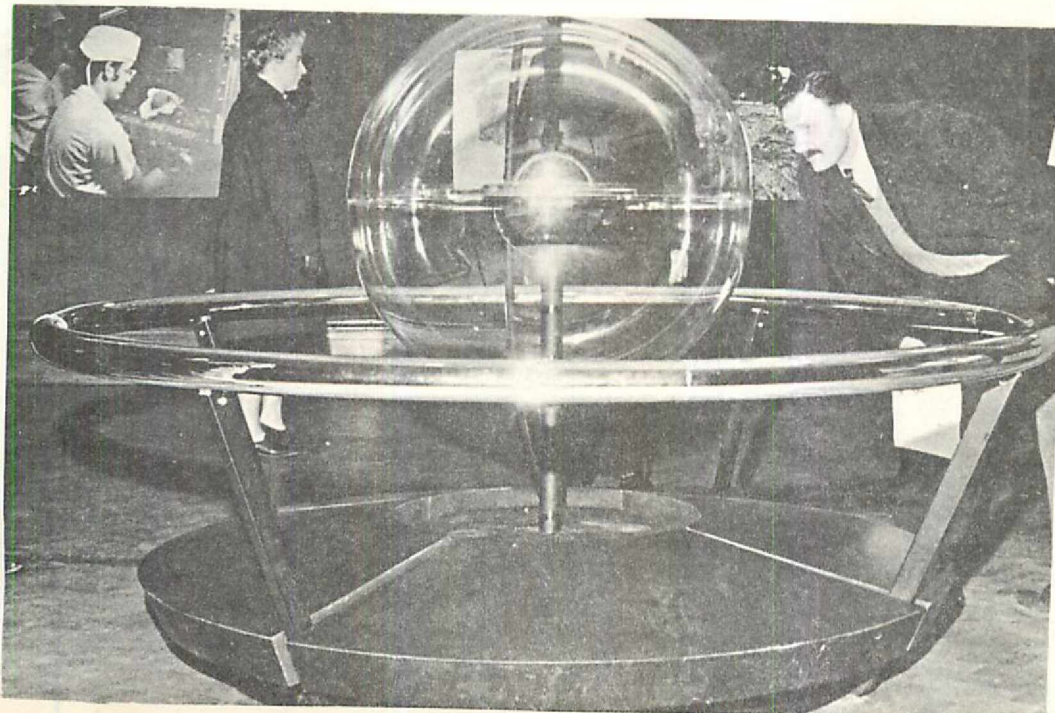
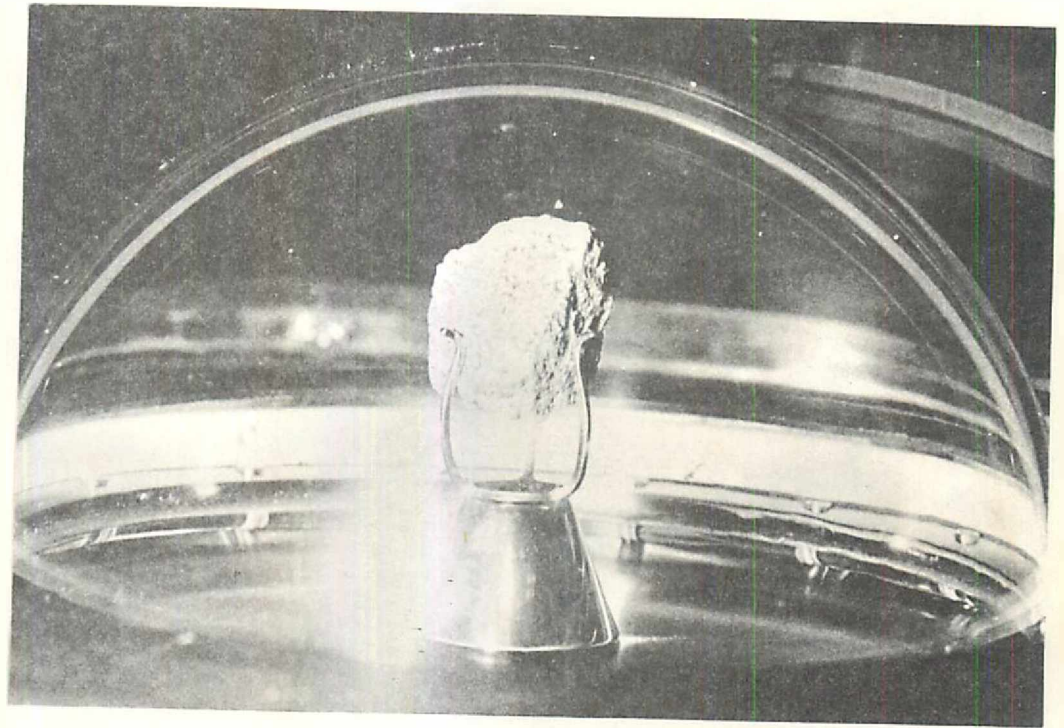


Yandro



YANDRO

#200

september '70

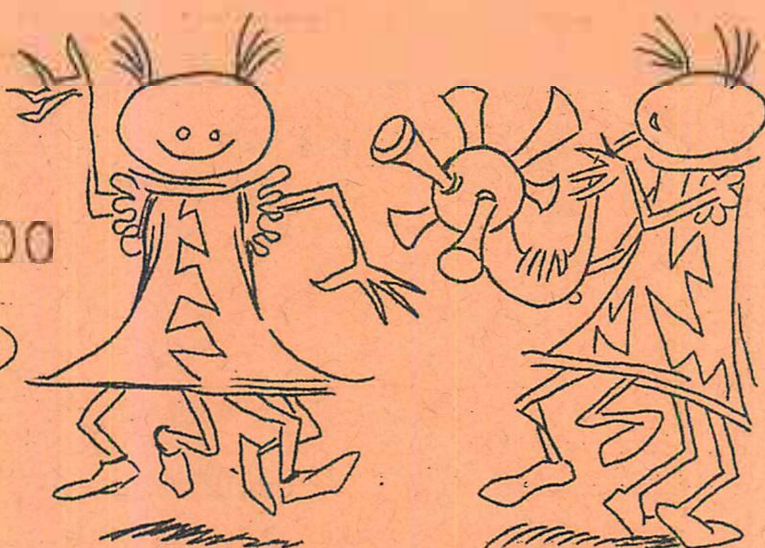
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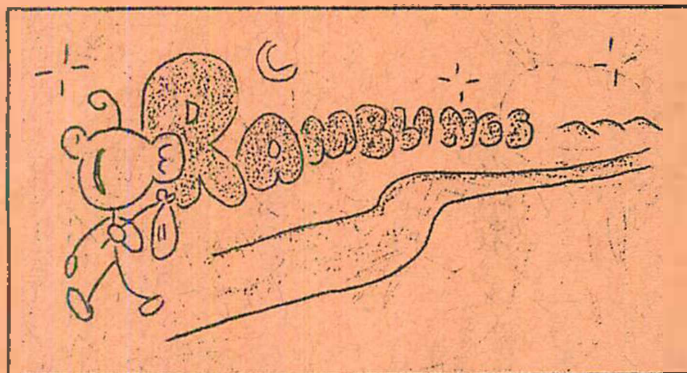
ARTWORK

Cover: Photos by John Berry, repro by Bennett Printing Co.

Bacover: DEA (reprint of YANDRO #36 cover; first issue after title change from EISFA)

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" 1 (logo) - - - - -	Dave Locke	" 26 - - - - -	Dan Osterman
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Hank Davis's material and Ron Miller's illustrations for it were first submitted to COSIGN. Bob Gaines turned them over to us at the Midwestcon, with the approval of Davis (and the presumed approval of Miller). The illos were already on stencil when we received them.



The above is a replica of the "Ramblings" heading used throughout early issues of Eisfa/Yandro. Artist: Hal Hostetler

Well, this wasn't exactly what we had in mind when we ordered paper, but it's what we got. Just think of it as a slightly askew special purchase to commemorate the 200th issue -- perhaps it's the shade people turn after having published 200 issues. No, I think grey would be more appropriate.

It would be impossible to do a thorough survey back over 200 issues. Like I spent last evening skimming those issues to pick out a few, very few, things I wanted to mention here. And I am a fast reader. But there are some reminiscences I'd like to make, and please, those of you I don't get a chance to mention, don't be offended. I thought of

you and would like to remark on each and every contributor over the years -- but it's impossible. Please understand. I'll save your names for issue #300.

To correct a continuing misunderstanding on the part of some people: This is not Buck's fanzine. At least it didn't start that way. The first editors were Juanita Wellons and Beverly Joanne Amers (now DeWeese). For that matter, it was EISFA then, rather than Yandro, though it had trended toward Yandro in all but name from #8 on. Five issues were produced on a Ball-State-College..(yes, you heard right, you late arrivals) mimeo, very furtively and not too well. There were 15 copies of the first issue, so we assume there aren't too many copies still in existence; we've done a replica of that issue for you on the inside backcover. There were 2 carbonzines, a process I would not recommend to fandom's pariahs. With issue #8 I acquired my faithful Tower and it produced issues #8 through #115. Yes, issue #100 was produced on a \$33 Sears, Roebuck machine, and not all that badly, I thought. (Not easily, but legibly.) #116 through #187 were produced on a Gestetner 120 given to us by George Scithers (with the exception of issue #186, which was forcibly removed from a multilith 1250 which a fiendish Overhead Door Company palmed off on us, and was happily removed from us by Miller Huggins Office Supplies, which traded us a Rex M4...and here we are.)

Through most of that early period I had no lightscope. I taped artwork and stencils to the window, or pulled apart the leaves of a table and put a piece of glass over the opening. Remember, Tucker? These callow youths today think nothing of starting off with a \$500 mimeo and having everything electrostencilled. Now in my day...

After the first few issues of Eisfa, meeting announcements were pushed into little almost hidden squibs and columns, articles, and fiction gradually took over the magazine. Somewhere along in there I got married, and being cautious types, we debated about a title change for over a year. By January '56 we'd decided on Yandro, did so, mentioning for several issues that this used to be called Eisfa, and then plowed grimly ahead. It is the same magazine; the change was hardly abrupt -- the club and its announcements had been defunct for some time, and the fanzine had been publishing the sort of thing it continued to publish since, as I said, issue #8 (when I acquired my very own mimeo and a fiendish conviction that I could Conquer the Universe).

In that first Yandro-titled issue (#36) we had written material by Robert Bloch, Betsy Curtis, Gene DeWeese, Bob Adams, Hal Annas, "Jack Daniels"; Lee Hoffman, Thomas Stratton, and us. Art was by Lars Bourne, Ricky Ertl, Bob Adams, Jack Harness, Chuck Spidell, Dea, and me. Incidentally, #36 was a "special issue and costs 10¢". Some things have changed, admittedly.

Columnists and contributors of written materials over the years have included (mentioning now people who no longer swing much, if at all, in these pages -- they've, in some cases, gone on to much bigger things): Marion Zimmer Bradley ("Null-F", column), Ted

White ("The Wailing Wall"-"With Jaundiced Eye" column), Rog Ebert, Hal Annas, James R. Adams, Ricky Ertl (Argentine revolutionary we're afraid got caught in one of the coups), Les Gerber, Kent Moomaw, Alex Panshin (first in #137), and Bo Stenfors. Bo is still with us, I'm happy to say, in the art department.

And artists. Hal Hostetler, Chuck Spidell, Bob Adams, and Marv Bryer were staunch mainstays during the early issues of Yandro. One by one they gafiated or moved on to other things. Then we met some other artists. Dan Adkins first appeared here in issue #38, Jim Cawthorn with #119, Atom #123, Bjo #59, Randy Scott #89, Eddie Jones (now gone prc, along with Jim Cawthorn) #39, Robert E. Gilbert #40. The artist who has appeared steadily for the longest period in Yandro (excepting myself) is DEA, Margaret Dominick.

'56 was the year we sort of went into gear. It was the year we made the title switch and went off on our own in everything as well as spirit and the year we first acquired our faithful British agent, Alan Dodd, who also started his "A Doddering Column" in our pages. Along in there, somewhere, too (I think) Tucker's "A Doric Column" appeared in Yandro -- until he decided we didn't need his propping up anymore, we'd safely passed the shaky neo stage (well after a hundred issues) and moved over to somebody else.

Ramblings was here from the start, Grumblings just sort of grew, Rumblings began when Buck and I were married (first issue we produced together, legally -- he'd been "helping out" since '53 -- was September '54), and Golden Minutes and Strange Fruit both first saw day in issue #30.

There are sad memories. Fans whom we met through the pages of Yandro and who are no longer with us, such as Kent Moomaw, Seth Johnson, and Lewis Grant. Gafiation or the "moving on" phenomenon don't bother us; but when the life is gone and that person is no longer enjoying things here, that's depressing.

And there are happy memories. Publishing a fanzine is worth it just for the marvelous people you meet, people you otherwise might never have known -- certainly not as well. People like George Scithers, Kay Anderson, Liz Fishman, the Thompsons, etc. George, especially, deserves heartfelt thanks; without his gifts of the Gestetner 120 and the German addressing gadget, I sincerely feel we never would have made 200 issues.

But then, of course, if I hadn't married Buck in '54, you probably wouldn't even have known this fanzine as Yandro at all. It would have folded while it was still Eisfa. Pass the word around as a dedication of sorts: It's All Buck's Fault. JWC

A COLUMN bruce e. coulson

As Dad mentioned in his editorial, we went to Conner Prairie museum. I saw a groundhog thresher (what can you do with threshed groundhog, I wonder?) and bought a white rabbit pelt. (That for you, Liz Fishman!)

At the Indian museum, I was almost et alive by a friendly husky. It happened like this: after the tour was over, I asked the guide-manager?-owner? whether the dogs outside were friendly. He said yes, and I went out to pet them (I have liked dogs ever since I was three and ran to embrace every dog I saw, yelling "Doggie!"). The one I was petting wrapped his chain around my leg and started biting my foot, having chained me to the spot. Dad managed to extricate me, though.

Ah, school! The sound of hammering, the smell of fresh concrete, the sight of unfinished rooms. I am going to a school which is only three-quarters completed. The science room is unfurnished, the shop and English rooms will not move to their permanent rooms for a month, the first floor is uncompleted, the lockers are not done... Oh well, it cuts down on school work.

I intend to be the first fan to inherit a fanzine, so look for new editorship in Yandro 301. Pax mundus. BEC



A Czechoslovakian Chesley Bonestell appears in the August NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC. Ludek Pesek is the name, and he has some magnificent astronomical pointings.

This is the 200th YANDRO; a fabulous feat of endurance and all that. The leaders are still Taurasi's FANTASY TIMES/S F TIMES, with some 400 issues (the exact number depending on how you count, since at the end he was in the habit of running, or at least mailing, several "issues" at a time; but a lot of issues, anyway you count it) and Andy Porter's S F WEEKLY with I believe 237 issues. We are celebrating with a slightly larger than usual issue (I think that most of you will notice the fact, but we do have new-

comers.) The item by Jim Landau was presented to Anne McCaffrey at the St. Louiscon. It had no return address on it, and she has so far been unable to locate him in order to thank him for it. She wrote to us in an attempt to locate him; we didn't help any, but I said I'd like to publish the material and Anne agreed. I've held off so far in the hopes that Landau would turn up, but he hasn't. So if anyone out there knows Jim Landau, would you please contact either Anne McCaffrey or myself - or both? He has a thank-you and a contributor's copy coming. It was originally untitled; I couldn't pass up the chance to swipe from a folksong for a title. I think the rest of the material is self-explanatory, especially to the regular readers. (If there are any questions, hold up your hands - I have very good binoculars.....)

This has been a busy time. Between Midwestcon and Pecon we drove to Milwaukee to see the DeWeeses. Then there was an Indianapolis club meeting, a visit by Bob Gaines and family, and a visit by the Luttrells, on their way back from the Toronto con, and a long visit by Don and Maggie Thompson. Lovely times, all of them (though they do interfere with things like reading and writing and getting fanzines published,...) I have no particular love for the average fan, but it would be nice to live closer to the DeWeeses, Gaineses, Thompsons and Luttrells. (But a bit hard, since they live in Wisconsin, Ohio, and Missouri....)

Juanita mentioned the Rambler quitting us on the way to the Pecon. We took it in to the garage when we got back, and the garage sent us to a "radiator expert" named Minneman, who lives out in the country about 10 miles from us. He said we needed a new radiator and suggested we try the junk yards. We did, several of them, finally finding a man named Love who runs a small junkyard in Montpelier and works in a huge one in Fort Wayne. He said he could get us a radiator from the Ft. Wayne yard. The first couple of times we tried to pick it up he'd forgotten to get it, but finally he had one. We took it out to Minneman's (Montpelier is 5 miles from us, in another direction from Minneman.) Next day, Minneman calls; he's tested radiator and it's no improvement over what he had. Juanita returns radiator to Love. Love, after another day's delay, provides second radiator, which we take to Minneman. Minneman tests it, rejects it, and we return it to Love. Love gets third radiator, and we take it to Minneman. Minneman calls next day and we take radiator back to Love. Love returns our money (I had paid for the thing in advance) and says that's all he can supply. Next day is Saturday, so I drive the Chevy in town, leave it to be greased and have the oil changed, and walk over to order a \$50 radiator from Sears and do some other shopping. Get back to the car and the filling station attendant says that I'd better get the front universal joint replaced without delay because it's about to fall apart. I take the car home and drive my mother-in-law's car to work until the radiator arrives for the Rambler. Another payday arrives and I arrange to take the Chevy in to the garage, or

actually Juanita arranges to take it over. Comes the day and she doesn't take it; it won't start. (Okay, I know I was going to have to get a new battery before winter, but now? Yes, now. So, next week I get a battery and maybe next payday I get the universal joint repaired. Until then, it sits in the yard.

I cry a lot these days.....

Item in the Fort Wayne paper; the Allen County sheriff, who is up for re-election this year, attended the 4-H fair and bought \$1350 worth of prize animals (one sheep, one steer, and one barrow), plus a \$20 chicken that didn't even win. Your city politicians don't have that kind of campaign expenses, I bet. Fort Wayne is getting up there, though. They're having a full curfew; everyone off the streets after 7:00 PM. The kids started rioting a little early, and the mayor wants a quiet Labor Day. He has objections to burning down buildings to provide fireworks. (The idea that certain residents don't like their fair city is a new one for the administration there... as I said, we're a bit out of it, here.)

In fact, we drove around to some museums yesterday, which was the Saturday of the Labor Day weekend, going through several Indiana communities including Indianapolis. The only dangerous black we saw was a man who was threatening to drive his Oldsmobile into oncoming traffic because he was paying more attention to the houses he was passing than he was to his driving. Shopping for a new residence, apparently. We did find a couple of fine museums. Connor Prairie is a huge place; an early settlement, with original houses (though some were originally at other spots and have been moved in) and a fine assortment of early tools, machinery, household goods and the like. Including the best-preserved still I've ever seen; I think you could start it up tomorrow. Most of the stuff was extremely well preserved. This is operated by Earlham College, and is one of the finest historical museums I've seen, barring the giant ones like Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago and of course things like the Smithsonian. The other museum we saw was the Museum of Indian Heritage, in Indianapolis. Small but nice. Aside from almost getting licked to death by a Malemute puppy outside, it was fun. I'm getting to the point where there isn't much in a museum that I don't know about (though Connor Prairie had a few items new to me), but I find it interesting to see them in actuality. Museum of Indian Heritage was in the midst of renovating; we'll probably go back in a month or so when they're finished. (And when I have some more money so I can pick up some souvenirs.)

Aside from museum tours, this is a weekend for doing some final housework; putting up the vhf tv antenna that I got a couple of months ago, replacing our temporary setup for the phonograph and records with a permanent one, etc. By the time the next visitors arrive, we might even be thoroughly settled in.

The books and magazines keep coming in. FORGOTTEN FANTASY #1 appeared on the local news stand; I picked up BIZARRE FANTASY #1 in Wabash, while driving up to see my father. On the other hand, LOCUS reports that VISION OF TOMORROW is folding, due to poor distribution. (Poor distribution is right; I was getting them from Ken Slater and I missed two issues....) I can think of stf mags that I would rather see fold; VISION was one of the pleasant ones. Naturally, while I'm busy paying auto bills, the latest AMERICAN HERITAGE history arrived; they have exquisitely bad timing. Fortunately, their book on Norman Rockwell won't be out until next month. (Juanita gets an art book on Dore's etchings; I'm getting one on Norman Rockwell. Shows the basic difference in our approach to art.)

According to LOCUS, Los Angeles won an unopposed bid for the '72 Worldcon. So I guess we'll see you in L.A. in '72, since we're sort of obligated to be there. (Dunno if we'll make Boston next year or not. We may have to save up for a new car, but we'll make it if possible.) In the meantime, there are myriad midwest regionals.

Now if that mimeo paper I ordered will just show up..... Of course, the minute I fill up this stencil I'll remember an announcement I intended to make. (Well, there's still the contents page...)

DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK

article by john berry

A small, walnut-sized piece of Moon-rock made a triumphal tour of Ireland in January 1970, and I'd like to write a little article about it; not only because the occasion itself is memorable, and not only because of the extreme excitement it roused amongst the populace, but because, to me, the reason for this article is the culmination of my career as a fannish writer. When I started to write for fanzines in 1954, space travel was usually accepted as being, to quote a sceptic at that time, "pure dribble". Now the full circle has turned, as we believers knew it would.

* * * * *

The Ulster Museum is really an imposing facade for very little. For example, my collection of fossils is much better than the one they have on display. The only attraction at the museum is an Egyptian mummy with the linen bandages carefully removed around the head to expose a brown face, very much creased, with a bewildered expression in it. On January 1970, Monday the 12th, to be exact, the museum was closed for renovations, but one wing of it was especially opened for two days for the rock to be displayed.

The walls of a large room were painted a very matt black, and in the centre was constructed a circular dais about six feet in diameter. From this, four wooden supports thrust upwards and outwards at an angle of 45 degrees, and they supported a circular chrome railing for the spectators to grip if the whole thing became too much for them. In the centre of the dais, supported by a thick metal rod, was a transparent globe about (as I heard one Queen's University student opine) two feet square. In the dead centre of the globe was a pyramid-shaped metal holder from which rose two slightly circular prongs of metal, rather in the shape of a deer's antlers. And nestling in the prongs was the Moon-rock. This unique centre-piece was illuminated by subtle neon tubing which circumnavigated the globe around the equator.

It was quite a stunning effect, to enter this black room, and see the illuminated globe in the centre.

Of course, I was utterly thrilled as I gazed at the moon rock. It was, to me, obviously alien, a greyish color, with little black specks all over it. It sort of throbbed there in its majesty. However, the native Belfasters are a cynic, and one man, in a cloth cap and muffler asserted, in a challenging voice, that it was a cinder from the gasworks. Us intellectuals, of course, knew it for what it was, but I decided not to attempt to correct him, because the Belfasters, besides being a cynic, is also prepared to back up his argument with two bunches of knuckles.

At the time of my visit, I was travelling in a car with a police photographer, because we were visiting scenes of housebreakings in Belfast. I asked the uniformed attendant (his peaked cap was held up by his rather outsize ears) if we could take photographs.

"Press?" he asked.

"Police," I replied.

"Yes," he said.

The photographer took half a dozen snaps of me gazing at the illuminated orb and, surreptitiously, the attendant sneaked up to me and handed me a document issued by the 'United States Information Service' at the American Embassy, via the Consul in Belfast. He said that this was the only copy left. He tapped a finger at the line which stated that the rock would be encased in a 36 inch plexiglass sphere 'closely guarded by two

security men'. I don't know where the other security man was, but, frankly, I wouldn't have trusted them with my budgie.

The local press gave the display a big write-up. I'd like to quote a paragraph from the Irish Times, dated 13:Jan:1970:

'From almost the moment the exhibition opened until it closed last night at 9pm, a steady stream of wide-eyed Belfast people filed past the global bier of a particularly dead looking heavenly body. Scientific Engineering students from Queen's University and amateur astronomers seemed frustratingly au fait with the running commentary -- nodding their heads and exchanging knowledgeable glances. Mothers with young children seemed slightly disconcerted that the offspring, initially wooed inside the building by the multi-colored advertisement in the grounds of the museum, seemed ultimately more interested in the technicolour slide shots, which are on view in the main hall and show, among other things, Vice President Spiro Agnew clapping his hands with delight as Apollo 11 takes off from Cape Kennedy and other clean-cut Americans beaming with pride as their country takes off to at least one corner of the galaxy.'

On Wednesday, 14th January 1970, the moon rock was moved to Armagh, the county town of County Armagh, the ecclesiastical capital of the whole of Ireland, both north and south (although it is actually in Northern Ireland), and the situation of an astronomical observatory and a new planetarium.

The News Letter of the 15th lead with this headline: MOON ROCK HIT IN ARMAGH.

To the uninitiated; this could possibly have meant that a massive chunk of moon rock had literally blasted the place; but the story dealt at length with the considerable enthusiasm for this rock, as compared with that in Belfast:

'Armagh feels that it has done better than Belfast in regard to popular interest in the moon rock. A total of 4,007 adults and children -- equivalent to one-third of the population of Armagh -- saw the cinder from space at the Planetarium yesterday. Had Belfast done as well on the population basis, the total attendance at the Ulster Museum in Belfast would have been 130,000 instead of 32,974.

Tonight the U.S. Embassy people from Eire came up and took away the moon rock in a truck, for exhibition in Dublin.'

The Irish Press of Friday January 16th had a most unfortunate mis-print. First of all, its writer opined that the moon rock resembled 'a piece of poor quality anthracite', then he continued:

'The priceless sample -- and, an Embassy official told me, not insured -- was brought back to earth by astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin of the Apollo 11 Moon flight. Recovered from the Sea of Tranquility ((now wait for it)) it is believed to be a bolt 3,500 million years old.'

We know, of course, that this should have read 'about', but I do feel that the press all over the world (I speak with authority because my space clippings, now filling many files, are worldwide) is decidedly flippant about space matters. Except for national newspapers who have scientists doing their space columns, occasions like this moon-rock display are presumably given to the sports reporter, or the crime hack, to deal with. Most certainly the Irish Times writer mentioning 'clean-cut Americans beaming with pride as their country takes off to at least one corner of the galaxy' knows absolutely nothing about the disposition of our own Solar System as regards its utterly insignificant section of our own Milky Way.

This little chunk of moon rock left Ireland at about 6.30pm on Thursday night, 15th January, to be taken 'by diplomatic courier via London to Houston, Texas.'

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT: From "Outlaw Blood", by L. R. Sherman, THRILLING WESTERN MAGAZINE #2 -- /The stagecoach with the gold shipment is approaching the ambush/ "They had almost reached the plateau when everything seemed to happen at once. A ringing curse came from the driver as he stepped on the accelerator and the car sprang forward. There was the sound of a shot and the coach stopped suddenly, with a scream of brakes, as a front tire blew out." This is also the story where everyone's guns "belch" fire, presumably because they aren't being fed the right ammunition.

PEERING AROUND

column by

JOE L. HENSLEY

I am, like most of you, an omnivorous reader. I read anything and everything and have done this all of my life. I learned to read before I began grade school. I can remember, later, going to the public library and, because I couldn't remove adult books, reading them at the "quiet" tables. Soon I learned the dodge of telling the librarians that I was getting books for my mother. Telling untruths didn't come easily for me then. Later, I went to law school.

Much science fiction bores me. I wish it weren't so and I don't consciously want to be put to sleep by what I'm reading, but it happens. Much other fiction does the same for me.

But let me share with you some books that I've read over the past few months that have been worth remembering: First, all of the books of Dick Francis, an ex-jockey who writes suspense novels. This lad builds the best villains the world has yet seen. I abominate mysteries of the "English" or "British" variety, but Francis is something else.

John D. MacDonald. I'll stop anything when I get one of his new books. Once or twice I've been disappointed, but the man is a fine story teller.

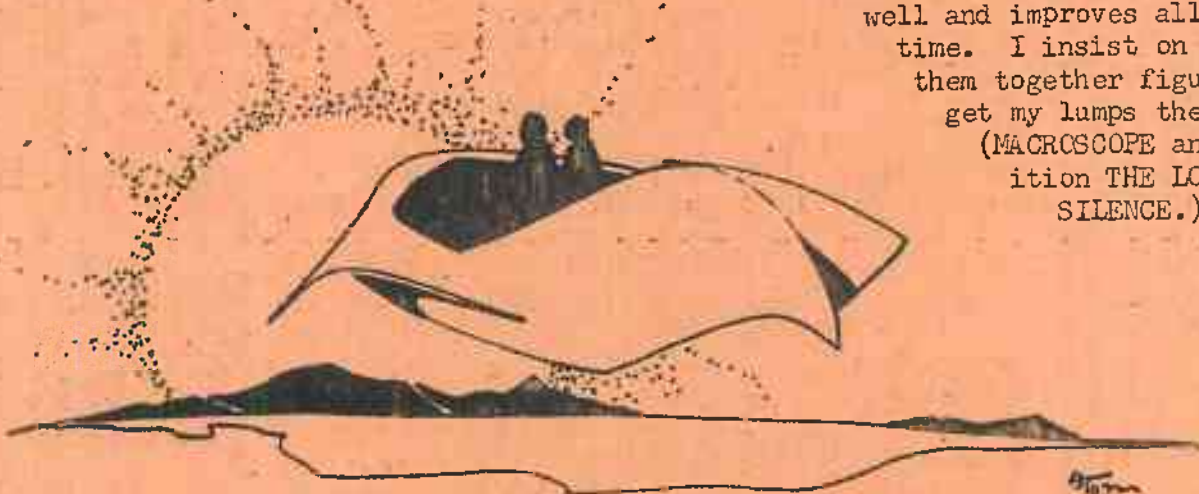
Ted White. I reserve the right to pick at Ted, but I've liked his books.

LET THE FIRE FALL. This is the first thing of Kate's that I haven't yawned through. If I were Hugo voting this year and had the chance I'd vote for this one. It's an outstanding novel.

I'm a sucker for war novels and for football novels. I suppose I'm a low class clot, but nevertheless... Too many to name.

THE GLASS TEAT. Harlan and I agree on little and lots. I can't do it his way, but he is engaging and this book is, in addition to caustic social comment, first class entertainment.

Piers Anthony and Bob Tucker, or Bob Tucker and Piers Anthony. Tucker was good and now he's better than that. Piers started well and improves all of the time. I insist on lumping them together figuring I'll get my lumps therefore.
(MACROSCOPE and new edition THE LONG LOUD SILENCE.)



LOGAN'S RUN: I've seen this panned a place or two. To me it was first class stuff.

KING OF PARIS: If you read at all then you can read this. A completely interesting book. Guy Endore.

Lafferty. At least when he tells a story. Sometimes he doesn't but just plays cutely.

What I did was to look at a pile of books I'd read in the past few months for the above. You would be surprised at some of the stuff in that pile that didn't make the list. For example: STAND ON ZANZIBAR, which I can't get interested in; THE AGE OF THE PUSZYFOOT, which was fluff; and a couple of Silverberg novels that others have raved about.

I am, like I say, a clot. I can see no reason why I should like RITE OF PASSAGE and find STAND ON ZANZIBAR unreadable. Nor why I should find Alex's later books mostly tedious. Nor why Silverberg, whom I like and admire, should turn me off. Certainly others like these books. Maybe they just left something out of me.

I can't read Phil Dick either.

Heaven help me.

In 1951 I was recalled to the navy and soon wound up at Corpus Christi, Texas.

That's where I began writing. I rented a typer for like five bucks per month and I had to do something to make it worthwhile. So I wrote. And I sold some stuff. I sold to some of the navy slick journals and to Fiction House, which published Planet. Then there was law school, where I only wrote after exams were over and before the new semester began. After that were the years of practice when time was limited and responsibility great. There were the years of being in the General Assembly and the years of being Prosecuting Attorney. I wrote little.

You'd think things would slow down, but they don't.

I have managed to quiet the night time down. The phone rings, but my shortness of temper is known and only the most insensitive of clients call me after dark. So that time now belongs to me and I guard it jealously. It's my time for reading and, occasionally, writing. Science fiction telephone calls, welcome!

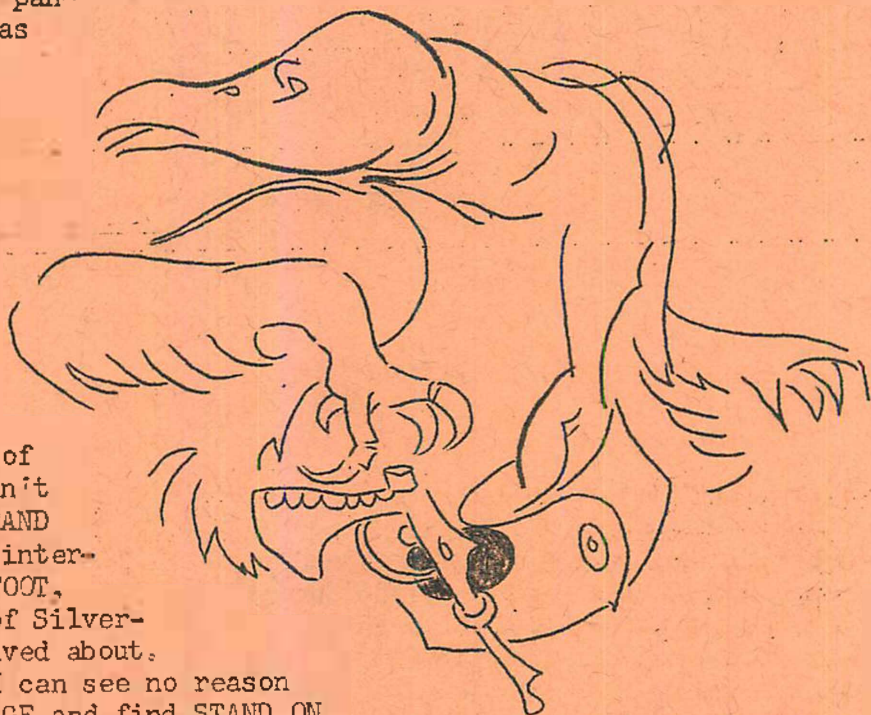
This year I've already done a wad. I've done two short stories, and one article, plus ten thousand words on an sf novel that might work out, and ten thousand words on a new suspense novel that probably will work out. I just shipped this last bit off recently to Virginia, my agent. That's a couple of years' output for me.

I'm (shudder) growing prolific.

Save yourselves while there's yet time.

I have a fair outlook about things that I write. Despite having sold a lot of things I still consider myself to be an amateur. I'm a science fiction fan and not really a writer. So I'm happy when something sells and not too disappointed when it doesn't sell. I like to be around writers and hear shoptalk and I can read and re-read the SFWA Bulletin market section, but talk about specific technical things sometimes leaves me cold. I've found that I have more fun at some fan parties than I do at some parties that are restricted to professionals. This isn't always true, but many times it is. As the years go on I have less patience for those things I really don't like so I've quit fighting my own inclinations and just ride with them.

These days I find I'm more interested, for example, in watching girls than in talking shop. I find further that too many J&M Beans makes Joe a dull boy for several days



thereafter.

I find that I'm more of a planner and an observer and commentator than a doer.

What all of this last leads up to and what I keep wondering about and wondering about: Perhaps I've caught Hoypong, from which no one has ever recovered.

Or perhaps I'm the son of his quiet year.

Heaven help me again -- assure me I'm not related to Tucker.

"Honestly, how could Ivanhoe have picked that dumb blonde, Rowena, over Rebecca?

....Richard Armour, The Classics Reclassified

LHUDE SING COCU

by J. R. Christopher

The Consultation on Church Union (COCU), a discussion group of various churches, has been meeting since 1962 to plan a united Church; the members are the African Methodist Episcopal Church, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), the Christian Methodist Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church in the U.S., the Protestant Episcopal Church, the United Church of Christ, the United Methodist Church, and the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. They have drawn up some plans for church government, although not all theological details have been settled. (Their tentative name, the Church of Christ United, keeps the COCU designation.)

I understand that one of their problems has been a split between the Episcopal insistence on wine in the Communion - since Jesus drank wine at the Last Supper - and the Methodist emphasis on grape juice, due to that church's temperance tradition. I believe this is being compromised by letting each congregation decide for itself. But I would like to suggest that a better solution exists: wine vinegar.

This suggestion has three decided advantages. First, the Episcopalians would have to agree that this was fermented grape juice, so it would fit their insistence. Second, the Methodists would have to agree that no one would be likely to get drunk on it, so it would be suitable for their temperance plank. Third, when the Church of Christ United, following its union, engages in some future discussion with the Roman Catholics, the Catholics would not have theological qualms about the Eucharistic rite. They understand it as a sacrifice, and certainly they would have to agree that it would be a real sacrifice for each communicant to partake.

"How does a whaler demonstrate how big the one was that got away?"

....Richard Armour, same as above

AN ILL BIRD DOES NOT FOUL SPACE

by Raymond L. Clancy

Man does not hesitate to burn his own

Nor all the crops his fellows may have grown.

He scatters filth and death all over earth,

But dreads he may contaminate the moon.

NEW ADDRESSES:

Don Bensen, Eagle Books, 101 Fifth Ave, New York N.Y. 10003

Mike Barrier, Box 5229, Brady Station, Little Rock, Ark. 72205

Bill Bruce, P.O. Box 45330, Houston, Texas 77045

STAR HIKE

HANK DAVIS

(FADE IN ON THE STARSHIP INITIATIVE, SEEN FROM ABOVE. CLOSE IN ON THE PRIMARY HULL.)
(CUT TO THE BRIDGE. CAPTAIN QUIRK IN CENTER, SEATED IN THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.)

Captain James T. Quirk tired of rocking his chair from side to side and called to Lt. Yoochoora: "Lieutenant, send a message to Starfleet Command. Tell them that I want a chair that rocks up and down as well as from right to left. If I had one, I wouldn't have to keep going to

my quarters so often."

"You have a rocking chair in your quarters, Captain?" the attractive, dark-skinned girl asked.

Quirk looked around at her, noticing that she seemed to be putting on weight. "No, a rocking horse. The Director thought that having one in my room would be a nice Bradburyish touch."

Mr. Zpock looked up from the hooded screen at his post and blue light spilled over his face. "Captain, I find this religion of yours quite illogical. This polytheism that you subscribe to: that the universe was made by a god you call the 'Producer' and our destiny is controlled by another deity called the 'Director', who takes orders from a constantly changing retinue of gods called 'Script Writers' -- all very illogical."

"Hah, hah," Quirk scoffed. "Logic is not the answer to everything, Mr. Zpock. There's always astrology. And besides, the exercise that I get on that hobby horse is very useful. We have to watch what we do, or we'll be in trouble with the Censor."

"I find it most interesting that all human religions find it necessary to postulate a demon-figure," said Zpock.

"You see, Zpock, we all have to watch our steps and not do anything that's a no-no. And with all these girls bouncing around in those short-short-short skirts, and me not allowed to touch any of them, I have to get sublimation somehow. Of course, Mr. Zpock, you are so unemotional that you don't have to worry about such things."

Mr. Zpock raised his left eyebrow by three-sixteenths of an inch.

"Mr. Zpock," Quirk said, "you just raised your left eyebrow by three-sixteenths of an inch, which means that you know something I don't."

"That is scarcely a new state of affairs, Captain."

Quirk sat in his chair and pouted for a few seconds, but his attention was suddenly fixed upon the pilot console in front of him. "Mr. Sululu," he said, "I appreciate your keeping your post clean, but must you keep that moth-eaten mop there with you?"

"That's no mop, Captain!" the perpetually cheerful Oriental said. "That's Chekov."

Only mildly embarrassed, in a pure and captainly way, Quirk leaned back in his chair and gazed at the viewscreens that rimmed the ceiling of the bridge. He wondered briefly why they always showed the same pretty pictures.

It was a lovely day and all the instruments were werping, going werp, werp, werp. And there were also the ones that went zeep, zeep, zeep. Most of the noises were not so bad, except on days when the Captain came on the bridge with a hangover.

Just then the door slid open and Dr. McCrab entered.

"Bones," Quirk asked, "how is it that you manage to keep the sickbay running and still have so much time to hang around the bridge?"

"Well, Jim, as a doctor on a military vessel, I have to be ready to perform all

manner of medical tasks, so I have studied dentistry extensively. Consequently, part of my work requires that I be on the bridge."

"And what work is that?"

"Why, bridgework, of course."

"I think we'd best burn that bridge behind us. I notice that not only are you scowling, Bones, but your eyes are wide open. Are you about to tell me that a crisis is upon us?"

"Well, Jim, the reason that my eyes are wide open is that I was leafing through a girlie magazine a few minutes ago. But as a matter of fact, a crisis is approaching. A disaster is going to happen in a matter of seconds."

(CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF QUIRK'S FACE. HIS JAW DROPS AND HIS MOUTH OPENS WIDE. CUT TO VIEW OF STARS.

(VOICE: Space. The lastest frontier of them all.

(STARSHIP FLIES PAST THE VIEW, GOING PUTT-PUTT-PUTT. CUT TO STARSHIP MOVING AWAY FROM VIEWER, BUT MOVING IN AN ARC AROUND AN ORANGE PLANET.

(VOICE: These are the voyages of the starship Initiative. Her thirteen-week mission, renewable at the option of the network: to explore strange New Worlds, as well as Analog editorials; to seek out new civilizations...

(CUT TO STARSHIP DESCRIBING ARC AROUND ORANGE PLANET, THIS TIME MOVING TOWARDS VIEWER.

(VOICE: ...to go around the same orange planet every week; to boldly go where nobody was nutty enough to go before!

(TITLE ON SCREEN: STAR HIKE

(INSERT COMMERCIAL.

(CUT TO INITIATIVE GOING AROUND A PLANET, MOVING TOWARD THE VIEWER. IT'S THAT SAME FURSHLUGGINER PLANET, BUT TINTED GREEN THIS TIME. TITLE ON

SCREEN: "UNTIMELY RIPPED." DISSOLVE TITLE,

FADE IN CREDITS: BY HANK DAVIS. DISSOLVE,

FADE IN: BASED ON A DIRTY JOKE MADE BY HANK

DAVIS WHILE WATCHING FANTASTIC VOYAGE. DIS-

SOLVE CREDITS AS STARSHIP CONTINUES ON ITS

ARC AND STARTS AWAY FROM THE VIEWER AND

CAPTAIN QUIRK'S VOICE COMES IN.

(QUIRK: Captain's Log, Stardate 1.414141414. Dr. McCrab has just told me that a disaster is about to happen. Gee, I wish he'd tell me what it is so I can shut my mouth.

(CUT TO SAME CLOSE-UP OF QUIRK AS BEFORE. QUIRK STILL HAS HIS MOUTH OPEN.)

"You can shut your mouth now, Jim," McCrab said. "The disaster is over."

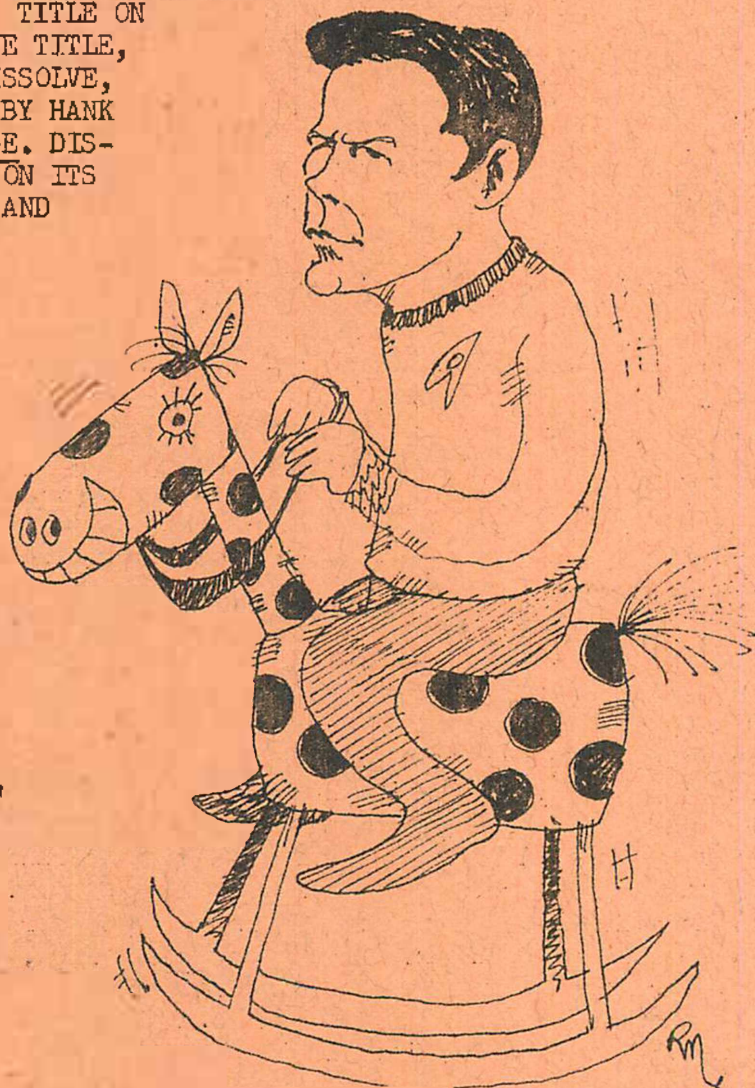
"Hah?" Quirk said, closing his mouth. "What was it?"

"The commercial, of course."

"These metaphysical absurdities of yours are highly illogical," said Mr. Zpock.

"Don't pay no mind to him, Jim-boy," McCrab counseled. "I never could trust anybody who didn't like fried chicken and hominy grits, and a mint julep or two. Anyway, Jim, we have another crisis coming up.

"It's already time for the



next commercial."

"No, Jim. Worse than that."

"You mean it's time for the network to renew the option for the series?"

"Your religious mythology," Zpock observed, "is most interesting, postulating as it does that evil is more powerful than good. Your devil-figure, the Censor, is allied with other evil beings who are more powerful than the Producer or the Director; namely, the multiple-personality entities of the Network and the Sponsor. Illogical."

"You talk too much, Zpock. No, Jim, it's even worse than that. I gave Yoohoora her physical yesterday. Have you noticed anything different about her lately?"

"Seems to be putting on a little weight."

"Right, Jim. She's going to have a baby."

"And that's the crisis? I see. That'll get us in dutch with the Censor."

"Not at all, Jim. That sort of thing happens all the time in the soap-operas. The real trouble is who the father is."

"Who?"

Mr. Zpock arose from his chair and left his post, walking over to the Captain's chair. "I cannot tell a lie, Captain. It is I."

"Zpock! You? What do you have to say for yourself?"

"It beats hell out of riding a rocking horse, Captain."

"Exactly what is the nature of the crisis, Bones?" Quirk asked.

"Well, Jim, we've had both of our pointy-eared friend's parents on the show..."

"A very peculiar name for the universe: 'the show'," Zpock said disapprovingly.

"...so everyone's had the chance to see that they have white skins. His father has pointy ears, but down South they don't care about that, or I.Q., or education. It's the skin color that counts. So we've got a clear-cut case of miscegenation on our hands. And we're liable to lose the Southern viewers in droves, and there go the ratings. Phhhht!"

"This is undoubtedly the strangest aspect of your theology," said Zpock. "The sheep-god that has two hundred million heads and spends eternity eating garbage. It seems nonsensical for you to call such a creature 'the Viewer'."

"A case of mis-, mis-,..." Quirk stammered. "Bones, what's that word again?"

"Open your mouth again and rest easy, Jim-boy. You can look it up in the dictionary during the commercial."

(CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF QUIRK'S MOUTH, SHOWING THAT HE HAS THIRTY PER CENT FEWER CAVITIES. INSERT COMMERCIAL.)

(CUT TO INITIATIVE AGAIN MAKING AN ARC AROUND GREEN PLANET.)

(QUIRK'S VOICE: Captain's Log, Stardate 2.718281828. We are faced with a crisis without precedent in Starfleet history. After careful deliberation, we have decided that the best thing to do is to prevent the birth.)

(CUT TO QUIRK SITTING IN HIS CHAIR, TALKING INTO CHAIRARM.)

"Dr. McCrab is performing the abortion at this time," Quirk ended the entry in the log and rose from the chair. "Mr. Sululu, if anybody wants me, I'll be in my quarters, riding my rocking horse." He started for the elevator, but, just then, McCrab entered.

"Look at that, just look at that!" McCrab shouted, waving a hot, smoking, shapeless piece of metal in Quirk's face.

"What is it?" the Captain asked.

"It used to be a coathanger."

"How many times do I have to tell you, Bones, that the anti-matter reactors generate too much heat to be used for toasting marshmallows?"

"You don't understand, Jim. The abortion was a failure. The embryo protected itself by releasing energy somehow and melting the coathanger that I was using to perform the abortion."

"With all the modern instruments at your disposal, you used a coathanger?"

"You know me, Jim-boy. I'm just an old country doctor. The old ways are the best. Of course, I sometimes have trouble doing it the old way. Had to draw up the specifications for a coathanger and give them to Scotchey so that he could make one. But that's beside the point. That embryo isn't any ordinary embryo -- it's some kind of super-powerful life form."

"Maybe if you used an asbestos coathanger..."

The elevator arrived and Zpock entered through the sliding door; unfortunately, before it had slid open. Kicking the pieces out of the way, he walked to the Captain's chair. "Captain, my sensor readings indicate that the mysterious emanation from the embryo was a combination of Vulcan psionic energy and Black Power. Such a potent combination is capable of annihilating any material object that we may attempt to bring to bear on the entity."

"He means an asbestos coathanger wouldn't help, Jim," McCrab said, helpfully.

"If we may justifiably draw an analogy between the status of the embryo and that of normal specimens, whether human or Vulcan, we may expect the physical powers and intelligence capacity at the disposal of the entity during its present state of development to be negligible in comparison with the capacities that it will possess at maturity," Zpock continued. "The matter of this forthcoming birth, then, is of significance far beyond whatever superstitious significance you may attach to your mystical 'ratings'. The powers which we should logically expect such an entity to wield when it reaches maturity would be godlike, perhaps as great as that of one of your mythical 'Sponsors'. The danger is almost beyond even Vulcan comprehension. It goes without saying, therefore, that it is beyond human comprehension."

"Jeez, Zpock," Quirk moaned, "why didn't you take some precautions so we wouldn't be in this mess? Like using a prophylactic; for instance?"

"If he had," McCrab said, "it would have been a Vulcanized rubber."

"Why did you do it in the first place, Zpock? You know how the Censor feels about such things."

"I did not think that the Censor would disapprove, Captain. I was careful to keep my mouth closed at the time."

The elevator returned with Engineering Officer Alexander Scotchy, who stepped carefully through the Zpock-shaped hole in the sliding door. "Captain," he said, "I've thoroughly investigated the matter."

"With what result?"

"She slapped my face. But according to the readings of my instruments, the embryo has surrounded itself with a force field that only the phaser beams of a starship could penetrate."

"Well, then," said Quirk, "the solution is clear. Use the ship's phasers."

"But Captain," Zpock observed, "you seem to forget that the embryo is also surrounded by Lieutenant Yochoora at the moment."

"That is right," Quirk agreed. "We starship captains have to look at the big picture and we tend to lose sight of the little details."

"Captain," said Scotchy, "I have an idea. You may think that it's crazy, but it's the only way that we can destroy the embryo without losing Yochoora as well."

"Scotchey," Quirk sternly said, "I don't care how crazy it sounds. That isn't important. Just answer two questions. First, does it involve beaming down?"

"Yes, sir. That it does."

"Good. The show's a third over and I haven't beamed down once. I'll get out of shape. The second question is, does it place the Initiative and the entire crew in danger, so that I can give my famous line?"

"It surely does, Captain. My idea is..."

"Not yet, Scotchey," Quirk interrupted. "Now that we've built up suspense, it's time for another commercial."

(CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF MCCRAB SCOWLING. CUT TO ZPOCK WITH BOTH EYEBROWS RAISED. CUT, AS MUSIC RISES IN VOLUME, TO SCOTCHY SWALLOWING. CUT TO QUIRK LOOKING GRIM. FADE OUT.)

(INSERT...

Interlude I:

To: Nartlan Docsplatt, Director
From: Rod Genenberry, Producer

Date: February 30

Subject: SCRIPT--"UNTIMELY RIPPED"

Dear Nartlan:

I've just got around to looking over the script -- !!!!

Are you out of your ever-loving mind?

It'll never get past the Broadcasting Standards Department in a million years.
Do you want us to be picketed by the Mothers for a Moribund America? Get the writer to do a rewrite, quick.

Who the hell is this Davis guy, anyway? Is he a member of the Guild?

Come to think of it, who the hell are you?

Rod Genenberry

Close Interlude 7

(COMMERCIAL.

(CUT TO INITIATIVE MAKING STILL ANOTHER ARC AROUND GREEN PLANET, TOWARD VIEWER.

(QUIRK'S VOICE: Captain's Log, Stardate 3.141592654. Things sure are going from bad to rotten. But Scotchy thinks he may have a way out, and we're all just about to bust wondering what it could be. But, suddenly, something strange is happening. I feel...

(CUT TO QUIRK STANDING BESIDE HIS CHAIR, SURROUNDED BY ZPCK, MCCRAB, SCOTCHY. QUIRK RAISES HAND TO HEAD.)

"I feel dizzy all of a sudden. The way this ship keeps going around in circles is making me dizzy. Mr. Sululu, make the Initiative go around the other way for a while."

"Yes, Cap'n," said the pilot.

"All right, Scotchy, what's your plan?" Quirk asked.

"I got the idea from a movie that was shown in the rec' room last week."

"You mean Fantastic Voyage, that 1966 movie?" McCrab asked.

"It's good to see that they're getting some newer movies out to the Fleet's ships. I was getting tired of Hopalong Cassidy."

Having heard McCrab say "ships," Quirk began; "Not my..."

"Not yet, Captain," said Scotchy. "Yes, that's the one; where they shrink the submarine down to a wee fraction of its former self. Our problem, y'see, is the same as in the movie. We need to bring the power of the ship's phasers to bear on the embryo, but we can't do so without killing Lt. Yoochoora."

Having heard Scotchy say "ship," Quirk began again: "Not my..."

"Not yet, Captain. My idea is that we use the transporter mechanism on the Initiative herself, but we cut the gain down, and adjust the vertical and horizontal holds so that the ship materializes several million times as small as it is now. Then we can go inside the womb and destroy the embryo with the main phasers. But it's a terrible risk that we'll be taking, Captain. The ship will be in grave peril."

"Now?" Quirk asked.

"Yes, Captain. You can say it now."

"Not my ship!" Quirk yelled, jumping up and down for a few seconds. Then he calmed down. "Now that that's over for this week, let's get down to brass tacks. Where is Yoochoora going to be while this is going on?"

"We'll beam her down to the surface of the planet first, Captain. It's a class M planet. Then we beam the Initiative inside her."

"Can the ship's deflector shields withstand the energy that the thing is capable of putting out, Scotchy?" Quirk asked in his inimitable halting fashion.

"I'm not sure, Captain. It'll be a near thing."

"Are you afraid, Jim?" McCrab asked.



"What? Me, afraid? Why, I don't even know how to spell the word 'fear'. F-u-r-e, isn't it? But then, spelling always was my worst subject. Anyway, nothing can scare me!"

Mr. Zpock had snuck up behind the Captain during this brief speech. "Failure," he whispered into his ear.

"Gaaaaaah!" Quirk screamed, collapsing and rolling on the floor. "No! No! Not failure! Take it away! Not my ship! Anything but failure! I want my rocking horse! Mother!"

"Pull yourself together, Jim-boy," Dr. McCrab drawled. "Quit trying to crawl under your chair and let's get this mission moving."

(CUT TO INITIATIVE COMING AROUND THAT SICKLY GREEN PLANET, MOVING TOWARD THE VIEWER, BUT TRAVELING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION AS BEFORE.

(CUT TO THE TRANSPORTER ROOM. LT. YOOHOORA IN FRONT OF CONSOLE. LT. KYLE BEHIND CONSOLE.)

The door swished open and Quirk, McCrab, Zpock, and Scotchy strode into the transporter room. "Lt. Kyle," the Captain briskly commanded, "prepare to beam down a party of four to the North Pole of the planet, sunlit side. Come on, men," He led the way into the transporter chamber.

The three followed him. "But, Captain," the Scot Scotchy protested, "shouldn't Lt. Yoohoora...?"

"Never mind, Scotchy," Quirk said briskly. "Captain knows best. Energize."

Instantly, the quartet was converted into energy-laden waveforms hurtling through space. They materialized on the surface of the planet and found themselves on an icy plain under a glaring sun that gave little warmth. Quirk whipped out his communicator with the flourish that he had practiced for many an hour in the privacy of his quarters; when he was not riding his rocking horse, that is. "Quirk to Initiative. Beam us back up."

In a trice, it was done and they were again in the transportation chamber. "All right, Kyle. Now beam us down to a sunlit point on the planet's equator." In a fraction of a second, they were standing in a humid jungle of peculiar vegetation that was green, but a more violent green than the friendly chlorophyll of earthly vegetation. Again whipping out his communicator, Quirk said, "Beam us up," and it was so.

"Okey-doak, Kyle, now send us to the South Pole of the planet." Swiftly sent as before, they again saw a horizon of ice. The sun was low on the horizon and gave even less heat than to the Northern icecap. It was winter in this hemisphere. Again the communicator. "Beam us up, Kyle."

Again in the transportation chamber, Quirk ordered, "Send us to that island that we charted yesterday, Kyle."

"But, Captain..." Scotchy began. He finished with the sound of breaking waves as a background. "...what does this have to do with destroying the embryo?"

"Nothing. But isn't it fun?"

"Captain," Mr. Zpock said, "I think that we should get on with the matter at hand."

"Gee whiz, Zpock. A guy never can have any fun with a wet blanket like you around. Beam us up, Kyle," he said into the communicator.

Back on the Initiative, they prepared to resume the mission.

"Captain," said Zpock; "I find it most curious that Lt. Zoohoora has such a significant role in the events which have thus far transpired, but has only said one line throughout the entire 'show', as you would call it."

"Nothing unusual," said Quirk. "That's about as many lines as she ever gets to read. One or two per show. However, in view of her great significance to the plot, we will make a concession."

"She gets another line?"

"No. She gets to do a song and dance number."

Immediately, music waited through the air, apparently coming from nowhere. Yoohoora began stepping lightly. "See, Zpock," Quirk said, "if there is no Producer, where is that music coming from, hey?"

"Elementary, Captain. It is merely a natural phenomenon, the result of the work-in-s of applicable physical law."

Yoohoora was singing as well as dancing now. Quirk suddenly exclaimed, "Wait!

Stop the music. Yoohooora, you may sing anything you like -- except that song."

"What's the matter with it, Captain?" Scotchy asked.

"Don't you recognize it? It's the theme from JUDD FOR THE DEFENSE."

"Captain," said Scotchy sternly, "I think 'tis best that we take leave of this frolicking and get on with the more serious matters before us."

"Very well. Yoohooora, get in the chamber. Kyle, beam her down to the planet's surface and be sure that you have her coordinates down exactly."

The transmission was quickly accomplished. Scotchy went to the transporter console and began to adjust the controls. Quirk, McCrab, and Zpock departed through the sliding door and strode down the corridor.

"Captain," Zpock said, "this isn't the way to the elevator. You're heading for the shuttlecraft hangar."

"Yes, I was going to take the Galileo out and stand by in her in case I'm needed."

"It was my impression, Captain, that you did not even know how to spell the word 'fear'."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I'm going to take a spelling book along and study it while I'm standing by. Never can tell when knowing how to spell might come in handy."

"Captain, if you don't come to the bridge, I'll say that word again."

Quirk paled visibly. "No, not that. Anything but that. I'll come along quietly."

"What word?" McCrab asked. "You mean 'failure'?"

"Gaaaaaaah!" the Captain screamed, collapsing into a quivering heap on the deck.

"Did you have to do that, Doctor? Now we'll have to carry him to the bridge."

(CUT TO SAME OLD SHOT OF THE INITIATIVE GOING AROUND THE SAME OLD PLANET.

(CUT TO BRIDGE. QUIRK IN HIS CHAIR, BITING HIS NAILS. ZPOCK STANDING BY, LOOKING CALM. MCCRAB STANDING BY, SCOWLING.)

Scotch's voice came from the arm of the Captain's chair: "We're ready to begin the beaming, Captain."

Quirk pressed the button that connected the microphone in his chair with the ship's intercom. "This is the Captain. All hands brace for collision."

"But Captain," Zpock complained, "we're not about to collide with anything."

"I know, but it's such fun to scare everybody."

Just then, a tingling sensation briefly passed through everybody and the stars disappeared from the viewscreen, to be replaced by featureless blackness. "Mr. Sululu, convert the visual sensors from visible light to infrared," Quirk ordered. The screen glowed anew, showing the glowing, curving wall that enclosed the now diminutive starship.

"Well, here we are again, boldly going where no man has gone before," said Quirk, crossing his legs.

"At least, not this far up," said McCrab.

"That glowing thing over there -- is that the embryo?"

"Yes, Jim," McCrab answered. "But there's something beside it. I can't quite make it out."

"Increase magnification, Mr. Sululu."

The image on the screen enlarged. The thing beside the embryo was now plainly visible as a featureless black monolith. And there were glowing letters on the wall behind it. Mr. Zpock read them aloud: "Also Sprach Zarathustra. We seem to be up against more than we bargained for, Captain."

"That's a smart kid you've got there, Zpock," said Quirk. "Not everybody can read Italian when they're that young."

"Cap'n," said Sululu, "I'm picking up emanations from the embryo. It's aware of us."

"Ready phaser banks for firing."

"Ready, Cap'n."

"Fire at the embryo."

The powerful phaser beams lanced out at the embryo. Nothing happened.

"Captain, sensors indicate a wavefront of psionic energy heading toward us," Zpock said calmly.

"Mr. Sululu, set deflector shields up full. Mr. Chekov, alert Damage Control. Mr. Riley, go to my quarters and bring my rocking horse here."

The wavefront struck and the mighty starship rocked with the impact. Crewmembers



spilled from their chairs.

(CUT TO INITIATIVE QUIVERING

(CUT TO BRIDGE, WITH PERSONNEL SCATTERED AROUND ON THE FLOOR. QUIRK IS TRYING TO CRAWL UNDER HIS CHAIR AGAIN. DRAMATIC MUSIC RISES. FADE OUT.

(INSERT...)

Interlude II::

To: Office Staff

Date: February 31

From: Rod Genenberry

Subject: MY ABSENCE FROM OFFICE

I have been trying to get in touch with the production crew on the set all day. My memos have received no response and the phone company insists that their phone is not a working number. I have decided to go over there in person. Since all of you are on your coffee break hour, I am leaving this note. If anyone needs to get in touch with me, I'll be on the set, trying to find out whose lamebrained idea this abortion episode was.

Rod Genenberry

Close Interlude7

...COMMERCIAL

(CUT TO INITIATIVE DRIFTING AIMLESSLY.

(CUT TO BRIDGE. CREW MEMBERS ARE GETTING UP FROM THE FLOOR, EXCEPT QUIRK, WHO IS STILL TRYING TO CRAWL UNDER THE CHAIR AT THE SAME TIME THAT HE IS TAPING A LOG ENTRY.

(QUIRK: Captain's Log, Stardate V-1. Boy, are we ever in a hell of a mess. Somedays it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. The first blast from the embryo completely knocked out the deflector shields and cost us seven casualties -- six crewmen and my rocking horse. It was smashed to splinters. I don't know if I can go on.

(CUT TO SULULU'S FACE.)

"Captain," Sululu said tensely, "there's another wavefront heading toward us. With our shields down, it'll finish us."

Quirk sat back down in his chair. "Lt. Yoochoora, send a message to Starfleet Command. They've got to send a fleet to stop this thing. If they don't, it may wipe out all the rocking horses in the universe."

"Yes, Captain," said Yoochoora.

"Wait a minute," McCrab protested. "How can Yoochoora be on the bridge when the ship is inside her?"

"Can I help it if we've got a careless scriptwriter?" Quirk said, shrugging.

"It appears that this is our finish, Captain," said Zpock.

"Yes, Jim," McCrab agreed. "Looks like we've failed."

"Fail? Gaaaaaah!" Quirk slid out of his chair and again did his Jell-O imitation.

"The wavefront has dissolved," Sululu shouted. "It's not going to hit us."

"What happened?" said McCrab.

"You will observe, Doctor, that the Captain has assumed the fetal position on the floor," Zpock explained. "Obviously, that confused the embryo into thinking that Quirk is another embryo."

"You always have the answer to everything, Zpock," McCrab grumbled. "Haven't you ever made a mistake?"

"Yes, Doctor. I signed on for a five-year mission with this gang of weirdos."

Suddenly, the scene on the viewscreen changed and stars were again visible, their appearance strange, due to the infrared setting of the viewscreen.

Quirk had managed to recover. Rising, he said in his usual decisive tones: "Wha' happen?"

"Apparently, Captain, the embryo hurled us back out into space without harming us," said Zpock.

Suddenly the door opened and a peculiarly dressed man walked onto the bridge. "All right,



what's going on here?" he demanded.

"Who are you?" Quirk countered. "How did you get on board my ship?"

"Have you gone nuts? This isn't a ship. It's a Tv production set on a sound stage. And you are all just a bunch of actors."

"Obviously deranged," said McCrab.

"But how did he get on board?" said Zpock.

"Look, I'll prove that this is just a set," said the stranger, suddenly snatching Quirk's phaser from the Captain's belt and aiming it at the empty Captain's chair. "See? This is just a prop." He squeezed the trigger and a glowing beam briefly played over the chair, reducing it to a pile of smoking slag.

"Oh good," said Quirk. "Now Starfleet will have to get me a new chair. Maybe I'll get one that rocks, this time."

The stranger was staring wide-eyed at the phaser. "But, but...this prop can't do anything like that."

"Who are you anyway?" Quirk asked.

"Rod Genenberry."

"Rod, Gene, and Berry? Sounds like a law firm."

"No, idiot. I'm the producer of this show."

"You -- the Producer? You're claiming that you're a god?"

"Obviously unbalanced," said McCrab. "He's suffering from delusions of grandeur."

Genenberry was staring at the viewscreen. "That isn't supposed to have a picture on it. The images of stars are dubbed in by the Special Effects department. And this set is supposed to be open on one side. Where's the cameras? Where's the microphones? Where's the lights?"

"It would appear that you are having difficulty in determining the nature of reality," Zpock said.

"I'll show you!" Genenberry yelled, as he jumped at Zpock and grabbed an ear, attempting to pull off the false pointed tip. His jaw dropped as Zpock's entire head came off and clattered to the floor. "His...his head came off."

"Naturally," said Quirk, walking over to the headless Vulcan. He yanked at the figure's left arm and it came free. "These mannequins aren't put together too well, and if you put any pressure on the joints, they come apart."

"But he was talking and moving a few seconds ago!" Genenberry screamed.

"Don't be ridiculous. You must be imagining things. Obviously, you can't tell reality from unreality."

"This is all a joke, isn't it? A rib? Isn't it?" Genenberry turned to McCrab -- and saw that the Doctor now had insectlike antennae sprouting from his forehead. "Gaaah!" the producer screamed, running for the elevator door. He stopped when he saw that it now had a doorknob. He grasped the knob, but released it when he felt something fluttering against his palm.

The doorknob opened a brown eye and looked at him.

"Sorry about that, but we're all out of blue-eyed doorknobs," Quirk said. The Captain's eyes were also brown, but now had slits like the eyes of a cat.

"This is all crazy. It can't be happening. This is just a TV show."

"That's where you're wrong," said Quirk, holding out a set of mimeographed pages stapled together. "It's all happening in here. This is the latest issue of Yandro." Quirk opened the fanzine and pointed his seventh finger of his third right hand to the exact words that he and Genenberry had just been saying.

"You mean that we're really inside this story?"

"It's not a story," said McCrab, twitching his antennae. "It's a parody. But the joke's on the readers. All along they've been thinking that it's a parody of STAR TREK."

"Yes," said Quirk, "and it's really a parody of Philip K. Dick's stories."

"Philip who?" said Zpock's head from the floor.

Farewell To Adam

The day they overthrew the monkey law
 And said it violated rights of speech,
 I stepped outside the courtroom, my dispatch
 To 'phone, when on the courthouse steps I saw
 A woman and a man, who did beseech
 A word with me. My thought was: from what hatch
 Had they escaped? An odder pair I never
 Beheld in years of journalist's endeavor.

First-off, the two were naked as a jay,
 Except that round the hips of each a string
 Was belted. From each string in front depended
 A leaf that hid their pubes from the day.
 As if this weren't enough, another thing,
 By which the locals, too, might be offended --
 The hulking man was brown as strongest tea;
 His lady friend was white, as I could see.

I glanced across to where the sheriff stood,
 With quid in cheek, and stared with vacant eye
 As if he did not see the freakish pair.
 I thought, if that man doesn't mind, why should
 I care? I faced this towering, swarthy guy.
 From hawklike features down his torso bare
 A curly beard descended; one foot more,
 He'd not have needed any leaf before.

"I beg yore pardon," said he, "but I'd shore
 Be glad to find out, effen et be true
 That these smart jedges say the people here
 Cain't make their young 'uns b'lieve in us no more?"
 "Believe in you?" I said. "But who are you?"
 "Excuse me, suh; I know hit must seem queer;
 Eut I am Adam, this is Eve, and yond
 The serpent -- come here, you vagabond!"

I looked more closely at the so-called Eve.
She was a sturdy blonde of middle height,
Full-breasted, flat of face, and thick of thigh;
A Russian peasant's mate, one could believe.
Behind her -- I could scarcely trust my sight --
A monstrous snake reared slowly into view
And laid its head upon her shoulder bare.
The sheriff seemed to see just empty air.

Well then, I must be seeing ghosts -- the real,
Authentic thing. If this were Adam's shade,
His color made good sense; that blackskin gene
Must come from somewhere. But this spooky deal
I had to play by ear. A tale I made
Of man's long journey from the Miocene,
Of Fundamentalism's rise and fall,
And Darwin's final triumph over all.

Then Adam scowled; the woman wept; the snake
Contrived to look depressed. And Adam spoke:
" 'Tis outrage! Cain't a thing be done to end
"This wicked monkey teachin' for our sake?"
"What is it to you?" said I, half in joke.
"I see you don't ketch on," he said. "My friend,
"We're myths, we air, who never walked the yarth
"Or fed the fire at a human hearth.

"But when folks don't believe in us no more,
"We go out -- poof! -- just like a candle flame.
"We've seen it happen to some friends of ours,
"Like Hercules, and Gilgamesh, and Thor.
"You understand, we don't in no way blame
"You folks for tryin' to improve your powers;
"But hit is fun to be alive, we find,
"Ef only as a thought in someone's mind."

I said: "I'm sorry, but I don't suppose
"You face an early doom..." I stopped; the male
Had clasped his tearful woman, and the snake
About them wound his coils, to share their woes.
They dimmed and vanished, and the sheriff's hail
Aroused me: "Mister! Hey, for Heaven's sake,
"Are you okay? You're talkin' to the air,
"And anyone can see, suh, no one's there!"

..... L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

A FAMOUS HARPER PASSING BY

BY---JIM LANDAU

Mr dear F'lar,

As I have some guild business to attend to, I am sending this letter to you by N'ton, who has spent the day and night here with me.

N'ton happened to recall an old children's song he once heard, entitled "Puffth the Magic Dragon." Remembering what Lessa was able to accomplish given the Question Song, I shall report this one to you, with some observations of mine, although it will probably prove to be of no use. Judging by vocabulary and archaic grammar, it is very very old, possibly over a thousand Turns.

"Puffth, the Magic Dragon/ lived by the sea

And frolicked in the often-missed/ in a land called Honah-lee"

The only explanation I can think of is that Puffth lived somewhere on the southern continent. Only rarely do Istan mariners sail that far, so it is "often missed." The Weyr that F'nor established is near the sea, isn't it?

"Little Jakkeepaiper/ loved that rascal Puffth

And bought him strings and ceiling wax/ and other fancy stuff"

Was Jakkeepaiper Puffth's rider?

Considering the characterization of Puffth in the song, and the marks of respect she receives several stanzas later, why is she called a "rascal" here?

The line about strings and ceiling wax kept N'ton and me up half the night, puzzled. N'ton believes that "strings" refers to the Threads, and the ignorant author believed that dragons ate Threads. This does not, however, explain the rest of the line. I am reminded of an old lady in Telgar I once met who collected strings. Why, no one knew, but she had a skein a cubit long and a palm thick.

What in the name of Eighteen Queen Dragons is ceiling wax? After much pondering N'ton couldn't stand it any longer, borrowed a ladder, and proceeded to wax my ceiling. We wish to report two discoveries: 1) a waxed ceiling looks no better than an unwaxed one, and 2) the type of wax used on harps works quite well and there is no need of a special variety just for ceilings.

"Together they would travel/ on a boat with billowed sails"

Dragons fly. Why should one take a boat? The largest boats at Ista would barely carry a very agile and co-operative green dragon. Also, why the billowed sails. Did Puffth have her wings outstretched so that from the shore they looked like sails?

I suspect the song-writer once saw a distant dragon flying very low over the sea and thought the dragon was riding a boat.

"Jakkee kept a lookout perched/ on Puffth's gigantic tail"

It is possible that at a distance an ignorant observer could mistake a dragon's head and tail, as no dragon-rider would ever sit on the tail of his dragon. However, wouldn't the most naive songwriter have commented on the spectacle of a dragon flying backwards?

"Holder lords, for instance/ would bow whene'er they came

Pyrex ships would lower their flags/ when Puffth roared out her name"

It is pleasing to note the respect this eccentric green dragon is given, from all sorts of people except captains of non-Pyrex ships.

Pyrex is the name of a small hold in the borax wastes of the Igen desert, where is

made a special type of heat-resistant glass. N'ton flew out there to investigate this stanza. The holders were very flattered to be visited by a bronze rider but they could not be of any help. At no time did their ancestors ever make glass by the shipload, and certainly even Pyrex glass is very poor material for shipbuilding.

The reference to Puffth roaring out her name conjures up a mental picture of her chewing firestones and breathing out fire in the form of letters.

"Dragons live forever/ but not so little boys

Painted things a giant wings/ make way for other toys"

Was there ever a time when Impressment was not permanent?

The reference to living forever may be due to ignorance, or it may be that the author had heard of dragons going between on the death of their riders, and thought that they are still alive, though permanently between.

The last stanzas are my favorite, as they are a poetic, though inaccurate, description of a dragon who has lost her rider.

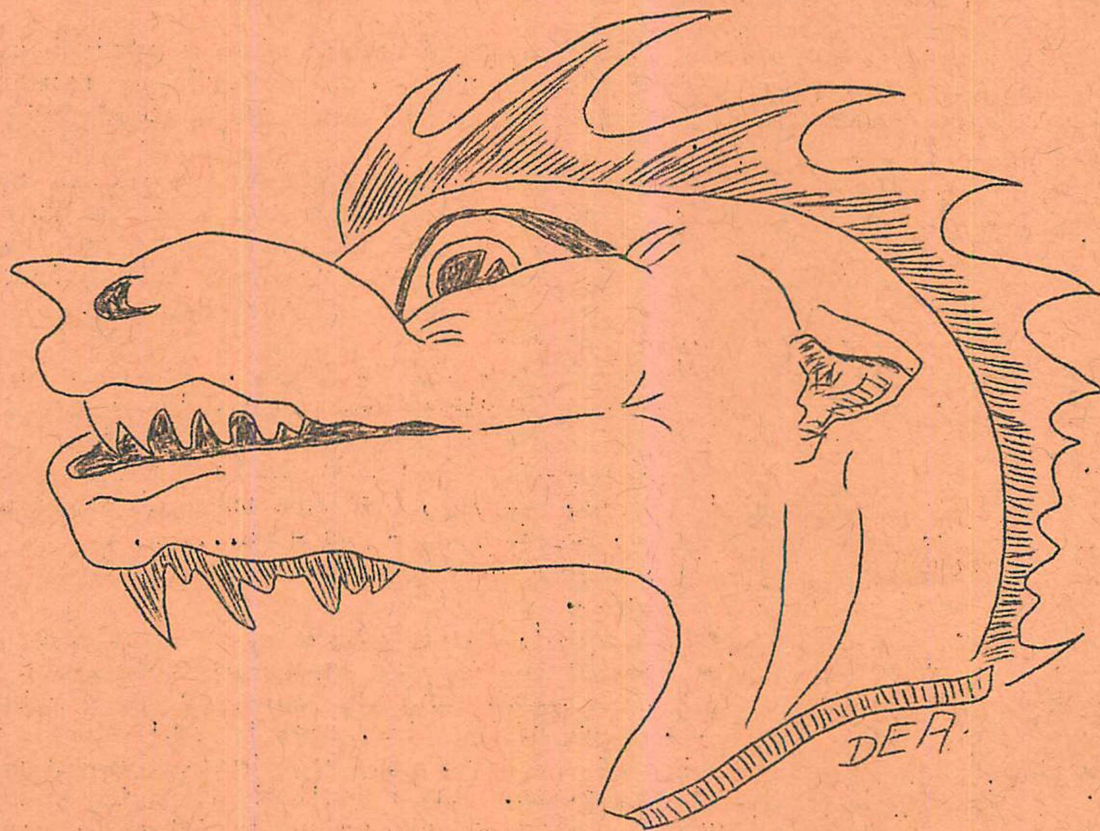
"One fine day it happened/ Jakkeepaiper came no more
And Puffth, that mighty dragon / she ceased her fearless roar.
Her head was bent in sorrow / Green scales fell like rain
Puffth no longer came to play / Along that wherry lane.
Without her lifelong friend/ Puffth could go nowhere
So' Puffth that might dragon / Sadly slipped into her weyr."

I sincerely hope that this song will be useful to you and Lessa and your weyrmates, and that you might be able to explain some of the puzzling questions it raises.

I have the honor to remain you humble and obedient servant to command,

Robinton

Masterhärper



Vitugalty

#8

column by DAVE LOCKE

OLD MANUSCRIPT - FOUND IN A BOTTLE WASHED INTO MY LIQUOR CABINET

Charlatans, all of us. Frauds, pretenders, and mountebanks. Fakers, convoluted liars.

You know what I mean?

Yeah.

Yeah? Like hell. .

See?

So I took my gun down out of the closet a fewdays ago before the season, to see if a bullet could still come out the end of it. And I looked into the damn scope and, Christ, you shoulda seen the damn parallax. I never noticed that before, but just by sitting in the damn closet ya know? And only a year old and it gets that way. Parallax. Ya know what I mean, Simon? Parallax. Christ. Ya know what I mean?

Hey, George, are you an equestrian? No? You're still a beer drinker, eh?

When I asked him about the car, he just wiped his hands on his coveralls and muttered something about jets. I told him I'd just had a new tailpipe put on and it damn well hadn't better be that.

Ok. I've explained the whole bit. You got any questions? No? Ok, handle it, will you? No? Why not? What do you mean you don't understand it? You kept nodding and saying "Yeah". You didn't have any questions. Right? What do you mean "right"? You just said you didn't understand it.

Comprehension is not measurable by counting the number of times a man's head bobs and dips, nor by totaling the number of "right"s, "uh-huh"s, and "yeah"s per narration. Feedback is the only sure measurement of comprehension, but there are a number of ways for judging degree of non-comprehension.

Does he smile a lot while you're talking to him, with his eyes travelling about to stare at things to his right or left, beyond you, or through you? Does he just stare back at you, with no smile? A weak smile? If his gaze wanders does he then glance back at you when you pause, in order that he may grunt at you or nod his head quickly -- or simply to insure that it is he whom you are still addressing yourself to?

When you leave does he remain standing there?

Ask your three year-old son if he's tired enough to go to bed. Ask your wife to take it easy on the money. Ask your boss if he appreciates the work you've been doing. Ask him for a raise. Ask the hippies if they know what they're doing. Ask them if they have a goal. Ask them if they have intermediate objectives and have measured their performance. The answers you get are: son/no, wife/ok, but what the hell have you been doing with your cash?, boss/sure - sorry, hippies/yes - yes - uh...yes.

If we were all honest and objective, what would the answers be?

Son: I want to stay up until I collapse.

Wife: Screw you. You never buy me nothin', and I deserve every damn dime I spend. If you want to save money why don't you tell one of your employees to take you to work, and let all those salesmen take you out to lunch? And ask your boss for a raise.

Boss: Sure I appreciate your work. Most of the time. But if you're about to hit me for a raise you better get your ass out of here. And stop hitting our vendors up for lunches. You're giving us a bad reputation. And I don't think paying your secretary overtime is justified just because she has to wait around to drive you home.

Hippies: Damn right we know what we're doin', man. Sure we've got a goal - rebellion against the establishment. What do you mean that ain't a goal, man? Ok, ok, it's a method. Our goal is to make the world better, to wake it up, and make it think. Better for who? For everybody, square, who thinks like we do. Cosmic minds. What is this performance crap? Reviewing progress of our accomplishments aimed at achieving the goal...ok, uh...we've begun to give the pigs a bad image because they shoot us when we try to kill them, and our anti-violence ideas are spreading, and, and,...

Or imagine a man. Not an average man, because no one can imagine an average man except as a physical presence in a crowd of people on a street, in a bus, or composing a lynch mob (yelling "Yeah! Yeah!"). An average man has no personality, because you don't know him. You can point at someone walking by and say they he looks like an average man, but if you get to know him he loses his averageness. Personalities aren't average-able. So don't imagine an average man. Imagine an average used-car salesman, or an average management consultant, or an average bag-boy, or an average whatever-you-want. You know, the type of people whose faces all begin to blend together after awhile. Better yet, imagine yourself. Imagine yourself enmeshed in your routine, following your yesterday's footsteps, womb-like in the security of your life-style and willing to tackle the hardest of unknowns provided they are not a threat to the framework of your security.

Imagine yourself retaining your self-image of competency with the little white lies that prevent the showing of an ignorance to the outside world. Think about not committing yourself when it isn't absolutely necessary, in order that you may be one of the few capable of displaying your hindsight as foresight. Imagine the excuses and requests all placed on a scale, and see whether it tips toward honesty or toward the side of laziness and self interest. Imagine how good it feels when you believe in placing someone else's interests above your own, and why it really is that you feel so good about it, and how you want to be applauded because of it. Think about the loss of that good feeling (which, given time, appears only sporadically), and how it affects yourself and those around you.

But it isn't as cool an idea as watching it happen to someone else. When it happens with someone else you're in a position to perceive it objectively, to note the human frailties and feel smug in your insight. When you recognize it in yourself, when you see that you go through the same motions as others do, sometimes it's uncomfortable. For awhile, But it's you, so that's all right. You know what you're doing. And you've got the art developed to a science. You can handle yourself ok.

It makes good drama; it makes good humor. Watch the man in the skit. He's trying to lie himself out of it, but she knows what's going on. Look at that guy nod his head and say "of course", and he doesn't even know what the hell's going on.

What is going on?

Well, it's all caused by evil spirits, Right?

Like hell.

HUGO WINNERS: 1970

Lists provided by Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, who stopped by on their way back from Toronto, and by NCSPAW.9, which arrived a week or so later. (The lists agreed, so they must be right.)

Best Novel - The Left Hand of Darkness, by Ursula LeGuin

Best Novella - "Ship of Shadows", by Fritz Leiber

Best Short Story - "Time Considered As A Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" by Samuel R. Delany

Best Drama - the TV coverage of Apollo 11 (but how will you award it, people?)

Best Professional Magazine - F&SF

Best Professional Artist - Frank Kelly Freas

Best Amateur Magazine - S F REVIEW

Best Fan Writer - Bob Tucker

Best Fan Artist - Tim Kirk

Special congratulations to Tucker from the YANDRO "staff". A well-deserved award.

THROUGH & THE WRINGER

BY

liz fishman

"Seek and ye shall find" -- isn't that how it goes? Not for me it doesn't -- when I seek I don't find (peace, quiet, silence and assorted syndromes), and everything I wouldn't think of seeking seeks me. And finds me. Well, let's go back to two weeks ago Monday. I had a miserable earache (and there are some who would believe it to be an infection resulting from listening to Mel Torme records, but we'll ignore them) and for one of those rare times in my life I needed a doctor. And when he was finished pumping me full of antibiotics I went out to the taxi I had called a half hour before. And he was just pulling out of traffic in his lane to stop in the wrong direction in the other. And there he stayed, yelling out of the window, "You the one what wants the cab?" I gave affirmation and waited for him to pull over to the curb where I stood, and I stood and I stood. "Well, come on. I ain't got all day," he yelled.

"Would you please come to the curb? I'm not going to run out in this traffic."

"Nope. I ain't parking near no curb." By this time horns were blaring foul, but still the driver sat idly in the wrong lane. "You comin'?"

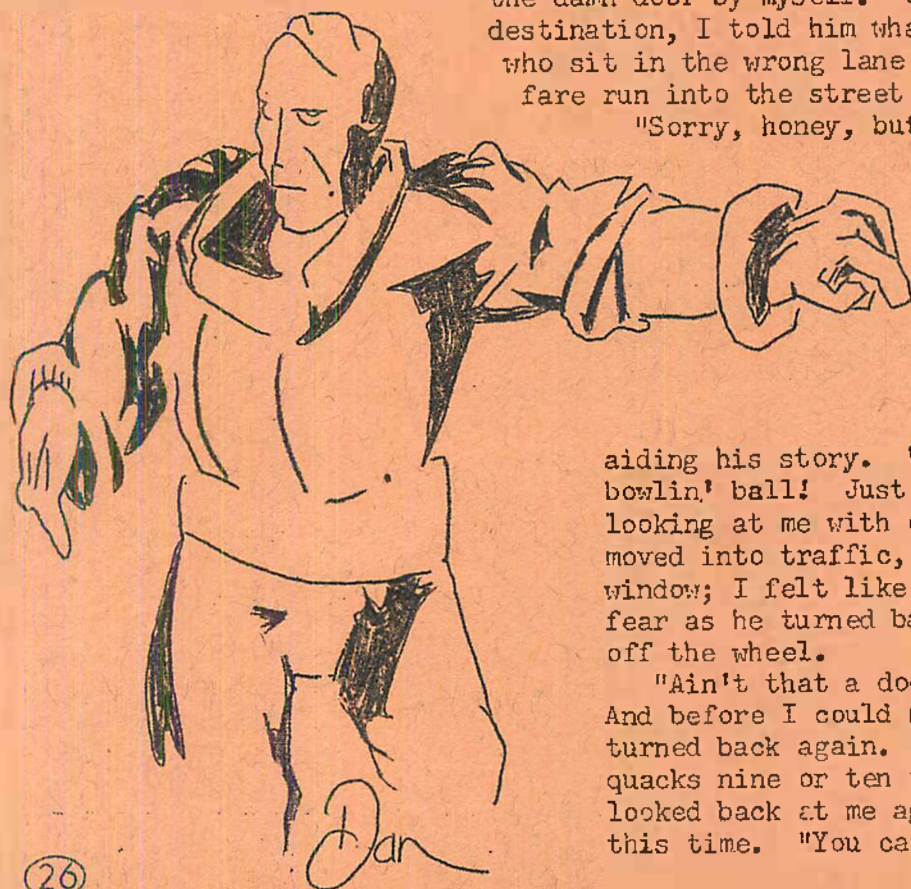
By this time not only my ear hurt, but my whole face ached from the din this nut was creating. I finally found a hole in the stream of cars and entered the cab, opening the damn door by myself. Once in and having given my destination, I told him what I thought of senile jerks who sit in the wrong lane and block traffic and make a fare run into the street and open their own doors.

"Sorry, honey, but I don't park near no curbs."

Why? "Goes back to my yout' when I had this here little pooch, see, and he's runnin' along mindin' his own damn business and then this punk, this goddamn punk..." He turned in his seat to look at me, one hand on the wheel, the other

aiding his story. "...he run over my dog wit' his bowlin' ball! Just run him down." He was still looking at me with one hand off the wheel as we moved into traffic, then turned back to the front window; I felt like sliding to the floor in raw fear as he turned back, this time with both hands off the wheel.

"Ain't that a doctor's office you came out?" And before I could move my fear-numbed lips he turned back again. "Me, I only been to them quacks nine or ten times in my whole life!" He looked back at me again, both hands on the wheel this time. "You can't guess to look at me but I'm



forty-six, you know." He turned back to the window and glanced at me through the rear view mirror. "You don't look too hot, babe? You sick?"

"I most certainly am."

"Yeah? Well now, me, I only been sick a few times..."

"I'll bet it was nine whole times in your whole life. You're forty-six, you know," I said sarcastically, hoping to hurt his feelings enough to shut him up and concentrate on getting me home alive. Instead he turned to me and said in pleased surprise, "Yeah, that's right, that's right!" Thrusting a finger at me he showed me a scar running its length. "Got that in the World War Second. Bayoneted."

"Turn around, just turn around! There's a red light coming up!" Jerking around he stopped a half-inch away from a bumper. Then he showed me a scar on his wrist. "Got that in the war, too."

"And you got a Purple Heart."

Sarcasm just meant nothing to this nut, just nothing. He grimaced in disgust. "Dames. Don't know nuttin' about nuttin'. That's if you get gutted or somethin'. I got this peelin' pertaters when I did K&P. and I got it for nuttin', too. Damn officers always got it in for privates. Happened to me the whole damn war."

"I'll bet you never made it past Private," trying for sarcasm again.

"Now, sure didn't. Them lousy goddamn officers. Always got it in for the little guy." By this time we were moving again. Suddenly Idiot reached down and pulled up his pants leg, revealing an incredibly hairy shin and calf. "See that scar there?" I didn't; I was frozen in fascinated horror as I watched him drive with one hand on the wheel, one hand clutching his pants and his eyes fastened on another war scar. Before I could yell about the truck that was passing us he straightened. "Yeah, got that one last year."

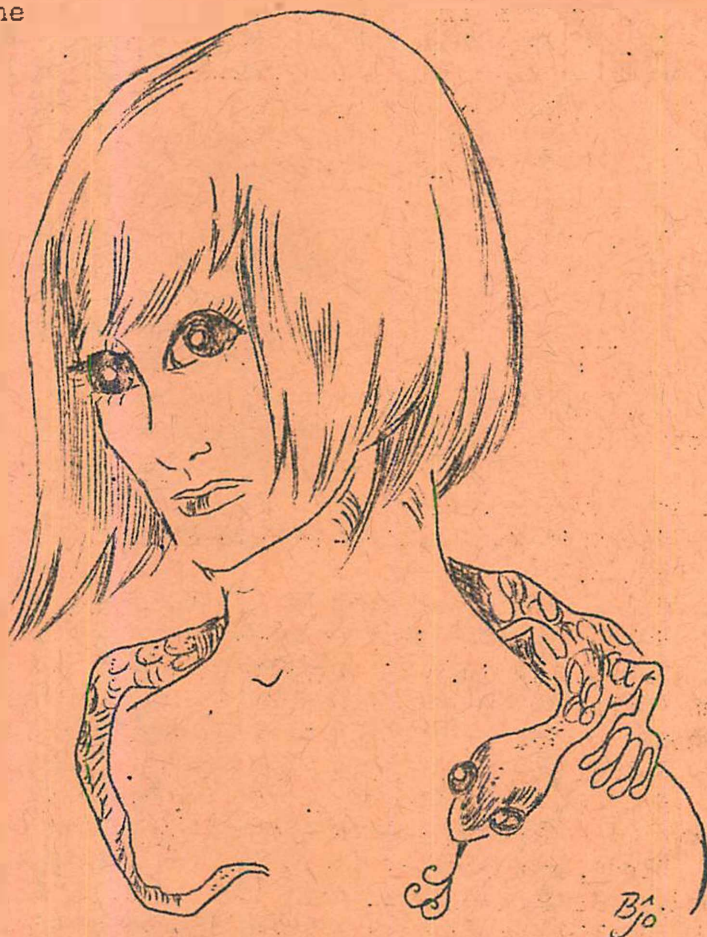
It wasn't a war scar? Now, a car crash. Oh, gee willickers, really?

"Yeah, busted up my cab. Yeah, that's why I know" -- pointing toward the sky -- "Somebody's up there." Oh, golly wow -- busted up your cab.

"Yeah, fourth time, too. All head-on collisions."

I took that last one in absolute silence and shock mercifully rendered me deaf to whatever else he was saying. Finally we pulled up in front of my house (far from the curb; never know when a bowling ball will mow you down) and that little white cracker-box suddenly seemed a spacious haven of peace. Once in there I sank down on a couch and leaned back my aching head. The house was silent. Nothing moved, not even a water beetle. Suddenly Matthew started running up and down on the front screen door. "Go away. I'm in no mood for you now," I yelled. But he kept running, up and down, up and down. Damn-o!

I went to the kitchen and returned to the living room with a peanut butter sandwich (whole wheat bread and nothing else will do). Seeing me, Matthew dropped to the porch and waited for me to come outside, grabbed the sandwich and took off with springy leaps for the maple tree. Scampering up, he chose a limb, sprawled on his stomach with both legs dangling on either side of the branch and went to work on his food. Seeing this put me in a better mood and I went back in to lie down for awhile. But...



That rotten little brother of mine came home from an excursion to a gas station with Ozzie. He ran in, then ran out, yelling, "Hey, Oz, Liz is back!" then ran in again to stand in front of me for a moment before pulling me down for a kiss with lips gunked with chocolate chip ice-cream from the cone he had pressed against my back. Releasing me, he took a swipe at the cone, which was dripping all over his hand, and said "Ozzie took me to Thirty-One Flavors and then we went to a gas station to get a carbtorator, and did the doctor give you a shot?"

"No, but I'm going to give you one if you don't do something with that cone."

He parted his sticky mouth in a snagged-toothed grin. "Ok."

Ok? Just like that? No arguments? No Dr. Ginott-type reasoning?

"Well, Mom said not to argue with sick people and she said I shouldn't give any trouble 'cause she'll hit me if I do."

Oh, thank God, all's normal after all. "Well, get that cone away from the carpet." Rotten headed away from me obligingly and I went to the couch to get my purse, then on to my bedroom to lie down for a while. Uh-uh. A few minutes later Rotten came in and leaned over me, clutching a bottle of root beer.

"I can't find my ice-cream cone."

"What?"

"I put it down somewhere and now I can't find it."

"Oh, yeah, that's just peachy."

"No, it isn't, it's chocolate chip!" He went off into peals of hysterical laughter and followed me out of the room. Well, we searched and searched and no cone. Just nowhere at all. The last place we looked was his room and no luck there.

I looked at him for a long moment. "How could you lose it? How?"

He just shook his head. "Well, the hell I know." I decided to try resting once more upon that unargumentative declaration and headed for Rotten's half of the bunk.

"Look, you read or something and let me rest awhile. Ok?" Ok. Crawling into the bed, I flopped down -- right on top of that damned cone. Leaping up, I hit my head on the ceiling of springs beneath the top bunk and, cursing mightily, I vacated the premises to step on the bottle of root beer, and as I travelled I knocked askew matchbox cars, a Major Matt Mason battery-driven cannon and stepped on a paper cup of worms.

How do I survive? Well, the hell I know.

"Mr. Micawber, the blowhard who served so much time in debtor's prison, is said to have been modeled on Dicken's father. Do you want your son to grow up to be a writer?"

...Richard Armour, The Classics Reclassified

And about time someone brought that out again, too.

DISSONANT HARMONY

by Elizabeth Fishman

The parts of differences

In me

Move to one melody

In variations of tempo;

Therein lies my unity.

And though I seek

But harmony

Within this unit of me,

Oftentimes

Discordancy

Disrupts the melody.

Golden Minutes

POSTMARKED THE STARS, by Andre Norton (Harcourt, Brace & World, 4.50) This came out last year, but I just acquired a copy from Don Thompson, and since the paperback has not yet... It's a Dane Thorson story. I don't know if Andre is getting better at writing the series or if I'm getting more accustomed to it, but I liked this one better than I did the earlier books in the series. There is the usual pleasantly mysterious alien planet and the villains who must be outwitted. Slight let-down at the end, but overall a quite enjoyable adventure story.

I AM LEGEND, by Richard Matheson (Walker, \$4.95) Having reread this - a procedure I don't really recommend - I have begun to suspect that this is the first "new wave" novel, despite the fact that it first appeared in 1954. The "science" is pure idiocy and sleight-of-hand (Scientists all over the world looked for a cause of the "plague" before it overwhelmed them, and failed. But our hero swipes a microscope and set of instructions, finds one - count it, one - germ on the slide, and behold! The cause of the "plague" is isolated! His knowledge of math is such that he comments that vampires couldn't multiply geometrically without the aid of bacteria.) Even the hero's personal logic is a bit odd; at one point, he decides that "there was no time", because of pursuit, "to put /the station wagon/ in the garage." So he parks it at the curb, runs over to lock the garage doors, after which he will run around to the house. This is faster..... However, on the emotional level, if you just don't think while you're reading it; it can be a thrilling experience. It was for me, the first time I read it. Unfortunately, it's hard to read a book for review without thinking about it.

WHERE IS THE BIRD OF FIRE?, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ace, 60¢) Two reprinted works, the title story and "Vashti", and one new short story, "Bear". I think Swann's writing is best typified by the druidess heroine of "Bear". "The only women the Christians approve are wives and virgins. Unfortunately - or fortunately - one cannot become a virgin. One is or was. I myself was a virgin for thirteen years, which was quite long enough." Deirdre is a sort of Druid version of the call girl with the heart of gold, but she is a thoroughly entertaining character. The reprints are both from the British SCIENCE FANTASY, so you probably haven't read them previously. Even if you have, they are well worth reading again. The title story is a fantasy based on the legend of Romulus and Remus, while "Vashti" is a Persian fantasy. This is the most entertaining book of the month, by far.

SWORDS AGAINST DEATH, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 75¢) This brings the Fafhrd and Mouser series up to date. Stories are a mixture of new and reprint; since no previous credit at all is given, I'm not positive which is which. The book starts with "The Circle Curse", a bridging incident and undoubtedly new. Stories include "The Jewels In The Forest", "Thieves' House", "The Bleak Shore", "The Howling Tower", "The Sunken Land", "The Seven Black Priests", "Claws From The Night", "The Price of Pain-Ease", and "The Bazaar of the Bizarre". Quality varies; "The Bleak Shore" and "The Price of Pain-Ease" are pretty bad, while the rest are up to the average for the series. And I caught one slight error; a black race would hardly refer to their own priests as "the seven black priests". This remains one of the few readable sword-and-sorcery series, but this is not the best book of the lot.

BY FURIES POSSESSED, by Ted White (Signet, 75¢) Ted has done a reversal on Heinlein's PUPPET MASTERS here. Like most writers who rephrase Heinlein, he doesn't equal the original, but he has a pretty good book here. Probably his best to date, barring his juvenile. In addition to the plot, it's fun to see which fans' names will crop up, and which short story ideas will be mentioned in passing. (I counted about three short

stories referred to in passing; unfortunately I can't recall the names of any of them.) I think my major objection, which is purely personal, is that the style of the book is that of a "private eye" novel. I know Ted admires Raymond Chandler, but I don't, and even less do I admire imitation Chandler. Probably most fans wouldn't even notice this, but it somewhat spoiled my pleasure. Even so, I think it was well worth my money, and I recommend it.

THE FUNCO FILE, by Burt Cole (Avon, 95¢) I had rather avoided this, due to what I'd heard of it (all praise, but not the sort of praise that makes me want to read a book). The cover rather repelled me, too. But once I got into it, I was pleasantly surprised. For a current satire, it's remarkably restrained and not at all the crude farce that I expected. Fantasy, of course, and not science fiction, despite the cover blurb. But despite an incredible amount of padding, it's not bad at all. At 2/3 its present size, it could have been a great book. With the padding, it is an amusing book with long dull passages. I dunno. 95¢ is quite a bit, but if you have the money and the time, this can be enjoyable.

THE ISLAND OF THE MIGHTY, by Evangeline Walton (Ballantine, 95¢) A novel based on the Welsh legends. Full of gore, tragedy, courtly language and philosophy. Not at all similar to any other novel that I've read recently, but quite interesting. Not all of Ballantine's "Adult Fantasy" series have justified the name; this does. It's a serious, doom-laden book, not at all the thing to while away a dull afternoon with, but still I think it's one of the best of the lot, this month.

OPERATION ARMS, by Gene Wolfe (Berkley, 75¢) I kept wondering where the symbolism was going to turn up; I guess because Berkley publishes so much Moorcock. Anyway, it didn't; this is a fairly straight overthrow-the-dictator adventure, well handled and with an ending to suit the current international situation, if not our current infatuation with non-negotiable demands. I kept having these thoughts that I'd read the plot before several times, but Wolfe handles it well enough. For the stf-adventure fan.

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine, 95¢) Includes "Giant Killer", A. E. Chandler's fascinating and ironic version of the "generations-ship" story; "Two Dooms", C. M. Kornbluth's great story of the alternate world where World War II ended differently and one man's decision that anything was preferable; Jack Vance's "Telek", a story of telepathic domination; "Second Game" by Charles V. de Vet and Katharine MacLean, which solves the problem of how to win while surrendering; Wyman Guin's classic story of disassociated personalities, "Beyond Bedlam"; and Roger Zelazny's "The Graveyard Heart", about the beautiful, brittle society of the future. A fine selection; if you haven't already read the stories, run, do not walk, to plank down your 95¢.

JURGEN, by James Branch Cabell (Avon, 75¢) This is undoubtedly Cabell's best-known work. Unfortunately, it's a long way from his best. It is good, and Cabell's ironic wit flashes through frequently enough to keep the reader interested. But Jurgen's unending encounters with women do become monotonous well before the book is over. I liked it, but don't expect it to be anywhere near as brilliant as the publisher says it is, or as you may expect after reading THE SILVER STALLION.

A HARVEST OF HOODWINKS, by Robert Lory/MASTERS OF THE LAMP, by Robert Lory (Ace, 75¢) HARVEST is a humorous story; MASTERS is a private-eye adventure. Both are somewhat pedestrian. Not bad; not at all. Merely mediocre.

THE PROBABILITY PAD, by T. A. Waters (Pyramid, 75¢) The third in Pyramid's inbred "psychedelic stf" series. The best of the lot is still Kurland's UNICORN GIRL. This is about as good as Anderson's BUTTERFLY KID; moderately amusing, that is. Probably more amusing to lovers of "faan fiction" than it is to me, because that's about what the series amounts to; high-quality faan fiction.

THE WIZARD OF VENUS, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 60¢) Two of the manuscripts found in Burroughs' attic awhile back; the title story and "Pirate Blood". VENUS is a continuation of the Napier series. BLOOD is independent and probably a first draft; I don't think even Burroughs would switch from third to first person in the middle of a story. Neither one is exceptional unless you're a Burroughs fan.

THE CITADEL OF FEAR, by Francis Stevens (Paperback Library) I grabbed a copy of this as soon as I saw it on the stands, because I have the same author's HEADS OF CERBERUS (not "Cerebrus" as it is consistently misspelled in the introduction to this volume) and I was eager for more of the same. It wasn't until after I'd started it that I realized that I'd already read it - presumably in the FFM reprint. It stacks up fairly well on rereading. It's an antique; first published in 1918. Some of the customs are archaic - such as everyone of importance having servants. Some of the literary conventions are equally archaic; for a woman writer, Stevens made her feminine characters awfully saccharine, and there is far too sharp a break between sections - the book reads a bit like a novelet and its sequel. But still, this account of a "lost race" in a hidden valley of Mexico and the final confrontation between Quetzalcoatl and Nacoc-Yaotl somewhere in the wilds of New Jersey is a good story, keeps up the interest and is well worth your 95¢. Science fiction contained even more garbage in its early days than it does now (which is a horrible thought) but this is one of the good ones.

NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY #2, ed. by Terry Carr (Ace, 75¢) Brand new stories here include "They Loved Me In Utica" by Avram Davidson (short gimmick story, but a lovely gimmick); "Window Dressing", Joanna Russ's story of a supercilious mannequin; "Backward, Turn Backward", by Wilmar Shiras (reliving childhood isn't all that great); "His Own Kind" by Thomas M. Disch (slight but enjoyable fantasy of the love lives of a werewolf); and Katharine MacLean's "Perchance To Dream", a vignette of a world running down. Not too bad an assortment right there. Reprints include Leonid Andreyeff's "Lazarus", probably my favorite fantasy on a religious theme; "The Scarlet Lady" by Keith Roberts (fine story of a demon-possessed auto); and Robert Bloch's story of movie-extra heaven, "The Movie People"; all fine stories. Other reprints, not quite so fine, include Sheckley's "The Petrified World" (our dreary reality); Jorge Luis Borges' "The Library of Babel" (fine commentary on reality, maybe, but not much of a story); "The Ship of Disaster" by B. J. Bayley (an Elvish Flying Dutchman); "By The Falls" by Harry Harrison (presumably an allegory - didn't impress me); "The Night of the Nickel Beer" by Kris Neville (nostalgia and philosophy, an extremely uninspiring combination); "A Quiet Kind of Madness" by David Redd (aliens and the brutality of humanity; another of the good ones); "A Museum Piece" by Roger Zelazny (well-done, but I enjoyed John Collier's "Evening Primrose" too well to enjoy a shadow of it); "The Old Man of the Mountains" by Terry Carr (slight but quite enjoyable); "En Passant" by Britt Schweitzer (reprinted from HABAKKUK, more fan-fiction making good - but I still didn't like it); and "The Ugly Sea", one of R. A. Lafferty's wild fantasies. Not a bad assortment of fiction, at all, at all. Recommended.

THE SINGING CITADEL, by Michael Moorcock (Derkley, 75¢) More swords and sorcery from Moorcock. Title story is part of the Elric series, reprinted here from one of the Elric paperbacks. "Master of Chaos" is an extremely small story cloaked in sonorous writing. "To Rescue Tanelorn" is pure adventure; I would say it is average quality except the average for sword-and-sorcery writing is so low. So it's probably above average. "The Greater Conqueror" is a historical fantasy centering on Alexander; pretty good, but I kept thinking how much better T. B. Swann could have done it. Overall; mostly for s&s fanciers, though if you like Gardner Fox and Robert Moore Williams it's too good for you.

QUEST FOR THE FUTURE, by A. E. van Vogt (Ace, 95¢) The usual van Vogt mixture of fine imagination, packed action, and loose ends. (Like where the hell did those original movies that started the whole thing come from?) Characterization is practically zero, and any interest in the fabulous background is lost during the mechanical shuffling thru time. People wander on stage with no introduction and less logic (a privately financed trip to the stars in the near future?) and in the end the hero gets the girl, though he's never given any real reason for wanting her (I know; because she's there.) For people who like lots of action and guessing what's coming next, and who don't stop to think while reading.

TONGUES OF THE MOON, by Philip José Farmer (Pyramid, 75¢) Pyramid's second printing; first was in 1964. A somewhat trivial space opera, but rather enjoyable. Everyone is plotting against everyone else, and of course Our Hero comes out on top.

I, ROBOT, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 75¢) This has been around since 1950. Gnome Press did it first, in hardcover and paperback; then Doubleday reprinted it; then Grosset & Dunlap reprinted it, then Signet reprinted it, and now Fawcett reprints it. (I may have left out one or two...) It's a great book; if you haven't chanced to come across one of the myriad previous editions, by all means buy it. Nine of Asimov's classic "U.S. Robots" stories.

THE SHIP THAT SAILED THE TIME STREAM, by G. C. Edmondson (Ace, 75¢) Originally half of an Ace Double for 45¢; the curse of inflation. But it is definitely worth the new price. Fantasy-adventure; swords and sorcery, really. Or sails and sorcery.... Either way, thoroughly enjoyable adventure. Recommended.

AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT, by Arthur C. Clarke (Pyramid, 75¢) This is the one that absolutely reeks of the Sense of Wonder. Clarke later rewrote it as CITY AND THE STARS, but the original has gone through original magazine publication, a Gnome Press edition, a Permabooks pb edition, and a Pyramid edition, of which this is the sixth printing. When I get something like this I hesitate to review it because I assume that, like me, everyone out there has been seeing and reading it, off and on, for years. This story of the far future, with the universe itself dying, is one of the classics of the field; if by some chance you haven't read it yet, do so.

THE BIG BALL OF WAX, by Shepherd Mead (Ace, 75¢) A best-selling but not terribly funny satire, first published in 1954.

CITY OF ILLUSIONS, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Ace, 60¢) A sequel to one of her first stories; howcum you didn't reprint PLANET OF EXILE? A Quest story; borderline sword-and-sorcery. Very well handled. Ace first published it in 1967.

ANOTHER LOOK AT ATLANTIS, by Willy Ley (Ace, 75¢) I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. Includes reprints of 16 of Willy's GALAXY columns. As I said before, it's a splendid book but I wish to hell that it had an index. Recommended anyway; pass up a secondrate stf book and get this instead.

THE ARROWS OF HERCULES, by L. Sprague de Camp (Curtis Books, 95¢) One of de Camp's historical novels, based on the attempt of Dionysios of Syracuse to extend his holdings. De Camp's forte is the deft plonking of a "modern" phrase in an historical setting, showing that people haven't changed all that much. ("Some say all Phoenicians are thieves, although I have no prejudice against foreigners. Why, some of my best friends...." "Anyway, the research men consider the production men a lot of stupid stick-in-the muds, while the production men call the research men a band of lunatics wasting the city's money on ridiculous ideas." "The reason is that they use a new method of production - mass production, we might call it.") The plot isn't really all that great, but the background and dialog are well worth the money. Not fantasy, but very entertaining reading.

MURDER BOUND, by Poul Anderson (Macmillan) I picked this up secondhand for 20¢. I'm not all that much of a mystery fan, but since it was by Anderson.... It's not a really outstanding mystery, but it's adequate, and detective Trygve Yamamura is charming. Worth picking up, if you see a copy.

IN DEFENSE OF GHOSTS, by Herbert B. Greenhouse (Essandess, \$1.00) A rather entertaining book, surprisingly enough. The cases themselves aren't particularly startling or even believable, but the author has written them up in an amusing manner and the result is as good a way to spend a spare hour or two as some science fiction I've seen. Lightweight but moderately entertaining.

DIALOGUE WITH THE DEAD, by Peter Robson (Ace, 60¢) Told straight, which makes for a very dull book.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #21: The Thinking Machine Affair, by Joel Bernard (Ace, 50¢) Blech! Even Peter Leslie is better than this.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, by Robert Fellmeth (Grossman, \$1.45)
VANISHING AIR, by John Esposito (Grossman, 95¢) All of these are study reports
THE CHEMICAL FEAST, by James S. Turner (Grossman, 95¢) of Ralph Nader's group, cover-
NADER'S RAIDERS (Black Cat, \$1.25) ing, in order, the Interstate
Commerce Commission, air pollution, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Federal
Trade Commission. They are just about "must" books for anyone in the U.S. today. The
actual writing is not all that good. The authors are, I suspect, all lawyers and not
writers, and as lawyers they are interested more in hammering their point home than in
entertaining the casual reader. The reams of statistics do become boring at times. But
the facts themselves are quite fascinating enough; they don't really need brilliant
exposition. By 1975, New York City is expected to have 15,000 tons of garbage per day
more than its disposal capacity. Research on cyclamates showed that they produced
malignant tumors - but nobody bothered to tell the public this, even when they were
banned. "There are many indications that the railroads are anxious to get out of the
railroad business, and if allowed to invest elsewhere they may 'bleed' the carrier in-
to poverty." There's a timely quote for you. The U.S. railroads, with the mobile
privies that they call toilets, annually dump about 51½ million pounds of feces along
their rights of way. The diary of a "typical" long-haul trucker showed 16½ hours of
sleep during a 7-day period. Truckers account for 12% of the traffic on the New Jersey
Turnpike, and 61% of the fatal accidents. And loads of other little goodies. By all
means read these. Force copies on your conservative friends, if you have any.

WILD SEASON, by Allan W. Eckert (remaindered, \$1.00) A small, quiet natural history of
a month in the life of a small lake and the woods around it. Eckert follows various
animals on their rounds of feeding and becoming food. Primarily for city dwellers, I
expect; very little in it that was new or brilliantly written.

JERRY KRAMER'S FAREWELL TO FOOTBALL (Dantam, \$1.25) I don't buy sports books, and Jua-
nita has nothing whatsoever to do with sports. But I got this, and she promptly took
it away from me and read it, reading excerpts at me from time to time. I'm rather fas-
cinated by Kramer's personality. He comments on his drive for success; his insistence
on winning. I just don't have it, which is why it fascinates me. But the experiences
are interesting, too. Largely it's a medical book, since it seems a minor miracle
that Kramer is alive, much less a star pro football player. There is football here,
but it's the background; this is even more "behind-the-scenes" than INSTANT REPLAY.
The emphasis is on what it feels like to be a football player. Highly recommended.

BATTLES OF THE CRIMEAN WAR, by W. Baring Pemberton (Pan, 6/-) Two more in the British
BATTLES OF THE BOER WAR, by W. Baring Pemberton (Pan, 6/-) Battles series. The
overall impression I got out of these (plus other reading on World War I) is that if
the British Army had been competently led between 1850 and 1920, that Britain might
still have an empire, because at least half of the bright young men killed in the wars
would have remained alive to help run things. To military fans, these are very well
done and absorbing reading.

THE BITTER WOODS, by John S. D. Eisenhower (Ace, \$1.95) Certainly the ultimate in de-
tailed accounts of the Ardennes; almost 600 pages of it (over 600 counting bibliography
and index). Eisenhower is not a particularly brilliant military writer, but he is
competent. He of course has a great partiality for Dwight Eisenhower, but most of the
book concerns the small-scale engagements in which Eisenhower had no hand, so the bias
doesn't show too much.

GNISUM, by Sam Bowie (Ace, 60¢) It's sort of fascinating. I think I might like the
movie simply because of the cast, but the book is a pretty typical western. It uses
some real people in the cast, but don't make the error of thinking that it's history.

No room for anything else, I guess, not that I've finished anything else. Ace has a
good new bunch out; an Asimov science book, a novel by Ron Goulart, the first book in
what will probably be their ecology series, and the double novel contains Phil Farmer
parodies of Tarzan and Doc Savage, even to the extent of parody covers. And Harcourt
Brace Jovanovich has a new Andre Norton novel out.

GRUMBLINGS

Susan Wolfe, Box 85, Snook, Texas 77878

We just saw your review of Faunch #1.. Gee was it really that bad? But what really hurts (aside from your missing the point of the whole zine - it's a parody) is that you didn't say it WAS A STAR TREK zine which was the point!!!

/Apologies for my error. RSC/

Cecily Horton, P.O. Box 85, Snook, Texas 77878

Just saw your review of Faunch #1. Thank you for taking time to mention us but I wish you had mentioned that it was a Star Trek crudzine which is its reason for being. #2 will be out soon and it will be even cruddier (if possible). We've had rather good response to it so far and most other people have thought it was funny.

Ah yes, T-Neg is not the only ST fanzine out. There are quite a few maybe more now than when the show was on. For example - Triskelion, LNSTFCCE clubzine, Impulse, Theragin, The Voyages, The Film Clipper, Spock-analia (#5), Otherwords, Spock Underground, and many, many more.

The Trekkies are alive and well and hiding in Snook, Texas.

/Hell hath no fury like a Star Trek fan scorned. Actually I thought I had said that Faunch was an ST mag, but on checking I see that thinking was as far as I got. Apologies, again. RSC/

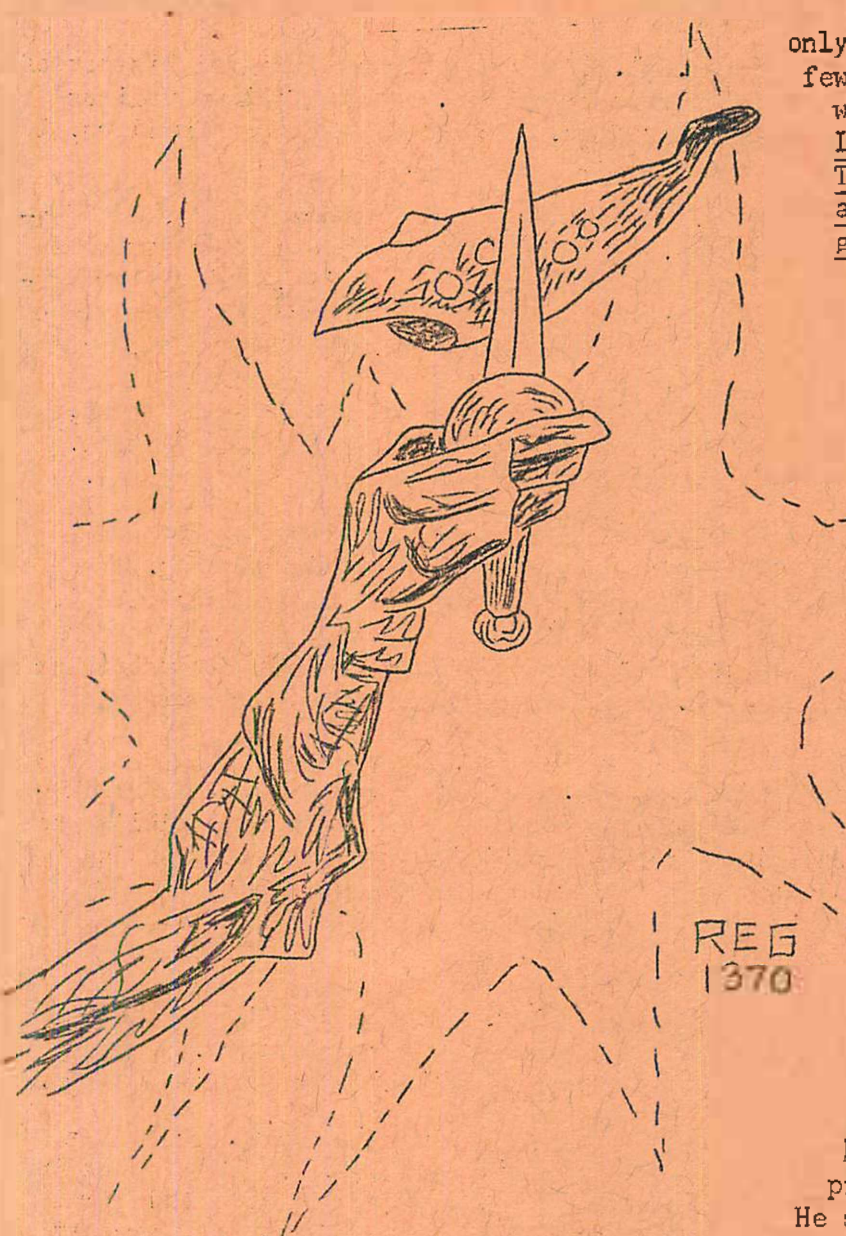
Bill Wolfenbarger, 24 Whites Pl., Apt. #3, Bloomington, Ill 61701

Could you do me the kind favor of printing the following in the lettercol?:

"Hitchhiking from Venice California to Dallas Texas late February 1969 with Sam & Barbara stranded other side of Yuma icy drizzle intense cold seeps into bones & all desert animals hustle for eternal cover & protection -- hungry & isolated --

weary trek thru time & experience -- finally get a ride from a spade businessman in his late 30s or early 40s who doesn't seem sure he digs picking us up tho he says not a word.

He stops at a motel for that late night & hitchhikers sleeping outside near a ware-



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house & barn. Most of our belongings remain in his red station-wagon. When we wake up early he's gone & our stuff with it. Losses forever include my poetry notebooks with over 800 poems, nearly half a novel, a small number of the old Weird Tales magazine, copies of Apa-L, the IASFS-apazine from Los Angeles which includes my poetry.

This reason for writing here is in hope someone out there in this vast vestage of fandom has maybe extra copies of APA-L with my poetry in them. God I'm willing to buy them! Getting those issues again is the only way possible to "make up the loss". Can you help me? Will you let me buy the copies I need, or would anyone out there be willing to loan them? Dates needed are: February 13, February 20, February 27, March 6, 1969. Help!!!"

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

Count your blessings if you can't find Powell Sci-Fi pbs. The local newsstand gets every one of them, and I suspect they crowd out more worthy books. (It would be hard to find less worthy books.) I have just three, all second-hand: the Wollheim collection, the Ackerman what-do-you-call-it, and Serviss' EDISON'S CONQUEST OF MARS, retitled INVASION OF MARS. I picked up the last two for more-or-less historic interest and will probably never read either. Bill Crawford's huckster room at Westercon had all of the Powell pbs, along with back issues of Spaceway -- both incarnations -- and the like. I never saw so much glitzy-looking garbage in one place in my life.

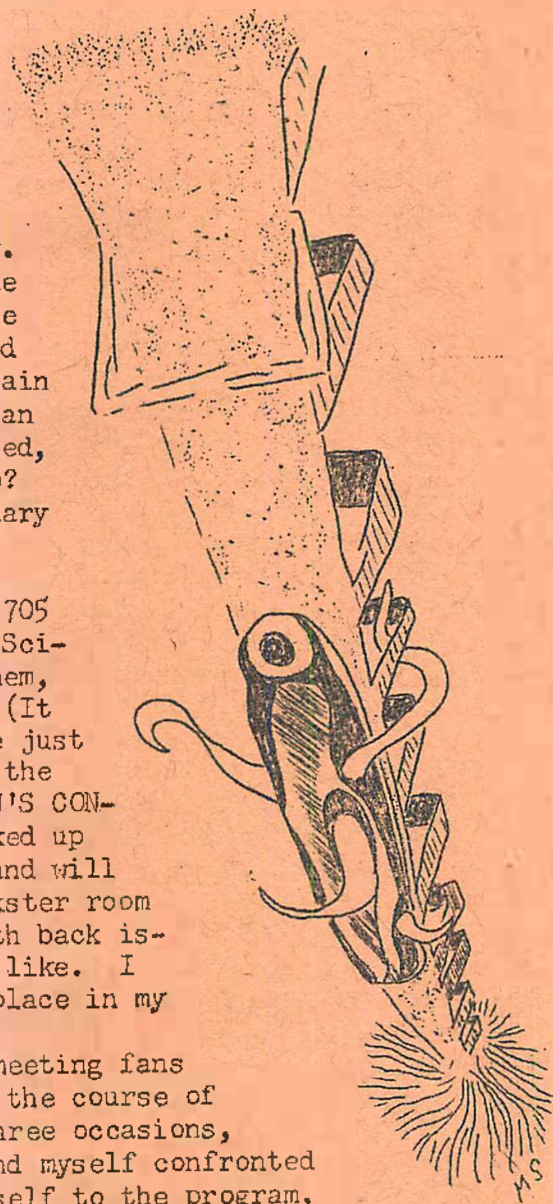
I know exactly what Derek Nelson means about meeting fans at conventions. After eight years in fandom, in the course of which I'd met maybe a dozen fans on a total of three occasions, I attended Westercon last month and suddenly found myself confronted with 500 at once. So I panicked. I confined myself to the program, auctions, movies, huckstering, and parties (alas, I missed out on the skinny-dipping), but there were moments - like standing in line behind Dave Van Arnam to use a urinal. "Right on top of a pro's!" Yes. Talk about borrowed glory...

Time to cut this off and get back to Milton's minor poems. (You might try getting a contribution from him for the 200th issue; the boy has possibilities. I distinctly prefer de Camp's verse, however.

/At my first WorldCon (Chicago, '52) I arrived knowing nobody in fandom but Bob Silverberg and left the same way. (I never even found Silverberg.) But then one night I was innocently walking along an Indianapolis street and was set upon by these two weird females, who turned out to be Juanita Wellons and Lee Tremper. (Even later, they turned out to be Juanita Coulson and Lee Lavell.) Talk about "The Moment That Changed My Life"... RSC/

Andy Zerbe, 3154 Dupont Street, Montgomery, Alabama 36106

Open house for the county jail Centennial Celebration is nothing. Kilby Prison, Alabama's main prison for the past fifty years or so, was abandoned late last year. A few months ago open house was held one Sunday to allow people to visit before the place was demolished. It was successful beyond all expectations. An estimated minimum of 80,000 people from all over the south visited the place. Because of this it was opened again to the public the next Sunday. Not so many people visited this time. Merely



50,000 or so. The prison was big and could easily accomodate all the visitors, but there was a big jamup at the entrance which was wide enough for only two people to pass through at a time. These visitors' days were so successful that I thought they should have kept the place as a tourist attraction. After all, how often do you have a chance to visit a place like Kilby? It was one of the real old fashioned prisons intended to punish a criminal, not reform him. Complete with thick concrete walls, watch towers, and a genuine death row. Nearly everyone expressed disappointment because the electric chair was removed.

Robert E. Briney, 233 Lafayette St., Apt #2, Salem, Massachusetts 01970

I may have been responsible for that sample copy of the Journal of Popular Culture that you received. The editor asked for names of people who might be interested in a copy, and I thought what the hell, why not? and gave him your name and address. Bad publicity may be better than none at all. I have to agree about the stuffiness of style and absurdity of content of most of the articles. Not all of them, though: Mike Nevins' articles on Harry Stephen Keeler are enjoyable. (I did a column of quasi-fanzine reviews for JPC a couple of issues ago, and may do some more writing for the journal in the future. As you can tell from the issue you have seen, some pretty odd things get published there...)

The same people who produce JPC (the Center for the Study of Popular Culture at Bowling Green University) are also publishing a series of books on various aspects of "popular culture" -- sf, mystery fiction, westerns, folksongs, films, you name it. This winter they will publish THE MYSTERY WRITER'S ART, an anthology (edited by Mike Nevins) of commentary on mystery fiction; the book contains articles by yours truly, Doc Lowndes, Joe Christopher, and a few other little-known people like Ellery Queen, John Dickson Carr, Ross MacDonald, Jacques Barzun, etc. Scheduled for publication later next year (if the early titles do well) are a biography of Sax Rohmer and a book on sf by Tom Claeson.

You just like to confuse people -- explaining that "quadrimestrial" means three times a year, rather than saying that it means at four-month intervals. By the same token, you would say that "trimestrial" means four times a year. But what about "quinquimestrial"? Two and two-fifths time a year?

Quibble quibble quibble. I have a favorite word, too, that I've been waiting for a chance to use. Have finally got to the point of writing an entire article just for the purpose of leading up to a proper use of this word...

Am just about to start on John Brunner's latest (that is, if I hurry it will still be his latest), THE DEVIL'S WORK. Not sf or fantasy. As the writer of the jacket blurb says: "John Brunner is an English novelist; he has also written numerous science fiction books."

Just got the latest batch of Ace titles from Dick Witter. The previously unpublished short novel in Thomas Burnett Swann's WHERE IS THE BIRD OF FIRE? was a pleasant surprise. I know what I'll be reading later this evening.

The people who cry the loudest for the elimination of third class mail and "junk mail" are ones who object to direct-mail advertising because of the competition it offers: just try to find a good word about third class mail in the NY Times and other newspapers, in Look, Life, etc. These magazines and newspapers cost the POD more money than third class and bulk mail, but try to get them to admit it. The standard example is the NY Times, which can send one of its Sunday editions from New York to Guam by airmail for less than 25¢. A private individual couldn't even mail one section of the paper across the street for that rate.

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

We've got a couple of dj's on AM radio out here who get all rapturous (if that is the word I want) whenever they play a record by Sinatra. I think whatever voice he may have had is gone now and the younger generation, from what I can gather by not-really-eaves-dropping, considers him something out of the stone age (I didn't ask whether they meant paleo or neo...) Well, at that, he sings better than his daughter.

Buck, of course you realize that, as in the case of the Boston Massacre, the view-

point depends on who wins. Which is, I've found, to be the biggest problem in studying history. It is difficult to get an objective view and the best one can do is read as many different narrations as possible and then draw one's own conclusions.

Well, I have, you know. Done some thinking about that Japanese item. (I always read the back pages of the newspaper more carefully -- that's where all the important news is.) This call for more people in Nippon is strictly a greed-motivated move on the part of "business". Japan has 100,000,000 people stuffed into a land area the size of California now and when you consider that most of that land is vertical rather than horizontal the situation becomes even more crowded. There is no place you can go in Japan, unless you secrete yourself behind four walls, where you are ever out of sight of people -- day or night. Yet Japanese manufacturers and businesses, desiring to sell more and thus make more profit, are now calling for an increase in population there.

Speaking of population, it appears that the 1970 census figures are to be taken with a grain of salt. In several instances towns have made official challenges to the official preliminary figures and recounts have turned up about 10% more people. Based on this I would estimate that the official count will be about 10% below the true figure for the number of people in the country.

I don't know whether the discrepancies are due to lazy enumerators or a deliberate attempt to take the wind out of the population explosion argument.

I have no particular comment to make on Joe Hensley's column. Some years ago when I was also younger and easier to get along with I, too, believed there was a certain importance to the fan world. There could have been. Blame Cosmic Claude for side-tracking it.

It seems that everyone is either for or against H. Ellison. Is it possible to be neutral? As a writer he is fair to middling -- quite uneven, really. Some of his stuff is good and some of it is horrible. I've met him only once and was not particularly impressed one way or the other. Ellison strikes me as being insecure -- I picture a young neo guiltily trying to defend his interest in such trash as science fiction. He comes on strong, true, but with an undercurrent of insecurity. (Instant analysis from Herr Doktor Tackett. Bring your own couch.) And since, apparently, whenever one writes of Ellison it must be either an attack or a defense, let me hasten to state that it is neither. Merely observation.

I don't know anything about the Mythopoeic Society, as reported by Dave Locke, but it seems to be another one of those organizations of idiots, like the Society for Creative Anachronism, who think things were better 700 or so years ago. They watched, I think, too many Hollywood productions.

Dave also mentions the problems with the repair of appliances and the like. We need engineers like Daniel Boone Davis (THE DOOR INTO SUMMER) who try to design their gadgets so repair is simple.

I don't ordinarily hold that the country is going to hell in a basket but it does seem to me that workmanship is getting sloppier and sloppier. Here again I think the basic cause is too many people. They have created a demand for products that is so great that manufacturers are hard pressed to get those products out. Consequently they rush things onto the market, cutting corners and generally producing inferior products.

Golden Minutes. "'The End', by Ursula K. LeGuin (Nice little piece)" ... Indeed? Fie on you, Coulson. You know all of us dirty old men are going to wonder if you are referring to the story or the writer.

Distribution is certainly a weird problem. Woody Wolfe has a traveling job and visits all sorts of cities, villages, hamlets. He has come up with the Powell titles plus all sorts of sfantasy that is not available in Albuquerque. He picks them up in little towns where one would expect that there would be absolutely no interest in the field. Usually if there is a book I want and can't find I'll pass the word along to Woody and he'll pick it up in Pecos or Hatch or High Lonesome or maybe even Bury Your Dead, Arizona. It doesn't make sense that sf books should be on sale in wide spots in the road but not in major population centers.

I think I'll have to agree with ol' Whatzisname there in Heyworth that signs indicate depression. Where I work we got the word that at the present there was nothing to worry about but "I wouldn't advise any of you to make any long term financial commit-

ments." Encouraging.

Let me assure ol' Whatzisname there in Heyworth that, indeed, I noted Carl Brandon and Don Elstar and all that in his book which ought to win him a Hugo and a Nebula and whatever else is available. An excellent book.

Gee, you mean Rog Ebert is now a big time screen writer? Another midwest fan makes good? Naw. Another potentially good writer shot to hell.

Hey, Buck, I note that IRS says that books sent to reviewers which are not returned to the publisher must be included as gross income. The I stands for Idiot.

/Unless Le Guin looks much better than her bookjacket photo, I was referring to the story. (But then, bookjacket photos are about one step up from passport photos, so just possibly...) Since it's the manufacturers' advertising that has created most of the demand, I doubt that they're so all-fired hard-pressed to meet it. Especially now. The problem is (a) shaving quality to make an extra buck, and (b) workers who have no personal stake in the quality of the product and therefore no interest in it. RSC/

Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Drive #9, Duarte, California 91010

The only control over guns that I have any interest in is that if anybody is allowed to buy a handgun they damn well better be checked out on it first. People are the problem, not the guns, but the people with the guns who don't know anything about them are people who scare me. The same should apply with rifles, but handguns are the place to start.

Just finished Ward Moore's BRING THE JUBILEE in the original F&SF version. Quite a good story, and quite a consistently good author. I wonder why no one has put his Amazing novel TRANSIENT between soft or hard covers, when much lesser works by much lesser writers have been?

/Agreed all the way. Wouldn't TRANSIENT make half of an Ace double, Don? RSC/

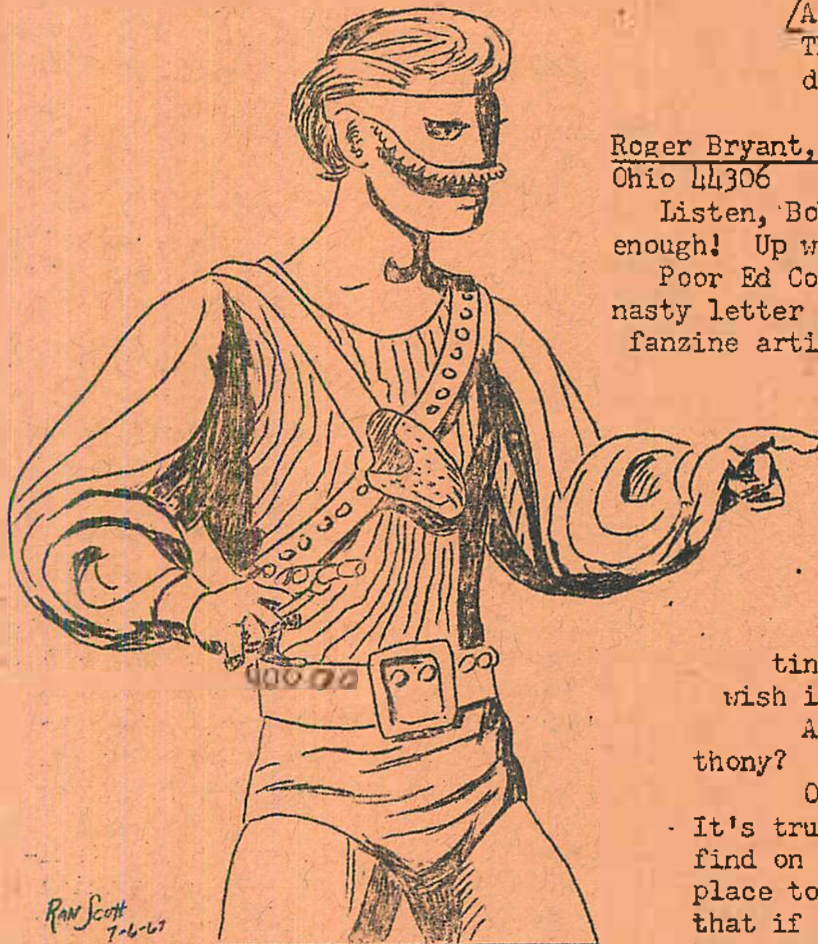
Roger Bryant, Jr., 647 Thoreau Avenue, Akron, Ohio 44306

Listen, Bob, people who shoot rabbits are bad enough! Up with wasteland!

Poor Ed Conner. Wish I had a nickel for every nasty letter he's gotten, and a dime for every fanzine article and editorial rotting at his doorstep. It's a shame people can't just accept the fact that Ed did a dumbass thing and (I gather from his letters) rather wishes he hadn't, and let it go at that. I'm sure Harlan, if he read much of this stuff (I'm sure he doesn't) must be getting just as sick of being defended as he was of getting criticized. If it were me, I'd wish it could just be forgotten.

And has no one a tear for Piers Anthony?

On your review of the Centaur book: It's true that these books are not easy to find on the stands, and it's good to have a place to get them by mail. But it's a fact that if you write to Como, you're likely to have your order (and your money) disappear,



So if you review any more of those books, and if you find the room, it might be nice to mention that the books can be ordered from the guy who owns a piece of the company, and is also a fan publisher and bookseller himself. His address is: Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, RI 02892.

/Here's a recruit for you, Liz. Sorry, Rog; if it weren't for people shooting rabbits, there wouldn't be many rabbits left. It's the people with a vested interest in keeping up the rabbit population who defend the bunnies against aerial spraying, housing developments, industrial pollution, market hunters, etc. RSC/

Derek Nelson, 227 Sherburn St., Winnipeg 10,
Manitoba, Canada

The ish with the sports things arrived a few days ago. Check out The Guess Who record "American Woman". #1 on a lot of U.S. hit parades and yet it is a violently (but viciously) Canadian attack upon the United States. A pure political record. Why would the Yanks buy it (unless the beat and "No Sugar Tonight", the flip side, were the big sellers down south)?

Watching the aftermath of Kent State I had this horrible thought -- do you suppose Kornbluth could see the future? There are frightening parallels of all sort in THE SYNDIC, from the youth revolt (and its fads and style of life) to the Mob/Syndic territorial split in present politics, the possibility of economic collapse, etc.

/Teenagers and young adults buy pop records, and a good share of them -- enough to make a record a hit, certainly -- applaud vicious attacks on the United States. RSC/

Liz Fishman, 2915 Princeton Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45406

You don't have a washing machine? Well, then the obvious conclusion is that your household has a high percentage of dry cleaning bills and red raw washboard hands. Right? Or maybe swollen toes and prune-wrinkled soles from trampling the clothes in a bathtubful of lye-strong home-made soap. Or don't you have a bathtub? Huh, bet you make your own toothbrushes, too. Ch. Well, see, it's this stick with bristles on the end...

Good God! Now I know why strawberries flourish along railroad tracks. Blech.

Last night the whole family, including Rotten, went to see PATTON for the second time, and we enjoyed it even more than the first time. And before it leaves we're going to see it again; I know people who are going back for the fifth and sixth time. We haven't had an honest-to-God new classic as far as movies go in a long dry time, and this one meets every requirement; the acting, photography, direction, and authenticity are just about flawless. Boy, if Best Movie and Best Actor aren't PATTON and George C. Scott I'm going to bomb the Academy.

Saturday I decided I wanted to make applesauce. I mean, I really wanted to make applesauce. I could just see and smell it bubbling in the big stewing pot; a light brown sugar brown with chunks of apple and speckled with cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and lemon rind, then served warm, mildly sweet and lemon and apple tart. Everyone raced around for bags and baskets, then out to the tree in the backyard to strip it of its yearly lush and heavy crop of green fruit. And standing there with bags, basket, and ladder we looked up into the tree, then circled it, then stood back to stare at its uppermost branches. And all in all our bumper crop consisted of twenty-six bird, worm, and squirrel-bitten spheroids, plus a few fallen ones gone to brown mush. Defected,



dreams of cinnamon and nutmeg vaped, we went back to the house to open cans of split pea soup and drowned our sorrow in the hot green slop.

/Why would I know what a toothbrush was? I don't have any teeth. RSC
As a matter of fact, I have used a washboard to wash clothes with, and yes it tears up your knuckles something fierce. But some years ago I discovered this marvelous thing called a laundromat; not only does the clothes magically, with this new-fangled thing called electricity, but it keeps the worst of the phosphorus pollution in town and away from our septic tank. JWC/

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

I do regret that you can't get educational TV in your area--not that there's that much on it that you're missing, but you are missing the excellent EORSYTE SAGA, along with the series on old silent movies. Last night, we had 3 chapters from Pearl White's serials: one from the Perils of Pauline, one from a successor serial called "The Exploits of Elaine" (this episode had a memorable subtitle when one of the otherwise dense characters had a "presentiment of misfortune"--the villain was a thoroughly hilarious character known as the Clutching Hand--he ran about in a crouch with one hand held to his chest in a rigid claw, and wore a bandanna over his face under, of all things, a cloth cap, which made him look rather like the Hunchback of Notre Dame on his day off from washing windows. They also had in this episode a fabulous device called a Vocophone--a sort of intercom system, which was astonishing stuff for 1914. Just when the Clutching Hand and his Henchman (we knew he was a henchman--he almost was obvious enough to have "Henchman" written on his hat) were strangling Pearl, the intercom unit that the brilliant scientist had concealed in the suit of armor blared out (in handsome Spencerian script, paralleled by stylized lightning flashes, since this was a silent film), "Show no mercy, men! We have the room surrounded!" Hearing (or reading) this message, the crooks fled through the window. What will the inventors think of next! The third episode (getting back to finish my initial lengthy sentence) was "The Iron Claw," which featured on the good guys' side a dude called "The Laughing Mask," who went around with a mask down over his nose--no eyeholes (I guess he laughed when he ran into things).

We began to suspect that one of the houseguests was the Laughing Mask when he pulled out his handkerchief and a mask fell out. Soon after that, the good guy's secretary prevented one of the Claw's men from skewering Pearl while hiding behind a suit of Japanese armor. In his rush after the assailant, the secretary ran into some nitwit wearing a sheet over his head (this was evidently a bad guy, and he was smart enough to at least cut some eyeholes in his sheet). The hooded menace jumped out from behind the secretary and ensnared him in some of the surplus sheet--this led to a neat, if confused, struggle, ended when the hooded crook managed to dump the secretary over the balcony and make his escape. Since they only showed up to episode 7, we are left desolate, not knowing for sure just who is the Laughing Mask (frankly, I don't know whether I'd want the Mask on my side or not--when he had the drop on the Claw and his minions, the Mask proposed that the Claw let Pearl and the other ladies go in exchange for himself. The Claw suggested that the Mask hand over his gun as a token of good faith, and the Mask was nutty enough to do so. The Claw then pushed the Mask into the closet, but the Mask did have the wit to change clothes with the other hostage in the closet, so that when the Claw pulled the Mask from the closet and yanked off the Mask, there was the under-butler, or such. Still, the Mask left much to be desired as a helpful companion in times of crisis.).

Let me recommend another book in case you have an Arthurian bent sometime. Mary Stewart has just published THE CRYSTAL CAVE, which deals in first person with the youth and young manhood of Merlin. She's evidently spent double time on this novel, and the result compares happily with Sutcliffe, I think. I hope she will do a sequel, since this book appears to stop just with Arthur's impending birth.

Rose Hogue, 1067 W. 26th West, San Pedro, California 90731

So sorry to take so long in responding to Yandro #195 & 196...have been too busy and

overly lazy. Agree pollution is the main cause of feeling "ugh" all the time. Our winter was most mild but everyone complained of feeling fluish/virusish and ughish all winter...can hardly wait for the smog to roll in for no one feels well then.

Read in the LA Times if something isn't done about air pollution in LA soon there will be a good chance of a killer smog, probably around Long Beach by 1976 or so. Well when it comes I'll be among the first to go, for when there is a smog alert I usually start passing out/throwing up and have a heck of a time trying to breathe.

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Indiana 46240

But with such a name as Icon, the thing simply begs for realization. Picture the horrified stares as fans behold our Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument for the first time; their even more horrified stares on beholding that sleazy Mausoleum, the WWI Memorial. Picture skinny-dipping in the University Park fountain. Think of what imaginative uses they could devise for the WWII tanks in said park, Governor Morton's statue, or the American Legion HQs. And surely this would be the only WorldCon city where the mayor would welcome us enthusiastically--Dickie Lugar is enthusiastic about anything. He'd probably offer to address the con or at the very least invite the Committee up to his office for a chat. But the work involved in running a WorldCon? Ah no! (You heard my frantic refusal to edit Chants of Madness, didn't you?) Has anyone mentioned to Andy Porter how horridly the Hilton treated the Democratic state convention?

Good grief! More things happened to Liz in one day as a clerk than I can recall from four years of it. Yes, she is a treasure. What hilarious things might she find to say about a WorldCon?

John picked up a new history book at the library last week, THE SLAVS, by Roger Portal. Turned out to have been written by a doctrinaire French Communist. His interpretations are hysterical. For instance, did you know the USSR merely "suggests" common foreign policy to the other Communist countries? Wonder what he thought of the Czech invasion?

/A firm suggestion, no doubt. Tell you what; if the Indianapolis fans want to host a regional con, I might attend, but that's as far as I'll go. RSC/

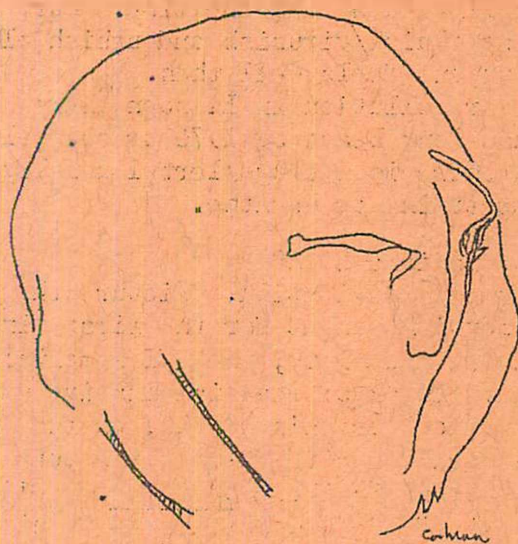
W. G. Bliss, 422 Wilmet, Chillicothe, Illinois 61523

The cover on #198 is prophetic -- traffic cops on the Moon.

I bummed a copy of THE UPRIGHT APE from a friend and added Roger Price to my list of favorite authors. A dandy title for a sequel would be THE UPTIGHT APE. Also recently read EPISTLE TO THE BABYLONIANS. It has a message. Found the book highly fascinating since that's where I live. One of the best examples of an innovation coming into practical use was Tesla's rotating magnetic field electric motors. Orthodoxy had the fan-tods and snit fits about them while George Westinghouse made scads of money from them. Just thinking, the foregoing kind of creates a mystery for everybody who didn't dash out and buy the book -- so, it is about the vital role of the innovator, and about how the public attitude towards innovators is the Achilles' heel of technocracy. Sometimes actions speak louder than words, and it does cost money and time to get a patent.

The discussion of the non-use of registered guns in ye editorial just gave me an instant inspiration. Crime is obviously becoming acceptable, and probably even unionized in a few more decades. Citizens are handed the message that they should not endeavor to defend themselves like their grandpops did since that is too dangerous. Crime makes a lot of people a lot of money. Lawyers, insurance companies, burglar alarm mfrs, bail bondsmen, merchant police, and scads of civil employees and dealers in medium warm and hot goods. They would actually be against crime? Unfortunately, criminals have a risky occupation. Dog bites, glass cuts, and irate little old ladies with baseball bats. And too some thefts such as a TV can render hardships on the stealee, and since the element of combat is present, both the criminal and the victim can suffer casualties. The first step to correct this situation which has persisted for ages is licensing criminals. (When that is enacted will also be a good time to include special licenses for non-commercial thieves such as kleptomaniacs and fetishists who have a mania for lifting things like piano stool covers and Edsel hubcaps and nickle-plated monkey wrenches.)

Every criminal will have a badge with his name, rank, and serial number on it, and



after the robbery (that does make a special problem about unwitnessed murders, though) the victim calls the gendarmes and reports his loss. If he has been konked on the noggin or kicked in the tendrills the robber gets nothing. The robber after a robbery proceeds directly to the nearest police station and turns in the loot and registers for robbery payment. (Embezzlers are on a semi-annual basis, except for grab and shag to Mexico-type of embezzling.) There would be a scale of payment depending on the items and difficulty of robbery. The items would be put up on auction regularly and that would give the victim a chance to retrieve his possessions. Or the victim could retrieve his stuff by paying a percentage of their value and the payment would be an allowable tax deduction. Or (more popular to be sure), the victim could also be paid on a scale similar to the robber and his goods returned to him.

Outside of commercial crimes, thievery, all other categories of crime would come under psychotic behavior. No penalty clause for any of those except getting tossed in the nuthouse, and there is no writ of Habeas corpus from a lot of those. If there is any deterrent to crime outside of commercial crime that works, the current state of the psychiatric art in practice should be. Some patients are plugged into the nearest handy outlet -- with an isolation transformer for safety, to be sure.

When it comes to actually figuring out the human mentality, even L. Ron Hubbard is contemporary. And too, a few little things like some laws that are a crime in themselves need to be straightened out. I'll have to kind of skip over that subject, or this LOC will be five months late while I research.

It was quite a flap about the CIA checking on subversive readers in libraries. They need to read up on how to make pineapples? There's lots of things cheap and handy to get a bang out of. Like pressure can paint. One of those new and still with a full charge got into my incinerator a few years ago by accident. It made a beautiful mini-demonstration of an atom bomb going off. There was a vertical smoke column and a thirty-foot wide ball of orange fire went straight up out of sight. It sure cleaned out the incinerator. Combine a loaded pressure paint can with a thermite bomb (which can be made from magnesium filings or old fashioned flash powder) from a casting from a junkyard. A few old timers I know have mentioned making gun powder out of common sugar in the old days, for economy.

Found a new paperback yesterday on how to understand Churchward and his writings on the land of Mu. Haven't read it yet. Was enticed by the idea that somebody thought Churchward needed translating. Next, a paperback on how to understand Shaver -- and if that sort of thing zooms up into popularity no doubt there will be a book on "Understanding the Analog Lettercolumn by Lay Reader".

In the August ish of 73-zine, there is a one-line fill: "Always be sure your ob-scene transmissions have redeeming social value."

Something I've given a trifle of thought to now and then is Hamdom is one good place to look for portents of things to come in SF fandom. It's kind of like for a few centuries now the French usually have made popular mistakes way ahead (even a century earlier than everybody else). The editorial in 73, by Wayne Green, is ominous. Hamdom's OO is a prozine (QST) that does not pay taxes and purportedly has $\frac{1}{2}$ million clams in the kitty. It has been said that it does not pay writers, and offers advertising at lower rates than other prozines. Ham conventions have grown (some of that is one of their fringe fandoms -- CBers). Even the annual one in Peoria has a plus 2000 attendance, and I counted over four hundred hucksters last year. I wonder -- will that be about where SF fandom will have evolved to in 2025?

Also, in using that electronic crystal ball, almost all of ham equipment has come to be commercial package unit stuff instead of home-made. So, it could be fifty years,

very few zines will be run off on the fan's own equipment. Or maybe by then (I have a typer invention that makes it practical to record material at thought speed -- impossible with keyboard devices), zines will be zipped off (and even mailed) by an automatic zine machine. Hams have been restricted since early days -- no music and amateur tv is restricted to narrow band and slow scan rates, and just little snippets of the radio spectrum are left to them. The mails are approximately analogous to the airwaves, so someday fans may have to be licensed correspondents and publishers.

I've noticed a lot of bazz fazz about the post office "problem" lately. At least one independent carrier (United Parcel) handles parcel post and makes money at it and gives jiffy service. So the POs problem looks kind of artificial. Beyond any shadow of doubt there will be solutions, which will include regulation of mail -- purportedly to limit the volume of mail to "necessary" mail. That will give rise to a whole new bureaucracy. Of course, the small mailer will have the most nuisance from regulations. Commercial firms which send out tons of junk ads will be unaffected as they are essential to maintaining modern prosperity and all that jazz.

Jeff Smith, 7205 Barlow Court, Baltimore, Md 21207

Liz Fishman is an absolute gem, and 198 had her best column yet. I would have applauded if anyone could have heard me. Beautiful.

Randy Bytwerk told a couple of mailman stories. I was a summer mailman two years ago (now I work in a bookstore, and dread the day I have to take a higher-paying job) and I'm sure Randy will agree that we could fill an issue or two of Yandro with mailman stories alone. (There are plenty of bookstore stories, too, but mailman stories, on the whole, are better.

What you do with a locked screen door is put the letters back in the bag and leave the third-class mail on the porch. Yes, believe it or not, there are times when fanzines get delivered and bills don't. (I sent Dean Koontz a letter one morning and a fanzine in the afternoon, and he got the fanzine the day before the letter.)

I never did find out what to do when I couldn't find the mailbox -- mainly because I always find it. Somewhere. Like up a tree, or under a bush.

Dogs, Randy. Did you have fun with dogs? Were you given dog squirter? (A red pepper solution. Squirt it in the dog's eyes and it'll sting long enough for you to get down the block.) I never used it; I never had the heart to, despite the fact that it really is harmless. It's just an irritant. I had one standoff. The dog stood with bared teeth and I held the pepper spray and we just stood for at least five minutes. "Go away or I'll squirt you. I don't want to squirt you. You're a nice dog. Go away." Finally his owner came out and called him away.

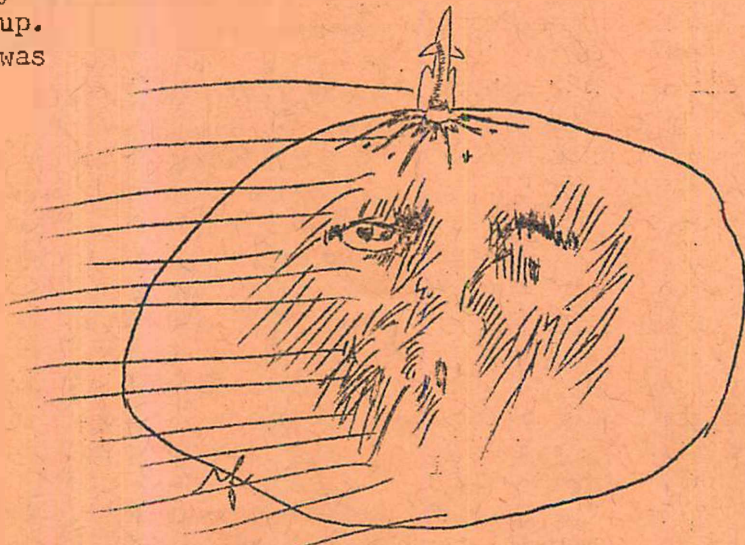
My favorite dog story, though, is this: The house had a cement porch and a fence, no gate, and the mailbox was in the middle of the front wall. And a vicious dog. Wouldn't let me close. I just marked the mail "undeliverable--dog" and took it back with me. Somebody called and said they wouldn't get their mail until the dog was tied up.

The next day, sure enough, the dog was tied up. Tied to the porch fence. I still couldn't get to the mailbox. I have yet to figure those people out.

Rick Brooks, RR #1, Box 167, Fremont, Indiana 46737

Yandro 198 came a while back. A Gilliland cover must be a first for fandom. The cover is the first thing of his that has convinced me that he is a better artist than I am. Liked almost all the artwork this ish, tho there wasn't as much as usual (would you believe 20%?).

THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH was pretty good, but I still feel uncomfort-



able about the girl who went back in time and got physically (but not mentally) younger while the hero went back to the time of Christ without losing any years. And I always will wonder why the hero never realized that he had wiped out the people that he cared about by wiping out their future. Not to mention stranding Christ on an uninhabited world.

Liz's letter concerning the girlfriend who was going to junk all her books shook me. I hoard mine and won't throw away even ones that I disliked. If I can't trade them off, they'll sit until New York freezes over (old East Coast joke).

Picked up Ballantine's PERILS OF THE PEACEFUL ATOM from the local library (they are starting to order paperbacks) and have been reading it. It surely doesn't do anything for my faith in humanity. It is a scary book, not so much for its horror stories on how a reactor could spill and contaminate a large area, but for its true stories. Imagine a plant finding that 100 kilograms (220 pounds) of enriched uranium, or about 6% of what it used in six years, was missing. They found a fraction of it after a long search...and assumed that the rest was lost in normal processing! And several lives have been lost, mostly through stupidity. Apparently atomic power plants cannot now compete with coal burners unless the government subsidizes or unless safety regulations are bent. And the damndest little thing can cause an accident. One guy bumps another. Only the second guy is carrying a tube of plutonium solution. When it hits the floor, decontamination of the place costs about \$25,000.

Worst of all, no plans have been made for accidents. This guy who knew nothing about radioactive material was given some in a long capped tube to mix. He then poured it into a bowl. The stuff started to come close to a critical mass and boiled up all over him. They had no ambulance, so they rushed him to the nearest hospital. When it wouldn't accept him, they had to call around for a hospital that would take him. In decontaminating him, the doctor became slightly contaminated, as did the hospital room. Both people in the car came down with radioactive sickness, just from being near the victim. The victim fortunately didn't suffer more than a couple of days.

And waste disposal is a farce. That stuff is mainly in tanks that need changing every so often. The waste is so hellishly radioactive that it boils for years in the storage tanks. And it will take around 1000 years to "cool" off to a safe level.

I've gotten so I don't wonder why I'm paranoid, just why I'm not more so.

/Some people do throw away unwanted books and magazines, though. I can understand disposing of something that you don't want to keep (who keeps old newspapers, for example?), but I can't see just throwing it out. I tried desperately to find someone to accept old Readers Digests; the magazine exchanges around here won't take them. Finally someone -- Joanne Burger, I believe -- tipped me off to "Little Sioux", St. Francis Indian Mission, St. Francis, S.Dakota 57572. I ship them the mags and they send me nice little thankyou notes and bookmarks. (Newspapers go to Boy Scout paper drives and are presumably pulped and re-used.) RSC/

Larry Propp, 3127 North Sheridan Road, Peoria, IL 61604

You mentioned in your editorial the use by police of hollow-point bullets. There was quite a stir here in Champaign/Urbana over that very issue a couple of months ago. It seems that one of the bookstores was firebombed (it had been continually victimized since the March riots) and a number of employees came down to the store to help clean up. One of them was a young black kid named Edgar Hoult. Anyway, Hoult left the store about 3:30 or 4:00 in the morning, and he was seen coming out of the store by a patrol car. There was a high speed motor chase into the North End (the local ghetto), and Hoult finally cracked up his car against a fire hydrant. He got out and ran. The cop got out, drew his gun to fire warning shot, and (according to the official story) tripped and fired and hit Hoult in the back at fifty yards. This doesn't sound too damned likely, but then I'm told by people familiar with guns that it is just as unlikely that he could take aim and hit Hoult at fifty yards. Anyway, the whole point is that the cop had no "probable cause" to draw his gun in the first place--since he didn't see a crime being committed and was not meeting the use of force with reasonable

force, the law gave him no right to draw in the

Then it comes out that Houltz was shot with a hollow-point bullet. At first some official in city government made the statement that Houltz was shot with regulation ammunition. The final story (and the true one) is that hollow-points are not regulation ammunition, but the police may purchase and use them if they wish.

I've rapped with a couple of cops about this, and they claim that the reason they use hollow-points is that they have greater stopping power. This is true, but there is another consideration that is overlooked in all discussions around here (so far, at least)... It is well-nigh impossible to make use of any scientific identification or investigation techniques (on the part of the defense) if the bullet flattened out on impact.

Oh, one more thing. There is a difference between hollow-points and "dum-dum" bullets. A "dum-dum" will flatten out in the air; the hollow-point only flattens out on impact. This is relevant because the "War Crime" argument only applies to "dum-dums"; the Geneva Conventions make no mention about hollow-points. So the supporters of the use of such bullets can technically be correct when they say that they are not using ammunition that has been outlawed as a "War Crime". What I think about that technicality is another matter.

There was a rock festival on a farm near Heyworth over the Memorial Day weekend. Tucker is planning an article on it for some mainstream magazine. He wants to include quotes, incidents, and rumors from some of the participants. I'm sure he'd welcome anything sent to him on it. He's looking for personal experiences; rumors, scare stories--the works; just identify which is which. I've read that some state officials are trying to get prosecutions from pictures they took, so on some items you might be advised to write him an unsigned letter.

"dum-dum bullet. (From Dum-Dum, town near Calcutta, India, where ammunition is made.) A kind of bullet that expands on impact, inflicting a severe wound." (New Century Dictionary) I think your local cops have been feeding you a line; there isn't a bullet made that will flatten out in the air, and you couldn't hit the side of a barn with it if there was. A hand-whittled dum-dum might be off-center enough to tumble in the air; any poorly-designed bullet will do this, and may strike the target sideways (if it strikes the target at all, which isn't likely. Tumbling reduces accuracy to the vanishing point.). RSC/

Jim Kerr, B.D.H.C., P.M.B. 5010, Lebanon St., Ibadan, Nigeria

We did hear about a typically heartrending event which happened on the compound. I should explain that when a Nigerian takes a wife (and some of them have three wives) he is obliged to pay around NE40 to NE50 for her (depending on the quality offered) to her parents. As the average yearly income per head is NE30, this payment represents one hell of a lot of money. Wives are normally paid for on the installment system. This particular story concerns one of the compound stewards who had been married for about six months and had fallen behind on his payments. The wife's brother called on the steward to demand the money (the steward had spent it on beer). A fight developed between brother and brother-in-law because the former insisted on taking the wife back to her parents until the husband had paid of the money owed. The police were called and supported the brother's line of argument. The result was that one pregnant, weeping wife was forceably removed from her home and husband and carried off to her parents' home. The story had a happy ending when, a week later, the steward was able to borrow some money and get his wife out of hock.

/I suppose that repossessing a wife is no different, in legal principle, from repossessing a washing machine. (might even be the same in fact.)
Have any of the Woman's Lib movements heard about Nigeria? I think they're needed....RSC/

/And from my point of view, that's it for this issue. (From your point of view there are still 5 pages of fanzine reviews and a sheet of reprints, but these are already on stencil.) May your Labor Day be (or have been) quiet. RSC/

strange fruit

I have here an ad for a new "Star Trek" fanzine, Impulse, \$1.25 from D. Carol Roberts and Amanda Glenn Harris, P.O. Box 9097, Phoenix, Arizona. Remember when we said that the the best of the ST fans would graduate to stf fandom, and the Trekkies would sink back into whatever mundane activities they had before? Well, the first part seems correct; considerable interesting new fan blood has come out of ST fandom. But the others seem to be perpetuating their own fandom, instead of dropping out of sight as expected. To quote a certain long-eared character, "Fascinating!"

Serendip, #45, 46, 47 (John McCallum, P.O. Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 100 pps for a dollar - bi-weekly?) A Postal Diplomacy journal. The only way you can occupy your friend's capital city by mail.

New SF Published in Great Britain: 1968, 1969 (available from Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas 77566 - 35¢) Compiled by Gerald Bishop; reprinted by Joanne. I found it more interesting than the US booklists, because I have fewer contacts in Britain and there's always the possibility of missing something, despite Ken Slater's booklists.

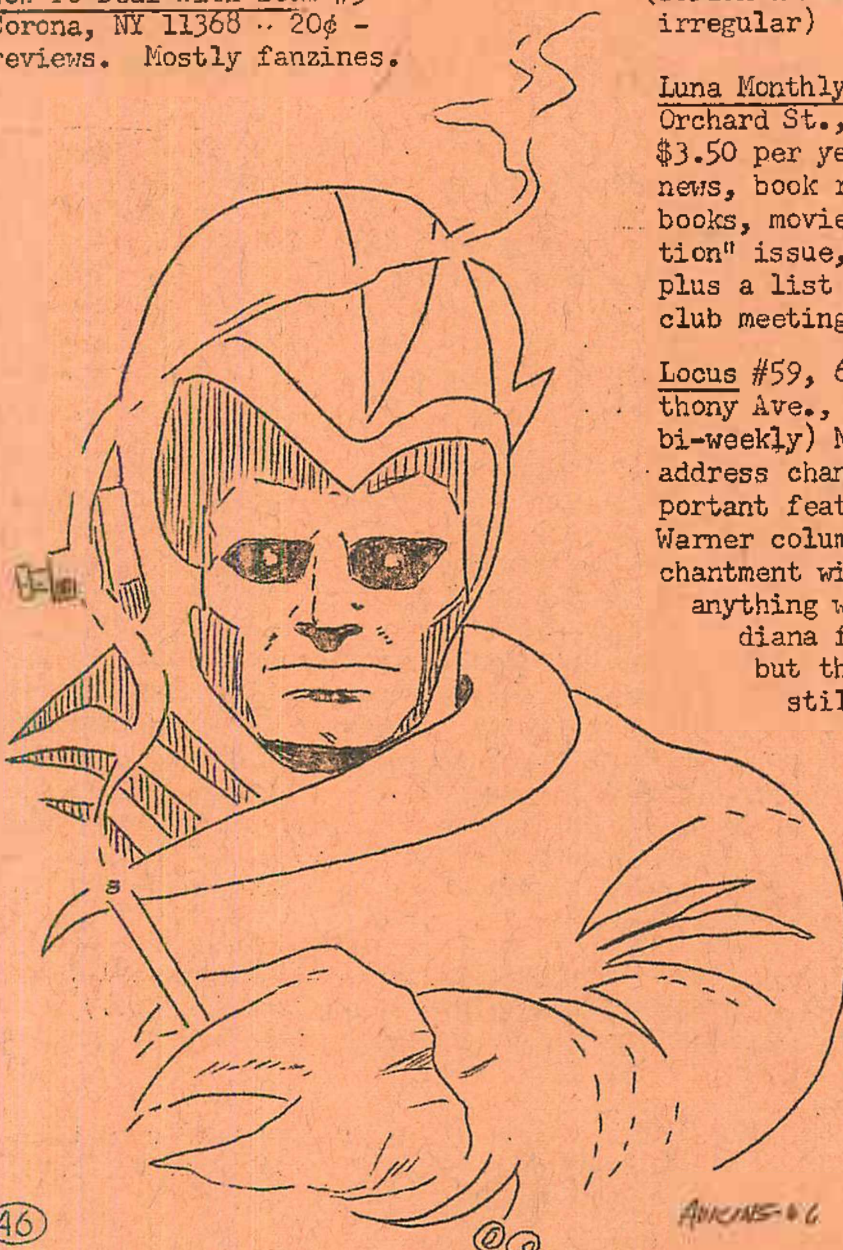
Now To Deal With You! #5
Corona, NY 11368 - 20¢ -
reviews. Mostly fanzines.

(Gordon & Becky Linzner, 105-09 Martense Ave.,
irregular) 14 pages of fanzines and book

Luna Monthly #15, 16 (Frank & Ann Dietz, 655
Orchard St., Oradell, NJ 07649 - 30¢ @ -
\$3.50 per year)- Pro and international fan
news, book reviews, lists of forthcoming
books, movie commentary. #16, being a "vacation"
issue, is almost entirely book reviews,
plus a list of coming events; conventions,
club meetings, etc. Rating.....6

Locus #59, 60, 61 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY 10457 - 10/\$2, 20/\$4 - bi-weekly) News, fan and pro, fanzine reviews, address changes (possibly the single most important feature), and an occasional Harry Warner column. Despite certain fans' disenchantment with Charlie Brown (I don't see anything wrong with saying that other Indiana fanzines read like Yandro rejects, but the other editors seem to) this is still the premier fan newsletter. Rating.....7

Focal Point #9 (rich brown, 410 - 61st St., Apt D-4, Brooklyn, NY 11220 & Arnie Katz, Apt. 3-J, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY 11201 - 6/¢1 - bi-weekly) This is undoubtedly the premier newsletter in the minds of most of the active fans. It is undoubtedly the most "fan-nish" of the newsletters, while printing a good amount of news at the same time. Rating.....6



Winnie #49 (Michael Ward, Box 41, Menlo Park, Ca 94025 - ?) Yeah, right after I tell the Focal Point editors that I'm not about to trade two copies of Yandro for their mag and they should therefore take my name off the mailing list, Winnie announces that it will fold with issue #50. Oh well, as long as Brown and the Dietzes hang on... Besides, Ward says he may transfer publication. Anyway, it's a good newsletter but I wouldn't advise subscribing right at the moment.

Newfangles #37 (Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio 44060 - 20¢ - monthly?) Actually, the 20¢ price doesn't take effect until #40, but what the hell; it's worth it if you're at all interested in the subject matter. This is the only comics newsletter that I know of. There is a refreshingly candid attitude. (If DC would send us news releases, we wouldn't have to dig up news about them and would not uncover all this stuff they don't want printed.)

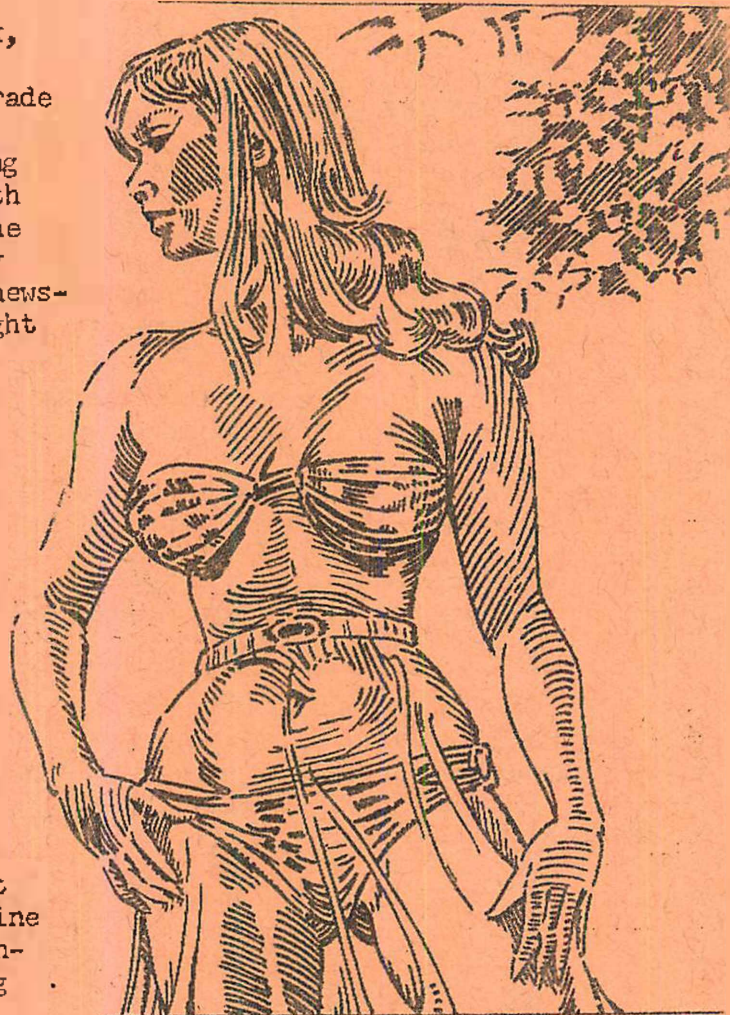
Le Sac A Charbon, #18 (Michel Feron, Grand-Place 7, B-1280 HANNUT, Belgique) I'm not sure if this is the whole thing or not; what I received is a sheet of international fanzine reviews. Written in French. Might prove interesting to someone whose language training is more extensive than mine.

The Heicon Flyer #6, 7 (Don Lundry, RD 1, Old York Estates, Hightstown, NJ 08520 - no price listed) With these came Hei-Jack, a fanzine produced by the Australia in '75 Committee for "in-flight" reading". This is primarily for fans who are taking the chartered flight to the HeiCon, but it does offer tips about travel to Europe that would be valuable to any fan considering a foreign trip in the near future. (Near future because things do change on the Continent, despite prevalent US opinion.) Come to think of it, did you ever notice that the one landmass that is a "continent" by courtesy only is the one referred to as "the Continent"? The arrogance of Europeans...

Haverings (Nibblings) #45 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 7 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - US Agent Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt 3-J, Brooklyn, NY 11201 - 6/\$1 - bi-monthly) Devoted almost entirely to fanzine reviews; one page covers British news items. Also, in this issue are the book reviews that would normally have gone into Scottishe #56, due to the delay of that Scot. (Anniversary issues are hell on regularity, aren't they, Ethel?) A good place to see what fanzines look interesting. Rating.....5

As*terisk #1 (Earl Evers, 1327 Leavenworth St., #118, San Francisco, Ca 94109) This is sent out to recruit new blood for TAPS. Apparently you have one fanzine, with a rotating editorship, and members send their letters of comment, or whatever, to the editor of the moment. Earl says the mags run from 20 to 40 pages (this one is only 18, which is possibly why he's after new blood). Write Earl if you want more information. There's a lot on drugs and rock music in this issue, but then Earl wrote 11 pages, and that's what he's interested in.

Zeem #3 (Earl Evers, address above) To be a personality and letter-zine. Primarily interested in rock, "new wave", sci-fi, drugs, and fans and fandom, including con reports.



(My immediate reaction is "blech", but the quality of the writers is more important than the subject matter; there are people in fandom who could make all of the above subjects interesting to me. Quite possibly they're interesting to you no matter who writes about them; in which case you should write Earl something.)

Chants of Madness #10, 11 (Dave Gorman, 3515 Lauriston Dr., New Castle, Indiana 47362 - 10¢ - monthly?) Sort of the official newsletter of the Indianapolis club, but mainly Dave Gorman's personality-zine. I won't rate personality-type mags because reaction to them is purely subjective. And since I couldn't stand the sight of one fan who was described as "the most likeable person in fandom" (no, not Harlan), I gather that my reactions to personality are not the fannish norm. #10 has a quiz by Lee Lavell that must not be too hard because I got a good score on it.

Microcosm #12, 13 (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana 46226 - 25¢ - next issue special, 50¢ - every six weeks) Another personality-zine. #12 is small and entirely editor-written. #13 contains columns by Greg Shaw, Jim Lavell, Leon Taylor, and Lee Lavell. Though Jim's is hardly a column; more of a continuing bit of faan fiction. So you get a sort of multiple-personality fanzine. (I may have to start calling it a genzine and rating it, yet.)

Curse You, Red Baron! #II/7 (Dick Eney, (Advisory Team 84, APO San Francisco 96215 - irregular) A perfectly fascinating short article on the history of Southeast Asia. Some of it I knew; some I didn't. Very well done.

Nosfan #2 (Craig Shukas, 2716 Prancer, New Orleans, La 70114) - Official newsletter of the New Orleans club. Entirely devoted to club events.

Helmuth #1, 2 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107) Personality and letterzine. If you've been around Dynatron, you know what Tackett's personality is like; I find it quite interesting. Material covered includes everything from the decline in science fiction (quantity, not quality, though now that I think about it...) to what we've been doing in Viet Nam to New Mexican politics.

Metanoia #5 (Greg & Suzy Shaw, 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, California 94930 - free "if I think you deserve it) More personality and letters, not quite the same type as Tackett's. It's ultra-fannish; the place where Dave Burton can say (in consecutive sentences, just as repeated) "But there are damned few faanish fans in fandom today, and a very few faanish neofans. Kids don't want to learn to write well." And the editor agrees with the basic premise without a blink.

Outworlds IV (Bill & Joan Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203 - 3/\$1 - bi-monthly) From now on, Bill is taking subs only for an entire year. Presumably to save book-keeping, though I'm not sure it will save all that much. Address changes call for far more of my time than subscriptions do. However, it's his fanzine. And a nice fanzine it is, lovingly lithoed on high-quality paper. With double-page illos, even. The only jarring note in the layout is that one illo printed sideways. Whatever the purpose, the result is jarring. However, in general the artwork this time is better than any of the written material, which includes editorial, fiction by the editor, and letters. Bill is on the lookout for better serious written material, however. Rating.....6

Nope #10 (Jay Kinney, 606 Wellner Road, Naperville, Illinois 60540 - 25¢) Fannish art and text. Dave Herring's work wasn't all that original, but was reasonably good. I've never cared all that much for Kinney's cartoons, but Ted White likes him well enough to put him in Fantastic. Ray Nelson is amusing. I didn't care much for John Berry's party and con reports, but then that's my usual response to party and con reports. Somehow the information that Ray Fisher is gassed over a stack of Quandrysts or that John doesn't play pool very well fail to attract my interest. However, John is regarded as one of fandom's best writers, so you might want to ignore the fact that his con reports bore the hell out of me. Rating.....5

Phantasmicom #3 (Donald G. Keller & Jeffrey Smith, 7205 Barlow Court, Baltimore, Md

21207 - Smith gets the money, which is 50¢ @ - quarterly) Largely devoted to R.A.Lafferty; an article about him, a bibliography of his work, and a short story by him. Loads of book reviews, letters, and an appreciation of Piers Anthony. Dittoed, but readably done. Large. Rating.....6

Graphic Story Magazine #11 (William Spicer, 4878 Granada St., LA, Ca 90042 - \$1 @ - irregular) The entire issue, except for letters, is devoted to "A Candid Interview With Will Gould", illustrated with examples of Gould's comic strips, sports cartoons, etc., and photos from various periods of his career. Now Gould's cartoon work does not impress me particularly, or at least not favorably. But the background information he gives on cartooning and newspaper work is exceptionally interesting. The fanzine is printed, 48 pages, with colored covers on heavy stock, and seems more of a semi-professional magazine than a fanzine. Certainly it's a long way from the typical comics fanzine, both in appearance and quality.

Uchujin #114 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10, O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan - monthly)-
~~Printed~~ in Japanese, except that they now have an English table of contents so you can see what you're missing, along with short news items in English. It looks like it would be fascinating, if I could read it.

Crossroads V.9#1 (Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, RI 02912 - bi-monthly - 25¢ @ or 12/\$3) About half letters, with book reviews and an Ed Cox column to provide new topics for letterwriters. Rating.....5

Osfan V.2#9 (subs to Linda Stochl, Rt # 1, Box 89c, House Springs, Missouri 63051 - 1 year/\$1.75, 20¢ @ - monthly) General-type clubzine. Most material by club members. (Maybe all, if Leon Taylor is a member.) Couple of con reports this time, verse, some articles and local jokes. Rose-Marie Green thinks St. Louis fandom is far superior to "Dave Lewton's group in Indianapolis, where they have hot arguments on politics and SF and such". (Even aside from Dave's sudden promotion, does anyone recognize the Indy group in that description?) Unfortunately, though, Rosy, it isn't a terribly good fanzine; not in comparison to, say, Sirruish. Rating.....4

SF Waves #1 (Dave Gorman, address above, - 6/\$1 - bi-monthly) Knowing Gorman's new-wave predilections, I approached this with some hesitation. The first items didn't reassure me; anybody who likes the writing of Dean Koontz and Barry Malzberg can't be all good. For that matter, I don't really groove with "Prisoner" fanciers, though Lee does an entertaining short article on the program. But Jim Lavell has a fairly funny frolic and there is the first half of a history of Weird Tales (Weird Tales? In a Gorman fanzine?) by Jay Crackel, reprinted from Merlin. And after all, nobody who likes SF Commentary can be all bad. So it turns out to be a rather promising fanzine, after all. I'm a bit worried about this business of "The letter after your name on the mailing label indicates your status" though. I got handed my copy at a club meeting, which presumably implies that I have no status. (Addendum from JWC: I heartily applaud Gorman's beautifully concise and clear contents page info. Go thou and do likewise, you people who hide schedule, price, and even address in some of the weirdest places in your fanzines.) Rating.....5

Stefantasy #66 (Bill Daner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa 16374) I think I preferred Staf before Daner got on this kick of reprinting from old issues of Scientific American. However, the American articles are amusing and occasionally instructive (I think I got an idea for part of the background of a sword-and-sorcery novel from one of them), as is the letter column and the "advertising". Rating...7½

Starling #15 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell; 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Missouri 65201 - 30¢ @ or 2/50¢ - quarterly) Joe Sanders and Banks Mebane on books are great. Jim Turner is less so. Greg Shaw writing about the pranks of Chester Anderson didn't hold me, spending too much time in telling the reader how wonderfully outrageous everything was and not enough in showing him. But then, possibly he lost me because the scenes described didn't strike me as either terribly outrageous or even faintly interesting. I may be straight -- rigid, even -- but I'm not a church director. (Even so, my opinion

of preople who attempt to shock their elders just for the sake of shocking them is not high.) The letter column was good, except for page 19, which was blank in my copy. The sections on rock I actually read -- which is more than I usually do -- but can't say I derived much information from them. Rating.....6

Sandworm #10 (Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112 - 50¢) The Vardeman personality, plus letters, book reviews, and a fannish musical comedy. Pretty good stuff. Rating.....7

SF Commentary #12, 13 (Bruce Gillespie, PO Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia - B/\$3 - US Agent, Charlie Brown, address above) One of the two or three best of the fanzines seriously devoted to science fiction. I always have a little trouble with it because I'm not seriously devoted -- or devoted unseriously, if you prefer -- but while I disagree violently with most of the conclusions reached, the articles and reviews are at least well thought out and buttressed with some knowledge of fiction. In addition, there is material on the WorldCon status, plus an interview with Stanislaw Lem in #12 and a conreport by Perry Chapdelaine in #13.-- Rating.....8

Energumen #3 (Mike Glicksohn, 35 Willard St., Ottawa 1, Ontario, Canada - but new address probably soon - 50¢ @ (no checks) This issue combines quite serious articles on science fiction, the nature of myths, with pure fannishly insane columns and quite entertaining letters, along with good artwork. Something for everyone. Rating.....7

Beabohema #10 (Frank Lunney, McClintic-Marshall House, Room A216, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa 18015 - 50¢ @ - irregular) Still one of the top mags for controversy, but the level of controversy presented becomes progressively more boring in succeeding issues. Or at least it does for me. And I do not mean that the quality is decreasing; only that repetition becomes monotonous. If you haven't tried the mag, by all means get a copy. You'll probably think it's great stuff. If you keep on getting copies, I suspect you'll eventually get tired of them, but that's between you and the editor. You owe it to yourself to try it once. Rating.....5

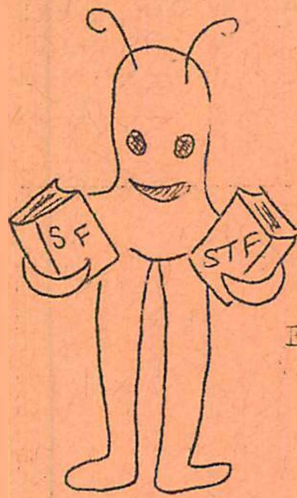
C Letterzine (Dave Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46220) Okay, what happened to the main fanzine, Dave? Well, the appendage stands very well by itself. One might think, in reading a fanzine made up entirely of letters, that it would be difficult to comment on until one had received two or three issues to see what the letters were about. However, the experienced letterhack has learned that it's simple to jump in with both feet without any knowledge of previous comments on the subject. (For one thing, by the time your missive sees print, most of the participants will have forgotten the original subject, as well. This is what nourishes fan arguments, and occasionally produces titbits of fascinatingly useless information.) Anyway, even if Dave never does come through with the original fanzine (whatever it was called...) Letterzine might well survive by itself as an interesting publication. Rating.....5

PROPER BOSKONIAN #6 (NESFA, Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge, MA 02139 - irregular - 35¢ - editor, Dick Harter) Everything from a con report on the Baycon (?! - but Juanita rather enjoyed it) and a meeting report to an article on "Moriarty and the Binomial Theorem" and an anacrostic puzzle, with book reviews, letters, and industrial humor along the way. I can't really imagine a fan who would like all of this - or one who wouldn't like a fair share of it. Rating.....6

PHANTASMICOM 3.5 is two pages (one sheet) of offset, which purports to correct certain errors in the Lafferty story in PHANTISMICOM #3. (A few errors in the corrected sheet have been re-corrected in pen and ink....) Presumably if you get #3 you want this as well.

Nosfan #9 (Guy Lillian III, #3 Driftwood Blvd, Kenner, La. 70062) A list of Hugo winners and some local news. Dunno if it's generally available....No price listed, and the list of reasons for getting the issue don't seem to include casual requests. But it's a handy reference.

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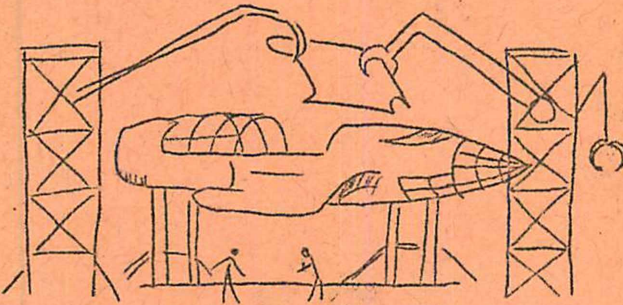
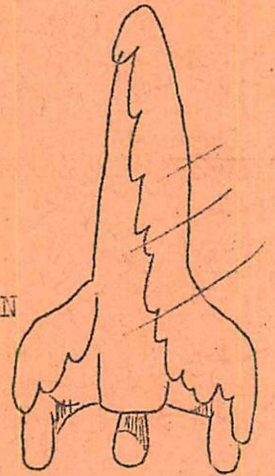


the EISFA

("ICE-FAH", the Cooool Stfc lub)

EASTERN INDIANA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

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 Secretary: Juanita R. Wellons
 224 South College, Muncie

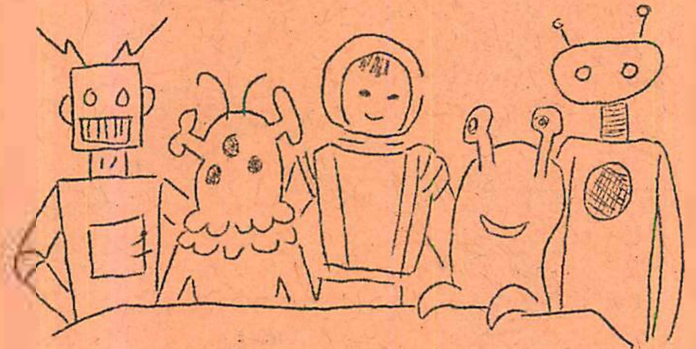


ORGANIZATION MEETING

The EISFA had its organization meeting Sunday, January 11, 1952, at 301 N. Tillotson, Muncie, Ind. (thanks to Camille Center's very generous landlady, who gave us the use of her rumpus room for the occasion). The meeting lasted from 5:30 pm to 10:30 (following meetings will be shorter, we think). Since this was a first meeting the members spent a good bit of the time just getting acquainted; we found that the members prefer science fiction over fantasy, although two members like horror stories. There is also a wide variety of taste in magazines, types of stories, and authors, but nobody came to blows. The two main pieces of business accomplished were the selection of a name for the group and a general agreement to try for larger membership at the next meeting. Robert Kinerk read to the group a humorous article on the Tenth World Science Fiction Convention; the article was by Jim Harnack and appeared in

(Organization Meeting, cont.)

the fanzine of The Little Monsters of America, the STF Fanzine. The next meeting of the EISFA will be held February 15, at 7:30 pm, at 301 N. Tillotson (for further details, contact the secretary).



SOMETHING ABOUT EISFERN

EISFA is not to be an organization limited to Ball State College or to Muncie.....but so far all members are students..Beverly Amers is a Ball State Student, majoring in English...Camille Centers, Ball State, pre-veterinarian....Delray Green, student at Daleville.....Kay Kinerk, Ball State, elementary teaching, ...Robert Kinerk, Ball State, on Earth Sciences course...Juanita Wellons, Ball State, elementary...Any and everybody in eastern Indiana is welcome.



(REPRINT)

