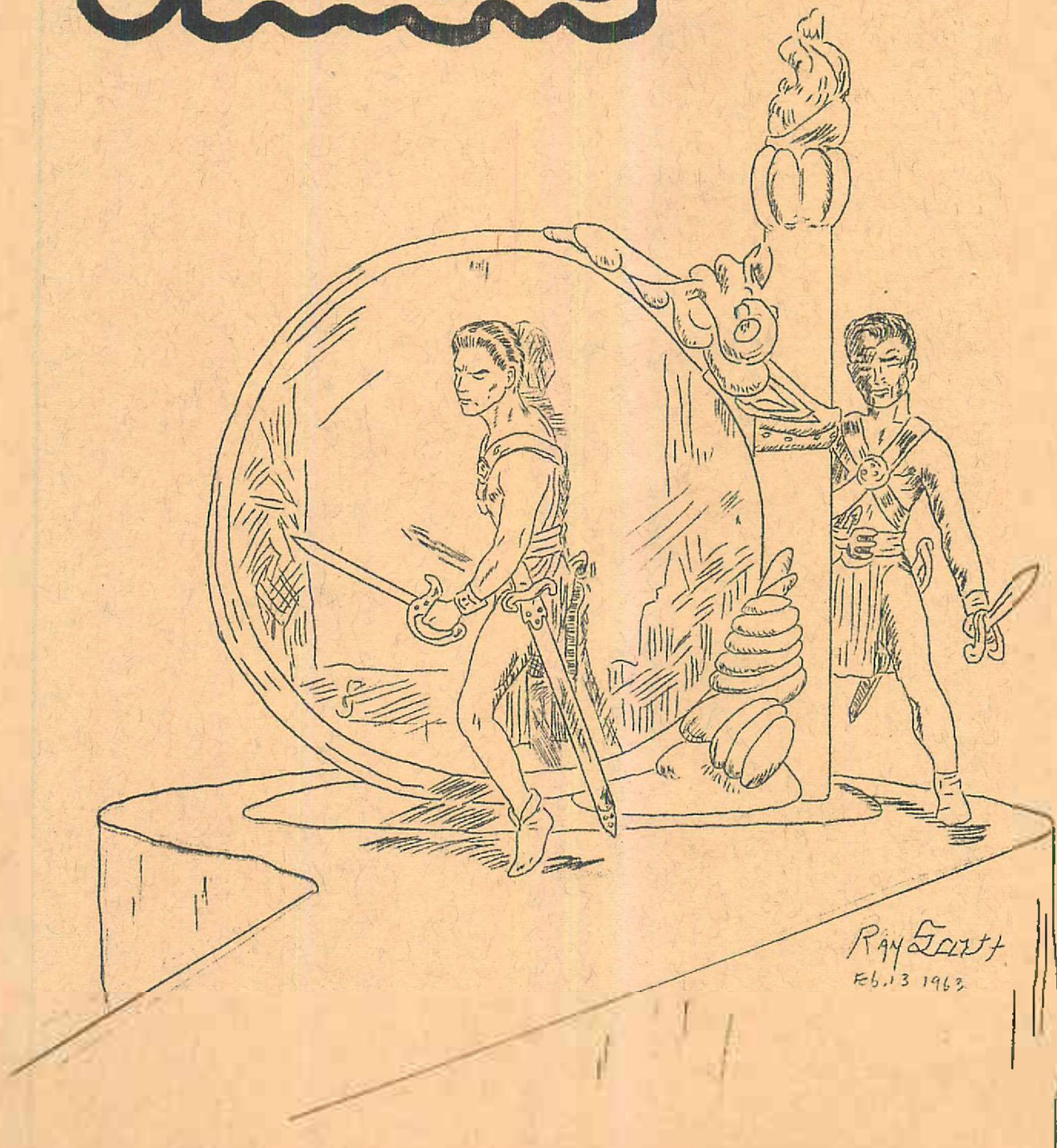


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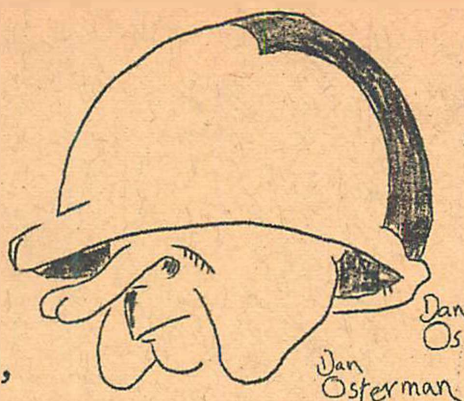


WASHING- TON MONTHLY

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How about a write-in campaign to reinstate Walter Hickel and Terry Lenzner? If we could save "Star Trek" two years running, why can't we put the fear of a vocal majority into Nixon. (If you never heard of Terry Lenzner, you should be reading WASHINGTON MONTHLY. If you never heard of Hickel, you're sick - or one of our European readers.)

RSC

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ARTWORK

Cover by Randy Scott - Lettering by Richard Delap

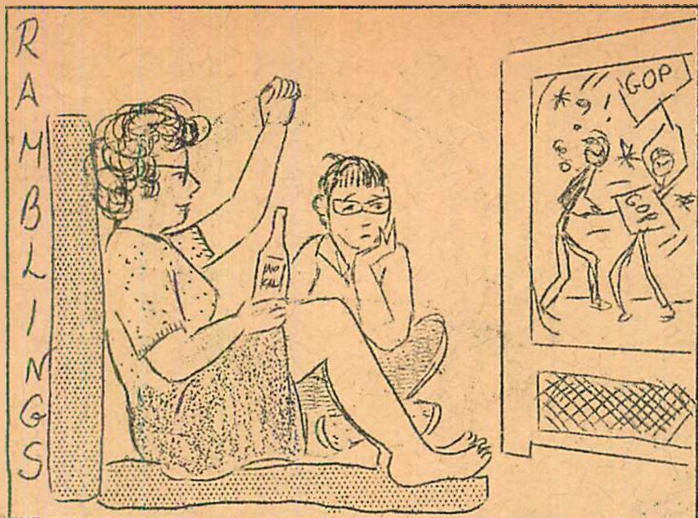
Page 1	Dan Osterman	Page 19 (logo)	Arthur Thomson
" 1 (logo)	Dave Locke	" 20	Knut Berg
" 2	JWC	" 21	Al Davoren
" 4	JWC	" 24	Dave Lewton
" 6	Arthur Thomson	" 25	DEA
" 7	Jim Cawthorn	" 29	Dave Locke
" 10	Bjo Trimble	" 29 (logo)	Arthur Thomson
" 11	Randy Scott	" 30	Jeff Cochran

errata: In the review of SKYRACK etc. TRADER, the price of Skull-Face should have been \$60.00, not \$6.00. Ron's bargains aren't that good. Review of The Dreaming Earth should have been "A few men are trying to hold things together..." I'm sure there are other errors, but at least I can catch those.

RSC

I see Ralph Ginzburg is at it again; now that he's failed in three other magazine fields he's trying a fancy overpriced consumer magazine. MONEYSWORTH? I doubt it. Also got an ad recently for a reduced rate introductory offer on NATIONAL JOURNAL, which retails at a modest \$200 per year. I may need that much information on the gummint, but I somehow doubt that I'll get it.

RSC



This issue brought to you courtesy of a loaner Rex M4. Mine's in the shop for a tune-up. I must say this loaner, nominally the identical model of my own, makes me appreciate my machine. This one drives, and sounds, like a truck. It gets the job done though. Buck has plans for getting the next issue out on the heels of this one, like week after this. Might as well do it on the loaner. No sense in putting some thousands of revolutions wear and tear on my machine if I don't have to.

Not included on the contents page is the info, obvious to some of you, that the cover logo by Delap was electrostencilled. I do

like electrostencilling, and I only wish I could afford more of it. I still enjoy cutting illos, but time gets steadily shorter. And admittedly electrostencilled large black areas are less likely to disintegrate on the machine than my hand-cut ones are. Maybe I'll write another short story and sock some of it away just for electrostencilling. Art and lettering this issue, with the above exception, brought to you by me, with a little help from my friend Bruce.

Devra Langsam sent me some xeroxings from the Poughkeepsie Journal, August 5, '70. It details the efforts of these four high school (or recent graduate) kids who are some sort of ultimate in being bonkers over Star Trek. They have designed and built a mock up of the Enterprise bridge (and a very good one it is, too, possibly sturdier than the real one I saw in IA in 68), and are making their own ST film. According to Devra, the really weird part is that none of the kids realized there were other people who read and liked science fiction...until the article came out and local area fans tipped them off. If they go into fandom with the same thoroughness and dedication indicated in these pictures, we're going to be overwhelmed. I guess they're located in Wappinger Falls (a name which sounds like an escapee from a fantasy, at least), and the story was just picked up by the P. Journal.

At any rate, we can always use people who actually do things, instead of just talk about doing things.

Last issue I was verbally chewing my fingernails over the elections. Well, they didn't turn out too bad nationally, and in Indiana they've been absolutely hilarious...if you don't happen to be a partisan of the current (Republican) governor, Ed Whitcomb. (We have toyed with the idea, as a gag, of working up a bumper sticker that would say IM-EEACH ED WHITCOMB, but we've never gotten around to it.) A number of Republicans trying for local and state offices campaigned, and won, by divorcing themselves entirely from the governor and arguing loudly that they weren't "Whitcomb Republicans". Bruce's contention is that Whitcomb is secretly a Democratic spy.

But the real fascination has been in the senatorial campaign. The Republican candidate was our former Congressional representative and was persuaded to leave his district, a sure thing, to try for the Senate post. We were one of the states buried in outside agitators with very large names, trying to influence votes. I think we got Nixon, Pat, Tricia, Agnew, and for all I know the ghost of Checkers. Also the usual satiation of tv and newspaper ads...Hartke had the better ad agency, hands down. In fact, one of Roudebush's (the Republican candidate) tv spots almost got him sued because it was so rank, and the Republican state committee yanked it rather hastily as doing them more damage than it was Hartke.

Election night I finally gave up about 2AM. The lead had seesawed back and forth between the two, and by such narrow margins, for hours, and it was obvious there would be

no decision that night. There wasn't a decision by the next day, either, with wildly conflicting reports. By evening most of the media were saying that Hartke had won by some 4000+ votes, but Roudebush wasn't conceding (still hasn't). In Indiana the official election results must be certified by the Sec. of State. This man was a Republican and had lost his race, and in fact is already out of office. But still and all it is his duty under the constitution to check and double check with all the precincts and whatnot and then tabulate the final, absolute, and official results for the taxpayers. A week after the election there were still no official returns. Reporters began bugging the lame duck Sec. of State, and he kept saying well, maybe by this afternoon, maybe by tomorrow. Ten days after the election he finally met with the media and said well yes the returns were all in and tabulated but he wasn't going to release them yet; first he had to check with Durnil.

The reporters, and quite a few other people, croggled. Durnil is Roudebush's campaign manager. Very few people could think of a legitimate reason why a non-partisan job by the Sec. of State would have to be cleared with the campaign manager of one of the election participants before it could be turned over to Joe Citizen. Durnil had been making loud and frequent noises about recounts and insisting his boy was not going to concede because they were sure he'd won. Having the Sec. of State obviously kowtow to him made the whole thing look, and smell, very bad. Durnil hastily countered him by saying the official tabulations would not affect the recount and for pete's sake go ahead and release them.

This same campaign manager was exploding with "I know for a fact there was widespread vote fraud in _____ County". Finally several county chairmen and committees, almost all of them Republican and nominally on his side, exploded back. They had grand juries, and if he knew of crimes being committed in their counties, he should give them the information, and now. After which there was much back pedaling and foot scraping and all sorts of "well now that's not what I meant..."

Roudebush filed for a recount under Indiana's law. Hartke's lawyer has just got a restraining order from a Federal judge on the basis that Indiana's recount law is unconstitutional, in that it defies the US Constitution that the Senate alone shall have the recount power to determine who has or has not won a Senate seat from a particular state. Probably the whole thing will go to a three man Federal panel (to be appointed) for decision, and there will be screams of foul for years.

It used to be expected that the Democrats were the party that fought and scratched and had such fun. Not in Indiana. We have two violently antagonistic Republican factions. As far as their politics go, there doesn't seem to be much to choose between them; but they won't speak to each other and would rather hand over an appointment or election to a Democrat than a rival Republican and I look forward any day to seeing a Trampas-walk around the Monument Circle in Indpls (what else, in the state of the Indy 500?) between the rival factions.

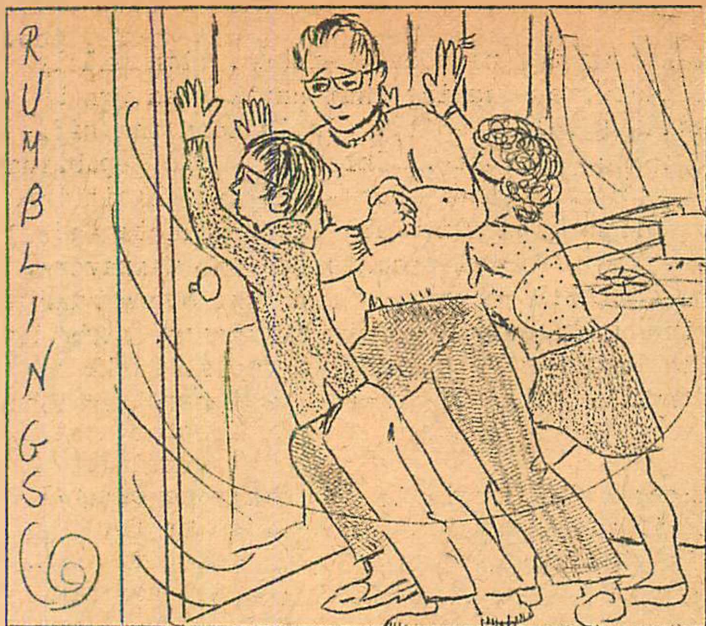
They're also, believe it or not, openly discussing the fact that Indiana is still on an exceedingly primitive and free-for-all patronage system, and maybe that isn't 1970. To borrow from Anna Russell, I am not making this all up. JWC

A COLUMN

bruce coulson

Humphg! Xmas is coming, with tests, quizzes, and suchlike. The teachers are intent upon getting free for vacation. One can't blame them, I guess.

I've been on a reading jag recently, mostly old books I've read before. It makes for laziness. Nothing much has happened, at least that I know about, so this will be short. A boring month.



I have now been working for Overhead Door Co. for five years. I know because last week the plant manager breezed in, gave me a five-year pin, a two-color ball point pen, and hearty congratulations. As a ceremony, it's one up on my five-year reception at Honeywell, where I was called into the chief engineer's office and handed a pin. No ball-point. (At Heckman Bindery, I didn't even get the pin; I'm coming up in the world.)

There may be changes in our paper in the near future. Butler Paper Co. is going out of the fibre mimeo paper business - apparently we were the only ones who bought it. The salesman was apologetic, and sold us all they had left in stock; 22 reams of canary, 5 of granite, and 2 of tan. I think we'll have a variegated

Christmas issue next month. Hopefully, to avoid our own Christmas rush, we'll get next issue out by the 15th - but don't count on it. We might hold it until after Christmas to avoid the rush.

The elections came out rather well, for us. Hartke managed to beat Roudebush in a sort of lesser of two evils Senate race, and the one politician I admire, Ed Roush, managed to unseat Ross Adair in a Congressional battle. I hadn't counted on it, since Adair has been in Congress since 1950, but I'm immensely gratified at the result. I couldn't vote for Roush, but I did make a campaign contribution. (He used to be our Representative before the last redistricting, and he did more good for the people of Indiana than anyone else in Congress. I feel a bit odd heaping all this praise on a Democrat, but.....)

A couple of issues back I mentioned the Ft. Wayne sheriff who spent \$1300 buying all the prize livestock at the L-H fair? He knows his constituency - he got more votes than any other candidate in the district. You have to know all the angles to get elected out here. (If you'd just shown a bit more interest in livestock there, Dorr....)

I'm getting nervous about sitting down, lately. We have this old recliner which went with the house; Juanita has covered its unsightliness with a spread. So the other day I sat down in it and my seat began squirming out from under me; a very unpleasant sensation. I leaped up in alarm in time to see Juanda the cat disappear over the arm of the chair; she'd been lying down cosily under the spread. Then yesterday I was sitting quietly in my desk chair, trying to work up the courage to write letters or work on a novel or something, and there was a "crack!" and the seat fell out from under me. A solid wood seat, cracked in half. (Wood fatigue, Juanita suggested.) I sit very gingerly, these days.....

I've finally started going through the accumulation of stf mags. I can get through about six in a row before I have to take a break and read something else, so next issue's book reviews will be rather short, but they will be present. I expect to get Solaris reviewed next time, if you want to wait for my opinion for ordering. (You are going to order, of course.....) Polish science fiction seems to be made for all sorts of nasty jokes, but I'll refrain from making any until I read the book.

Spent the weekend before Thanksgiving in Milwaukee, which I should stay out of. They have this bookstore....

I picked the wrong week to take a vacation. I decided Thanksgiving week would be nice because I'd have time for hunting in addition to everything else. So we've been having weather down to 60 and 40-mph winds, when no self-respecting rabbit would stir out of his hole even if he was stepped on, and I have objections to having my mustache blown off. Besides, in between visiting the DeWeeses in Milwaukee, the Langsams in Indianapolis and having my father over for Thanksgiving dinner, I'm busy enough putting weatherstrip around our windows and doors; I may not get out of the house the rest of the week. I never realized how many windows this house has....

The last time I went in our local Western Auto store, the manager walked back and handed me a roll of weatherstrip before I asked for it. (It was what I was after, too.)

I'm rather fascinated, in a morbid way, with the new slang. Unlike most former slang, the current article mixes in a large amount of psychological jargon in with the nonsense words, giving it a superficially intellectual cast. For example, people with problems used to "talk things over". Now they have a "meaningful dialogue". This has one drawback which the younger generation hasn't realized. Because they talk about meaning, some of them seem to feel that they have achieved it, when actually all they have done is replace inanity with jargon. Only the language has changed to protect the innocence of the users. Talking about "insight" doesn't mean that you have it. (A remarkable number of fans who mutter about "insight" manage to misunderstand most of what I say in my own rather unadorned English. They do manage to perceive dimly that I'm making fun of them, though, and become annoyed - or react negatively, if you prefer the jargon.) I have to agree with Tucker, though; people are the most interesting critters on earth. Not the most worthwhile, but the most interesting.

Are any of you out there absolutely entranced by certain voices? Every so often I run across an individual who has a voice that I can simply sit and listen to for hours, no matter what he's talking about. One of the voices who finally made it to records, where I can sit and listen for hours, is Ken Nordine. Gene DeWeese has him reciting Balzac's "Passion In The Desert", which I regard as a pretty idiotic story, but I love that voice going on....I tune out what it's saying. (I have him doing "Shifting, Whispering Sands", which I like better, but it's shorter.) The first voice I fell in love with was a news announcer from the Thirties; Edwin C. Hill. Fabulous voice; the sort people mean when they say "He could recite the telephone book and make it interesting." The actor Lon McAllister had some of the right tone, though I didn't realize it until he narrated the first part of one of his movies. Ben Johnson has a little of it; the other night I heard his voice coming from our tv - he was on a "Perry Mason" show - and I went in and watched the rest of the show just to listen to him. But mostly they don't make voices like that any more. Maybe radio was a better breeding ground for them than tv; in radio the voice was the only acting tool available. Surprisingly, I've never really been taken by a feminine voice; Eve Arden has one of the most magnetic feminine voices around. Neither do most singers have all that magnetic a speaking voice - or magnetic singing voices, for that matter.

I'd like to recommend an article in the July WASHINGTON MONTHLY, titled "Violence and the Masculine Mystique", by Lucy Komisar. Undoubtedly the best article on the idiocy of the average male that I have ever read. The magazine is off the newsstands by now, if it was ever on them, but your local library should have a copy. (If it doesn't, complain to the management, because it's a very good magazine.) I think one of the reasons that I like it is because, unlike a lot of so-called material on "violence", this is about violence, not firearms. The two are not synonymous, despite what propagandists have been telling you, and the only way to stop violence is to treat violence, not its superficial symptoms. (It also gives a very good reason why violence in itself has never been seriously threatened; too many men want it.) And her conclusion is lovely; what we need now are men who have no doubts as to their manhood, and so no urge to prove it. (The man who must "prove himself", who constantly brags about how good he is, or how much he can drink, or how much money he makes, is the man who needs outside reassurance of his essential manhood. Some even go so far as to feel that liking women - or admitting the fact - somehow undermines their precarious masculinity. I'm referring, of course, to liking, not sleeping with...that comes under conquests.)

This is being written on Thanksgiving. I'm tempted to give thanks for being born me, instead of one of you other poor insecure devils out there, but I suppose that would be in bad taste. So I'll merely hope you had a good holiday, with all the time you wanted for reading science fiction, and didn't have to spend too much vacation time in weatherstripping windows.

I don't know how many fans have noticed an occult mag titled SYBIL LEEK'S ASTROLOGY JOURNAL. You might be interested, since Sybil Leek seems to have little to do with it besides lending her name; editor is Hans Stefan Santesson, managing editor is Walter Breen, and I suspect that staff members "Elfrida Rivers" and "Miriam Evans" are pseudonyms for Marion Zimmer Bradley Breen. Another fan couple makes good.

THROUGH & THE WRINGER

column
by

liz fishman

In theory, moving is relatively simple: you wrap, pack and go. But it's been twelve years since last we wrapped and packed so I'd forgotten why that theory isn't well-known: under no circumstances is it simple, relatively or otherwise. In other households, with normal everyday people, the process may be merely difficult, but with my family it's...well, my thesaurus refuses to help me find the word, so read on.

The moving men were due to arrive at 9:00 AM, so naturally they were pounding the door at 6:00 AM. Stumbling from bed mother, daughter, and two sons, confused and numb, crashed their way to the side door and stood gazing out into the early morning darkness with stupored intensity -- no one there. "No one's there," observed my mother.

Finally we all turned in one graceful stumbling body and reeled our way to the front door, where we found three impatient men and one moving van. "You're here," observed my mother (she's the brightest of us in the morning so we let her do the observing.)

The head man (a policeman whose moon-lighting activities included his moving firm of two impatient men and one van) squinted at us for a moment, then replied, "In the flesh."

My mother proceeded with her observing: "It's only..."

"Yes, ma'm, it's a bit early. But you know what early birds get."

"What?" piped Rotten.

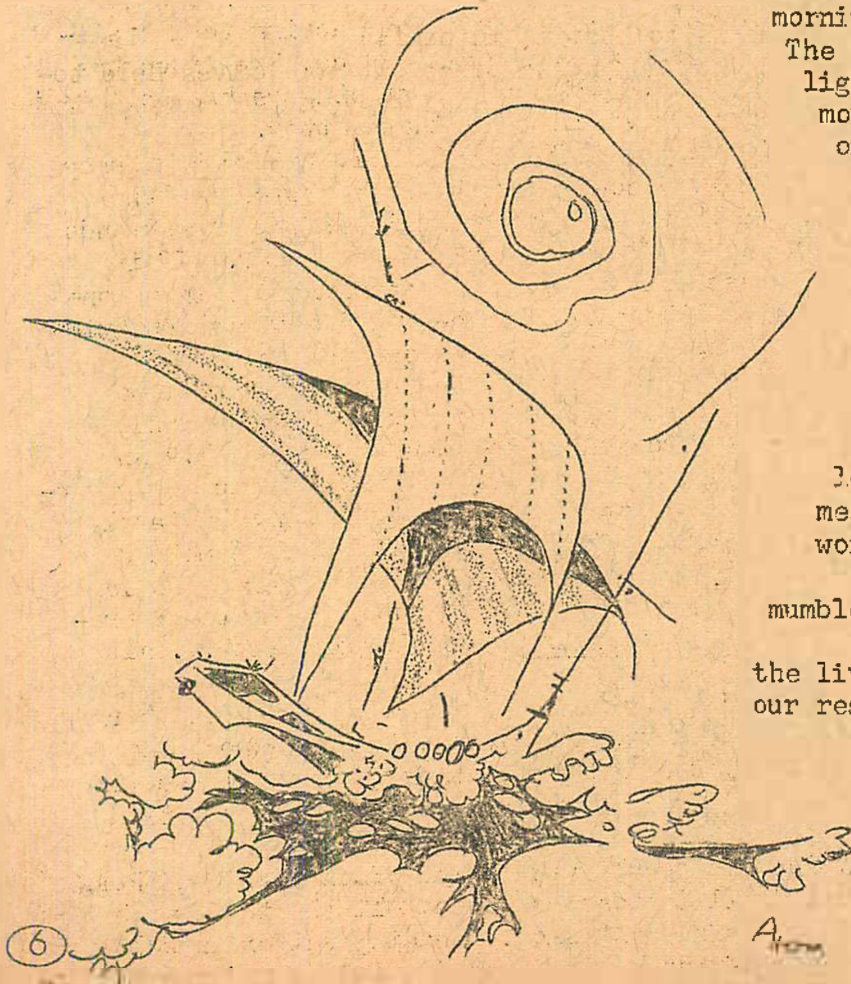
"Worms, son."

With a look of dawning knowledge on his face, Rotten turned to me. "So that's why Kirby's dog has worms."

"Go brush your teeth," I mumbled.

After starting the men in the living room furniture we all ran to our respective quarters to dress, then to the kitchen for whatever was left in the cupboards in the way of a meal. Rotten looked over the array of cereals with disdain. "I want an omelet."

"You know we emptied the refrigerator yesterday," I



growled.

"But I want an omelet."

"You'll eat cereal and like it."

"No."

Leaning down until we were nose-to-nose, I said,

"I never did like you."

"That's your problem."

"And yours is finding an omelet."

"I'm going to run away."

"Yeah? When did you ever keep a promise?"

He pressed his face closer to mine. "I never did like you."

"That's your problem entirely."

"And yours is finding some eggs to make me an omelet."

"Get out of my sight."

"I'm going."

The men were trying to move the breakfront, a huge piece that takes up half a wall and reaches to six inches from the ceiling. It had taken them fifteen minutes just to move it away from the wall, and then the three of them, perspiration gleaming on their faces, stood back and debated. Lucas (the policeman) stood with hands on hips and looked the breakfront up, down and sideways. "Jeez. Jeez. How the hell...? I mean it's taller than the doorway, and three times as wide. Jeez."

"Maybe we can tilt it through," offered the one called Will.

"Naw."

"Well, hell, Luke, 'bout the only thing is to bust it in half."

Coincidentally enough, the breakfront was not one solid piece but two halves held together with screws -- but these professionals didn't know that as yet. We were paying them fourteen dollars an hour, four less than real movers, so I didn't feel compelled to solve the dilemma for them at the moment, but decided to see if the busting would indeed be attempted.

Lucas walked around and around the breakfront, unable to admit defeat, while the other two stood awaiting the decision of their sage leader. Finally it came. "Jeez."

"Well, whataya think, Luke?" asked Will.

"Think I need a drink."

Lucas finally noticed me. "Got one hell of a problem here. How'd you people get this monster in here in the first place?"

"Oh, we didn't. We bought it first, then built the house around it."

The three of them stared blankly and I knew I had a good thing going here. "Well, you know," I continued, "it's like buying a pair of shoes you can't resist, then having to buy a dress to go with it."

"No, I don't know," said Lucas, "I've never done any such thing."

"No, of course not. In your case it would be a suit."

"You being serious?"

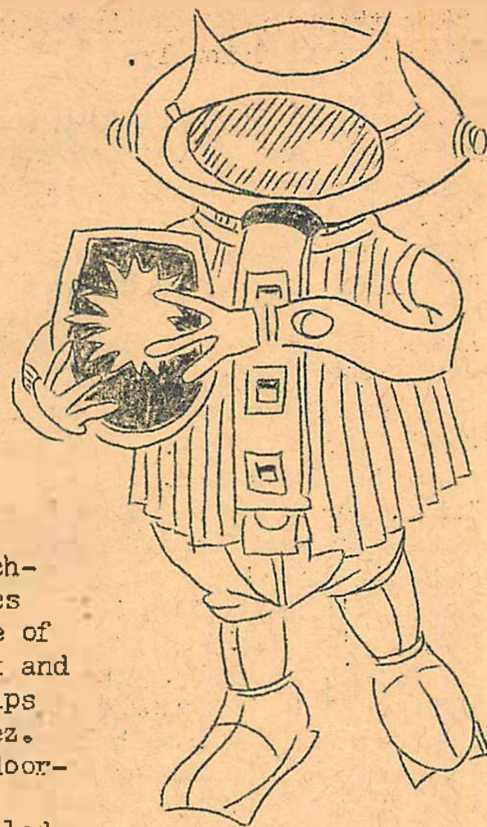
"Oh sure, I'm sure you wouldn't buy a dress."

The three of them stood looking at me and each other for a moment, for a long moment, then turned back to the problem at hand. The third man, who had said absolutely nothing up to now, said, "It's a two piecer, Mr. Lucas. screws together. Gotta unscrew it and carry it out that way."

Lucas glared at him. "You knew that? Why didn't you say anything?"

"Too interested in the conversation."

"You're unfunny, Bernie, very unfunny. I could have had another hernia trying to lift that thing the way it is."



"When was the first time?" I asked.

"When they pinned on his badge," Bernie cackled. "I could see that Bernie and I would get along famously.

"Listen, you rotten kid, you are not going to pack those worms, those broken crayons, that filthy glass jar, those bottle caps, that mud pie, that..."

"Those are my treasures, and I like them, and I'm going to take them."

"No."

"If I can't take them I won't go with you to the new house."

"Promises, always promises."

Lucas and Will were just starting down the stairs with my Mom's dresser, a big, dark and extremely heavy piece of furniture; the stairs were extremely steep; Lucas and Will were extremely harried, and most certainly, if their gasps and grunts meant anything, extremely out of shape. They were stuck in the middle of the stairway, Lucas at the top and Will on bottom.

"Luke, for crissakes I can't hold this thing up not more."

"Just back down one step at a time, slowly. Jeez, I never saw a house with such goddamn big stuff!"

"Luke, I'm gonna drop it!"

"No, you're not!"

"If that's an order, you're out of luck -- I'm gonna drop it, sure as hell."

Sure as hell, he dropped it. Neatly side-stepping, he let the dresser slide the rest of the way down, with Luke still holding tight to his end. When both had finally stopped moving Luke was on his knees, his arms wrapped around the dresser, his chin resting on its top. He stayed that way for a moment, staring at nothing in particular, then focused Will in his sights. "You dropped it," the tone of voice indicating disbelief.

"Couldn't help it, Luke. I strained my finger muscles."

"You really dropped it."

"It was my thumbs, mostly. Didn't feel like they was there anymore."

Bernie, who had been helping me wrap dishes, strolled over to Luke and the up-ended dresser. "Better build up those thumbs, Will. Ever try squeezing a rubber ball?"

"What for?"

"For cheap thrills, you ass. What else?"

"I don't get it."

"Forget it, Einstein, sorry I brought it up. Listen, you gonna stay kneeling like that all day, Luke?"

Luke glared and pulled himself slowly and painfully to his feet. "A hernia, and now I'll probably get cancer of the knee caps. I told you to hold on, didn't I? Didn't I?"

"He can't help his weak thumbs," said Bernie, "so let's concentrate on righting the furniture and getting it in the van, huh?"

Luke, still on the stairs, leaned flat-palmed on the dresser and growled, "I give the orders here, Bernard. This is my moving company, Lucas Movers. I give the orders. If this were Bernard Peekskill Movers then you'd give the orders. But this is Lucas Movers, owned by me, Amos Lucas, Got that?"

Bernie leaned his backend on the dresser and folded his arms. Winking at me, he drawled, "Well now, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Amos Lucas, owner of Lucas Movers, I agree that ownership gives you certain unalienable rights; but I, as a stockholder, also share unalienable rights -- one of which is the right to suggest that we should get the hell on with the job at hand -- and if these rights are trifled with I will be forced to reserve my right to withdraw my share of the stock. Am I, or any I not, right?"

Lucas abruptly quieted, glared, then called Will from his lethargy to help him with the dresser.

Back in the kitchen once more to finish wrapping dishes, I asked Bernie just how much stock he owned in Lucas Movers anyway. "Oh, about \$30,000 worth."

"That much? For a three man team and one van?"

He chuckled. "Uh-huh. I own the van."

"Oh. Well, why aren't you the owner of the company instead of Lucas?"

"I'm not the executive type," said he.

"And Lucas is?"

"No. But a company has to have executives as near as I can figure it, and since I'm not the type, and Will's little more than a weak-thumbed primate, Lucas is it. Besides, the company was his idea in the first place, and since executives are the ones who think up things for other people to do, then Lucas is a first and prime candidate for the job. Thankless though it may be."

"How do you know it's thankless?"

"Has he once thanked me?"

"Oh."

Rotten stood there holding one shoe. "I think I accidentally packed the other one."

One loud groan reverberated within my head; the contents of every room were boxed and in the van, and there had been no time to mark the boxes from the bedrooms. "No, you didn't do that. Look around your room and I'll bet you'll find it in a corner."

He shook his head emphatically. "No way."

"None at all?"

"No way."

"You realize that I have to go through twenty boxes to find your lousy shoe? You realize that?"

"Well, I can't go to Oakwood with one shoe because this sock has a hole in it. See?"

"So switch socks and put the holey one with the one shoe."

"That one has a hole too."

"So I suppose this means I have to look through these boxes."

"Right on."

"I'm going to belt you."

Lucas was less than thrilled about disarranging boxes and bringing the unmarked ones out on the lawn so I could look through them. "Why can't he go with one shoe?"

"You can't go to Oakwood with one shoe when your socks have holes in them. Simple as that."

But Lucas was adamant. "I am not going to haul all those boxes out here now. There's I don't know how many."

"Twenty, at least."

"Well, you forget it."

"Mr. Lucas, if you aren't more cooperative I shall be forced to meet with your largest stockholder and have him come to terms with you."

Lucas, as was his wont, glared, then re-opened the van and began pulling out boxes, and I began my search. The first box was the contents of my underwear drawer, and there, on top, was a filthy glass jar, bottle caps, broken crayons, and a plastic glass of worms. Rotten, kneeling beside me, said "Uh-oh, you found them."

"You put those cruddy things with my underwear. My underwear. Why did you do that? Why?"

"You said I couldn't pack them with my things, so I packed them with yours."

"Worms in my clean underwear. Why the underwear? If you had to sneak these things along why not put them with my records, my books, my stationery, my...."

"I put three dead lightning bugs in your box of typing paper."

"That does it. Give me your shoe."

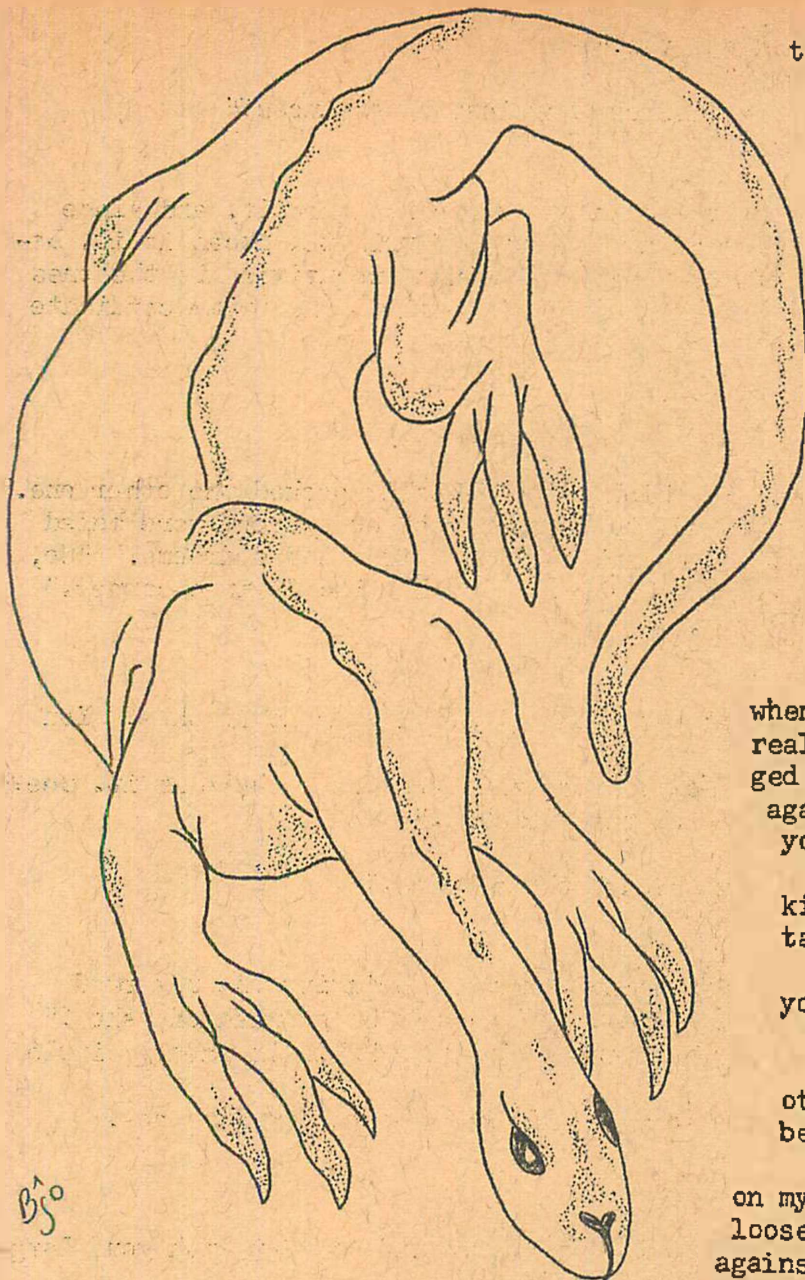
"Why?"

"Just give it to me, please."

"You'll hit me with it."

"Nothing so crude or time consuming."

Mystified, that rotten kid pulled off the shoe and handed it to me. I dropped the shoe in with my underwear, closed up the box and told Lucas he could put it back so we could be on our way. Rotten watched, then asked, "Is that my punishment?"



"Not entirely. I've decided to take your shoes and leave you here."

That rotten kid laughed, threw his arms around my neck and snuggled close. "That's illogical." (We get Star Trek re-runs five days a week.)

"Yeah? Tell me about it."

"If I can't go to Oakwood with one shoe then it's ok to go if I have none." He snuggled closer till he was sitting on my lap.

"I don't get it."

"It's not your fault; you're a female and you're illogical." (Mr. Spock is a bad influence on rotten little kids.)

"I find worms in my underwear illogical."

"You mean they're illogical when they're in your underwear?" After realizing what he had just said he hugged me tighter and laughed hysterically against my neck. "Illogical worms in your underwear. That's really funny."

"And you're a rotten little kid with a talent for diversionary tactics. And you're choking me."

"Do you know what happens when you cut a worm in half?"

"You're choking me."

"The two pieces look at each other and say, 'fascinating'." (I'll bet Mr. Spock was a rotten little kid.)

"If you don't loosen your hold on my neck I'm going to belt you." He loosened his grip and squashed his nose against mine. "You really do love me, you know."

To that I can only add: Illogical, but true. And God help me.

A while ago at the library we got a children's vocational book entitled Your Future in Oceanography. It was part of the "Careers in depth" series. ...Marty Helgesen

NOTICES

"Thank you for printing, in YANDRO 201, my appeal for information leading to the location of some missing letters from H. P. Lovecraft. Now I should like to add to that a similar appeal for help in finding a similar collection of letters from Robert E. Howard, most or all of them to H. P. Lovecraft. This collection, which once amounted to about 500 pages, is known to have passed through the hands of Dr. Isaac Howard, E. Hoffman Price, and Francis T. Laney before it dropped out of sight."

.... L. Sprague deCamp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, PA 19085

On a slightly different level: "If you know anyone living in the N.Y. area who would like a lame black kitten, let me know. I'll try to deliver it. The offer is void to all sadists." Andrew Platizky, 129-67th. St., West New York, NJ 07093

PERIL ON PAKORA

SANDRA MIESEL

The search for colorful alien names has always challenged SF writers. One hitherto unexploited source is unfamiliar foreign cuisine. Here is a list of proper names to stock a hypothetical fantasy novel, PERIL ON PAKORA. No plot synopsis is provided since any sword & sorcery fan can construct his own by reflex.

PAKORA: the name of the planet (Indian fried potato and chick pea balls)

ATJAR: Our dauntless hero (Malay-style pickle)

VATH: Our hero's prosperous kingdom (Syrian roast duck)

INJERA: Our luscious heroine, betrothed to ATJAR (Ethiopian flat bread)

ABOLOO: INJERA's gentle giant bodyguard (West African cornmeal dessert)

IMOJO: INJERA's father, high priest of the kingdom (West African fish salad)

EKURI and CHIURA: The Divine Couple, the chief national deities of VATH (Indian scrambled eggs and a type of deep-fried snack)

AKARA: ATJAR's capital (West African black-eyed pea fritters)

KOFTA, KORMA, and RAAN: Three provinces of VATH (series of Indian lamb dishes)

SAMBAL: The major river of VATH (Ceylonese spiced coconut dish)

SAMAKI KAVU: The triennial royal progress through VATH (East African fish curry)

MURG DO PYAZA: Wily old nomad chieftain (Indian curried chicken and shallots)

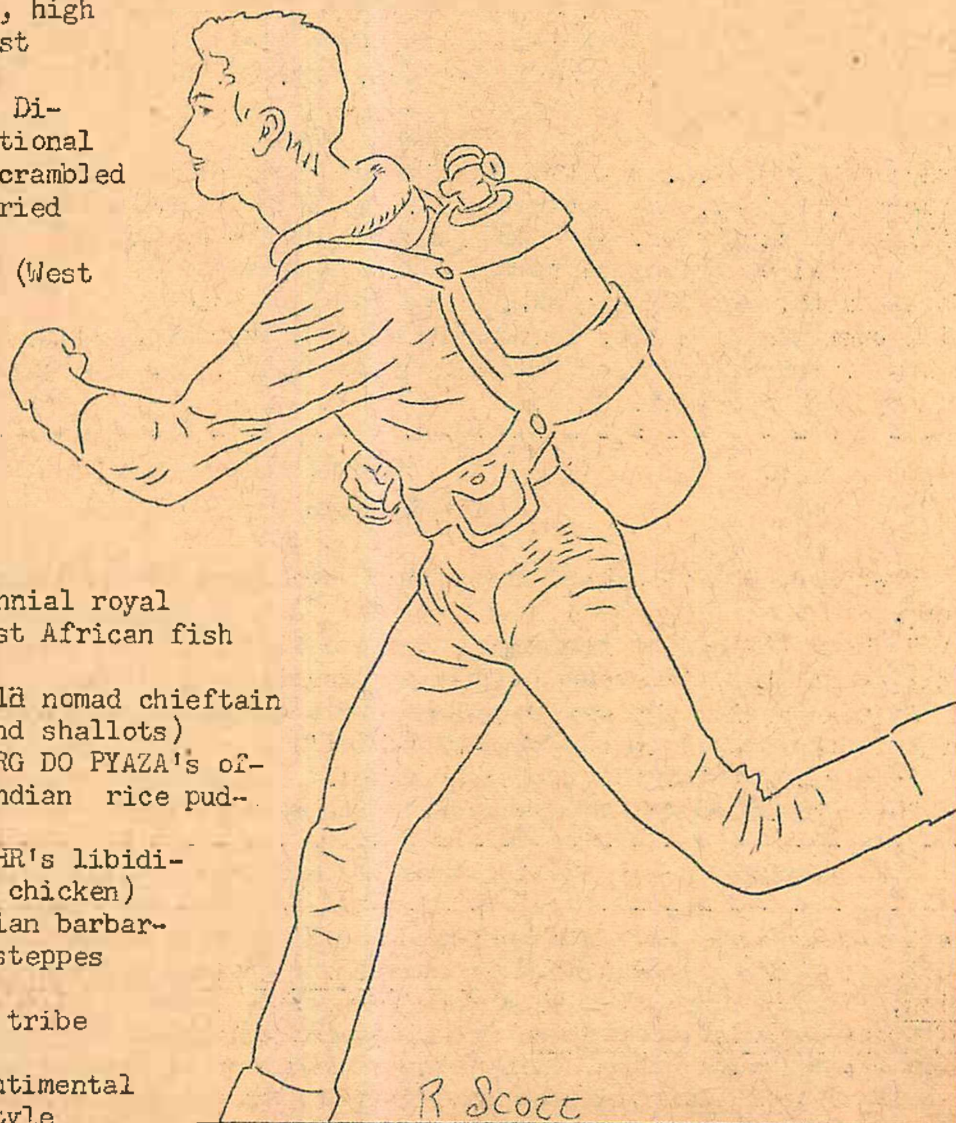
KIHR of the RAYTA: MURG DO PYAZA's official title and tribe (Indian rice pudding and yogurt salad)

MURGH ILAYCHI: The KIHR's libidinous son (Indian cardamon chicken)

ZILZIL ALECHA: Amazonian barbarian queen, sexpot of the steppes (an Ethiopian stew)

the YEMISER: ZILZIL's tribe (Ethiopian lentils)

PIRIPIRI: Zilzil's sentimental maidservant (Mozambique-style



peppery broiled foods)

TITHAR: Chief god of all the nomads (Indian curried partridges)

YESHIMBRA ASSA, YEGOMEN KIFTO, YATAKLETE KILKIL, and YEWOLLO AMBASHA: Four of ZIL-ZIL's chief warriors (Ethiopian chick pea fritters, vegetable dishes, and bread)

NITER KEBBEH: The deadliest desert on PAKORA (Ethiopian spiced cooking oil)

BIATJANG: The nomad's ritual duel to the death (Malay chutney)

PHO: A mysterious pre-human race (Vietnamese beef soup)

ASAPAO: PHO psi-powers (Puerto Rican chicken and rice stew)

the ARANYGALUSKA: a trio of evil sorceresses (Central European butter dumplings)

MUNGUNZA, ROSHGULLA, and COCHUMBAR: The names of the ARANYGALUSKA (Brazilian hominy pudding, Indian cheese desert and salad)

GADO-GADO: Legendary lost city of the PHO (Indonesian beef with peanut sauce)

GOMEN SEGA: Forbidden citadel of GADO-GADO (Ethiopian beef and greens)

NASI GORENG: Enchanted jewel hidden in the citadel (Indonesian fried rice)

KESHY YENA COE CABRON-KESHY YENA COE CARNI: The title "Defender of All the Land and All the Seas" bestowed on the possessor of the NASI GORENG (Curacao stuffed baked Gouda cheese)

Who knows? If properly written up, Lancer might buy it!

NOTICES

PASTAKLAN VESLA #2 is a "Star Trek" fanzine, costing 75¢, from Kathy Surgenor, 3950 N. Fairhill St., Philadelphia, PA 19141. Co-editor, Michelle Malkin.

GNOMOCLOVE is a regional convention, June 11-13, 1971, in Knoxville, Tennessee. For further information, write Irvin Koch, Apt. 45, 614 Hill Ave. SW, Knoxville, TN 37902

ADDRESS CHANGES

Bruce Robbins, P.O. Box 396, Station B, Montreal 110, Quebec, Canada

Robert E. Briney, 245 Lafayette St., Apt. 3F, Salem, Massachusetts 01970

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Mike Juergens, Box 128, Wehrenberg Hall, Valparaiso, IN 46383

Bruce A. Fredstrom, c/o Kristine Anderson, Apt. 15, 15B Waggoner's Lane, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada

GEORGE FEGHOOT

by Mike Kring

Professor Zygote pulled the switch which sent George Feghoot a year into the future.

"I hope that idiot remembers to steal a copy of the newest best-seller so I can sell it in this time zone and pay my electric bill," the Professor mumbled.

He then pulled the switch which reversed George's time-flow, and instantly George was sitting snugly in the time-traveller's chair.

"Did you get it? the Professor asked.

"George smiled as he announced, "Mine eyes have seen the story."

A good editor never has 10 lines of dead space at the bottom of a page.

Fortunately Marty Helgesen sent in some Library of Congress reference cards. How would you like a book titled Greater Egypt Regional Planning and Development Commission, "The comprehensive plan for Grainville, Illinois, 1965-1985"? Or A Treasury of Great Republican Recipes, "compiled and edited by the Women's Republican Club of Greater Naples, Florida? Marty also sent one on Joanne Burger's SCIENCE FICTION PUBLISHED IN 1968, in which the card-writer puts a question mark after Lake Jackson. I always thought that was a rather improbable town, myself.....

DISILLUSION

The asphodels of which the poet sings
Are but obscure, gray, little weedy things;
The prayers that sound from eastern minarets
Are cast abroad on electronic wings.

And shapely South Sea maidens don brassieres,
While Zulus clothe with shorts their derrieres,
And Sherlock's London by a forest tall
Of steel and glass is buried unawares.

The cowboys ride their ranges now in jeeps,
And fluorescent tubes illumine the deeps
Of pyramids, while postcard vendors swarm
The tombs where Caesar, king, or sultan sleeps.

So if you seek romance, my dreamy friend,
Do not about this present planet wend;
But seek it in the pages of a book,
And thus your mundane tediums transcend:

A tale of Middle Earth, Barsoom, Nehwon,
By Moore, Dunsany, Howard, Klarkash-Ton,
Whose worlds of fancy, progress cannot spoil,
And which shall thus for evermore live on.

L SPRAGUE DE CAMP

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Golden Minutes

I've finally succumbed and read a couple of Georgette Heyer novels. My reaction is that they have no recognizable literary merit, but they're sort of fun to read. Juanita started me off on *THE TOLL-GATE* (Ace, 75¢) saying that it had more plot than most Heyer books. Then I tried *THE NONESUCH* (Bantam, 75¢) on my own. Juanita was right; this didn't have much plot at all, but was still mildly entertaining. Heyer does have one literary attribute; the ability to write brilliant conversation and thereby create interesting characters. She has an exceptionally fine ear for the slang of the period.

ICE CROWN, by Andre Norton (SF Book Club, \$1.75) I made the mistake of reading this immediately after a Heyer book and the wooden dialogue almost threw me. It was only after reading for some chapters that I was able to appreciate the good points of a Norton book, of which dialog is not one. This is pretty much a book for a teen-age girl and of less interest to a male adult than most Nortons. The plot is pretty much adolescent romance, and the background isn't as exotic as Norton generally comes up with. If you know any teenage girls who have expressed an interest in science fiction, this would be an ideal beginning for them, but it's a long way from Norton's best for the general reader.

THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT'S REVENGE, by Harry Harrison (Walker, \$4.95) Personally, I wouldn't have thought that Slippery Jim diGriz was an interesting enough character to deserve a sequel, but somebody did. It's a moderately humorous, fast-paced adventure, every bit as good as the original story. It is, however, another book in which the author has written himself into a corner and escaped by finding a "solution" to the original problem which doesn't bear close scrutiny. (In this case, the ostensible reason for sending diGriz to the planet under attack produced a solution to the problem that could have been predicted by any halfwit with a competent computer half a galaxy away. The action is entertaining, but the reader is cheated by a "solution" that renders the action of the entire story unnecessary.) Moderately enjoyable, but extremely lightweight.

THE UNALTERED CAT, by Albert Lewin (Publisher's Central, \$1.00) I'm indebted to Mary Schaub for mentioning this book, which should be available at various remainder houses. It starts very slowly; the first 70 pages are concerned with scene-setting, and the tedium is enlivened mostly by the author's vocabulary (or perhaps the author's Thesaurus); such words as flocculent, anfractuouse, atropoic, etc. The second part of the book, about 120 pages, continues the verbiage (eudaemonistic, aphalopod, litotes, velleities) but also produces a highly entertaining story of a man married to a were-cat; a were-Siamese, to be exact. Even here the pace is leisurely and the author does not hesitate to spend a half-page on anagrams, or anagrammatical phrases; "Pursue the liar to his lair"... "Tame your mate, and dare to read"... and I wonder how many casual readers made anything of "Jameson's was an arid raid"? Despite the occasionally self-conscious literary allusions, the book is, after the first 70 pages, thoroughly entertaining and I recommend it.

FUR MAGIC, by Andre Norton (Publisher's Central, \$1.00) A juvenile fantasy based on Indian legends. Intended for a somewhat younger audience than most of Norton's books, but very well done. Our hero learns manhood through being turned into one of the Old People - namely a member of the beaver tribe named Yellow Shell - and precipitated into a battle to keep the Changer from overturning the world. Well illustrated by John Kaufmann.

THE YEAR 2000, ed. by Harry Harrison (SF Book Club, \$1.75) A collection of original

stories, all set in the year 2000. "America The Beautiful", by Fritz Leiber, is devoted to the idea that humanity is at its best in adversity and is corrupted by success, which left me with a feeling of "So?" Daniel Galouye's "Prometheus Bound" is an engineering story; find a way to save the intercontinental airliner in trouble. Adequate but not inspiring. "Far From This Earth", by Chad Oliver, is a magnificent story of a man - an African elder - caught in a changing world. It isn't really science fiction, but it's a marvelous story. In "After the Accident", Naomi Mitchison pits motherhood against genetics. Mostly emotional, so I didn't care for it. Mack Reynolds, in "Utopian", covers much the same ground as Leiber, but with more of an "Old Wave" approach; I liked it better but younger fans won't. "The Orgy of the Living and the Dying" by Brian Aldiss is pure New Wave; filled with phrases like "the characters of the three of them were in equipoise". Aldiss is a master of the jargon. Famines of love and malnutrition of the soul and anything that sounds brilliant and impressive. I didn't think much of it. "Sea Change", by A. Bertram Chandler, is partly an engineering story and partly nostalgic; The Old Man Comes Through. I couldn't take it too seriously. Bob Silverberg's "Black Is Beautiful" is the sort of thing I wish New Wave authors did more often; a beautiful little story about the sort of person who believes all this garbage of slogans. "Take It Or Leave It", by David I. Masson, is one more tearjerker about the desperate parents victimized by enforced birth control. I'm getting a little sick of the subject, particularly since nobody has yet written it to give me any sympathy for the emotional idiots chosen for protagonists. "To Be A Man", by J.J. Coupling, is more my kind of statement; it's the mind that's important, not the body. "Judas Fish", by Tom Scortia, is the sort of story that used to be in the better issues of ASTOUNDING. Not engineering fiction; science fiction. Very good. "American Dead", by Harry Harrison, is an excellent story of the "war is hell" sort, though science fiction only by courtesy. Overall - about average. Five pretty good stories.

ALWAYS THE BLACK KNIGHT, by Lee Hoffman (Avon, 60¢) Good entertaining stf adventure. The (relatively) brilliant but cynical hero, and the pupil who learns cynicism all too well. Set on the world which is kept "perfect" by drugging the populace into obedience. A fairly interesting couple of hours.

CHILDREN OF TOMORROW, by A. E. van Vogt (Ace, 95¢) The spaceman comes home to find that the teen-agers have taken over in his absence. His wife and friend, apparently unable to speak a coherent sentence, hint at matters without giving any information, and when his daughter presses an information manual on him, he disdains to read it. At which point I quit reading the book, so I don't know - or care - how it came out.

UNCHARTED STARS, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) This is a direct sequel to THE ZERO STONE. Our hero and friendly super-alien try to track down the source of the stones, meeting various adventures along the way. This time the alien isn't presented as quite so indestructable (kryptonite has been introduced) and the result is a much better story. I enjoyed the ending; it can be interpreted a couple of ways, but I rather like to think that Murdoc Jern's alien pet is now going to make a pet out of him, one way or another. Recommended; this is probably the best of the three Nortons this month, at least for my readership.

PHANTASTES, by George MacDonald (Ballantine, 95¢) Terribly literary, but much too slow-moving for me. Dull.

DERYNI RISING, by Katherine Kurtz (Ballantine, 95¢) I had been about to pass this up when Bob Briney recommended it and I bought a copy. It's pretty straight sword-and-sorcery, but extremely well done. One or two scenes are crude, but overall the characters are well drawn, the action handled well enough, and if the plot is old, it's sufficient. Supposedly it's based on medieval Wales with sorcery added (real Wales, not Welsh legend), but I doubt that it's very true historically, and it doesn't matter.

THE NOBLEST EXPERIMENT IN THE GALAXY, by Louis Trimble / THE COMMUNIPATHS, by Suzette Haden Elgin (Ace, 75¢) Logical; if stf adventure stories are merely "space westerns", then an established western writer should be able to write one. And Louis Trimble

does an adequate job - not a good one, understand, but an adequate one (meaning that I read it all the way through). An interplanetary spy story. The social setup was quite interesting, but then after setting it up he did nothing with it - or was what he did with it edited out? Either way, it seemed rather pointless to waste all that scene-setting. The Elgin story, aside from what a consider an unnecessary switching of viewpoints, is a pretty good novelet. I never really believed in her communal society, and God - or somebody - delivers a miracle to provide a pretty ending, but still, it's a good story. Amusing.

ALIENS 4, by Theodore Sturgeon (Avon, 75¢) Originally published by Avon in 1959. This has one of Sturgeon's all-time classic stories, "Killdancer!". If you haven't read it, it's worth the 75¢ price tag all by itself in these inflated times. "Cactus Dance", "The Comedian's Children" and "The (Widget), The (Wadget) and Boff" are lesser stories, but still good. Sturgeon is quite possibly the best writer that science fiction ever produced.

THE STAR BEAST, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) Another of the Heinlein juveniles. There isn't really much to say about these; they're all good. Heinlein had no real challenger in the field of juvenile stf; Andre Norton is good, but not that good. The alien is perhaps too human to be completely believable, but then the humanness is one of the essential parts of the story. Read it.

THE DREAMING EARTH, by John Brunner (Pyramid, 75¢) First published by Pyramid in 1963. The blurb compares it to CHILDHOOD'S END, which is silly, but it's a good enough story. A few men are trying to hold together - and then people start disappearing into thin air. The explanation is a bit weak, but the story is well-handled and you might not even notice. Recommended.

NOAH II, by Roger Dixon (Ace, 75¢) "Soon to be a major motion picture", it says. I think I'll skip it. It reminds me of Bloch's comments on THE LOMOKOME PAPERS; every time the author comes to a point where an explanation is needed, he simply skips over it. In one phrase, the all-powerful Community of the first three chapters is disposed of; "fallen into disuse when its human inhabitants had died out". How? Why? Never mind; watch the picture. See the struggling community. See the Biblical parallels. Don't worry about the lack of consistency.

ELIDOR, by Alan Garner (Ace, 60¢) A juvenile fantasy with a nice Barr cover. Not nearly as good as the same author's WEIRDSTONE OF BRISINGAMEN; here he has really too much plot for the length of the book, and dispenses with most of the characterization and rationale. Malebron is cardboard, the children are puppets. Things happen because the author thinks a touch of action would be good here; there are no explanations. Garner's earlier books were fine, but I can't recommend this.

THE UNKNOWN, ed. by Don Bensen (Pyramid, 75¢) First issued by Pyramid in 1963, this includes 11 stories from one of the best fantasy magazines ever published. Stories are "The Misguided Halo" by Henry Kuttner, "Prescience" by Nelson Bond, "Yesterday Was Monday" by Theodore Sturgeon, "The Gnarly Man" by L. Sprague de Camp, "The Bleak Shore" by Fritz Leiber, "Trouble With Water" by H. L. Gold, "Doubled and Redoubled" by Malcolm Jameson, "When It Was Moonlight" by Manly Wade Wellman, "Mr. Jinx" by Robert Arthur, "Snulbug" by Anthony Boucher, and "Armageddon" by Fredric Brown. Old-time fans have read the stories and remember them. They aren't all equally good, but for you newcomers, this is what we mean when we talk about the "Golden Age" of stf and fantasy.

ON OUR WAY TO THE FUTURE, ed. by Terry Carr (Ace, 75¢) "Never before in paperback" the blurb says, and then Terry starts off with Frank Herbert's "Greenslaves". Well, the magazine version was never in paperback all by itself, maybe, but Ace published a longer version as THE GREEN BRAIN, and I think it's cheating. It's a fairly good but not great story centered on ecology. "A Better Mousehole" by Edgar Pangborn is sort of a Gavagan's Bar story by somebody else, if that makes sense to anyone. "Ballenger's People", by Kris Neville, is an interesting study in democracy and insanity. "King Solomon's Ring", by Roger Zelazny, is about mental symbols and changes in them. "Sun-

dance", by Bob Silverberg concerns the doubts of a man engaged in destroying pests. "Be Merry" is one of Algis Budrys' best stories; an after-disaster story with a remarkable insight into both sides of the question. "Under the Dragon's Tail" by Philip Latham is a lovely little story about a planetarium director slowly losing his grip -- and why. Fine humorous bit. "A Taste for Dostoevsky" by Brian Aldiss is imaginative but I can't say I care a hell of a lot for it. "Cyclops" by Fritz Leiber is sort of a space horror story. "Goblin Night", by James Schmitz, is a good adventure story, one of his Telzey Amberdon series. I read all these stories when they first appeared, and without re-reading I recalled the ones by Herbert, Budrys, Latham and Schmitz. Which I would say makes this a fairly mediocre book.

NIGHTMARE AGE, ed. by Frederik Pohl (Ballantine, 95¢) Thirteen disaster stories. It starts with "Eco-Catastrophe!", a not-quite-story by Paul Ehrlich. Then there are "Uncalculated Risk", by Christopher Anvil (a military weapon getting out of hand), "The Census Takers" by Pohl (the Final Solution to overpopulation), "The Marching Morons" by C. M. Kornbluth (extrapolation on the fact that less intelligent people have more children), "A Bad Day For Sales" by Fritz Leiber (the inhumanity of war), "Station HR972" by Ken Bulmer (the future of superhighways), "X Marks the Pedwalk" by Leiber (a rather fanciful war between pedestrians and motorists), "Day of Truce" by Clifford Simak (the propertied strongholds versus the outsiders, destruction by class war), "Among the Bad Baboons" by Mack Reynolds (a somewhat similar theme; the cities turned into lawless hunting grounds for the privileged -- an excellent story), "The Luckiest Man In Denv" by C. M. Kornbluth (America reduced to feuding city-states), "The Midas Plague" by Pohl (a look at overproduction), "New Apples In The Garden" by Kris Neville (inflation), and it ends up, quite fittingly, with Heinlein's "The Year of the Jackpot", where everything goes bad at once. A quite good collection, overall, though I don't think that Pohl writes such wonderful stories that he needs to stick two of them in his own anthology.

OPERATING MANUAL FOR SPACESHIP EARTH, by R. Buckminster Fuller (Pocket Books, \$1.25) I'm not sure how to describe this. The blurb calls it a blueprint for survival, but it obviously isn't. What he says, mainly, is that we all have to cooperate and of course think proper thoughts and everything will turn out just fine. The message is dressed up somewhat -- Fuller is a better jargon man than even Aldiss -- but that's the essence. The overall ideas are all right, I suppose, but if that's expected to help us survive we're in more trouble than I thought. In all his talk of systems analysis and synergy, Fuller ignores human nature completely -- in fact, he says it doesn't really matter. (In which case, why is he bothering to write the book?) This is high-toned garbage.

HOW DO THEY COPE WITH IT?, by Suzanne Hilton (Westminster, \$5.25) This is a companion volume to HOW DO THEY GET RID OF IT? and covers such problems of nature as fog, rain, earthquakes, snow, and plant, animal and insect pests. Moderately interesting to an adult, but designed for "age 10 and up" and should be both interesting and educational to anyone of that age level.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD, by David G. McCullough (Tartan Book Sales) The latest and most comprehensive book on the subject. A very well-written and interesting work on a small slice of US history, and a major disaster. Highly recommended.

THE STRANGE WORLD OF WILLIE SEABROOK, by Marjorie Worthington (Tartan Book Sales) I have been interested in Seabrook ever since I got ASYLUM in paperback 10 these many years ago. Later on I got some of his other books; DR. WOOD, THE MAGIC ISLAND, and most recently the Lancer edition of WITCHCRAFT. So I was interested in a biography of him, and enjoyed the results. It's fairly intimate detail, written by one of his ex-wives. Seabrook was every bit as fantastic as the people he wrote about -- and I am extremely glad that I am reading about him and not having to put up with him in person.

DON'T COME BACK A STRANGER, by James L. Summers (Westminster, \$4.95) A boy from a "nice" family learns some of the realities in college. A bit melodramatic, perhaps, but very tough and realistic for a juvenile. I know adults who could get some good out of it. They're writing better boys' books than they did when I was a boy.

MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #22: The Stone-Cold Dead In The Market Affair, by John Oram (Ace, 50¢) Oram is at least trying to get the flavor of the show. He doesn't succeed very well, but I've read worse U.N.C.L.E. books. (I've read a lot better, too.)

THE MARX BROTHERS AT THE MOVIES, by Paul D. Zimmerman and Burt Goldblatt (Signet, \$1.25) Bob Briney tipped me off to this, though I'd probably have bought it anyway, being a Marx Brothers fan. It covers all their movies, plus additional information on their vaudeville years and a bit on their family life. Mostly on the movies, however, and very thorough; not only photos from every movie, but a good many of the jokes are included, as well as the plots, such as they were, and casting.

WHY DID THEY NAME IT...?, by Hannah Campbell (Ace, 95¢) Fortunately, Miss or Mrs. as the case may be Campbell doesn't stick to the strict derivation of trade names, but includes more or less interesting items on company history. It is, after all, fairly obvious where the name "Smith Brothers Cough Drops" came from, but the fact that cough drops were originally sold out of large glass bowls on drugstore counters and Smith Brothers developed the first "factory-filled" packages has some historical interest. (On the other hand, Arm & Hammer is not all that obvious a name for baking soda; sometimes the derivation has interest of its own.) I found only one quibble with the book; it has not been brought up to date. "Today there are over 7000 Burma Shave signs dotting highways..." may have been correct when the original article was written, but by the '64 hardcover publication it was well out of date. The company began removing the signs in the late 1950's (the Smithsonian requested and received one set to preserve for posterity). I didn't catch any other errors, but they may be there. This is a moderately amusing book, particularly to anyone interested in American business and advertising.

MAN IS THE PREY, by James Clarke (Pocket Books, 95¢) The most interesting parts here are toward the back of the book, which makes for a fine finish if you last that long. He starts out with the "big game" animals; rhino, elephant, lion, tiger, etc. This means that most of his examples are of hunters being killed by animals, and I don't consider that as having anything to do with the title. Preying on man and defending yourself from man are two entirely different activities; all you have to do to avoid being killed by an elephant is to not go looking for one. There are rogues and man-killers among the big mammals, but they don't take up a very large part of Clarke's book. Less than half the book is devoted to animals which do prey on men; vampire bats, insects, some sharks, arachnids, etc. Here things become interesting. (Did you know that the flea-borne bubonic plague kills fewer people today than honey bees do?) There are also interesting statistics on your chances of escape if you're bitten by a poisonous snake or insect or spider and aren't treated. (In the US, 3% of people treated with antivenin die, and only 15% of those untreated die; your chances are pretty good. They aren't so good on other continents.) It's a fairly interesting book with a misleading title; Man The Victim might have been better.

THE YOUNG REBELS #1: The Hedgerow Incident, by William Johnston (Ace, 60¢) The book is very true to the show, including the crappy dialogue. Some of the writing is a bit sloppy (including the ending, where our three heroes have their hands tied on page 153 and ride off into the sunset on page 157 without ever having them untied). Even that isn't as bad as the dialogue, though. Unless you're really fond of third-rate historical novels.....

WOMEN'S LIBERATION: Blueprint For The Future, compiled by Sookie Stambler (Ace, 95¢) Actually, I haven't read this. Juanita's comment was that she didn't find anything that she disagreed with, though she hasn't read all of it, either. (She said the main problem in a book like this is that nobody is going to be convinced; the only people who will bother to read it are the ones who are already in agreement.) Skimming through, I found a few things that I disagree with, but not too many, at that.

A GRAIN OF MUSTARD, by Jeanne Gardner, as told to Beatrice Moore (Pocket Books, 95¢) I know this is the Age of Aquarius, but there should be limits. This is so sugary that it's bad for my diabetes, as well as offending my rational soul.

Hank Davis, Box 154,
Loyall, KY 40854

Yan 200 arrived almost exactly two years after my writing of the ST parody. Result: very strange feelings, especially when I encountered some things I had forgotten writing into it. (No, I don't make carbon copies of submissions to fanzines. I

did have the first draft, but it vanished save for a couple of pages while I was making the world safe for whatever I was making the world safe for.) I also think that a couple of things have been excised, but probably the thing is better without them. It was written in a hurry to beat the draft deadline, and I might have made a few things different if I had been more leisurely about it. For one thing, I forgot to give different names to minor characters like Kyle and Chekov. Of course, I always thought Chekov was a joke even with his regular name. And after seeing Ron Miller's dandy illos for the thing, I may rent a billboard and put the message: "Ron Miller is a Good Man" on it. It's safe now; people won't think that he's running for something.

I must have done something evil lately. In the last week my reading material has been Out To Get Me. I read Andre Norton's PEOPLE OF THE CRATER, which has, as a plot element, the old trick about the hero's thinking he has no chance with the heroine because she's so affectionate towards another male; which male, he is later relieved to find, is her brother. Then I read Neal Barrett's KEELWIN, which is a pretty good novel, (something that Lancer seldom offers) in spite of numerous flaws, one of which is that the secondary hero mopes because the gal he has the hots for was distressed upon hearing that one Black Collier may be dead. Turns out later that Black Collier is her father. Then, whimpering slightly, I read the old Galaxy novel edition of Wilson Tucker's THE CITY IN THE SEA (has that ever had another paperback edition?), and lo and behold, the Captain of the Amazons falls for a sort of telepathic Tarzan (of the Weismuller movies, I hasten to add), then midway in the book is distressed by the appearance of a female counterpart of psionic noble savage, whom said savage obviously knows very well. Several thousand words later, the Captain discovers that her apparent rival is (gasp, croggle) the mother of the lad she lusts after. I am now playing it safe by rereading Asimov's THE CURRENTS OF SPACE (this time in the Astounding serial version), where I know that nobody is going to turn out to be somebody else's father, mother, sister, brother, dog, cat, or tapeworm and surprise, surprise!

As consolation to Tucker, I did kinda enjoy the book. Less than I did THE LONG LOUD SILENCE and THE TIME MASTERS (which is my favorite of his novels, even if, as always happens when he deals with time, either time travel or prognostication, parts of it don't make any sense.), but much more than THE LINCOLN HUNTERS, which Terry Carr resurrected in one of his less astute moments, or WILD TALENT. WT actually was good, but I couldn't forgive his three-part structure which (supposedly) generated suspense by cheating the reader.

Book reviews -- one reason for the loose ends in van Vogt's QUEST FOR THE FUTURE is that he's up to his old tricks again: gluing little ones into big ones. In the "novel" are bits and pieces of two of his best stories: "Far Centaurus" and "The Search" (both from Astounding of the 40s) and an O.K. short story, "Film Library."



This has worked for him in the past, as in the good WAR AGAINST THE RULL, and the excellent VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE, but in THE BEAST, ROGUE SHIP, and QUEST, the graft doesn't take. And I wouldn't say that Ted White's BY FURIES POSSESSED is imitation Raymond Chandler (and I like Chandler; even in PLAYBACK). The style is different and the hero talks too much about himself and his Problems and his unhappy childhood and his sexual hangups and and and... And Phillip Marlowe is a more mature and stable person than Ted White's hero, whatever his name was. (I've read White's novel twice, incidentally. Once in the magazine, but I am going to write a scathing review of it realsoonnow, and felt that I should check the Signet edition to see if it was different; it wasn't.) Actually, FURIES sorta evokes the general atmosphere of a cliché hard-boiled detective yarn. This type of story owes much to Chandler and Hammett (whose novels I do not like), but is generally inferior to the Mentors' works and is pretty cruddy stuff by any yardsticks. ("Ross MacDonald" -- actually Kenneth Millar -- probably is doing the best job of writing imitation Chandler nowadays and I gave up on his THE GOODBYE LOOK halfway through it. Before that, I finished THE INSTANT ENEMY, but regretted the time wasted. His first Lew Archer novel, THE MOVING TARGET, was pretty good, but since then...) And Ted White's novel seems dipped out of that particular broth. I think Larry Niven has come up with much better dippings, in "The Organleggers" and a couple of others. And George O. Smith's HIGHWAYS IN HIDING a few years back made effective use of some of Chandler's techniques without being derivative. Speaking of Hammett, Ron Goulart has been effectively imitating his style in some stories and in the novel THE SWORD SWALLOWER, with the addition of Goulart's ideas of humor. (I mean the imitation was effective; the novel sure as hell wasn't.)

I kinda liked Faunch...

I kinda like Sinatra too...Frank, that is. Definitely not Nancy!

What is this Mythopoeic Society, anyway?

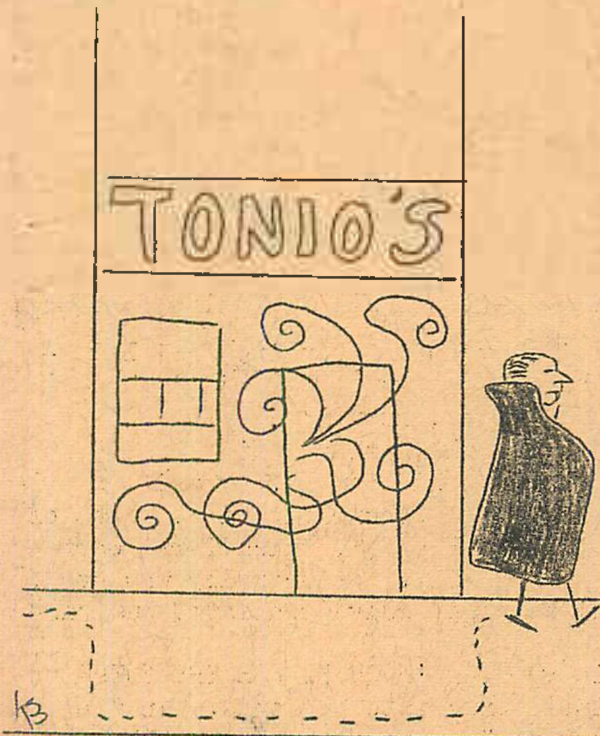
(See, I can write short paragraphs, too.)

While on a hunting trip, my father lost a 20 gauge shotgun; stolen from a locked car. Tell me, gun control boosters in the audience; how would registration of firearms have prevented this? (First person who pops up and says that if he hadn't been permitted to own it in the first place then it couldn't have been stolen will be dispatched by the undersigned; with an unregistered axe.)

People who don't like the thought of shooting rabbits presumably are vegetarians, since they surely would not do business with people who brain cattle with sledgehammers, or however they do it nowadays. Or who slit the throats of chickens and hang them up to let the blood drain out. Where do they think their cheeseburgers come from, anyway?

One other thing I meant to mention back in the first paragraph: Mad's parody of Star Trek, like my parody, had a Captain "Quirk". Now it happens that particular issue of Mad was one that I missed, but I had borrowed a friend's copy long enough to read said parody. This was some ten months before I wrote Star Hike. and on the day I wrote it I was wishing that I had that parody to check and make sure I wasn't duplicating anything in it; which I did. Would my effort have had a Cappie Quirk if I had not read the Mad thing? We'll never know, as they say at the ends of bad movies.

I've noticed that in the latest Dallascon Bulletin Tom Reamy was defending his



publication, asserting that he did, too, have ads for sf stuff in addition to the comix and movie fanstuff, and he cited Multicon as an example; which presumably means that Multicon was an sf con; which it sure as hell wasn't!! I was there and I know. Dallascon has a dollar from me, but after attending Multicon, I have kissed G. Washington goodbye and I'm for Toronto. I'll send them a buck too (and maybe Minneapolis, if I am in a weak moment), as soon as I find an address.



/People don't object to killing cows because they aren't wild animals. This is -- well, not a racist attitude -- speciecist? (Or as I mentioned somewhere previously, akin to the attitude in the US in the 1850s, when slaves could be owned and bred, but not captured in the wilds.) Of course, few people today realize that the bulk of wildlife conservation activities are paid for out of hunting license fees. RSC/

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

I'm sure that some of your British correspondents will inform you that something like Alexis Gilliland's scheme has been tried in England. Registered addicts could get heroin at clinics (either free or for a nominal charge, I forget). But they claimed they couldn't get as high on the legal stuff (even though it was demonstrably purer than what was sold on the street). The illegal drug traffic continues unabated and addicts, registered and unregistered, continue to increase. That's always the trouble with rational schemes -- the cussedness of human nature.

Doesn't Liz realize the average man has grown appreciably larger in this century (requiring wider seats in new theaters, for one thing)? Why the typical Roman legionary was supposed to have been a stocky mite scarcely more than five feet high. Liz herself is very likely as tall as Richard the Lionhearted. William the Conqueror's contemporaries thought of him as a very large man at 5'10". His wife, Matilda, of Flanders, was an incredible 4'2" but had approximately ten children quite handily. (Historians are more certain of the size of the queen than the size of her family.) The trend to larger size must have some upper limit, but when I look at our rather ponderous children I wonder about that.

On other subjects. Zelazny loves little parodied tags as you noticed in your review of CI&D. (The first being from "Sir Patrick Spens" as I wonder how many of your esteemed readers realized, heh. I love being pedantic.) UP THE LINE is full of the same sort of thing but it look worse when an author puns his own titles.

/Why, I assumed all our readers would recognize "Sir Patrick Spens"; that's why I didn't bother to identify it. RSC/

Bernie Zuber, 1775 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028

Bill Spicer, who knows I am a steady member of the Mythopoeic Society, mentioned Roy Tackett's remark about the Society to me. He showed me that section of Roy's letter in Yandro #200 and subsequently loaned me his copy of Yandro #199 containing Dave Locke's column which had spurred Roy's remark in the first place. The following is my reply to Tackett's rather uninformed attitude toward a new sub-fandom. I hope you'll be able to include it in your next "Grumblings".

"How to Make an Ass of Yourself in Two Sentences" by Roy Tackett (my title for part of his letter in Yandro #200). Don't you just love people who make an opening statement such as, "I don't know anything about..." and then proceed to criticize what it is

they know nothing about? It's really quite funny but kind of sad for Roy Tackett, I'm afraid. He doesn't really know whether he's missing something worthwhile or not. I've been a member of the Mythopoeic Society since its second meeting at the end of 1967 and I know what he's missing. It definitely is not an organization of idiots. Unlike other fannish groups I've known, the Society is made up of people who really read and discuss books. As Dave Locke pointed out there are indeed many attractive young girls in this group and I found myself attracted to that situation as much as Dave Hulan (and about a year and a half ahead of him), but I also got hooked on the reading matter. I think I'll send one of the Society's brochures to Roy and I can send them to anyone else who's really interested. It may sound too sercon to some fans, and perhaps it is, but the fact remains that these readers of Tolkien, CS Lewis, Charles Williams and other fantasy are also human beings and some of the finest people I've ever met.

I was wondering how Tackett happened to compare the Mythopoeic Society to the Creative Anachronists but now that I've read Dave's column in #199 I see that Roy must've read Dave's remarks rather hastily. At Westercon XXIII Dave was watching Anachronists pouncing on each other. They were the ones who put on a Tourney, not the Mythopoeic Society. The Society is not a Medievalist group and does not relive an era 700 years ago or believe things were better then. However, the Society is quite aware of the Anachronists, having met them at conventions, and "diplomatic relations" (if you could call it that) have been established between the two groups. Members of the Anachronists' new branch, the Barony of the Angels (LA area), gave a weaponry demonstration at Mythcon I (the Society's first con, last Labor Day) and we plan to attend the Barony's first tourney on November 21.

If the Anachronists like the past more than the present I can't say I blame them but what I really admire about them is that they are exactly what they're called.... Creative Anachronists. When I see their colorful tourneys and well-staged medieval dances and read their fanzine, Tournaments Illuminated, which includes articles on heraldry, how to make armor and medieval clothes or how to play ancient instruments, I have to respect their hard work at what they obviously consider a worthwhile life style. Hollywood productions, Mr. Tackett, were done for commercial profit but these people do all this as a labor of love. Isn't that what fandom's all about...even sub-fandoms?

I tend to look at fandom as encompassing all of these sub-fandoms rather than leaving them on the fringes (I don't care for the term "fringe fandom"). I'm getting a bit tired of those fans who claim to be science fiction fans exclusively, even though many of them don't even read it anymore! In about the same way as mundanes would stare at fandom they stare at sub-fandoms, giggling and scratching and making asinine remarks, then go back to their rather dull drinking parties crying in their beer about how simple and good things were in the days when they turned out their crudzines. Hey! Wake up, you faanish people! If you really look around you you'll discover there's a lot more interesting variety in fandom these days. It was at BayCon, in 1968, that the full impact of this really hit me. The Creative Anachronists, the Star Trekkies, the Burroughs Bibliophiles, the Hyborean Legionnaires, the New Wave fans, etc., and the Mythopoeic Society all thriving within fandom..and this made it a more enjoyable micro-cosm.

/Actually, the enjoyment increases only if one is interested either in one of the subfandoms or in some of the people who would not be with us at all if it weren't for the subfandom. Which, for me, makes "Star Trek" fandom the only worthwhile one of the lot (unless someone has come up thru the Hyborean Legion that I don't know about; the Legionnaires I like were in science fiction first.). This does not mean that I feel any animosity toward the other groups; I'm quite willing to have them around, in fanzines and at conventions. I am, in fact, totally indifferent. (Oh yes, comics fandom has produced some good people, too, as well as several I try to avoid.)

RSC/

William Danner, RD #1, Kennerdell, PA 16374

The quotation from Armour reminds me that the only work of Thackeray I was ever able

to read through is a "continuation" of *Ivanhoe* in which the hero marries Rebecca. No doubt I'd have enjoyed it even more had I read *IVANHOE*, but Scott is another one I was never able to stomach. My English 8 class at high school was supposed to read the yarn but I refrained, spending the time instead (and getting a good grade, too) in making up a huge crossword puzzle incorporating the names of all in the senior class. I'm sure the teacher, a hell of a nice guy named Kirk, realized full well what a dull thing it is. He also was faculty supervisor of the yearbook, which may have had something to do with it.

I suppose I'd have enjoyed "Star Hike" more if I'd ever been able to watch an episode of "Star Trek" clear through.

The little verse by Clancy is fine and each passing day makes its truth more evident. L. Sprague, too, once more overcomes without difficulty my lifelong dislike of poetry.

I'm buying fewer and fewer paperback books, largely because the two large stands are in chain "discount" stores which both practice sound pollution on their customers. In one the P.A. system is likely to break out with r&r at any moment and in the other the light instrumental music on the P.A. system has to compete with r&r on a crummy radio right next to the book department. I stay away from both stores a lot. Why is it that proprietors of stores these days think that they must have some sort of crap dinning into all ears all the time? It's hard enough on the customers but think of the nerve-shattering effects upon the employees who are there all day.

I'm sorry you found *BIG BALL OF WAX* not very funny. It happens that I was re-reading it when this issue of *Yandro* came, and it's true that it's not so funny now as it was when first published. Perhaps this is because things in general have taken such a different turn (for the worse, I think) than Mead imagined when he wrote it. At that time it was very funny, indeed, and I still love his parodies of religions, which fully deserve every word.

/I didn't really find it all that funny the first time around, either.
I didn't consider *IVANHOE* all that dull when I was a teen-ager, though.
SILAS MARNER, yes; but while I disliked the shifting point-of-views at the beginning of *IVANHOE*, I liked it all right once I got into it. (I have a prejudice against books that aren't told all the way through from the same point-of-view --which makes it a minor miracle that I like *STAND ON ZANZIBAR* so well.)
RSC/

Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604

In *Yandro* 199 Joe L. Hensley used his column, "Peering Around," to strew insults as if he were still trying for a gubernatorial nomination.

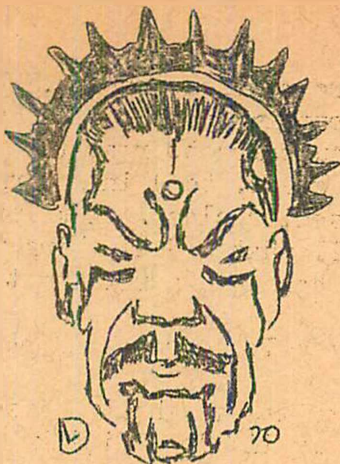
He referred to an article I wrote in one of my fanzines concerning Harlan Ellison. He obviously understood very little of what he read and when it came time to write his column he stated, "Now I've misplaced the damned thing and it hardly seems worth the trouble to get another."

Not even worth the trouble to make sure that *Yandro*'s readers got facts instead of fiction?

Perhaps Hensley didn't take the trouble because, as he says, he no longer gives a damn about his fan stature. (May I leave it to some astute *Yandro* reader to tender Joe the obvious suggestion?)

No need for my pointing out totally false statements which Hensley, in his lack of enthusiasm for the truth, has penned; suffice to say that he had me saying things which were not even touched on in my article. Those of *Yandro*'s readers who cared are undoubtedly already aware of that; those who didn't probably either couldn't be bothered or could not be swayed by anyone or anything (hopefully the latter category is minute).

Surely the readers of *Yandro*, whatever their feelings pro or con on the question of Ellison and/or my article, deserve better than a writer who does not even care to check on the truth or falsity of his statements and who, in fact, dismisses such checking as "it hardly seems worth the trouble"!



As for Hensley's terrific effort at showing Yandro's readers how much dough he's been raking in, and how much loot he sacrifices by writing his Yandro "column", I wonder if any other of those readers found the effort disgusting?

/I don't really think you're in too good a position to object to insults, but that's the way it goes. Incidentally, I consider that we've had enough discussion on this, unless Joe feels that he really needs to reply. RSC/

Gene Wolfe, 27 Betty Drive, Hamilton, OH 45013

Number 200 is a jewel, with "Star Hike" as its central brilliant. I had to eat crow on that one, by the way -- on first looking through the magazine I tagged it: "Faan Humor -- Skip." Finally read it in bed (with my poor wife beside me trying to go to sleep) and ended in the grip of helpless chortles and snorfules. It will be reprinted, I'm sure.

Mike Glicksohn, 267 Saint George St., Apt 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, Canada

I must say that there is one advantage to living in Canada, land of the great postal strikes, as far as the PO is concerned. Our postal service will forward third class mail. It's reassuring to know that no matter how often I move (and I've had no fewer than seven mailing addresses in the last two years) a steady stream of crudzines will pursue me desperately around the country, determined that I shall not miss as much as a single badly mimeo'd line of anybody's fannish output. Now why can't your people be so understanding?

Nevertheless, while our post office may be in the forefront of the fannish revolution, I have to admit that we are in the boondocks as far as the distribution companies are concerned. Now I've never even heard of Powell, which would seem to be a point in my favor, and I've learned to accept the fact that some of the more obscure books, such as Avon's re-issue of EARTHMAN'S BURDEN, never get to Canada, but it does seem a bit much when Ace Specials don't show up. Sandra Miesel highly recommended THE WIZARD OF EARTHSEA back in August and we're still looking for it on the stands. Makes informed commentary and discussion most difficult.

In answer to your question, Richard Labonte keeps old newspapers, But then Richard has printers ink in his veins, typewriter keys instead of fingerprints and a small slot in his belly into which you must insert a dime before he'll give you his opinion.

I've recently received several letters comparing Rosemary's "Kumquat May" column in Energumen with Liz Fishman's column in Yandro. Since I'd never read Liz's column, I'm glad to have the chance to rectify this omission. She is a funny lady; it bodes well for fandom to have all these new humorists appearing. (All? Two hardly qualifies as all, but it's a start.) Maybe the fannish fans will be silenced at last in their laments for the good old days.

/Maybe Canada doesn't have as many advertising circulars cluttering up its third class mail. Come to think of it, the Avon re-issue of EARTHMAN'S BURDEN never got to Hartford City, either; when I first heard of it I was going to get a copy, but then it never showed up and the whole thing slipped my mind. RSC/

Hans Peter Inselmann, Grundtvigsvej 17, 1864 Copenhagen V, Denmark

Thanks for all those lovely Yandros. Some day, I swear to god, I will probably sit down to write a letter of comment. In the meantime you will have to make do with the yearly my-god-I-have-to-pay-again praise. As a matter of fact Yandro and SFR are the only fanzines I read in one sitting. From where I am sitting, a long way out in the potato fields, the book reviews are one of the best features. You have one fault,

though. You are not an evil person. In fact, you are downright wishy-washy, at times. Some of your more cautious reviews would be excellent book blurbs, the lack of value judgement reigning supreme. Actually I would like you to curse the authors you don't like in foul language, even if you know he is one of your dark spots and, probably better than you think.

/I generally avoid publishing comments on my own columns, but it's so seldom that I get called wishy-washy that I couldn't resist. There, all you people who think I'm a nasty old man; see how you misjudge me?

RSC/

George Wells, 744 Meadow Road, Smithtown, NY 11787

I am wondering a bit what are the reasons behind Buck's "no particular love for the average fan", but at least you've been getting around to see some of the fans you like.

I got absorbed by a book called THE MORMON ESTABLISHMENT by Wallace Turner. I would start reading it as soon as I got home from work and would not be able to put it down. So far it's answered almost all the obscure questions I still had about Mormonism, like the Mormons' reaction to Fawn Brodie's NO MAN KNOWS MY HISTORY, a biography of Joseph Smith; the rival Mormon Church called the Reorganized Church which has the only descendants of Smith, allows Negroes into the priesthood, and never allowed polygamy; information about the Negro members of the Church through its history; the black Fiji Islanders who are allowed to have the priesthood, etc., etc. Also it had some information about the other Book of Mormon sects, some of which still practice polygamy underground and in Mexico (the area George Romney was born in).

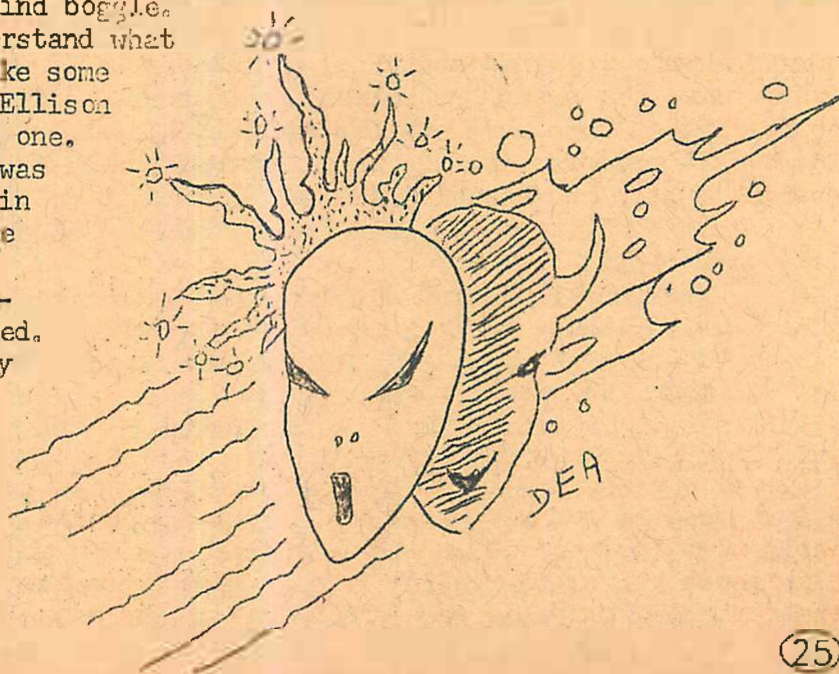
"Peering Around" by Joe L. Hensley: I liked THE GLASS TEAT by Ellison too, and I've just read his OVER THE EDGE. The one thing in TGT that surprised me was Ellison's derogatory remarks about Flip Wilson, whom I consider to be one of the most refreshing and funny comics in a long time. His new tv show doesn't live up to some of his past performances. In an earlier issue Hensley, in a defense of Harlan, talked about his taking time off every Saturday to teach tv writing to Negroes and Mexicans. Black and Chicano MIB, that was. Joe mentions that one kid was good enough to go to Clarion, but I still can't see the idea behind teaching something as specialized as tv writing to a bunch of people who probably should be concentrating on general education. I'm not against it, but I can't imagine how it's done. I also wonder what the age of these "kids" are (is?). I know that tv is supposed to be written for the 12 year olds, but to be written by them makes the mind boggle.

I presume that I just didn't understand what Joe was referring to and would like some more information. I am a Harlan Ellison fan, but right now I'm a confused one.

Raymond Clancy's poem in #199 was really good, I thought. The one in #200 is okay but I still think the one in #199 is specially good.

Hank Davis' "Star Hike" was extremely funny. I laffed and laffed. And twice isn't bad. No, actually I laffed more than that. I was expecting a drag at the end when I got to the last page, but the Philip K. Dick bit was perfect.

I just got to Dave Locke's column. Well, it wasn't that bad but it's getting late at night and I can't figure out what he's talking about. By the way, his



column in #195 on sensitivity training I had xeroxed and gave to one of my professors in library school (this was last spring). This professor was a rather young Carl Rogers follower who tried to use Rogers type psychology on us in the course. I liked the professor rather than the method, really. I'm glad I'm no longer in college or school where one has to have self-motivation for creative learning and all that.

HUGO winners: Gee, Robert Moore Williams STILL hasn't won! What's this world coming to, rigged elections?

I agree that Dennis Lien should have a regular column in Yandro, too. One in which he could take off on any subject. His letters and features are always superb. Re his current letter: Last time I had a similar feeling at a con was the Philcon last year, when I didn't know anybody but Mike Deckinger, and then Andy Porter came up and asked if I was the editor of The Sick Elephant. Won't they ever forget? (Answer nicely, now.)

Do either one of you use the local libraries much? And when you do, which services? I'm just curious. If it doesn't sound like too much of a drag you could even ask your readership.

W.G. Bliss mentions the checking on subversive readers in libraries. I'd be interested in knowing of any new developments along this line. It looks like the libraries are going to be up against the wall again. In Suffolk County we had one fellow on the Board of Trustees of one town who stole LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST from the library and followed it up with further censorship efforts. T'was truly frightening, but now he's moved out of the county.

What kinds of material is "Little Sioux" interested and uninterested in? Could you describe what happens to material sent there or give a better idea of what is wanted and what is involved, etc.?

/Were you implying that Romney was born in Mexico, or underground? Think of Sick Elephant this way, George; you've achieved fannish immortality. Our libraries don't have all that many services. Bruce borrows books, I occasionally borrow books and/or records, and once in a while Juanita or I ask them to get a reference book for us from the state library. RSC/

Rogert Bryant, 647 Thoreau Avenue, Akron, OH 44306

Well, since it's Friday the 13th, what do you think of Velikovsky's theory of why 13 is an unlucky number, to everyone but the Jews?

I just read those three books a few days ago. Poor man, he was like Charles Fort, and similar people: Good at collecting data that seem to defy the accepted scheme of things, but then they go and develop such half-witted theories to explain their data that they wind up being completely ignored or ridiculed.

Another space program spinoff: a hospital in Cleveland has equipped a special major surgery room (for organ transplants, open-heart, joint implantation, and other such big deals) which is even more sterile than usual because they even filter the exhaled breath of the surgeons before it's returned to the room. The system was first designed for those "clean rooms" and now is being used to prevent infection.

To ward off a Jewish vampire (the cartoon was wonderful)? Wear a strip of bacon around your neck, I guess.

Gee, I saw Forrest Tucker on "Ironside" last night and they had him made up so well that he almost looked like he was still alive.

If by THE DEVIL IN MASSACHUSETTS you mean Marion Starkey's book, it was out in pb once. In 1963, as part of Time, Inc.'s (you'll pardon the expression) TIME READING PROGRAM SPECIAL EDITION. That's the version I've got, and it's useful, but I've come to prefer Hansen's WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM.

I found another direction from which to approach my local trekkies. (Actually, I approach them from a number of directions, since they're both high school girls and both very attractive -- see, I can't type just thinking about it) (Is there a feminine form for Trekkie, like fanne?). They've discovered those ST paperbacks Jim Blish has been writing. So I gave one of them BLACK EASTER and THE DAY AFTER JUDGMENT ("Oh, gee!

Y'mean he writes other things too?") and started the other on CITIES IN FLIGHT. And last I heard they were both happy as larks and getting ready to trade. But I'm hurting, since part of the deal was that I should read one of the ST books. SPOCK MUST DIE is the one they gave me, and...well...I'm glad Blish has other things on which to hang his reputation.

And more about SCA. The furniture, actually, was my own observation. If I belonged to the darned thing, I might have told them about it, but now Yandro has done so and I needn't bother. But I have letters here from Mike O'Brien and Steve Muhlberger that go on at length about Fine Arts Day (or some such thing) at MSU. Along with the inevitable sword fighting they put on an exhibition of medieval music and dancing. With several pieces of orchestra, I understand. See, they're not all violent.

Y'know, it's the funniest thing. Just after I sent money, I started writing letters you thought were worth printing. And it looks like I'm not going to have to go off and play soldier, either. This has got to stop, or I'll have to save my paid issues for some future spell of gafia.

/I hate to tell you this, Roger, but the reason you didn't get any letters printed until after you subscribed is that we do not send Yandro in return for letters of comment, so as a rule I don't print letters except from subscribers. (And while you're writing now will, I hope, garner you egoboo, they won't extend your subscription a smidgen.) I wasn't objecting to SCA's violence; just to its play-acting. (Well, actually I wasn't objecting at all, merely commenting on why it does not interest me personally.) As a matter of fact, I hadn't heard that theory of Velikovsky's. I never read beyond the first 2/3rds or so of WORLDS IN COLLISION, and that was when it first came out...when? Twenty years ago?

RSC/

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417

Those gyroscopic photos on the cover of Y200 are handsome. John Berry's article with it, "Don't Knock the Rock", brings me up again at the wonder of people having reached the Moon. Harry Warner has written a couple of articles mentioning the odd fact that most fans are blase about the space program and even against our continuing to spend so much money on it; he theorizes that the fans are overly-influenced by the general negative attitude towards all that spending to be found in most newspapers and magazines. I kind of doubt it. My suspicion is that the cries of "Too much money, worry about pollution/race/the cities/____ (Fill in the blank) instead" are correct and that the reason fans (unlike the general public) agree with the newspapers in the matter is not so much the newspapers' influence as that the general public is/are getting hit with that Sense of Wonder for the first time, whereas fans have already been there and are no longer reacting to the sheer aesthetic appeal of it all. But the fact remains that it is beautiful, and even though I'm one of the "Spend the money on Earthly problems" shouters, every once in a while something like this reminds me of the beauty. And even the human value -- I wouldn't want to see the space program stopped, just delayed.

"Star Hike" is a clever parody. I like the theology. The Dragons of Perth/Puff item is also very amusing.

/I'm more of the opinion that (a) there are plenty of other places we can cut expenses and (b) a good share of the Earthly problems are caused by people being out of work and they aren't going to be solved by shutting down a major industry. If you want more money for ecology, cut our overseas spending; done right, we could cut that in half without changing the amount of good we do with it. (Why, for example, should we pay our NATO "partners" millions of dollars in taxes - property, excise, import, etc. - on our bases which are there because they asked for our protection? We do it, though. A a hundred other things equally stupid.) The only reason the space program is being cut is because the young radicals haven't the

power or the knowledge - or maybe the guts - to attack military-political waste, and the establishment doesn't want to. The space program does more good, but it's an easy target, and the radicals aren't interested in relative priorities outside their own interests. RSC I think porkbarrelism is a fact of life, and if the space program (which kills nobody but test pilot volunteers, and creates a lot of economic cycling) is cut, the money is not going to go into those projects beloved of the anti-space program types. I don't think for a minute it - the money, which is not much in Federal terms - will go into ecology, poverty, or anything of the sort. It will be dropped into the defense contract bucket, which seems to appeal more to legislative souls (and perhaps is a great deal more profitable to their private pocketbooks, I suspect)...and besides, who'd even notice it was disappearing into the brand-new nerve gas production dept., instead of into a Mars probe? JWC/

Liz Fishman, 312 East Drive, Oakwood, OH 45419

Hank Davis's parody "Star Hike" was wonderful. A few scripts like that and ST might have made it to a fourth season; the censored parts would have made a fifth season for European television.

I have a new mailman problem: I've never seen this mailman because he delivers in the late afternoon and I'm working then, so I haven't had a chance to spar with him about closing the top of the mailbox. We have no front porch and consequently no sort of roof to protect the box from weather. It's been raining for several days and each time I've come to find the mailbox filled to the top and overflowing with water, the mail a soggy mess that has to be lifted out carefully and set aside to dry -- most of it has been beyond restoration. As I told you, I've neglected my correspondence and have been receiving very little in return as a result, so the ruined mail has been mostly circulars and bills. Which is nothing to really complain about, but I'm going to have to take a firm stand before my mail starts coming in; I have a sharp sense of the important.

Regarding inferior appliances: I really think it's all in the point of view. For instance, a toaster is supposed to toast, toast meaning light to dark brown and passably crunchy. Right, that's a working toaster. But suppose you have one of those machines that won't let go of the bread until it's black and so crunchy it sprays crumbs when you merely touch it? That, you would say, is a machine of inferior workmanship. Not necessarily. There must be hundreds of toasters that char bread but how many burn the bread til not a crumb remains so there's no clean-up afterwards? And how many melt the rubber around the plug and burn it off in a shower of sparks and a snapping and crackling as the insides short? Now a toaster that does all this is far superior to one that merely burns bread. There can be superiority in inferiority, you see.

The sf boom is really taking off, here: right between MYRA BRECKENRIDGE and PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT I found two copies of the Nebula Award-winning stories for 1965, two books by Bradbury and one by Philip Dick. This keeps up and MYRA will have to look for another shelf.

/I hope you've been going around and moving all the stf books out to the front of the racks and covering up Myra (the poor thing might catch her death if she lies around uncovered). I did even better; I complained to the local distributor about the lack of stf on the local stand, and for awhile there we got just about everything. (They didn't sell, though, so now we're back to a more modest amount of paperbacks. They're still handling all the major magazines, though.) RSC/

STRANGE



Locus #64, 65, 66 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 - biweekly - 10/\$2, 20/\$4) One of the leading newsletters. It seems to include too many errors to be a really top-flight publication (though if one judges by the daily newspapers, perhaps not), but at least the editors don't go into a snit whenever someone questions their ultimate fanish perfection. I could do with fewer con reports, tho.

Rating.....7

Isfanews #13 (Dave Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46220 - monthly) A one-sheeter

completely concerned this time with the Indy club meetings. Maybe the

next issue will have an uncensored account of what was said in Jerry Hunter's car after the last meeting. (By the way, Dave, why did you?)

Rating.....2

Newfangles #40 (Don & Maggie Thompson, 8736 Nordricks Rd., Mentor OH 44060 - 20¢, 6/\$1) As far as layout, presentation, and the publication of really pertinent news, I'd rate this above any of the other current fan newsletters. Unfortunately, it's about comics fandom... (Though there is an item on postal rates that I have not seen in stf newsletters..)

Luna Monthly #17 (Frank & Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, NY 07649 - 30¢, \$3.50 per year) The best newsletter for foreign fan news, plus the "Coming Events" calendar of conventions, meetings, etc., a huge checklist of new books, and a list of material by stf writers and about science fiction in the slick magazines. US fan news is minimal; emphasis is placed on areas the other newsletters don't touch. Rating.....6

Skylark's European Fantasy Trader #96 (Ron Bennett, 110 Green Park, Vieux Chemin de Binche, 7000 Mons, Belgium - bi-monthly - 8/6d or 6/\$1) This is a revival of the old Skylark News Letter, under the same management (as before, I'm the US representative, unless Ron ditches me at the last minute) but with a new emphasis. It's to be strictly a tradezine. This issue is nothing but Ron's own sale list, but as he says, one has to start somewhere. I'm not going to list ad rates in reviews; if you want to know them, ask Ron or myself. Ron has 22 pages of ads, from some digest mags at 25¢ to an Arkham edition of SKULL-FACE for \$6.00. (Hmm. Over the years "tradezine" has come to mean something different from a fanzine devoted to offering articles for sale or trade. Bastardization of the fan argot. So what do we call it? Salezine? Barterzine?

Castle of Dark Shadows #1 (Ron Lowy, 2661 West 2nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11223 - monthly? - 5 months/\$3) Remarkably derivative title. I dunno. There is enough fan interest in "Dark Shadows" to support a fanzine devoted to it, certainly, but I don't expect too high a quality from anyone who thinks "The Immortal" is "really terrific!!!!". Similar in format - and quality - to the lesser "Star Trek" fanzines, though perhaps with a wider range of interest. The photos are nice.

Tolkien Journal/Mythlore #12 (Glen GoodKnight, 6117 Woodward Ave., Maywood, CA 90270 - 1/\$1, 4/\$3 - quarterly) I guess the "Tolkien Journal" part of the title is being phased out, but it's still on the cover. Contents vary. "The Ecology of Middle Earth" is a prime example of why I can enjoy Tolkien's writing - bawking his excruciating verse - without having the slightest interest in Tolkien fandom. Aside from being dull, it

amounts to little more than picking up the crumbs of someone else's creation. "The Social History of the Inklings" is a more interesting theme, as is "The Mythology of Perelandra", though neither is a subject guaranteed to intrigue me. Artwork throughout is excellent. The writing is mostly good, though a shade ponderous (a bit like Riverside Quarterly, though not quite as stuffy), so if you are intrigued by Tolkien, Charles Williams or C.S. Lewis, you should try a copy.

Serendip #50, 52 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 1¢ a page) A journal of Postal Diplomacy. (It's a game, if you hadn't heard.) You didn't happen to run short of #50, did you, John? You sent me two copies.

The Gamesletter V.6#23 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, MD 20960 - bi-monthly - 15¢ @) Publication of the N3F Games Bureau. Primarily a rundown of games magazines, amateur and professional, games fans, clubs, and games news items. (The Association of Chess Philatelists is an interesting title. Do they collect stamps about chess, use stamps for chess pieces in their games, or just stick commemoratives on their postal chess plays?) The fact that there seems to be a game out titled "Up Against The Wall" would appear to say something about our society, but I'm not sure what.

Science Fiction Review #40 (Dick Geis, PO Box 3116, Santa Monica, CA 90403 - 8 times yearly - 50¢ @) Two Hugos say more than I can. (Or would.) This is primarily concerned with professional writing; it features mostly professional authors, and it is very well written. That I don't care much for it is beside the point. (At the last ISFA meeting Lee Lavell inquired in a menacing tone of voice why in the last Yandro I said I didn't like SFR and gave it a 7 rating, and then told everyone how wonderful I thought Embelyon was and gave it a 6. My only answer, of course, was that SFR is a great fanzine that I dislike and Embelyon is a lousy fanzine that I like. Lee let us stay overnight anyway, so she is either a wonderful person or Juanita wields a powerful influence...) Rating.....7

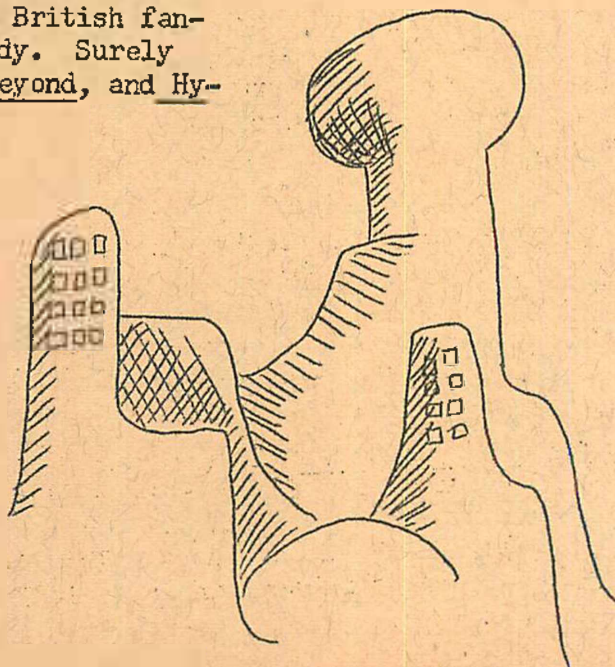
Haverings #46 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, UK - USAgent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn NY 11201 - 6/\$1 or 8/-) 9 Pages of perhaps the best fanzine reviews in the field.

Fouler #2 (Greg Pickersgill, "The Pines", Haylett Lane, Merlins Bridge, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, UK - 1/6d ?) I keep wondering if this is a joke. Well, that's not quite right; I know it's a joke. My question is whether or not it's an intentional joke. On the surface it appears to be a crudzine published by an editor with questionable manners and less ability. Since I don't get too many British fanzines these days, I suppose it could be a parody. Surely nobody would lump together Morfarch, Phile, Beyond, and Hyphen as equally interesting "epic fanzines"? If you want to see it for yourself, get one now, because I'm not sending any more Yandros in return for this crap and so it probably won't be reviewed here again.

Rating.....0

Now To Deal With You! #6 (Gordon & Becky Linzner, 105-09 Martense Ave., Corona, NY 11368 - 20¢) This seems to be the last issue; it's being absorbed into Space & Time. Somebody at the ISFA meeting referred to this as a lithoed crudzine, but it's not quite that. Darrell Schweitzer's article on New Worlds is well written, tho I disagree violently with his viewpoint.

Rating.....2



Ops #2, 3 (Larry Propp, 3127 North Sheridan Rd., Peoria, IL 61604) Sent only to people Larry knows and likes (if you want to get a copy, convince him that he likes you). Short personal-zine. Hard to review because whether you like this type or not depends on how interesting the editor's personality is to you. I rather like most of them, including Ops, so maybe I have more interest in people than I thought I had.

zEEn #5 (Earl Evers, 1327 Leavenworth, #118, San Francisco, CA 94109) Primarily a letterzine with a heavy dose of editorial personality. Evers uses ditto, which has one big advantage in this type of mag; letters are in purple and editorial comments in green, which allows comments in the body of the letter without the problem encountered by all mimeographed fanzines of trying to remember who's saying what. (In general, fan editors hold that editors should not break into letters. This is true for beginners, who are clumsy about it, and for editors of mimeographed fanzines, who tend to cause confusion. Evers knows what he's doing and has the advantage of a color process.) Subject matter includes drugs, rock music, and the "fannish resurgence" (in quotes because most of the fans I like either never left or haven't come back. There are people I'm glad to see in fandom again, but not so many that I'd call it a resurgence.)

SF Commentary (Bruce Gillespie, PO Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia - USAgent Charlie Brown - 20¢ @ surface mail) One of the best fanzines for literate criticism. This time the two authors under major scrutiny are Aldiss and Ballard, leaving me without much interest in the goings-on. Rating.....7

The WSFA Journal #72 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, MD 20906 - bi-monthly - 50¢ @ 3/\$1.25) Along with Journal Supplements #72-1 and 72-2, plus Son of the WSFA Journal #10. The main fanzine is probably my favorite fanzine of today. The material ranges from Thomas Burnett Swann's article on Daphne du Maurier through part of a continuing series on Thrill Book, a couple of amusing extrapolative science articles by Gilliland and Vardeman, and Harry Warner on science-fictional music, to Gilliland's lovely little humorous ballad, "The Army of Egypt". There are reviews; books, magazines, fanzines, movies, and anything else that wanders by. Rating.....8

Outworlds V (Bill & Joan Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton, OH 44203 - will be quarterly in '71 -- real complicated colophon - basically 50¢ present and back issues, \$2 for '71s, to be sold on sub only) A beautifully printed magazine, and the contents are improving. Fairly wide range of material, quality of written material about average. Rating.....5

Amra #53 (George Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101 - irregular - 50¢ @) Major item here is a sword-and-sorcery short story by Ray Capella. I've read worse, even in professional publications -- but I've also read better. Somewhat more entertaining, though shorter, is an Overdue Notice from the Royal Libraries of Aquilonia to a small-time wizard who has been borrowing scrolls. Also included are an article on Talbot Mundy by de Camp and various short items. Rating.....7

Beabohema #12 (Frank Lunney, PO Box 551, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, PA 18015 - monthly - 50¢ @) This is the new, small intimate Bab. Lessee; Paul Hazlett does a dialogue with Perry Chapdelaine. I don't even like that when Geis does it, so after making sure what it was by reading partway into it I went on to more interesting topics. Greg Shaw writes about pop music. No. Greg Benford discusses vegetarians, Raymond Chandler, reporters who don't do their homework, stf critics, "Alphaville", etc. Now this is more like it; Benford writes entertainingly and he doesn't spend more time on a subject than that subject is worth. Then there are reviews and letters. The letter column has been toned down a bit and I think it's an improvement. Rating.....6

Warp #2 (Andrew Platizky, 129-67th St., W.N.Y., NJ 07093 - bi-monthly? - 10¢) Publication of a brand-new stf club. (I can tell because Andrew Platizky gives a capsule history of science fiction as the lead article.) Except for a review of "2001", the rest of the issue is fiction. Well, you have to allow for the fact that neofans are

attracted to fan fiction. (I used to write fan fiction before I learned better, and except for maybe the parodies it was pretty average stuff.) Rating.....5

Möebius Trip #6 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604 - 50¢ this issue - 35¢ normally) Like so many fanzines, it keeps getting bigger. Wide variety of material, from Andy Offutt's venture into Fortism to a Tucker reprint and some humorous fiction. Plus letters and reviews. Rating.....5

Renaissance V2#4 (John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922 - quarterly) - Primarily reviews, along with articles about science fiction and the occasional outcry of a wounded writer. This it isn't a US version of SF Commentary is perhaps due more to the editor's persistent anti-New Wave propaganda than anything else. (I rather sympathize with his ideas, but not with the means he chooses to express them.)

Tuesday After Lunch #1 (Len Bailes, Box 474, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, CA 90024) Mostly rock and Bob Dylan, neither of which moves me an inch.

True Fan Adventure Theater #5 (Dwight R. Decker, 50 Cherrington Rd., Westerville, OH 43083 - 25¢ @) I read this just as far as the editor's comment that this was "founded one year ago to bring faan fiction into comics fandom." Yes, indeedy. (Actually I did peruse the contents, which are just as bad as I expected.)

TASFR Supplement #1 (Hector R. Pessina, Casilla correo central 3869, Buenos Aires, Argentina) This is a checklist of Ace and Ballantine books published in 1969. Listed according to the month published, and alphabetically by author, with occasional comments from Hector. No price listed; presumably goes to people getting Argentine S F Review. You might inquire if you're interested in just this list.

Pentathlon #1 (Susan Wolfe, Box 85, Snook, Texas 77878 - no price, schedule, or address listed) Maybe that's the reason you're wondering if anyone is out there; they're out there, all right, but they don't know where you are. (In the ordinary course of events this might not have been reviewed because when fanzines arrive, the envelopes are thrown away and the fanzine tossed on a pile for review purposes. Fortunately I had this half-page to fill, and started reviewing again while the envelope was still retrievable.) Please put your address in some easily locatable spot in the fanzine? Now that my gripes are out of the way....THIS IS A STAR TREK FANZINE. (Okay, Susan?) There is fiction - one more Spock "wet dream", but with some good lines, such as the comment on Kirk - "He rather fancied himself a living legend." Then there is verse, some short articles, and a review-listing of ST fanzines, current and folded - 1/4 of them. I'm curious. I find very few ST fanzines worth reading, but a surprising number of ST fans pleasant people. Due to inexperience in publishing? Or is it just that successful fanzine publishers generally aren't my type of people?

Starling #16 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, MO 65201 - quarterly - 3 for \$1.00) A bit of everything; rock music, drugs, science fiction, and fandom. I was particularly amused by Angus Taylor's comment; "In this sense, there is a parallel between sf and rock music." Ah, sweet nostalgia; all the fan articles 15 years ago drawing parallels between sf and jazz. In another 15 years they'll be drawing parallels between sf and whatever the current "in" music is - and I'll still be sitting back smirking. The writing by Greg Benford, Tucker, Joe Sanders and the editors is all good. Rating...6

PLASTIC ORACLE #1 (Don Moore, 1709 Kathryn Drive, Tallahassee, FL 32303 - 35¢) A comics fanzine. The editor announces that he's fed up with high-priced, low-quality comics fanzines (and I don't blame him, even though I've probably seen fewer of them than he has) and wants to put out a decent fanzine at a reasonable price. Commendable. This one has the usual first-issue problems, but there are a few promising signs. The writing is awkward, but experience will cure that. He's going to have to get a better artist, though, or give the one he has a lot more experience. If you're a comics fan, you might write for the second issue.