotihuacán

The Highway of the Dead extends a mile  
From Quetzalcoatl's temple in its wall,  
Where sculptured fanged and feathered serpents crawl  
To where ascends the squat and somber pile -  
The Lunar Pyramid - above the road,  
Where drying heads on racks by thousands grinned,  
And blood of victims, reft of hearts or skinned,  
In freshets down the sides of altars flowed.

"Say, where'd you get that hat?" a tourist cries.

"Ten pesos at Oaxaca did it cost,

"In, sir, the public market," I reply.

The tourist gazes round with vacant eyes  
And toils the stony slopes, up which the lost  
Once shambled on their laggard way to die.

----- L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP



# THROUGH THE WRINGER

COLUMN BY \_\_\_\_\_ liz fishman

Since I don't drive I have to rely on friends and acquaintances, who, unable to avoid the mesmeric pull of my sexy brown eyes, offer me rides in their financed coaches even if they're not travelling my way. But more often I'm forced to use the services of the 7:14 bus (which arrives promptly between 7:15 and 8:00) to get me to work. There is a bench at the stop and there I sit, bent over a book, coldly ignoring the horn blasts and whistles that black stocking-encased legs bring, arching one foot just so, shifting one leg forward, curving the ankle of the other, then back to the crossed position with toes pointed prettily. (Ah, yes, I understand the art of appreciation.) Of course my admiring audience isn't always on wheels; some mornings there's Chester Harbinger, who, on some mornings, manages to shake his hangover in time to await the 7:14. So some mornings I have to neglect my musical art patrons and cope with Chester. And Chester is a dirty old man.

"Morning, Liz, pretty lady." Now I'm really reading my book.

"Hey, Liz, morning there." I know from experience that if I don't at least acknowledge his wormy existence he'll just about end up in my lap to get a greeting. Now I can handle this two ways -- classy and cool, or fiendishly. I'm feeling particularly spritely this morning so I decide to sharpen my sense of rotten. So slowly looking back over my shoulder into his beery face, "Oh, it's you, Hector."

"Chester, that's Chester. Mind if I sit with you?"

"Well, actually, Shep, I don't mind, but Ignatius will."

"That's Chester. Who's Ignatius?"

"Him." I indicated the rest of the bench.

"Him, where?"

"Oh, for pete's sake, sitting right here next to me. How could you miss that red velvet coat?"

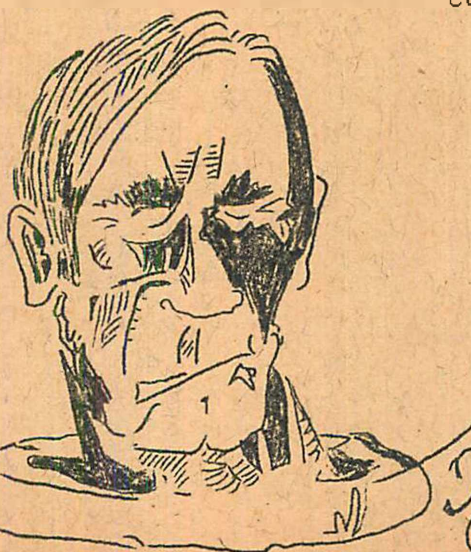
Chester laughed with uncertainty and walked to the front of the bench. "Real kiddo, ain't you? Got a sense of humor. That's good. I like that in a woman."

I turned a page and looked into Chester's pop art eyes. "I have a sense of humor, Chen, but not Ignatius. He never did like you."

Still not sure of my seriousness, but eyeing the expanse of bench next to me, Chester asked, "How come he don't?"

"Ask him yourself." I leaned sideways as if addressing someone. "He wants to know how come you don't like him Ig, honey. Oh, all right, that's a good idea."

Turning back to Chester,





who watched me wide-eyed, I said, "Ig is in his morning mood and doesn't feel like conversation but he says that Beaumont will answer your question. He doesn't like you either."

"Beaumont?"

"Yes, over there, leaning against the bus pole."

Chester turned in the direction I had indicated and stared at the pole, then slowly turned back to stare at the bench. "You some kind of nut!? There ain't no one, no where."

Looking toward the pole I called, "Now, hold your temper, Beau. You just watch for the bus; I can handle this." Behind one cupped hand I whispered to Chester, "Watch what you say, huh? I've seen him work those brass knuckles before, and what results may be art but it isn't pretty."

His bleary eyes prominent with goggling, Chester stood there in front of me and swiveled his unkempt head from the pole to me to the rest of the bench, over and over. I went back to my book and a few moments later a vast black woman, complete with shopping bag and umbrella, settled down beside me on the bench. Her dress was bright orange with pink and green flowers and blue dots -- a psychedelic happening running riot over her huge body. And perched atop her short grey-streaked hair was a synthetic flower garden held with a foot-long hatpin, and below this, the sunny brown face was held between orange plastic earrings that covered half of each ear. This woman was a Matisse painting come to life! I liked her right away. "Good morning."

She beamed back, "Good mo'nin', honey. Whew! Sho' gonna be a sunny hot day."

"Sure is. Hot, at least. Looks like you're carrying all the sun with you."

She laughed. "You talkin' 'bout my clothes, honey? Sho' is somethin', ain't they now? My husban', he got 'em for our anniversary. Married 38 years to that ol' goat." She laughed agin and nudged me with her elbow, "A good ol' goat, though."

Suddenly she noticed Chester staring at her and she snapped, "How come yo' eyes buggin' at me that way?"

Flustered, Chester stammered unintelligibly and pointed at me. Frowning knowingly the woman turned to me and asked, "He been botherin' you, hon?"

"Not when my friends are around; he's not too thrilled with them."

The woman glared at Chester. "Now jes' ain't it too bad that a pretty young gal cain't set in the sun without no ol' geezer comin' 'round with no good on his dirty ol' min'? Ain't it, now?" Chester sidled behind us without a murmur. The woman turned to me and grinned. "They's all alike, honey. They gotta try 'em young when they too ol' to do no good. Now my husban', when he's eyeballin' I fix him. Know how?"

"No."

She slapped her ample thigh with glee. "I set on 'im! Jest plunk on 'im til his ol' eyeballs cain't move no mo'." Her whole body shaking with laughter she turned to look at Chester. "Yo' hear? Bothah this here gal and I'se gonna use yo' fo' my settin' place. See if I don't." Grinning in huge delight she settled her bright bulk comfortably and pawed around in a big black purse worn soft by age, pulling out a crumpled lace handkerchief with which she mopped her face. "Sho' enuff gonna be a hot day. Hmhmhm. Ain't yo' warm?"

"A little."

"Well, cou'se yo' ain't got the meat like's on my ol' bones. Yes suh, that ol' sun, he know they's a hunk o' meat he kin roast." Chuckling, she wiped her neck and face with the ball of lace and was about to say something else when she noticed my book, taking it from me to look at the cover. "What yo' readin' here? The Glass Teat?" She rolled her eyes toward me. "Yo' readin' a dirty book?"

"Oh, no, it's written by a television critic and he gives his opinions..."

"Hmhmhm. Where'd yo' get it?"





"A friend sent it to me because I couldn't find it here and he knows how much I like the author's writing."

She opened it and of course some of Harlan's muddier words immediately leaped at her. "It sho' is a dirty book. Honey, don' yo' know what them words mean?"

"Yes."

"Oh? How yo' know?"

"I read a lot," I said weakly.

"Do yo' folks know yo' read dirty books?" Her eyes were filled with concern.

"No. I mean, I don't read dirty books." (Maybe flip through some of the gamier action once in a while.)

"They know yo' got this here book?"

"Yes."

She pursed her lips. "If I was yo' pa I'd tan yo' set down place, sho' enuff." This was getting sticky because her obvious concern prevented my usual witticisms in situations like this.

"My father died some years ago but since I am a woman grown he'd trust me to make the right decisions for myself. I remember him well enough to know that."

She shook her head sadly. "Po' chicken. Raised up without a pa and yo' mama don' keer yo' lookin' at dirty books."

I could see the bus coming and decided that convincing her otherwise was futile before it came to this stop; I certainly didn't want to carry this conversation into the other passengers. I took the book from her and slipped it into my purse. "You're right. It's a dirty book. I'm going to ship it back to my New Jersey friend in the morning."

"That's fine, honey. And don't have nothin' mo' to do with people who sen' yo' things like that. Hear?"

"I won't."

She patted my shoulder and we both stood as the bus pulled up, and the woman turned to look at Chester. "Don' yo' be lookin' at this gal. Put yo' bug eyes back in yo' haid."

I was beginning to feel sorry for Chester. He shifted his feet and kept his eyes lowered as the woman heaved herself aboard the bus, paid her fare and started for a seat. But as I mounted the step behind her I couldn't resist it. "Fester, let Iggy and Beau on first. We want to sit together." I didn't wait for Chester's reaction but went on into the bus.

I know this much -- Chester's next hangover won't all be due to beer.

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John W. Campbell says biological warfare is good for you.  
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#### SALE

At the Midwestcon, I will be trying to sell off Bill McDermitt's stf collection (or that part of it which I haven't bought myself. Most of the stuff is recent, but he had some old mags that I didn't.) However, the point here is that among the paperbacks, pulps and hardcovers were fanzines, and among the fanzines was a run of YANDRO. I know some people have missed back issues - disruption due to moving and so on means that I do not know which of you want which issues. But now is your chance: if you act fast. These will not go to Midwestcon, but they may go to Pecon. Only one of each issue. YANDRO #150 thru 153, and 155 thru 185 are 40¢ each.

YANDRO #186 is 50¢.

Send payment to Robert Coulson.

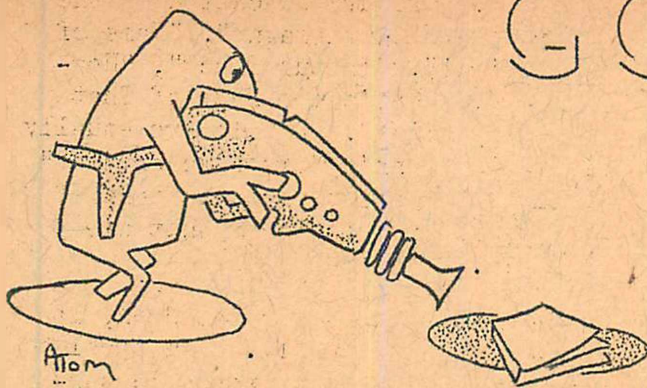
YANDRO #187 thru 197 are 25¢ each.

If you send money, any extra will be returned. Or you can reserve specific issues if you don't want to send money in advance (but the reservation will last only until you have had a reasonable chance to get the cash to me.)

#### WANTED

Jeff Cochran, 424 Kioldstad, Placentia, California 92670, is interested in obtaining any issues of Magnus comics drawn by Russ Manning. Negotiate directly with Jeff on this, not me.





# GOLDEN MINUTES

THE HIGH KING, by Lloyd Alexander (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$3.97) It's a bit difficult to start with the end book of a series; the hero keeps meeting all these old friends and the reader feels like a neofan who has wandered into a FAPA meeting by mistake. However, this was the only book in the series that the Montpelier library had (And after it had been in the library for a month, we were the first people to take it out.) Maggie Thompson reviewed the Prydain series in YANDRO some months back, so I'll just comment that this reminded me strongly of a group of L. Frank Baum characters set down in a Tolkien background. The characters aren't Baum's exaggeratedly fantastic people, but they have Baum attitudes. (The princess who objects because her crown is rubbing a blister on her forehead, the harper whose harpstrings break whenever he tells a falsehood, etc.) Plot is the climactic battle against the forces of evil; it's hard to work anti-war propaganda into this sort of plot, but Alexander manages it. For fan kids of, say 10 and up; otherwise for the low teens. Highly recommended.

THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH, by John Boyd (Weybright & Talley) I believe someone had a paperback out of this, but I picked up a Doubleday Book Club edition for a quarter. I got it strictly because P. Schuyler Miller had said it was good (he said it too late for me to get the book new) and the more I looked at that cover and the blurb, the more I thought that this time Miller had blown it. Any halfway intelligent fan could tell just from glancing at it that it was crap. But I finally did read it, and by George, Miller is right again. It's a quite entertaining book, well worth the price if you get a chance to pick up a paperback. It manages to combine philosophy and adventure, symbols and story. (I won't even mention the plot because it will sound as 'bad to you as it did to me. It's the way Boyd handles it that makes the book.)

THE WOODROW WILSON DIME, by Jack Finney (Tartan Book Sales, \$1.25) I had expected this to be another nostalgia novel that Finney does so well. Instead it's a wish-fulfillment story. It got off on the wrong foot with me immediately, by having this idiot of a hero terribly "in love" with his wife, whom he can't stand to live with. But, being basically a dog in the manger, he can't stand to let anyone else have her, either. It's partially redeemed by some quite humorous incidents triggered by his attempt to adjust to alternate worlds, but I never really got to like him well enough to think he deserved his fortune in the end. It's not bad, but Finney has done much better.

THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN, by Wilson Tucker (Ace, 75¢) This is undoubtedly Tucker's best since LONG LOUD SILENCE, possibly (but I don't really think so) his best ever. The plot isn't really all that great, but the characters are. It's another near-future, riots and doomsday sort, but Tucker handles it with a difference. (And how did you get by, Tucker, in calling a character in a book you sold to Ace "David Grinnell"? Are you just trying to show up Ted White?) I can't honestly say I appreciated the mystery structure or caught any of the "clues", but it seems to make very little difference; I enjoyed it anyway. In fact, you handled it much the way I'd like to some time. People are people, and giving readers and reviewers convenient tags to make prejudging easy is a hack device. The book might even do some real good in that area. Recommended.



NINE HUNDRED GRANDMOTHERS, by R. A. Lafferty (Ace, 95¢) I believe this is the first collection of Lafferty short stories. It includes the title story, "Land of the Great Horses", "Ginny Wrapped in the Sun", "The Six Fingers of Time", "Frog on the Mountain" (an original story first published here), "All The People", "Primary Education of the Camiroi", "Slow Tuesday Night", "Snuffles", "Thus We Frustrate Charlemagne", "Name of the Snake", "Narry Valley", "Polity and Custom of the Camiroi", "In Our Block", "Hog-Belly Honey", "Seven Day Terror", "The Hole In The Corner", "What's the Name of That Town?", "Through Other Eyes", "One At A Time", and "Guesting Time". Not all are equally good. "Thus We Frustrate Charlemagne" invites comparison with Tenn's "Brooklyn Project" and loses. "Slow Tuesday Night" is facile but not really imaginative. But the best of these stories are among the best sf shorts of all time, and even the ones that are mediocre for Lafferty are well above average for the field.

BETTYANN, by Kris Neville (Tower, 75¢) I remembered the novelet this was based on; it was a memorable item. The book isn't as good, but is still very readable. Main problem in that the idea isn't really big enough to sustain a book. The attempt to build suspense for the ending fails, because everybody knows which decision Bettyann is going to make. But even without the suspense it's an entertaining story of an alien child left on Earth by accident.

SWORDS AND DEVILTRY, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 75¢) Fourth of Ace's Gray Mouser books, and what would in comics parlance be called an "origins story". This details the lives of Fafhrd and the Mouser before they meet, and their first meeting. Original novèlets were titled "The Snow Women", "The Unholy Grail", and "Ill Met In Lankhmar". Despite the fact that I dislike most sword and sorcery novels and don't care too much for Leiber's writing, and hate series, I thoroughly enjoy the Mouser books. Maybe it's a personal quirk, or maybe they just might be better written than most.

BEHOLD THE MAN, by Mike Moorcock (Avon, 75¢) Unlike the Neville, this one is better than its original novelet publication. The cover tells you what the story is about; religious symbolism and how it may affect people. The hero, again, is not my type. I used to know a kid like that in the fourth or fifth grade, and I despised him. I find that I still do; revealing his motivation fails utterly to make him sympathetic. (But God knows he's believable.) Otherwise it's a good idea and a good book.

RECALL NOT EARTH, by C. C. MacApp (Dell, 60¢) Space opera. Our hero, a former space-man, goes to pot in more ways than one after Earth is wiped out by the villains, with only a few masculine and no feminine survivors. But a crafty alien dangles the bait of a surviving colony of Earth women in order to get him to lead his men in one final heroic strike against The Enemy. Very light entertainment, but fairly well done for the type. A moderately good time-waster.

THE LONG TWILIGHT, by Keith Laumer (Berkley - 75¢) Sid Coleman to the contrary, Laumer is frequently entertaining if never top flight. This is a fairly average adventure novel; our heroes, **aliens both**, start out as Loki and Thor and battle down through the ages. Ending is strictly deus ex machina. I've read better.

FLOWER OF DORADIL, by John Rackham/A PROMISING PLANET, by Jeremy Strike (Ace, 75¢) The Strike half is a mildly amusing space opera. The Rackham half is more serious adventure. Rackham displays his lack of knowledge of weapons; "...all the way up from a needle gun to a fifty-bore...". I think he means caliber; bore gets smaller as the numbers increase, and a fifty-bore is much smaller than a 12-bore. But then quite possibly nomenclature will change in the future, so give him the benefit of the doubt. Nothing thrilling, but the book as a whole is a good enough way to kill a dull afternoon. Slightly better than the Laumer offering.

FIFTH PLANET, by Fred Hoyle and Geoffrey Hoyle (Fawcett, 75¢) I should be grateful to Hoyle; he's an eminent scientist who isn't ashamed of science fiction. I only wish he could write better. Never having mastered the technique of blending the background with the story, he stops the action at various points to deliver lectures. And his hero, as usual, is a man with marital problems; one might suspect that this is the only way Hoyle knows how to provide "human interest". It becomes boring rapidly.



DUNE MESSIAH, by Frank Herbert (Berkley, 95¢) A bit expensive for the size. The book is, of course, the sequel to DUNE. A few reviewers have objected because it isn't DUNE all over again, but that, at least, is one of its strong points. Herbert set his fine background in the first book; there is no point in repeating it. As usual, however, the sequel isn't as good as the original. It's a novel of interplanetary politics and scheming, and it's quite well done. Not Hugo quality, maybe, but recommended reading.

APENMAN, SPACEMAN, ed. by Harry Harrison and Leon E. Stover (Berkley, 95¢) An anthropology anthology. Includes "Neanderthal", a verse by Marijane Allen, "Throwback" by L. Sprague de Camp (entertaining, though I would have picked "Living Fossil" as an example of de Camp's anthropological fiction), "Apology For Man's Physique" by Earnest A. Hooton (scholarly humor), "The Renegade" by Lester del Rey (a bit syrupy, but good), "Eltonian Pyramid" by Ralph W. Dexter (excessively cute), "Goldfish Bowl" by Heinlein (one of his better ones), "The Second-Class Citizen" by Damon Knight (lovely little thing), "Culture" by Jerry Shelton (men as a laboratory culture; it's been done much better), "Man of the Year Million", a forecast by H. G. Wells, and "1,000,000 A.D.", an anonymous verse parody of the Wells article, neither of them particularly exciting, "In The Beginning" by Morton Klass (interesting idea, not too well done), "The Future of the Races of Man", by Carleton S. Coon (another prediction), "The Evolution Man", by Roy Lewis (very mild humor), "The Kon-Tiki Myth" by Robert C. Suggs (nice destructive criticism, but hardly science fiction), "A Medal For Horatius" by Brig. Gen. William C. Hall (a long way from science fiction, but remarkably funny fannish-type humor) "Omnilingual" by H. Beam Piper (slow, but fairly interesting on translation of alien language), "For Those Who Follow After" by Dean McLaughlin (good), "A Preliminary Investigation of an Early Man Site in the Delaware River Valley" by Charles W. Ward and Timothy J. O'Leary (just too terribly cute for words; I was repelled), "Body Ritual Among the Nacirema" by Horace M. Miner (secondrate satire), "The Wait", by Kit Reed (fine bit on strange local customs), "Everybodyovskism In Cat City" by Lao Shaw (bad), "The Nine Billion Names of God" by Arthur C. Clarke (one of sf's classics), a "Peanuts" strip, "The Captives" by Julian Chain" (old-fashioned), "Men In Space" by Harold D. Lasswell (elementary lecture), "Of Course", by Chad Oliver (psychology rather than anthropology) and a long and rather dull "Afterward" by Stover. Overall, very good.

WORLDS'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1970, ed. by Don Wollheim and Terry Carr (Ace, 95¢) "A Man Spekith" by Richard Wilson (original but not terribly interesting), "After The Myths Went Home" by Robert Silverberg (I kept reading it to find out what his point was going to be and was tremendously disappointed when I found out), "Death By Ecstasy" by Larry Niven (a scientific detective story; adequate), "One Sunday In Neptune" by Alex Panshin (slick but slight), "For The Sake of Grace" by Suzette Haden Elgin (alien - even though human - society; excellent story), "Your Haploid Heart" by James Tiptree Jr. (fine entertainment), "Therapy 2000" by Keith Roberts (well done but not my type), "Sixth Sense" by Michael G. Coney (I nominated this one for the short story Hugo), "A Boy And His Dog" by Harlan Ellison (a fine novelet), "And So Say All of Us", by Bruce McAllister (not bad for an esp story), "Ship of Shadows" by Fritz Leiber (his version of the generations ship; highly improbable but well written), "Nine Lives" by Ursula Le Guin (one of the problems of cloning; very well done) and "The Big Flash" by Norman Spinrad, which is more of a wet squib. Overall, again, very good.

SF: AUTHOR'S CHOICE #2, ed. by Harry Harrison (Berkley, 75¢) Each author picks one of his stories and writes 3 or 4 pages about how the story came about, or his theories of writing, or whatever. Fiction includes "Fondly Fahrenheit" by Alfred Bester, "Contact Between Equals" by Algis Budrys, "Late" by A. Bertram Chandler, "Proof" by Hal Clement, "Diplomatic Coop" by Daniel F. Galouye, "Love In The Dark" by H. L. Gold, "The Expert Touch" by Alan E. Nourse, "A Stick For Harry Eddington" by Chad Oliver, "Just Curious" by James Schmitz, "To See The Invisible Man" by Robert Silverberg, "Heir Unapparent" by A. E. van Vogt, and "Auto-Ancestral Fracture" by Brian W. Aldiss. The fiction varies in both style and quality, but the bonus of author's comments makes it a book to recommend. And if you haven't read the stories before you're bound to find something that you like.



JOHN CARTER OF MARS, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ballantine, 75¢) A reissue of the Mars book put together from two Burroughs novelets. I suppose if you really love Burroughs.

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THE SKYLARK OF SPACE, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) I suppose if you really love Doc SKYLARK THREE, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) Smith novels.... These are the first two in the "Skylark" series. They were great stuff in 1928, and considering that the first Pyramid edition went thru 5 printings on one book and 7 on the other, someone must still like them. My earlier comment that the garish Gaughan covers were a good match for the gaudy contents within has been objected to by about every Smith fan in the audience. I don't know how the books will sell to the general audience, but Doc Smith fans don't seem to like them.

SWORDSMEN IN THE SKY, ed. by Don Wollheim (Ace, 60¢) A reprint of one of the early sword-and-sorcery anthologies, six years old now. Stories are "Swordsman of Lost Terra" by Poul Anderson, "People of the Crater" by Andre Norton, "The Moon That Vanished" by Leigh Brackett, "A Vision of Venus" by Otis Adelbert Kline, and "Kaldar, World of Antares" by Edmond Hamilton. Hmm...PLANET, FANTASY BOOK, TWS, AMAZING, and...hmm...what was Popular Fiction Pub. Co.? A fair assortment of the old adventure mags, anyway. The Brackett and Anderson in particular are worth reading for the sort of thing that made the pulses of us old codgers pound. I still enjoy them.

THE DREAM MASTER, by Roger Zelazny (Ace, 60¢) A reprint of one of Zelazny's good ones. The men who manipulate dreams. It's not one of my favorites on the subject (Brunner's "City of the Tiger" and Peter Phillips' "Dreams Are Sacred" are better), but it is pretty good. Recommended if you didn't get the Ace edition in 1966.

THE SECRET OF HOLM PEEL, by Sax Rohmer (Ace, 60¢) Packaged as a gothic romance, with the frightened girl and castle and all on the cover, but it isn't. It is a collection of the sort of short stories that you might get in an old BLUEBOOK or ARGOSY. The title story might be classified as gothic romance, but there is a Fu Manchu short, a couple of detective shorts, a couple of historical shorts, and two out-and-out fantasies. All are somewhat crude and blunt; Rohmer invented the "condensed novel" well before Ballard did and some of these look like novel outlines. If you like old adventure stories, or want to pay the price for the two fantasies (which are "A House Possessed" and "Brother Wing Commanders").

JESUS CHRISTS, by A. J. Langguth (Ballantine, 95¢) I see the blurbwriters couldn't tell if this was a parody or a serious work. So I'm in good company; I'm not sure either. It's a thoroughly fascinating book. Jesus appears in a number of "modern" guises as well as in an alternate world or two (one in which his teachings were accepted literally by everyone, for example). (Rather appropriately, a revival preacher on tv just announced that "God specializes in healing hernias." I think Langguth would appreciate that.) The style is largely ironic. (Luke is in Hollywood. "He's writing the script for a western. He says they're the new morality plays.") Most of the items are extremely short, but the whole somehow ties together, and even progresses. I suspect that the style is what Ballard and imitators are trying for - but Langguth knows how to do it. It isn't precisely stf, but by all means go buy a copy if you can find one.

G-8 & His Battle Aces #2: PURPLE ACES, by Robert J. Hogan (Berkley, 60¢)

" " " " " #3: ACE OF THE WHITE DEATH, by Robert J. Hogan (Berkley, 60¢) After reading the first book in this series, I haven't the necessary fortitude to try another one. They have pretty Steranko covers, but the contents are incredibly bad.

THE PRISONER #3, by Hank Stine (Ace, 60¢) I met Stine a couple of years ago and it's going to take several more before I can review his books without prejudice. This might even be great; I didn't read it to find out. I'd rather read a new Ellison book.

THE SPIDER #1, by Grant Stockbridge (Berkley, 60¢) This is a step up from G-8. Same general type, but the writing is better. (Not good, but better.) If you're curious about the resurgence of pulp adventure heroes, this is as good a place to start as any.

THE GREAT ORM OF LOCH NESS, by F. W. Holiday (Avon, 75¢) As one who would like to be-



lieve that there are monsters other than fans wandering around Scotland, I enjoyed this book. It's well-written and as convincing as a book of this nature is likely to be. Which isn't very. There are too many comments such as "Given time...no doubt it would have emerged to the dimensions suggested by Mrs. Eaves." (Given time, I will emerge as an angel, and so what?) And there is a reputed film of the monster which cannot be shown to anyone for more or less - mostly less - plausible reasons. And the author tends to state his personal speculations as though they were absolute fact. But it was still entertaining, and I would still like to see Nessie proved real. But I don't think I'll have the pleasure.

HOW TO FORESEE AND CONTROL YOUR FUTURE, by Harold Sherman (Fawcett, 75¢) The Keel STRANGE CREATURES FROM TIME AND SPACE, by John A. Keel (Fawcett, 75¢) book isn't too bad, though Keel is no Ivan Sanderson. His accounts of weird creatures are occasionally entertaining. Sherman's essay on precognition leaves me cold.

EXPLORING THE OCCULT, by Douglas Hunt (Ballantine, 95¢) Occult books are popular, so Ballantine has decided to get in on the gravy. Hunt's gimmick is to appear as rational and scientific as possible.

THE OFFICIAL GUIDE TO UFOs, by the editors of SCIENCE AND MECHANICS (Ace, 75¢) One more flying saucer book.

THE DARK SHADOWS COOKBOOK, by Jody Cameron Malis (Ace, 75¢) A fairly ordinary cookbook, spiced up by references to the tv show and characters. Imaginative, anyway. But the recipes are quite tame; there isn't even a blood pudding in the book. Miss Malis' imagination apparently stopped at the tie-in, which is probably good enough to make her quite a bit of money, at that.

SECRET AND URGENT, by Fletcher Pratt (Blue Ribbon Books) I picked this up secondhand. I thought I'd reviewed it before, but it was in the stack and I couldn't find a previous review, so.... It is the history of codes and ciphers. Pratt shows an example of each new invention in the art as it was actually used, and then explains how it was broken, or how it could be broken. Also includes frequency tables and so on for amateur cryptographers.

THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED, by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts (Stein & Day) Gene and Bev got this for Juanita, so I don't know the price. It's the detailed story of the Mount Pelee eruption in 1902, which was literally the end of the world for 29,000 people. Extremely well done. I don't know about your tastes in disaster books, but I enjoyed this.

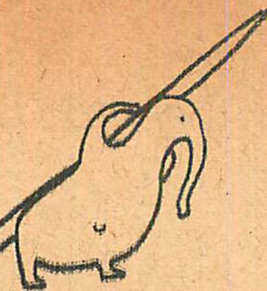
MAFEKING, by Brian Gardner (Tartan Book Sales, \$1.50) I'm a sucker for little-known military exploits (little-known in this country, anyway). I had the vague idea that Mafeking was connected to the Boxer Rebellion, which is the right era but wrong continent. It was the Boer War. The town withstood a "siege" of over 7 months, largely, according to Gardner, because of the total ineptitude of everyone concerned. ("He had many admirable qualities; generalship was not one of them." "Throughout he acted with personal bravery, if not with military intelligence.") It gives the appearance of a Hollywood fight; much gallantry and very few people hurt. Fascinating book.

THE LAST REDWOODS (Ballantine-Sierra Club, \$3.95) Not only a beautiful book, but one which is interesting to read, which cannot be said of all Sierra Club editions. It's apt to make ardent conservationists a bit ill, but it's information we should have. If nothing else, though, get it for the photos.

EIGHT MEN OUT, by Eliot Asinof (Ace, 95¢) The Asinof book, detailing THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS, by Stanley Weston (Ace, \$1.25) the 1919 "Black Sox" scandal, I found intriguing, even though I couldn't really be called a baseball fan. (I don't even watch the World Series on tv.) As well as a background on baseball, it's an interesting compendium of the general public morals of the period. Highly recommended. The Weston book gives a brief biography of all the heavyweight boxing champions from John L. Sullivan to Joe Frazier, with photos. Not really my type of book.



# Crumbblings



Liz Fishman, 2915 Princeton Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45406

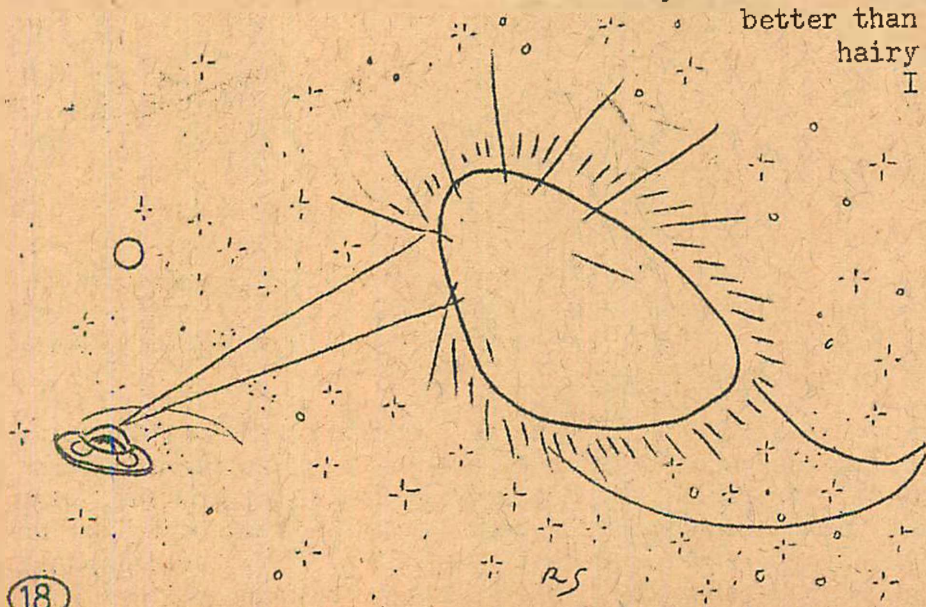
Wish Warren could be here when you visit. You'd like each other. He's had his troubles with small-town cops who hate well-dressed book peddlars like Warren (and with justification) and he's been in jail a couple of times. I wouldn't even attempt to relate his experiences here because they'd lose in the translation. You'd have to listen to him tell it. He's a gifted narrator; so is Ozzie. They can describe a place, an event, a movie, anything at all; and a little later you would have a hard time remembering whether you were a part of the story or not. (Ozzie once related "The Graduate" to me, scene by scene and a couple of months later I told the plot to someone thinking I'd seen it.) Warren did have one funny experience, though, spooky really. He went to a house late at night and the man told him to come back in half an hour. So Warren went to a gas station and waited, then went back. He couldn't find the street, anywhere. And furthermore, no one had ever heard of the street or the name of the man. And there was no street name even resembling the one written on his pad; the house was nowhere in the vicinity, even the block itself seemed to have disappeared. Even if he had written the wrong street and address on the pad it wouldn't have mattered because it was across the street from a florist, a well-known one in town. The florist was still there, across from an open field now. There was no mistake about it, he came back to the right place. But the entire street was gone. Just like something out of Twilight Zone.

Talking of things being stolen: someone stole one number from our address last night, the 1. It didn't just drop off because we thoroughly searched the porch and it's nowhere to be found. I strongly suspect two little fellows who make nocturnal rounds stealing yards clean of everything but crabgrass, and since the only movable object in our yard is the picnic table, and since they either can't move it, or, more likely, have no use for it, they stole a number from our address. Which is better than their throwing over the three full garbage cans as they did a few weeks ago, and I'll be damned if we're going to move those inside. (I have a friend in California who tells me that

rotten crummy kids fill his mailbox with rocks, which is better than the worms I found in ours-- hairy things that squish yellow.

I suspected either those two kids again, or even the mailman, who has been insidiously silent lately, but later found out my rotten little brother put them in there so they could spin cocoons. I'm going to belt that kid.

Bob Tucker likes my column! How about that? I went into mild shock when I read the first two lines of his letter in the last Yandro, and I read them over and over. I may get around to the rest of





the letter sometime.

Packed most of my books  
away in preparation for that  
supposedly near-  
future moving  
day, most of  
the silver-  
ware, cook-  
ware and  
dishes, too.

The bare minimum

seems to suffice pretty

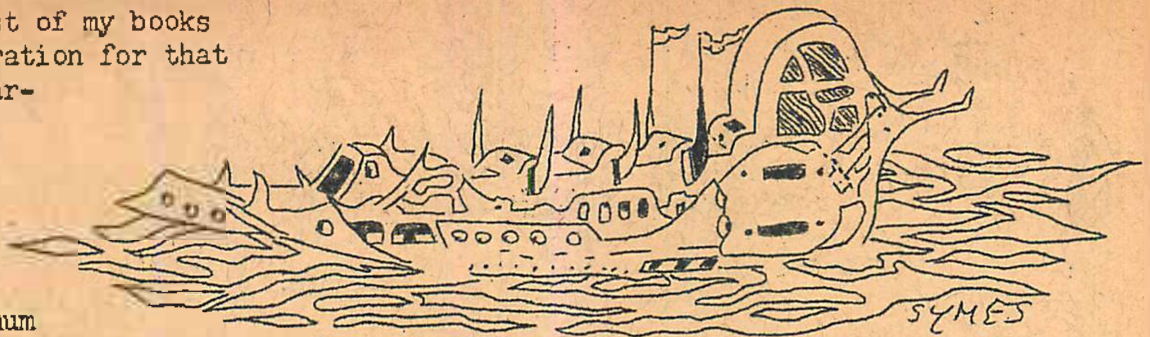
well, except when I suddenly

decide to make muffins and have to dig through boxes of newspaper-wrapped shapes to find the tin. Most of Rotten's junk is stored in the basement -- daily. He brings it up, we bring it down. He feels he is being treated unjustly and demands to know why his wheel-less trucks, broken crayons, cracked marbles, lensless sunglasses, Little Lulu comic books and one or two dried lightning bugs are relegated to the water beetles, when Ozzie's side of the room is still cluttered with car models and Playboy magazines, and my room is covered with wet canvasses, fanzines and Playboy magazines, when it's my turn to read them. Huh? Just how come? We tell him: shut-up little kid or we'll belt you. He counters with threats of midnight revenge, such as putting termites in all my Mel Torme records. Have to admit it, the kid's original -- not too bright, but definitely original. (Right at this moment he's squeezing strawberries and wiping red streaks all over the table with his fingers, and at the same time he's on the phone telling my mother he's being good as an angel, and he doesn't know why I'm bugging him just because he's wiping strawberry juice off his fingers. You know, it's just a good thing I'm so calm, cool and downright lovable, or that kid....)

Pat Goltz, an NBF member I met through a round robin, drove from Columbus to visit last Friday. She brought along her three year old son, a cute little thing with a sweet, shiny smile. Pat has all kinds of theories about child-raising and Tommy seems only to have benefited by them; he's bright, out-going and well-behaved. Rotten, who loves kids and has a way with them, took Tom over while Pat and I visited. When it was time to go Tom didn't want to. As his eyebrows pulled down and his eyes clouded with tears his mother said, "Now let's be graceful about it." He walked over and leaned against her, his face still mirroring disappointment, and murmured, "Ok." Whenever he protests anything Pat just talks to him and tells him to accept the situation gracefully, and he does! I couldn't get over it. So the next time, within five minutes after Pat left, Rotten misbehaved I said, "Accept my decision gracefully." He said, "Don't pull that junk on me. I'm damn mad!" It was back to my own theories of child-raising, "I'm going to belt you, kid!"

When I was in high school my closest friend was one of the brightest, most scholarly and most wealthy people I have yet to meet. Although I always had read voraciously she was the one who widened my reading interests, introducing me to author after author, to subjects like archaeology, oceanography, ancient histories. She had at least 5000 books of her own, half of them paperbacks. One day I saw these paperbacks stacked in a corner of her kitchen, waiting for the garbage truck. I was shocked and that puzzled her. To me the junking of books is next to criminal and I told her so. She laughed and said she would just buy more, that's all. Well, she could do that but I couldn't, so I made at least twenty trips to carry those books home. She really was a nice girl but she never understood my concern for the value of things like paperback books.

It was when I knew this girl that I drank for the first time in my life. I had seen a movie called "Our Man in Havana", and there is a scene where the protagonists play a game of checkers with miniature wine bottles -- when you jump a man you drink his bottle. I told her about this scene and she decided we would play the same way. She had wax bottles about four inches high and these she filled with wine, white for me, red for her. We played and each of us managed to jump all of the other's bottles. We played another game and it went the same way. Beads of perspiration covered my face and she asked if I was hot. No, I wasn't hot. Dizzy, though; her living room





had gone into a spin. I think we played another game but I don't remember who won; I passed out. Woke up on her couch a few hours later and she then drove me home, berating me all the way. Why hadn't I told her I had never drunk before? Well, because I'm a whiz at checkers, that's why.

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard, California, 93030

/More theories on child raising... Had a charming experience last week when I went to Sears to get something or other. Locking gascaps for the cars, I think...the teenage motorcycle rider next door may be as honest as Lincoln, but the arrivals of his Hell's Angels friends seem to coincide with my gas gauge's fits of plummeting overnight to empty. I took the kids in the store...I hate people who let their lousy kids run around stores trampling people, but in my own defense all I can say is that it's against the law to lock them in the car, and there's no kennel at the Esplanade. So in we went. Evan does not hold hands with anyone, which is just as well since holding hands with a two-year old gives anyone the posture of the hunchback of Notre Dame. Maura is no problem to keep track of...just home in on the voice. Motor-mouth switches on before she gets out of bed, and continues, at 30 decibels, through meals and right into bed in the evening. While I was trying to find the proper size lock cap for the car (it was cleverly listed under Thunderbird instead of Ford), Evan escaped down the aisle.

I sent Maura after him. She grabbed him by the hood of his jacket and spun him around. He instantly adopted Small Child Defense Position #1: he collapsed limply to the floor. This is one of those events of human life that precipitates the populace into two camps: the Childless and the Child-ridden. The Childless stop and cluck nervously as he whimpers heartbrokenly, and some foolish souls try to pick him up and comfort him. The Child-ridden recognize the stunt and step over him and continue on their way. Maura reacted as any sibling would, when confronted with a stunt that used to work for her but now only gets her a spanking: she kicked him, not too hard, in the rump. He shrieked. She stooped, wedged her hands under his armpits and hoisted him to his feet. He bit her. She screamed. "Bastard!" she screamed, very clearly. "Gwocky!" he shrieked. I circled a tall display and flanked them, about twenty feet away, where I could show my teeth and bug out my eyes at them, silently promising all sorts of mayhem as soon as we got outside, while at the same time staying far enough away from them that the casual observer might not connect me with them. Naturally they saw me and swarmed over blubbering and pointing and accusing each other, and competing over who loved me most and was most well-behaved in the face of the other's outrageous behavior. Ghah.

By the way, I have discovered through my reading that I had a newly-popular ailment as a kid. Seems that nowadays a kid who is clumsy, ornery, over-active, overly-sensitive, has sloppy handwriting, has tantrums, and eats a lot isn't a clumsy rotten glutton. He has a minimal brain dysfunction. And you see you should be nice to these unfortunate kids and try to help them and reach them. You shouldn't give them penmanship drills and yell at them in PE and make them spend 7th grade sitting in the hall for being a nuisance, like my teachers did to me. Wish we'd had that handy dandy disease name when I was a kid, yessir.

Joe Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison, Indiana 47250

Thanks for the letter. I didn't run for public office this time for a number of reasons. One of them is I thought this year I'd be elected. It looks like that kind of year. I feel now about like Judge Hugh S. Dillon, one of our federal judges, who was in the senate when I was in the house. I asked him once if he missed politics and he said he certainly did, just like he missed scarlet fever, mumps, leprosy, etc.

Billy Pettit, Control Data Ltd., 22A St. James' Sq., London S.W. 1, Great Britain.

Just noticed the check I wrote you is in dollars but can be in Deutsch marks. You can quote this paragraph. I will be happy to pay the fee of any fan wanting to join Heicon but having trouble changing money. I have no trouble and will take a check in any currency and will pay their membership for them. It goes without saying that they must include their address and so on. Print my address, and so. Also, Ethel Lindsay and I will find a place to stay if any fans are coming through London or Amsterdam. We



have already provided for several who were coming with no idea of what to do once they got to London. Please have them use my address and get in touch with me before the 15th of July if they need a place to stay. And to write or call me when they arrive. We are setting up something for the 10th and 11th of August as well as interfacing all possible problems. If anybody has special problems, needs, etc., I will be more than happy to help them. Same for ideas on what to do before and after the con. I have been to all countries in Europe, both sides of the Curtain, and will help them now if they just write. Please print this. And my phone number at home is 624-9378, work 930-1735.

Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Handricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio 44060

I like the idea of a bumper sticker that says AMERICA -- CHANGE IT OR LOSE IT. But since we are opposed to the idea of bumper stickers (contributing to extra hostilities on an already-hostile road), I suppose we won't get one. Or the lovely dove-with-flag-wing or brotherhood-hands-with-flag for the car. But we might post both on a house window.

Avoid MAKING OF 2001 -- is lousy McLuhanish mishmosh (shd be spelled mischmasch, but then it gets mispronounced mash sted of mosh). Dunno who in SFWA complained about lack of payment, but nobody ever even mentioned to me that my book review would be excerpted. I don't mind but I would have enjoyed getting a free copy, of course.)

Actually, if I get fans in my basement, they buy up those pbs and stuff quickly. But if I get fans in my basement, I have to call an exterminator.

/I recently got two bumper stickers. One says GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE: PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE and the other says MY COUNTRY RIGHT the WRONGS. I fully subscribe to both of them but mainly I put them both on the same car to confuse people. And maybe to stretch a few minds -- a few viewers just might realize that the two slogans aren't opposites, or even really related to each other in any way. Now for the other car I'm considering AMERICA: CHANGE IT OR LOSE IT and IF GUNS ARE OUTLAWED ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE GUNS. RSC/

Dave Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46220

Liz Fishman, you are tremendous!

Don and Maggie Thompson, forgive me, I was in a bad mood and ran off at the mouth about very limited and fringish experiences. I have no doubt that you are right as is. It probably was the way I acted as, at the time, I (now that I think about it) was very easily cowed and insecure.

Buck, I have finally come around to being anti-gun legislation. Four dead college students who didn't have guns to defend themselves in the face of the state ~~hahah~~ police of Ohio brought me over.

So! The secret's out! Tucker keeps roofers!!! Ah well, I suppose the ghods are allowed.

Alexis Gilliland, you don't ever have to draw a decent thing again. The cat on page 1 is hilarious. May it be reprinted over many times (who knows -- perhaps next year in Riverside Quarterly you might...).

When you said "sex-novel conventions", the first thing that entered my small mind was -- Cons! For fifteen minutes I fantacized about what sex-novel fandom would be like (what would you call a sex-novel convention? The CopulaCon? The SmutCon? The FilthCon?) -- what would the garb be like (nude but for helicopter beanie?).

/Easily cowed and insecure? My, how you've changed! I don't know how secure you are, but I wouldn't try to cow you with anything short of a hand grenade. RSC It was six people altogether (though not all at Kent State), not four. And blacks might indeed be bitter to think that suddenly a big furore is created because this time it was white kids being mowed down by the trigger happy. Next stop Isla Vista. JMC/



Alice Hopf

It does seem that there is a dreadful slump in the juvenile market. Doubtless all due to Nixon cutting the educational budget. I was appalled and amazed to read the accounting on my Butterfly & Moth book which came out a year ago. I thought it was an especially beautiful book; the artist did such a good job. And it got good reviews. I don't expect to make any royalties on these books for a long time, if ever. For one thing, they sell for much less than most hardcover juves, being for school use; and also the author shares royalty with the artist. But in this accounting, the amount we owed had gone up instead of down. I thought they had gotten confused and added instead of subtracting the money earned from the advance. But then I noticed that at the bottom of the page it said that any items circled were returns and not sales. And everything was circled. Nothing had gone out. Everything had come back! It seemed incredible. When I discussed this with my editor, she said it was a general situation all over in the publishing world.

/I had heard about paperbacks cutting back; until your letter I hadn't known that hardcover publishers were doing the same. The book boom is over, it seems - or maybe we're just going into a temporary recession. RSC/

Bruce R. Gillespie, PO Box 245 Ararat, Victoria 3377 Australia

. A column by Elizabeth Fishman...congratulations. I've never heard of "hot properties" in fandom before, in the show biz sense, but you've certainly discovered one very hot property. You ought to sign up as her agent, and watch the money (or its equivalent in egoboo) pour in. (Tell her about SFC sometime?)

I've been trying to work out which strange type of fanzine editor I am. All fanzine editors are strange, let's face it. Except for the few criminal types who recover their expenses, we all spend vast amounts of money on fanzines, we all think we are going to win Hugos in five years' time, then promptly change the name of our fanzines, and we all think of ourselves as Best Fan Writers but proof-read with all the skill of a baby chimpanzee. (I never realized before what a suspicious type you are, Coulsons.. you recover expenses and have a Hugo, and proof-read properly...the shame of it.) Now Joe Hensley singles out all the other peculiarities that wrack our slender frames.

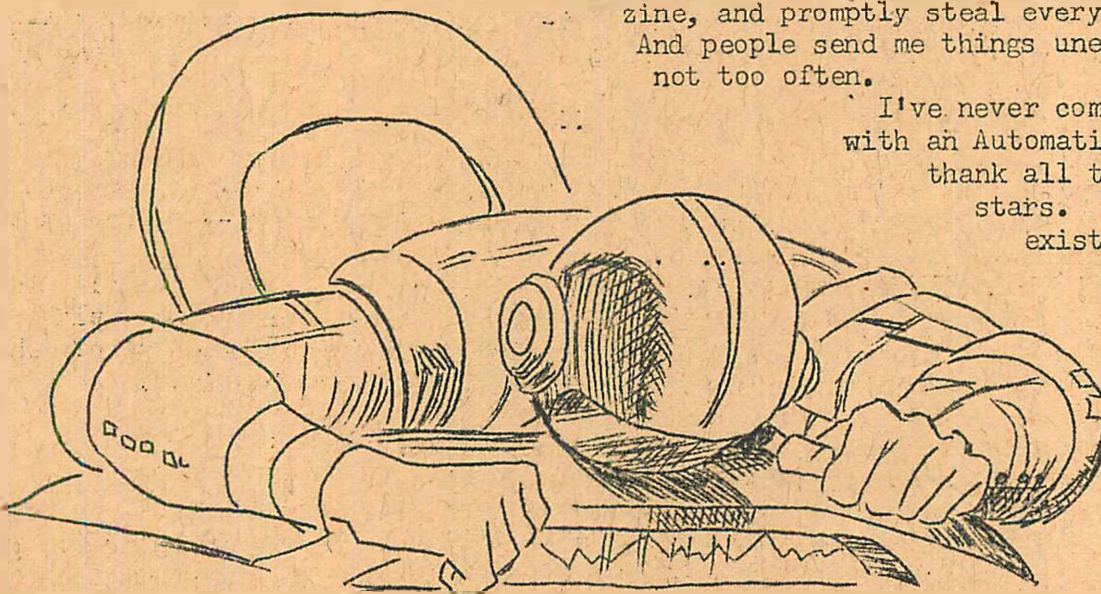
For a start, I'm a Wheedler, though not a very successful one. I've asked Brunner and Delany and Aldiss for material, and you can't wheedle any higher company than that. But on the other hand, those gentlemen have very properly and politely bent my wheedle into a boomerang and sent it back to me, so you could not call me a very successful wheedler. I'm more a Robber Chief Editor, which Hensley does not list -- I wait til

John Foyster sends me the latest copy of his fanzine, and promptly steal everything from it.

And people send me things unexpectedly, though not too often.

I've never come into contact with an Automatic Anarchist, thank all the fan's lucky stars. They don't really exist, do they?

Plenty of people could have, but haven't, called me an "editor with





a pro in residence". However, I like to boost people who already have Hugos and could easily become President of the SFWA if they wanted to, even if not President of the US of A. (And what writer in his right mind would want to be President of that benighted country?) Delany hasn't got a Hugo yet, so I'd better start my articles on him, since Philip Dick and Brian Aldiss must be sick to death of me by now. (They must feel almost as doom-struck as people who get their pictures on the front cover of Time.)

I'm a fighter, too, although I.. make it a policy to never actually get angry. How could you get any fun out of fighting if you really blew your top?

My advantage is that I don't know any of the writers personally, but can only be assaulted by the rubbish they choose to send to Australia in the form of "novels" or "novelettes" or "short stories", etc. It must be a considerable disadvantage for American fans to live within a thousand miles of the pros. I sometimes think it a considerable disadvantage for anyone to live within a thousand miles of the USA.

About the one thing I am not, and should be, is an Editor Editor. John Foyster is one of those. He actually corrects the sacred words of Franz Rottensteiner, or the inspired polemics of George Turner. That's dangerous! Non-editing has its disadvantages, of course. Some people become livid when they realize how much rubbish they wrote in their articles which you haven't had the courage to edit out. But on the whole I prefer to put "Copyright Joe Baloney 1972" and let the poor idiot take the blame. Or better still, write so much rubbish yourself that Joe Baloney never gets published at all.

And the Good Editor? There are as many of those as Good Referees.

/Yeah, not only do we do all the things you listed, but we don't ask people for material, either. Or at least, very rarely; I did ask Liz for a column. Mostly they are nice people and just send it in. We've never asked for contributions; when Juanita was editing by herself she used to demand material from Gene DeWeese and I, but she never asked for it. No wheedling. RSC/

Irv Jacobs, Box 574, National City, California 92050

Phyrne Bacon just sent me a sales brochure on the Essex House paperbacks. The \$1.95 titles are being sold at 4 for \$7.00, including postage, by Regent House, PO Box 9506, North Hollywood, Cal. 91609. Unfortunately there are only three titles by Farmer, so I am having a problem deciding on my 4th book. Will probably chooco one of the Geis novels, of which several are offered.

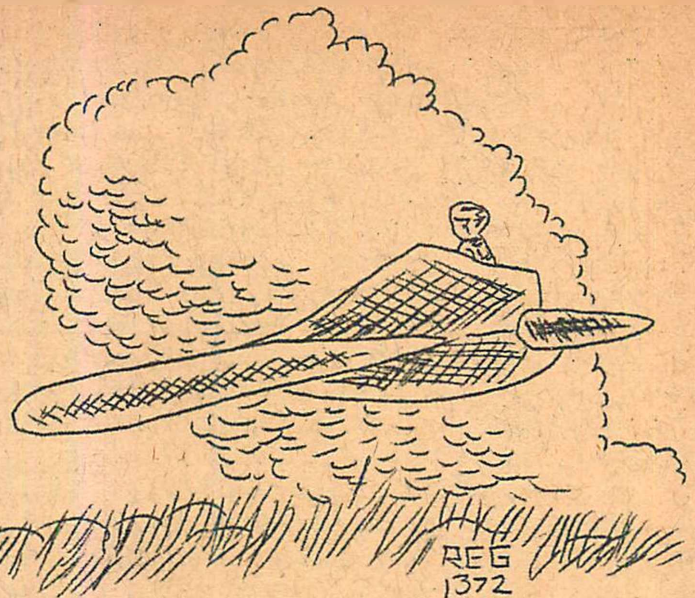
I shall probably resist the temptation to purchase something entitled DIRTY LITTLE DWARF, though the title has interesting possibilities. (Was he forever putting his nose in someone else's business?)

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

Enjoyed Liz Fishman's column in Y195. May there be many more.

Re: Andy Zerbe's letter. Tapsell's YEAR OF THE HORSETAILS is available in hc edition from Tartan, along with the same author's second novel THE UNHOLY PILGRIM. Both are worth having in permanent form, and far more worth reading than many of the books you review in "Golden Minutes".

Just noticed a book called STRANGE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN on the stands. It might be





more interesting to read about ones that are not strange.

Last evening I saw a "sneak preview" of BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES. Truly an odd-ball film; definitely not good, but much more interesting than its predecessor. It has the same cute ape makeup, multiplied by ten: scenes of vast ape armies marching through the countryside. It has the same heavy-handed satire, lack of subtlety, and indecision about whether to be funny or serious -- also all multiplied by ten. Like the previous film, it ultimately opts for a serious message, and ends up with Armageddon. Along the way, it offers many of the same actors as the original (Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans, Charlton Heston, Linda Harrison), plus lots of new ones (James Gregory, Thomas Gomez, Jeff Corey, Victor Buono, James Franciscus); some fairly crude special effects, but a number of really elaborate and effective sets. It also goes hog-wild on plot, bringing in a race of telepathic mutant humans living in the buried ruins of New York City; a doomsday bomb; a U.S. space ship sent from 2000 years in the past to rescue Taylor, the surviving astronaut from the earlier film. It ends up as a combination of DR. STRANGELOVE and a 1949 Planet Stories...

In your review of AND CHAOS DIED, the objection you raise (Ivat's being described as "dying" and "a near-corpse" after shooting himself in the hand with an arrow) is answered by your own comment a couple of lines later: "Ivat might think he was dying..." And Jai, the new-born telepath with imperfect control, is constantly slipping in and out of the minds of all the people with whom he comes in contact; often he himself is not sure which are his thoughts and which are the ones picked up from others, and all of them are set down as they happen. This is one of the remarkable features of the book: it is told entirely from within Jai's mind, with no shifts of viewpoint and no author-omniscience. The reader is exposed to every thought that goes through Jai's mind, and only to those thoughts; the reader learns all the facts that Jai learns, but only those facts. This relentless singleness of viewpoint, with no concessions made to the reader, reminds me in a way of Curme Gray's MURDER IN MILENNIUM VI (an undeservedly forgotten book).

Most recent reading: Sam Moskowitz's UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS. The fictional selections can be ignored--all are of the frequently-reprinted variety, and five of the nine are only excerpts from novels, rather than complete stories. However, the 1143-page "History of the Scientific Romance in the Munsey Magazines, 1912-1920" is another matter: fascinating, and filled with information not available anywhere else. I would cheerfully have read an entire book-length history of this type, and dispensed with the fiction entirely. Of course, Moskowitz is still carrying on his unequal battle with the English language, and the typographical errors are thick as fleas, but the book is still marvellously informative and entertaining.

Have also been browsing in Gore Vidal's REFLECTIONS UPON A SINKING SHIP. How much more entertaining he is than any of his critics, even when you have to disagree with him!

Mike Kring, P.O. Box 626, Sabinal, Texas 78881

The thingie about names by J.R. Christopher-Hayes was interesting. A pretty intriguing idea. I don't know if I go for it or not. I have visions of marrying a girl named Smith; can you imagine a guy named Mike Kring-Smith? Weird. Freaky, even. I've got to think about that for a while.

Mr. Hensley's column is getting better and better with each ish. And Liz Fishman's column is a riot. Truly (as Joanne Worley of Laugh-In would say) "I tink dat is Feen-tastick!"

197: Derek Nelson does have a point. Did anybody ever wonder how Jean-Claude Killy could drive a (what the hell was the name of the car he drove? Mercedes-Benz, I think, but I'm not sure. Anyway...) could drive an expensive car on a policeman's salary? He was pure! He was French! And he wasn't Canadian!

A question from a neo-fan to an older fan: In the envelope with Yandro #197 came the TAFF voting ballot. I know I'm not eligible to vote, but how does one become active in sf fandom if one lives sixty miles from nowhere? (And San Antonio is nowhere, and Sabinal is sixty miles southwest of San Antonio.) Does one get LoCs published, join sf clubs, or what? I know all this sounds ridiculous to you, but I really and truly don't know. So...I'm asking, very politely, but asking nonetheless.



About that poem on neo-fans, all of us aren't like that, are we? I don't think I am. Hmmm, maybe I am. Well, anyway, even if we are, you don't have to be nasty about it...sniff...we have feelings too...sniff...and...I think...I think (oh really, didn't it hurt?) I'll just quietly drop off and let you BNFs continue on your cruel ways. (Oh, my heart, my heart, it hurts so! Sniff.)

/Cochran, I think you just got called a BNF. How does it feel, after 9 months or so in fandom? A few other fans might be curious about TAFF ballots. Mainly, that "known fan" jazz is to (a) keep out rank neofans who know nothing about any of the candidates, and (b) prevent candidates from getting their non-fan friends from voting for them. (Come to think of it, why would a TAFF candidate have any non-fan friends? Ridiculous.) Anyway, I would start counting my time in fandom, for TAFF purposes, from the time I first received a fanzine and/or attended a convention or club meeting. (Which in my case was 1952 for the fanzine and convention, and 1953 for the club meeting.) You do not have to be "active" despite the wording; you simply have to have been receiving knowledge about fans and fandom so you can vote intelligently. RSC And as for living nowhere, until the recent revival of Indyfandom, it got pretty lonely in the non-fannish territory we occupied out here in the middle of Indiana. You keep in touch, but sometimes the only people/fans (if that is not a contradiction) you see are the ones you meet at cons once or twice a year. Keep the faith. And as far as name-changing goes, married women spent a good hunk of their lives with one last name and are expected to give it up completely when they marry (to the extent that some of them have to think pretty hard several years later when a questionnaire asks them to list "maiden name"), and sometimes for a name considerably more awkward, ugly, or otherwise blechy than their own. Maybe we're just trying to get a little fairness into the game. JNC/

Dave Piper, 24 Dawlish Drive, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex HA4 9SD Great Britain.

For a column which regaled us with the reasons why she didn't write a column, Liz's effort was a damn sight more entertaining than most of the other columns which purport to BE columns in fanzines. I hope you can keep this girl. If I ever join another Con, I'll vote for her on the Hugo ballot. I'm talking about 196 by the way, in case you've put out another one in the time the postal services (I use the term very loosely) have conspired to deliver Y to me. I got it yesterday.

You may wonder as to my increase in frequency of letters. 2 in 4 days isn't bad, is it? It's just a pity that they're from me, and not from Liz, ain't it! She's lovely, that girl. Have you met her, by the way? Good company, I should think. Where was I? Oh, yeah, the reason for the frequency is that I've had a brain wave. Now, I bet you've had millions of suggestions as to how to celebrate the 200th. You are going to celebrate, aren't you? Be too good a chance to miss I should think. Anyway, my suggestion, assuming you want it, is to reprint in a different colour section Eisfa No. 1, assuming you've got a copy and assuming it wasn't too large.

Oh, one thing I had to tell you. I can't remember the exact details...but last week I read something in the Guardian, which incidentally I've decided is about the best paper we have now..not that it'll mean much to you, I suppose...which sent a cold shiver up my spine. Really. It was a news item about that Nazi war criminal who was found in Latin America (I think) and is now on trial for murdering 400,000 Jews. Now, in the news item they quoted an Israeli who was instrumental in the capture. I wish I had a better memory for names. The quote went something like this: "If I'd never done anything else but catch this man, my life would not have been wasted." I don't know how this strikes you, and of course I believe that the war criminals should be found and tried,..that bit doesn't bother me...it's just the thinking behind it which I found awful...and, oh, I dunno. The Nazi is a fairly old man; he's going to die (or would have died) reasonably soon. The 400,000 ain't gonna come back and yet the principle of revenge means that much to the Israeli.



/I see what you mean about the thinking -- but then recent Jewish history has encouraged that sort of thinking. I probably wouldn't feel that way, but I can see where someone might want to "get the bastards at all costs". What worries me is that the Black Panthers might feel the same way...Well, the first Eisfa wasn't all that big; we just might use your suggestion.RSC/

Roger Bryant, Jr., 647 Thoreau Avenue, Akron, Ohio 44306

As to Y195:

My thanks to Bruce for that note on MR BASS'S PLANETOID. I've recently been looking high and low for those books (the first two) to re-read myself (nostalgia) and to drop upon some youngsters of my acquaintance. As I remember them, they make a much better way to introduce potential fen to the field than superhero comics (the way I got in) or Tom Swift Jrs (the way I almost left before really getting started). But while I could remember perfectly ol' Theo and his chemical fuels, I couldn't squeeze out of the cells the exact titles, much less the author's name. And so Bruce to the rescue.

And as I write that my memory (who is a very erratic sonofagun) has dredged up another piece of nostalgia from my youth (Ah, Youth!). Does anyone remember a child's story about a boy who finds a fragment of the Arizona meteorite (or some such) and puts it in a TV (or somesuch) and winds up talking with a girl from Saturn (or some such -- see, erratic) who has silver streaks in her hair? I'd love to find that one again, for old time's sake. Ring any bells, anyone?

May I add to Hensley's list a pair of nasty faneds I've just run across? The serial-splitters, and I'll even name them: Leland Sapiro and Tom Perry. Sapiro reprinted back issues of Riverside Quarterly, see, and so I grabbed up the issues I was missing, and had (or thought I had) the short, serialized version of Alexei Panshin's HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION. But no. RQ only carried chapter one and chapters three thru six. Chapter two appeared, of all places and for some unfathomable reason, in Quark. Now where the hell am I going to find a '65 issue of Quark?

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20037

Lead has a density of 11.34 g/cm<sup>3</sup>. One pound = 454g; 5 lbs = 2270g. A 5 lb mass of lead is almost exactly 200 cm<sup>3</sup>.  $\frac{4}{3}\pi r^3 = V \text{ sphere} = 200\text{cm}^3$ .  $r^3 = \frac{3}{4\pi} \times 200 = 47.6 \text{ cm}^3$ .  $r = 3.62 \text{ cm}$ .  $2r = \text{diameter} = 7.24 \text{ cm}$ ; at 2.54 cm/in = 2.85 in.

A .20 gauge shotgun is therefore either a rocket launcher, recoilless or a typo. Very mean of Brunner to blame the typesetter, though.

Randy Bytwerk, 717 Collindale, NW, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49504

Hmmm. Elizabeth Fishman's mailman does have a point, you know. I worked for the P.O. this summer, and was perpetually annoyed at people who have microscopic mailboxes, but get a lot of mail. The least any fan can do is have a decent sized mailbox. However, her mailman clearly isn't one of the P.O.'s finest. I certainly never minded people who got a lot of mail. Indeed, there is satisfaction in handing a sweet little old lady a handful of mail, which she so obviously is looking forward to, and seeing her smile. But still, I remember feeling less than cheerful when I'd walk up to a minibox, big enough to hold a gas bill (but not anything bigger), with 3 magazines and ten letters. To make it worse, the storm door was often locked.

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

Well, at least I see how Ferman works. He hangs onto a ms, waiting to see if he can fit it into any issue. How many issues he hangs onto it is apparently determined by how undecided he is. From the note that came back with BY THE BOOK, I gather this one lasted through a couple of issues. Oh well.

One of the guys at work today (a small-time stock speculator -- very small time) heard that the market was way down, so he called to find out why. The broker wasn't there so he talked to the secretary, asked her what was going on. She didn't know, but she would check. She did, and was back a minute later. "Russia bombed North Vietnam." "????!!!" "Could you check again?" She did. "Oh, it was the United States that bombed North Vietnam."

The scary part is, she can vote.



# STRANGE FRUIT

ORCRIST #1, 2 (Bulletin of the U. of Wisconsin Tolkien Society - annual - \$1.00) There is no address in any of these, but you could try Ivor Rogers, Univ. of Wisconsin - Green Bay, Green Bay, Wis. 54305. James Robinson and Richard West are the editors, and the material seems popular; this is the 4th printing of #1 and the 2nd of #2. All serious scholarly articles - even the group humorist, Paulette Carroll, has some difficulty in sounding anything but dedicated. I am not all that thrilled by minutia concerning a single author, even as entertaining an author as Tolkien. But if you are, here it is.

TOLKIEN JOURNAL #10 (Tolkien Society of America, Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226 - quarterly) No price given for the publication alone, but membership in the Society costs \$2.00 annually in US and \$2.40 elsewhere. This is an equally serious Tolkien mag, but many of the articles are written by stf fans and have more polish and less connection with term papers than the ones in ORCRIST.

I also have here TOLKIEN JOURNAL #11 combined with ORCRIST #3; the Wisconsin group has merged with TSA. In the future, they say, ORCRIST will be edited and published independently of the JOURNAL, but will be sent to TSA members. The group is branching out into other fantasy writers, apparently having found that a constant rehashing of Tolkien becomes monotonous. This time they comment on George MacDonald, C. S. Lewis, and T. H. White in addition to the Master. Also got a copy of GREEN DRAGON #9, which is the Tolkien Society newsletter and also comes as part of your TSA membership. If you are a Tolkien fanatic, the Society certainly gives you your money's worth.

NO DIFFERENT FLESH #1 (Linda Stanley, 1531 Bonnie Doone Terrace, Corona del Mar, Calif. 92625) No price or schedule is listed. The worship of single authors seems to be spreading. L. Frank Baum, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Robert E. Howard, J. R. R. Tolkien, and now Zenna Henderson. I have to admit that I prefer Henderson's stories to those of some of the other authors, but I can't quite see a club devoted to her exclusively.

THE PULP ERA (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St, Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - 50¢ - published 5 times a year) Lynn tries to cover the pulps other than the stf mags. This is his "Art Issue" and if nothing else will make you appreciate the stf artists. God but most pulp art was crude! Some cartoons from JUDGE round out the issue.

BADMOUTH #1 (Lynn Hickman, address above - quarterly - for trade, contribution, or \$1.25 per year) All reprint material this time, but next issue he promises new items, preferably opinionated ones.

THE GAMESLETTER, #20, 21 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - bimonthly - \$1.00 per year) This is affiliated with the N3F, but apparently you don't have to belong to N3F to belong to the Games Bureau. Seems to be mostly news of new board games and reviews of games magazines. Not my interest at all, but if you're crazy about board games.... (Anyway, when would I have time to play any?)

THE GAMESMAN #5 (Don Miller, address above - irregular - \$1.00 per year) Also put out for the N3F Games Bureau. (That dollar per year is for "membership") Similar to the above, but bigger, with more material on subjects such as games theory, variant forms of chess, etc. Twenty years ago I might have thought this was a great magazine; currently I'm just not that interested in games. Lack of time, primarily...



SELENDIP #30 thru 39 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 100 pages for \$1.00) Publishes frequently, doesn't he? This is a postal Diplomacy fanzine and runs from 1 to 14 pages of diplomatic and military maneuvers, currency exchanges, occasional letters, player ratings, etc.

THE UNDERGROUND, Vol. 13, #1 (Wayne Finch, 616 No. 73rd. St, East St. Louis, Illinois 62203 - quarterly - 50¢) Okay, Finch. I know that 12 years is a long-running fanzine and a celebration is traditional for an anniversary, but 156 pages with a 3-color Staton cover is downright ostentatious. Not to mention that even the half-inch staples used to hold it together were too small; I put it in a 3-ring binder to hold it together until I could review it. From certain comments within, this would seem to be Wayne's final issue - maybe the final issue of the mag, since he obviously didn't leave any material for the next editor. Contents deal with caving; seriously, humorously, satirically, artistically, etc, along with such side issues as Kentucky strip mines and in-group jokes (most of which, unfortunately, are formed by appending a member's name to a standard joke). There is even "fan fiction" about caving, and pages printed out of order, just like a stf fanzine. And two letters from Harry Warner. The whole thing is sort of fabulous.

STAN'S WEEKLY EXPRESS #30, 35 (Box 207, Davue Station, Dayton, Ohio 45406 - weekly - 4 for \$1.00) A trade and advertising mag. Various people are trying to sell or buy comics, DOC SAVAGE, PLAYBOY, books, stf mags, various pulp mags, "Big Little Books", and so on, with notices of conventions also stuffed in. Prices seem fairly high, but below those of the more outrageous comics dealers.

LOCUS #50 thru 53 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, N.Y. 10457 - biweekly - 10 for \$2.00 in No. America; 10 for \$3.00 elsewhere) Still the #1 news mag, though it's being challenged. I hadn't read any of these before sitting down to write this review, and it's amazing how much information can be stuffed into 4 issues. Rating..7

WINNIE #42 thru 46 (Mike Ward, Box 41, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025 - biweekly - 6 for \$1.00) Smaller than LOCUS, and without the former's book and fanzine reviews, but still carrying a fair amount of news. Last 4 issues have been offset. Largely but not entirely West Coast news. Rating..6

FOCAL POINT #1 thru 5 (Rich Brown, 410 61st. St., Apt. D-4, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11220 - biweekly - 8 for \$1.00 - co-editor, Arnie Katz) These are all Vol. 2 numberings, as this is a revived newsletter. Vol. 1 was edited, a couple of years or so ago, by Brown and Mike McInerney. Does fandom really need three biweekly newsletters? No, but need is rarely a determinant in fanzine publishing. The determining factor is ego (not just for FOCAL POINT, I hasten to add; for all fanzines - or maybe just 99% of them). The FP editors, after disparaging the LOCUS publication of "pedestrian accounts of trips to Boston", are working an entirely new tack. They publish pedestrian accounts of conventions. I suppose there are fans who consider that an improvement. They did get the news that Don Bensen was leaving Berkley Books to me two days before a note from Bensen arrived (accompanying my manuscript - bah), and there is considerable other news present. (That sort of English is what comes of working in an engineering department.) It's a good, interesting newsletter; just no more so than the previous ones. Rating..6

VERTIGO #3 (Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, N.C. 27298 - irregular - no price listed) This is the newsletter of the Carolina Fan Federation, and consists of local club and area news.

OSFAN V2#5 (Linda Stochl, Rt. 1, Box 89c, House Springs, Missouri 63051 - monthly - 15¢ or \$1.75 per year) Publisher is Douglas Clark and 3 editors are listed, but Linda rakes in the money. Aside from a list of forthcoming conventions, this has mostly changed from a newsletter to a general club publication. (What happened to SIRRUIH?) Humor is emphasized, though not all the attempts at humor make good. Rating...3

LUNA MONTHLY #11, 12 (Frank and Ann Dietz, 665 Orchard St, Oradell, N.J. 07649 - 30¢, or \$3.00 per year - monthly) Digest size, multilithed. News, articles, reviews. 32 pp.



Columns on foreign and movie stf. A listing of new paperbacks and hardcovers which might give me some idea of what to look for if I'd ever actually read the list. Major emphasis on professional rather than fan news. (Which, after all, is the most interesting; I know what my friends are doing and I don't really care much about the rest of fandom, but I do have an interest in what the pros are going to do next.) Rating..6

THE HEICON FLYER #4, 5 ( Donald Lundry, RD 1, Old York Estates, Hightstown, N.J. 08520 - irregular? - for interested parties) This covers the charter flight to the Heicon. If you haven't joined by now, you're not going; there is a cutoff date for the low group fare. Material on what you need to know on a foreign trip; handling of passport, European trains, how to get by on very little money, currency exchange and what to watch for, etc. Moderately interesting if you have any idea of ever going to Europe,

DALLASCON BULLETIN #5, 6 (Dallascon Bulletin, P.O. Box 523, Richardson, Texas 75080 - quarterly - free) Quarterly? It hasn't been that long since I did reviews. A few plugs for Dallas in '73, and loads of ads, mostly on comics material, but I'm tempted by a couple of those Frazetta posters. It's free; what can you lose?

LOCUS #54 showed up; same comments as for the other issues. Also got two issues and a couple of fractionals of Dick Kney's CURSE YOU, RED BARON! but I'm dubious about reviewing them. I do enjoy them, though, Dick. And Fred Patton has been sending "Apa I leftovers" every week - I'm not really expected to review these, though, am I?

INSIDE 2001: A Space Opera (Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington D. C. 20037 - one-shot - \$1.00) The title is to be taken literally, though it's really more of an operetta than an opera. This is the libretto, but all tunes are from more or less well-known songs. I suppose I could pick nits if I worked at it, but overall it's a fine funny parody; one of the few really entertaining items I've received in fanzines lately. Rating....9

THE POINTED STAKE #1 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill. 61604 - quarterly - 20¢) N'APazine. Small, editor-written, mailing comments and editorial. Not bad.

HOLLAND-SF Vol.2#6, Vol.3#2 (Leo Kindt, Heiloststraat 206, 's-Gravenhage 2030, Nederland - 5 times a year - free for a show of interest) Printed in Dutch, but there is an "English summary" enclosed. Sometimes one feels that the summary gives one all that is of importance in an article, but occasionally it is more tantalizing than helpful. A really good article can't be adequately summarized.

VIRIDIANA #1 (Dave Womack, 132 Albany Road, Hornchurch, Essex, RM12 4AQ, Great Britain one-shot? - 1/7, or...ah, hell, send a quarter) Fiction and verse. The quality of the printing makes it hard to read, and the quality of the contents makes it not worth the effort. Rating..1

THE EARTH GAZETTE #1 (W. G. Bliss, 422 Wilmet, Chillicothe, Illinois 61523 - 50¢ - no schedule listed) Every so often somebody in fandom comes out with a "newspaper of the future". Generally these don't interest me, and this is no exception. It's quite legible, and some of the ideas are fine, but it's just not my type of humor. It might well be your type; you could always try a copy and see. Rating...3

EINBLATT #7 (Ken Fletcher, 1501 Breda Ave, St. Paul, Minn. 55108) Newsletter for the Minneapolis club.

AUSTRALIA IN '75 (Australia in '75, P.O. Box A215, Sydney South, New South Wales 2000, Australia - irregular - 50¢) Counting a couple of riders by Gary Mason, 36 pages concerning the Australian bid for the Worldcon and an effort to make the Worldcon Rotation Plan revert to where it was before St. Louis. Interesting.

HORSE FEATHERS #6 (Doug Fratz, RR #1, Accident, Maryland 21520 - quarterly? - no price listed) A CAPA-Alpha mag; mailing comments and a con report.

PEGASUS #6½ (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, Texas 77566) An interim issue, listing books published and to be published in 1970. (29)



THE WALKER WATCHWORD, Fall '69 (Walker & Co., 720 Fifth Ave, New York, N.Y. 10019 - quarterly? - free) Mostly, of course, advertising for Walker books, but with general stf news as well. Worth asking for.

BOURBON STREET BEET (Roger Nelson, 910 Royal St, New Orleans - irregular - 25¢) Three newspaper (or poster) sized sheets, not fastened together, devoted to a game called "Mafioso" (Monopoly with a gangster flavor) and a few odds and ends. Different, anyway.

INFINITUM #3 (Dave Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46220 - bimonthly - 50¢) Fiction, verse, book reviews by Ted Pauls, fanzine reviews by Lee Lavell. And an editorial, I guess. Don't type around illustrations, Dave; it makes it difficult to see which phrase follows which other phrase and a few readers like me won't bother. Oh yes; a column on art by Mike Gilbert. Excellent artwork; things sort of go downhill from there, thru fiction, verse, and Gilbert's column. Rating....5

MICROCOSM #2, 3, 4, 6 (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Drive, Indianapolis, Ind. 46226 - 20¢ - monthly "or sooner") Small, editor-written with letters in some issues. Good? Depends on how interested you are in what Dave's talking about.

ISFANEWS #2, 7, and 8 (Indiana Science Fantasy Association, 5647 Culver St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46226 - 25¢ or \$1.00 per year) Earlier issues edited by Dave Lewton; #8 by Dave Gorman. Last issue includes editorial, club news, reviews, humor, verse, and a letter from Harry Warner. Rating.....4

I also have here SHORT SLURP and ILLINOIS INDIANA POTATO SALAD CONVENTION, both one-shots, no price listed. If you're desperate for fanzines, write Jim Lavell at the ISFANEWS address. They might have extra copies stuck around in the basement somewhere.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #70 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - monthly - 50¢) Sorry, that should be bimonthly, but I'm not about to go back and conflu it out at this time of night. With this I have SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #4, 5 and 6 (monthly club newsletters) and a WSFA JOURNAL DATA SHEET, which lists club officers, fanzine staff, various types of club membership, etc. The JOURNAL itself includes a Heinlein bibliography, reviews of practically everything, letters, and both serious and humorous science articles. Rating.....8

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #35, 36, 37 (Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403 - 50¢ - "About 8 times a year") Primarily reviews; even the columnists spend a lot of time reviewing things. Plus articles about and usually by pro writers, and a huge lettercolumn. I keep dipping into it and finding something of interest and then putting it down again and forgetting about it for a couple of days. It's generally very well liked in fandom; I keep trying to find reasons why I can't get terribly interested in it when I can become interested in less literate journals. (I'm sure someone can think of a nasty remark to make, there.) Rating...7

RENAISSANCE Vol.2#2 (John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave, Berkley Heights, New Jersey 07922 - quarterly - free) A fanzine that starts off with "The Case For Eschatological Romanticism - A Reappraisal" is likely to sour me pretty quickly. Aside from bearing an unpleasant resemblance to the works of Stephen Pickering, the title is a soporific. However, the resemblance is superficial; Pierce at least uses his oversized words correctly, which Pickering didn't. And aside from his titles, Pierce's articles aren't all that bad. There are also a fair amount of book reviews. Pierce is four-square against "New Wave" fiction; more so than I am, even. (My stand is that I have plenty to read, so why worry about the publication of material I'm not interested in?) Rating....5

HECKHECK #24 (Manfred Kage, Schaesberg (L), Achter Den Winkel 41, Netherlands - no price or schedule) Co-editor is Mario Kwiat. I see the editors have discovered M. C. Escher; I enjoyed the reprints of his work. Reviews, letters, comments on the Worldcon problem, humor. Rating...6

THE SCARR #201 (George L. Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - irregular - free) George is one of fandom's best humorists, but this issue he is topped by



Bob Shaw's account of his year as a draughtsman. And "Walter Ryan" (Willis?) provides the first coherent account of the Northern Irish riots that I've read. Rating...6

SCOTTISHE #55 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - USAgent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St, Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, New York 11201 - quarterly - 30¢) This is the 15th Anniversary Issue, and contains 21 items in 70 pages. I've seen a couple of reviews saying the articles are too short, but I consider them about the right length; long fanzine material is mostly boring fanzine material. Authors include Ted Tubb, Bob Bloch, John Brunner, the Sandersons, "Penelope Fandergaste", Brian Varley, Sid Birchby, Ken Bulmer, Rick Sneary, Dick Iney, etc, and the material covers just about all bases. Mostly good, too. Rating...9

HAVERINGS #43 (Ethel Lindsay, addresses above, bimonthly - 6 for \$1.00) Ethel's comments on fanzines - the best fanzine reviews around - plus a British news section. Rating...7

MOEBIUS TRIP #4 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Illinois 61604 - "10-weekly" - 35¢) General-type mag, heavy on reviews and letters. Major discussion point is MACROSCOPE, if you're dying to attack or defend Piers... Rating...5

AKOS #3 (c/o Ricky Kagan, 26 Coolidge Ave, West Orange, N.J. 07052 - quarterly - 35¢ except for #4, which will be 50¢) Published by the Columbia University group. This sports the most striking cover I have seen on a fanzine since TRUMPET's first color effort. By Judy Mitchell, though the printer should be given an assist. Another general type, with more comments on MACROSCOPE, humor, and even a bit of fiction. Rating..7

SANDUORI #9 (Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112 - irregular - 50¢, but he prefers letters of comment) Editor-written material plus letters. Since Vardeman is one of fandom's more entertaining writers, the results are very good. Rating..7

BEABOHEMA #8 (Frank Lunney, 212 Jupiter St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951 - irregular? - 60¢) I am tempted to call this the playground of the secondrate pro writers and let it go at that. It isn't, precisely - Anthony may not be very lovable but he isn't secondrate - but it's near enough. Discussions are fine. Controversy is acceptable if it isn't overdone. But squabbles are petty, and what BAB is publishing these days are squabbles. There are also reviews, which are somewhat better. Rating...4

OUTWORLDS #2 (Bill and Joan Bowers, P.O. Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203 - bimonthly - 50¢) The numbering system requires Roman numerals, he says; unfortunately he says it on page 20. If you publish often enough, Bill, I might remember in my next review. Possibly I should read these things before reviewing them, but I doubt if I start. (Actually I use my review column to skim the fanzines, laying aside any that seem interesting for later perusal and comment.) But back to OUTWORLDS. Editor-written, plus letters, plus some fine artwork. I don't like Bowers' writing style, but he's pretty good at it (or so it seems; not liking the style, I'm no expert on it, either.) Both comments and fiction. Rating..4

NAPALM #8, 9 (Wally Conger, Route 1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, California 93420 - irregular - 15¢) A letterzine from a right-wing editor is at least different in fandom. Generally interesting, too, but now it's getting too far right for me. (I know you think I'm a reactionary, but I think I'm a Moderate.) It's interesting enough, though, that I generally find something to comment on. Rating...6

DYNAMATRON #42 from Roy Tackett, ends with the statement that he's tired of the mag and is suspending publication. So no point in reviewing it - but I'm sorry to see it go.

AMRA Vol. 2 #52 (George Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101 - irregular - 50¢) Multilithed sword-and-sorcery fanzine. Beautiful art, almost entirely by Roy Kfenkel this time. In-written material, John Brunner discusses heraldry, Poul Anderson translates a Viking poem, de Camp reviews Harold Lamb, and there are various smaller items, limericks, etc. Still one of my favorite fanzines, and I don't like s&s any better than I ever did. Rating..8



STARLING #14 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Missouri 65201 - irregular - 30¢) It's good to hear from part of the Luttrell-Couch Clan, anyway. I thought the St. Louiscon had finished you all off. Primarily devoted to pop music and jumping on J. J. Pierce, this time, along with lots of letters. Very well done; enjoyable even though I dislike pop music and have no urge to attack Pierce. Rating...5

SCYTHROP #21 (John Bangsund, 44 Hilton St, Clifton Hill, Victoria 3086, Australia - USAgent, Andy Porter - 75¢ - irregular) You can find Porter's address under SCOTTISHE. John has changed both the title and intent of AUSTRALIAN S F REVIEW. SCYTHROP is to cover any ground the editor finds interesting; from a piece of fantasy fiction to an article on Australian government actions in Bougainville. Letters, short articles and the like are lumped into one column, which solves the problem of whether one should turn a specific letter into an article. Rating...6

S F COMMENTARY #8 (Bruce R. Gillespie, P.O. Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia - \$A 3.00 for 9 issues - bimonthly?) \$A 3.00 would be about \$3.40 US, I think (I've got to get a new WORLD ALMANAC!) This is the Convention issue (Melbourne '69), with guest of honor speeches, an author panel discussion, and two pages of photos of fans. Photos came out rather well, I thought, but then of course I don't know the fans' real appearance... Much more interesting than the usual con report. Rating...6

SPECULATION #25 (Pete Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, United Kingdom - irregular - 35¢) Devoted to the more or less serious discussion of science fiction, with occasional fist-waving among the participants. (Ted White squashing Charles Platt like a bug in the letter column is a joy to behold; I admire artistic character assassination and I never did think much of Platt's egotism.) The discussions manage to be both moderately intelligent and moderately entertaining. Rating.....8

CROSSROADS #8 (Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, Rhode Island 02912 - 25¢ - irregular) Bah; here he says "summer location" is 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, Calif. 91790. I guess this is summer officially, though the furnace is running as I type this. Reviews and letters. Generally quite interesting; not so much so this time. Rating.....5

LUNA #8 (Frank and Ann Dieta, address back under LUNA MONTHLY, quadrimestrial - \$1.00 per year) That's 3 times per year publication; I ran across the word some years back and liked the sound of it, so I use it whenever possible. (Which isn't often.) This is the fanzine that reprints convention speeches. This issue has Anne McCaffrey 1969, Joanna Russ 1969, Jack Williamson 1954, and Don Wollheim 1968. Russ in particular was a pleasant surprise, since I've never cared a lot for her fiction. Rating....7

THE ESSENCE #2 (Jay Zaremba, 21,000 Covello St., Canoga Park, Calif. 91303 - irregular - 50¢) Over half of the text here (17 pages out of 30) is devoted to Richard Delap's review of the 1969 promags. Now I have nothing in particular against Delap's writing, but I'm not charmed by 17 pages of it on one subject, and not a very interesting subject to begin with. (Various people have announced that they will vote for Delap for the fanwriter Hugo, and I still can't see why. He's not at all bad, but in my estimation he's a long way from being that good. However, since some fans do think he's the best writer in fandom, here's a chance to see a fair amount of his work. You might agree with them.) There's an Andy Offutt column, letters, a Mike Gilbert artfolio, and editorial. Multilithed, digest size. Rating....5

THE NEW FORERUNNER #11 (Gary Mason, Warili Road, French's Forest, New South Wales 2086, Australia - monthly? - 20¢, or 55¢ airmail) This is the Australian newsletter, and I should have reviewed it back there with the other newsletters. (Gary will forgive me, though. I have a hold over him; I owe him money.) Fan news, pro news, comics news, etc. What seems to be a good summary of what's going on in the continent. Rating....5

THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS #5 (Ned Brooks, 703 Paul St., Newport News, Va. 23605 - irregular - free for comment - coeditor, Red Avery) Don't use red ditto masters for typing, fellas, please? That one page was quite literally unreadable. A variety of material, including fiction. Rating....3