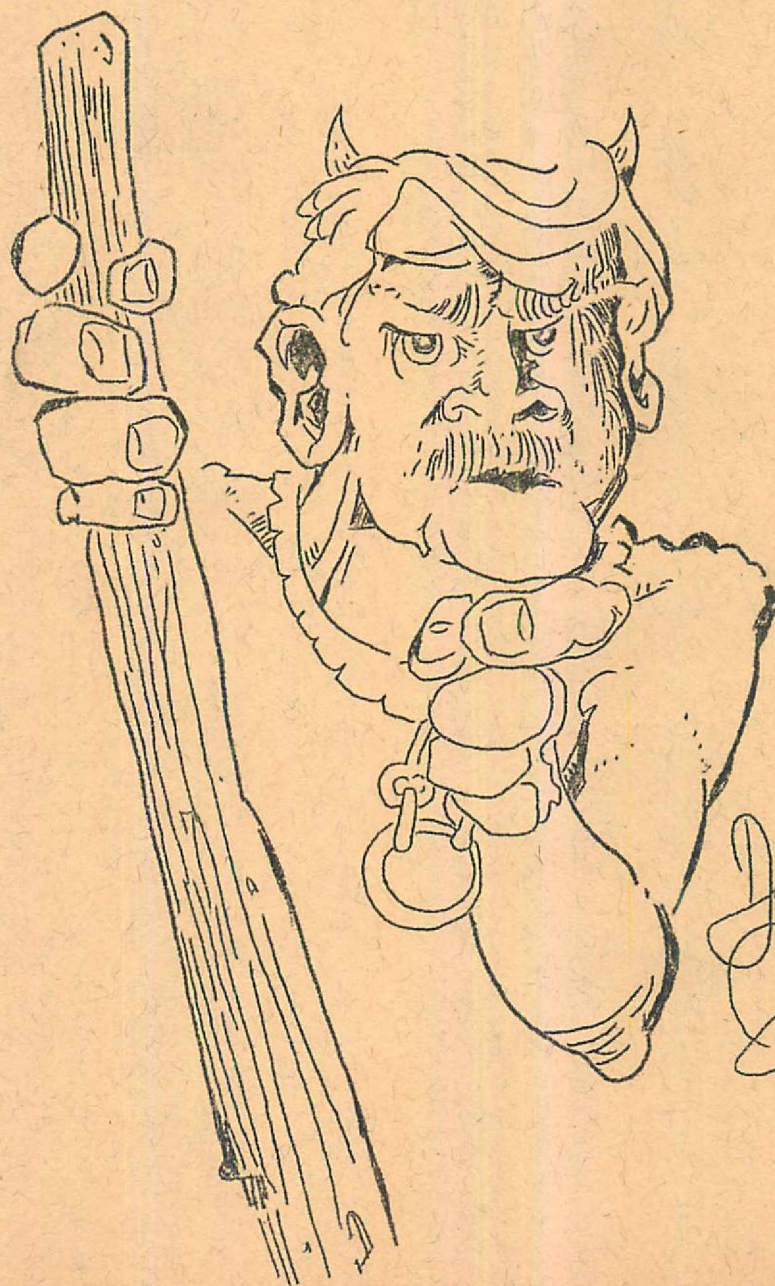


Yarecho







# MANDRO

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I say it's OK for priests to marry, but only if they  
really love each other. ... Dean McLaughlin

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## ARTWORK

Cover by Dan Osterman

Page 1	Jeff Cochran	Page 15	Randy Scott
" 1 (logo)	Dave Locke	" 25	unsigned*
" 2	JWC	" 26	Steve Scott
" 4	JWC	" 27	Jeff Schalles
" 6	Jim Cawthorn	" 30	Jeff Cochran
" 7	Robert E. Gilbert	" 31	Dave Lewton
" 10	Alexis Gilliland	" 34	Bo Stenfors**
" 11	Dan Adkins	" 35	Bjo Trimble
" 14	Jim Cawthorn	" 36 (logo)	Arthur Thomson

\*Will the artist please claim credit for this? Or if any one out there knows who the artist is, let us know.

\*\*Electrostencilled by Stenfors. Other electrostencilling obtained from an Indianapolis firm through the courtesy of Lee Lavell (If there is any other in this issue; not being the art editor I don't know. RSC)

Gary Labowitz sends a correction to the notice in our last issue; the markets listing for fanzine writers is no longer part of the N3F but is part of Labowitz's personal fanac.

R.I.P. Virgil Finlay



## RAMBLINGS



get into reams of paper with static electricity I can crank instead of button push. But if you're out of ink, forget it.

Re "A Word About the Unicorn" on page 11, we should credit that this was sent in for publication by Brian & Sherna Burley. DC it is.

Chris Walker writes, anent my last editorial and my remarks about underground newspapers in Ft. Wayne, Ind., that there are indeed other underground papers up there -- besides the one fielding representatives to the city council to protest the anti-porno laws. They don't get circulated this far south, for some reason. All we know is what gets smuggled into the regular newspapers.

Which can sometimes turn out to be pretty funny. We could have seen it coming, tho. When we lived in Wabash our Congressman was J. Edward Roush, who, mingled with the sort of politicianisms you can't seem to avoid, did some pretty interesting stuff and got our vote. He built that congressional district into a Democratic stronghold, which didn't sit too well with an incoming Republican-dominated state legislature. They had the ball for reapportionment, even after it was thrown into committee (Republican judge and committee? Something like that). So they reapportioned him by chonking his home county into a tough Republican stronghold up in the Ft. Wayne corner of the state, where the incumbent apparently had a permanent stake. Roush lost his first bid for election up there, but this last year he made it. Now the state legislature has decided they'll reapportion him again, and throw him back southward into the district he used to occupy. Which is currently being represented by a Republican, Hillis. Who has gone down to the legislature and told them they'll do that over his dead body. He doesn't want to run against Roush back in Roush's home territory. I await further developments with fascination.

When Roush was asked his opinion of the projected re-re-reapportionment he remarked they were making him feel like the Ft Wayne auto license branch, which is a whole story in itself, and one I'll get into another time: (I mean, it keeps growing and growing and getting more and more exciting and ridiculous and...)

Lee Lavell and Sandra Miesel are compiling for publication a Hobbit Cookbook. They're interested in hobbit type recipes...things hobbits would eat, not how to cook a hobbit (you cannibobbles). Outside of being inordinately fond of mushrooms fixed almost any old way, I can't really help them too much. But if you can, and are interested in receiving the end product, write Lee Lavell, 5647 Culver St., Indianapolis, IN 46226.

There's a cheapie teentrade astrology magazine on the market (if it hasn't folded) called, I believe, Astrology Book. This is not the astrology magazine edited by Walter

Ah yes, the continuing saga of Fanning Fem, and will she ever get the fanzine mimeographed. I'd just got rolling good on mimeoing this issue when came time to open a new box of ink. I did. I should have opened it much earlier, right after we rescued it from the clutches of UPS. It was indeed a carton of cans of ink for a Rex mimeo -- but not my Rex mimeo. Cartridge-type feed, and only a certain size, shape, and nozzled can will fit. This wasn't it. Everything ground to a halt until we could go to Anderson and purchase exorbitantly expensive genuine Rex ink. If a part on the machine acts up I may be able to fix it with a bent paper clip or some scotch tape. And if I



and Marion Breen, which I understand has also folded; at least it lasted long enough to get around to my sign. Astrology Book, or whatever, features bargain basement printing and articles tied into rock musicians and teeny bopper people. It also features plagiarism of art. I was flipping through the thing idly when I came upon a b&w print of the cover of UNICORN GIRL. Uncredited. And there were at least two or three more such lifts from sf paperback covers. No credit. Cheap art, I guess, but very dirty pool for the artist.

Incidentally, I suppose "sf" is used more by fans than "stf" because it is quicker to type -- though not a great deal quicker. But "stf" is quicker to say, which is why I tend to think of the whole field as "stf"...shall we change the meaning to stand for "speculative fiction" rather than the Gernsbackian "scientifiction"? English, like most languages, is one naturally eliding to the simplest, quickest pronunciations available. It's a logical progression, and "stf" seems to me to be eminently usable. But maybe it's hard for some people to pronounce. Just as I was startled to hear people laboriously pronouncing each separate letter of "SFWA". Why? Why even do what seems to be the rule, and pronounce it "Sef-wah"? "SFWA" is perfectly pronounceable as it stands, a one-syllable pronunciation -- which saves you a syllable for whatever else you were planning to say. In this modern age and all that...

Several fans have mentioned in glowing terms the Wylie script for NAME OF THE GAME, "IA 2017". On to the Dramatic Hugo and all that. I don't agree. I saw the script, and had to make a special effort since I regard Friday nights as general tombstone territory. Vardeman, I think it was, mentioned in passing that having the total above surface destruction be the result of a "fungus" was a little bit of a copout. I think it was a big, huge, awful copout. I presume somebody at the network got scared and demanded a rewrite, because I can't imagine Wylie being that chicken about stepping on the toes of auto manufacturers and industry, et. al. Writing an ecological-pollution disaster script which attributes the destruction of plant and animal life to an undisclosed and vague ocean-borne fungus is like writing a script on population control and having the characters get all emotional because the only method of birth control available is total abstinence. It is pussyfooting with a vengeance, and about a subject that can't stand much of it, because it's already got too tough a row to hoe getting up to the surface where something can be done about it. I won't vote for "IA 2017" for a Hugo if it gets nominated, because that copout negated everything else about the production and made it another pseudo after-the-bomb plot. It could have said something powerful, and backed away from it at the last minute. Maybe "Automobiles supplied by Chrysler Corp" was in their credits: 'I wouldn't be surprised. JWC

---

a column

BY

bec

(Prequel addendum to the letter column) To Liz: , Sure! You see, if you move every five or six years, you will remember more of how you moved the last time, thereby making fewer mistakes, greater efficiency, etc., etc., etc.

I haven't read any of the other sections of Yandro, so I won't be able to comment on them.

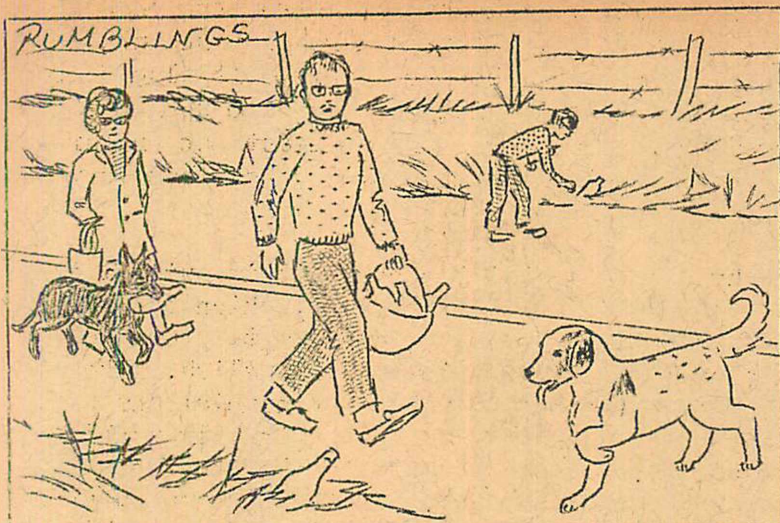
Sick List: For the last few days I have been afflicted with a paronychia (alias -- family nicknamed - a fellow), which is a swollen, infected finger. Soakings in warm water and antibiotics cured it.

Milestone: I have just published my first fanzine, Isfanews! It will obviously be a classic in the years to come.

Meetings: The school drama club just had a one-member meeting, myself presiding.

I will be going to Milwaukee over the weekend. Other than that, I can't think of anything to write (despite my mother nagging me constantly to write, write, write.).





We did our bit for ecology today. Juanita wanted to walk down to the store in Roll, so Bruce and I went along, and ended up picking up all the glass bottles along the road. Picked up 17 bottles and a chipped candy dish; this on about one-half mile of infrequently-traveled country road. There were about an equal number of cans, which we left because there is no aluminum redemption center in the area. Of course, 17 bottles isn't much. A group at Fort Wayne collected glass, and in three days had amassed approximately 30 tons. And Fort Wayne isn't a very

large city; couple of hundred thousand. See why we're running out of places to put dumps? (Pardon me; "sanitary landfills".) Juanita was commenting on these garbage crushers or whatever they're called. First one manufactures the crusher, using up resources and polluting the atmosphere and possibly the water. Then the homeowner buys one, installs it, and operates it - on electricity, and we all know how electric plants stand on pollution. Then the highly compact results are put out for the trashman, who deposits them in a "sanitary landfill" where, because they are highly compact, they remain, solid and undecayed, for centuries. (Or they are dumped into the ocean, with the same results.) Is merely reducing the bulk of the garbage worth it?

Basketball tournament time in Indiana. They take their basketball seriously here; the I.U. coach just resigned, at least partly due to his record; 9 wins and 5 defeats in the Western Conference. It was felt that he should have done better. (To be honest, there were other reasons....) This year, all the teams Juanita and I might have cheered for dropped out early, so we didn't watch too much of the tourney. Next weekend, when East Chicago Washington, Elkhart, New Castle and Floyd Central play for the championship, we'll be visiting the DeWeeses and, if nothing untoward occurs, the Frankes.

There is hope for Juanita's sword-and-sorcery novel after all. That's the one that all the editors have praised highly while rejecting.... You see, she got this ad from Mojave Books, offering to publish anyone's 300-page book for a "subsidy" of only \$995..... I wonder where she got on that sucker list? Particularly since I'm not on it. The only things she belongs to that I don't (that I know of...) are the Ball State Alumni Association and SFWA..... On the whole, I'd be more inclined to suspect Ball State.

Speaking of books, which I usually do, I got a catalog from Barre Publishers. They seem to specialize in fancy expensive books, and they had one I would absolutely love to have; a facsimile edition of VIEWS OF ANCIENT MONUMENTS IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS, YUCATAN, by Frederick Catherwood, Archt. There is only one trouble; the price listed is \$275.00. (I wonder if they send out copies for review.....?) They also have a biography of Catherwood by Victor W. von Hagen at a more moderate price....I might even talk myself into that one, or more likely see if I can't locate a used or remaindered copy. This is the same outfit that handles the Imprint Society; 10 books for \$250. I realize I'm a sucker for fancy expensive books, but there are limits, and \$275 is well over them.

Does anyone out there in the great wide world of fandom have a tape recorder that will handle the 1-7/8 ips speed? We have this small tape, that I have to get copied at 3-3/4 before we can play it on our machine. (Primarily I'm interested in someone close by, so we can simply bring the tape along and copy it ourselves, but if necessary I'll mail it out, with a blank tape to copy it on. )

Back to books; I got a notice from the Imprint Society a bit ahead of the Barre catalog. This time their 10-book set contains a genuine science-fictional item; THE



BRICK MOON, by Edward Everett Hale. Plus THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS, by Erskine Childers, a 1903 novel of a German invasion of England. The series is sold as a unit; you have to plunk down \$250 for all 10 books, including the mundane stuff. However, KING SOLOMON'S MINES, a part of the first set, is now available individually for \$25, if any of you collectors out there can't resist. Write to the Imprint Society, South Street, Barre, MA 01005.

I see the alleged dog-cat cross, which made all the newspapers, has been declared a phony by experts. Amazing how willing the average person is to believe in miracles in this day and age.

Clipping Department: Gene DeWeese sends one with a quote from the government publication Your Federal Income Tax: 1971 Edition. "Bribes and kickbacks to nongovernmental officials are deductible unless the individual has been convicted of making the bribe or has entered a plea of guilty or nolo contendere (no contest)." And, according to a reporter's interview with IRS agents, this isn't a printing error; it's the law. Except that the bribery has to be a "normal business expense", according to one agent. And people wonder why the crime rate is rising?

Andy Zerbe sends one about Goucher College, which has instituted a course in "minor household repairs" for co-eds. Fixing lamps, toasters, vacuum cleaners, tv sets, etc. (Or maybe they aren't co-eds; might be a woman's college. Article doesn't say.) Does say that 800 girls enrolled for the class out of a student body of 1,060. (This, as opposed to our usual "Migawd!" type of clippings, is one of those things that is so practical that one wonders why it was never done before.)

I've been on a Georgette Heyer kick recently. In addition to the two novels reviewed in the book review column, I've read FREDERICA, THE RELUCTANT WIDOW, SPRIG MUSLIN, BLACK SHEEP, THE NONESUCH, THE CORINTHIAN, REGENCY BUCK, THE BLACK MOTH, THE TOLL-GATE, and PISTOLS FOR TWO. The latter is a collection of Heyer short stories, and frankly isn't very good. She doesn't have time to develop characters or include much dialogue in shorter lengths, and her somewhat improbable plots become even more improbable when compressed. But I've thoroughly enjoyed the novels; Heyer is a master (mistress?) of dialogue, and her characters are generally the sort of people that it would be fun to know. If you're looking for action, plot, or social significance, stay away, but I find them rather fun to read after a hard day's work when I don't want to think about what I'm reading. I can sit back and read, let the conversation flow over me and chuckle over the funny parts.

Fans In The News Department: Anybody notice the news item saying that Greenleaf Classics, Inc. has been indicted for impurgating the report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography with some pictorial examples of what all the writing was about? Among those indicted were Bill Hamling, formerly - very formerly - of IMAGINATION magazine, and Earl Kemp, who was among other things chairman of the 1962 Worldcon. (This was in our own paper, and Bill Conner sent a copy as well. Bill's was from the Dayton, Ohio, Daily News, and mentioned that the impurgated edition was still on sale in Dayton (ah, swinging Dayton) and that "none of their copies came by mail. They said they didn't know how they came." You gotta watch these ex-science fiction types. Think what a boon a matter transmitter could be to a pornography publisher.

DeWeese also sends along a clipping of a Los Angeles family that had been trapped in the L.A. storm drains for 12 hours. (Well, actually not trapped; "lost" is more like it.) They didn't mention seeing any giant ants or any of the other assorted monsters that have been descending into the storm drains ever since Hollywood discovered monster movies.....

W. G. Bliss sends a long item from the Peoria paper about the return of Philip Jose Farmer to his home town. Apparently the success of Farmer's Tarzan pastiches was enough to encourage him to write a "biography" of Tarzan, which he is now doing. The reporter (or Farmer) mentioned Baring-Gould's SHERLOCK HOLMES OF BAKER STREET as a previous biography of a fictional character; another such, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EPHRAIM TUTT, is ignored. The advantages of a small town; the article is a fairly straightforward accolade to a successful author, with none of the big-town sneers at these nuts who read and write science fiction.

RSC



# PEERING AROUND

column by

JOE L. HENSLEY

I got a telephone call a few weeks back and I was fortunate to get it, I suppose. Right before it came I'd been down south where every day I'd walk about five or ten miles on the beach, pick up sea shells, sit in the sun, and swim, or at least splash. Also I'd write a couple of thousand words every day on a suspense novel I'd started down there, trying to work very fast so that the writing wouldn't interfere with the helling, sunning, swimming and walking. The day I got back I got this call.

It was Harlan. He sounded happy.

"Did you read 'A Boy and His Dog'?" he asked.

"Sure," I admitted.

"Well, I've sold it to this production outfit out here and they want to know if I'd have any ideas -- if I was thinking of anyplace -- when I was describing the town down under. How'd you like them to make another movie there in Madison?"

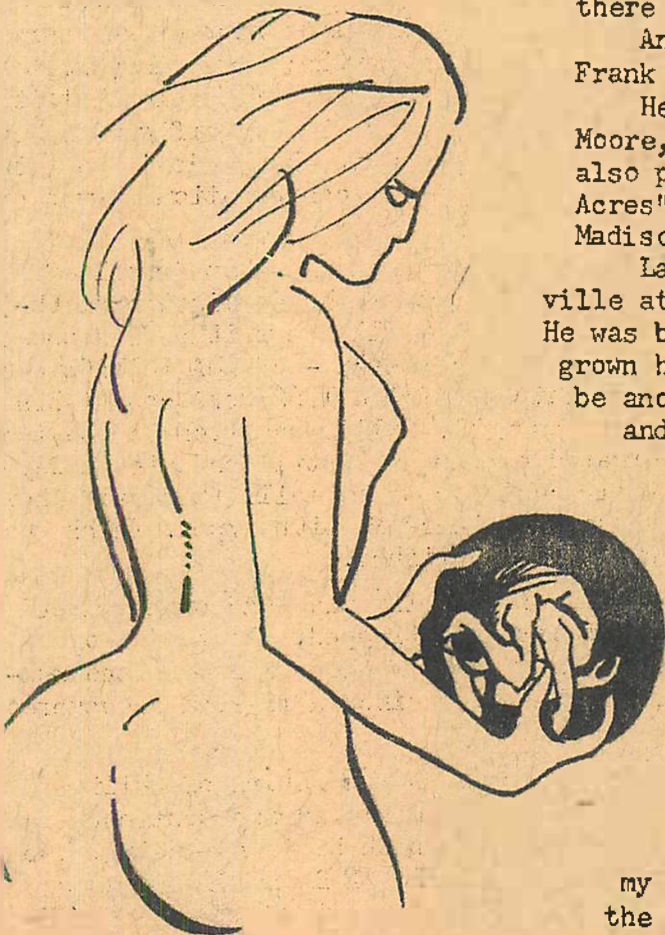
And I told him that sounded okay as long as Frank Sinatra didn't come back.

He put me on the phone with a guy named Alvy Moore, who's a part of the production outfit and also plays the county agent Hank Kimball in "Green Acres" and we made arrangements for Alvy to visit Madison.

Later Alvy flew in and I picked him up in Louisville at the airport and brought him on to Madison. He was between seasons on "Green Acres" and so he'd grown himself a neat mustache. If he was trying to be anonymous it didn't work. People recognized him and he signed autographs for them and told them about Arnold (a piggish scene stealer). He got asked if Eva Gabor was really that beautiful and he got asked about Eddie Albert and he was polite and congenial.

For a couple of days we drove around town and took pictures so that Alvy could take them back to the coast and show them to the other members of the production company and they could collectively try to determine whether or not Madison would be a suitable location. We'd run here and there all day and then, when it got dark, we'd head for my house and Alvy would drink scotch, light on the water, and my wife and I'd drink bourbon.

Alvy's a native hoosier. I found him easy





to get along with, able to communicate with people. He could fall in and out of the television role at will. At times, if things weren't going right, he'd tap his own head and mutter to himself about himself: "You ding-dong."

I liked him. He'd been around movies and television for many years and he seemed to be a man who was happy to be making a good living in a difficult and precarious profession.

When he had all of the shots he wanted we took him on to Indianapolis and sat with him in the bar of a swank northside motel crackling salted-in-the-shell peanuts and throwing the husks on the floor and drinking Michelob on draft. Finally his ride to Kokomo, where his wife was visiting her people, came.

I don't know whether or not they'll make the movie here.

I wonder if Harlan will want me to play the dog?

This lady I don't know, but know about, came up to me on Main Street the other day and tried to sell me these little signs you can pin onto your coat. She'd had some trouble with the law I think and when she got out of jail she had these signs made and now she's selling them. They come in three different forms and she sells them for a half a dollar each. She seemed like a nice lady, but when I met her she was coming out of one of our local bars which is more noted than many for its mid-day festivities.

The first sign read: "I'm a man."

The second said predictably: "I'm a woman."

I suppose the third was for people who haven't made up their minds. It reads: "I'm a big, beautiful butterfly."

I got to thinking about that. Maybe she'd franchise me. Everybody else franchises these days.

I got to wondering how many I could sell at a First Fandom meeting.

My suspense novel DELIVER US TO EVIL should be out by the time you read this. I'd appreciate it if you see a review outside the various library journals, the New York Times, the mystery magazines, and the area media, then please send it on to me at 404 E. Main, Madison, Indiana.

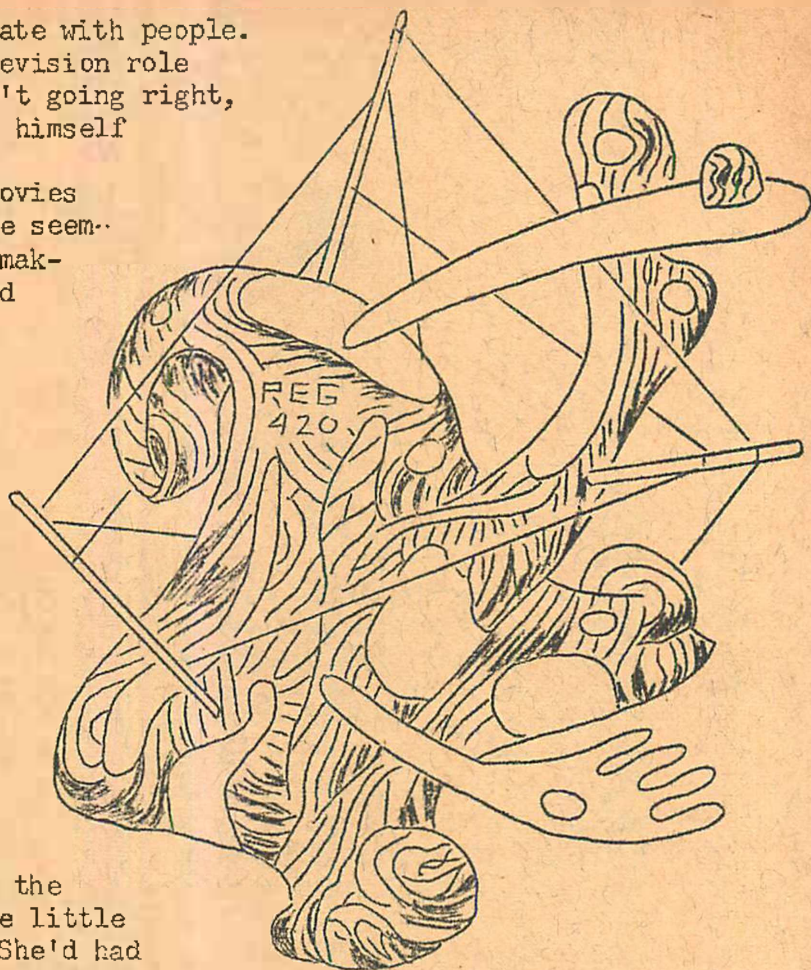
I note, in closing, that it's Hugo (and Nebula) time. This year I plan to vote for Tucker's YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN for a most obvious reason: I think it's the best science fiction novel I've read in the past three years.

I disagree with people who seem to feel that the book is flawed because of the hiding of the protagonist's color. I thought the device was quite legitimate.

And it's a cool, lovely bit of story telling written with a style that seems to become better in each new Tucker book.

I've read the book twice now. I suspect I'll read it again.

It's a hell of a book.





# THROUGH

## THE WRINGER

column by .....LIZ FISHMAN

Early Sunday morning, after giving Daisy breakfast and letting her out in the backyard, I stumbled back to my room and pulled up the window shade to watch her. After chasing birds a while the happy mutt began pouncing on snowflakes as they hit the ground, burying her face to eye-level for a particularly devious flake that had managed to escape her long pink quick tongue. Pulling herself from the drift, she stood poised for a moment, her eyes (on either side of the mound of snow piled high on her muzzle and nose) bright with joy. Suddenly she took springing leaps into the air and landed turned around in the other direction and then began a furious chase for the tip of her tail, which she managed to catch. Startled, I think, and pleased with such a rare accomplishment, she raced madly around the yard, around and around, flying onto the picnic table, off again, around the yard again, before sliding to a stop and rolling in the snow; I had no doubt that she was thoroughly delighted with her own existence.

It was a lovely scene: full fat flakes riding the crispy cold air, a soft morning sun pouring from occasional breaks in the clouds, bare black branches coated in white and silver, birds flitting and skittering in bushes and trees, and Daisy breaking up the smooth deep surface of the yard. I felt charmed, happy, peaceful...

"It's snowing out! It's snowing out! It's snowing, it's snowing!" After I'd picked up my nighttable lamp I turned around to find Rotten behind me.

"Don't you ever sneak up on me that way again!"

"It's snowing! It's really snowing!"

"Because if you do I'm going to belt you."

"I'm going to build a snowman."

"Stop throwing your arms around like that. You'll knock over my lamp again."

"Me and Andy are going sledding," he yelled, throwing his arms around and knocking over my lamp again.

"Look what you did, you rotten kid, you knocked over my lamp again."

"And we're going to build igloos. And hunt tigers and penguins."

"Pick up my lamp."

And we're going to catch polar bears, too. And we'll train them and the tigers and the penguins and sell them to the circus."

"I said you pick up my...wait a minute: there aren't any tigers at the North Pole."

"I know. I just put that in there to throw you off-guard so I can sneak to the bathroom before you belt me." Unable to speak, I watched him head for the bathroom -- and once there he yelled, "Your lamp's on the floor!" then slammed the door.

Oh that rotten, rotten kid.

Deciding that a little more sleep was out of the question for all time, I went downstairs to start some breakfast, Rotten bounding after me. Running past me when we reached the kitchen, he went to the back door to let Daisy in and I went to the refrigerator for a package of bacon and some orange juice. When I opened the refrigerator door two cannonball-sized blobs of snow tumbled out and settled on my bare feet. Some-



what startled, I stood still and watched as Daisy pushed and pawed the icy stuff till she reached my red, stiff toes, which she began licking and nibbling.

Rotten glared at me. "You're always ruining things."

As I stared at him I began to understand what crimes of passion are all about. "I am going to try to be calm about this. Calm."

"Why can't you be more careful? It took me a long time to make that little snowman."

"My feet are freezing and the dog is eating my toes. You knocked over my lamp twice in thirty seconds. Yesterday you cut my carbon paper into strips..."

"I had a good reason for that but I forget it now."

"...and the stuff is still under your fingernails. The other day you sent my name to that mechanics correspondence course and now they'll keep after me for the next fifty years asking why I haven't answered their previous letters after expressing an interest in their offer. And..."

"And you know how old I said you were? Eighty-two and a half."

"And the list goes back eight years. Three-hundred and sixty-five times eight. But is that anything to get angry about? Of course not. Is that reason enough to kill? Hardly. Notice how calm I am."

"You're clumsy, too. You should have opened the refrigerator door more carefully."

With that all my hard-won calm peeled away; I grabbed a package of baloney from the still-open refrigerator and threw it at that rotten kid. "Out of my sight! Out!"

Rotten picked up the baloney and began unwrapping it. "Can I have the mustard too?"

Choking with wrath I threw a small package of Swiss cheese, which missed him and hit a jar half-filled with birdseed, which tumbled over and rolled from the counter to the floor. Abandoning my toes, Daisy turned her attention to the jar and lapped up seed as quickly as she could while Rotten cackled happily, "See, you are clumsy."

Unable to articulate my wild longings to wreak assault and battery, I silently let him hand me the cheese and baloney; and, sauntering past me to the kitchen door, he suddenly sprinted out and ran for the stairs, where he stopped to yell back, "Your feet are wet!" And before I could shape a retort, Daisy leaped and grabbed the package of baloney from my hand. Delirious with joy, she too dashed for the stairs, swiftly disappearing in a far dark corner under my bed.

Slamming the refrigerator door, I ran after her, crashing into Ozzie about the third stair up. Oz had been working on a 500 piece puzzle for the past three days, putting it together on a pillow, which he was carrying when we collided. Pillow and pieces threw hither and yon; and after we had disentangled ourselves Oz sat on the stairs and stared about, his face a mixture of disbelief and tragedy. I sat next to him.

"I only had 43 pieces to go," he moaned.

"Hey, that's terrific. Let's see, 43 from 500 leaves..."

"457. I put 457 pieces together. 43 to go."

"457. That's terrific. What was the picture?"

"A tree, a lake, and a little stone house."

"And that took up 500 pieces?"

"There was sky, some grass and a couple of birds, too."

I nudged a few pieces with my toes. "Oh yeah, you're right. Here's some grass and sky."

"No, that's some tree and lake."

At this point Daisy came thumping down to where we sat and wedged herself in between us, the empty baloney wrapper dangling from her mouth. Ozzie took it from her. "Hey, isn't this that kosher baloney I bought yesterday?"

"It was."

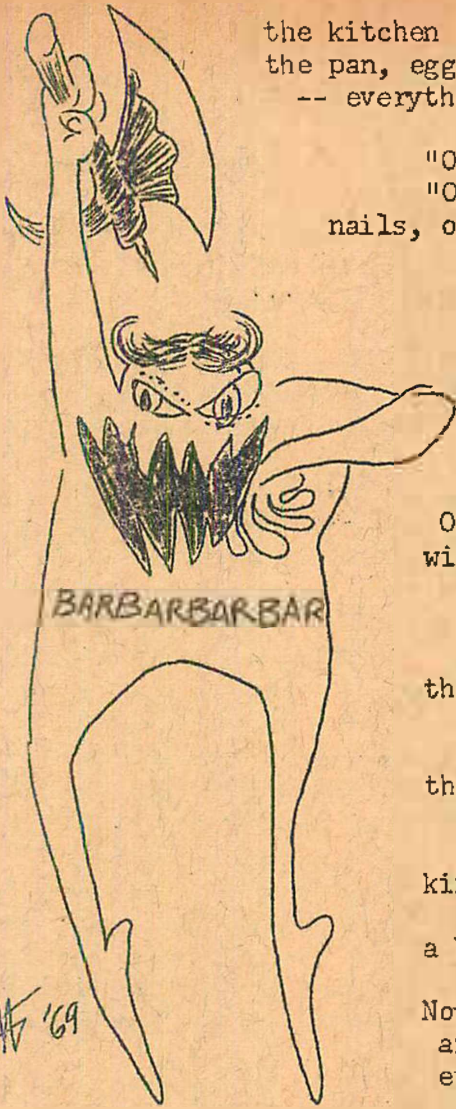
"You mean...?"

"Yeah."

"She ate it? All of it? Ten slices? But I wanted it!" He looked down at Daisy, who looked back adoringly. "Why, kid, why'd you do it? Don't I have enough problems?" In answer, Daisy rose, planted her front paws on Ozzie's chest and began chewing his nose. (I tell you, you may have traveled far, loved many, tasted all of joy and sorrow, but it all comes to naught if your nose has never been chewed by a Jewish beagle.)

While Oz and that miserable rotten kid gathered the shattered puzzle I went back to





the kitchen to make some French toast. The margarine was melting in the pan, eggs, milk, sugar, jam, syrup were clustered on the counter -- everything organized. Then Rotten walked in. "Can I help?"

"As a matter of fact, you can."

"Oh, boy! What?"

"One of three things: go brush your teeth, clip your toenails, or run away to San Jose!"

"But I have to cook something before my next pack meeting or I won't get a badge."

"I'm the one who should get a badge. For survival beyond human limitations."

"I'll mix the eggs and milk. Ok?"

It's difficult to say exactly why I gave in, especially after the way the morning began. I don't know, maybe I have a weakness for crooked-toothed grins. Or maybe it was the uniform, an over-size pair of pajamas with one leg rolled up. Whatever it was...

"All right, you can add the milk to the eggs."

"That's not cooking. I want to cook the bread."

"Tell you what. You can break an egg as well as add the milk."

"I won't get a badge for that."

"All right, you can break an egg, add the milk, and dip the bread."

"But I have to cook to get a badge."

"Look, you, any more arguments and I'll give you my own kind of badge--one that changes colors."

"You can't belt a cubscout 'cause he's trying to earn a badge."

"I can belt any rotten cubscout for any reason I want. Now if you want to help with breakfast you'll break, add, and dip, or settle for a bowl of Rice Krispies. And I'll even let you cook it yourself."

"Are we having a generation gap?"

"Ah, a glimmer of intelligence. Now, break, add, and dip?"

"Yeah, ok, ok."

"Oh, my God, I thought you said you learned to break eggs in scouts!"

"Well, I never got to practice too much."

Eggs and shells were all over the place, the counter, the floor and splattered on cupboards: the whole kitchen was polished with the slimey gunk. While I went about setting the table that kid, that rotten miserable kid, went through 14 eggs trying to get the contents of 4 in the mixing bowl, obviously a true believer in the "if at first you don't succeed" maxim. It took a half hour of scrubbing, vacuuming, chasing this kid who was trying to lick the whole mess, and continual cursing before anyone could walk into the kitchen without sliding, sticking, or slicing themselves on a broken shell.

"Can I try again?"

"What?"

"I guess not. Can I stir in the milk?"

To be brutally frank all I wanted to do at this point was to lock myself in the garage, sit on one of the garbage cans, and have my very own private nervous breakdown. But the kid did have to try for a badge. So...

I told him I'd break the eggs, the last three there were, and he'd pour the milk, stopping at my say-so. After a round of verbal sparring, which needn't be repeated here (I never knew that kid knew that many of those kind of words), the pouring was upon. The eggs were broken and mixed and were now ready for the milk. Rotten tipped the carton and dumped in a quart. I couldn't believe it. I don't know why,



but believe me, I couldn't believe it. Milk and eggs streamed over the top of the pint-sized bowl, onto the counter and down to my feet (someday I'll learn to remember to pull on my boots in the morning). Rotten, screaming at the top of his lungs, ran for the stairs. "I didn't mean it! It was an accident! She's going to murder me! Help! Help!"

I wanted to go to the garage but Daisy was cleaning my feet again; I was pretty tired of doing it so I let her go ahead while I hummed "I Talk to the Trees." And I had time to think about all the hours I still had to plow through till I came to the end of this day. Oh, there were many. And if I can keep my feet clean long enough I may tell you about it.

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#### A WORD ABOUT THE UNICON

We regret that circumstances have forced us to discontinue our campaign for the privilege of holding the 32nd World Science Fiction Convention, in 1974, on the campus of Columbia University in the City of New York.

While we remain convinced that the idea of a university campus site is a feasible -- indeed inevitable -- proposition, and that the Columbia campus would be ideal for a WorldCon, we have been unable to obtain assurances that construction projects at the University would not interfere with our plans. The University spokesmen with whom we dealt were receptive to our ideas, but could not honestly guarantee that they would be able to meet our needs in September 1974.

We would like to thank those many fans who contributed their ideas and support to the UniCon bid. Their help made our job much easier.

Our experience, and the advice we have received from others who have put on SF conventions in NY, has dissuaded us from continuing our bid at another location in this city. Therefore, we are joining the many other fans who are supporting the Washington in '74 bidding committee, whose experience and facilities are far superior to any present or foreseeable alternatives.

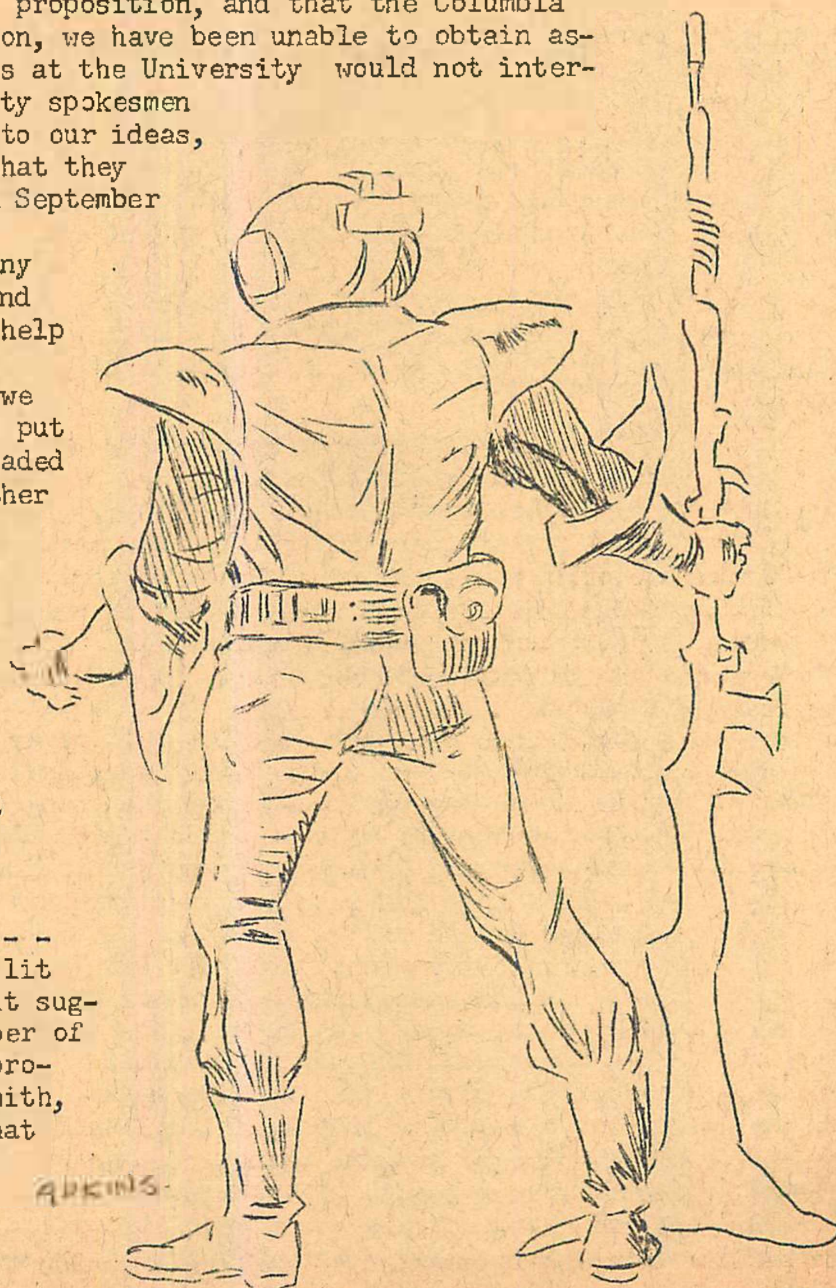
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If a comedian had a robot straight man built of a light metal, would he call it an aluminum foil?

....Gene DeWeese

-----  
"I'm teaching 1984 in my freshman lit course. So far I've had one student suggest that O'Brien really is a member of the Underground and is thus only protecting himself by brainwashing Smith, while another student suspected that Julia was Winston's long-lost kid sister - arrggh!"

....Dennis Lien

-----  
All's well that ends.....





# EXTRAPOLATIONS ON FEMLIB

## OR: HOW BACKLASH BACKLASHES BACKLASH

---by-----andrew j offutt---

### Introduction:

This little exercise began as the background for a novel (it would be chapter 2, probably; you know the drill). But after extrapolating, I had another idea, and extrapolated from that, and then from THAT...and it became a sort of story.

Anyhow, this is a fine example of how sf stories come about, and you people always seem to be interested in that. It's what happens when a science fictioneer sits down, cold sober, and starts thinking What If. Note that there are about five places where a man could stop and start writing either a short or a novel. But where sf often needs to be At these swiftly-moving days isn't just extrapolation. It's extra-extra-extra-extrapolation.

I don't believe this is what will happen any more than Spinrad thinks some guy's going to start immortalizing people by knocking off kids. It's just one of those nigh-infinite possibilities. We could overreact/backlash/overkill this way, you know.

### 1. the problem

In the beginning, so the story goes, there was man. Then came woman, and the trouble began. So the story goes.

Men have never let women forget it, either. They have overlooked one point, over and over. Even given binary fission or some sort of means of reproduction, what the hell sort of shape would the world be in without women?

One day a Greek playwright wrote a play in which women, browned off because their men were forever running about sticking metal swords in one another rather than fleshy ones into their women, went on strike. No more sex, fellas, until you stop the war.

The war stopped.

It was a swell idea on paper, but it would never work. Men are stronger, usually. They were intended that way, created that way, built that way. To fetch and carry food whilst the women cooked it and bore the young. Few men have ever been raped. But raping women is another matter. It has ever been a popular sport, both in- and outdoor. Those warloving Greek gentlemen should have gone home and raped hell out of their wives. (It's more fun than killing, anyhow.)

Along about the middle of the twentieth century, protest became the In thing. If you weren't in a minority group, you felt left out. But as other groups protested, went on strike, demonstrated, rioted, ripped off, and generally raised hell about not getting a fair shake, things got better for you. You soon had your chance. By and by, you, too, were oppressed, one way or another.

Femlib was pretty much a joke when it began. A lot of crusty women railed at each other and anyone else who'd listen, and did things like taking off their bras in public. That accomplished several things. It served as a protest (but did men invent bosom holsters? Wanna bet?). It satisfied assorted inner needs, both for exhibitionist females and "females" and for voyeuristic males (a redundancy). It also made the bra-discarders a lot sexier. They probably jolly well knew it, too.



The movement grew. An important magazine of the time, long ago so popular among males that it made its creator a millionaire over and over, definitely showed females as accessories, along with umbrellas and credit cards; nice to have around, ready for use when needed. Display objects. Convenient receptacles (although the magazine specialized in showing only the more decorative frontispieces of its models, not their receptacles. Many wondered: were all the models Barbie dolls, with tiny waists and lots of hair and tit -- and a smooth area betwixt the thighs? There were rumors.)

That magazine was a symbol of the oppression of women...so they left it alone and picked on women's magazines. The movement grew. New means of contraception had been invented, and they were female-oriented and controlled, not male. Women became freer. (The price of rubber declined.) Some people began to doubt that sex was sinful, that pregnancy was a god-sent punishment upon sinful women. Abortion became not only legal but popular. It rose steadily until the status of abortionists rivaled that of psychiatrists.

## 2. final solution

Besides, there was one hell of an overpopulation problem, and people were killing each other with great exuberance, for no particular good reason.

The movement grew. There were demonstrations (a late XX Century euphemism meaning "riots"). They became bloodier. The movement grew. The war between the sexes went from its centuries-long cold stage into a shooting war, and the ammunition was no longer seminal.

(Marriage was losing popularity. The fact that it was state and church banding together to license sex bugged people. And the new contraception-avoidance inventions made marriage less and less "necessary" for the inevitable result of a great deal of coition: children.)

The movement grew. There were less and less children. Less and less marriages. More and more ferlibs, and more and more. The population sagged, dropped. Good; the world could afford a diminution of people and people-creation. Meanwhile the hot war grew hotter.

Roaming bands of women delighted in grabbing men and using them sexually. Which wasn't too bad for the men, except that some of those groups had a bad habit, when they were finished with a man, of chopping off his genitals. Or worse.

Naturally, roaming bands of men appeared, and retaliatory measures were taken. Then re-retaliatory measures, and Gunnar Jarring was unavailable to call truce. The war accelerated; "escalated", in the argot of the time. The movement still grew.

And there was war. War, yes. Honest-to-gosh war. It went on and on. Its effect on the overpopulation problem was even more salutary than contraception control; now preventative and curative medicine worked hand in hand.

Then one day someone woke up to the fact that Earth's population was maybe a billion. That America's population was maybe eighty millions. Not only that, but only ten percent of the population was under twenty years of age. Then nine percent. Then eight.

Then Harlow Cord and Evelyn Longlegs (women had been doing funny things about last names, which were known as "patronymics" and were thus demonstrably male) got together. These two great leaders studied the Problem. What they learned was that there was more of a problem than they'd thought. Or than anyone else knew or suspected.

The population of the "U" S was sixty-five millions. Something like twelve million of those persons were under age 25. Something in excess of forty millions were over 45. If half of those were women, approximately one-third of the population was beyond the possibility of childbearing.

But that was not the worst part. Harlow Cord and Evelyn Longlegs -- who were 48 and 41 years of age, respectively -- could not believe their answer, so they went around again. The answer came to about the same.

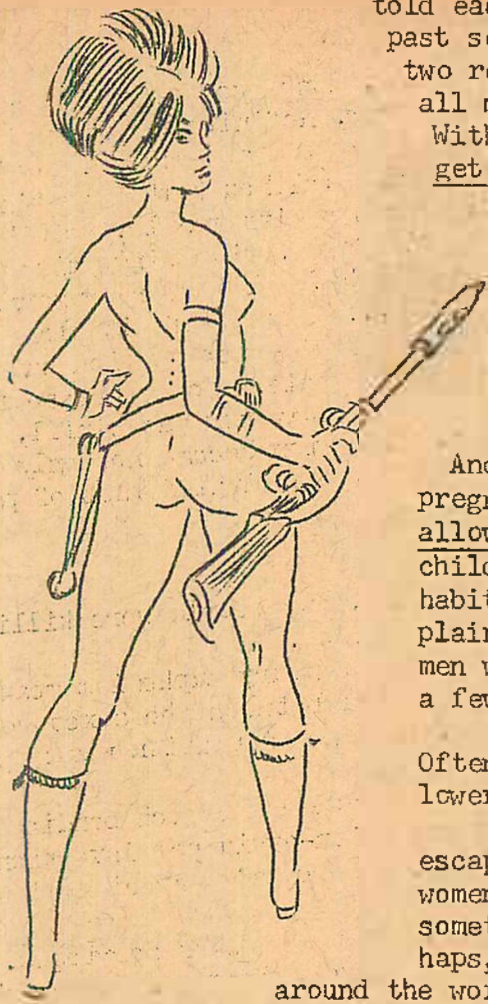
Females outnumbered males in the "United" States by a ratio of three to two.

Fertile females outnumbered (probably) fertile males by a ratio of five to one.

## 3. the race is in danger

"We've got to stop all this and save the race," Evelyn Longlegs and Harlow Cord





told each other, although Evelyn Longlegs was some two years past setting an example for the rest of womankind. The two returned to their people. Harlow Cord's followers, all male, frowned and looked at each other. Call it off? Without victory? After all this time? Let the women get away with it? (Grandfathers had told them the way it used to be, making the sign of the T-grace.)

Evelyn Longlegs' followers, all females, frowned too. But they didn't look around at each other. They looked straight at Evelyn Longlegs. Then they killed her.

But some of the women wondered, particularly the young ones. Every now and then, they had noticed, a girl got herself captured by the men. And every now and then one escaped. She was usually pregnant, which made the women wonder if she hadn't been allowed to escape, since men are notoriously reluctant child-raisers. (Some of the women had an unfortunate habit of slaying the male offspring, which helps to explain why there were so many more young females. The men would have been better off had they deigned to raise a few children, Cartwrightly.)

Anyhow, the escaped women told some wild stories. Often these stories generated strange feelings in the lower bellies of their listeners, and a certain dampness.

And with astonishing frequency, those captured-and-escaped women were captured once again. And the younger women noticed that no one ever escaped a second time, and sometimes those second captures looked pretty fishy. Perhaps, they speculated, there should be quotation marks around the word, thus: "capture."

So dissension rose among the women, and much of the gap was between generations. A graph would have shown a distinct correlation between menopause and anti-male militancy.

Meanwhile, Harlow Cord and his advisors created the new Law.

No longer was a captured female the property of the band that captured her. The captive would belong to the individual that caught her. Up to a limit of five, as a matter of fact. Harlow Cord and his advisors knew that the ratio was five to one, and counting. Also they felt that any man capable of catching himself five young females had something worth passing on to the future, fivefold.

The old war had cooled.

Now it entered a new phase. Men ceased trying to kill, even after rape, although a conscious effort was required. Now they sought to capture. At first they killed a large number of older and/or uglier women, because men are like that. But after awhile that practice petered off. Older women seemed to groove on cooking, for instance, more than younger ones. And less attractive women were so easy to please, even appreciative.

One thing all the horror and the new hareem system accomplished. The worst insult to man- and womanhood alike, the so-called Oldest Profession, pretty much went to hell. The fact that men had several wives helped. Also the fact that a woman could bargain with a man only if she held a knife at his throat, meaning he had failed in a capture-attempt. Another aid was the hospitable practice of family-sharing. It was a natural enough outgrowth, after all.

A man with three or five wives wasn't quite as possessive as a man with one. As for the woman...well, it provided a pleasant change for her. Since she belonged to the man who had caught her, and since she was most likely virginal at the time, most women were as they had been in the earlier part of the twentieth century: limited in



experience and knowledge. Few were averse to finding out what someone else's man was like, particularly since it was part of the culture. (Saying that something is "part of the culture" means that an excuse exists for the behavior in question.)

"A little of what we have now," Harlow Cord wrote shortly before he died, "might well have avoided the horror of the Intersex War. Yet had it not been for that war, we might never have arrived at the present happy situation."

#### 4. a strange peace

Strangely(?), it was a happy situation. ("Strangely" although Muslims had long said so, and such notables as Sir Richard Burton agreed after long and nigh-intimate observation.)

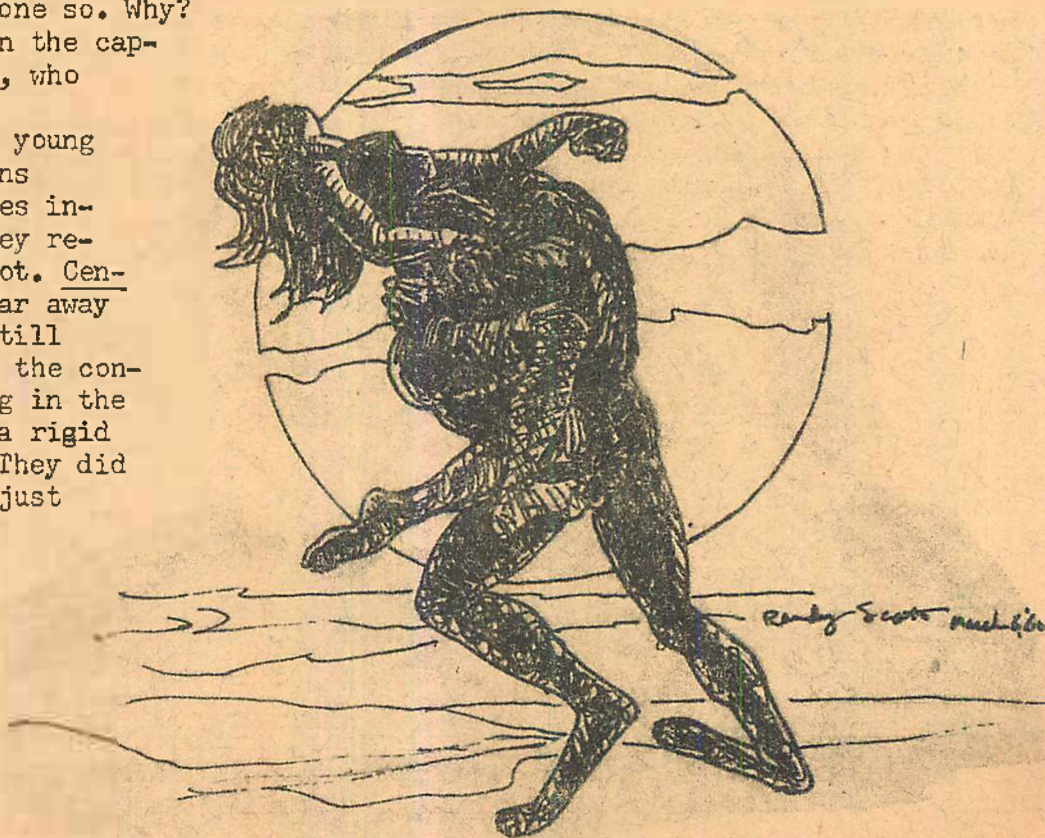
There was something in a large number of women that made them want to belong to a man--with the proper trappings, although the trappings hurt at first. (The ceremony did not; only the branding did.) Too, many (most, but not all) seemed to like being ... "slaves!" (cf Havelock Ellis et.al.) Further, they had plenty of time, and little work, since it was pretty much shared. Five women sharing out the load made house-keeping pretty simple, and left lots of time for talking, resting, childrearing, and making themselves sexy. (No matter how some of them felt about sex, because it was too often little more than rape in those days, even after years of marriage, they had to compete with one another to be the evening's partner. It was a...compulsion.)

Harlow Cord died nearly two hundred years ago. We now know that the old reason for the harem no longer exists. The ridiculous population imbalance no longer exists. Many men no longer have five wives, and fewer and fewer people are shocked by that "lack." It has become a voluntary thing; no new rules or laws have been passed, and certainly the quinquipartite family has not been abolished. (Despite efforts of the cutesy types, the phrase sexuapartite families--there are, after all, six members, counting the husband--never achieved popularity.)

It is just fading, slowly.

But the old customs we created or found necessary or drifted into; these remain. Customs have a tendency to linger. History tells us that men of the XX Century were wont to carry their brides across the thresholds of their new homes. Why? Because the ancient Romans had done so. Why? Because Rome was based on the capture of the Sabine women, who were carried (forcibly!) across the thresholds of young Roma. Years later, Romans still carried their brides into the house, whether they remembered the reason or not. Centuries later, men far, far away in both time and space still carried their wives into the conjugal bed--after engaging in the symbolic act of slipping a rigid finger through a ring. They did not remember why. They just did.

So of course I had to "capture" my firstwife, and brand her, and "tame" her. She'd have been mortified if I had not. But no more mortified than I. And





so today I heated the irons for my thirdwife, but as I prepared to brand her with my mark, she suddenly fled into the streets, where she is even now crying out that women have been downtrodden long enough and that something should be done about it.

I am going to do something about it, just as soon as my secondwife unlocks the door so that I can get into the gunroom. Unless my firstwife will allow me to enter her kitchen and borrow one of her knives.

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Have you noticed the latest euphemism? Sewage plants have become "wastewater treatment plants". Apparently sewage has a bad odor these days..... RSC  
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#### FORTHCOMING CONVENTIONS

This seems to be the time of year for convention announcements, so let's make a list for the convenience of convention-goers and to get the bloody stuff off my desk.

VANCOUVER SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION, April 9-10. Information from UBC SF Society, S.U.B. Box 75, UBC, Vancouver, 8, BC, Canada. \$5.00 registration, rooms from \$17 at Georgia Hotel. ("Oh, we'll keep rollin' on, till we come to Vancouver..." -- except that it's a bit far to roll for us personally.) GdH: Ursula K. LeGuin

PECON II, April 9-11. Information from Larry Propp, 3127 North Sheridan Road, Peoria, IL 61604. Registration \$2.50 in advance, \$3.00 at door. Rooms at Sands Motel from \$10. Guest of Honor: Gordon R. Dickson. (We're planning on making this one.)

CLEVELAND CONFERENCE ON MIDDLE-EARTH, April 2, 3, 4. Information from Jan Howard Finder, The Cleveland State University, Lakewood Academic Center, Franklin Blvd. & Bunts Road, Cleveland, Ohio. This is the 4th Annual Tolkien Society Conference; conference address is Cleveland State U, Euclid Ave. at East 24th. St., and a phone number if you get lost while trying to locate the place is (216) 228-0200. No registration. (We'll pass this.)

BOSKONE VIII - was held the weekend of March 12-14, so it's a bit late to announce it. At Boston; try them again next year.

MARCON VI, March 26-28 (If you're lucky this might arrive before the date of the con.) Information from Larry Smith, 216 E. Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio. Registration \$2.00 in advance, \$3.00 at door. Rooms from \$16 at Sheraton-Columbus Motor Hotel. Guest of Honor: Lester del Rey (We'll pass this, too.)

NOREASCON (29th World SF Convention), Labor Day Weekend. Information from Noreascon, P.O. Box 547, Cambridge, MA 02139. Membership \$4 supporting or \$6.00 attending until Aug. 10; \$10 after that. This looks like it will be a fine Worldcon and I'm taking a week of vacation at that time, just in case, but I have my doubts that we'll be able to go. Lack of cash, mainly.

1st European SF Convention, Trieste, Italy, July 12-16. Information from Anthony Lewis, 33 Unity Ave., Belmont, MA 02178. Membership \$4 supporting or \$7 attending. Membership money to Lewis. (Or Leland Sapiro, Box 40, Univ. Sta., Regina, Saskatchewan, for Canadians). Guest of Honor appears to be the International Science Fiction Film Festival.

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS: Last issue I credited the clipping about Don Fabun to Ed Conner. Should have been Bill Conner. (Right name, wrong state.....) RSC  
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From an ad for Encyclopedia Americana Science Supplement, sent in by Gene DeVese:  
" 'Quacks'...can their existence be proven? If so, physicists claim it will be a major advance in physics."

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"There is a 'Roddenberry Memorial Library' in Cairo, Georgia. Honest!" ... sent in by George H. Scithers. Lots of ST fans in Cairo?  
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Reading one Georgette Heyer novel is like eating one peanut. RSC  
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# Golden Minutes

Before I start on the books, I have what I guess is a review magazine here. It's titled BLAST, second issue, and is a rather blatant imitation of MAD. It's also a very bad imitation of MAD. (So much for that; on to the books.)

THE SMOG, by John Creasey (Walker, \$4.95) This starts out rather well, with a mysterious smog wiping out an English village. From there it's downhill all the way, as Dr. Palfrey tangles with a mad scientist right out of a 1930 AMAZING STORIES. The use of an ecological gimmick makes it "current", but can't make it good. Plot and characters are equally unbelievable.

NOVA 1, ed. by Harry Harrison (Book Club) Another of the anthologies of original fiction. "The Big Connection" by Robin Scott is an amusing retelling of Aladdin's Lamp in modern terms. "A Happy Day in 2381" is another of Bob Silverberg's "Urbmon" series, which I found interesting the first time and boring from then on. Authors should not insist on making series out of good one-shot ideas. "Terminus Est" by Barry Malzberg, is a motiveless little thing in which Malzberg pushes his puppets around to create an "intellectual" attack on square society. Ridiculous. "Hexammon" by Chan Davis is an interesting little item of love and togetherness - not terribly convincing, but interesting and readable. "And This Did Dante Do" is a poem by Ray Bradbury, not as amusing as author and editor thought it was. A trifle dull. "The Higher Things" is another of J. R. Pierce's "van Manderpootz" stories; somewhat routine for a humor tale but acceptable. "Swastika!" is an amusing minor item from Brian Aldiss; Hitler is alive and well in Ostend while his political ideals go marching on in Europe and America. "The Horrors of War" by Gene Wolfe delves into the meaning of humanity (a theme I'm getting sick of after the 200th try) and military service and comes up with a quite good little war story. "Love Story in Three Acts" by David Gerrold is a very minor item about love and motivation with a genuine Saturday Evening Post kicker on it; the gimmick is so hoary that it's probably brand new to the hip generation. "Jean Duprés", by Gordon R. Dickson, is by far the best story in the book; an excellent item of growing up on a frontier. (The plot here is a trifle moldy, too, but Dickson writes well enough to overcome it.) "Mary and Joe" by Naomi Mitchison is an utterly ham-handed Biblical parallel; by all odds the worst story in the book. Unless of course James Sallis's "Faces & Hands" is the worst, as it may well be; I didn't read it. Donald Westlake writes emotional drivel about bucking the System, in "The Winner". And "The Whole Truth", by Piers Anthony, is a very neat gimmick story about the ultimate test of whether or not a stranger is alien. Overall, a mediocre anthology but one that should be popular because it has been carefully edited for the prejudices of the younger generation.

THE BOATS OF THE "GLEN CARRIG", by William Hope Hodgson (Ballantine, 95¢) If you can get by the abominable cover you will have an authentic fantasy classic. Hodgson is my favorite of the weird-horror writers, and I'll take this novel of castaways on a strange island above anything of Clark Ashton Smith or Lovecraft's longer works. Hodgson is capable of imparting a mood without the necessity of piling on adjectives.

BETWEEN PLANETS, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) This is one of Heinlein's early military novels; his hero is caught in a rebellion of the Venus and Mars colonists against Earth. Dean McLaughlin lampooned the philosophy of this novel in his The Fury From Earth, but Heinlein's better books (and this is one of them) carry a conviction too strong to resist. You don't have to suspend disbelief; while you're reading it, it is completely logical and believable. A juvenile, but suitable for adult reading.

THE SHORES OF ANOTHER SEA, by Chad Oliver (Signet, 75¢) In a way, this is "New Wave"



writing; there is an Alien Menace which is neither comprehended nor resisted, and the focus is entirely upon the human reaction to it. The difference is that Oliver's characters are not neurotic puppets stage-managed by an author, but people that I can believe might possibly exist; the sort of people I care about. And that makes all the difference in the world; this is going to be one of the novels I look at hard when next year's Hugo nominations come around. Ignore the cover, which has nothing to do with the book, and read this.

THE TRAVELER IN BLACK, by John Brunner (Ace, 75¢) Four novelets which originally appeared in SCIENCE FANTASY/IMPULSE, and in FANTASTIC. It's a pure fantasy; a mysterious being who is charged with bringing order out of primeval chaos, and four connected stories of his methods. Not really an outstanding book despite the philosophical implications, but an enjoyable one. Mildly recommended.

THE DAYS OF GLORY, by Brian M. Stableford (Ace, 60¢) I take it this is the first book of a series. This one seems to be The Iliad moved into space; maybe we get The Odyssey next? Not a topflight novel, but a good try.

TRANSMISSION ERROR, by Michael Kurland (Pyramid, 75¢) Kurland ought to get some sort of award for most improved author of the year. His first book (coauthored with Chester Anderson) was abominable. The second was a hackwork spy story, as I recall. The third was moderately amusing fantasy. And this one is a quite enjoyable lightweight novel. I recommend it for entertainment despite a few flaws such as an unexplained jet trail, which was apparently included simply to work in another joke. Kurland seems to have taken de Camp as a model for this tale of a barbarian planet, and while he doesn't reach de Camp's ability he writes a quite acceptable novel.

MULTIFLOWER, by Sydney Van Scyoc (Avon, 75¢) A rather ponderous novel of an alien race seeded upon Earth. I found it overly emotional and overly mystic. The plot is straightforward enough, but it's one of those books where nobody ever, on pain of death, ever reveals any information to another character. So I read the book not knowing what anyone thought he was doing, and by the time I found out I no longer cared.

THE ECLIPSE OF DAWN, by Gordon Eklund (Ace, 75¢) Another after-the-civil-war setting; these have the place of the after-the-Bomb fiction we used to get in such large doses, and they take an even greater suspension of disbelief. Otherwise it's a pretty good book. Largely a satire of the Benevolent-Alien-Race-Which-Will-Save-Us-From-Ourselves (and maybe a satire of the after-the-civil-war plots as well? I hadn't thought of that....) The characters aren't the sort I have much interest in, but they are quite peoply. The conversation is rather pretentiously Significant, but then some of the spokesmen for the younger generation seem to actually talk that way.

THE BLACK MOUNTAINS, by Fred Saberhagen (Ace, 60¢) A sequel to The Broken Lands. Not as good as the first book, but acceptable adventure fiction. The Lord Chup, one of the villains of the first book as I recall, makes his break with the Demon-Lords here, and the peasant uprising gets a new lease on life. Lots of blood and guts along with the sorcery.

THE FALL OF THE TOWERS, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace, 95¢) Originally published as three separate novels, this story rather took fandom by storm when it was first published. It's now been slightly revised and is incorporated into one big book of 400 pages. Those who haven't read it before should do so; those who have may well want a copy in order to have the whole story in one place instead of scattered out in Ace Double volumes. This is a far-future Earth, ravaged by war, with the human survivors quarreling among themselves and with an alien "Lord of the Flames". And I think it's Delany's best book, so far.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS, by Raymond F. Jones (Pyramid, 75¢) Reprint of a 1963 Pyramid edition. A fascinating adventure novel; this was the sort of thing that stf depended on in the 1940s. In some ways, it's better than our standards today; in other ways it's pretty crude. But like much of the older science fiction, it is entertaining reading. Jones was never one of the top writers of the period, but at times - and this is one of them - he approached the top. Recommended.



MAJOR OPERATION, by James White (Ballantine, 95¢) This is the book made of the connected novelets from New Writings In S-F. There has been no rewriting to fit the individual stories closer together - though they fit pretty closely to begin with. It's also a sequel to White's other "Sector General" books of medical-biological science fiction, and it's a very good book.

THE ELECTRIC SWORD-SWALLOWERS, by Ken Bulmer/BYOND CAPELLA, by John Rackham (Ace, 75¢) The Bulmer half sports a somewhat tortured plot enlivened by occasional amusing episodes. It's a pleasant fast-moving story about intersolar gangsters and a mad king who likes to re-enact historical battles with robots, but all too often events occur because Bulmer felt the need for a little action rather than from any logical development. The Rackham half is more serious action-adventure, with our hero reluctantly but efficiently wiping out the alien menace. Competent and moderately enjoyable.

ALICE'S WORLD/NO TIME FOR HEROES, by Sam J. Lundwall (Ace, 75¢) Former Swedish fan Lundwall came up with an interesting idea; telling the same story from two viewpoints, "straight" and humorous. The results aren't too successful. According to the blurb, he got the idea for the humorous version while writing the straight one, and while reading the straight one I saw why; it's somewhat funny just as is, without trying to be. The allegedly humorous version is overwritten; "Dr. Strangelove" must have made a tremendous impression on Sam. The basic plot is a lot like Sturgeon's "Star Trek" script; a planet that gives men precisely what they want. (All sorts of chances to sermonize, of course, and Sam takes advantage of all of them.)

THE GATES OF TIME, by Neal Barrett, Jr./DWELLERS OF THE DEEP, by K. M. O'Donnell (Ace, 75¢) About the best thing I can say about the Malzberg/O'Donnell half is that he has a better opinion of fans than Norman Spinrad does. (Not much better, but some.) Alien invasion, starting with fandom, and a somewhat nonsensical explanation. The Barrett half is interplanetary adventure, marred somewhat by a couple of pages of typographical tricks at the end. (An overly pretentious conclusion to a totally unpretentious novel.) Up to the finish, it was good entertainment - and the finish doesn't ruin it, it just looks a bit odd.)

DARK OF THE WOODS/SOFT COME THE DRAGONS, by Dean R. Koontz (Ace, 75¢) The "Dragons" half contains 8 of Koontz's magazine stories, plus an introduction by the author and a little squib in front of each story where he explains what it's all about. The stories are strong on emotion and while I must have read them in the magazines, I didn't recall a single one. The other half is about novella length and aside from being a bit stickily sweet in spots is a pretty good sf-adventure novel, if you can stand having the Brotherhood of All Living Creatures rammed home with an axe. (As a matter of fact, I could, and I rather enjoyed the story, up to the schmalzy ending. But great literature it ain't.)

THE CORRIDORS OF TIME, by Poul Anderson (Lancer, 75¢) This is the third Lancer edition, and I must say the cover is a lot prettier than it was on the first edition. The story of a battle through time is still good; not the best Anderson has done by a long shot, but an exciting and suspenseful tale. (To the new reader, that is; reading it for the third time sort of takes the edge off.) And I'm sure that Anderson's Bronze Age men are thoroughly authentic.

THE SPACE MAGICIANS, ed. by Alden Norton and Sam Moskowitz (Pyramid, 75¢) They're starting to scrape the bottom of the barrel for never-before-reprinted oldtimers. This includes John Wyndham's 1932 story of the evils of anti-science, "The Venus Adventure", a thoroughly average tale from the Gernsback days. I was happy to see Kuttner's "The Black Sun Rises" in paperback form, because this was one of the stories I read as a beginning fan, and it made a tremendous impression on me at the time - it was the lead story in the first "revived" issue of SUPER SCIENCE STORIES when that magazine started up again after World War II. It's a fairly average after-the-Bomb thriller, though Kuttner's writing ability makes it a little sharper than most of the breed. Asimov's "Half-Breed" is one of his early and unexceptional stories; another dose of crudely prepared Brotherhood. "The Call From Beyond", by Clifford Simak, is interplanetary adventure from 1950; unimpressive. Eric Frank Russell's "Bitter End" is better, though it's a gimmick story with what is to me an unimpressive gimmick.



(It's one of our major taboos, but I never could quite see why.) Robert Bloch's "Constant Reader" is a mediocre story about an alien that turns thoughts into reality. And "In Search of the Unknown" is a fascinating story by Robert W. Chambers which was little known until recently, when it's been printed here and in the Dover collection of Chambers' work. Some bright spots, but overall I've seen better books.

INFINITY TWO, ed. by Robert Hoskins (Lancer, 95¢) Another original anthology. "Murphy's Hall", by Poul and Karen Anderson, includes the ironies of space flight, man's destiny and various symbolism all wrapped up together. Not my type. "The Monster In The Clearing" by Michael Fayette, is a mildly amusing vignette about Freedom and The System. "The Scents of It", by J. F. Bone, is a somewhat more amusing adventure with alien thought-processes; it could also be considered a put-down of Woman's Lib. "The Road To Ginnabar" by Ed Bryant, is all about The Loss of Individuality In A Machine Civilization, a subject which has been worked to death in better stories. "The Technological Revolution", by James Gunn, is also anti-machine, but has the saving grace of being humorous. "Elephants" is a non-story by K. M. O'Donnell. "The Other Way Around", by Howard L. Myers, furnishes a unique theory of time and time-travel; very well done and the best thing in the book. "Legion", by Russell Bates, produces a somewhat shocking view of organ transplants; I didn't believe it for a moment, but it was well done. "Gorf! Gorf! Gorf!" by William F. Nolan, is a lightweight and amusing mad scientist story. "Timespawl" by Anthony Warden, has an interesting future-city background, but I couldn't believe that such a trite ending would still be publishable. Amazing. "In Entropy's Jaws" by Bob Silverberg, explores another facet of time; the life and memory of the central character is subject to non-linear forces. And "Reunion", by Arthur C. Clarke, is a cute vignette. Overall, I think this volume is a small improvement on the first (but that could simply be because I'm partial to humor.) It's worth your money, anyway.

WARLOCKS AND WARRIORS, ed. by L. Sprague de Camp (Berkley, 75¢) Two of these stories, Ray Capella's "Turutal" and Lin Carter's "Gods of Niom Parma", first appeared in AMRA. They're pretty good fan fiction, but that's about all. Robert E. Howard's "Hills of the Dead" is a Solomon Kane story (it's also in Centaur's Hand of Kane, reviewed here last issue). Henry Kuttner's "Thunder In The Dawn" is a novelet in his "Elak" series; it's very good quality swords and sorcery. Fritz Leiber's "Thieves' House" is one of the Gray Mouser series, also good if you haven't already read it. "Black God's Kiss", by C. L. Moore, is one of the Jirel series, well enough written but not my kind of plot. "Chu-Bu and Sheemish", by Lord Dunsany, is an extremely minor story of petty gods. "Master of the Crabs", by Clark Ashton Smith, is somewhat less overwritten than Smith's usual work, but I still didn't care much for it. "The Valley of Spiders" by H. G. Wells, is hardly swords and sorcery, though I suppose it could be considered a horror story. Not really a lot to it. "The Bells of Shoredan", by Roger Zelazny, is one of his "Dilvish" series, which I never thought much of. Overall, this is valuable mostly as a sampler, to see which series you would like to read more of. (Since I already know, I didn't think much of the book.)

THE YEAR OF THE LAST EAGLE, by Leona Train Rienow and Robert Rienow (Ballantine, 95¢) The authors state "Any possible resemblance to science fiction is without the faintest encouragement." Science fiction authors might tend to agree, for the same reason they flee at monster movies, but nevertheless, this is science fiction. It takes place in 1989, it deals with an extrapolation of current trends, and it satirizes our current society. It isn't much of a credit to the field, but I've read worse. It will sell because it's ecological, not because it's good.

THE LORD OF THE SPIDERS, by Michael Moorcock (Lancer, 75¢). Last time around, this was Blades of Mars, by "Edward P. Bradbury". (EPB instead of ERB, get it?) I don't know if Moorcock was trying to see how close he could come to Burroughs without being sued for plagiarism or what, but he does come very close. If anything, this is slightly better than Burroughs because Moorcock isn't as tedious; the long-winded dissertations have been pruned, leaving the action. This could even be an obscure sort of parody, but if you're a Burroughs fan you can probably take it as a straight adventure story and enjoy it. It's a cut above Thongor and Jongor and their ilk, but not a large cut.



SPECIAL WONDER, Vol. 1 and 2, ed. by J. Francis McComas (Beagle, 95¢ each) Reviewed together because you might as well buy both of them if you get either one. These stories, 29 of them, are reprinted from the Anthony Boucher Memorial Anthology of Fantasy and Science Fiction. The first volume contains the editorial introduction; each story has an auctorial introduction which explains the (occasionally tortuous) relationship of that particular story to Anthony Boucher. Stories are as follows. "Journey's End" by Poul Anderson (the less pleasant aspects of telepathy), "The Brazen Locked Room" by Isaac Asimov (a locked room mystery combined with outwitting the Devil), "The Fire Balloons" by Ray Bradbury (the universality of religion), "The Gnurrs Come From The Woodvork Out" (one of the most engaging mad scientists - or sorcerers - in the genre; a classic by Reginald Bretnor), "Through Time & Space With Ferdinand Feghoot" by "Grendel Briarton" (surely you know what feghoots are), "Puppet Show" by Fredric Brown (contact with very special aliens), "Puzzle For Spacemen" by John Brunner (a sort of locked spaceship mystery, quite good), "Aunt Agatha" by Doris Pitkin Buck (a cruel but not unusual punishment for murder), "The Wild Wood" by Mildred Clingerman (a thoroughly feminine horror story - one of Boucher's legacies to stf readers is the addition of women writers, who were remarkably scarce in the field before his day), "King's Evil", by Avram Davidson (one of his fascinating historical fantasies), "Cruelty", by Jon DeCles (science-fiction by courtesy; a story of human warmth vs. innovation and one of the few in the collection that I didn't think much of), "The Apotheosis of Ki" by Miriam Allen deFord (a problem in communication), "The Shape of Things That Came" by Richard Deming (an excellent story about the science-fictional world we live in), "The Three", by Gordon R. Dickson (a somewhat melodramatic story of warped emotions), "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" by Harlan Ellison (one of Harlan's spectacular fantasies), "Prometheus" by Philip Jose Farmer (first contact with an alien race - by a monk...communication and the instillation of souls). Volume 2 has "Ransom", by H. B. Fyfe (the barbarian outwitted by city slickers), "The Muddle of the Woad" by Randy Garrett (one of Garrett's best; a story from his alternate-universe series where magic works and the "cold war" is between France and Poland), "You're Another", by Damon Knight (the problems of dealing with an alien producer of shabby "spectaculars" with the power to make humans perform for him), "Old Man Henderson", by Kris Neville (the impatience of youth with the aged; the glory fading), "He Kilt It With A Stick" by William F. Nolan (a rather contrived story of retribution), "The Canvas Bag" by Alan E. Nourse (a pedestrian Flying Dutchman, very well done), "Pilgrimage" by Chad Oliver (the differences between pioneering and Pioneer Days, quite funny), "Gun For Hire", by Mack Reynolds (why you can't use evil to fight evil), "Brightness Falls From The Air" by Margaret St. Clair (xenophobia), "Built Up Logically" by Howard Schoenfeld (One of the utterly wild fantasies from the early days of F&SF - and one of the few in the collection that I remembered without having to skim through), "Warm Man" by Bob Silverberg (the perils of empathy), "Green Magic" by Jack Vance (what happens when you meet a genuinely superior race?), and "Deny The Slake", by Richard Wilson (an original, and terribly sad story). A good many of these stories were the ones that made the reputation of the early F&SF as the most literate magazine the field had seen (or has yet seen, for that matter). They have not been extensively reprinted, and the two volumes are a bargain for anyone who doesn't have a good-sized file of the original magazine.

DANNY DUNN AND THE SMALLIFYING MACHINE, by Jay Williams and Raymond Abrashkin (Washington Square Press, 60¢) There's no recommended age level on this, but I'd say definitely 10 years old or younger, preferably younger. I suppose it could be an exciting story for a child (but never having been a child, I can't be sure.....) And I'm sure a 9 or 10 year old would consider the humor hilarious; Bruce loved things like that at that age.

THE TOMB, by H. P. Lovecraft (Beagle, 95¢) This and the following items are "The Arkham Edition of H. P. Lovecraft". Whether the set will include personal letters, grocery lists and wall scribblings as the hardcover Arkham House books have done, I can't say. This volume includes "early tales" (stories never professionally printed until the posthumous scramble for anything and everything by Lovecraft) and "Fragments" (which are just that) as well as a complete chronology of his published work and a fair amount of his better work. It has one surprise, in "In The Walls of Eryx",



which is a straight interplanetary tale of the type popular in the 1930s, only much better written than the average. This also contains "Imprisoned With The Pharoahs", the story Lovecraft ghost-wrote for Harry Houdini, which is an interesting bit of history but not an exceptional story. There is also "The Strange High House In The Mist", which has been frequently reprinted, "The Evil Clergyman", his last story according to the chronology and one of his poorest, and "The Tomb", "The Festival", "He", and "The Horror At Red Hook", all lesser-known and about average quality stories.

THE LURKING FEAR, by H. P. Lovecraft (Beagle, 95¢) This includes some of Lovecraft's best and worst. "The Shadow Over Innsmouth", a 68-page novelet, is one of his best; the plot is sort of a slime-covered version of Capek's War With The Newts, and the Lovecraftian art of over-writing is not quite so evident. Suspense is built quite well. "The Lurking Fear", a short novelet or long short story, is also good. In the shorter lengths, there are "Dagon" (famous but not terribly good), "Beyond The Wall of Sleep" (a "sense-of-wonder stfnal tale of 1919; quite good for the period), "The White Ship" (a rather beautiful fantasy), "Arthur Jermyn" (the story which explains perfectly why so many of Lovecraft's tales contained "nameless horrors"; when, as in this story, he named and described them, they tended more toward the ridiculous than to the horrible - this may well be his worst story), "From Beyond" (mediocre mood-piece), "The Temple" (somewhat ridiculous anti-German sentiments coupled with a rather poor attempt at horror), "The Moon-Bog" (short and effective), "The Hound" (overdone but still faintly shivery), "The Unnamable" (short and ineffective), and "The Outsider" (one of his best short stories; it relies on a gimmick which can't be explained without destroying the story, but on first reading it is outstanding).

AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, by H. P. Lovecraft (Beagle, 95¢) I seem to recall reading somewhere that the title story, a short novel, is a sequel to Poe's Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym. In any event. In any event, it's science fiction by my loose definition, and moderately well done, though he could have improved the story by cutting out half his mood-building. A few well-chosen words are enough to inspire the shivers; repetition produces boredom. The book also contains "The Shunned House", another of his mediocre horror-tales, and "The Dreams In The Witch-House" and "The Statement of Randolph Carter", about which the less said the better.

While reading these I discovered what I feel is a basic difference between Hodgson and Lovecraft; Hodgson's heroes have backbone. They fight back when they can, and endure when they can't. Too many of Lovecraft's heroes do nothing but gibber and go mad when faced with a relatively minor problem. (So you discover your grandmother was an ape lady. So what else is new? But Jermyn sets himself on fire at the horror of it all.)

THE LURKER AT THE THRESHOLD, by H. P. Lovecraft and August Derleth (Beagle, 95¢) This is a full novel, divided into three sections, each with its own narrator. The slow pace tended to put me to sleep, which is not good for a horror novel, and it has all of Lovecraft's flaws, but it also contains passages to make one sit up and take notice. Certainly not a volume to start on if you've never read Lovecraft, but it's not his worst work.

I'm not sure why Ballantine is competing with one of its own subsidiaries for the Lovecraft trade (I wrote Don Bensen and asked but haven't had an answer at this writing), but onward.

THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH, by H. P. Lovecraft (Ballantine, 95¢) This includes "The Tomb", "Beyond The Wall of Sleep", "From Beyond", "The Festival", "In The Walls of Eryx" and "Imprisoned With The Pharoahs", reviewed above. It also includes the title story, "The Other Gods", "The Tree", "Polaris", "Memory", "What The Moon Brings", "Nyarlathotep", "Ex Oblivione", "The Cats of Ulthar", "Hypnos", "The Nameless City", "The Quest of Iranon", and "The Crawling Chaos", and one poem, "Nathicana". The stories are mostly very short, and editor Lin Carter has ordered them into sections according to Lovecraft's evolving style and interests. As a sampler of Lovecraft's work, this is acceptable, though I would be more inclined to recommend THE LURKING FEAR. But if you want a complete set of the Master, you might as well wait until Beagle completes its series.

THE SURVIVOR & OTHERS, by H. P. Lovecraft and August Derleth (Ballantine, 95¢) This is



a reprint of a 1962 Ballantine edition. According to the notes, these stories are mostly Derleth. They are certainly in the Lovecraft style; if anything, Derleth errs in overdoing the eldritch slimy horror bit. These are all good craftsmanlike horror stories, but they lack the spark possessed by Lovecraft's best work, and they probably shouldn't be read after going through five other volumes of Lovecraft; eldritch horror palls quite rapidly. A completist might want to get these, as I don't know if the Beagle set will duplicate them or not.

FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH & OTHER POEMS, by H. P. Lovecraft (Ballantine, 95¢) The first large amount of Lovecraftian verse that I've seen. Somewhat surprisingly, a good share of them are about quite commonplace New England events, and one or two display a fair amount of humor. A fair number are attempts at horror-verse, however (and a large percentage of these are quite bad, I might add). There is some good material here, though I don't always agree with August Derleth's foreward as to which poems it comprises.

Incidentally, the Ballantine books display matched covers by Gervasio Gallardo; the Beagle "edition" has unmatching covers and layout, though in general it has better covers. I particularly like the one on THE LURKING FEAR, with all the furry, fanged planaria emerging from the pegboard. They're cute.

HAVE SPACE SUIT - WILL TRAVEL, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) I enjoyed this when I first read it, but on re-reading I see it's one of Heinlein's poorer juveniles. The author depends too much on coincidence for his stage-setting, and neither the plot nor the characters is as believable as usual. Of course, what is bad writing for Heinlein is still above average for the field; he's only written one novel (well, two, counting his latest) that are actually bad, and this isn't one of them. It just isn't as good as I expect from Heinlein. Of course, "boy saves world" is a hard one to put across, for any writer.

THE LADY AND THE PIRATE, by Emerson Hough (secondhand) I liked Hough's The Covered Wagon when I was a kid, so I squandered a dime on the author's name and a few illustrations which appeared to show this as a humorous book. It was a mistake; humor is present, but not enough to save the romantic plot.

RAW SEWAGE, by Ron Cobb (Price/Stern/Sloan, \$1.95) But we got ours from Chris Walker, who has access to a college bookstore. This is a little square book of ecological cartoons from an ex-fan artist made good. And, unlike a good many anti-establishment cartoons, these are good. (I can't say I agree with every single one of them, but they are all well executed and extremely sharp.) By all means visit your nearest college bookstore and pick up a copy. (I think my own favorite is a non-political one; the moon-dweller pounding annoyedly on the ceiling.)

THE GOOD LIFE, by Tom Darcy (Signet, 75¢) These are mainly political, and are also very good (and somewhat surprisingly, I'd never seen anything by Darcy before.) Again my favorite is non-political; the stewardess apologizing to the man with the gun; "I'm sorry, sir, but someone up front is already hijacking us." But they're nearly all good sharp looks at American society.

BROOM HILDA, by Russell Myers (Lancer, 60¢) More cartoons that I'd never seen before; comic strip type this time. The drawings are closer to George Herriman than to anyone else I can think of, but the jokes are closer to numerous other modern strips; "Wizard of Id" perhaps. Not bad; give it a look.

THESE OLD SHADES, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) I have succumbed again. Actually, DEVIL'S CUB, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) our landlord loaned me the first book, and when I liked that Juanita dug out its sequel. It's still froth, and still entertaining. The Duke of Avon is one of those incredibly omnipotent characters that we'd all like to be, and his conversation is somewhat reminiscent of a get-together of Irish Fandom. (His son, in DEVIL'S CUB, is somewhat less interesting, but the girl of that book is more interesting, so it evens out.)

HOOCHER HYSTERIA, by Herb Schwomeyer (Mitchell-Fleming Printing, \$2.00) A history of the Indiana state high school basketball tournament, with photos of the winners, box scores of the final games, interesting events, etc. etc. Published just in time to



sell well at this year's tourney. I'm a typical Hoosier in one respect, anyway; I love basketball. I even enjoy books of statistics about it.

SECRETS OF VODOO, by Milo Rigaud (Pocket Books, 95¢) A thorough explanation of voodoo, with photos and diagrams. The writing isn't very inspiring, but it seems to be a definitive treatment. Authentic chants and all (in case you'd like to set up your own group....)

LIFE, THE UNKNOWN, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood (Ace, 75¢) Subtitled "The Enigma of Human Survival". Divided into sections. The ones on ghosts and mediums are pretty standard, but the items of physical survival are more interesting (these are cases where an individual has been pronounced dead and then recovered. The author lists four; one case from 1897, two still-living women, and a Korean War soldier.)

MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #23: THE FINGER IN THE SKY AFFAIR, by Peter Leslie (Ace, 50¢) This series has come on hard times in the last year or so. The show was funny; the books no longer are.

THE DEADLY ISLES, by John Holbrook Vance (Ace, 60¢) Quite a good enough mystery story, but not up to Vance's previous mysteries from Ace. The characters seem both less real and less interesting. The action is a bit slow-moving, but the plot is ingenious enough.

A PROCESSION OF THE DAMNED, by Wilson Tucker (Lancer, 75¢) A detective novel concerned with smuggling, rather than murder. Much of the action takes place in Las Vegas; I see Tucker's visit there with his union convention didn't go to waste. Write about what you know and all that; some of the scenes were quite similar to remembered fanzine articles. Not at all my type of books, but for what my opinion is worth it seemed very well done, with interesting characters. The "mystery" is somewhat of a cheat, since the hero knows all along what's going on; only the reader is kept in the dark. (This is one of the major reasons why it's not my kind of book.)

THE MAN IN THE BIRD CAGE, by Katherine MacLean (Ace, 75¢) Is this an original paperback? No previous credit is given. It's blurbed as a mystery, but it's really more of a psychological novel, with violence at its center. I didn't like it much, but then I'm not a great admirer of psychological novels, violent or not.

THE BATTLE FOR NORTH AFRICA, by John Strawson (Ace, 95¢) This doesn't come close to Moorehead's The March To Tunis as the most interesting history of the WWII North African fighting, but it's still good. Strawson emphasizes the strategic and logistic decisions rather than the actual fighting, pointing out that fortune waxed and waned as much according to who was getting the most supplies as it did on who was getting the best generalship. Recommended to history buffs.

WILD BILL HICKOCK, by Richard O'Connor (Ace, 75¢) I've read so many conflicting accounts of Hickock that I am chary of believing any of them. This one seems sound; it is "pro" Hickock, but not to the point of idiocy, and it contains some charming anecdotes, particularly of his brief and inglorious stage career.

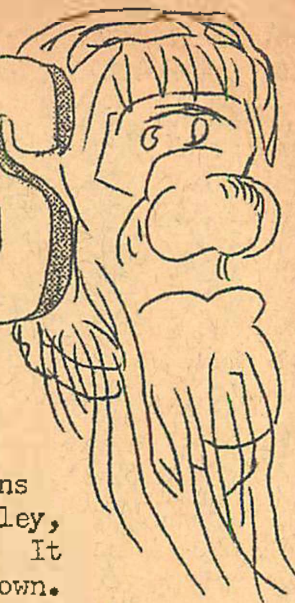
NO TRUMPETS NO DRUMS, by Jack Matcha (Powell, 95¢) A big book about an aspiring actress and how she claws her way up. Quite competent writing; not my type of book.

AMBUSH COUNTRY, by "William Stuart Reed" (Powell, 95¢) According to the copyright, "Reed" is actually William H. James and our old stf-writer from Palmer's stable, S. J. Byrne. The plot smacks of Byrne; everything including the kitchen sink thrown in, with none of it quite fitting together. It keeps getting funny, as the authors pile on surely gold-miners, a Confederate plot, missing wagon trains, renegade Indians, a Spanish fortune-teller (beautiful, of course), and numerous characters who insist on acting first and thinking later, if at all. Oh yes, I forgot the female evangelist, and possibly one or two other elements. The book starts out very well, but the authors can't resist adding more marvels than the plot can take.

THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD, by Benjamin Capps (Ace, 95¢) Big novel of an Indian reservation at the close of the Indian Wars. Joe Cowbone is torn between his Indian heritage and the white man's way of doing things. The melodrama piles up a bit too much at the end, but most of the time it's pretty good. I'm surprised that it was voted the best western novel of 1970, though.



# GRUMBLINGS



B.A. Fredström, % K. Anderson, Apt 15, 15B Waggoner's Lane, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada

In the sure knowledge of ultimate redundancy, Liz Fishman's columns are superb! Of course, she's wasting herself on Yandro, as are Hensley, Locke, et.al., including Robert, Juanita, and Bruce for that matter. It doesn't seem like a very efficient way of holding your circulation down. What I look forward to seeing is a book entitled LIFE WITH ROTTEN by Liz Fishman. Only the well-authenticated perverseness of publishers could keep them from snapping it up.

Perhaps I've conceived the perfect frequency of publication for a fanzine. With the exception of staying out of the whole mess entirely, the ideal would seem in many ways to be a one-shot. But this is manifestly unfair to hypothetical readers who hypothetically ache to see it re-emerge. Why not a generation fanzine? The editor issues the first number at the age of, let us say, twenty-five, then wills the onus to his oldest son who, in turn, brings out the second issue when he reaches that age. This scheme would have a multitude of advantages pandering to fan indolence, yet allow a dollop of egoboo to the editor who can thereby claim "real" fanned status. It would make letters of comment fascinating if somewhat esoteric, and would eliminate sometimes uncomfortable critical comparisons between issues from all but the most incorrigible of semi-immortal fanzine readers such as Harry Warner, Jr. And think of the awesome perspective one could gain in this Asimovian undertaking. Now if some highly erudite fan can only come up with a pat Latin term expressing the publication frequency as "once each generation within the same primogenitural family line during the twenty-fifth year of that generation's editorial heir..."

/I may be wasting my time here, but since neither myself nor my agent has been able to convince a particular editor to finish buying my favorite product - novels - within eighteen months of mulling the matter over, I think I'm stuck with it. JWC/

Chris Walker, The Storm Inn, 417 S. Fess, Bloomington, IN 47401

Dennis Lien was very entertaining, as was of course Liz Fishman. This was, in fact, the best single issue of Yandro that I can remember; even the art was better than usual.

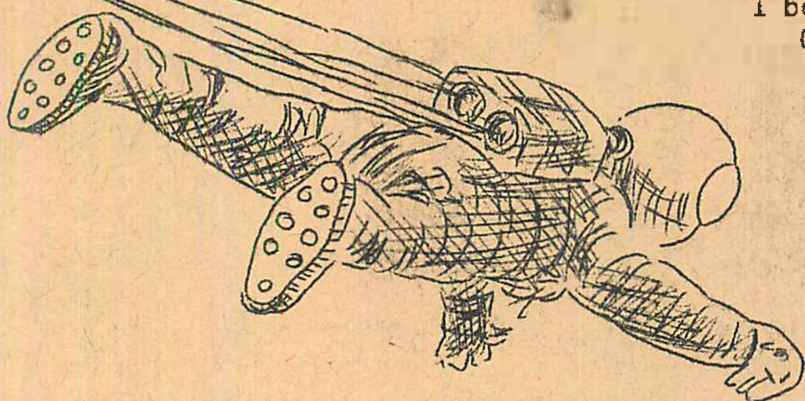
Avant Garde isn't quite dead yet; just this week I received an issue, which consisted entirely of ads and a folio of uninspired and uninspiring photographs. If I had paid for it I'd have been upset, but my subscription expired at least a year ago, so I was merely amused. The battered mailing wrapper was the most interesting part of the magazine; it had been sent originally to Ft. Wayne, thence to Kenyon, back to Ft. Wayne, and finally here; somewhere along the line (probably at Kenyon) some kindly postman had tied it up with string and put some stamps on it (!).

I for one highly appreciated the Canadian letters in #203, particularly Labonte's comments on Montreal. I'd been vaguely considering Montreal as a possible center for relocation after graduation, but if the city is definitely on the way down I'll avoid it; the decline of Nineveh was bad enough. (Fun, though.)

I've been taking some time off in the last few days to read; every semester I get caught in the same bind, taking so many hours that I have no time for anything but



academics. But in the last couple three days I've been goofing off. One of the things I got to was a big stack of old fanzines I bought from Bruce Pelz at StLouis-Con: Grues, Innuenda, A Bas, and so on, ranging from the mid-fifties to 1960 in most cases. I'm not as impressed as I thought I might be. There are of course lots of delightful features: one item in particular that I thought very, very good was a piece in Grue by Willis, called "As Others See Us", reflecting on the various kinds of fen in fandom and the ways



they see each other, inspired by the election of Madle to TAFF. And other pieces by George Charters, Alex Kirs, "Carl Brandon" and so on were interesting and witty. But after all the nostalgic sighing I've read in the last few years for the days of those zines, I feel let down. I remember a piece by John Berry the Younger, from a couple of years ago, in which he told of being made to read a bunch of these same titles by Boyd Raeburn, and then having to concede Raeburn's claim that genzine fandom has decayed. I don't agree at all. They are different, of course, but no worse in most respects as far as I can see. And fanzine art, I think, is much better now than fifteen years ago. Even Rotsler is better now. So is ATOM. What do you two think? Is fandom less witty, less interesting today than fifteen years ago?

I'm surprised, Buck, at your lukewarm feelings toward Lovecraft's THE DREAM QUEST OF UNKNOWN KADATH; I really liked it. In fact, I read it aloud to half a dozen friends of mine about three weeks ago, and it held them enthralled to the end; as peril mounted upon impossible peril the exclamations of delight grew more and more emphatic. They especially liked the night-gaunt section, though my own favorite part takes place on the abominable plain of Leng, where dwells the faceless high priest of horror, or whatever it's called. And as I read the Cthulhu mythos stories before the QUEST, I regard the crawling chaos Nyarlathotep as an old friend...

But Lovecraft knew his business -- those stories about grim horrors in the back-woods of New England were brought home to me yesterday when I was told of a "grim horror" right here in rural Indiana...a good friend of mine was in Nashville (Indiana) yesterday Christmas shopping (this has to be true - he doesn't have the imagination to invent it) and found a neat old antique shop where the aged shopkeeper let him wander about through several rooms of unsorted, curious old items. Among the relics of former households, bits of glass and old clothes and all the fascinating junk that make some antique shops the treats they are he found three coffins. Two of them had human remains inside, one the skeleton of a little girl...as he left he heard the shopkeeper arguing with another customer who wanted to buy the little girl's ornate coffin but had no use for the cadaver. Shades of Gahan Wilson...

As someone said in the letter column a couple of issues ago, there are sometimes very good things on the educational tv network. This fall I saw Menotti's new ballet, The Unicorn, the Gorgon, and the Manticore, on the local NET station. It was very beautiful; they filmed it in the Washington Cathedral, for an appropriately medieval effect. The story, briefly, is this; a "most strange young man", who takes no notice of Society or Custom (and who does not even Go To Church) appears in the town one Sunday as the ladies and gentlemen are promenading in the square, leading a unicorn on a leash. All the ladies exclaim angrily that leading a unicorn about is a very bad habit and quite against custom, and the young man is forced to retire. Later, however, the wife of the richest man in the town persuades him to obtain a unicorn for her to lead in the promenade, and the other wives, envying her for the stir she caused, get



unicorns as well. This contents them until the Sunday when the strange young man appears with a Gorgon in tow; the ladies of course inquire after his unicorn, and he says casually that he has tired of it and killed it. Gorgons are all the rage now, didn't they know? The same fellow some weeks later (after all the women of the town have acquired Gorgons) with a Mantichore - "Gorgons are quite out of fashion, so I killed it - but isn't my Mantichore lovely?" And all the ladies are obliged to buy Mantichores. At the last scene we go into the garden of the young man's palace, where he is playing with his unicorn, gorgon, and mantichore, who take the place of friends for him. If you don't mind the untraditional gorgons and mantichores (they don't turn anyone to stone), and suppress any curiosity as to the fates of the pets bought by the women of the town, it's a lovely ballet, and the music is great -- all madrigals and lute-playing and such.

/Personally I have found more interesting people in fandom recently than ever before. (That's probably why the ultra-fannish types think it's gone downhill; they can't find as many of the type fans they like any more.) RSC ... Well, nostalgia is very nice, but I got interested in sf originally because I was future oriented -- and if I started wallowing in the past to the extent of thinking anything current or promising was naught but a dim shadow and all that I'd seriously wonder if I weren't turning too old too fast. Next step is wearing a shawl and snuffling about impertinent young whippersnappers. Some of the old fanzines were indeed enjoyable, but in 19 years in fandom I can't say they're any more enjoyable than some that are coming down the pike now no. JWC/

W.G. Bliss, 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe, IL 61523

RE Don & Maggie's loc. I'm a repairman and I have difficulties in getting things repaired by other repairmen. Auto mechanics always give my Willys Overland suspicious looks, and I can sympathize a bit with them at times after I found out lately that two different parts companies had the wrong numbers for the wheel bearings in their books. Argh.

Consumer goods mfgs have an impossible dream. No fixing -- just replace the whole thing. The GE wholesaler pulled out of Peoria lately. GE, like other concerns, puts out its merchandise to discounters, which makes it rough on wholesalers and their retailers. Same thing is true of trading stamp merchandise. It's another commercial short circuit. Every once in a while a non-serving dealer craves for me to handle his hot chestnut department. Some deal:

"You get all the labour charges from the warrantee work." Yep. But I get all the labour charges and the parts margin on my own shop work; so the guy who shows up to do warrantee work is liable to be a part timer or wear more than one hat in the concern. Some warrantee service problems are never solved by the dealer. I get them some-





times and the but grooched owners say, "Just fix it and we'll pay for parts and everything -- we've had it with that outfit."

Four years ago my mater & pater bought a new tv from a very large Peoria store. They were selling them for less than I could them for wholesale on sale. It konked and their tube changed arrived when I was home for lunch. He was kind of curious how-cum I didn't just fix it. Sure, I said, but I don't think your boss would dig the bill I would whomp up for that. A few years ago when I was a Zenith dealer that same outfit craved intensely for me to do the warrantee work on sets they had sold in my territory. Fine & dandy, quoth I, for you can do the same for the sets I have sold in Peoria. Somehow the subject never came up again. Who was it who said running a small business is like conducting a small war?

Pollution free autos are antiques. The old Doble, Stanley, and White steamers. I'm all set for lead free gasoline. My Model A Ford runs fine on common white (stove) gasoline. I still use just plain soap. Never got around to using detergents.

I see in Search magazine that Richard Shaver is still selling rocks.

Gene Wolfe, 27 Betty Drive, Hamilton, OH 45013

My sub is running out, so find attached a \$4 check. I'm feeling particularly fan-nish at the moment anyway; about every two years the impulse to extend my friendships beyond the mundane circles of people-I-know-at-work and SF-people strikes. Why not get to know the NEIGHBORS, those interesting folks glimpsed in super market parking lots. So I'm back, now, from a father and son mid-winter boyscout campout; and I know why not.

#203 is in hand, and very good too with your triple threat columnists. And it was exceedingly clever of you to juxtapose those pictures of Liz Fishman (28) and the drunken Barbie doll (29). I have become a big drunken Barbie fan since reading the column, by the way. Is there a Barbie and Ken fandom? There must be. (Just think of the names of those magazines: Barbie's Secret Diary, Ken's Datebook.)

Do buy Ithaca, folks. Joanna Russ will be so pleased.

What did the bear say when the bear-stander stood on him? Poooh! (Forgive me, I'm out of my head from frostbite.)

~~\*\*your\*~~horoscope: CETUS, avoid one legged monomaniac sea captains.

A.M. Lightner

An odd thing developed about DRONES..., probably because of the p/b edition. I got a request for microfilm rights. Ever heard of that? This company buys just the first 10,000 words, which they put on tape and sell to schools. It is projected on a screen or wall for classroom use. Classes for the many retarded readers in high schools or even colleges, I imagine. After going thru the beginning of the book in class, the students are urged to finish the book in the normal way. For this reason, they want books available in p/b. No immediate payment...on a royalty basis. Larry thinks we may make some money eventually. Oddly enough, it is a project of McG-H. I took their letter up to show my editor and I think she was impressed. She had a copy made for use in publicizing the new book. All quite amazing.

/Microfilm rights is a new one on me; any of you other authors ever heard of it? RSC/

Rich Benyo, 207 Center Street, Jim Thorpe, PA 18229

Am quite in agreement with your expression of appreciation of the existence of Washington Monthly. Tis truly an incisive magazine that cannot do anything but good -- if it reaches the right people, stirs a little action and moves a few particles of the static masses. Unfortunately, it is too well-written, and too much of a challenge for the average person to get through. It will probably only affect the person who is already active, making him/her all the more aware of what a tangle the whole government thing is, and making it seem supremely impossible to straighten out. After all, how can one possibly begin to untangle the amount of paperwork that shuffles its way out



of Washington in one day, without going into DC's lengthypast and make ends jive?

Derek Nelson: Interesting to see you're making the journalism scene Up There. The Kirkland Lake Northern Daily News-Staff is very much along the lines (in name only) of the paper I work for. Three years ago it had a circulation of 1800 and it was called the Times-News. It served a town of 5800. In March of 1968, though, it was bought out by a company that owned community antenna cable systems, telephone companies, movie theaters, etc. They immediately pushed for more subscribers, getting changed over from letterpress to offset, and by July of 1968 (some months after I'd begun working for it; not that my coming had much to do with its growth) it had a 4800 circulation, and was called The Carbon County Times-News. That month it put another county paper out of business, and we bought their circulation and etc., which included another name: The Carbon County Times-News & Record.

Recently we put another evening paper out of business, and have a circulation of 12,000. (The thing reminds me of a lunatic amoeba.) We haven't added the Leader name to our flag yet; but we are forcing another paper, the Tamaqua Courier, out of business. So, ultimately, with the additional destruction through competition of the weekly Palmerston Post, we could become the Carbon County Times-News & Record Leader Courier Post, which would mean a wrap-around flag. (The local taxi driver and I have fun mornings at the local coffee shop by adding every name we can think of to the already unwieldy paper.)

Still with Derek: Your question as to why politicians hide things and do their dirty stuff in secret is rather a moot sort of thing. The main fault with it is confining it to politicians. As far as I know, everyone has a tendency to hide things and do things in secret; either because they are wrong or because they feel that it is no-one else's goddamned business. As far as your observation of people getting up-tight-when-you-print-things-they-say-but-don't-want-to-admit-saying, it seems to be a trait as old as the hills. Saying what you are expected to say is a politician's lifeblood.

And regarding normal people, don't you often say something to person A about person B that you tell person A not to repeat? Why? I seem to recall that in the Roman Senate there was a great credibility gap between what was said in the Senate Chambers and what the various Senators told their constituents they had said or done once they were outside; I believe Caesar overcame the public's inability to find out what was going on inside by posting daily reports of the proceedings, which many historians try to cite as the first newspapers -- which, to my way of thinking, is stretching a definition to breaking.

Funny thing you should mention Arthur Lewis. Yea, have met him -- several times. As have many other people in this area. He isn't well thought of -- for several reasons. It seems that he has gotten a fan in Buck Coulson, so I hate to break the bubble, etc. To sum Lewis up, he's rather a boob. His books make interesting reading, probably because of the fact that he manages to alter the facts and mold history the way he thinks it will sound good.

His LAMENT FOR THE MOLLY MAGUIRES is based on an Irish mining society that actually existed, and that's where it ends. Many of them were executed in the jail in Jim Thorpe (then Mauch Chunk), some were from Jim Thorpe; there is a woman I've talked to (97 years old) who lived across from the jail when they were hanged. Trouble is, Lewis only half-researched the whole thing and then altered history to suit his purpose.

Actually, the Molly Maguire thing was a hell of a lot more interesting than either the movie (there was no one like Samantha Eggar anywhere involved) or the book makes it out to be. The book is more an abortive historical novel than a history. I could go on on this topic for hours, but will spare you.

On the HEX thing, you will probably recall that the last few chapters deal with a sort of extended footnote of his "adventures" with certain people from Jim Thorpe and Nesquehoning (four miles up the road). I can't give you too much info on the authenticity of his portion on the Lancaster County incident and consequent trials; but the Jim Thorpe addenda are really a joke.

Gertrude Apfelbaum, one of the women mentioned, was co-owner of the Mauch Chunk Times-News. She and her brother, Joe Boyle, sold it out in early 1968; it is now





the paper I work for. Mrs. Apfelbaum still works for the paper in the mornings; her brother Joe is our Feature Editor; and Mr. Cy Apfelbaum, Gertrude's husband; is our Advertising Manager. It seems that Lewis relied on the files of the old Times-News while in Jim Thorpe doing research for the Molly Maguire book. Mrs. Apfelbaum and other women, among them Mrs. Dougherty, entertained him while he was here, and spent quite a bit of time helping him. They were a bit put out when his book came out on the Mollies and was very much inaccurate.

On his research on the HEX book, he found indications in Lancaster County that there was some hexing going on up around here. Since he'd been here before, and knew some of the people, he decided to take a run up here and see what the hex thing was. He talked with Mrs. Apfelbaum and Mrs. Dougherty about it, and they introduced him to some other people who had known people

who had known people who had claimed to have the power of powwow, etc. They talked about reputed cures, etc.

There was no powwowing involved during Lewis's research here. Unfortunately, finding powwowing in this area was just stories and handed-down tales, etc., Lewis took what would be kindly called poetic license and transferred the stories into actual happenings, meetings, and powwowing sessions, with Mrs. Apfelbaum, Dougherty and others. Needless to say, when the book came out, with the very much embellished Jim Thorpe section added on the end, the people involved were literally fit to be tied. They were going to sue, etc., but finally calmed down and decided that such action would just draw more attention to what had proved to be a very unfortunate incident for everyone concerned.

Lewis called Mrs. Apfelbaum after sending her a copy of the book. She told him what she thought of him. I was directed to listen in on the other line in our office. Mr. Lewis's comment: "I am mortified." He then promised to have the book changed in subsequent editions, but to my knowledge has not.

I've known the Apfelbaums, and Mrs. Dougherty since I was a little kid; Dr. Dougherty, Mrs. D's late husband, was our family doctor until his death, and they just aren't the powwowing type. And, Jim Thorpe is a small town, very comparable to Peyton Place, in many of the awkward triangles, etc., and things don't go on that half the town doesn't know about. And there was no report that I can ever remember of powwowing.

I checked, after the publication of HEX, with one of my college friends who lives in Ephrata, in Lancaster County, to see about the reaction to the book there. It seems that if nothing else, Mr. Lewis is consistently unauthentic about his Pennsylvania histories. Usually calm and reserved Lancaster County was out after his head. Oh, there was the incident of Blymire, etc., and the trials, etc., but much of it was not as chronicled in HEX. Too

Too bad Lewis didn't stick to facts -- he'd probably have had even better books. Hope this hasn't turned you against the guy in any way. He's sort of my hero: anyone who has the balls he does can't be all bad down deep.

/Sorry to hear about Lewis; he was becoming one of my favorite writers.

At least, it's a good thing to be able to cross-check some of this stuff. RSC/

Liz Fishman, 312 East Drive, Oakwood, OH 45419

I very much enjoyed Dave Locke's column in Y203, more than any he's done so far (there have been a couple I've felt close to). The atmosphere of his home seems to be as conducive to insanity as mine, and his friends keep things moving in the same direction. He doesn't separate fact from fiction any better than I do.

By the way, when is Dennis Lien going to make another appearance?

Dear Bruce: "And, Liz, you move every 5 or 6 years, therefore not losing your touch." Want to explain that, fella?

I publicly accept Don and Maggie's apology for leaving me to fend off cigarette



smoke all by defenceless, helpless self at the con banquet. But I don't forgive.

I don't know how I feel about being labeled a humorist; I really don't think I am one. I certainly don't purposely set about being funny when I'm at my writer. All I do is write about things as they happen and as I see them, after the fact. When I'm in the midst of a particular situation I see nothing particularly funny about it. I fight my way out and then later write it out. That's when I see how funny the whole thing was. But to sit down and say, "Well, let's write funny," no. Listen, I enjoy my columns as much as anyone else. I don't make carbons and when I send an installment to you I don't see it again until the next issue of Yandro arrives. I'm the first thing I read and I actually laugh aloud. Oftentimes I forget what I'd written about and when I read it in Yandro it's almost as though I were seeing it for the first time and I find myself in complete admiration of my own talent. Now just what do you think of that, Reverend?

There was an item just now on the late night news: seems this John Davis in California was taken to court for having a chimp in his home, violating a law against having wild animals in a residential area. A picture of Davis and his chimp, outside the courthouse, was shown, and the announcer quoted Davis as saying, "He isn't a wild animal; he's our son." I'd like to see a picture of Mrs. Davis.

/I'd like to see a picture of Mr. Davis after Mrs. Davis heard that quote on nationwide tv. However you set out to write your stuff, don't change./

Paul Anderson, 21 Mulga Rd., Hawthorndene, S.A. 5051, Australia

That clipping printed by Juanita in Y188 was rather horrifying and it reminded me of the photos that regularly appear in the pages of our newspapers of new migrant families, saying what a lovely thing it is that Australia has another family of about 17 or 18 and the mother is usually about 35 or so but looks ten years older. We have a simple choice: take the pill regardless of religious doctrines or be swamped in the not too distant future.

Dave Locke's article on the ever-present TV commercials was one of the best pieces of humour that I have seen in a fmz in a long time. The Australian commercials are almost as bad, but every so often one comes along that catches the imagination. About a couple of years ago there was one in particular of interest, for a certain cold cure tablet, which was almost a direct take of The Man From UNCLE, and was labelled The Man From A.N.T.I.C.O.L., with the agents of S.L.U.S.H. trying to spread coughs, colds, and sore throats throughout the world! The episode that comes to mind is one where the heroine is abducted by a 6foot version of King Kong and taken to this mad scientist's laboratory where she is loosely strapped to a table. She quickly escapes and is chased to a cliff top by the Men from Slush. She is rescued by the Man from Anticol just in time for him to give a closing message about how Anticol soothes sore throats, etc. By a strange coincidence the hero's name is Napoleon Brandy. All too often during the off season period the commercials have a better story line and a higher standard of acting than the main program that is shown between them.

I assumed that the reason that the previous appearance in Analog for THE SPACE BARBARIANS was that the novel appeared in the magazine as a series of novell-ettes under the name of Guy McCord. I thought that this book was a big improvement on his other novels.

/That's why I couldn't find the damned story in Analog; I'd forgotten the possibility of pseudonyms. RSC/

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

There is a new comic book-magazine coming out in a month or so called SCIENCE FICTION ODYSSEY, published by Skywald





Publications, a relatively new comic book publisher which puts out Creepy imitations called PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE and a line of mostly-reprint 25¢ comics. SFO is to feature comicbook adaptations of stories by Harry Harrison, Larry Niven, Terry Carr and like that there. They want to do some Zelazny but can't get a response from his agent, I understand.

My Venture story, "The New Science," is to be reprinted by SFO (I am told, but I have not yet received my check so am not really counting on it) but as a text piece, not as a comicbook story. This provides another market for hungry stf writers, both for reprints and for original material. They are not, as is the case with most comic publishers, going to be trying to buy all rights to stories.

I'll give you the address and more info after I am certain the publication is actually going to appear; I also don't know whether payment is made on acceptance or on publication.

1970 finally saw publication of ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME (Arlington, \$11.95), edited by Dick Lupoff and yours truly. I have been appearing on radio and television with some regularity and have written a few articles for the Press and for my old home town paper in Titusville, Pa. This takes up a lot of productive freelance writing time. It will be worthwhile if it helps pick up sales of the book enough to warrant a second volume.

Ace should bring out the paperback of AICFAD sometime late in 1971. People who wait for the paperback won't help sales enough to get us a contract for a second book, tho.

Bought a copy of QUARK #1, a book (I guess) edited by Sam Delany & someone named Marilyn Hacker and put out by Paperback Library for \$1.25. It is supposed to be "speculative fiction" (as opposed to----?) but I fail to discern any fiction in it. It's a bunch of trickily-written fragments of pocket fuzz. I don't think I'm anti-NewWave, but...

Remember when, if I writer wanted to show that a character was disoriented and dizzy and confused and his head was spinning and like that he would write some descriptive paragraphs about how the man felt? Nowadays, the writer ignores all this creative crap and just keeps revolving the paper in his typewriter or u p n the type

j m i g

all over so that the reader is rendered disoriented and dizzy and confused and seasick. If that's creative, I'll take vanilla. These cheap typographical tricks don't bother me when they are committed by nerds like Thomas Disch and Norman Spinrad and Gardner Dozois, but capable writers are starting to turn out similar drivel. QUARK #1 has something, (God knows what) by Ursula K LeGuin and a thingie by R A Lafferty that just might be interesting if it went anywhere or did anything.

I think too many writers are writing for writers and not enough are writer for readers. A writer sees a story written in iambic pentameter with every second page in phonetic Sanskrit and blows his mind. "God! Furbish wrote this story in iambic pentameter with ever second page in phonetic Sanskrit! What a marvelous technical achievement." And Furbish gets a Nebula, despite the fact that there is no story to be found, either in the English or Sanskrit portions.

Tchah. I grow bitter in my sunset years.

I trust that if you don't have an artificial Christmas tree, you at least have a dug-up tree that you transplant outdoors after Christmas? We find ourselves much more filled with Christmas cheer at the thought of evergreens growing all over, providing animal shelter and all sorts of nice things, than at the thought of a tree ten years a-growin' chopped down for a two-weeks' smell and then burned. I mean, REALLY!

Bruce writes that his school "is trying out a new system of punishment." The mind reels with the possibilities. Chaining kids in the basement? Forcing them to pick up roadside litter once a week? Varnishing the gym floor so's to save on labor bills?

Our Post Office Branch doesn't depend on the Thompsons for its rating in the system or whatever. But we discovered when we took in our late Christmas packages for mailing (we didn't get 'em till a week before Christmas) that all the postal clerks know us. (Hysterical laughter exchanged among them--followed by relieved laughter when they discovered we just had packages, not a Newfangles mailing, to send). We kindly delayed



mailing out the newsletter until the week after Christmas.)

Dave Locke's conjuring up the picture of a repairman holding Dave's head under water was most beautifully handled! That got sustained laughter from both of us for about five minutes. And we still hark back to it from time to time.

Gee, if Liz Fishman can write about handling a toy department, maybe I should chip in with adventures of a nursery school assistant. The woman who runs the school wondered today to me whether I'd noticed anything strange about her husband when I met him. No... Well, he's been so strange lately and threatening suicide and-- Choke. So it goes.

This is the woman who called a mother during a minor crisis at school (little boy was choking on a crumb or somesuch--finally solved by giving him a drink of water) and said, "I think your boy is having a tantrum, but the other women think he's dying." Then she wondered why the mother got upset.

Derek Nelson, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada

I don't know whether you ever heard of Kirkland Lake or not, but this is the famous mile of gold and home of a lot of hockey players. Sir Harry Oakes was penniless when he came here, and Roy Thompson used the papers here and in Timmins to launch himself to Lord Fleet. (Guys around here still have Thompson cheques that bounced framed on their walls.)

One old coot who runs a seedy hotel here is conservatively estimated to have 20 million in the bank. In 1948 or so when a train couldn't get through with the payroll they (the company) rushed over to his hotel and said, "Lend us some money" and he drew \$200,000 in cash from his safe, just like that!

I've met the first woman to settle in this country (1912) and an Indian woman from Timmins who is 105, still smokes 10 cigarettes a day and has the occasional brew, and is quite lucid in her talk.

Fantastic.

On the Quebec thing I might add I was thinking too locally when I wrote you (as I remember). Full employment and fat pay cheques won't solve a thing, but neither will anything else I can think of.

It is partly, like the Black Panthers, a matter of pride, a personal feeling of worth and satisfaction by submergence in the myth of the nation. Partly, also, it is just a segment of the whole-wide tide that is flowing toward Marxism as an answer to the vacuous emptiness of liberal civilisation.

Marxism as a religion is impossible to combat, especially when it is allied, as it is today, with nationalism. The national socialists in Quebec, Palestine and elsewhere must either burn themselves out with time or else win what they seek, and only the future can read which will be first.

When the bombing and killing and kidnapping really start in English-speaking Canada there will be cries of shock, but there shouldn't be. The first leftist political bombing in Toronto was in 1967 (?) -- against Hawker-Siddley and other executive homes connected with plants that sell Vietnam war supplies.

Just wait till they pull a big one.

I don't think a lot of people can stomach freedom, but have to fit their lives and thoughts into the pat slogans that pass as answers in Marxism. Marry that to the pride one would feel as being the "armed fist" or whatever of the collective mass of the nation--and the killing begins.

Ah well, the same "red" trend is 200 years old and the West is still a somewhat free society; and nothing as bad as 1848 yet.

Rereading the letter I see I'm typecasting revolutionaries and hippies and romantics, etc. I don't mean to do that, and people act from different motivations, and some of them from external rather than internal drives.

If a U.S. Black is pissed off at the slights he receives, or the low pay check he gets, which infuriates him more? I believe the former, and hence the pride scene which black power can give (which can be external or internal).

But, on the other hand, do Poitier, Ali, and Cosby, who made sure, in a beautiful PR



bit, that they were seen together at the first fight the Champ made on his return to the ring (Quarry?), take to the guns or to Marxism, or both, like the Panthers?

I read part of SOUL ON ICE but was so bored I couldn't finish it. The same lines, world view, etc.--with the anger giving it impact.

Words carry emotional connotations. When Carmichael said he was black power, then I said to hell with black power. I.e.; black power is their life as opposed to a goal, and a part-time one at that. But when Cosby said "I'm a black power supporter," then I said good, more power to you (no pun intended). Especially when he refused to criticize the US outside the US (in Toronto) when the lemmings of the press asked him to.

Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112

Yandro in general: Whoever sent in the entry that BLACK GALAXY by Leinster should be in hb has obviously never read BLACK GALAXY by Leinster. That has to be one of the most ridiculous books ever written--and since Leinster doesn't write ridiculous books, that makes it all the worse.

Liz Fishman maintains the "the Wringer" writing with cried, esp. fish and

has to be the best new fanwriter in several years and if she quality of absurdity/pathos that she did in this's "Through she'll soon be sneaking into the upper strata of fannish giants like Willis and Tucker. I alternately laughed and in the part of the column where the kids bring over the three snakes. It's funny as hell (when you're remembering/reading) but it must have been hell living thru. Sort of a crown for an incredible day.

The lettercol was especially interesting in re: Canada vs. the FIQ. I don't know all that much about the War Measures Act, but I wonder how much longer it will be before some bright "Gun those goddamn hippies down" types try pushing thru an equivalent law here in the US? While the Canadian officials seemed reasonably sane about what they actually did, the measure seems to have provisions for virtual carte blanche in eliminating "enemies of the state".

Could you imagine what would happen if, say, Mayor Daley had had such a free hand in Chicago? People would still be locked up in dark cellars (if they weren't shot on the spot in "the interests of the state").

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington DC 20037

A few random notes. Men were smaller in Roman times? As proof, consider the mile, which was 1,000 standard paces of a marching legionaire...5280 feet in all. Meaning one pace, from right heel to right heel, was 5.28 feet or 63½ inches. When I was marching off standard paces, the length of stride, one half a pace, was 30 inches, making the pace in 1956 a flat 60 inches as opposed to the Roman 63½. This tends to support the theory that there were giants in those days. Small giants, perhaps, but no smaller than us.

A kind of addendum to my heroin article... it seems that methadone, which is also addictive, is chemically related to heroin, and develops a cross tolerance to that drug. An addict on methadone maintenance is unable to get a high from heroin, even in relatively (10 to 20 X)





massive doses. Hence, methadone is coming into wide use as a counter-addictive measure. Pilot programs here in Washington have cut addiction substantially, and also addiction related crime. Since no other program in sight is even coming close to working, this will probably be expanded in the future. Chemistry conquers cussedness.

Incidentally, on the subject of drugs, you keep seeing propaganda in favor of legalizing marijuana from all sorts of sources. I think I would be in favor of dis-illegalizing it, but to give its usage the sanction of law raises the interesting question of where marijuana leaves off and hashish begins. So far as I know hashish has never been legal in any country at any time.

Of course--England won the Crown Colony of Hong Kong in a war fought because Imperial Chinese authorities tried to suppress English traders bringing in opium. So you might say that some countries have held that the use of drugs (note the sly equation of hashish=drugs=opium, a thing I hate when other people do it, especially when they use it to stress a point) is legal in other countries, at least some of the time.

And on to politics, not to mention gun control. Police Chief Murphy, of New York City, came out in favor of confiscation of all firearms in civilian hands. He said he was not impressed by the argument that guns don't kill people, people kill people. Evidently more than 90% of police killed on duty are killed by people with guns. I wish him luck. With 96 million guns loose, it isn't going to happen any time soon.

Remember, when hydrogen bombs are outlawed, only outlaws will have hydrogen bombs.

Nixon, bless him, is shuffling his cabinet in an effort to assemble a "winning team" for '72. Yes indeedy. As the only president this century to be diminished by his high office, he will need a winning team. Perhaps he will get re-elected on their coat-tails.

For '73 I see that Minneapolis has backed out of contention in favor of Toronto. After Toronto took over the Canadian bid and shifted from '74 in Montreal to '74 in DC. I tell you, Buck, being the Secret Master of Fandom is hard work.

Liz Fishman writes entertainingly and well, and you may quote me.

Irvin Koch, Apt. 45, 614 Hill Ave. SW, Knoxville, TN 37902

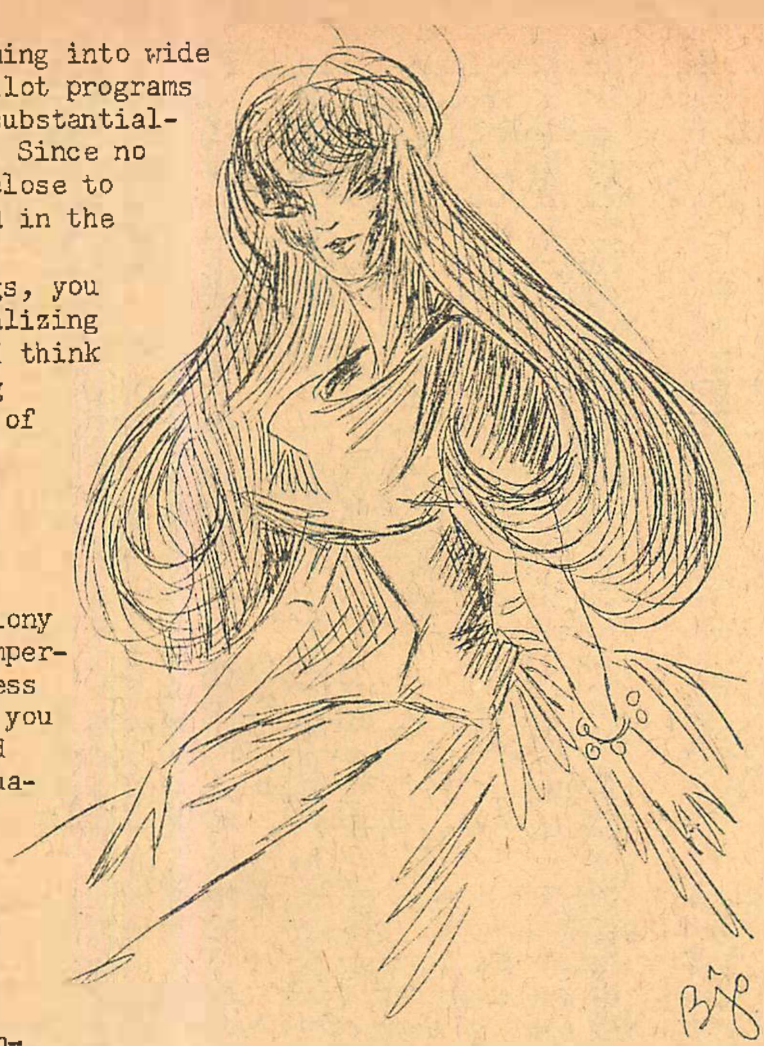
You are correct. In MAYBE #1, the zine was dedicated to the late Seth Johnson. However the 4 section idea, as you saw in MAYBE #10, did not work out. Davis has his section to himself more or less and that's about it. Note well that scary 75¢ price is gone. Now 2/\$1 or 6/\$2.50 and no rise when postal rates go up this year. .... There are about 600 active fanzines and only 1% concentrate on fan fiction. I can not quit.

/I don't want you to quit; when there is a dearth of fiction fanzines, people write to YANDRO and want to know why we don't publish fiction. I'm extremely happy with your policy as long as I'm not required to read the results (and I'm not) or tell little white lies about how good I think the stuff is. RSC/

And we still have a folder-full of letters! Maybe next time we'll get caught up - but don't bet on it. Happy St. Patrick's Day to yez all. Up the I.R.A.!

RSC

(35)







Winnie #53 (Michael Ward, Box 41, Menlo Park, CA 94025) This is still another final issue of Winnie. After #52 a transfer of editorship was made, but the new editor never actually got around to publishing anything, so Mike Ward took back the collected material and issued it. (Which is rather a noble gesture, considering the

number of fanzines which fold with material in their files -- material which is never heard of again unless the contributors kept carbons.) This issue has news -- mostly professional and west coast fan news -- plus an article by Poul Anderson.

It's worth getting if they have any left, but don't figure on a long-term sub. (4/\$1)

Dena Monthly, #20 (Ann F. Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, NJ 07649 - 35¢, 12/\$4) Major items here are obituaries for John Giunta and Steele Savage. There is a lot of European sf news, a list of freshly published books, list of forthcoming fan events, and reviews of movies, magazines, and books. Digest size; lithographed.

Rating.....7

Locus #73 (Charles & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 - biweekly - 10/\$2) This starts off with an obituary for Carroll M. Capps ("C.C. MacApp") and the news that Keith Laumer has had a stroke. 1971 is starting off as a bad year. There is an announcement of the new "temporary" postal rates which are discouraging enough, particularly for the sort of service we get. (At least out here I get fairly good local service, but I pity you city types.) Fan and pro news, several ads for conventions, a list of changes of address, and some market reports.

Rating.....7

Serendip #65/67 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 100 pages for a dollar) A Postal Diplomacy journal. #67 is devoted largely to letters, including one from Liz Fishman, for all you Fishman fans in the audience. (Her experiences with a diplomacy journal are quite similar to her experiences with department stores, or getting up in the morning, or...)

Skyrack's European Fantasy Trader #98 (Ron Bennett, 110 Green Park, Vieux Chemin de Binche, 7000 Mons, Belgium - 6/\$1 - Buck's his USAgent) In addition to the sale lists, Belgian author Eddy C. Bertin has a one-page article on why he doesn't appear in Belgian magazines any more. The sale lists are comprehensive, from Tarzan comics to Heinlein first editions. Prices seem about average for the field.

The MITSFS Mitigator #23.1 (MIT Science Fiction Society, W20-421, 77 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA 02139 - 25¢) "Produced to mitigate the space between issues of the Twilight Zine." An article on the MITSFS library, some commentary on wargaming fanzines, Hugo recommendations.

Asgard - Stockholm 1976 (34th World SF Convention Bidding Committee, PO Box 3273, S-103, 65 Stockholm 3, Sweden - 10/\$1) Advertising for the convention, this is largely composed of information about Swedish fandom, and thus a good basic issue for anyone interested in foreign fandoms.

No #7 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417 - 25¢ - three times a year) Editorial, a review of "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes", and a comparison of William Morris's "Atalanta's Race" and Edward Dowden's "Atalanta" (neither of which I had ever heard of before, lowbrow that I am).

Rating.....6



The Green Fandom #6 (Linda Lounsbury, Macalester College, St. Paul, MN 55101 - 10¢) Two drawbacks include dim ditto and scattering the lettercolumn all through the fanzine. Otherwise it's a quite interesting personal-type zine with lots of letters. Linda mentions her intention to become a history major, which shows she has the right attitude.

Oops! #4 (Larry Propp, 3127 N. Sheridan Rd., Peoria, IL 61604 - free) Personal-type zine, entirely editor-written. Casual ramblings, interesting enough in a low-keyed manner. Much better produced than Green Fandom, though I'd probably rate GF a bit higher on content.

Potlatch #2 (Joyce Fisher, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn NY 11201 - 35¢) One of the extremely "faanish" fanzines. Terry Carr unearths "a piece of fannish history ...one of the funniest, I think." Which explains admirably why I don't think much of fan history; the thing has all the unrestrained hilarity of the joke section of a junior high newspaper. Bruce Telzer does better with an only slightly overdone comment on dentistry. (Though for all I know it isn't overdone at all; I haven't been to a dentist since the time 15 years ago when one told me that there was nothing anybody could do for my teeth except pull them all out when they began to hurt. They never hurt, but I suppose when a few more break in half I'll have to see about extraction and find out what dentists are like these days.) An extremely good letter column and a good editorial. Rating.....6

Rune #19 (Minnesota SF Society, 1350 Queen Ave., North, Minneapolis, MN 55411 - 10/\$1) Official publication of the Minnesota SF Society. Primarily local club news, some general fan news.

Maybe #10 (Irvin Koch, Apt 45 614 Hill Av SW, Knoxville, TN 37902 - bimonthly - 6/\$2.50) I had a note in mine: "I know you don't want this but...Davis wants you to have one." Oh well. Davis (Hank) attacks Christmas seals (he obviously isn't on as many charity sucker lists as I am -- Christmas seals are a positive boon compared to an appeal to help Brother So-and-So Bring the Light to the heathen of India or wherever.) Davis rambles on about fanzines and various things, there is an Andy Offutt letter, and there is a lot of fan fiction, none of which I read.

Tomorrow And... #5 (Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, NY 14534 - quarterly - 50¢@, 5/\$2) As I have mentioned to occasional neofans, it's hard to tell when a fanzine actually folds, because occasionally they're only dormant. This one has been in hibernation for a year and a half, and I certainly never expected to see it again, but here it is. Major item is background info on Andy Offutt's novel EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS. Real background; original notes, letters, outline, etc. Possibly edited a bit for publication but probably not; it certainly looks genuine enough. (I have a couple of boxes of the same stuff around here somewhere.) All three editors - Lapidus, Lisa Tuttle, and Barry Brenesal - have rambling columns, of which Brenesal's turns out to be the most interesting (probably because he likes de Camp's writing as much as I do). Fiction, good artwork, and a "different" sideways layout round out the issue. Rating.....5

Renaissance Vol3#1 (John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922 - quarterly - no price listed) Major item is part two of "The Eschatology of Cordwainer Smith", which is better than it sounds (though personally I am remarkably indifferent to Cordwainer Smith). There are book reviews, a secondrate satire, a few anti-Left polemics (some of them good) and excerpts from letters. The mag is becoming a bit less rigid in manner if not in organization, and improving. Rating.....5

Somerset Gazette #4 (Melbourne SF Club, 19 Somerset Place, Melbourne, Australia, 3000 - 4/\$1.50) An entire issue devoted to a con report isn't something I'm likely to read, but it's here if you're interested. Some electrostencilled photos, which have the usual faults of electrostencilling of photographic work but are much better than nothing.



Doppler Gang #6 (James Langdell, 1756-14th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122 - 25¢) Official organ of the Lowell High School club. Another Cordwainer Smith article, shorter and not as good as the one in Renaissance, some surprisingly good verse by Niels Erch, some abominable verse by other people, incredibly bad comic pages, humor (some of it funny), art ranging from terrible to good, fiction, reviews. Somewhat disorganized in appearance (one of the problems of a clubzine). Rating.....3

Starling #17 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, MO 62501 - 35¢, 3/¢1 - quarterly) I don't really have many common interests with Hank and Lesleigh, but they remain interesting people and good writers. Quite a bit on rock, the highlight here being Bob Tucker's description of Heyworth's own rock festival. Banks Mebane's column is excellent, as is the lettercolumn. Other material is less interesting to a square (I don't feel I'm up-to-date enough to be a "straight"). Rating.....8

Outworlds #6 (Bill & Joan Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton, OH 44203 - 50¢) This starts off with some Rotsler nudes, which are pretty enough but nothing that I can't see more of in a men's mag any time I want to. After which Bill lets layout take over, creating differences for the sake of being different and mild problems in holding the thing properly to read it (and it doesn't take much of a reading problem in a fanzine to make me not even try to read it; the content isn't worth expending any effort on). So I didn't read it. Artwork is very good except for the center spread, which is downright bad. Reproduction is perfect. Layout is overdone.

The Dipple Chronicle #1 (Rich Benyo, 207 Center St., Jim Thorpe, PA 18229 - quarterly - 50¢) Another fan returns from gafia with lithographic reproduction and some elderly material. (I'll bet Joe Staton would have been just as happy to leave those illos buried; he's doing much better work now.) Editorial, article on religion, poem by Roger Zelazny, couple pieces of fiction, review of a 1964 comic book, an Otis Adelbert Kline bibliography (magazine stories only), and some current book reviews. Nothing great in this issue, but a possibility for good future issues. Rating.....3

Tribes #1 (Dale & Dennis DiNucci, Apt 4, 5620 Darlington Rd., Pittsburgh, PA 15217 - 50¢) An excellent beginning. Bob Tucker explains how to produce a champion fanzine, Alex Gilliland has information on non-metric systems of weights and measures, some of which I'd never heard of before and I'm sort of a fan of that sort of thing, Harry Warner suggests improvements in book reviews, E.A. Walton discusses future food problems, Jerry Kaufman has one of the best commentaries on what most fans called The Sense of Wonder that I've read, and I have an article on fantasy in folkmusic. Not bad at all; in fact it's one of the most interesting fanzines I've read this year (not even counting my own contribution, which of course I like). Rating.....9

The WSFA Journal #74 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, MD 20906 - bimonthly - 50¢) This is sort of a Stanislaw Lem issue, with long thoughty commentaries on the man and his work. (I now understand the man and his work much better than I did when I reviewed SOLARIS - unfortunately I don't like it any better.) Couple of very good humorous items by Gilliland, article on King Kong by T.B. Swann (excellent article), one on genetics by David Halterman, scads of reviews of all types of stf, and letters. With this came Journal Supplement TWJ 74-1 and Son of the WSFA Journal #14. Supplement is more reviews and letters; Son is reviews and a list of conventions and club meetings. (I can see no real reason for publishing them as separate fanzines; the reviews are hardly so topical as to need immediate distribution to club members.) Rating.....9

APA-L #296 thru 300 These average around 115 pages of material; most comments on previous mailings. (Some intelligible without having read the mailings commented on, some not. (Address: Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., Apt 1, Culver City CA 90230)

I also got a copy of the Harvey Voegtlin memorial issue of The Underground, but as there is no address whatsoever in it I'm not reviewing it.

Infanews Indianapolis club newsletter. One page, with meeting notice, art, and natterings. I have one unnumbered issue edited by Dave Lewton, and #BC-1, edited and published by Bruce Coulson. No price listed for outsiders.