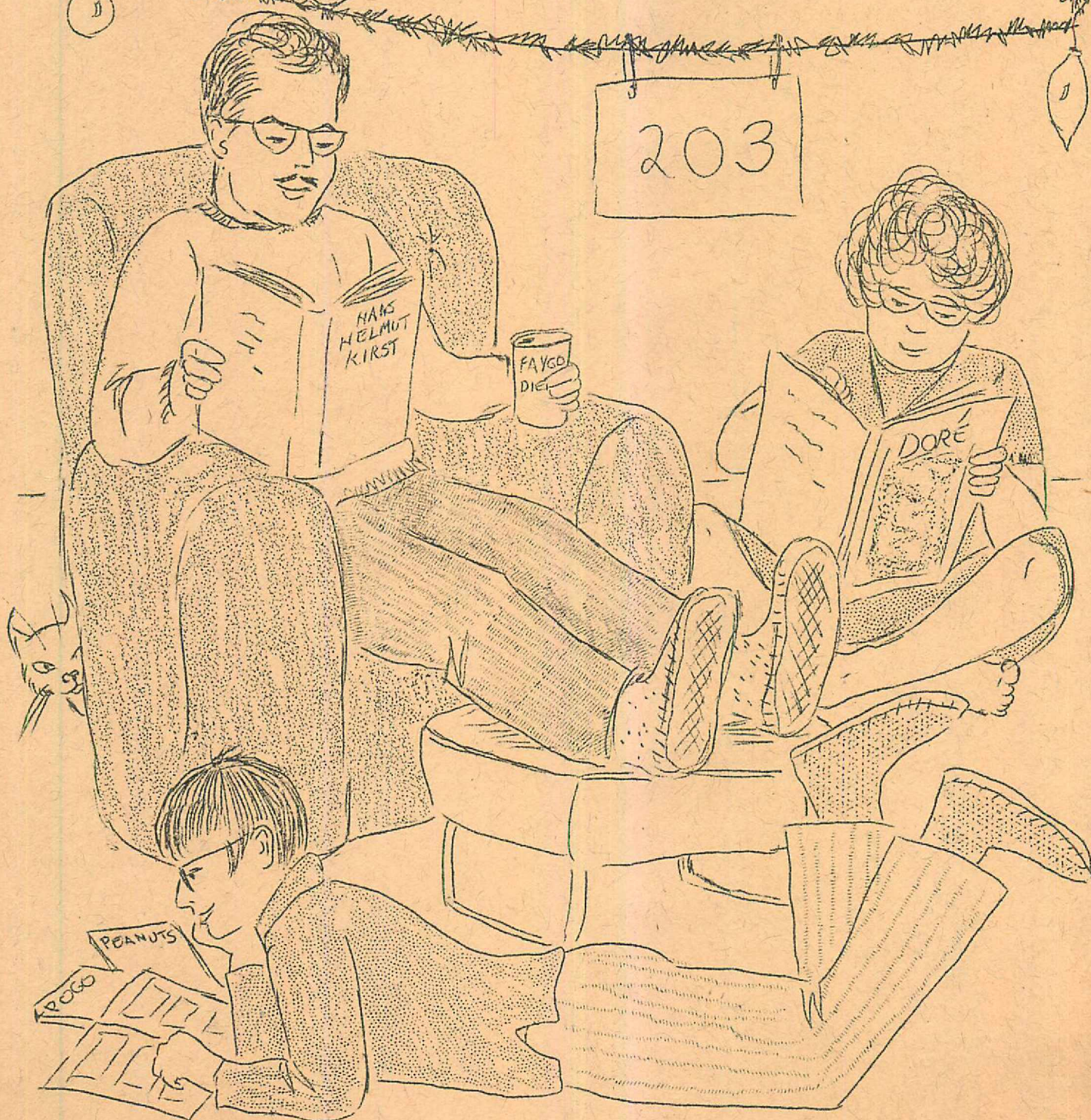


# YANDRO

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Cover by JMC

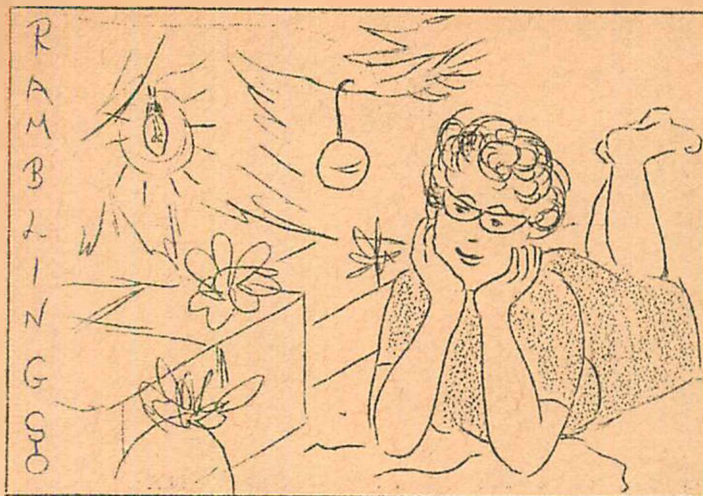
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" 4 - - - - - JWC	" 20 - - - - - Richard Flinchbaugh
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" 7 - - - - - DEA	" 21 - - - - - Mike Klaus
" 8 (logo) - - - - - Dave Locke	" 24 - - - - - Randy Scott
" 10 - - - - - Jeff Cochran	" 25 - - - - - Grant Canfield
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note: Both of Joe Sanders' verses are reprinted from his FAPA magazine.

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Little item in one of the papers today. In a nearby town, two couples drove out Sunday afternoon after church, found an abandoned house, poked around, collected a batch of "antiques" -- and were confronted by the owner of the house and his shotgun before they could get away with the loot. \$20 and costs. If they had been ghetto dwellers, the paper would have described them as "looters", but since they were upright citizens and church-goers they were tabbed as "over-zealous antique hunters". (And I even have co-workers who think there's a difference between the two terms.)

RSC





What do you know? We are going to get this in the mail before Christmas after all (unless the loaner mimeo throws a shoe midway between the finishing of these last few stencils). With luck, some of you might even get your copies before New Year's. Of course, I wonder also how many copies will be lost in the mail during the Christmas rush? At least in the old days when mail disappeared you had a fair guess as to what had happened -- an Indian raiding party decided to get even for injustices, or the James boys or somesuch blew up the mail car to get at the gummint payroll. Now it may disappear for any number of weird

reasons -- the cancelling machine ate it, some guy decides to take the salary and stash the mail (which happened recently in Ft. Wayne), or, among other things, it may have been in a derailment and be lying in a puddle somewhere along the Penn Central right-of-way. Ben Franklin, where are you now that we need you?

Continuing report on Indiana's peculiar and sometimes fascinating political situation. I'm not sure exactly where the current recount/no recount fracas between the Senatorial candidates is. Probably up to a third or fourth counter injunction. One of the Republican bigwigs in the state was making petulant noises about how he didn't see why Senator Hartke (via his lawyers) was making all this fuss about trying to prevent a recount so that "the people of Indiana will know who their Senator is". I was under the impression he'd officially won. Innocent till proven guilty and all. (He probably is, but then the other side probably is, too.) Sour grapes. If it was the other way around the republicans would be throwing around injunctions too. Old American tradition - never make it easy for the guy who lost.

Of course, Roudebush's last public statement of any note was that even if the injunctions held up (and the implication that even if there was a recount and it went against him) he would never concede. Maybe it'll get him in the record books or something.

Indiana's junior Senator is starting to play games too, progressing from "feelers" on running for President to actually dabbling his toes in the water. It may be wise. I suspect Bayh might have a very tough campaign the next time up. He is not all that popular with a fair sized chunk of the hoosier population. Mostly for anything he's said against Vietnam. I believe the national hqs of the American Legion is still located in Indpls, and they're representative of a lot of thinking (or non-thinking, depending on your point of view) in the state. I'd heard reports that Bayh was booed at the last 500 race, and it's believable.

On to a more sympathetic subject. This is a rather Germanic area, and one place in which I do not echo the multitudes quite as loudly as in others is in the Christmas tree department. Around here there is none of this business of putting the tree up on Christmas eve. In many cases it goes up on Thanksgiving weekend, and stays up till well after New Year's. (With artificial trees that's less messy than it used to be, when you ended up with tinsel nakedness and a pile of excessively combustible brown needles.) Like the rest of my horned-helmet wearing teutonic neighbors, I positively wallow in Christmas. And oddly enough for me it has never been the excitement of getting gifts and all. I enjoy giving them, but there's usually nothing I really want -- outside of an opportunity to inhale evergreen fragrance (we don't have an artificial) and breathe on my reflection in the colored balls.



I'm quite pagan about it. I can't remember being impressed with the nativity bit since I was very very young. Mine is more of a reveling in a germanic saturnalia. Cheer up, the sun really is coming back and all that. On our weird time setup, EST, the sun is now rising at about 8am and setting a little after 5pm. Plus it's usually overcast at this time of year in the midwest. Makes one feel like bringing a tree into the house and piling everything but the kitchen sink on it might actually have some juju whammy after all.

It at least gives us something to look at for several weeks besides the utterly dead landscape outside. It would be even better if the outside were covered with snow, which it is not. (All you Califans and southwesterners may now snicker.) The very least the weather could do is snow; what kind of Christmas season is it with all those bare branches and brittle twigs and dead grass outside?

At any rate, we put our tree up last night and it is enough to make me want to wander to beautiful down town Hartford City and chuckle ho ho ho at the first passerby I meet.

I've ended up being able to appreciate the season in both city and country. When I was younger and living in a moderate-sized town, I much enjoyed walking down town, especially during the first heavy snow, and admiring the way everything looked. Perhaps it's a side effect of severe myopia, but even with glasses on noon lights and street lights and Christmas decorations positively shimmer in a fresh snow. It's a time of the year I don't resent the city, or feel in a hurry to get away from it, as I frequently do in the summer. In the country, you have open vistas and nature (which is quite active in the winter, despite the dead landscape) and when snow comes stunning beauty. You also have snow small children can make "ice cream" from, by sprinkling a bit of sugar and vanilla on it. Out here it stays quite clean and glistening white for a long while, and besides a little strontium 90 never hurt anybody.

So the least it could do for me, whether in the small town or out here, is snow.

Snow or not, country or city, I hope your holiday season, pagan or whatever, will be one of happiness, or at the very least contentment...which are not always the same thing, certainly (though they can be). And however 1970 went for you, I hope 1971 will turn out to be a great deal better. If it was a miserable year for you, then it should be your turn to have some goodies. And if 70 was already a good year for you, then perhaps it will presage only the start of bigger and better things and you ain't seen nothing yet.

I mean, after all, we're never going to get another 1971.

JWC

---

a coulumn



Except for Christmas, this is a boring month. We get out of school on the 18th, and return January 4th. A lot of people are preparing to put on a school program, with songs and a few words from some reverend. Blugh.

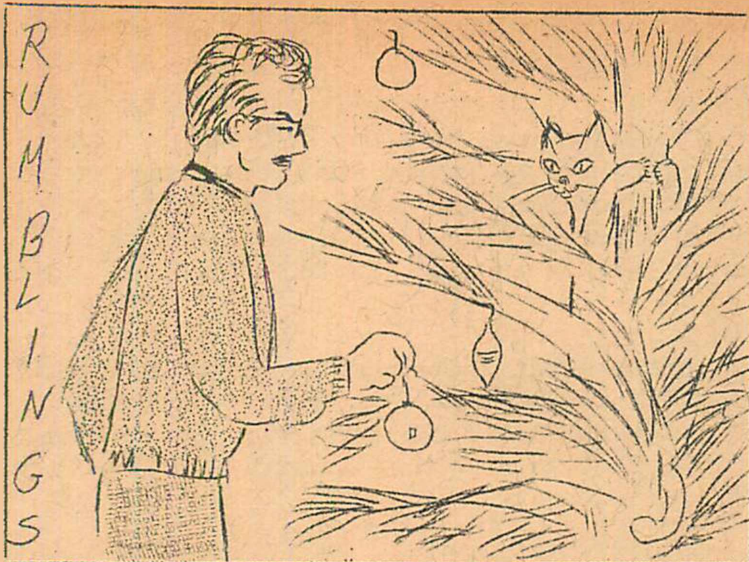
Dear Liz, though I support you in most things, I must agree with Rotten when he says he's going to bring his "filthy glass jar, those bottle caps, that mud pie" along. (Lessee now, where did I put that mud ball?) And, Liz, you move every 5 or 6 years, therefore not losing your touch. (Now, if that would only work for us...)

Hmm, nothing much to write about. The school is trying out a new system of punishment, the school itself is almost completed, and we got a tree yesterday.

Merry Christmas!

BEC





It's hard enough to fill an editorial when I have a whole month to think up ideas; doing it two weeks after the last issue may well be impossible. But we shall persevere.

The Christmas season is upon us - and probably past, by the time you get this. We got our tree tonight. The Boy Scouts in Montpelier were selling some weird type of evergreen...they looked vaguely like a cross between a pine and a Joshua tree - all these weird arms writhing upward. It seemed an ideal type for a fan household.

The S F Book Club is amenable to reason. They sent a book I didn't want, and agreed to take it back. Then on my last statement they credited me with the price of the book but left the 26¢ "postage and handling" charge on the bill. I inquired, rather mildly for me, why they felt I should pay postage on a book I didn't order, and I got another bill today with the charge removed. Just like that; no prolonged correspondence, threats, or anything. I feel quite kindly toward them. (Kindly enough to pay for another book they sent which I'm not sure I ordered. This time, I'm not positive that I didn't order it - I may have, in a weak moment - so I'm willing to give them the benefit of the doubt. I probably should try some Japanese science fiction, anyway.)

Got a request the other day for biographical data to be included in the Dictionary of International Biography. As a special favor, they were also willing to sell me a copy of the completed work for \$35. I sent in the information, but I'm far too egotistical to need the egoboo of seeing my name in print. Not to the tune of \$35, anyway - or even \$20 for the single volume containing my imperishable data. (I wonder, somewhat idly, if they publish material on people who don't buy their book? For that matter, I wonder if Contemporary Authors included me - I didn't buy that, either.)

Next issue will be the 18th Annish. I'm not sure what we'll have, aside from the usual columns, but something. There will be a huge fanzine review column, and a huge book review column, if I get them all read. The books were skimmed and the fanzines skipped this time in order to let us get an issue out in the midst of Christmas preparations. I should have all the stf magazines read by then, and have a list of suggestions for Hugo nominees. (The only advance recommendation I will make is that anyone who can do so should pick up copies of the British VISION OF TOMORROW, because that is definitely going to be one of my suggestions for best promag.)

In case I should forget it on the contents page, Joe Sanders' verses in this issue are reprinted from his FAPA mag, RINKYDINK POETRY.

While I was in Milwaukee, I read one of Gene's copies of TIME and discovered that astrologically I'm not a Taurus after all; I'm a Cetus. I think it's a whale of an improvement, actually.... Besides, there aren't any standard personality traits for Cetus, so I can't be pre-judged by idiotic astrologists.

Got a notice from THE CRISIS the other week, saying "We miss you -- and how!" I wondered why my issues were coming two months late - they've forgotten I resubscribed.

One of the local tv and record stores sent us a notice that surprise! our name had been selected to win a FREE Admiral console stereo. All we have to do is agree to purchase "the equivalent" of one stereo record per week for 12 months. "You will need records anyway with your Admiral Stereo, and we have over four hundred albums from which to choose." I'm tempted to mail it back with a note saying "I have a perfectly good Motorola stereo which I bought from your competitor because he doesn't indulge in phony bargains, and I already have a thousand records from which to choose."



(Of course, that thousand includes three or four hundred old 78's and a large assortment of 45's, but I don't need to tell them that. I've got over 400 lp's, certainly.)

One reason why we are on such good terms with the local post offices - two of them, Hartford City and Montpelier - is that I just counted up and we bought 7 sheets (\$21 worth) of Christmas stamps this year. A couple of sheets went to Bob Briney, but as far as the P.O. is concerned we got them. Plus of course I buy at least one sheet of every commemorative that comes out and sometimes more than one, plus postcards, air-letter forms, and a fair amount of 1¢, 2¢, 4¢, 5¢, 10¢ and 20¢ stamps, plus 8¢, 13¢, and 15¢ when Montpelier has any. Plus the cash payments for YANDRO bulk mailings. (I wonder if I could list the post office as a dependent on my income tax...?) Actually we got one too many sheets of Christmas stamps; we could have done with 6 (300 stamps). But we'll use up the other 50. The local P.O. is a pretty good outfit, though. They even gave me a refund the other day. I'd sent two items airmail to Australia at 25¢ for a half-ounce, and they came back with a request for more postage. I put the extra 25¢ worth of stamps on each, and took them in to the post office. The clerk looked at them, said "those don't feel like they need any extra postage", weighed them, and gave me back the additional 50¢ I'd put on them.

If the publication of this list of titles that fans would like to see in hardback editions sparks any more response, I will hang onto your lists and maybe 6 months from now or whenever I get around to it, publish a revised list. (That is, if several people send in names, I will; I'm not going through all that again if just one or two people write in, though in that case I'd publish their suggestions as addenda.) But just because the list is published don't think you can't add to it; I'd like to get the contributors to it up to a representative sample which might influence one or both of the hardcover publishers now reprinting from paperbacks. Incidentally, both book and magazine titles are listed on some of the stories in the list, largely because Hank Davis disliked the paperback title.

Gad, it's 11:30 and I'm stuck in the middle of the second stencil and I have to get some sleep because at work tomorrow I have to get out the job that my boss promised the customer I would have out today, so I can get started on the one he promised that I would have out tomorrow. Stick with your toy department, Liz; at least you get conversational variety. All I get are conversations beginning "How soon can I have this?" or occasionally and ominously, "We're a little behind on the drawings, this week, aren't we?" Oh well. Now I know more about blueprint machines than I did yesterday, after having taken ours apart and put it back together. (Among other things I learned that one does not put the prongs of the fluorescent lamps into rivet holes in the plugs, because they tend to fall right out again, and don't light worth a damn.)

Alan Dodd sends a clipping of a London tour operator who is planning to organize a series of sight-seeing tours around three of London's public lavatories. Right on. He also sends one exposing the latest racket in Britain; forcing carbon paper onto office girls and managers. "A 'timid' office manager told how he was pressured into buying /\$24,326 worth/ of carbon paper - enough to last his office 300 years." I think that US fondness for the British detective story can be traced to the fact that their criminals come up with with the most fascinating ideas.

The Wildlife stamp at the right is our Merry Christmas to you. The National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th. St. N.W. is one of our leading conservation organizations. In addition to the stamps, they publish NATIONAL WILDLIFE, one of the most beautiful magazines published in this country. \$6.50 gets you an associate membership. The December issue includes articles on the cottontail, coyote, the latest attempt to grab federal land, 6 ecological poems by Henry Gibson, and other material. Your money for stamps and magazine goes to support wildlife conservation, fight pollution and encroachment on federal land, and educate the populace to the dangers of pollution and the beauty of nature. It's a bargain, and you couldn't support a better cause at Christmas.





# PEERING AROUND

COLUMN  
BY

JOE L. HENSLEY

So you think that someone who's been editing a fan magazine for a couple of hundred issues has been around for a long time?

Well...

I got to figuring the other day. My best recollection is that I began reading science fiction sometime in late 1937 or early 1938. I had an aunt who ran a tea room (in those days that was a high class restaurant and not what you're thinking) in her old and somewhat fashionable home in Bloomington, Indiana. On the second floor she had a fairly extensive library. There was quite a collection of Alger books, some Tcm Swift epics, and AT THE EARTH'S CORE. I was 12 years old and in love. A little later I discovered the pulp magazines. With my usual impeccable taste I always bought Amazing first. I used to have the dates down pat when the various magazines appeared. I'd hike down to the drug store, which was a couple of miles, buy the magazine, then head for home.

Soon I was writing away and enclosing gummy dimes for fan magazines. When that wasn't enough I began my own. You could buy a hectograph and all the necessary supplies for it for about a dollar back then.

My first mimeo cost me five bucks. I bought it from a barber who lived miles from where I lived and had to lug it home. The seller also gave me tubes of various inks and some extra pads for the mimeo. It was a sorry machine. I never did really learn how to use it.

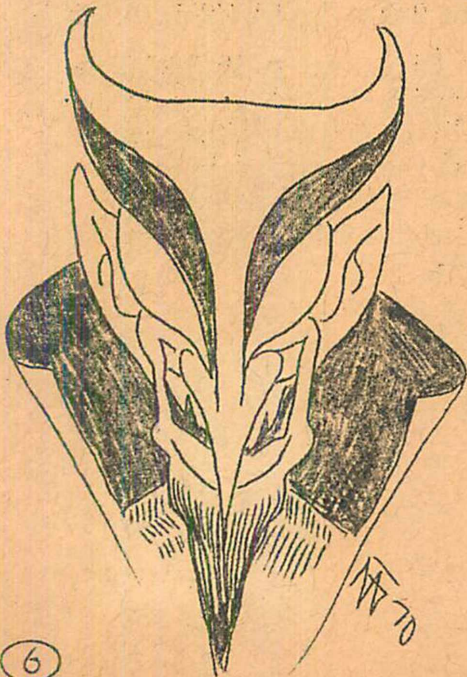
I met other fans. World War Two was going good and many of the people I met were in the service. I went to a Michicon, journeyed over to Bloomington, Illinois, and even had Degler come to visit me. After Degler came I quickly entered service myself, perhaps to guard against a return visit.

Some of my good friends back in those days, people I corresponded with were: Larry Shaw, Lionel (later Harvey) Inmann, and Don Grant. When I got back from the service in 1946 Grant came through and visited me and we discussed going into the book business. I went on to college instead and Grant went straight.

In 1951, back in the service again, I decided to try writing. After I got out of the service and was busy with law school, and later practicing law, and busy with writing, I became too busy to spend much time being a fan.

In order to make up for it I did one good thing. I don't really want to take all of the credit, but...

About then I invented the Coulsons.





I've got a new one around.

In my lifetime I've had the pleasure of meeting a lot of writers. Most of them are fine people, people to bend an elbow with, people to talk to, people you can enjoy, enjoy.

A few are not.

This one has done a new saga in the Gulliver manner. You remember. Gulliver was that guy who was big when other people were small, or who was small when they were big and all of that. Well, this guy has continued it on. He came in not too long ago with his manuscript. Painful lessons have taught me not to read and comment and all he really wanted was the address of my publisher. I gave it to him; told him he might have to wait for awhile; figured that was that.

He was back in a week or so. He hadn't sent the manuscript to my publisher. Instead, he smirked, he'd been solicited by a publisher and he was having his book printed there.

It was one of the vanity outfits. I talked to him about the money, but he figured the higher royalties would more than take care of such matters.

When I saw him last he was heading for the bank to borrow the necessities. I'd hunted around and found a copy of "Should You Pay To Have It Published?" which I gave him before he left. He told me he'd read it as soon as he made the arrangements and got the check off.

So I've got another author to talk to around here.

More competition.

I suspect I'll see more of him when his royalties don't roll in. He'll want me to sue.

On a contingent basis, of course.

But for all of the ones like that I now point with pride to an old friend, who'll remain nameless.

I heard from him the other day and it had been awhile. Last I knew he was holding down a day to day job and trying to make the typer go at night with very minor success. He'd tried about everything, every field. He had nice letters from editors, he had the "try us agains." But the checks were sparse.

We entered into a fairly spirited correspondence like eight years ago when it was that way for him.

Recently I picked up a book on the news stand which caught my eye. The author's name on the cover meant nothing to me, but because I'm suspicious and the paper people keep changing titles I always check the copyright notice.

And there was my friend's name.

So I bought the book and read it and it was pleasant. And soon thereafter I heard from him again.

He'd given up on the eight to five job and gone at it full time. He'd tried it all, from religion to dirty books. He'd written cook books, confessions, detectives, science fiction, outdoors stuff. Sixty books altogether, hundreds of other things.

He's got him a little house on the ocean. His most expensive piece of furnishing is his electric typer.

But he's a happy man.

And I'm glad for him, and not on a contingent basis.





# Diffugality

column by  
DAVE LOCKE

It was one of my usual exciting Saturdays. I had my shirt on two buttons out of position and with my imagination I followed the scent of instant coffee down the hallway and through the living room into the kitchen. My kid sat there with cereal on his face, and when he saw me demanded that I retreat ten steps and turn on the cartoons. I stood there until the set warmed up and was confronted with the picture of a horrified short fat Japanese who shouted, just as the sound cut in, "Captain! It's a monster!"

"Not before breakfast," I said, and turned it off.

With a second coffee and a third cigarette, and a three-year-old who had gotten involved in something elsewhere, I reinstated the movie.

The undersea people of Mu were attacking the vessels in Tokyo harbor. They surfaced this submarine, a door opened on top of the deck, and this large metal dragon popped up and started destroying all the Japanese vessels with a heat ray.

The Japanese weren't too happy about this, so they whipped up a flying/sailing/diving/earth-drilling ship in a couple of days and took chase. The ship was wide at the base, and had big needle-nosed fins. It tapered to a point, which was actually a big revolving drill. After flying out over the harbor the ship plunged into the ocean, sailed to the bottom, and with the help of the drill on the nose of the ship it began sailing thru the rock on the ocean bottom. How they could sail through the rock when the ship had a larger diameter than the drill, I don't know, but I've worked two years with the Japanese and refuse to underestimate their cleverness.

It was when the ship, with those large sharp rocket-fins, began backing out of the same hole at a hundred miles an hour -- that's when I boggled.

"Not before lunch," I said, and turned it onto the cartoons and called my son.

I frontled into the bedroom and sidled out of my clothes, as I usually do when I go to put my bathing suit on. Naturally, I stood there naked, just as my wife walked in.

"What's the matter -- didn't you like the movie? I see Brian is...what's going on here? Or coming off, as the case may be."

"The movie was driving me crazy... I let Brian watch the cartoons."

"It looks like you changed channels too late," she observed. "Maybe I should switch them back for shock treatment."

"Never mind the hysterics," I said with fleshy dignity. "Where's my swim trunks?"

"Why? Are you going to dive into Tokyo harbor and help fight the undersea people of Mu?"

The water was still cool. Our apartment manager likes to keep it at 90', but when they went on vacation they left Phoebe in charge and I promptly dropped the water temperature to about 82'. All these weird Southern Californians we have for neighbors would dive in one end of the pool and come out the other end on a dead run. Where I come from 90' is a hot shower. I hated to swim in our heated pool out here because of the strange motions I kept making with my left hand, as though I were reaching for a bar of soap.

But they were back from vacation, and hadn't hiked up the pool temperature yet. On the deeper end of the pool (eight feet) there's a large underwater light set three feet below the surface of the water. It's held into the cement wall by four screws which



brace it in there -- about the same way you'd be holding yourself up if you were climbing out of a well you'd fallen into. Of course, you'd have more than an eighth of an inch lip on which to position your hands and feet, but the light didn't. And it kept falling out, and would dangle on the end of its cord, hanging about three feet above the bottom of the pool and illuminating the hell out of a very small area.

I saw that it was dangling again, but this was none of my business. I'm living in an apartment so that if I want to I can spend all my free time watching Japanese horror movies. The only tool we maintain is a white wall-telephone, which is remarkable in its simplicity and handles all kinds of repair and maintenance with a minimum of exertion. Once in a rare while it requires a second or a third application, but it hardly taxes my patience and barely at all my strength.

However, I'm a kind-hearted soul, wont to aiding people fight off vicious animals and animals fight off vicious people -- however I happen to view the situation at the time of passing. I'll help people start their cars, repair their lawnmowers, and move their furniture. I'll help children up the stairs, old ladies cross the street, and young ladies cross the street and up to their apartment. I'm a decent person, and I've got to stop watching those Superman re-runs.

But the light was dangling, and the repair-man came to fix it while I was in the pool. He lay face down on the pool apron, stuck his arms into the water and hauled up on the dripping fixture. After replacing the bulb he said to the apartment manager: "We need someone in a suit to put this back in."

She nodded in agreement, and they gazed out over the pool as though in deep meditation.

I treaded water carefully.

The problem was that none of the four screws could be tightened by hand. This was the basic problem. It was due to this that I encountered the additional problem of trying to use a screwdriver while suspending myself three feet underwater. If my breath didn't give out, if the screwdriver didn't slip off the head of the screw, then I still had to cope with the difficulty of getting leverage. It is extremely difficult to exert pressure while kicking like mad in an attempt to at least stay in the same position.

I came up for air. "Do you mind if I take a half-hour break? I think there's a Superman re-run on."

After piercing my thumb with the screwdriver I told them it was no use. "I can't get enough leverage."

The repairman scratched his head. "I can take off my shoe, roll up my pants-leg, and hold my foot on your head."

"You can do the back-stroke inside of a live volcano, and I can stick this screwdriver inside your ear. You also have the choice of going for your swimming trunks or of draining the pool a few feet. But you do not have the option to hold my head underwater with your foot."

"Just trying to be helpful," he protested, with a hurt look on his face.

"You're not getting paid four dollars an hour to hold my head underwater while I repair your light. And this job isn't paying me a nickle more than if I were inside rooting for the Japanese while the undersea people of Mu are destroying all the vessels in Tokyo harbor."

I swam haughtily away, leaving a trail of blood in the water behind me.

Later, after the Japanese had blown up the undersea city of Mu, and all the strange-looking yellow-skinned and slant-eyed people who had lived there, I got a call from Dean Grennell.

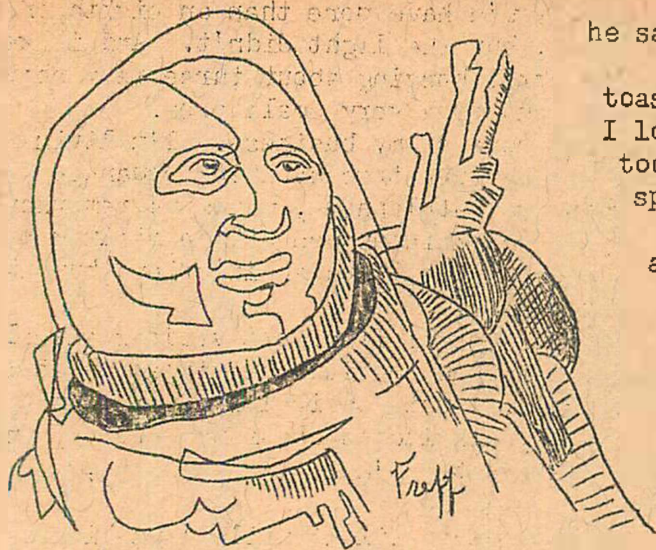
"Dave Hulan is over here and the two of us don't like to drink alone. Why don't you come over and the three of us can sit around and drink alone."

"That's not a bad idea," I told him. "I'd be glad to drink alone with you. I'll be over as soon as I change the bandage on my thumb."

"What happened to your thumb?" he asked, incautiously.

"I stuck a screwdriver into it at about the same time as the Japanese were drilling through the rocks beneath the city of Mu," I told him.





"I hope you aren't too far ahead of us," he said, and hung up.

When I walked in on them they were toasting with glasses of a ruby-red beverage. I looked skeptically at the drinks, being all too familiar with the dark experiments and spirits of Dr. Grennell.

"I'll get you a drink," he said to me as he hopped up from the table and dashed off into the kitchen. He went by way of the patio, swimming across the pool, leaping the hedge, and running around the block to come into the kitchen via the window over the sink. Dave Hulan set down his drink, smiled up at me in greeting, and slid under the table.

I ran double-time into the kitchen.

"Wait a minute," I said. "What were you

planning to fix me?"

"A cherry bomb. The same as we're having." Dean had stoppered up the sink, thrown out the potato peelings, and was pouring gallon jugs of vodka and cherry wine in with each hand.

"I've been drinking bourbon today, and maybe I'd better stick with that," I told him.

Dave Hulan crawled into the kitchen and wrapped his arms around my ankles. "I don't want to drink this stuff alone!" he bawled.

A few hours later, after much small talk of no consequence, (just like the content of this column), Dean got up and went to bed. We didn't think much of it at the time, since Dean often leaves in the middle of a party or a conversation to go to bed, especially if the conversation has turned away from re-loading or cameras. And sometimes even cameras. But sooner or later it dawned on us that the rest of his family had gone to bed ages ago, and we were the only ones still conscious in the Grennell household. That last comment was debateable, so we debated that for another half-hour or so until the real matter of import struck us.

Who was going to lock the door when we left? All the Grennells were in bed.

The last people awake in the Grennell household sat alone in the dining room. There was a knock on the door.

It was Don Downey, one of Dean's neighbors, so we invited him in for a drink.

"Where's Dean?" he asked.

"He went to bed long ago," Dave told him.

"What are you doing here?"

"We can't leave until we solve this terrible problem," I said, in deep seriousness, and explained it to him. Surely someone should lock the door after we left. But who was going to do it?

He laughed, poured another drink, and we launched ourselves into another hour or so of crucial small talk. Finally, after Don and I finished the bourbon and Dave crouched inside an empty gallon jug of cherry bombs licking the inner walls, Don leaned over the table and whispered confidentially to me.

"You're right. Who is going to lock the door?"

Finally Jean Grennell woke up and we talked for another half-hour or so. And we took a vote, and she was unanimously elected to lock the door after we all left.

So I went home, and at two a.m. in the morning I slid into bed and told my wife I'd never been in such a predicament before. Never.

"I'm too tired," she mumbled. "Maybe tomorrow."

"No, you don't understand," I told her. "I'd never felt so helpless, so unable to make a decision before in my life. And me an executive. It was excruciating."

And I told her about the problem of somehow locking the door behind us when we left.



I couldn't order someone to do it, because they didn't know how and were looking to me for guidance. And I had let them down. Jean Grennell had come out and taken the responsibility out of my hands and satisfactorily resolved the matter.

"Don't worry about it," she soothed. "You'd never encountered that problem before, and anyway it wasn't your decision to handle. It was Jean's department."

"I knew you'd be understanding. You didn't even laugh when they backed the ship out of the same hole at a hundred miles an hour. You're terrific."

"I'm too tired," she mumbled. "Maybe tomorrow."

"But not before breakfast," I said, and turned myself off.

It was one of my usual exciting Saturdays.

joe sanders

Have you heard about the criminal Santa Claus who's been  
raiding suburban homes for the past  
few weeks

In the dead of night  
he lands on the roof  
scoots down the chimney  
as usual  
then before the people know what's happening  
he grabs the children and throws them in his sack  
(heretofore hanging limply over his shoulder)  
and with an hysterical ho ho ho  
he claws his way back up the chimney  
nails down the squirrel screen to discourage pursuit  
shoves the squirming sack in his sleigh  
and takes off  
cracking a long blacksnake whip at his reindeer

Leaving the parents standing openmouthed

Here they's bought round-trip tickets from the kids' schools  
and slacks too small for Dad  
dolls from a discount house  
and a gallon more milk than usual

And what the heck are they going to do with all that stuff

-----  
D-con is July 8 - 11, with the usual hucksters room, speeches, banquet, movies, and who knows what else. Guest of Honor is Robert Bloch. There is to be free beer (amount not specified), a rock band, and a folkmusic concert. Tickets are \$5 now, or \$6 at the door. Information supplied by Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, TX 75006, and if you want any more, write to him.

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PeCon 2 will be April 9 - 11, with Gordon Dickson as Guest of Honor. Registration \$2.50 in advance, \$3.00 at the door. Information from Don Blyly, 158 Hopkins, URH, Champaign, IL 61820. Write to him for more information.

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All dates above are for 1971, of course.  
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HAPPY HANUKAH!



# THROUGH 8

## THE WRINGER

column by ..... liz fishman

From now until after Christmas I've been transferred to the toy department, a far different world from those of underwear and jewelry; people are just as nuts but somehow you don't mind so much when you're surrounded by stiff-legged robots stalking around the counter, the clacking of electric trains, the chatting of all those yakky dolls, the bubbling of fish tanks and the screeching of mynah birds and monkeys from the pet section across the room. Ah yes, and the yelps of delighted little kids who run from one counter to another destroying demonstration models. Magic time again.

Things went fairly well my first day, the only casualty at my counter being Robby Robot. He was whirring his endless way around the counter-top, dodging the drumming kangaroo, three midget cars a-racing, a rolling rocket ship with blinking lights that kept dropping its scanner (we Star Trek fans know all about things like that), and a Barbie doll that lay in a drunken sprawl with one shoe off and her lipstick smeared. Rob was on his 67th lap when he ran straight into a mop-haired youngster who had been watching him for some time, finally to send a piston-like punch into Robby's tin kidney and knock him flying into the games and puzzles counter across the way. I retrieved him from atop a Mind-Maze box, his legs still scissoring and his lights still winking, but he died enroute to my counter. I walked over to the kid, who hadn't moved, and snoved him the late Robby Robot. "What made you do that?"

"Pretty good, huh?" he replied proudly, "I hit him right in the guts."

"But why?"

"'Cause."

"I see. You were expressing hatred for your Uncle Ferd."

"I was not 'spressin' nothin'!"

"Well, then, you were unbottling latent hostility toward your great-aunt Gertrude who once filled your baby bottle with cheap rye."

"You're crazy, Lady. I ain't got no Uncle Ferd and Aunt, Aunt..."

"Gertrude."

"Her neither."

"Well, that leaves just one reason for your act of violence: you're just a mean, rotten, no-good kid."

The kid narrowed his big brown eyes and growled, "I oughta punch you in the guts."

"Why don't you just smash noses like normal people do?"

"I can't reach that high, you stupid dame."

I was about to unbottle my own latent hostility toward Gertrude when the kid's mother came along, a nice, bright-looking woman whose opening words belied her appearance of intelligence. She smiled down at him and over toward me and said, "Well, I see you two have become friends. Isn't Santa's helper a nice lady, Danny?" And aside to me, "He makes friends so easily."

I decided to find out if I should let that go or not. "Ma'm, do you intend buying something from this counter?"

She looked at me questioningly and replied, "No, why?"

"Or from any section of this floor?"



"I already have."

"You're finished shopping on this floor?"

"Yes. Why?"

"As long as you're not a customer at the moment I just want you to know that you have a mean, rotten, no-good kid and right before you came along I was about to punch him in the guts."

The kid's mother stared at me for a moment, then shook her head sadly. "He told you he'd punch you in the guts, didn't he?"

"He did."

"And he called you a stupid dame."

"You really have your troubles, don't you, Ma'm?"

"What else did he do?"

I showed her Robby. "He killed my robot. Punched him in the guts."

She began opening her purse. "I'll pay for it."

I stopped her. "No. Robby was a hard working demonstration model whose only pay was a fresh battery now and then. Don't cheapen his death."

"Snapping closed her purse, the kid's mother looked at me curiously. "Are you being serious, sarcastic, or' funny?"

"Ma'm," said I, "it's the end of a long hard day, so it doesn't really matter, does it?"

She looked down at Danny, who was eyeing the mid-section of the drumming kangaroo, and sighed. "I know exactly what you mean." And with that she gently pushed Danny toward the escalator.

And the drumming kangaroo kept drumming.

As I stated, except for Robby Robot's violent death, things went fairly well my first day in the toy department; but then, it wasn't actually a day: just two hours. The first ten hours I spent selling earrings for pierced ears, and the transfer to the toy department came just in time; I was feeling my way to the edge of sea sickness watching women spread holes in their lobes to thrust in the pointed clasp of an earring, and I'm quite sure I was about to lose self-control when came the request for my presence on the eighth floor. I ran for the escalator and was borne away to new adventures.

Yesterday my existence settled down to normal the moment I boarded the escalator for a full day's work. It started simply enough. There were two of us on the gliding stairway: I boarded first, then along came a woman with two huge loaded shopping bags, and since she herself was huge (and apparently loaded) she filled the whole stairwell; no one else could use the same step she occupied (something about displaced space, I think). Things were peaceful enough until we had rounded the corner for the stairs to the third floor. I placed my dainty feet upon a stair and she followed, her bags rustling and bumping against the sides of the stairway. And as we started up she belowed behind me, "Get your can outta the way so I can get past!"

I turned around to look her in the face (noticing how her three chins wobbled) and asked, "Did you hear that?"

Startled, she peered around, then queried, "Hear what?"

I lowered my voice dramatically, "That. You didn't hear it, did you? Please say you didn't hear it."

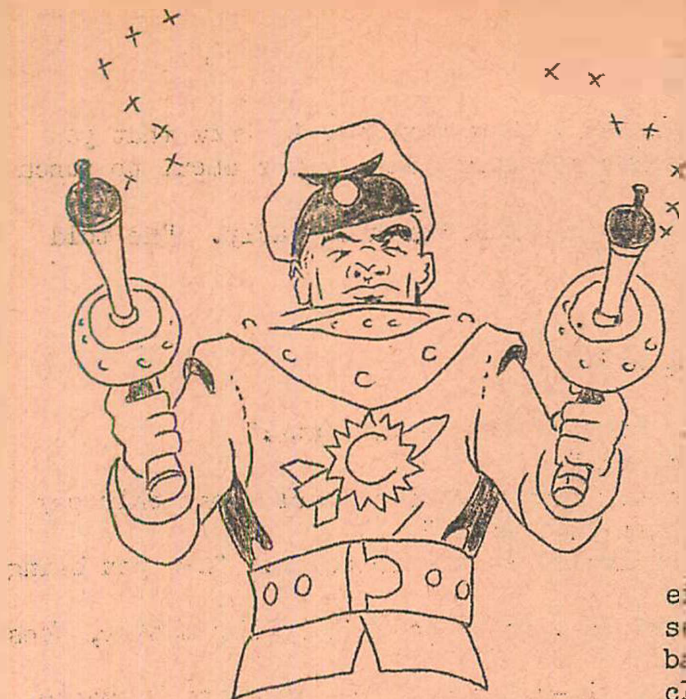
We were now boarding the escalator for the fourth floor, and I turned to stare in the woman's face again. "Because if you didn't hear it then I didn't hear it and we'll both be safe from it."

She hitched her shopping bags close to her sides and barked angrily, "Whatinhell you talking about? Just move your carcass so I can get past and get this damn shopping over with."

"Oh no, please. If we stay together it won't get us. I just wish it would stop all that racket. Oh, I forgot; we don't hear all that racket, do we?"

We were now heading for the fifth floor, and the woman began to get physical about it all, and even more vocal. "Look, you sick dame, get your f----- fanny outta the way or I'm gonna move it for you."





I could tell she actually meant what she said because she began pushing me to one side and tried to cram herself and bags past to get to the stair ahead of me. Now a girl could get herself mashed to death this way, so I decided to map a plan of action as we came to the bend for the sixth floor, and by the time we were halfway to the next escalator I had the plan. As we reached the top I put it into action. And none too soon; I was being crushed against the bannister.

When we came to the landing and into the open I grabbed a shopping bag and swung it over the side and from there it fell to the first floor. Stunned, the woman stared after it and I took the opportunity to get going and out. Heading toward the eighth floor, I looked over the bannister to see the woman still staring at the suicidal bag. And she may still have been there at closing time, I don't know. I took the elevator at closing time.

The first couple of hours I did nothing more eventful than sell and write up charge plates, just like everyone else. Then two little boys came along. One held his closed fists out to me and said, "We wanna buy these."

"Ok. What do you want to buy?"

"These." And he plunked down four squirming garter snakes and an angel fish. The fish flopped frantically across the counter and dropped over the edge to thrash around the floor. I went after it and finally was able to pick it up when it had backed itself into a corner of the counter. Then I raced across the room with the poor palpitating thing to the fish tanks and dropped it in one -- the goldfish tank, as it turned out. The angel fish sank a bit, then slowly righted, its mouth working to draw in the wet oxygen. Finally it began to circle the tank, too grateful to be class conscious as far as the goldfish went; and the goldfish, not giving a damn anyway, went about their business. (I don't know; it seems to me that if I were a goldfish and a classy angel fish suddenly dropped in from nowhere I'd get a little excited. I'd offer it a dried fly, or something. Wonder how bi-racial relationships are handled in the aquatic world?)

When I returned to the counter the boys had retrieved three of the snakes and were crawling around the floor hunting for the missing one, as were two other sales clerks. I went down, too, and one boy asked, "Where'd you take my fish?"

"What's your name?"

"You gonna report me?"

"No. What's your name?"

"Allen."

"I took the fish back to the tank. When you want a fish you don't just grab it out of the tank. You tell a clerk which one you want and he'll put it in a container with water."

The other boy, Charles, punched Allen's shoulder and said, "I told ya, stupid. Didn't I tell ya?"

"Well, it was your idea, Charlie Hanson. I just wanted the snakes and you said snakes were stupid and you told me..."

An "Oh, Christ!" suddenly interrupted the dialogue, followed by, "someone look. I can't, I just can't!" Melba, one of the two sales clerks searching for the snake, was standing with her hands to her face. It seemed that her feet had found the snake be-



fore she did. I just don't know where it will all end: first Robby, now this. All's not peppermint sticks and gumdrops in Santaland, you know.

The day finally drew to a close and as I counted up the sale the drumming kangaroo put down his sticks and sighed, "What I need is a tall stiff drink. Been at these tacky drums since dawn."

The Barbie doll staggered over and leaned herself against the tired drummer. "Shweetie, wha' you need ish me."

Kang wrapped his short front paw as far as it would go around Barbie's waist and growled, "Right on, babe." And when I last saw them they were riding the rolling rocket ship with the loose scanner into the sunset.

(That last is for those who find it hard to separate fact from fiction.)

## THE INNOCENTS

joe sanders

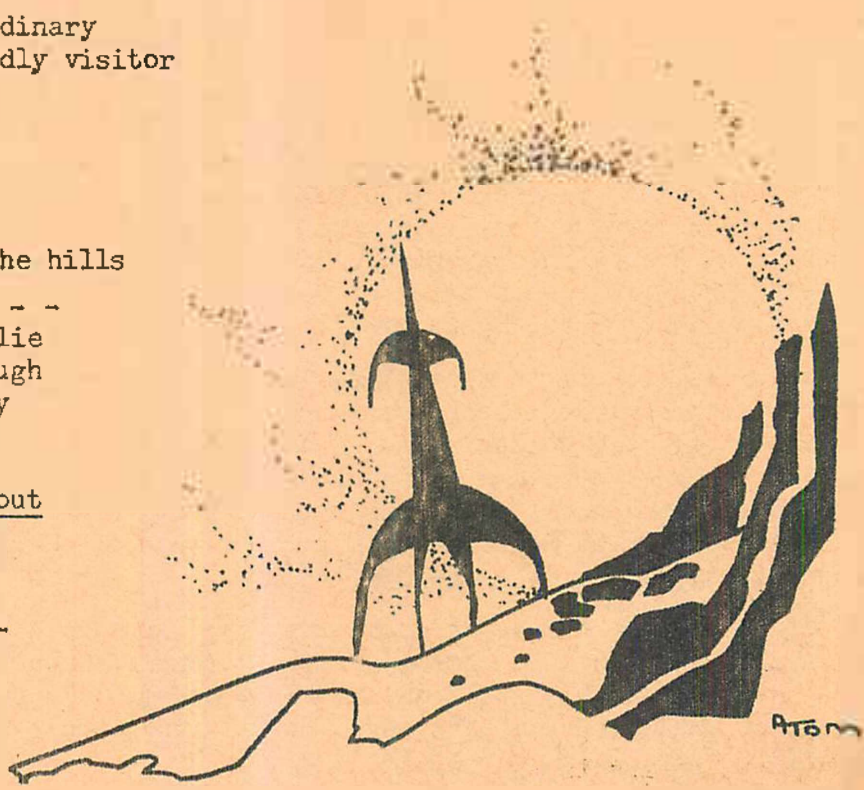
In Bethlehem  
few mothers noticed the three departing  
few fathers observed anything  
we might suppose  
more than the incidental outflux of transients  
The tax  
had been good for business  
Innkeepers gave thanks  
to whatever neighborly god  
and the suppliers of foodstuffs  
the owners of those sheep  
rejoiced exceeding also  
They lived like other people  
suspecting nothing  
nothing out of the ordinary  
and even time a friendly visitor  
no crueler  
if no kinder  
than the weather  
So many years ago  
unwondered  
the nova rose above the hills

-----  
"I had never heard of Witch Leslie  
until I happened to glance through  
a newsletter published privately  
by a friendly Kansas witch, and  
called The Waxing Moon."

...Hans Holzer, in The Truth About  
Witchcraft

I wonder if it had a letter  
from Harry Warner in it? I tell  
you, everyone is publishing fan-  
zines these days.

-----  
Your friendly YANDRO edi-  
tors will also happily  
take your money for back  
issues, mimeo supplies,  
books and magazines, and  
anything else that looks  
profitable. RSC





# GOLDEN MINUTES

I've noted a few reprints on the stands, but not bought them. Bantam, I believe, has reprinted A. M. Lightner's DAY OF THE DRONES for I think 75¢. This is a good Norton-type juvenile and is recommended. Signet has reissued IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE by Sinclair Lewis. This is highly recommended and yes, it is science fiction. As I recall, it might even be considered pertinent in these days of white backlash and Southern strategy, and Weathermen.

SOLARIS. by Stanislaw Lem (Walker, \$4.95) This is not my type of science fiction; the author is one who believes in showing the problems of people, rather than scientific puzzles. Nothing wrong with that, except that any fiction requires conflict, and the easiest way to have conflict when you're concentrating on real emotional-type people is to make all your characters more or less neurotic. I will say for Lem that he handles his characters much better than most writers of this type. I don't find them very interesting reading, but neither are they totally unsympathetic, and the problem is believable enough to keep me reading with only an occasional sneer. Basically, these scientists have come to Solaris to study a living, intelligent ocean, and shortly discover that the ocean is also apparently studying them....mainly by forming constructs from their less savory memories. With the central character, the ocean tries recreating a wife he'd abandoned and who had committed suicide. (The beauty of the New Wave is that it concerns the real problems of real people just like the ones you know - right?) Anyway, the problem of how the ocean does it is shortly shelved as insoluble and the author focusses on how his character lives with the situation. Quite well done, but as I said, not my type.

THE RELUCTANT SHAMAN, by L. Sprague de Camp (Pyramid, 75¢) These are my type; light-weight, tongue-in-cheek fantasies. In the title story, a modern Indian has difficulties with some tribal deities. In "The Hardwood Pile", a lumber mill operator has problems with a dryad. "Nothing In The Rules", an all-time fantasy classic, concerns the entering of a mermaid in a champion swimming meet. "The Ghosts of Melvin Pye" haunt a harried real estate operator. In "The Wisdom of the East" a couple of bored socialites find there's more to Yoga than meets the eye. And "Mr. Arson" is the result of a correspondence school in nigromancy. "Ka The Appalling", the other outstanding story in the book, concerns the problem of too much creativity in religion. Recommended to any other nuts in the audience....you'll find these hilarious.

ANITA, by Keith Roberts (Ace, 75¢) The adventures of a young, beautiful, and bubble-headed witch. Most of these, as I recall, first appeared in IMPULSE magazine; I would guess that the mag folded before Roberts completed his series, because some at the back of the book were new to me. It's an enjoyable book, though the heroine is a bit too close to the Lucille Ball depiction of feminine "charm" and dimwittedness to appeal too greatly to me. Granny is more my type of character, even though she's a bit overdone. Moderately recommended.

NERVES, by Lester del Rey (Ballantine, 75¢) This is a book for today, with questions of power-plant location coming up more strongly. The ecology-minded won't like the conclusions, but it's still an excellent novel. It's been around for some time; this is the third Ballantine printings. But if you haven't read it yet, do. It's one of the authentic classics in the field.

THE WITCHES OF KARRES, by James H. Schmitz (Ace, 75¢) Ace first published this early in 1968. Either they're extremely hard up for Specials or this sold very well the first time around, or both. The book is a very high-quality space-opera, and if you didn't read it the first time around, I recommend it.



NEBULA AWARD STORIES FOUR, ed. by Poul Anderson (Pocket Books, 75¢) Stories are "Mother To The World", by Richard Wilson (love, practicality, and breast-beating), "The Dance of the Changer and the Three" by Terry Carr (a vision of a totally alien life-form), "The Planners" by Kate Wilhelm (the learning process and emotional idiocy), "Sword Game" by H. H. Hollis (a fantasy of sex topology; amusing and frothy) "The Listeners" by James E. Gunn (personal problems on a dull scientific project), and "Dragonrider", which is old-line sf adventure and the only really enjoyable story in the book. You also get comments by the editor, by Prof. Willis E. McNelly of California State College, and a list of obituaries, which are particularly poignant after reading the book; consider that Gerald Kersh and Anthony Boucher are dead while Kate Wilhelm and Richard Wilson are winning Nebulas. Historically this is an important volume; for pleasure you have McCaffrey (which you've probably already read in novel form), Carr, and maybe Hollis.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, by Lester del Rey (Ballantine, 95¢) This was originally published by Regency Books in 1962 - in that short era before Regency turned entirely to sex novels. The "eleventh commandment" is "be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth" and del Rey does a lovely job of depicting a near future where the Church rules and planned parenthood is heresy. Unfortunately, in the conclusion he sells out his message for a twist ending, for which I have never really forgiven him. Particularly since it's a rather hackneyed twist ending.) But it's a good book, right up to the last chapter.

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, by Jules Verne (Washington Square Press, 75¢) This features a new translation by Walter James Miller, a preface by Miller, an afterword by Damon Knight, illustrations, and good quality paper. The story - well, you should know the story by now. It's probably Verne's best and most lasting novel.

NIGHTFALL AND OTHER STORIES, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 95¢) From one of Asimov's early stories (title story, 1941) to one of his latest ("Segregationist", 1968). In between you get 18 others; "Green Patches", "Hostess", "Breeds There A Man...?", "C-Chute", "In A Good Cause", "What If --", "Sally", "Flies", "Nobody Here But --", "It's Such A Beautiful Day", "Strikebreaker", "Insert Knob A In Hole B", "The Up-To-Date Sorcerer", "Unto the Fourth Generation", "What Is This Thing Called Love?", "The Machine That Won The War", "My Son, the Physicist", and "Eyes Do More Than See". Also you get comments on every story by Asimov; why he wrote it, what's happened to it since, what it's like, where he gets them crazy ideas. This makes the book very nearly worth the money even if you already have read all the stories. And even I hadn't read all the stories (at least until I got the hardcover version of this....)

PRIME NUMBER, by Harry Harrison (Berkley, 75¢) Includes "Mute Milton", "The Greatest Car In The World," "The Final Battle", "The Powers of Observation", "The Ghoul Squad", "Toy Shop", "You Men of Violence", "The Finest Hunter In The World", "Down to Earth", "Commando Raid", "Not Me, Not Amos Cabot!", "The Secret of Stonehenge", "Incident in the Ind", "If", "Contact Man", "The Pad", "A Civil Service Servant", "A Criminal Act", "Famous First Words". Very few are outstanding; most are well-done and enjoyable. Good, solid science fiction. Recommended.

THE WAR ON POWDER RIVER, by Helena Huntington Smith (Remaindered, \$2.98) When I was about 12 years old, one of my favorite books was one of Dad's westerns, LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE. I still enjoy skimming through it now and then. In 1961 AMERICAN HERITAGE ran an article on the Johnson County War by Mrs. Smith and I discovered with some amazement where LARAMIE's author, Frank Spearman, had got some of his crazy ideas. Now I have a whole book on the subject, and I still find it fascinating. For one thing, the entire affair borders on the incredible. Even Hollywood has yet to show anything like 50 ranchers and gunmen fortified up and surrounded by some 300 small ranchers, townsmen, farmers, and "rustlers" (with the "rustlers", unable to breach the walls, calmly riding over to the nearest army post and asking for the borrow of a small cannon). Nobody would believe it. For another, Mrs. Smith is an exceptionally good writer, and she covers everything, from pioneer funerals to the politicking of the Wyoming Stock Grower's Association. Fabulous book; look it up.



# BOOKS WE'D LIKE TO SEE IN HARDCOVERS

In the first 1970 issue, I requested readers to send in titles of paperback books and magazine stories that had never been in hardcovers and which the readers would like to see in hardback form. Out of our vast readership, a whole 9 people responded: Paul Anderson, Bob Briney, Hank Davis, John Guidry, Mike Juergens, Mike Klaus, Paul Krumm, Lee Lavell, and myself. However, if we don't have a quantity of voters, we do have a quantity of titles, thanks mostly to Hank Davis. Here are the titles judged most worthy of hardcover reprinting by 3% of the Yandro readership.

- 4 votes - RITE OF PASSAGE, by Alexei Panshin
- THE DYING EARTH, by Jack Vance
- 3 votes - DAY OF THE MINOTAUR, by Thomas Burnett Swann
- 2 votes - THE SQUARES OF THE CITY, by John Brunner
- ROGUE MOON, by Algis Budrys
- WHO?, by Algis Budrys
- BABEL-17, by Samuel R. Delany
- NERVES, by Lester del Rey
- DARK UNIVERSE, by Daniel F. Galouye
- RETURN TO TOMORROW (mag title "To The Stars"), by L. Ron Hubbard
- THE REEFS OF EARTH, by R. A. Lafferty
- THE BIG TIME, by Fritz Leiber
- THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR, by Fritz Leiber
- SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY, by Fritz Leiber
- SWORDS IN THE MIST, by Fritz Leiber
- SWORDS AND DEVILTRY, by Fritz Leiber
- WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton
- THE WEIRWOODS, by Thomas Burnett Swann
- THE DOLPHIN AND THE DEEP, by Swann
- MOONDUST, by Swann
- THIS IMMORTAL (mag title "...And Call Me Conrad"), by Roger Zelazny

## 1 vote

- |                                             |                                          |
|---------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| THE LONG AFTERNOON OF EARTH, Brian Aldiss   | THE SKYNAPPERS, John Brunner             |
| GALAXIES LIKE GRAINS OF SAND, " "           | CITY UNDER THE SEA, Ken Bulmer           |
| A CIRCUS OF HELLS, Poul Anderson            | CYCLE OF FIRE, Hal Clement               |
| GUARDIANS OF TIME, " "                      | TALES FROM THE WHITE HART, Arthur C.     |
| WAR OF THE WING MEN (mag title, "The Man    | Clarke                                   |
| Who Counts"), by Poul Anderson              | MASTERS OF THE MAZE, Avram Davidson      |
| THE REBEL WORLDS, " "                       | THE JEWELS OF APTOR, Samuel R. Delany    |
| CHTHON, by Piers Anthony                    | THE FALL OF THE TOWERS, "                |
| HASAN, 2" "                                 | THE BALLAD OF BETA 2 "                   |
| MACROSCOPE " "                              | EMPIRE STAR " "                          |
| THE STARS, MY DESTINATION, Alfred Bester    | THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION ""             |
| STARBURST, Alfred Bester                    | SOLAR LOTTERY, Philip K. Dick            |
| BORED OF THE RINGS, by Henry N. Beard and   | EYE IN THE SKY, " "                      |
| Douglas C. Kenny                            | THE COSMIC PUPPETS, (mag title, "A Glass |
| THE SWORD OF ALDONES, Marion Zimmer Bradley | of Darkness"), Philip K. Dick            |
| THE COMING OF THE TERRANS, Leigh Brackett   | DORSAIL by Gordon R. Dickson (magazine   |
| SWORD OF RHIANNON, Leigh Brackett           | version specified over Ace version)      |
| NIGHTMARES & GEEZENSTACKS, Fredric Brown    | SOLDIER, ASK NOT, Dickson                |
| THE MIND THING, Fredric Brown               | ALIEN FROM ARCTURUS, Dickson             |
| THRESHOLD OF ETERNITY, John Brunner         |                                          |



THE LOVERS (with) MOTH & RUST, by Philip José Farmer	WEB OF THE WITCH WORLD, Andre Norton
THE GREEN ODYSSEY, Philip José Farmer	THREE AGAINST THE WITCH WORLD, "
A PRIVATE COSMOS, " " "	WARLOCK OF THE WITCH WORLD, "
THE BODY SNATCHERS, Jack Finney	SORCERESS OF THE WITCH WORLD, "
GHOSTS OF MANACLE, Charles G. Finney	YEAR OF THE UNICORN, Andre Norton
THE EDGE OF TOMORROW, Howard Fast	THE CROSSROADS OF TIME, "
LORDS OF THE PSYCHON, Daniel F. Galouye	HIGH SORCERY, "
FIRST ON MARS, Rex Gordon	UNEARTHLY NEIGHBORS, Chad Oliver
THE RING OF RITORNEL, Charles L. Harness	SPACE VIKING, H. Beam Piper
THE ESKIMO INVASION, Hayden Howard	LITTLE FUZZY, " " "
THE END IS NOT YET, L. Ron Hubbard	"Paratime Police" series, H. Beam Piper
BRAIN TWISTER, Laurence Janifer and Randall Garrett	GLADIATOR-AT-LAW, Pohl & Kornbluth
THE IMPOSSIBLES, Janifer & Garrett	PICNIC ON PARADISE, Joanna Russ
SUPERMIND (mag version, "Occasion for Disaster") Janifer & Garrett	AND CHACS DIED, " "
PAST MASTER, R. A. Lafferty	THE UNIVERSE AGAINST HER, James H. Schmitz
SPACE CHANTEY, " "	(Plus the more recent "Telzey" stories)
FOURTH MANSIONS " "	THE SECRET MARTIANS, Jack Sharkey
A TRACE OF MEMORY, Keith Laumer	JOURNEY BEYOND TOMORROW, Robert Sheckley
THE OTHER SIDE OF TIME, " "	YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME, "Cordwainer Smith"
A PLAGUE OF DEMONS " "	SPACE LORDS, Cordwainer Smith
CITY OF ILLUSIONS, Ursula K. LeGuin	THE PLANET BUYER, " "
THE SILVER EGGHEADS, Fritz Leiber	QUEST OF THREE WORLDS, "
CONJURE WIFE, Fritz Leiber (did this have a recent hardcover?)	THE UNDERPEOPLE(with)THE PLANET BUYER, Cordwainer Smith
TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD, Leiber	SKYLARK DUQUESNE, EE Smith
THE WAILING ASTEROID, Murray Leinster	THE FOURTH R, George O. Smith
JOURNEY TO BARKUT (book version "Gateway to Elsewhere"), Murray Leinster	NIGHTWALK, Bob Shaw (novel)
THE PIRATES OF ZAN, " "	ALIENS 4, by the One and Only Theodore Sturgeon
THE BLACK GALAXY, " "	MORE THAN HUMAN, by TOaO Theodore Sturgeon
THE OTHER SIDE OF NOWHERE, Leinster	BEYOND, by Sturgeon
TALENTS, INCORPORATED, " "	THE COSMIC RAPE (mag title "To Marry Medusa"), by Theodore Sturgeon
WAR WITH THE GIZMOS, " "	CAVIAR, by Sturgeon
The "Med Service" series " "	VENUS PLUS X, " "
THE MAN WITH ABSOLUTE MOTION, Noel Loomis	VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, by Theodore Sturgeon
THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH, & EVERYTHING, John D. MacDonald	TWELVE EIGHTY SEVEN, by John Taine
THE SHRINKING MAN, Richard Matheson	THE DRAGON MASTERS, Jack Vance } in one
THE SHORES OF SPACE, " "	THE LAST CASTLE, " " } book
THE LAST VIAL, Sam McClatchie, M.D.	EYES OF THE OVERWORLD, " "
RESTOREE, Anne McCaffrey	THE PAWNS OF NULL-A (mag title "The Players of Null-A"), A. E. van Vogt
THE TOMORROW PEOPLE, Judith Merril	GRIMM'S WORLD, by Vernor Vinge
WORLD OF PTAVVS, Larry Niven	OUT OF THE DEEPS, John Wyndham
TARNSMAN OF GOR, John Norman *	THE ATOM CURTAIN, Nick Boddie Williams
OUTLAW OF GOR, " " *	FOUR FOR TOMORROW, Roger Zelazny
FRIEST-KINGS OF GOR, " " *	THE DREAM MASTER, " "
NOMADS OF GOR, " " *	

\*If I weren't overwhelmingly honest, I wouldn't have listed these, RSC

Does anyone know the present whereabouts of Kathy Clifford, who used to live in Houston, Texas? She disappeared without giving a forwarding address, and we have a couple of returned YANDROs for her, plus the balance of her sub. Reamy? Burger? Anyone? HELP!

RSC



Derek Nelson, General Delivery, Kirkland Lake,  
Ontario, Canada

Well, Buck, I guess you've heard all about the troubles in Montreal. It would happen at a time when I'm essentially isolated from the variety of news one can get in Toronto, or, to a lesser degree, Winnipeg. Within range of here there is only one (English) newspaper, radio station, and television station. (The French station is only good for hockey games to me.)

I gather the US networks have been pointing out the "economic disparity" between Quebec and Canadian averages, or between Quebec and Ontario. Dumb. Blaming poverty on terrorists is like blaming the Viet Cong on Buddhism.

The most poverty-stricken province in Canada is Newfoundland, and cops there don't even wear guns. The whole Maratimes, in fact, is far worse off than Quebec. Kirkland is no paradise, either, with unemployment rates, welfare rolls, and income all worse than Quebec's average. (The French next door in Noranda -- about 30 miles -- are in the same boat as Kirkland, maybe worse, but that country is the stronghold of Real Caouette's Creditiste, and he's a strong federalist and anti-terrorist, more so than the government, actually.)

The problem comes in Montreal-Quebec-Lac St. Jean, but mainly the former.

The most privileged class in Canada, the university student, is the backbone of separatism and terrorism. Professionals, especially civil servants and teachers and social workers, are the other big cheerers of separatism.

Voting power in the poorer Montreal areas is Parti Quebecois because the PQ is socialist (the protest vote) more than anti-federalist. (The municipal wing of PQ, called FRAP, couldn't win a seat in the municipal contests.)

The Creditiste vote is rural poverty protest--in one sense.

Yan #201 arrived today, before I got this letter done. (It's been on the boiler for a couple of weeks.)

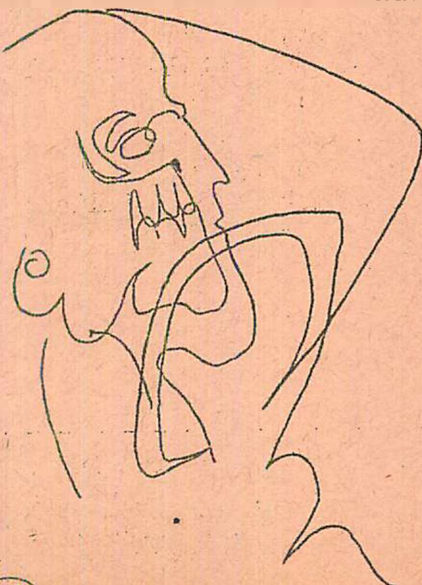
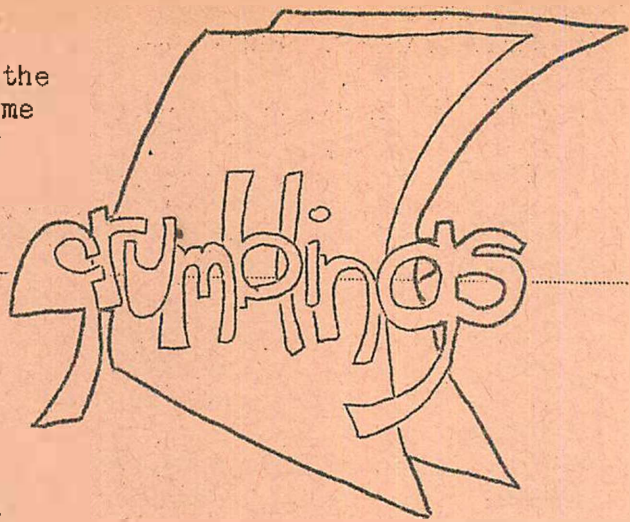
Someone else can explain the essential facts of the Quebec thing. Like overleaf, I spend my time fighting the dumb arguments that have come out of the crisis.

Like, why were troops used? Obvious--the police were exhausted and there were just too many people and buildings to protect.

Like, the use of War Measures Act was overreaction? The powers implicit in the WMA have to be implemented in writing before parliament. In fact, only a tiny portion of them were, mainly the suspension of civil liberties for FLQ supporters or suspected supporters. Basically, it was a "no-knock" law and detention without trial. About 500 people were picked up, and more than 400 released, after fingerprinting and mugging, within a couple of weeks.

Like, the government should have gone to parliament first for a weaker version of the WMA? Sure, the weaker version presently before parliament has been stalled by the opposition for several weeks now --and the same would have happened if the government had taken that course at the height of the crisis.

More importantly, it was the psychological impact of the WMA that was its best justification. Trudeau said the "state of confusion" implementation partly justified rumors of a coup and a provisional government circulated in Montreal. Fifteen leading Quebecois demanded the government agree to the terrorist demands. Over





2,000 chanting students promised mass demonstrations on the street to support the terrorist demands. FLQ supporters dominated the airwaves with their pleas (as today opponents of the WMA dominate) and speeches, including calls for violent protest and strikes, and mostly without rebuttal.

The WMA cooled all that idiotic fervor. The most enjoyable thing was watching the fear in the faces and listening to the croak in the throats of all the leftist extremists. They were downright scared, probably because they felt guilty over their own cries for violence to implement political ends.

But they had nothing to worry about. The government apparently believes calls to violence are fine except by the FLQ. It has done nothing about the international links of the terrorists (Black Panthers and Weathermen in the US, certain Marxist Palestinian groups, the Cuban government, and to a lesser degree, the Algerians). It has down-played the Marxist ideology of the FLQ and its supporters and semi-supporters. It is just now thinking about the idiotic immigration laws that since 1967 virtually allow free entry to anybody who wants to come. And "undesirables" make full use of it. It has done nothing about the inability of the RCMP to infiltrate or keep track of radical students and their organizations, thus making the universities a key Canada-wide link for radical groups. (The police were banned from campus subversive checks in 1963 under leftist pressure.) It has only started, in Quebec, to take some of the political ideology out of the teaching of students in schools, where separatism and socialism are taught as the only answers to Quebec society's difficulties. It has, however, done nothing to prevent the continued harassment of non-Marxist faculty, and the inability of a teacher of a rightist viewpoint to say anything in defense of the US, or Canadian democracy, or our present economic set-up. It has done nothing to keep separatists or Marxists out of the Armed Forces, the government-owned media (tho it is working on the latter), or even government employment. (One of Premier Bourassa's secretaries, I think she was, is an FLQ supporter and was not arrested until long after the crisis developed.)

The government is, however, thinking about further restrictions on weapons sales, which should please you, Buck. I think even long arms may be registered in this country before long. It is considering, under pressure from the Quebec government, national identity cards.

(I'm tempted to agree with the latter, though all my life I have consistently opposed registration by number--from social security cards on up. Maybe our modern society needs it where it wasn't necessary even 30 years ago.)

It's going to take something drastic to push the Liberals out of power in Canada as long as Trudeau runs them. Even an anti-GRIT and anti-Trudeau (in some ways) person like myself looks to Pierre as the only man with the ability to tackle the big question of holding this country together. And it has nothing to do with economic questions.

As best I can judge, the federal government position on separatism is this: no unilateral declaration of independence, no leaving by force, and no referendum that does not allow supervised polling booths and federalist participation. Even if the separatist Parti Quebecois wins a provincial election they are going to have to hold a plebiscite before the federal government will agree to let them go peacefully. There is some suggestion troops would be used if they refused to allow such a jointly-proposed referendum. (This assumes, rightfully, I think, that much PQ support is not so much separatist as protest.)

A civil war is possible, but not probable, over separatism. The book I sent you, THE KILLING GROUND, reflects more of what a civil conflict would be like if it ever occurred.

As of now, I doubt an independence referendum could garner more than 15 percent of a popular vote (PQ was 23 percent in the provincial election), but it would take more than 50 percent of the under-29 vote, including that of some English-speaking Quebec





youth.

My mother, who is British Labour Party type, once said after some violent clash or another in the world: "Maybe people don't really want to live in peace." And a mother of a friend of mine, a few years ago, said, when the Korean War was mentioned in a conversation, said: "Which one was that? There's been so many I get confused." Liberals can laugh at those statements, but both made big impacts on me. Sometimes I wonder.

Maybe if Canada had a good round of killing the present negativism that dominates so much talk would cease. Temporarily I mean, it takes about one generation before the memory of the horrors are forgotten by the youth who follow, as the young Russian intelligentsia and the Spanish are demonstrating.

But what a terrible way to have to bring a tranquil society into existence. (Not peaceful or uncompetitive, but tranquil.)

I hope it doesn't happen here. I hope to God it doesn't. But I have changed my opinion from a few years ago when I felt Quebec should separate if a majority of its population wanted it to. Now, I tend to favor force to prevent it, regardless of how a vote went. I can't see Canada surviving without Quebec, nor Quebec without Canada. And I doubt the separatists, once in power, would ever allow a federalist opposition to oppose them at the polls. Their leaders are the usual, Marxist, elitist, intellectual scum.

Like you said, "the difference between relative worth and perfection." We got a good country, and it can be made better. But what irks me (actually it makes me as mad as hell) is that rather than say "we have specific problem and let's fix it", most of de Camp's "advanced thinkers" talk in terms of "we have a problem (always vague like poverty or pollution), and this is an example (usually inaccurately described) and it proves (a) our guilt as a people or (b) the worthlessness of the system or (c) the ~~hidden~~ motivations of our elected representatives."

~~I hate the intelligentsia.~~ I'm not too hot on what you call the "smug fatheads", either, but their views are never on television or the radio or in the papers, anyway. They're mainly too busy consuming, going to work, getting the suburban box, etc. At least they aren't dangerous doing that (except through complacency).

Kirkland Lake is full of smug fatheads, tempered by the fact "we're" all northerners, and the environment is a harsh challenge to everyone as it is.

In 1962 I decided a reporter was the job I wanted. In 1970 I finally got around to taking it. The Kirkland Lake Northern Daily News-Staff reporter Derek Nelson. Sound good? I had to take a two grand cut in salary to come here from my Public Relations job in Winnipeg, but satisfaction-wise it's well worth it.

Tell me, Buck, one thing I've noticed since I was interested in politics is the tendency of most politicians and bureaucrats to hide things, to do things in secret, etc. Why? In a small town it's even more evident (Kirkland has about 16,000. When a gold-mining boom town it had 26,000; now iron ore and education are the two big industries.)

And boy, do they get up-tight when you print things they say but don't want to admit saying.

It's fun.

One intriguing thing. Normally I wear my hair thick and collar-length without sideburns. Last summer I added the burns. Two days ago I got everything cropped completely, and all the "individualists" in town, with their long hair and dirty jeans, think I've copped out or something. I'm amazed. One guy I puffed a little weed with now won't talk to me--he calls me "skinhead", which, depending on my mood, I might take as a compliment.

Unfortunately, I need the contacts to find out what is going on in a certain segment of the population, so I guess I'll have to compromise and let it thicken at any rate. (I intend to anyway. Every time the barber's price goes up my visits per year decline by one. I average four times a year now.)

One other thing. The "shock" over FLQ actions is a lie when said by government. Earlier this year an FLQ member was arrested with plans in his pocket to kidnap the American and/or Israeli consuls in Montreal. Secretly they were given added protection



which is probably why a Britisher was grabbed. Also, two terrorists training with Palestinian guerrillas in, to use their own words as on national TV, "selective assassination", appeared earlier this year, too. And police have long had the FLQ programme for terror, which involved various stages from bombing up to where they are now, and the step beyond--creating civil disorder and the downfall of the government. This is what the WMA prevented.

/I should think the politician's mania for secrecy would be obvious; what one's constituency doesn't know about it can't complain about or vote out of office about. How can a politician earn a reputation for probity when the public knows he's lining his pockets and voting with the "interests"? RSC/

Richard Labonte, 53 Rosedale Ave, Ottawa 1, Ontario, Canada

Canada is the only country I know too self-effacing, too repressed, too self-contained, too inhibited, to take advantage of the Quebec terrorist situation. The whole thing, with Cross still either captive or killed, has degenerated into an incredible political and moral mess with no one--none of the government involved, or the terrorists, or the separatist cause, or Canada as a whole--coming out with any plusses.

Even Canada's terrorists are amateurs. The kidnapping of Cross, the British trade commissioner, was handled with a small amount of finesse, but any gains the Front de Liberation Quebecois might have made among the people of Quebec was lost when three mental idiots back from a holiday in the U.S. decided to kidnap Quebec provincial cabinet minister, Pierre Laporte. The three, Jacques Rose, Francis Simard, and Bernard Lortie, simply picked up another FLQ member, Paul Rose, called the minister's house, were told he was playing football outside with his kids, and proceeded to kidnap him.

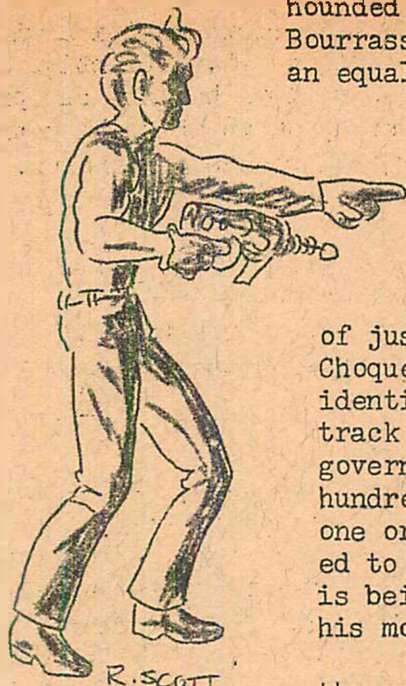
The kidnapping no doubt fired the imaginations of any Quebecer who resents his status in his own home, but who is not prepared to resort to violence. But the killing of Laporte lost for the FLQ the sympathy of that group.

And there has been a disgusting amount of politicking going on during the whole affair. Starting at the municipal level, the city administration of Olympic Game-getter, Montreal Expo booster, Expo builder Jean Drapeau was up for election near the end of October. Their only opposition, the FRAP group (Front pour Rassemblement d'Action Politique) was branded separatist (which some of its members certainly are) and, worse, FLQ sympathizers (which the vast majority of its members were not). Playing on the hysteria of the time, Drapeau's Civic Action party swept the polls and took every single one of the city council seats. Drapeau may look good to you in the U.S., and he may be a great federalist, dedicated to the principle that Ottawa is the centre of Canada and shouldn't take second place to Quebec; but his administration, after closing brothels and becoming the model for other cities trying to boost their international images, sat back and ignored a pretty basic element of any city, its people. The welfare rolls in Montreal have climbed, there are fewer low-rental housing units now than there were ten years ago, and American-based crime syndicates have made Montreal a prime base for their operations. Montreal is still a great city to live in, and one of the most tolerable in North America--but only because it had such a good start.

At the provincial level, the mess starts to smell. The Liberal government of Robert Bourassa is in the middle of horrendous economic troubles, with an unemployment rate hovering around 10%, and hasn't lost an opportunity to blame its troubles on "dissidents". Bourassa is also trying to strengthen his position with regard to the question of federal-province rights, using the kidnappings as reason for asserting dominance over Ottawa in policing, education, justice, and tax fields. In the right place at the right time, this is a good thing, as far as I'm concerned, but the shameless posturing that's been going on the past month is disturbing.

The Quebec government has also been using the crisis to put down the Parti Quebecois, the moderate separatist party which, with only 7 seats in a legislature of over 40, received over 20% of the votes in the last provincial elections. The PQ is blatantly separatist in intent, but its leader Rene Levesque has for years rejected the policies and ideologies of the FLQ. Still, the PQ members in the Legislature have been





hounded and branded as no better than the terrorists of the FIQ. Bourrassa is sincere in his attempts to assert Quebec's status as an equal partner in Confederation, so while he pokes and prods at Ottawa to get all the concessions for Quebec that he can, he has the best interests of his sort of Quebec at heart. But he can't help but be conscious of the fact that the PQ does offer a more radical, and perhaps more palatable, cure for what ails Quebec. So he's not adverse to scoring points while he can.

And the crisis has also brought out the worst side of justice, as crises most always do. Quebec Justice Minister Choquette has been muttering the past few weeks about instituting identification cards for all Quebec residents, "so we can keep track of the troublesome elements in our society." The Quebec government also used the powers of the War Measures Act to arrest hundreds of people (subsequently released, which I guess is worth one or two brownie points for the government) that it just happened to have filed away as troublemakers. Choquette, by the way, is being called the Spiro Agnew of Quebec, which shows you where his mouth, if not his mind, is at.

Then there is the federal level of politics, where most of the squabbling has thank God been internecine and pretty well partisan. The implementation of the War Measures Act received overwhelming support because it came in the wake of Laporte's stunning murder, but as soon as people began to think rather than react, some members of parliament began to question the powers police had been given. With the introduction of a new set of legislation and the repeal of the WMA, debate in the House of Commons has become even less relevant; but it never reached much of a level of leadership; there was never much articulation of philosophies, none of the gestation of ideas that governments should try to provide on the rare occasions they're asked to govern.

On top of the sorry floppings of the governments, there are the actions of the various police forces given sudden new powers under the WMA. The armed forces called in to guard every fat cat in Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec City were competent, and, while ubiquitous, were not intrusive. Until coming to Ottawa I had lived most of my life on armed forces stations, and it was like old times seeing armed vehicles and jeeps and armored trucks patrolling the streets of placid, civilized Ottawa. But a lot of people I live with and talk to were upset by these troops; it violated either an exaggerated sense of civil liberty, or deflowered a virginal belief in the second-level status of the military in Canada. Except for telling a lot of Sunday photographers to fuck off, the troops just stood around, helped the Cabinet Minister's wife with the shopping, and ruined the social life of one cabinet minister's daughter (an armed guard followed her into the Library at Carleton University when she went to study there one night, and met a guy who asked her out for a movie...the guard wouldn't let her go).

But there were an incredible number of bumbles on the part of the Ontario Provincial Police and the Quebec Provincial Police. The OPP, for example, arrested an Ottawa student named Bernard Lortie who, as soon as the QPP warrant for the arrest of the terrorist Lortie went out, phoned the Ottawa City Police and told them that he was a Bernard Lortie, but not the Bernard Lortie, and would they please come down and clear him. Next thing, the innocent Lortie was being held incommunicado in Montreal, and wasn't released for a week.

The failure of the QPP to apprehend Laporte's killers before they committed the murder was bad enough; but when they caught the real Bernard Lortie, it turned out that the other three terrorists, the Rose brothers and Simard, were hiding in a closet and later snuck out when the police went off for lunch.

It's all too much for my emerging political consciousness to take. There's not one good apple to the whole affair...the only outcome of the crisis is, as far as I'm concerned, a negative and potentially destructive one.

You see, Prime Minister Trudeau was accepted by Quebec because he appreciated the



special needs and desires of Quebec, while insisting that those needs could be met in the context of a strongly federalist Canada.

But Trudeau was accepted by the ignorant and the uninformed and the bigoted of Western Canada because they thought they saw a man who was going to put Quebec in its place. That's what Trudeau is, of course, but his denial of Quebec's right to control more of its own affairs was certainly never intended as a refutation of Quebec's special condition. Trudeau slaps the Quebec government because he believes in a strong central government. It looks to people who can't see beyond their navels as if Trudeau is slapping down the French fact in Quebec, which he is not doing.

So the hysterical over-reaction of English Canada to the events in Quebec is directed at anyone who believes in the fact or accepts the theory of an independent Quebec. Separatism has become equated with terrorism, which it most certainly is not. Separatism is just one of the more plausible solutions to the problems of Quebec.

So that's why everyone, most of all Canada, has lost the game. The FLQ has raised a few martyrs and secured its hold on the unbalanced political underground of Quebec, but in so doing it has become one of the very few--perhaps the only--outlawed political group in Canada, and it has alienated whatever intellectual support it had. The FLQ has long held emotional dominance in the struggle to secure some sort of place for Quebec in Canada, but the emotional have been replaced by the psychotic. The Terrorists have lost.

The municipal government of Montreal and the provincial government of Quebec have lost what little liberal veneer they had. There's an elected dictator in Montreal and a repressive government in Quebec City. It's going to be hard to have any public beliefs in Quebec in the near future.

The federal government blew its chance to lead. There was overwhelming support of the decision to implement the WMI, and it's to the government's political credit that when support for the suspension of civil liberties began to fade, the Minister of Justice, John Turner, was ready with a new and less repressive measure. But the partisan posturing which went on rid me of what little faith I had.

And then, of course, Canada lost. For too long, too many "English-Canadians" have refused to recognize that the French of Quebec are indeed Les Negres Blancs, that rights guaranteed by the British North America Act are not being granted, that freedoms due any Canadians are not being guaranteed them. The actions of the FLQ will only convince

~~with~~ English Canada that Quebec has to be kept in its place. The whole situation could have been a tremendous chance for Ottawa to lead the way in recognizing that a serious problem does exist in Quebec, one which will eventually destroy either Quebec or Canada, most likely both. But the actions of the FLQ cells have been treated as diseases, and not as symptoms of a disease.

Canada has shuffled its feet and blushed at the fact that two related criminal actions have given us world attention; instead of airing the problem and trying to understand it, we've repressed it.

We lost the chance for a moral revolution. I'm afraid that, if it comes, it's now going to have to be criminal.

Buck, the last four pages have been cathartic. I had only meant to pass on a couple of paragraphs of reaction and comment, but all the thoughts and doubts and regrets that have been swirling around in me for the past weeks decided to express themselves. Sorry about that.





I had a very personal connection with the War Measures Act, too. Last year I was editor of the campus newspaper at Carleton University, and this year, as ad manager, I'm still around the offices a lot, writing the occasional review and lending a hand with layout. The week of the implementation of the WMA, the editor of the Carleton was over in Brussels courtesy of the government, which was giving university newspaper editors a look at NATO, and so I agreed to serve as assistant to the acting editor to make sure things went off all right. We hadn't expected to, but we ended up printing a special 16-page section of The Carleton devoted to the Quebec situation; and, by printing some of the things we did, we put ourselves in the position of contravening a possible interpretation of the WMA, that of communicating statements on the behalf of or as a representative or professed representative of the unlawful association, in this case the FLQ. This particular week, the police were coming down pretty hard on anything that smacked of FLQ, and so our printer was worried about what we were carrying. But he's a liberal sort, and satisfied himself that what we had had been carried either in other papers or by the commercial press, so he decided to print the paper. But then the Students' Council at Carleton got worries about possible repercussions, called in their lawyer to check the paper; the council's lawyer called in the printer's lawyer, and the printer's lawyer called in the RCMP, who cautioned that we might or might not all be arrested; the RCMP also insisted that the lawyers write a disclaimer for us to print on the front page of The Carleton, and they censored/deleted two lines from one of the articles. (The article was the one on page 15 by Smith; "So now we must build, build for the revolution. Vive le Quebec Libre.") The acting editor and I were also questioned at great length about our political beliefs, our affiliations, our purposes, and our intentions. Quite an interrogation. I was more affronted than hostile, because I've always considered myself a non-political, liberal-thinking fair-minded non-combatant. The whole thing is beginning to change my view of myself.

/Actually, I don't know how many Yandro readers are interested in this much about the Quebec affair, but I'm editor and you're stuck with it.  
(Read it, it's good for you...) RSC/

Harry Cooper, 3506 W. Wilson, Chicago, IL 60625

I see that Yandro has changed its format a bit. Because one has never been a desk clerk or hosted a con or fell in a open man hole, to write about, letters don't get printed anymore.

All I do is read good books. I thought that this is what Yandro was all about -- ask your readers if they have read any good books lately.

/As a matter of fact, Yandro has always been "all about" anything that interests its editors. Books are a prime interest, but a letter that says "The 'Captain Future' reprints are absolutely great" isn't going to get printed because the damned books have been out for months and I've mentioned them regularly and our readers should have made up their minds by now. (A good many of our readers read the original magazine versions, anyway.) Tell me about some fascinating new book that I've never heard of before and I'll print the letter. Or say something about a book. But if I want a personal opinion I have mine, and if I want a plot summary I can go look up the title in our library. RSC/

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

I noted with satisfaction that Michael Viggiano's list of ten all-time great films includes KING KONG. In many years of sleepless nights, watching the Late Show, I've been mercifully spared the torment of viewing the butchered TV version. As you are probably aware, the original KING KONG has now been restored and is now in release in various cities including San Diego, where I went to see it recently. The audience at the theatre where I saw the film was mostly quite young. At the beginning, many of the kids were certain the film would be humorous in a campy sense. They whistled, hooted,



and talked back at the screen. It was fascinating to observe the gradual hush fall over the audience, and the utter silence when the great ape finally appeared. After nearly 40 years, I am still amazed at the special effects in this film. The battles between Kong and the prehistoric monsters are as gruesome and nerve-shattering today as they were in 1933. Perhaps the edited for tv version was much milder, but the original film now exhibited in theatres is a sadistic mind-capper.

Since there is a proven audience for the classic KING KONG, perhaps it's not beyond the range of possibility that other old masterpieces in the fantasy/horror genre may be reassembled to their original length, and once again tour the theatre circuits. I wonder if somewhere down in the MGM vaults there is a print of HANDS OF ORLOC (or MAD LOVE as it was titled in release), which starred a shaven-headed Peter Lorre? This is a grimly macabre film, and I don't think it has ever been released for tv, edited or not.

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend, IN 46614

I would like to add my admiration and enthusiasm to the many readers of Yandro who have been lauding Liz Fishman. She's great. I keep expecting to find that she now has her own syndicated column in the newspapers, lord knows she's better than most. I rarely laugh aloud when reading; with Liz I break up and have to read parts to Gene.

Oh hey, speaking of Gene...been meaning to fill you in, Buck, as to that Ithaca gun deal he has going. Last spring he and the other Expert/Advisers got an all expense paid trip to their factory and office. Very nice, about 4 days, toured the plant and like that. They have been given any and all Ithaca guns they want to use and play with through this year (for free, natch), with the understanding that next spring they'll hold a confab and get advice and comments from these Big Name Gun Men. Kuj got one trap gun that's been a living doll. It won't break down. He's let everybody use it here and all over, shoots like a dream and not one thing has gone wrong with it.

There is a non-stif paperback have been meaning to alert you to. In fact two paperbacks that I think you'd dig, Juanita too.

The first was an unexpected off-beat adventure tale titled MURDERERS BURNING. The cover illo shows a fellow in semi-crouch clutching a rifle; behind him, gripping his arm apprehensively, is a heroine; in foreground is a big pile of bones, cattle skulls and human bones. Set in modern Australia and I can't tell you any of the plot as I'd spoil the fun. Suffice to say there are some unexpected quite outre incidents you'd never think to see in such a novel. Try to find a copy.

The other is THE ADVERSARY, by Geoffrey Household; in hardcover its title was DANCE OF THE DWARFS. This is a gooder, took me completely away and into the wilds of South America. I remember reading the review in Sat Review when the hardcover came out and making a mental note to get a copy in paperback. Couldn't put it down, really had me engrossed.

/Remember, all you gun lovers out there (all two of you), buy Ithaca.

My own rabbit and quail gun is an Ithaca -- it's a model they haven't made for 30 years or more, but it's still a good gun. RSC/

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

In case I haven't mentioned it before now, I am about to undergo a change of address. After Thanksgiving, the street address will be: 245 Lafayette, Apt 3F.

The other night I saw another home-movie horror flick: GUESS WHAT HAPPENED TO COUNT DRACULA? Much attention to sets and color photography, none at all to script or acting. Des Roberts was rather amusing as the chief vampire, Count Adrian, dismissing an importunate female with a languid "You do not excite me any more" and flicking cigarette ashes into her outstretched hand, or explaining to a prospective female victim that he cannot return to his homeland, because Transylvania is now part of Communist Romania and the Communists are trying to stamp out belief in vampires. (The young lady's immediate reaction: "They're always trying to destroy something!") The female lead is a newcomer named Claudia Barron. She plays the part of an actress, and is miscast. The biggest laugh in the flick is a scene of her hunched intently over a thick



book about vampires, moving her lips as she tries to puzzle out all those difficult two-syllable words.

In Y201 you review THE SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME and ascribe it to the SF Book Club. When was it a book club selection? It hasn't been listed in any of the circulars I've received from the Club. I definitely want to get a copy, but would naturally prefer not to pay list price for it.

Recent reading had included MUSRUM by Eric Thacker and Anthony Earnshaw. Very strange, and very funny.

(Though he is physically strong, Palfreyman had an extremely gentle mind. His mind would not hurt a fly.

(His first important invention was the Crispine alphabet, consisting of only one character which has not yet been deciphered.

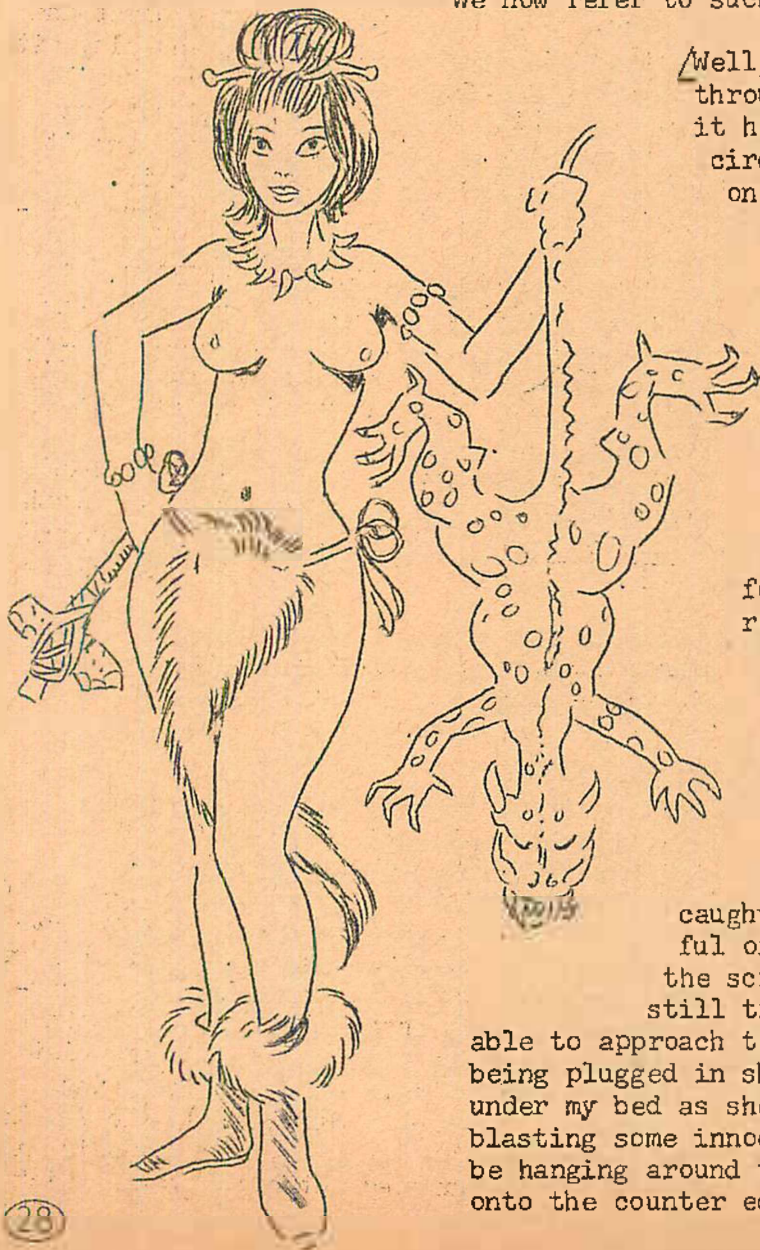
(Palfreyman once received a foreign potentate whilst seated amongst twelve amazing replicas of himself. Unfortunately, one of the replicas concluded a pact with the foreigner which Palfreyman was disinclined to honour.

(Palfreyman framed the floor and hung it on the wall.

(Palfreyman instructed his servants to dig a well upwards. The result was an invisible tower.

(Musrum recalls the year 1546 quite clearly. It was then that he designed and launched an aircraft which rapidly went native and joined the birds.

We now refer to such machines as bats.



Well, I got SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME through the Book Club. But you're right; it hasn't appeared on any of their regular circulars. Where it has appeared has been on the list of 3 books new members can get for a dime (or in my case, the one book you can get by enrolling a new member.) RSC/

Liz Fishman, 312 East Drive, Oakwood, OH 45419

Yes, I know what beagles are bred for, but not this beagle; she's strictly a people dog. She lives in the house, is treated like the family member she is, and has nothing but love for all living things except birds, squirrels and the big-mouthed poodle next door.

The birds and squirrels around here are afraid of nothing and seem to delight in being chased. Especially a pair of cardinals who swoop by right over Daisy's head while she looks after them in wonder. She gives chase, but I doubt she'd know what to do with anything if she ever caught up with it. One sighting of a mouthful of squirrel teeth and she'd be scraping the screen door to be let in. Listen, she's still trying to steel her nerves enough to be able to approach the vacuum cleaner, and once she sees it being plugged in she heads for my room and scoots as far under my bed as she can get. You may be out in the fields blasting some innocent rabbit to eternity but Daisy will be hanging around the kitchen come Thanksgiving, holding onto the counter edge with her front paws to watch the



preparations, hoping against hope that something will fall her way. And it will: a carrot, a stalk of celery, a mushroom or two; she loves mushrooms. She's a people dog. Here's one example of how un-doglike she is to us.

I prepared dinner the other night, meatloaf and mashed potatoes. Ozzie came in after we'd eaten so he piled potatoes and meat on his plate and brought it into the living room to set it on the coffee table to watch television as he ate. Of course, Daisy followed and seated herself at his feet to stare wistfully into his face as each forkful approached it. I was on the opposite couch watching both them as well as keeping an appreciative eye on Tom Jones' talented gyrations when Ozzie, thinking himself safe because I was there, left his plate to go to the kitchen for the pepper shaker. Daisy watched him until he disappeared, then, without changing her seated position between the couch and coffee table, turned her head back over shoulder and flicked out her tongue for two quick, noisy licks at the mashed potatoes. It happened so quickly and stealthily I completely broke up into laughter and couldn't get the words out to tell Oz what had happened when he returned a few seconds later. My laughter became far more uncontrollable as he dug into and ate the licked portion of potatoes, and it was a big portion.

Ozzie quite naturally wanted to know what was so damned funny anyway, and in fits and starts I told him, by which time he had zooped his plate clean and was holding it out to Daisy so she could lick off what she could. He looked at me for a long moment, then at Daisy's busy tongue. "She laid that on my potatoes?"

"Yup."

"What else did she lick today?"

"Your socks and the birdbath. Why?"

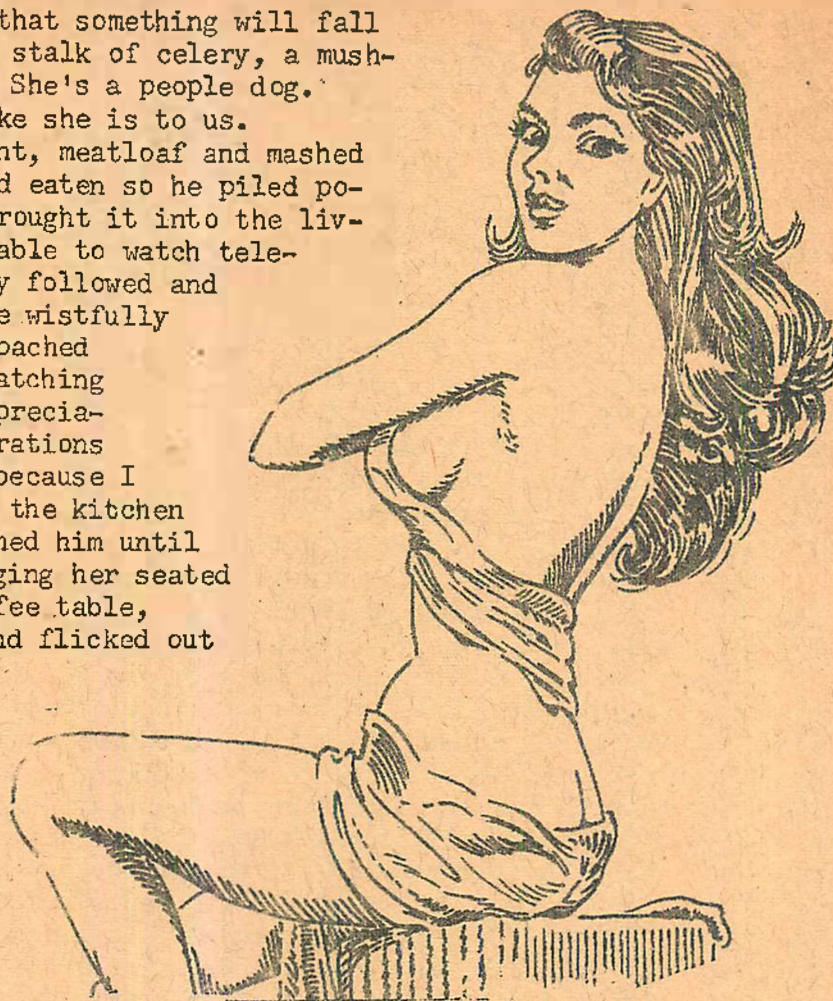
"I wanted to know how sick to get."

"Well, in that case, add my face and the utility room floor to that list."

He then reached down and pulled Daisy onto his lap, looking her in her big bright eyes and asked, "How come you did that, kid?" Whereupon the kid wrapped her front legs around his neck and licked his face clean. As she was nuzzling his ear Ozzie gasped, "Christ, this is the sexiest damn mutt I've ever come across."

Which goes to prove, I suppose, that a woman is a woman under any skin.

/I'd still like to show Daisy a rabbit and see what happens. Only I couldn't because I haven't seen any rabbits myself this year. And a tame rabbit wouldn't do. I once had two very good Cocker Spaniel hunting dogs. One day they saw one of these huge tame rabbits near a lake-side cottage; obviously somebody's pet. The dogs looked at this giant rabbit, looked at each other, looked at the rabbit again, then mutually decided that this must be an hallucination and trotted on past it. RSC/



Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, OH 44060

Roy Thomas just sent us Xeroxes of the pencils on Conan #7 -- "a very thorough-going revision of 'God in the Bowl.'" Quite a lovely job on art (at this point, of course,



there's no scripting in the panels) and seemingly fine job of revising (Howard's story runs pp. 8-14 of a 20-page comic story). The Conan comics are well worth picking up for any of assorted reasons -- not the least of which is the prices they'll probably be commanding in a few years.

Charming news: the local Rex Rotary repair shop just had its phone number disconnected--presumably going out of business. (I had had a couple of fascinating conversations with the repairman/owner of the place in which he spent most of his time complaining about the total lousiness of Rex's newest model. "I've sold a few machines but no more; I want to be able to sleep nights." We're now trying to locate him--in case he's going to work for someone else's office machines business--since he does know how to repair Rexes and since the counter has just gone bad on our machine. And since we want to reach him in an emergency. In the meantime, we called a Rex supplier in the neighboring town. "We've just dropped our Rex service," he said happily. I asked whether this was because the NYC office was so bad (another complaint of the repairman) in sending orders to local distributors. Yes, indeed, it was. At least, he gave us Rex's NYC office address. But it sounds horribly as though Rex may be on its way out.

Anent Dave Locke's column on getting service on purchased items: We find one aid to eventual proper treatment is working through an outfit's public relations man. His job, after all, is keeping customers happy. You'll still fume a lot, but you may get your way in the end. GE did a totally botched-up job on our dryer (which GE installed a few years back, when they had a GE store in the area). The flaw, according to the electric company, was that the fuse box they'd used was of an incredibly bad design. (This had run us to incredible bills, including motor replacement.) We raised a stink up to the vice president in charge of something or other--who refused to accept our statement that GE had installed the confounded thing in the first place. We told him we disliked being called liars and hung up. (This was after the comment that we weren't about to buy another GE item.) And we refused a couple of his calls. Oh, we raised hell for a time with their pr man and everybody else--and we got our new fuse-box installed free. But it was because we included the pr man in the debates.

And pr men get slavishly grateful when you write 'em nice things--and you get even better service next time. You can write a service department till you're blue in the face with no results. But just write the public relations man (address him by title if you don't know his name), and chances are you'll get the best service the outfit is capable of producing.

We publicly apologize to Liz Fishman. She writes of the Midwestcon that at the banquet, three separate streams of smoke came from various points in the room and descended only upon her (considerate smokers being in such abundance). This is because Don and I didn't attend the Midwestcon banquet, but spent the evening with the Coulsons instead at the buffet. Had we been at the banquet, we would have soaked up two of the three smoke billows. Three of us smoke magnets instead of one would have divided suffering more evenly. (And when is smoking in the presence of food in public going to be outlawed?)

If the idea of a con is getting together with other fans, how could meeting new fans be a bother? Unless, that is, said new fans bust in in the middle of another conversation or during a swift effort to get to an appointment or somesuch. Even the biggest of names has moments of just sitting there in a hiatus of some sort.

New paragraph. One of the problems with pollution seems to be that for every pollutant eliminated, you get a different one. Lead-free gasoline, it seems now, may be causing very increased eye irritation from its fumes.

At any rate, there is a cheering note. Various detergents are still making a fuss about being biodegradable--but that note of panic hasn't been necessary for some time, since all commercial laundry detergents are now biodegradable. (They made the switch-over quietly, not wanting to admit they'd ever been harmful.)

/My local Rex repairman has reported not difficulties, yet, in getting supplies from the NYC office. I asked, and he said yes that was their supplier. Maybe it's the vice president in charge of the Cleveland area you should go after. Of course, he was also giving me big pitches



on all the new super mimeos, including the new Rex, so...JWC/

Bruce R. MaaPhee, 38 Lenox Ave., Norwalk, CT 06854

In "Fruit" you rhetorically ask, after seeing a letter from JW Campbell, Jr., in SF Review: "...and when was the last time you saw his name in a fanzine?"

-I unrhetorically answer: in Riverside Quarterly twice within the last four issues, along with Farmer, Blish and Anderson (at least twice each) - a fanzine you reviewed earlier the same issue; your RQ review was fair, to my taste, but what makes one fanzine good should be mentioned for another.

Gilliland's cover, after a very slow doubletake, was wonderful - shades of summer days and winter nights!

Good Housekeeping Seal? NO. Good Housekeeping Walrus I could believe!

/Walrus indeed. Our seal barks at you. Did I review an RQ which contained a Campbell letter? If so, I was remiss, but I don't receive the magazine regularly. RSC/

Alex Eisenstein, 6424 North Mozart, Chicago, IL 60645

Sometime in the near future I'm going to paste up all the Cawthorns I have from Yandro and other sources, including some original stencils from Camber, and exhibit them at a Convention Art Show (probably a World Con). I think such stuff (the smaller, simpler illos) is too little appreciated in its fanzine appearance and should be displayed as a collection at fan gatherings like the World Con. A few other voracious collectors should also do something of the sort with segments of their collections; art, after all, isn't meant to be hidden away.

/The DeVeeses have some of their fan art mounted on their living room wall. (So do we, for that matter.) Of course, this doesn't do anything for the art-lovers who aren't in their living room, but it's something. Startles visiting mundenes, too, I shouldn't wonder. RSC/

Larry Grilly, 170 Reid Street, Elizabeth, NJ 07201

Several years ago you did an article for my fanzine titled "Why Fanzine Review Columns?" or something like that (I'm too lazy to find a file copy to look it up) and came to the conclusion (I think) that a column giving general information about the field would be of more interest and better for fandom than a strict review column, as such, though mention of the better fanzines could be made at the end of the column to attract new fans. I agreed with it then, and I do now. The reviews wouldn't make me want to read the fanzines involved, and I have a better idea of what to expect in a fanzine than a casual or regular reader who's never heard of fandom or fanzines. What do you think of Berry's column in Amazing?

/First and foremost, I think that when we only have two fanzine review columns in professional magazines (the other is in Castle of Frankenstein, of all places), we had better cherish them. I might even startle the hell out of Berry by sending him a Yandro one of these months. Actually I think Ted White is doing pretty well by fandom. Berry's review column is adequate, which is about all you can say for fanzine reviews, and in addition Ted has "Fantasy Fandom" in Fantastic, which gives fans a wider audience and shows stf readers the sort of material they can expect in the better fanzines. (And Ted's editorial defenses of fandom are practically unique among pro editors.) RSC/

Irv Jacobs, address earlier

And what really triggered the flood of memories was the comment in "Rumblings" on the longevity of Taurasi's SFTimes. I haven't the faintest recollection of how I learned of the existence of SFTimes, but for a number of years it was the only fanzine that I received. In the waning months of SFTimes' existence, there was a brief report on Hugo winners, with a reference to Yandro. I believe that I actually had to speci-



fically write to Taurasi for your address. He devoted little if any space to fanzines, and it was not until I started reading "Strange Fruit" that I had the least notion just how prolific a field this is.

Older readers might vaguely recall that I became sort of an unofficial south-of-the-border correspondent for Taurasi. During the late 50s and early 60s Mexican publishers took a brief fling at reprinting science fiction from the States, and I managed to find a considerable amount of Spanish translations of old material, mostly from the Standard pulps of the 40s, but for a while a Mexican publisher was turning out a beautiful monthly edition of Fantasy & Science Fiction in Spanish. It sold in minute quantities, and must be a real collectors' item by now. (I sold a complete set to a NYC book dealer.) There are no longer any science fiction or fantasy magazines south-of-the-border, though a few publishers of paperbacks occasionally issue a translation of some better known work by a US author.

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

I sent a carbon of the "Peril on Pakora" to Poul. He thought it funny and suggested that there had to be some cannibals among the cast. Sure, the Kolache Brotherhood. ("Ve do not conquer our enemies, ve aszimilate dem.") Kolachen are a type of Slavic pastry. I was making one of the dishes on the list, Murg do Pyaza, when Jerry was here, and Narrowly avoided a catastrophe. Started to fry the chicken in overage vanilla pudding instead of clarified butter.

/Who knows? You might have had a serendipitous culinary masterpiece there. Vanilla and chicken don't sound any worse than various other dishes I've come across, though of course the pudding might not fry very well. (But now you have a great reply if anyone asks you for a favorite recipe; you can croggle the hell out of them.) RSC/

Liz Fishman, address earlier

I was transferred to the toy department (as you already know if the column reached you before this letter) and, Reverend, it's a world apart. So many things happen that I can't put them down in my notebook fast enough, and when kids are involved the pace constitutes a test of physical and mental endurance. That kid who killed the robot; he came back the next day, took a stuffed bear from the shelf and came to my counter to talk, while standing on the bear. I almost wish he'd go back to gut-punching; at least that I can pretend to understand.

Yesterday evening a kid came to the door selling Christmas wreaths; we didn't want one. He told us to go to hell.

/Dayton, Ohio, is a fantastic environment. Times when I can't find anything to write about, I even consider moving.... RSC/

We have some more elderly letters here. DAINIS BISENIEKS registers another favorable comment on Liz Fishman. MARY SCHAUB is fascinated by the old film footage in the documentary "The Guns of August", including the Sarajevo assassination. LARRY HERNDON recommends Max Brand, The Big Westerner and Hall of Fame of Western Film Stars, and corrects Dennis Lien. "The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed-Up Zombies", he says, was not a Mexican film but a cheapie Hollywood product, and Ron Haydock, who used to publish a movie fanzine, was in it. GEORGE SENDA comments on Kay Anderson's Westercon letter, saying that the folk in the elevator deny having any cookies. He asked for help in getting a fanzine from Linda Bushyager. (I helped; I kept my typewriter shut so she wouldn't think he was one of my crummy friends.) EARL EVERS suggests that subfandoms are composed of people who like submarines. SANDRA MIESEL says "I'm one of those who doesn't want to see too many girls in fandom, since it would spoil the fun." Not for me, it wouldn't..... Hmm..here's a letter with no signature. Sign letters, please, as I may want to quote from them months later. Or at least put an address on them. JEFF COCHRAN suggests Strange Abominable Snowmen for the worst book title of the Seventies. Oh, but we've barely started. I have faith in publishers' sales departments; they can come up with worse titles than that in ten years.