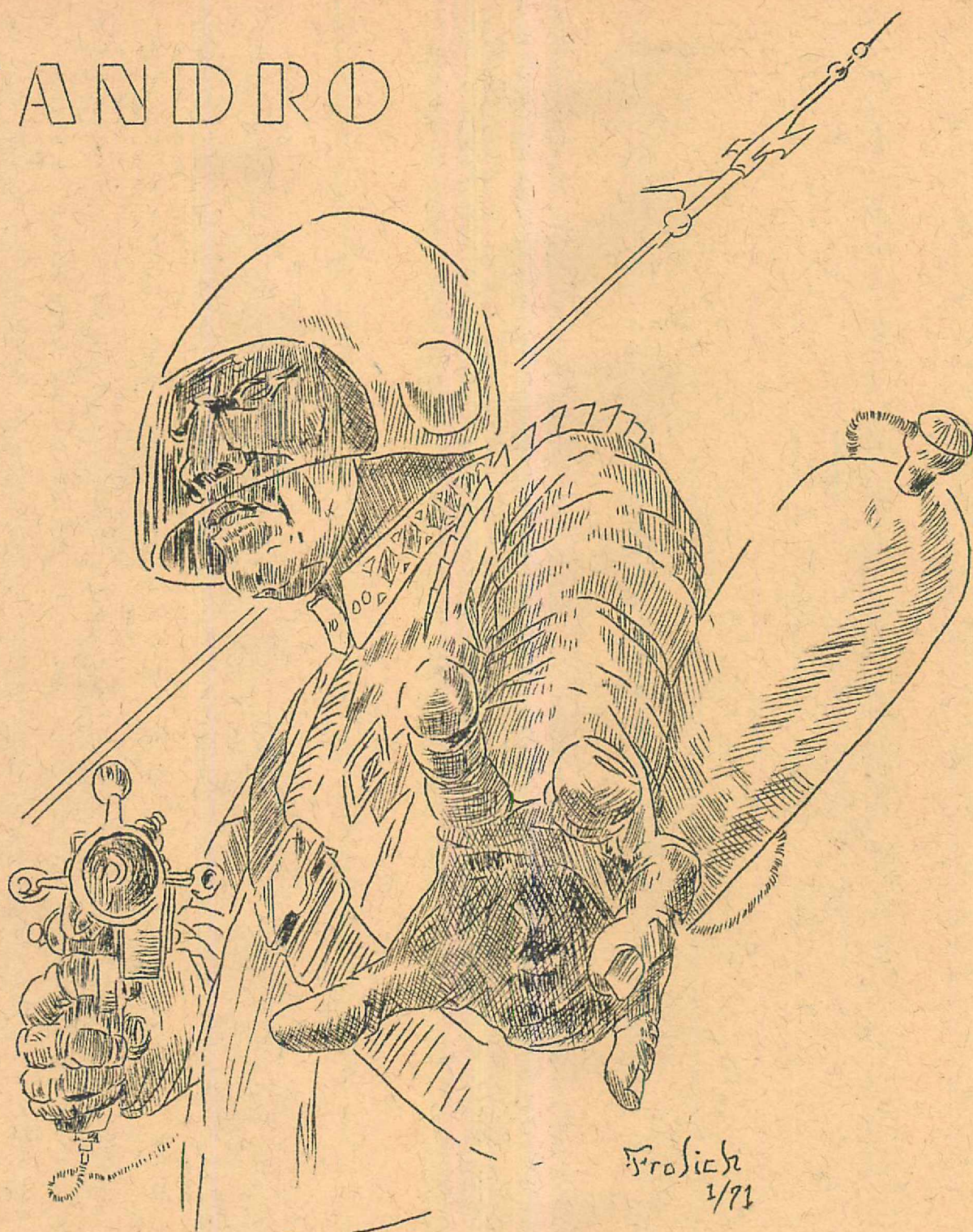
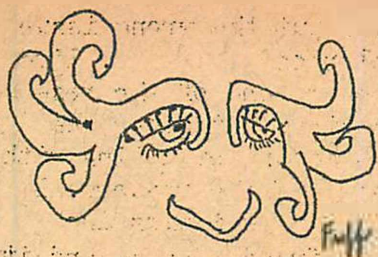


YANDRO





YANDRO

#206

VOLUME XIX

NUMBER 3

MAY 71

For anyone who didn't notice, the "201" number on the last issue was erroneous. Published 9 or 10 times a year by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348, USA. Assistance from Ruth Wellons and sometimes from Bruce Coulson. British Agent: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts. Great Britain. Price, US: 40¢ each, 4 for \$1.50, 12 for \$4.00. Price, Britain: 15 pence, 4 for .50, 12 for £1.30

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ARTWORK

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" 2 - - - - -	JWC	" 22 - - - - -	Sandra Miesel
" 4 - - - - -	JWC	" 23 - - - - -	Stephen Campbell
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" 10 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn	" 29 (logo) - - - - -	Arthur Thomson

All electrostencilling by Pboth Press

"Harlan Ellison is an old Bruce Coulson."Gene Wolfe (at PeCon)

NOTICE TO FANZINE EDITORS: Will you please mark "Not For Review" on anything you send me that is? Couple of people lately have written me "didn't I ask you to not review XXXXX?" Well, maybe you only thought you did, or maybe you actually did and between the time I got the letter and the time I got the fanzine I forgot about it. I'm sorry when I make an error, but I get letters from 30 or 40 people and I do not keep track of everything. (I try to keep things straight, but I don't guarantee to succeed.) RSC

Per Insulander for TAFF

"Her eyes met his in puzzled understanding." ...from a British stf mag, circa 1950; they had the New Wave even back in those days.

If anyone knows anything about the country of North Ingermanland besides what appears in Scott's Standard Stamp Catalog, I'm interested in hearing it. RSC

Alexis Gilliland sent us an organizational chart of Heaven; I'm trying to figure out some way of making a story out of it; a sequel to "By The Book", perhaps. RSC

RAMBLINGS



All right, all right, I put the wrong issue number on the last colophon . I've made mistakes before on my end of the responsibility on our fanzine, but never one which elicited such an amount of noting with fascination on the parts of the readers. I thought surely the time a few issues ago when I neglected to proofread a page, and it was mailed thus to our panting public, it would be cause for remark and pointing out with gleeful malice by a few people -- but no. And then of course I've stencilled the volume-issue numbers wrong a few times, and I can't recall anyone ever mentioned the fact. I've probably also misspelled words in article headings -- though my re-

action to that is about what it would be to any other severe trauma: blotting it totally from my conscious memory. But nothing I've done has produced the flow of "by the way..."ism that did.

As one of our callers-to-your-attention correspondents remarked, after that many issues it must tend to blur a bit. It does indeed. I normally not only have to pull the previous issue from the file to check on the whole number but the volume and issue number as well. Usually I do know what month to label it without too much help, thanks to a multiplicity of calendars lying around here. Although I'm not sure what I'll do next, because there's a strong possibility we'll be getting out two issues in May and one in June. Would you believe calling it, say, MAY II? Future fan historians are going to love me.

I don't know how much of the midwest's unbelievable rail situation reaches the news media in other areas of the country. Enough of it reaches us that I seriously wonder how much we're not getting. It is the sort of thing self-respecting newspapers must hesitate to print, or print under the how's this for a laugh section. Ditto the tv news crews.

For instance, unless it's a really spectacular derailment -- perhaps several people killed, ammunition blowing up the town where the derailment occurred, or something especially noxious leaking out of an overturned tank car and evacuation of the populace being necessary -- the news media give it minimum space, locally. Couple of paragraphs in the "Area News" page in a fair sized newspaper, a line of mention in the quickies part of the "In the News Today" broadcast over tv or radio.

Is this midwestern, or have the Penn Central et.al. neglected their tracks and roadways this thoroughly in the east and west as well? I mean, even piddlin' ole Hartford City has had its derailment, which resulted in two things: 1) a railroad auction to dispose of a carfull of damaged lumber, and 2) the mayor pleading with Penn Central that wouldn't they please slow down going through town? They did, for about two weeks. The laundromat I trade with is half a block from one of the major crossings, and the Penn Central is coming through like the proverbial infernal bat. I wonder how far a freight car can roll after it's derailed. That laundromat isn't too far away from the tracks -- and that particular crossing is one few but the foolhardy take in anything higher than second gear (not good for the springs and axles and things in your car, and not good for you). If someday this column is edged in black, it's probably because one of those highballers blew it at the crossing and a couple of bouncing cars mashed the laundromat while I was there busy polluting Hartford City's water system..

A while back when the Army wanted to dump nerve gas in the ocean, there was a big hue

and cry throughout this area against it. Hartke, and I think the Ohio and Illinois Senators as well, got up and made apoplectic speeches against it. Letters to the editor and general protest. I wondered at the time if perhaps news of this, carried in eastern and western news media, might not create hope in the breasts of anti-pollution organizations and peace groups. You know, by George maybe the stronghold of conservatism out there in the midwest is seeing the light and we really have some friends. If so, I hope I am not the first one to disillusion them. The consensus throughout Indiana was indeed that we did not under any circumstances want trains full of poison nerve gas going through our state on its way to the sea. Very little of the protest was due to concern over pollution or peace, though. In fact I'm sure many of the citizens unhappy about this offered as possible solutions rerouting the trains through other states until it got to the sea -- or using up the gas in warfare instead of endangering the US's own populace.

Because there wasn't a person aware of the situation in this area who didn't immediately think with horror on the possibilities of derailment. If you live anywhere near a railroad line -- and since this area is networked with lines, it's a very good possibility you do live near one -- you had instant visions of derailment, with cylinders of poison gas bursting, killing the town and who knows how much of the rural population. Strictly a self preservation protest, and a valid one.

Reassurances from the Penn Central upper office that they would go very slowly through this high-derailment area weren't too encouraging. The guys driving the trains show too little evidence of heeding commands from higher up. And besides, our doubts were confirmed not too long ago. Would you believe an upper echelon memo from an outfit which lost 277 box cars and didn't seem to notice it for a while? As the US Attorney, said, they certainly didn't fall through the cracks in the floor. Although they could possibly have fallen into some of the holes distributed along the Penn Central roadway throughout the midwest.

Last year, coming back from the PeCon, we went through Crescent City, Illinois. That is, what remained of it. With all the furor over Amtrak, I do hope the reorganization of the outfit enables somebody to do something so ammo trains don't blow up in the middle of peaceful little midwestern towns.

Progress reaches bigotry. Anyone notice the AP item on the Klan being forced to use an electric cross during their Dade Co. Florida rally? I think that's sort of gruesomely funny. But appropriate. Let's go modern and live electrically. After all, if the pentecostal churches around here can have pink neon signs in front of their buildings flashing "Jesus Saves" at you, we are definitely in an age when ordinary sign painting is passe. Hoping you are not the same...

JWC

a column

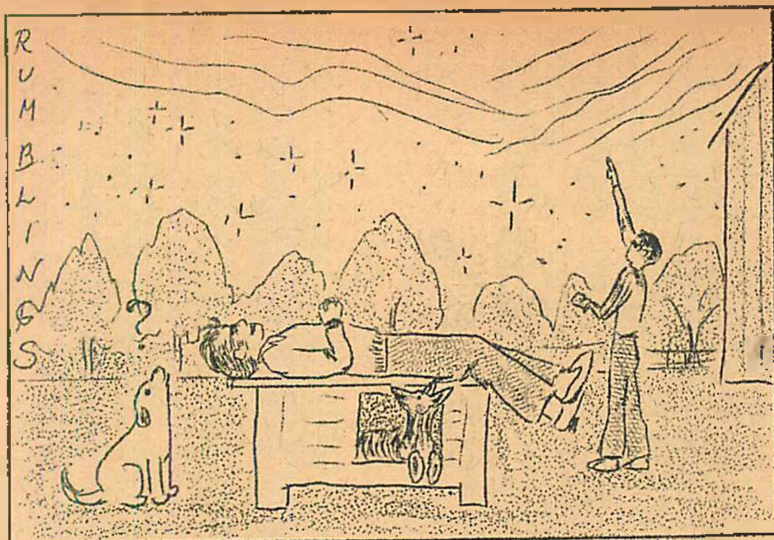
bec

It's happening again. Whenever I joined a game at school, people would drop out. Now that I've joined ISFA, people are beginning to drop out. Dave Lewton, Dave Gorman, and Jim Dorr have dropped out (or at least stopped coming to meetings), and they were formerly enthusiastic about it.

This summer I intend to lie around ~~sleeping~~ reading most of the time (between chores). They held a Gun Show in Hartford City. I bought a knife there (thereby finishing my allowance) and my father bought two shotgun shells and a few other items.

I'm involved in a Scout rifle program, headed by David Sills, a Rifle Champion. I was going to shoot against a league in Marion, but they postponed it to next Monday. (They were plasticizing the floor over there.)

I always run out of ideas to write about, so that I have to cut my column short.
Pax Mundus.



Jackie Franke writes about PeCon at somewhat more length than I will, but I thought I'd mention that I found it a pleasant convention, with quite a few of my favorite fans present and -- even more important -- none of the ones I particularly dislike. It was good to see Norb and Leigh Couch back in circulation. (The feeling is akin to that felt when one of one's friends recovers from a prolonged convalescence.) One minor embarrassing incident; I was talking to this fan who looked vaguely familiar but whose name I didn't know when Leigh Couch came in, and looked rather expectantly for

an introduction, and of course I couldn't make one. Usually when I can't attach a name I bluff it out, figuring that sooner or later I'll get a clue without having to admit that I don't know who in hell I'm talking to (since it's usually someone I've met before and it seems insulting to tell them they made so little impression.) This time I got the clue later - a bit too late. My conversational partner turned out to be Gene Wolfe. (At least I have an excuse; I didn't know his name because nobody had ever introduced us.) Oh well, I'll know you next time, Gene.

The final Hugo ballots are out. For anyone who hasn't already seen them in LOCUS or FOCAL POINT or LUNA or some other fanzine, here they are, with my probable choices underlined - if more than one item is underlined in a category, then I haven't made up my mind yet. Incidentally, I haven't read the book version of TAU ZERO, and I promised Sandra Miesel that I would read it before voting. (I'm still going to vote for Tucker, though.)

NOVEL

"Ringworld", by Larry Niven
 "Star Light" by Hal Clement
 "Tau Zero" by Poul Anderson
 "Tower of Glass" by Bob Silverberg
"Year of the Quiet Sun" by Bob Tucker

SHORT STORY

"Brillo", by Bova & Ellison
 "Continued on Next Rock" by R.A. Lafferty
 "In The Queue" by Keith Laumer
 "Jean Dupres" by Gordon Dickson
"Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon

PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE

Amazing
 Analog
 F&SF
 Galaxy
Vision of Tomorrow

FANZINE

Energumen
Locus
 Outworlds
 Science Fiction Review
Speculation

FAN ARTIST

Alicia Austin Steve Fabian Mike Gilbert Tim Kirk William Rotsler

NOVELLA

"Beastchild" by Dean Koontz
 "Ill Met In Lankhmar" by Fritz Leiber
 "Region Between" by Harlan Ellison
 "Thing In The Stone" by Clifford Simak
 "World Outside" by Bob Silverberg

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

"Blows Against The Empire"
 "Colossus: The Forbin Project"
 "Don't Crush That Swarf, Hand Me The Pliers"
 "Hauser's Memory"
 "No Blade of Grass"

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Leo & Diane Dillon
 Frank Kelly Freas
 Jack Gaughan
Eddie Jones
 Jeff Jones

FAN WRITER

Terry Carr
 Tom Digby
Elizabeth Fishman
 Richard Geis
 Ted Pauls

I haven't seen the dramatic presentations, and I may vote "No Award" on the novellas.

Clippings I get in the mail department: Ned Brooks sends one from England about the ultimate weapon; one Henry Blythe claims he can hypnotize an entire army through loudspeakers. The British Army was planning to send him up in a helicopter to test the claim (I wonder how it came out?) Irv Jacobs sends an excerpt from a speech by French premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas on the problems of youth. This is presumably translated from the French - by one of our diplomats, probably, since there is a reference to classical music as opposed to "concrete" music. (Now I suppose someone will write in to inform me that this is a legitimate French term....)

Dennis Lien contributes one on the latest Italian caper; floor tiles which fit together to produce a nude (for the ultimate in male supremacists, one supposes). Dennis sent another clipping on the Arizona teacher fired for teaching witchcraft; it's going to court. Andy Zerbe sends a little editorial on rightwing thinking; bumper stickers on a car saying "Free Galley" and "Don't Forget POW's". Or in other words, it's all right for us to kill prisoners, but barbaric when the other side does it.

Alan Dodd sends a whole bale of material on the British conversion to decimal currency, including notices of a couple of elderly people who committed suicide rather than cope with the new coins. He also sends the latest British firearms worry; Austrian made cufflinks made of miniature pistols in operating condition. The projectiles "could pierce still cardboard by an eighth of an inch at a range of 12 inches" and the British are petrified over the possibility of someone using one to hijack a plane with. (THE SUN says they are "too small to be detected by anti-hijack screening devices" and the DAILY TELEGRAPH says they "could be detected by the airlines' metal-detecting devices". Make up your minds, people.) I've heard weird things about the British, but I didn't know their plane crews were made of stiff cardboard..... Another clipping tells of the police raiding a private home in order to seize 20 rounds of .22 ammunition; one must be ever alert against these desperate criminals.

Dainis Bisenieks sends a headline from the Iowa State Daily; "Union To Mull Serving Liquor". Shades of hot buttered rum and all that, though it seems a bit hard on those who don't want mulled liquor..... (I assume you can figure out the real meaning..?)

DeWeese and I made the 45th Anniversary issue of AMAZING with a short story. So far two people have mentioned reading it and neither one liked it.... For those who want a little background; it was originally written without all the ecology jazz, and was a slightly better work. In that form, it was turned down by just about everybody. Finally David Gerrold turned it down for an original anthology with the comment that it should be tied in with contemporary problems. Gene worked it over with that in mind, and it sold. So in case you're wondering why so much of today's "fiction of the future" consists of thinly disguised polemics on current events - there's why. (Presumably if the story had been a brilliant example of writing it might have sold without the current tie-in; some still do get published. But if the work is less than brilliant, it must "relate".)

I noticed at PeCon that the trend toward illustrated and/or "humorous" name-tags at conventions is in full swing, and I'll be damned glad when it dies out. As far as I'm concerned, a name-tag is to identify people so I know who I'm talking to; you may think that you're such a big name that everyone knows you on sight, but I don't. And if you're wearing an illegible or spurious name-tag, I not only don't know you but I'm quite happy that way; I'm not much interested in the various clods in fandom.

Had my first-ever view of the Aurora Borealis last month. Shifting curtains of light; mostly overhead rather than in the north. I stayed out half an hour or so - until I got too cold to continue. Bruce stayed longer, until the display died down. I feel like I've accomplished something; I've always wanted to see a display, and always managed to miss them before. Not precisely beautiful, but certainly unusual.

We hope to get the next YANDRO out in May, also, and catch up a bit on schedule. So we may be short on columns next time, and I plan to make up the space with a letter column; I have this huge batch of letters to get into print.

Looks like the stf mag era is drawing to a close, not from lack of readers but from inefficient distribution. The Lowndes mags gone, FORGOTTEN FANTASY folding (in the middle of a serial), the Cohen mags in trouble, WORLDS OF FANTASY and WORLDS OF TOMORROW gone (again), VISION OF TOMORROW dropped in Britain. I suppose the only solution is the paperback format - or just possibly a fancy expensive magazine depending on subscriptions, like AMERICAN HERITAGE. And I don't much like either idea; I grew up with magazine stf.

A FRANKE APPRAISAL

by

JACKIE FRANKE

I have been told that writing Convention Reports is a thankless task, unappreciated by those who weren't there, unread by those who did attend, and impossible to do in any case. Can't quarrel with any of that. Without a Ghod-like point-of-view, above the crowd and capable of seeing through walls, a truly comprehensive accounting of the goings-on of a group larger than twenty would be beyond reason. Personal impressions are all that can be asked for, or given, and if such are not to your tastes, you simply couldn't like them.

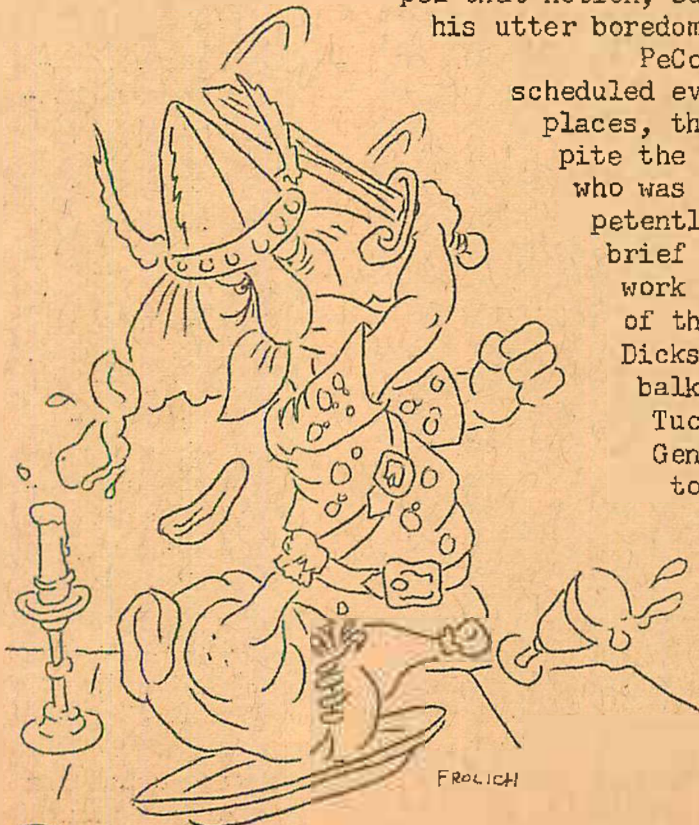
But having taking that most giant of steps for a Neo and attended my first Con, I'd like to express some of my reactions. As with most unfamiliar occasions, I came with certain preconceptions. Some were fully realized, others totally shattered, and yet others more than surpassed. Cons are a revelation to Neos, and should be heartily endorsed to all newcomers one should chance to meet. I found PeCon II's size, about 75 attendees, to be quite suitable; but others not of gigantic proportions should serve equally well.

One fact-of-fandom is encountered almost immediately upon entering the lobby and registering: Veteran fans, and many whose length of tenure isn't all that impressive, feel compelled to explain to the Neo just how terrible it is to attend a Con. After hearing that cons are dull, dull, DULL, and this con, in particular, supercedes that lofty ideal from one person after another, the wailing starts to merge into a litany of sorts. Lesson One: Fans LOVE to complain. Further experience will confirm or dispel that notion, but apparently the more a fan expounds upon his utter boredom, the more successful the con.

PeCon was an unstructured convention. The one scheduled event was the Writers Panel held in, of all places, the Peoria Public Library. The Panel, despite the rather gushing attentions of the librarian, who was admittedly Author-Struck, performed competently. They made their introductions, gave brief resumes of recent, current, and projected work and opened themselves to the tender mercies of the audience. As GoH and moderator, Gordon Dickson's duties mostly consisted of shoving a balky mike across the table to Wilson (Bob)

Tucker, Philip Jose Farmer, Joe Hensley and Gene Wolfe, with an occasional remark or two tossed in when it temporarily stalled before

his chair. Unflattering remarks were later made about the corny jokes related, but I suspect I like well-worn puns and jibes. Also, many of the comments seemed directly attributable to the previously mentioned Lesson which takes on the trappings of a Fan Credo. Gripe! About anything and everything, just make it long and loud! It may be heresy, but I enjoyed the panel, not



for the information gained, which was little, but for the insights of the thinking of the participants.

One oft-heard statement was not borne out. Writers supposedly are inarticulate without their typewriters, unable to communicate verbally except in the most awkward of fashions. For practitioners of such a repressed profession, Bob Tucker and Gordy Dickson seemed fairly talkative. Phil Farmer and Joe Hensley appeared to be totally at ease and Gene Wolfe, while perhaps physically nervous, came across as a knowledgeable and glib person. Either these five are total flops in their field, or the Legend is untrue. Obviously, the fault lies with the Legend.

It must be remarked on how little mention was made of the newer luminaries in SF, such as Ellison, Ballard, et. al. The so-called controversy, as per rumor, seemingly has died down. A welcome fact.

Back at the motel, where the primary action consisted of wandering about the hallways looking for 'The Party', fans got down to their real purpose in life...more complaining. No one ever located the rumored 'Party', perhaps because no one remained in one place long enough for a party to develop. The Body Painting room was a smash hit with one segment, though. Striped to the waist, wreathed in green and blue and yellow and red fluorescent paints, the fellows would periodically raid the Hospitality Room for fresh, unmarked flesh. Otherwise, they remained entombed in their black-light illuminated room where the odor of perspiring bodies was practically palpable. Unless a locker-room atmosphere had innured your nose, it was absolutely unbearable for more than a moment or two.

The incredible variations in Life Styles in our reputedly Homogenous American Society strikes one emphatically at a Con. Though usually said to be due to the individuality and non-conformity of SF fen, it seemed to be more an affirmation of a free-choice culture. Hippie-types (no one ever is actually a Hippie...only the 'type' exists), bearded, beaded, and belled, mixed with the 'Straights' and all shades in between with no noticeable fuss or friction. It was Do Your Own Thing to a faretheewell.

Dress styles aside, the most readily observed difference in fans is with which SF Age they are affiliated. The Good-Old-Days group talked and drank and grew more wistful with each passing hour while the New Age SF'ers scarcely mentioned SF at all. Rock, Joplin and the Underground Culture were their main topics, SF seemingly irrelevant. I found myself allied with the G.O.D. group, and to betray my naivete and other expected Neofannish traits, was totally engrossed by the personalities, thoughts, and reminiscences of those I met. Among them, the Couches, the Stopas, Ed Corner, and a few others whose names I failed to retain, seemed typical. Dickson and Tucker held court, of sorts, and bandied comments and criticisms with an ever-changing group. They also reaffirmed an age-old adage: Writers Drink. Copiously oiled, they related with their listeners with far more ease than earlier. Two rules were learned. When Gordon Dickson gets out his guitar and starts to sing, it is time to leave, and Bob Tucker likes his whiskey neat and sm-o-o-o-th. They have been duly recorded and filed.

Perhaps what had the greatest impact was the interest shown a newcomer. They all seem genuinely interested in the opinions and views, no matter how vague or nebulous, from whoever wished to express them. And perhaps that's what makes fandom work. Despite the griping (more in jest I suspect), the occasional spats, the gossiping and the well-thought-out air of being Above It All, fans CARE. They care about other fans, about the world in which we live, about Life itself, though they'd die rather than admit it. Pessimist or optimist, their concern for each other is the mortar that holds fandom into its semi-unified whole. Fans, like the Couches to whom I owe a large debt of gratitude, and the Couches and their ilk, are the backbone and source of continuity to fandom in general, and the helping hands to those who would enter.

Sp. grouse away Ye Old Fen. You're still enchanted with the entire shtik and you know it, deep down. And I'm hooked right with you.



THROUGH 8

THE WRINGER

column

by ----- liz fishman

For the third time I heard the thump: that rotten kid had fallen down the stairs again. He picked himself up from the carpet, dusted off his jeans and proceeded past me to the kitchen.

"Listen, how many times are you going to fall down those stairs? Just give me an estimate."

"Don't bother me."

"Why don't you walk when you're on the stairs? Why do you have to run?"

"I don't run, I just gallop a little. Where's the aspirin?"

"Why do you want the aspirin?"

"Did you put them in the refrigerator again?"

"You have a headache?"

"No."

"Then what do you want with..."

"My nerves are shot. Oh, here they are."

He was wrestling with the bottle top as I grabbed it from him. "Now, look, don't fool around with this stuff, especially when there's nothing wrong with you."

"Nothing wrong with me? Nothing wrong with me? My nerves are shot!"

"Well, aspirin won't help. And why are your nerves shot?"

"I have problems. Hey, I know. I'll get drunk!" He snatched the decanter of Mogen David from the refrigerator and began wrestling with the top; I snatched it from him.

"You and me both, kid."

I prepared two glasses of wine and Seven-Up and we took them out into the warm night air. Settling down in the porch chairs, we sipped our drinks in silence for a moment, and then Rotten sighed. "This really tastes good."

"Feeling better?"

"Yeah, this booze really hits the spot."

"Why are your nerves shot?"

"I told you, I have problems. You think just because I'm a little kid I don't have problems?"

"You'll never hear me say that. What kind of problems?"

"All kinds. I'm over-pressured. Like there's Mrs. Weymouth."

"Who's she?"

"She's the new teacher who came in after Mrs. Morrissey communicated with her husband and got pregnant."

That one stopped me. "She did what?"

"Got pregnant."

"No, I mean before that."

"She communicated with her husband. That's how you get pregnant."

"I'll remember that."

"Remember when Daisy was in heat and she tried to communicate with Dave Evan's dog?"

"Yeah. Now, what about this Mrs. Weymouth?"

"I hate her. She's real ugly and fat and she gets lipstick all over her teeth."

"You mean she isn't young and pretty like Mrs. Morrissey."

"And she doesn't smell pretty like Mrs. Morrissey either. I bet that's how come she's pregnant because her husband communicated with her cause she's pretty and smells good. I wish he'd mind his own business. Then Mrs. Morrissey would still be there and not that ugly Mrs. Weymouth."

"Well, those things happen. Now tell me about this Mrs..."

"How?"

"Huh?"

"How do those things happen?"

"Gee, aren't the stars pretty tonight."

"I know people communicate but I don't know how."

"And look, there's Orion, and Taurus, and..."

"I don't want to talk about the stars."

"And those three stars in a row, that's Orion's belt. And that little constellation over there, that's..."

"I want to talk about sex."

"Rain tomorrow. There's a ring around the moon."

"Are you evading my questions?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"My nerves are shot. Go to bed."

Rotten was watching the Saturday morning cartoons when I came down the next day; I asked him if he'd eaten anything. He rose from the couch and staggered around the room, flailing his arms and dropping to his knees. Finally he flopped himself over the edge of the couchback and lay there with his head hanging over the cushion and his legs in the air. I watched all this in absolute silence, hoping for his sake that this wasn't a commentary on my cooking. I tried again: "Did you eat anything?"

"Can't. I have a hangover."

"Well, lucky for you."

"Boy, am I drunk. I almost got drunk once when I was young and Ozzie let me taste his beer."

"Oh? When was this?"

"Last summer. Are you in a good mood?"

"No."

"Do people really learn about sex behind chicken coops? That's what Allen Dornbush says."

"Nobody but chickens, as far as I know."

At that the rotten kid flipped himself to an upright position and stared at me, surprise and enlightenment on his face. "Chickens do sex?"

"Want a jelly omelet?"

Ozzie came in while I was making the omelet, yawning, scratching his tanned stomach, and rubbing his dark mop of hair, his long-lashed droopy eyes fighting sleep -- somehow he reminded me of an unironed shirt. Knowing from long experience that he always found it difficult to talk sense while yawning I waited till he finished. "Ok, now, want some eggs?"

He pointed to the cooking omelet and said, "Make me...."; a huge noisy yawn escaped.

"Try again," I offered.

"Make me one of those. Only scramble it. And no jelly. (Well, I didn't actually say he made sense when he wasn't yawning.) "Did I hear something about sexy chickens?"

"The kid wants to know if chickens have a sex life."

"How come?"

"Well, he wanted to know if people learn sex behind chicken coops."

"What happened to barns?"

"Listen, you're the man of the house, so you're going to have to have a long talk with him and answer his questions."

"Yeah? Questions like what?"

"Like, how does a girl get pregnant?"

"Oh, well, I'll just tell him that when people get married..."

"Uh-uh. None of that stuff about "unions" between men and women that we were told about. He really wants to know."

"Then you tell him."

"It's your place, not mine."

"Look, I do it, not talk about it."

"Coward."

"Well, he'll learn like I did, in the back seat."

"Oh, too good for a barn, eh?"

That afternoon Mom took Rotten with her while she shopped and Ozzie went wherever he goes when he goes; Daisy and I had the house to ourselves. It was a warm spring day and I felt like doing something different, something I hadn't done in a long time -- I decided to give Daisy a bath. She hadn't had one since she came to us seven months ago, a refugee from the highway, starved, sick with the early stages of distemper, and incredibly filthy. Weak as she was then, she still fought hard while I lathered and rinsed, toweled and brushed; now that she's healthy and well-fed I anticipated a struggle of major proportions and long endurance.

I had been soaked from head to toe the last time I bathed her so I thought it best

to wear just my bra and panties for the occasion (as long as that rotten kid was out of the house there was no reason not to). I took off my blouse and slacks, then went to the utility room to prepare the bath in the washtub. Daisy followed and watched the proceedings, sitting at my feet, her ears flat against her head, one paw lifted and held close to her chest; it's the pose she strikes when she's telling us, "I trust you, but make one move and I'm going to run like hell." And she did. I chased her to my room and was just in time to see her backend following the rest of her under the bed. I peered under and looked her straight in the eye. "You come out of there this minute." Her tail thumped in answer.

"Right now, you rotten mutt, or I'll come after you." Her tail still thumping, she swiftly scooted toward me, swiped my face with her tongue, then scooted back.

"Okay, here I come." I wiggled under the bed and grabbed her, then went to back out, but my panties had caught on a rough and frayed spot on one of the bed boards. I tried to back away from it but a big splinter



pulled down and threatened to poke a hole in me if I went on with my efforts in that direction. Still holding onto Daisy I tried moving to the left; the splinter followed me. I tried it to the right; the same thing. I moved up toward Daisy and that was worse. And through all this Daisy kept herself busy licking my face and chewing my hair.

Finally, I tried staying in one spot and wiggling the damn thing loose; it dug in harder. And Daisy was chewing my nose. "Stop that! Get out of here!" She chewed harder. "Mush! Ungowah!"

To my surprise her whole dirty body tensed with alertness and she quickly crawled out past me. Pleased, I was congratulating myself when I realized why she had left her refuge so hurriedly -- voices in the livingroom, and they were male. Horrified at the thought of being seen in this ignominious situation I desperately sought a way out, and the only practical thing I could think of was to chew a hole in the floor big enough to drop through. Then there sounded the thunder of many elephantine feet on the stairs, past my room, and on into the boys'. All except for four galloping ones that turned my way, and I was forced to endure, in silence, the bottom of my feet being licked and nibbled.

There I was, in my underwear, three-fourths of the way under the bed, pinned by a splinter, and in the next room there were three thousand impressionable teenagers (I knew how impressed they'd be if I were discovered). I kept muttering incantations designed to dissolve me on the spot, or them, or that tongue-happy mutt. I hoped that if someone did see they'd take me for some kind of wild foot-locker and I thought about a story I'd seen about a man who separated his mind from his body and went about killing people in the night with his wife's sewing scissors while his body sensibly stayed in bed; if I could do that long enough for me to take that splinter out of me -- then I heard Ozzie's voice.

"Where's my girl?"

His 'girl' thumped her tail and Ozzie followed the sound. For a split second there was silence, and then the slamming of my door sounded. Peering under the bed, he asked the inevitable question: "What in hell are you doing?"

"Eating the carpet."

"Are you crazy? There's a bunch of guys in the next room -- get out of there!"

"Do something for me first?"

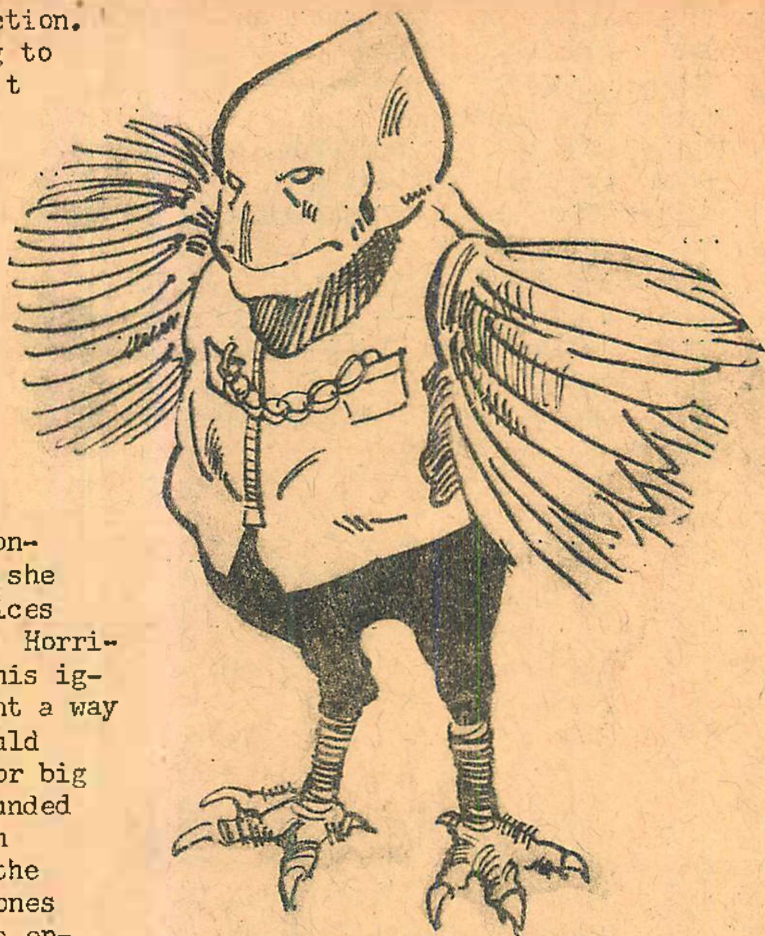
"What? What?"

"Well, there's a splinter..." I couldn't get the rest out over that miserable kid's laughter, a raucous sound that seemed to fill the room.

"Jesus Christ," he gasped. "Oh, Jesus Christ!"

"If I ever get out of here," I hissed, "I'm going to sneak in one night while you're sleeping and shave you bald."

Still shaking with laughter, he broke the splinter and helped me out, then threw himself on my bed and went on roaring at the ceiling. Trying to salvage some of my



shredded dignity, I snarled, "Yeah, well, I remember those two nights you came home drunk, smashing yourself into every wall and piece of furniture in the house..."

"Yeah, but..."

"...getting sick all over the carpets..."

"Now wait a minute..."

"...rolling out of your bunk, moaning and..."

"Hold it, will you? I..."

"...groaning and rubber-kneed with a hangover the next day. You made a fool out of yourself. You..."

"But there's a difference..."

"...made an ass out of yourself. You...why is there a difference?"

"Well, you're right about my having made a fool of myself."

"And an ass."

"Yeah, ok, an ass. But the difference between you and me is that I was drunk. And you're not."

Yeah, well...

Sandra Miesel is an expert at giving back-rubs.

REPORT ON SF POPULARITY

by J. R. Christopher

In the fall of 1970 the English Department of Tarleton State College, Stephenville, Texas, began teaching the second semester of freshman English as a popular culture course, with study of advertising, movies, TV, and popular fiction; the latter item gave me an opening wedge, so I got the library to order some detective magazines and

ANALOG,

AMAZING,

FANTASTIC,

THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, and

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW.

Because of different librarians, all the detective magazines, plus PLAYBOY, were put on reserve, but the SF magazines were not (at first). Thus I can report on the popularity of SF.

No copies of FANTASTIC or F&SF were stolen. The library lost both copies of ANALOG which were put out, and one copy and one cover of the two AMAZINGS. One copy of SFR disappeared for a month, but it was returned.

I do not equate these thefts with literary merit, for I am a long time F&SF fan. However, if the material is on popular culture, here is one gauge of what's popular.

From an appeal for money from the Democratic National Committee:

"If there ever was a time to back the Democratic Party, it is now.

I could give you many reasons why you should, but they all narrow down to two:

One is President Nixon

The other is Vice President Agnew."

The Democrats are getting sharp. (I presume I got this because I contributed to Roush last year. Maybe I even helped give them an idea, because there is a box on the card for Republicans to check; "I am sending money anyway because I want to do something." Maybe the US ad agencies have finally begun to grow up; whichever one thought up that appeal has, anyway.

GOLDEN MINUTES

PARTNERS IN WONDER, by Harlan Ellison and collaborators (Walker, \$8.95) Fourteen short stories and a cartoon set. Biggest drawback is that the publisher has gained his 470 pages by using big print and lots of margin; it isn't nearly as big a book as it looks at first glance. Someone told me they felt that Harlan dominated all the stories, but most of them seemed to me to be a pretty fair blend. Two are not; Avram Davidson's style rather overwhelms Harlan in "Up Christopher To Madness", and it's all to the good because Davidson is one of the best short story writers stf has ever had. And I suspect that "The Human Operators" is mostly Harlan because his collaborator A. E. van Vogt hasn't written anything that good in 20 years. (Not that van Vogt can't write that well; just that it's been a long, long time since he has.) Otherwise, we have "I See A Man Sitting On A Chair, and The Chair Is Biting His Leg" (with Robert Sheckley), which is all about love and individuality and people being replaced by another life form, and isn't very good. "Brillo" (with Ben Bova) is a cute story about a robot cop, marred for me by the theme that sympathy is better than justice, and marred for everyone I should think by a cheap gimmick at the end. But still a fascinating story while you're reading it. The "collaboration" with Bloch consists of the two Jack The Ripper stories from Dangerous Visions; Bloch's "A Toy For Juliette" and Ellison's "The Prowler In The City". Not really a collaboration, and perhaps overly familiar, but quite good stories. "Up Christopher To Madness" (with Davidson) is a totally insane "mystery" story and one of the best items in the book. "Runesmith", with Theodore Sturgeon, is about interdimensional invasion and the meaning of humanity, and I didn't finish it. "Rodney Parrish For Hire" (with Joe Hensley) is a neat little item about a junior grade Murder, Inc.; light but quite amusing. "The Kong Papers", with Bill Rotsler, is a cartoon series. Most of them didn't move me any more than Rotsler's cartoons usually do, but I did think that the one of Kong shaking his fist at the airplanes and yelling "Fokker!" was perhaps the best single item in the book. "The Human Operators" (with van Vogt) is similar in setting to Saberhagen's "Berserker" series. Much more poetically done than Saberhagen's series; I found it quite similar in quality. "Survivor #1" (with Henry Slesar) is a good gimmick story; a not-quite science-fictional tale. "The Power of the Nail" (with Samuel R. Delany) is a little too precious for me; the delicate irony seems to be - if you'll pardon the expression - hammered in. "Wonderbird" (with Algis Budrys) has some of the same problems; it's a gimmick story, but it seems a bit as if the authors were more interested in how clever they could be than in telling a story. "The Song The Zombie Sang" (with Bob Silverberg) is, I suppose, a tear-jerker, but it seems to be my kind of story, and I rather agree that the "soul" might just be creativity. (Well, actually I don't, but I do think it's a fascinating idea.) "Street Scene" (with Keith Laumer) is what I tend to consider "New Wave", since events happen without explanation and the reader is supposed to be interested in Mankind's reaction. Somehow, I never am. "Come To Me Not in Winter's White" (with Roger Zelazny) is purely poetic and I rather surprised myself by liking it. Overall, it's not a bad book, but I sort of hate that price.

TROUBLE ON PROJECT CERES, by Ted White (Westminster, \$4.75) This is sort of a sequel to Secret of the Marauder Satellite in that the society is the same and references are made to events in the earlier book. The characters and setting are entirely different. This takes place in an experimental project designed to grow food in the desert. Plot is fairly typical boys-novel; someone is sabotaging the project and the teen-age hero tries to find out who it is. There are enough "contemporary" references; inter-racial dating, race prejudice, etc, to make the publisher happy. As science fiction, it's not nearly as good as the previous book, despite large doses of hard science. But it's a pretty fair boys' book, and if the race material is a bit crude, I suspect that is

intentional; you can't be too subtle and expect mundane teen-agers to get what you're writing about. Recommended for libraries.

RED MOON AND BLACK MOUNTAIN, by Joy Chant (SF Book club, \$1.75; Ballantine, 95¢) In this case it's almost worthwhile to get the hardcover just to avoid the truly hideous Ballantine cover. Otherwise the book is on the borderline for me; the books I really enjoy I want in hard covers, and the ones I like only moderately I would just as soon have in paperback. This is good, but it does have flaws; for one thing, I hate books that have several major characters in different places and skip around among viewpoints. For another, much of the action seems arbitrary; people move here and there at the whim of the author, who finds it handy to put in a few genuine gods, thereby being able to blame them for the arbitrary actions. Nevertheless, it's a pretty good sword and sorcery volume; quite entertaining for the type. I found it rather amusing that Lin Carter picked such an obvious juvenile novel for his "Adult Fantasy" series; not that adults can't enjoy juvenile fiction - I do - but that it sort of negates the somewhat snobbish series title. It's a fairly good book, and Frazetta has done a very nice dust jacket for the Book Club version.

THE OTHER SIDE OF TIME, by Keith Laumer (Walker, \$4.95) This appeared in FANTASTIC (not AMAZING, as the copyright notice states) in 1965. It's one of the "Imperium" series of alternate-world travel. In this one, the Imperium is invaded from a reality where homo sapiens lost out to one of the other proto-human forms; the invaders are trying to wipe man out of all the alternate universes (and one can hardly blame them, at times). Our hero foils the effort, of course. Strictly an adventure story, and heavily padded in spots, but moderately entertaining.

McGILLICUDDY McGOTHAM, by Leonard Wibberly (remaindered, 66¢) A very small book, about a leprechaun who comes to America to protest the building of an airport on leprechaun territory in Eire. A juvenile, of course; also a satire of US life. The basic enjoyment of the book is watching Wibberly have fun with words. McGillicuddy asks about elevators and is told they're elevators because they go up. "Well, what do they call the thing that will bring us down?" I also rather admired Wibberly's dissertation on quiz shows; he's on the right side.

NOVA, by Samuel R. Delany (Book Club) I sort of skimmed this when it was eligible for a Hugo; enough to tell that I didn't want to vote for it. This time I tried to read it thoroughly, but bogged down around page 200, where the story disappears into a morass of philosophy and Tarot. This is a novel on several levels; I don't know how the symbolism holds up but as a story it's a flat failure.

DEATH'S DEPUTY, by L. Ron Hubbard (Leisure, 75¢) This I believe came from UNKNOWN; a story about a "jonah", a man who is a carrier - not of plague but of death itself. Hubbard's pulp origins are plainly displayed, but the idea is enough to hold the reader's interest. This is probably poorly distributed; if you don't see it you could write the publisher, Leisure Books, 6340 Coldwater Canyon, No. Hollywood, CA 91606. They have also published Hubbard's Final Blackout, but to date I haven't seen a copy.

THE GLORY THAT WAS, by L. Sprague de Camp (Paperback Library, 60¢) An excellent historical fantasy. I suspect that this was sort of a dry run for de Camp's later historical novels of Greece; this one involves - or appears to involve - time travel. It is an excellent, humorous story and if you didn't read it back in STARTLING back in 1952 you should make an effort to get this version.

DOCTOR TO THE STARS, by Murray Leinster (Pyramid, 75¢) Three of Leinster's "Med Ship" series, originally published in the magazines from 1957 to 1963, and first reprinted by Pyramid in 1964. Stories included are "The Grandfather's War", "Med Ship Man", and "Tallien Three". Leinster's medical series is amusing, though hardly as good as James White's. (And when are we going to get Old Doc Methusaleh in paperback?) Doctor Calhoun is a cheerful superman, outwitting the poor villains with ridiculous ease. Still, the stories are enjoyable, and personally I've read so much Leinster that his choppy sentences seem quite nostalgic. This is what it was like in the Good Old Days, sort of.

THE SCATTERED ROOM, by H. P. Lovecraft (Beagle, 95¢) This is #6 in Beagle's "Arkham Edition" (but I've only seen 4 other volumes....?) Contents include the title story, which is a bit overdone on the "spasm of tainted and degenerate blood" bit, but much better than the really abominable "adaptation" of it that was on tv recently. In fact, the only marks of similarity between the story and the tv show is that there is a mill in both of them which burns down at the end. Nothing else is at all similar, and in every case the story version is superior. "Witches' Hollow" deals with Lovecraft's brand of demonic possession; rather an interesting story. "The Horror From The Middle Span" suffers because any possible "suspense" is telegraphed ahead of time by the title; it's another of the "nameless horror" type. "The Shadow In The Attic" is a good old-fashioned ghost story; if I were going to televise Lovecraft, I think I'd pick this one. "The Fisherman of Falcon Point" is a vignette, and oddly effective, considering that nothing much really happens in it. "The Dark Brotherhood" is a fairly straight 1930-ish science fiction story, very well done for the time. These stories are more than August Derleth completed; on the whole he did a better job here than in The Survivor & Others.

EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS, by Andy Offutt (Paperback Library, 75¢) Basically, this is Revolt in 2100 with sex added. In one way it's more realistic than Heinlein's book; relaxed literary taboos allow Offutt to be more graphic in the use and abuse of religious power than Heinlein was. However, Offutt does not equal Heinlein's ability to make things seem absolutely real while you're reading it. (And if Heinlein skipped on the sex, Offutt skimps on the science; his Underground has a super science because the author says it does; it is never explained.) However, rewriting or rebutting Heinlein is a hazardous occupation at best, and Offutt comes off at least as well as James Elish and others have done. It's nothing I'm going to nominate for a Hugo, but I enjoyed it while I was reading it, overdone sex and all. (Considering the usual quality of Paperback Library originals, I thought this did very well indeed.)

I understand Offutt is now working on a novel about a nun who invites men up to her room, then murders them and gives the money taken off the bodies to Church charities. It's to be called EVIL IS VEIL SPELLED SIDWAYS.

THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Ace, 95¢) Ace has reissued this with a big notice that it won both the Hugo and Nebula awards. Well, while award-winning doesn't always mean anything in regard to quality, this was a deserving winner. The inhabitants of the planet Winter come across as real people with real problems, something rarely accomplished in science (or any other kind of) fiction.

POSTMARKED THE STARS, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) I reviewed the hardcover version a while back. This is one of her "Solar Queen" series, with Dane Thorson and the crew once again foiling the interplanetary scoundrels. It's fun; in fact I thought it was one of the best novels of that particular series.

THE RAKEHELLS OF HEAVEN, by John Boyd (Bantam, 75¢) A social satire, with two astronauts - a sex-mad Irishman and a religious nut - discovering Utopia on the planet they're sent to scout. The protagonist is torn between (among?) his natural instincts, his religious training, and his duty to the Space Service (the latter complicated by utterly ridiculous "human-supremacist" regulations). Quite good.

EMPHYRIO, by Jack Vance (Dell, 75¢) This appeared in one of the magazines a while back. It's a quite good "overthrow-the-system" adventure novel; not quite swords and sorcery, but with much of the same flavor. The sort of thing that Vance is very good at.

THE WIND WHALES OF ISMAEL, by Philip Jose Farmer (Ace, 75¢) I suspect Farmer of name-dropping again, since I can see no other reason for borrowing his central character from Moby Dick. Aside from the character and occasional chunks of ill-blended philosophy, the "incredible sequel to Moby Dick" (to quote the cover blurb) bears no discernable resemblance to the original. It is a good adventure novel, and without the borrowed glory I think I would have enjoyed it. But I dislike stories that pretend to be what they're not, and that prejudice tarnished my enjoyment of the book.

BEYOND THE GOLDEN STAIR, by Hannes Bok (Ballantine, 95¢) Part of this - a shorter version, that is - appeared in STARTLING as "The Blue Flamingo". I agree fully with Lin Carter that this version is far superior to the one in the magazine. But Carter mentions in the introduction that Bok admired A. Merritt as a writer, which may be why I dislike Bok's writing; I can't go most of Merritt. Actually I enjoyed this, but there was a flavor of - something - that I disliked, as well. The characters seemed incredibly crude for the poetic style, for one thing; Merritt has the same problem. It's definitely a classic fantasy, of other worlds reached by a golden stair leading up from the Florida Everglades.

CLOCKWORK'S PIRATES/GHOST BREAKER, by Ron Goulart (Ace, 75¢) "Pirates" is one of the Political Espionage series; our hero must foil a kidnapping and search out and destroy a gang of steam-powered robots. (Shades of Dr. Loveless!) All good fun and not to be taken at all seriously. The other half is a collection of the Max Kearny short stories, mostly from F&SF. "Please Stand By", "Uncle Arly", "Help Stamp Out Chesney", "McNamara's Fish", "Kearny's Last Case", "Breakaway House", "The Ghost Patrol", "The Strawhouse Pavilion", and "Fill In The Blank". These are occult stories with a difference; a girl is haunted by the ghost of a dance-hall (of, not in), a man turns into a middle-sized gray elephant at odd moments, a ghost materializes inside a tv set, etc. Not your quiet, run-of-the-mill occultism. I was always a bit disappointed in the series; somehow it never turned out as funny as I expected. But it has its moments, and I can recommend it moderately. This is overall one of the best Ace Doubles in some time.

THE CURRENTS OF SPACE, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 75¢) Surely you've read this by now. I have it in ASTOUNDING, Doubleday Book Club, Signet, and two Lancer editions in addition to this one, and since I make no special effort to collect every edition of a book I may have missed a few. But if you haven't read it, by all means do. It's one of the classics. A man whose brain has been tampered with so that he can remember that his entire planet is under a death sentence - but not why or when.

FURTHEST, by Suzette Haden Elgin (Ace, 75¢) A second Coyote Jones story, sequel to The Communitpaths and, I believe, somewhat better than the first novel, though the ending seemed contrived - rather surprisingly, contrived for pathos rather than the conventional "happy ending". (But then, maybe pathos is conventional these days.) The people of a planet are hiding something, and it's up to Jones to discover what. (The explanation seems a bit tame from all the build-up, but it's logical enough, given the premise.) Entertaining while you're reading it, anyway.

HIJACK, by Edward Wellen (Beagle, 95¢) This came out in VENTURE last year; I didn't think it was very good then and I don't think it's very good now, but the book version is somewhat the better of the two. The sun is going to blow up, and the Mafia move in on the top-secret evacuation proceedings. Not recommended.

ANOTHER END, by Vincent King (Ballantine, 95¢) This is all about life and death - especially death - and searching for ~~for~~ companionship and is undoubtedly Significant. It is also deadly dull and I gave up on about page 25. Terribly disappointing, since I liked King's previous novel so much.

THE GREEN BRAIN, by Frank Herbert (Ace, 75¢) A reissue of one Ace put out in 1966. I'm surprised they didn't make more of the ecology-orientation of the book on the cover of this volume; I think it would have helped sales. It's a good story without being outstanding; the central idea being whether to fight nature or learn to live with it.

TOMORROW IS TOO FAR, by James White (Ballantine, 95¢) A near-future story in which the security officer of an aerospace industry discovers various little hints that there is something screwy going on in his organization. Tracking down clues leads to a solution which was certainly not the one I expected. It's a perfectly good science fictional detective story, and White has learned Heinlein's trick of making his backgrounds seem terribly authentic, whether they actually are or not. (Never having been involved in the aerospace industry, I couldn't say about this one, but I suspect that it is quite authentic.)

THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS, by Thomas P. Kelley (Handy Library: Adam Publishing Co., Toronto) Published in 1941; Dennis Lien gave it to me as an example of original Canuck stf. Sort of interesting...Our narrator is helping a scientist track down a rumor that the beautiful Helen never got to Troy but was hijacked by Egyptians. They head out into the trackless wilderness of back-country Egypt to locate Helen's tomb and see if (a) she's there, and (b) if she's really not dead but under a spell like the scroll says. On the way they keep having problems, culminating in the murder of all the porters but one, plus the scientist, leaving nobody around but the narrator and this one mysterious porter. Narrator tracks down murderer at the tomb, but is captured by him, and forced to listen to the story which becomes the main part of the book. This is swords and sorcery; an Egyptian captain who rescues Helen, falls in love with her, etc, and in the end finds she has been put under a sleeping spell by the villainous high priest - but first she put a spell on him so that he couldn't age until she awoke. So she awakes, and then comes the clincher; the narrator is the reincarnation of the villainous priest, and the murdering Egyptian is actually the hero. Probably was quite impressive 30 years ago; it's still not a bad adventure story, though seeming sometimes to be closer to those published about 50 years back.

GHOSTLY BY GASLIGHT, ed. by Sam Moskowitz and Alden Norton (Pyramid, 75¢) A sort of baby companion of Science Fiction By Gaslight. Ghost stories having a longer history than stf, these are more slickly written, but somehow ghost stories never did all that much for me. The lead story, taking over 1/3 of the book, is "The Friend of Death" translated from the Spanish of Pedro Antonio de Alarcon, and it manages to be a completely different type of story, and far more than a simple ghost story. "Who Knows?" by de Maupassant, is about ghostly furniture; technically good but not very exciting. "The Story of a Ghost" by Violent Hunt, covers a return from the dead. "The Spider of Guyana", by Erckmann-Chatrian, is perhaps the first of the giant insect stories; a bit creaky. "The Moon-Slave" by Barry Pain, is a short story about Pan and possession. "The Spell of the Sword" by Frank Aubrey, is another enchanted sword; not terribly good. "The Man Who Lived Backwards" by Allan Upward, is a simple little science-fictional item; badly dated. "The God Pan", by Huan Mee, is actually a detective story, but one which is amusingly worked out. "The Mystery of the Bronze Statue" is a fairly obvious horror story. And "Doctor Armstrong" is another reincarnation item, somewhat ponderous. Overall; you might want to buy it for the Spanish novelet.

NEVER IN THIS WORLD, ed. by Idella Purnell Stone (Fawcett, 75¢) As far as I know, this is only the second anthology of science-fictional humor ever attempted. This includes "The Ambulance Made Two Trips", by Murray Leinster (turning a psionic machine on racketeers), "Look Out! Duck!" by Randall Garrett (a space shipment gone wrong; I know I have low taste, but I rather enjoyed it - original publication listed one "David Gordon" as author), "A Prize For Edie" by J. F. Bone (a very slight story of one of the problems of computer technology), "Little Anton" by R. Bretnor (one of the early fantasies which established the reputation of F&SF), "Dreamworld" by Isaac Asimov (what amounts to a feghoot; the sort one groans over), "Make Mine Homogenized" by Rick Raphael (a rather overdone spoof of the rocket program), "Through Time And Space With Ferdinand Feghoot" by "Grendel Briarton" (the twelfth in the original feghoot series, and not one of the best), "Rebel" by Ward Moore (a minor parody of misunderstood youth), "Senhor Zumbaira's Leg" by Felix Marti-Ibanez (a moderately amusing fantasy farce), "Or Else" by Mr. & Mrs. Kuttner (a lovely little item about competition, survival, and peace), and "Critique of Impure Reason" by Poul Anderson (literary criticism and a dilettante robot). Overall - and considering that stf's two prime humorists, De Camp and Eric Frank Russell, are not even represented - this is a pretty fair volume. God knows stf could use more emphasis on humor.

EARTH ABIDES, by George R. Stewart (Fawcett, 95¢) I don't know if this is the first paperback edition of this 1949 novel or not. It shouldn't be, because it's an important book. (Juanita should be reviewing it; it's one of her favorites, while I have never liked it particularly.) It's an unpleasant book in many ways, but it is definitely realistic, and it gives more insight into human nature than all the New Wave novels rolled into one. If you haven't already read it, by all means get a copy. (I still don't like it, but it's good for you.....)

TRANSIT OF EARTH (Playboy Press, 75¢) Title story by Arthur C. Clarke (poignant; first man to land on Mars stranded there and all that), "Button, Button" by Richard Matheson (the ironies of wish-fulfillment), "The Machineries of Joy" by Ray Bradbury (space and religion; not very good), "The Invasion" by Avram Davidson" (a rather crude horror story; not up to Davidson's usual level), "Bernie The Faust" by William Tenn (con men and aliens, quite good), "Cephalotron" by Thomas M. Disch (a brilliant conceptual production without much impact), "It Didn't Happen" by Fredric Brown (another nature of reality story; not a very good one), "The Man In The Rorschach Shirt" by Ray Bradbury (an interesting enough story but with no relation to fantasy), "Waste Not, Want Not" by John Atherton (an amusing vignette of pollution), "Control Sommambule" by William Sambrot (a quite good little item about Man's place in the universe), "Let There Be Light" by Arthur C. Clarke (a minor murder mystery; Clarke just isn't trying any more), "Speed Trap" by Frederik Pohl (how to control too-rapid scientific progress - excellent) and "Souvenir" by J. G. Ballard (the one about the drowned giant - or did he write more than one about drowned giants? It's hard to tell, with Ballard. Worth skipping, in any event.) The Tenn story appeared in the large Playboy anthology a few years back; most of the others are new to book form. Overall, moderately good.

LAST TRAIN TO LIMBO (Playboy Press, 75¢) Title story by Asa Baber (an alleged look at humanity that goes nowhere and says nothing), "Levithian!" by Larry Niven (an amusing account of the problems of resurrecting mythical beasts; one of his Time Institute series), "The Monster Show" by Charles Beaumont (a slightly overdone parody of tv), "The Illustrated Woman" by Ray Bradbury (a psychological story which has nothing to do with fantasy), "The Food of the Gods" by Arthur C. Clarke (a supposed shocker which does nothing for me, apparently because I was never indoctrinated with that particular taboo), "The Splendid Source" by Richard Matheson (tracking down dirty jokes; slight), "The Origin of Everything" by Italo Calvino (the infinite cocktail party), "On Location" by Thomas Baum (tv advertising, revolution, and reality; I rather surprised myself by enjoying this New Wavish type story), "Man With A Past" by T. K. Brown III (a rather bad vignette), "Word of Honor" by Robert Bloch (the perils of complete truthfulness; amusing even if I don't agree with the premise), "The Lost City of Mars" by Ray Bradbury (the perils of complete security, and it's nice to know that Bradbury still does write fantasy now and then), "December 28th" by Theodore L. Thomas (Minor story about crime and punishment), "Who Shall Dwell" by H. C. Neal (a twist ending which may have shocked Playboy's readers - a Playboy reader is a man who can't put on his socks in the morning without help from their advice column - but which did nothing for me), "Puppet Show" by Fredric Brown (a quite funny bit about alien contact), "Papa's Planet" by William F. Nolan (an exercise in name-dropping), and "Dial F For Frankenstein" by Arthur C. Clarke (psionic menace). Overall, the Brown story has been reprinted elsewhere, the Niven probably will be, and you can save your money on the rest.

FROM THE "S" FILE (Playboy Press, 75¢) "The Nail And The Oracle" by Theodore Sturgeon (a fascinatingly well-written story, right down to the end, which is disappointing), "The World of Heart's Desire" by Robert Sheckley (alternate probabilities, fairly good), "Can You Feel Anything When I Do This?" by Sheckley (the romantic robot and the ultimate bitch), "Triplikation" by Sheckley (an amusing gimmick), "The Same To You Doubled" by Sheckley (a good variant on the "three wishes" story), "Cordle To Onion To Carrot" by Sheckley (very funny writing combined with a remarkably bad plot), "Control Sommambule" by William Sambrot (they like that one), "The Man From Not-Yet" by John T. Sladek (the horrors of progress), "Melodramine" by Henry Slesar (drugs and reality; not very good), "Victory Parade" by Slesar (war satire; obvious), "Examination Day" by Slesar (the mediocrity cult; I liked Tenn's "Null-P" better), "The Jam" by Slesar (an attempt at a new insight into Hell; not successful), "After" by Slesar (three ironic little postwar vignettes; very good), "The Pool" by Jack Sharkey (the Fountain of Youth), "Conversation With A Bug" by Sharkey (gimmick story; not bad), and "Death-watch" by Norman Spinrad (a "twist" on the immortality theme that isn't going to be much of a surprise to fans). Overall; mediocre.

Incidentally, the above three books are all much superior physically to the average paperback; excellently made for the price.

TIME FOR THE STARS, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) This is one of Heinlein's best juveniles, meaning that it's one of the best sf juveniles by anybody. The story concerns the first major exploration of other star systems, told by a telepath taken along as communicator. The science, the background, and the people are well worked out. (I'm sure there will be cracks about the love interest, but it's really a pretty standard ploy; nothing like some of Heinlein's later work.) Highly recommended.

CHURCHILL: THE LIFE TRIUMPHANT (AMERICAN HERITAGE, \$3.50) But I got mine on sale for 99¢. It's not a large book and the biographical material can't be too thorough, but it's very well done. And of course, with HERITAGE, the photos are a large part of the book. A bargain at the price.

THE ARMY WITHOUT A COUNTRY, by Edwin P. Hoyt (remaindered, \$1.98) Ever since I first heard about the Czech Legion I've been digging for more information on it; now I have a whole book on the subject. This is the group of expatriate Czechs which fought on the Russian front during World War I and then, when Russia surrendered and they had no way to get home, fought its way along the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostok in an attempt to make it to the Western Front the hard way. (The war was over by the time they got out of Russia, but it's still an impressive saga.) The writing is not all that great, but the facts are fascinating. There are occasional interesting side issues, such as that Thomas G. Masaryk had his laundry poisoned by Austrian agents. (I had the mental picture of all these dead shirts lying around, but apparently it was a serious attempt on his life; gave him blood poisoning but he recovered. I mentioned this to Jackie Franke and she sent me a "Believe It Or Not" clipping about an Indian prince who was assassinated by his niece who soaked his robe in poison. So I guess it works; the Austrians just weren't efficient enough.) Highly recommended to anyone interested as I am in the sidelights of history.

THE WESTERN DESIGN, by S. A. G. Taylor (sale, 99¢) This is an account of the British conquest of Jamaica. Author is a Jamaican historian and not a terribly good writer, but it's an adequate account. British publisher.

THE WHITE ROOM, by L. P. Davies (Tartan Book Sales) A "different" mystery. A man has obviously been brainwashed; his background doesn't tally with the facts. But how, and why? Not one of Davies' best, but he's still good at building up a theory and then jerking the rug out from under it. I was disappointed with the solution, but it is original - and might possibly be considered science-fictional. Borderline, anyway.

THE ASEY MAYO TRIO, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Norton) This was a Christmas present, as was the previous book. Three novelets, which were originally published as "book length mysteries" in the old AMERICAN magazine - anyone remember that one? One murder committed in a moving house, one in a girl's school, and one in an astronomical observatory. (One of the clues of the latter unfortunately turns out to be an astronomical impossibility, but since it isn't a science fiction novel I'll forgive it; if it had been sf I'd downgrade it.) The "Asey Mayo" stories are still fun, though somewhat dated by now - and of course they're also quite nostalgic for me. Outguessing the detective isn't the point; the fun comes in enjoying the characters and conversation.

FLYING IN FLANDERS, by Willy Coppens (Ace, 95¢) Another in Ace's air combat series. Coppens was the top ace of Belgium. Much of the enjoyment of the book comes in his acid commentary on the military mind and military organization - particularly Belgian military organization, which is often disparagingly compared to that of Britain and France.

STILL MORE PRESS BONERS, by Earle Tempel (Pocket Books, 75¢) I seem to have missed the middle book of this series. This one isn't as good as the first, but it's fun; I bought it last night and promptly read it all the way through instead of typing my column. "The Clairvoyant Society will not have its usual meeting this week, due to unforeseen circumstances." "I have not been in the state of California or elsewhere since June 24." A study by three physicians showed today that perhaps two out of three births in the United States result from pregnancies." (There's a folksong about making babies in Dublin by steam, but.....) Highly recommended.

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS (Ace, 60¢) Sort of a printed version of Oscar Brand's "Bawdy Songs" record series. The verses aren't entirely the same but there are numerous similarities. The book has one irritating point; instead of "dirty" words, asterisks are substituted. This has been reprinted from earlier British originals; maybe the ***** was necessary at the time, but it's an annoying affectation now. Otherwise, these versions are somewhat more vulgar than Brand's; he had to clean his up somewhat in order to get them on record, apparently. Not all that great, really, but somewhat interesting.

THE UNKNOWN AJAX, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢) Two more reasonably good Heyers; THE TALISMAN RING, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) though perhaps not top quality. There is still the quality of amusement at the follies of mankind, which is not precisely usual in a romance. (A Heyer hero or heroine tends to stand back in amused exasperation at the antics of his or her fellow characters, and the reader identifies thoroughly; or at least this reader does.)

LOCO, by Lee Hoffman (Dell, 60¢) Lee has a fairly good standard-type western this time, with one of her patented "unusual" heroes. I can't say I really believe in this one very much, but he's interesting.

LONG RUN, by Nelson Nye (Ace, 60¢) I'm going to have to quit reading westerns just because the cover says they've won the "Spur" award - if you have doubts about the quality of the Hugos, read a few Spur winners at random some time. I rather like Nye as a rule, but the novel is nothing extra; not up to Hoffman's, definitely.

COLLECTED SPEECHES OF SPIRO AGNEW (Audobon, 95¢) Quite frankly, I couldn't read it, but if you have a secret desire to wallow in Agnew, now you can.

I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE, by "Boris Vian" (Audobon, 95¢) At least, I think someone said that was a pseudonym; maybe not. It's a thoroughly ridiculous book. Supposed to be filled with violence, sex and racism but it's so overwritten that it becomes a self-parody and absolutely hilarious. Hardly worth 95¢, but if you find one secondhand for a dime.....

THE GOLDEN PAGANS, by Peter Bourne (Ace, 95¢) Pretty typical historical novel. Presumably resurrected for this edition because much of the action takes place in ancient Cambodia. Moderately interesting background, but I prefer my history straight.

SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW TV, by Donald Kennedy (Ace, 75¢) Quiz book; the sort of thing that leaves me utterly cold. Some moderately interesting photos.

THE GLORIOUS DECADE, by Tedd Thomey (Ace, 95¢) TV in the 1950s. Top shows listed in the blurb are "Your Show of Shows", "Studio One", "Milton Berle", "The \$64,000 Question", "Wyatt Earp", "Sergeant Bilko", "Our Miss Brooks", and "Davy Crockett". Which, all in all, is a pretty good recommendation for leaving tv of the 1950s in deserved oblivion. The book is well enough done, if you have any nostalgia for that era. I don't.

THE SEXUAL POWER OF MARIJUANA, by Barbara Lewis (Ace, 95¢) I'm fascinated by that title. It's one of those classic sales-makers, like the apocryphal "French Doctor's Dog", or "Sin In The White House". This is a pro-pot book, and while I'm mildly pro-pot myself I found it every bit as unrealistic as the anti-articles that class smokers as drug addicts. It's not worth buying - but I'll bet millions of people did, hooked by that magnificent title.

PROPHETS WITHOUT HONOR, by Max Hassell (Ace, 75¢) Somewhat tortured efforts to make various prophecies relate to actual events. (Some of them actually do seem quite accurate - but not many.)

CARAVAN OF THE OCCULT, by John Macklin (Ace, 60¢) Typical hodgepodge of "supernatural" events, most of which I can cheerfully disbelieve in their entirety. (I do actually have a sneaking suspicion that "there are more things in heaven and earth", etc, but Macklin has never done anything to augment it.)

"Reading two Georgette Heyer books is like eating the same peanut twice." ... Alex Eisenstein (for shame, Alex; they're exceedingly enjoyable peanuts)

GRUMBLINGS...

Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401

Yandro 203 arrived yesterday and helped immensely in buoying up my spirits on a gusty, drizzly day. Liz was in her usual top form (doesn't she ever write mediocre columns?). I don't think I'll ever see a kiddie queue for Santa again without chuckling. Fact or fiction, the thought of breaking the complacency of those mindlessly, ever-smiling Santa's helpers is to be treasured.

As to Mr. Lien's comments re: Buck Rogers/Flash Gordon and the fiction published in the 30's concerning the latter -- he seems to find the plots extremely amusing. I fail to see why. Their content seems to equal, and in many cases surpass, our current media's (i.e. TV & film) notions of sf.

RED MOON AND MOUNTAIN, finished that last week. It was expressly described as fantasy on the jacket blurb ('equal to Tolkien!!!'), but thought I'd try it anyway. Can't say I cared for it all that much. She kept referring to the land and the gods as if we should know she was referring to (like when authors toss in obscure references to Nordic goddesses or the like and you feel so proud of yourself when you know what they meant). But since it was all fictitious, the reader doesn't stand a chance. Don't think her antagonist was all that scary, either. But it's her first novel; she may improve later. One thing amused me; she had a habit of describing somethings in a saga-like manner (Black it was, like a...). Don't know why, but I chuckled every time I came across a sentence structured like that. It sounds so pretentious, artificial. If it was a quote from some old tribal tale or words on a cracked and peeling manuscript on vellum, it would have been different; but just as run-of-the-mill description it didn't ring true.

Hate to have borrowed books in the house. Ever since one fella at work lent Wally a volume of (Oops! There goes the name...that couple who write all those history books. Sheesh! Got Jello for brains. Right on the tip of my tongue...) Anyway, an OLD volume of Near Eastern history. Our puppy-of-the-moment decided it made the perfect teeth-ing ring. Took us months of traipsing downtown before we could duplicate it. Never again! Even pbs make me nervous now.

Mildly amusing. Fans of literature that is based on unreality, or the not-yet-real, seem more down to earth than the general public. Anyway, I find the bulk to be the openest, ready-to-welcome, nicest people I've met. After PTAs and other 'groups', it's like making contact with a Lost Civilization. 'Boz' and Johnson would have felt right at home.

True 'nuff, age doesn't make that much difference, fans just seem to openly acknowledge the fact. That was one thing that struck me so; a conversational group might have age groups from late teens to early sixties, and unless you looked, you wouldn't have been able to tell by what was said...everyone seemed to simply mesh right in with everyone else.

Perhaps PeCon wasn't representative of most cons. I know that I didn't see any of the Ogres that are supposedly abounding in fandom.

Read Farmer's FABULOUS RIVERBOAT (or first installment of same) in If this week. My Ghod...to beat a phrase to death...where did he ever get the idea? When I first heard about it I figured he'd never be able to make anything that weird-sounding plausible. But my Suspension of Disbelief must be functioning quite well, since I was caught right up with the story. Maybe seeing MARK TWAIN TONIGHT the night before put me in the right mood. That gonna be some series! *sigh* Those talented people get me...

/The above excerpted from about 18 letters. I imagine Dennis finds much of today's sf equally diverting; I certainly do. (Actually, of course, Jackie did meet one of fandom's Ogres -- me -- at the PeCon, but she's young and innocent and believes the best of me.) RSC/

Liz Fishman, 312 East Drive, Oakwood, OH 45419

Sandra Miesel isn't the only one to grab the wrong cooking ingredient: this morning I poured cooking oil over Ozzie's French toast when he specifically asked for syrup. Rotten wanted cinnamon on his English muffin and I gave him paprika; I thought the contents of the coffee pot was plain hot water and poured it over my mother's tea bag -- it was coffee, of all things.

And while we're in this same groove: I towed Rotten after his shower and then reached for the talcum powder. I grabbed the plastic bottle and squirted the kid's back liberally with shampoo. I did think his screams of protest were unnecessarily loud. After all, he didn't yell nearly as much as when he tested the potency of a soup-spoonful of horseradish. In fact, he was barely able to talk. And I know just how he felt. I find it very hard to forget the day Ozzie brought home a jar of long green Mexican hot peppers. I didn't know they were any more than long and green peppers. I bit one in half and chewed. That's when I found out they were long, green, hot peppers. As I ran to the refrigerator for the jar of ice water Ozzie mentioned the Mexican part.

Dennis Lien's article in #204 was wonderful, and it was worth the long wait between his appearances in Yandro. I wish you'd pester him for more and frequent contributions; I like his writing so much and there's just too little of it. And on this Pass-over Eve thoughts are turned to the Passion and Martyrdom of St. Harlan: I believe every word of the field investigator's report submitted to the Sacred Congregation on the Feast of All Saints, 2075. And that's hard for someone who's never seen a miraculously incorrupt head, much less one preserved in a jeweled reliquary. You're right about Sandra; she does indeed write good.

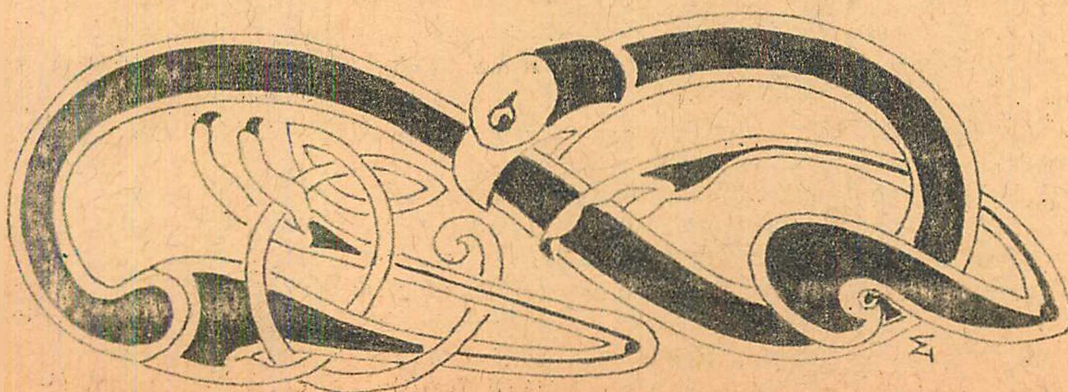
Dennis Lien, 530 E. Mabel St., Tucson, AZ. 85705

That was a pretty sadistic thing you did -- holding that Flash Gordon piece for 2½ years until Liz Fishman was invented, then running it right before one of her funnier columns. That's plain dirty, Coulson.

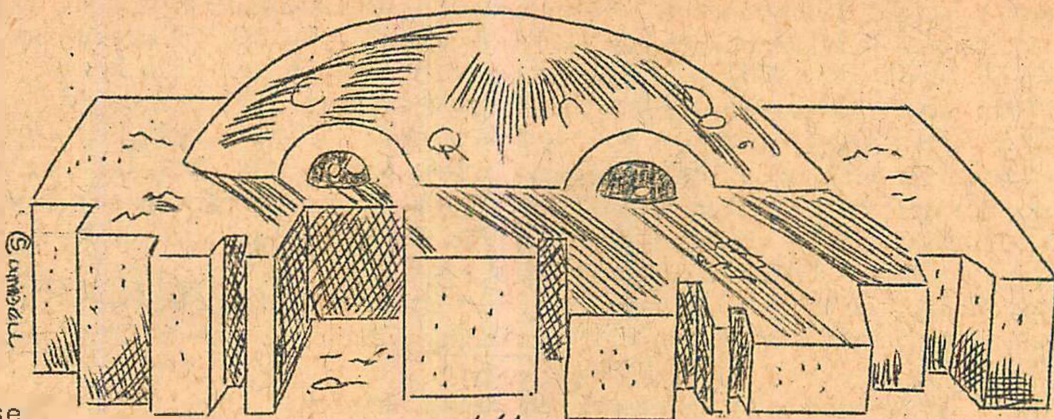
Re-reading my own article, I thought it held up a bit better than I'd remembered, but I'd write it differently today -- shorter and with much less effort to emphasize every bloody idiocy. Many of them could have better spoken for themselves. Still, I enjoyed reading it, so my compliments to the author. But more compliments to Liz: I'm tempted to join the worldcon just to give her another vote for Best Fanwriter. Not that she should need one more vote. When Buck Coulson and Dick Geis agree on something...

This has been a bad month for fanning. First Virgil Finlay, my all-time favorite sf artist, died. Then yesterday Locus arrived with the news that Magazine of Horror and its companions -- my favorite prozines -- were dead and that Amazing and Fantastic

-- my next favorites -- were on the verge again/still. And all month, re the last Apollo shot, I kept running into the same newspaper and magazine-article-writing sheepcries of whatdamngood is space anyhow and isn't one world really



enough all that. If Spiro Agnew is serious about "On to Mars" I'd be tempted to vote for him next chance I get on that basis alone. (It would have to be that basis alone; there's no other basis I could stand him on, obviously.) Well, "tempted" is safe enough, and I suppose I really wouldn't.



How about starting a drive to give Magazine of Horror a Hugo. Let's see, I'd vote for it, and George Wells, and -- well, two votes aren't bad. Or maybe Amazing needs it more.

Couple of local news notes I was going to clip and send you but didn't. One on a guy who had an argument with his wife at a party and sent her home to the tent where they lived (city limits and all). A couple hours later, being madder and madder (or drunker), he went home himself in the family truck and drove over the tent twice. He was arrested as he tried for a third run. The wife apparently escaped with minor injuries.

The other was an obituary of a woman who'd lived only a dozen blocks or so from me last year (maybe 30 blocks now). Not too special, except that she lived underground. Seems that 20 years or so ago, someone had convinced her that a new Ice Age was coming and that only those used to the cold would survive. So she bought the vacant lot next door and started digging and digging. The Ice Age never showed up (which explains why the rest of the family, who stayed in the house, also survived), but the underground living did do wonders for her arthritis.

#203: Re DICTIONARY OF INTERNATIONAL BIOGRAPHY, I suspect they sell chiefly to people whom they include, but I don't know if they include people to whom they don't sell. WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES is the same racket; I was in the 1967 volume (or should have been), but I've never seen a copy -- libraries, even college libraries, never buy it and I wasn't about to.

I thought Dave Locke's column in #203 was the best he's had in Yandro -- much funny. With Locke and Fishman and Hensley around, you don't really want me to do a column, right? (Well, you didn't have to agree that fast.) Maybe this fall...

My Ghu, I just realized that #203 also featured the best Liz Fishman column you've run, and that, sir, is high praise. I've read it four times. Right on.

Two of Roberts' "Anita" stories appeared recently in F&SF; I don't know how many were in Impulse or if the two in F&SF were included in the book. If it really matters.

Congrats, by the way, on getting a story in Amazing's 45th Anniversary Issue. (I didn't care for it, but what the hell...) At the current rate of reprinting, I'll expect to drr it in the Super Science Unknown World Galaxy Yearbook for 1972. (Ditto to Juanita for the If story which I haven't yet read.).

Hugo nominees: I've read only 2½ of the six novels you list and would give the edge to RINGWORLD over YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN. The Russ I couldn't finish and the rest I haven't read. Two of the four novellas: "The Snow Women" over "Longtooth," though as with the novel, either would be acceptable. You have good taste. I've read four of the ten shorts you list and would call only "Bear" of Hugo caliber. Well, maybe "Tom Cat." I forget what I voted for in the Locus poll, thought I recall that "Bear" and Lowndes' "The Road to Nowhere" (MOH) were among them. Magazine: Startling Mystery Stories, Mag of Horror, Fantastic, F&SF, Amazing, Galaxy, and the rest I don't read.

And I note that for the second straight year, you've listed me 5th for "Best Fan Writer". I'm flattered but somewhat puzzled, since my total fannish putput during 1970

consisted of a few limericks in Amra, a feghootling in BeaBohema, and maybe half a dozen published letters. You really dig limericks, huh?

Not only did I never see the pb of EARTHMAN'S BURDEN I never saw the pb of CREATURES OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS, and both, as I recall, are from Avon. I could make some gag here about Avon calling and Tucson not answering, but I won't.

My bicycle was insulted a couple weeks ago. (Bike's name, by the way, is Eochaid Muigmedon, pronounced roughly "Yucky Mug-may-dun", and I'll let you guess what it means and promise a free copy of a Mexican "Frankenstein" comic to the first correct answer -- or maybe I should offer a free copy of Beyond Infinity? Or Witchcraft and Sorcery?) Anyway, onward: I locked it inaa bike rack on campus and didn't get back to it for a couple days. When I did, I expected old Eochaid to have been stolen, but not so. Someone had unscrewed and stolen the headlight. Someone had cut the chain and taken it away.

The bicycle was sitting unsecured, and unstolen.

That's an insult.

The Arizona Highway Patrol (which calls itself the Department of Public Safety) pulled a surprise raid on the Pima County Sheriff's Office last week and seized all of his records. The Patrol was inspired by the State Attorney General and the Tucson Daily Citizen. I would not like to say Sheriff Burr is notoriously crooked, so let's change the subject: seen any good dog's hind legs lately?

Then yesterday the Sheriff's Dept. lost a plane -- that is, they had a smuggler's out-of-gas plane staked out in the foothills. Along come three men, gas it up, one gets in and flies it away before the deputy realizes what's happening and grabs the other two. It is explained that the Dept. thought the plane was cracked up as well as out of gas. If that explains anything.

Tucson is more fun than real life. Sometimes.

Our Mayor hasn't bitten any young lovelies on the leg lately (or didn't you ever hear about that -- it got national play) but the papers had a pic of him, drunken and disheveled, dancing at a local discotheque last week. He's the one who told us two years ago that he'd just had a talk with Joe Bonano and Joe had assured him the Mafia wasn't doing anything in Tucson...

Which reminds me: I had a Mafioso (really true) in my class this semester. Flunked him, too, after he stopped showing. So if your next Yandro comes back marked "Address-see Deceased", call in the FBI.

Also had an incredibly clumsy plagiarist. She stole much of her paper word for word from Monarch Notes, then cited Monarch Notes elsewhere in her paper so that I could scarcely miss discovering it, then made up a phony book by Virgil Whittaker, to ascribe part of it to, then spelled Whittaker as Whitker to arouse my suspicions yet higher -- all this after originally turning in a rough draft with no strike-overs, revisions, or anything else. I failed her for the course, less out of ethics than out of the feeling she was too stupid to be released upon the world and breed her kind.

Then there was the girl who interpreted Shakespeare's 94th sonnet as an apology for Richard Nixon. Maybe she was thinking of Frank Shakespeare. I dittoed off copies of that one to preserve for posterity, and perhaps I'll submit one later. That girl I passed -- barely -- if only out of gratitude for the cruel laughter she provided with that final.

I read THE MARX BROTHERS AT THE MOVIES on your recommendation and enjoyed it -- the more so because I'd just read an inferior work on the same subject: THE MARX BROTHERS: THEIR WORLD AND COMEDY (author forgotten), in the same series as Baxter's book on sf movies. "Inferior" because the author tries desperately to convince his audience -- and himself? -- that his subject is Significant; and his chief tool in doing so is analyzing the jokes. Endlessly. "This is funny because of the unconscious association of..." and on for half a page to explain why we laugh at one of Grouche's gags. Furthermore, the book seems to be written with a largely non-native English-speaking audience in mind, so the puns in particular receive careful treatment. One shudders after a couple chapters of this.

"When was the last time you saw John W. Campbell's name in a fanzine?" Well, I see

his name in fanzines all the time. He seldom contributes to them, but I see his name in them all the time. I also see the names Robert A. Heinlein, Hans Helmut Kirst, Spiro Agnew, and Jesus Christ in fanzines all the time. So far I haven't seen much by them, though.

/Well, you can't bring back Magazine of Horror, and a Hugo might help convince Sol Cohen to keep Amazing going a while longer... (Vote for Amazing; it's been sick.) RSC/

Thomas Burnett Swann, Sequoyah Square Apts., #610, 3636 Taliluna Ave., Knoxville, TN 37919

Curiously, after I wrote that article of undiluted praise, I read Nathan's latest novel, MIA, and thought it his poorest. His heroine is a ghost of the memorable Jennie, and the hero-narrator seems to be Nathan himself again in disguise, just like the narrator in PORTRAIT OF JENNIE. Only now Nathan is a much, much older man, and yet he still has the same half-amorous inclination toward young girls. There was something almost perverse in the book which seemed out of place and troubling, and included with the author not even realizing it. I don't mean that Nathan doesn't have the right to write a LOLITA if he wants to. Only that in this case he seemed to be aiming at a Tennysonian lyricism but came out at times with Baudelairian undertones. The book seems to have gone almost unnoticed, and maybe it's just as well.

The Forbin Project doesn't seem to be playing anywhere right now, if I may judge from Variety listings. It will probably reappear as part of a double feature, like that neat little horror story, The Mad Room, which won several critical raves but didn't catch on with audiences. Meanwhile, watch for Brewster McCloud. I liked it very much before I read in Playboy that it was terrible, and I still like it. Playboy saw it as a comedy that failed, but it had a pathos which wasn't even mentioned in the review. Sally (Hot Lips) Kellerman played a bird woman who had lost her wings and was trying to get them back vicariously by helping a young boy build some mechanical wings and fly up into the heavens (and maybe to Heaven -- the symbolism was ambiguous but pleasingly so). Anyway, Sally, who looked very different from the raunchy nurse she played in M.A.S.H., was alluring enough to inspire just about anybody to build wings.

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

As John put it "204 was a rare issue of Yandro". Those who moan about the lack of good humorous fanwriting obviously are not reading Yandro. Dennis Lien deserves some kind of award not only for the considerable humor of his article but for sheer endurance in reading that horrid old stuff.

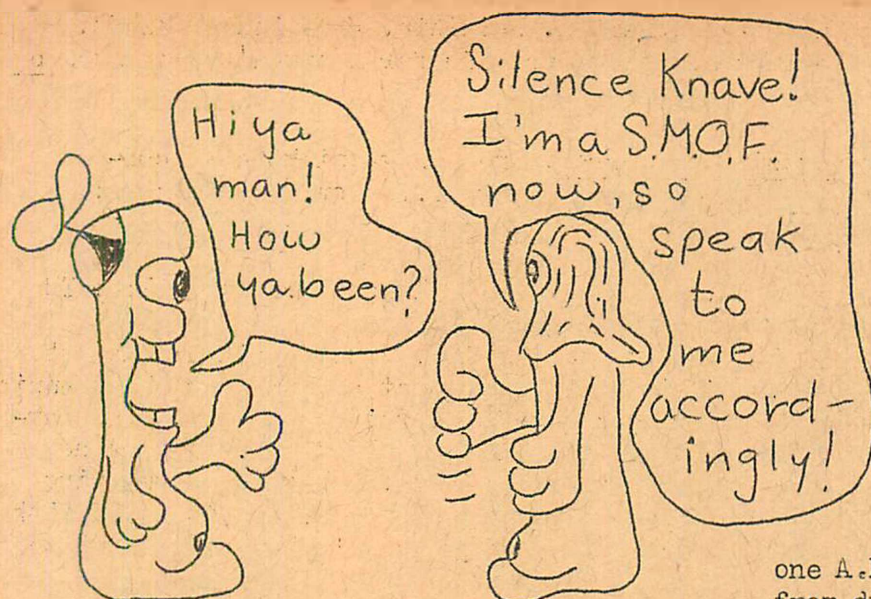
QUARK # 2 is out. If anything, uglier than #1, and it's bad enough. I might send them a poem. People ought to take up a collection to anonymously send him a packet of beautiful fanzines. Show them what "superb graphics" really are!

The Nebulas didn't displease us too much. Poul's comment on the "no award" for short story: "Perhaps Damon Knight will realize people are trying to tell him something." We were of course delighted that TAU ZERO made the Hugo ballot, even if there's no chance it will win. (But the paperback comes out in June...) But as wise old fans, can you enlighten us as to the identity of Tom Digby? For all the fanzines I get, I've never heard of this person.

/When I received the letter I didn't know who Tom Digby was, either; it was only later that I noticed his name in several apas. I was tempted to run "Who The Hell Is Tom Digby?" interlineations all over this issue, but decided it would smack too much of Ted-Whiteism. RSC/

Hank Davis, Box 154, Loyall, KY 40854

By now you have probably seen the final Nebula ballot -- don't most of the SFWs of A have abominable taste, though? Speaking of Hugos, though, I'd like to see the original anthologies like ORBIT and BEST WRITINGS IN SF, etc., competing with the prozines for



for the prozine Hugo. Come to think of it, I don't guess that the transfigured NEW WORLDS will be eligible. Or will it? And I don't think Dickson's TACTICS OF MISTAKE is eligible, for the last installment appeared in the Jan 71 Analog.

When I read something really funny, I don't just sit around with a sedate smile on my face -- I laugh out loud. Trouble was, I was reading Dennis Lien's synopsis of Flash Gordon with running commentary at one A.M. and had to struggle to keep from disturbing the peace. Funniest dissection I've read since Damon Knight's Knight's post mortem on KINSMAN OF THE DRAGON. Much as I hate to say it, Liz

Fishman and Sandra Miesel came in behind Lien this issue.

I suppose I should be grateful for Bob Shaw's praise of my ST parody, but I wrote it as affectionate chiding, not a put down, or to provide ammunition for the ST-haters. Besides, if he had been paying attention to the episode with the American Indians on another planet, or the Nazi-based civilization one, he would have heard explanations for how things got that way...not very good ones, but they did try. (By the way, did anyone else share my reaction to the Indian episode? Seemed to me like the sound track didn't match what the characters were saying, like it was a foreign film with a dubbed soundtrack. And the misty photography was unusual for ST, too. As usual, though, the script writer had no conception of astronomical distances.) Still, I'm glad he liked it.

Were you watching Rod Serling's NIGHT GALLERY while it was on? I thought most of the offerings were lousy, the worst being the one where astronauts on the Moon are attacked by giant mice... And several of the Rod Serling original scripts demonstrated his usual faults -- of telegraphing the "surprise" ending and of obsession with the theme of unhappy man goes back to the past and better times. (About the only reason I could see for going back into the past would be the opportunity to pick up Weird Tales for two bits off the stand. And maybe reading Heinlein's stories on their first appearance...) But one episode, Serling's adaptation of Kornbluth's "The Little Black Bag", was excellent, and unless I see COLOSSUS before April 1 and rate it higher, I'm nominating it for the dramatic production Hugo. The next best thing I have seen was the TV movie version of Siodmak's novel HAUSER'S MEMORY (and a surprisingly faithful adaptation it was). The worst offering in this category, of course, was CITY BENEATH THE SEA. Starring the flying sub from VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, and a mustached Richard Basehart as the U.S. President. I don't think they mentioned his name -- maybe he was President Nelson! High point of the show was when they decided that the asteroid had to be unusually heavy because it was falling so fast...which means that not only did Galileo Galilei goof, but Einstein's General Relativity is in trouble. I had the feeling that Irwin Allen had read Blish and Knight's A TORRENT OF FACES and decided to steal a couple of ideas. Script was by Allen and John Meredyth Lucas...and Lucas did such a good script for "The Changeling" on ST. Tsk tsk.

Have you seen the fourth issue of Worlds of Fantasy? Ruth Berman has a story in it which is an adaptation of the Star Trek story she had in the first Spockanalia (re-printed from some apa). Since Juanita did the illustrations for it, she probably will remember it. (Lucky thing, too, since there are no illos in the WOF version.) The Enterprisers have been transformed into the crew of a jetliner.

I hate to be the one to tell you this...but Yandro #205 is numbered "201" on the contents page.

If a comedian had a robot straight man built of light metal, and a competing comedian had a warlock put a curse on the robot so that it began delivering jokes better than those of the first comedian, wouldn't he have to say, "Curses, foiled again"?

Have you seen QUARK #2? This one eschews that reactionary hanger-on from the pulp magazines known as a table of contents. Wow! That's real experimentation. And I'm interested that it costs 50¢ a copy more than ORBIT, but the rates, as listed in the SFWA Bulletin, are no higher than ORBIT pays. It must be nice, Paperback Library. Still, I'm glad I got the second QUARK, for it has an excellent story by Lawrence Yep, "The Electric Neon Mermaid" -- terrible title, ignore the title. (Since there is no anti-quoted, reactionary table of contents, maybe I should say it starts on pg. 209.) Yep apparently has written only one other story, "The Selchey Kids" in the 2/68 If, reprinted in the Ace "World's Best" anthology for 1969. I thought it the best novelet of 1968, but apparently not enough people agreed with me, since it made neither the Nebula nor Hugo ballots.

Doggone, Buck, here you're always complaining in fanzine reviews about faneds who put text on both sides of an illo-fillo, and on pg 34 the text of Vardeman's letter is on both sides of that ferm. But, on the other hand, since it happened right after Bob put down my choice of Leinster's THE BLACK GALAXY for hb publication, I don't mind muchly.

/Don't worry, you weren't the only reader to tell us about the goof; at least 12 people wrote in, either smugly superior or totally confused -- including one sharpie who had never received previous issues but figured out from internal evidence that something was wrong. RSC/

Joe Christopher, 820 Charlotte, Stephenville, TX 76401

Eight pages of book reviews in Yandro 205, most of which books I'll never get, let alone read. Sometimes I get depressed.

One thing I have read recently, though, is Wollheim's UNIVERSE MAKERS. I thought it a good book over all, with a highly interesting analysis of the far-future assumptions of sf writers. This is Chapter 9 -- an eight-step future-history process. It immediately follows a chapter on Asimov's FOUNDATION trilogy. Some fan is going to point out that it may fit Asimov but it doesn't fit Heinlein, etc., but I think Wollheim is generally right here. (Fans are going to get upset by a number of other things also: Tolkien fans by Wollheim's casual taking part credit of the Tolkien boom, without mentioning the royalties squabble; Analog fans with Wollheim's explanation that Campbell's reactionary beliefs make him the perfect editor politically for a scientists' read magazine, to mention the two most obvious points.

See Juanita is worrying about children seeing SESAME STREET. My six-year-old son, (recently six, so he's in kindergarten) is required by his parents to watch the program, which he dislikes. (His sister in the second grade rather likes it.) But I notice he has learned to read his numbers, which is better than that sister was doing at his age.

REG
1417



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

Joe L. Hensley's column was the best I've seen from him in some time; it was thoroughly terse and humor-'ific' enough to provide a too short respite from periodic fits of depression that the calendar's promise of spring yet unfulfilled has been leaving scattered around here like stray piles of snow -- and there are still quite a few of them about. It was sooo good, in fact, that I might even manage to overcome my inertia toward mysteries and try his DELIVER US TO EVIL, if the donkey train has made it over the mountains. Hensley's plug for Tucker's YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN makes me look forward to a few years hence when it gets here; I can still remember vividly Tucker's LONG, LOUD SILENCE, which has got to be the after-the-war novel, and it's been a hell of a long time since I read it.

Spring's latecoming must be really having drastic effects on me, 'cause it seems to be jading me toward Liz Fishman's columns. (Now watch the fits of rage hit me.) I thoroughly (that word again) enjoyed the first several she had in last year's Yandros, but this one's got me like something unwelcomed in the throat. I guess, if I examined it closely, it wouldn't be the column's fault per se, but rather the fault of Rotten's reappearance. I suppose I could enjoy the collection of THE MISADVENTURES OF ROTTEN by Liz Fishman, but his visit every few months is leaving me unfulfilled. Can't say I had the same reaction to Liz's experiences at the toy dept., as it put her life of mundane misfortune into a different locale, and was therefore refreshing in the extreme. Maybe it's this thing I've got about kids underfoot...

In case you haven't done it yourself yet, might I add my urge to have fans send \$3 to Avram Davidson (824 Sutro Avenue, Novato, CA 94947) for a hb copy of his THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR, as pointed out in Energumen #4. It is a real bargain, and a good way to slap the wrists of Doubleday.

Larry Propp, 3127 N. Sheridan Rd., Peoria, IL 61604

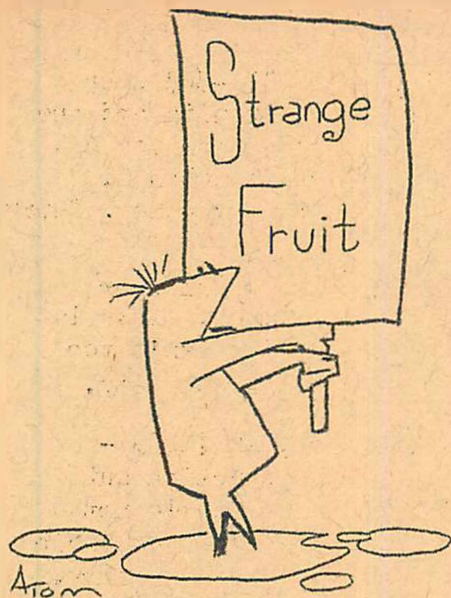
Your comments on the "new" Zodiac are also shared by a friend of mine. He was an actor who constantly found himself in rather fishy parts and working for scale. Now that he is no longer a Pisces, perhaps his lot will improve.

Along with that "deal" from your local record shop, have you received anything from the latest Reader's Digest Sweepstakes? First of all, the thing is written in such a way that it suggests that only two or three people in Peoria got one; they credited my father (erroneously) with owning my Triumph, so I won't be in the running this year. The thing that amazes me is that each booklet (which runs to eight or ten 4" x 6" pages) contains the recipient's name several times in what is very close to the same typeface. Even if a computer printout assembly was used to make them up, that is one hell of an expense for them to assume.

Joe Ross sent me the following (in Res Ipsa Loquitur, his personalzine); since I don't know his circulation, I'm passing it on to you, as I get very mad when I think of the article and think more people should know about it:

The U.S. Patent Office has decided to register the peace symbol as a commercial trademark. The two firms that have applied for registration are International Shoe Corp., which uses the symbol on shoes, boots, and sandals, and Luv, Inc., which makes "boutique high fashion clothing for the junior customer." The Trademark Trial and Appeal Board will pick the winner, based mainly on which firm used the emblem first. C.M. Wendt, director of the Patent Office's trademark examining office, said, "If this were the accepted symbol of the Quakers, or any organized religious sect which is absolutely pacifistic, we would not register it." Vincent F. McGee, executive secretary of Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace, said, "They're trying to make money on something that should be beyond commercialization."

Now this whole thing raises some interesting possibilities. Can you just see the next time a peace demonstration is organized against some war in the U.S., the whole lot of "hippie, pinko, free-loading jackals" being busted by Federal agents for patent infringement? People as where the ScW of yesteryears is; I think it is just getting expended on the antics of Federal bureaucracies rather than sf, that's all.



Apanage #4 (OE Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, TX 77566) An apa devoted to children's fantasy. Dues aren't listed, but activity requirements are 1 to 4 pages each mailing and mailings are ...hmm. Monthly? If you send in more than 4 pages, they charge you for the extra postage. This round Joanne Burger reviews TAASH AND THE JESTERS by Ellen Kindt McKenzie (there's one I never heard of before) and talks about children's radio shows; Joyce O'Dell mentions several books, a few of which I've heard, and nostalgizes very well about childhood experiences; Rose Hogue introduces herself to the group; Ruth Berman writes about George MacDonald and William Morris (you sure you're in the right group, there?); Devra Langsam mentions several books and agrees with me that RED MOON, BLACK MOUNTAIN is a juvenile; Dave Hulan introduces himself and writes about books and military history (he reads the same books I do, too; it's unnerving -- at least I can disagree with him about the Chant book), and all of them plus Mike

Yampolinsky, Mike Dobson, and Ned Brooks have mailing comments. Whole mailing runs 23 full-sized pages plus 16 half-sized; easy enough to read. I think the 4-page maximum may tend to restrict discussion, but perhaps not. I gather that if you are interested in children's fantasy, memberships are open.

APA-L #301 thru 307 (OE Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., Apt 1, Culver City, CA 90230) Major item in all this stuff is the wrap-around cover for #302 by Alan Frisbie; perhaps the best fanzine cover I have ever seen, and probably the most expensively reproduced. Material is largely mailing comments, but there are occasional articles and such.

Dol Cirith Ungol #5, 6; Shagrat #11; Muzgash #4, 5; Rainy Day Woman #1 (George Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, NY 14603) These are all various and sundry Cult fanzines. George puts in a pitch for Cult membership, together with people to write to, but since all that would be out of date by now if you're interested write George. Mostly the usual apa material; comments on comments, etc. John Boardman has a humorous item in one.

Orcrist #4 (Richard West, 614 Langdon St., Madison, WI 53703 - \$1 @) A nicely produced offset fanzine from Tolkien fandom. Personally I don't feel that Tolkien has written enough to support an entire fandom (and reading parts of this convinces me) but then I was never very interested in minute bibliographic details. If you are, you might well enjoy this.

Australian Tolkien Society Newsletter #3 (Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St., Hobart, Tas. 7000) Pretty much what it says; a two-pager with international Tolkien news.

Train of Thought #5 (Mike Towry, 3241 Mobley St., San Diego, CA 92123 - 30¢ @) Comics fanzine; primary article is an interview with Jack Kirby. There's also a rather pretentious article on the Kirby DC comics, and part of a continued story. Offset reproduction. One of the middle-class comics fanzines.

Space and Time #10 (Gordon & Becky Linzner, 83-10 118th St., Apt 4M, Kew Gardens, NY 11415 - quarterly - 1/25¢) My reaction to this amateur comic book was "oog!" but Juanita informs me that the drawing isn't much poorer than that in some professional comic books. (The writing couldn't be, considering the writing level of most comics.) Offset reproduction.

Special Series #1 (Richard Small, 420 East Call St., Apt #1, Tallahassee, FL 32301 - \$1) This is a thick one, and each issue will, apparently, be devoted to a different phase of comic fandom. This one covers collecting newspaper comic strips. (I can't

think of a less interesting subject for me, but if it turns you one...) There is also an article on an unusual French-language comic strip from Louisiana. It's an incredibly bad strip (samples are shown) but a quite fascinating article; and an interview with political cartoonist Doug Marlette. Looks like this will be a winner for comics fans.

T-Negative #10 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417 -50¢ @ or 5/\$2) One of the "Star Trek" fanzines. Two items of fiction; one by Juanita and one by Jacqueline Lichtenberg. (In case any would-be writer wants to know where you get them crazy ideas, the take-off point for Juanita's story was her favorite Alan E. Nourse novelet "High Threshold".) Plus an interview with Nimoy by Dorothy Jones. Thick fanzine, but not really my type.

Dark Shadows #1 (Ronald Lowy, 2661 West 2nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11223 - no price or schedule listed) Even less my type, since I didn't even see the show much. This is more of a promise of things to come than a going fanzine, but the promise isn't too great; all of the immaturity of the poorer comics fanzines is present in quantity.

Epilogue #3 (Jennings...Bob, I guess...7605 Sandra Drive, Little Rock, AR 72209 - monthly - 25¢ @) This is an old-time radio fandom fanzine. Fine reproduction but poor layout; it's occasionally difficult to recall who's writing what, and I'm not even sure who the editor is. (Not that I care, really.) I enjoyed a good many radio shows (far more than I do tv shows) and I might like a fanzine devoted to the genre. But this isn't it.

The Gamesletter Vol7#25 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton MD 20906 - 4-6 weekly - 6/\$1) A news magazine of game fandom.

A.R.A. Bulletin #90, 91 (Dean Grennell, PO Box 341, Covina, CA 91722) A news and how to fanzine of handloading fandom. How to load the 11 mm Mauser, a new muzzle-loading rifle being marketed, etc. I rather enjoy it, though I don't suppose the average fan would find it very interesting.

Stan's Weekly Express #68, 69 (PO Box 207, Daytonview Station, Dayton, OH 45406 - 4/\$1) A sale and trade fanzine; highly regarded. Primarily comics, but pulp magazines, slicks and hardcovers are represented.

Serendip #70 thru 73 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 1¢ per page) A postal Diplomacy fanzine. This is aimed strictly at the people participating in the contest; there are extras for them, but not really too much for an outsider. Did you ever want to conquer the world? Start with Europe, via postal Diplomacy, first.

X-1 (Jeff Schalles, Box 288 GCC, Grove City, PA 16127 (This looks like it might be quite interesting, but the reproduction in my copy is so bad that I can't tell. Better luck next time. (Aside from JWC: since the illos produced all right, I suspect Jeff's typewriter is the culprit, rather than stencils. Try a different, sharp type faced typewriter for cutting stencils.)

Military-Industrial Complex #4 (John Kusske, Route #2, Hastings MN 55033) An apa-45 mag. Mailing comments which are self-explained enough to be interesting, and faan-fiction, technically quite adequate, if a bit melodramatic. Not bad at all.

zEEn #9, 10 (Earl & Jan Evers, 1406 Leavenworth St., San Francisco, CA 94109) If any of the rest of you wondered who the hell Tom Digby was when his name turned up on the Hugo ballot, he's in here - and presumably in other similar fanzines. (He isn't all that great, either.) Largely fan humor, which I generally don't read. (There are two basic types of fan humor, and this is the type that I don't like.) Earl's own stuff remains interesting, but I get terribly bored by all the other writers.

Potlatch #3 (Joyce Fisher, 59 Livingston St., Apt 6-B, Brooklyn NY 11201 - 35¢ @) Getting bigger as more material and letters come in. This is a nice, light enjoyable fanzine. I suppose one thing I like about it is that it's by people I know; I can tell by the author's name and the first sentence whether it's going to be worth my while to

finish that particular article or not, so I don't waste my time plowing grimly into material that I don't enjoy. I disagree more or less violently with most of Joyce's enthusiasms, but she presents them entertainingly. Rating...6

Sanders #2, 3 (Dave Nee, 208 Putnam Hall, 2650 Durant Ave., Berkeley, CA 94720 - 6/\$1) Another West Coast newsletter, though so far he seems to be doing more experimenting with format than he is publishing news. Rating...3

The Esoterica Review of Australia #1 (Michael O'Brien, address above - 15¢ @) This one seems to be entirely reviews and letters. Small fanzine so far; no telling where it's going.

Luna Monthly #21, 22 (Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, NJ 07649 - 35¢ @, \$4/12) Newsletter plus. Book reviews, of course; also the occasional article on science fiction. Regular columns on movies, comics, European stf, forthcoming books, etc. Offset reproduction; digest size. Rating...6

Locus #74 thru 80 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 - biweekly - 10/\$2) My major newsletter; fan and pro news, book reviews, fanzine reviews, other odds and ends and ads. Smaller than Luna; mimeographed. The major news usually appears here first, which makes up for things like extensive coverage of the Nebula Awards Banquet. Rating...8

Osfan #15, 16 (Doug Clark, 6218½ Hancock Avenue, St Louis, MO 63139 - can't find a price or schedule) By and I think mostly for the St. Louis club. The group seems to have discovered sex; I never saw so many ugly nudes in my life as decorate issue #15. Mostly the mag consists of light humor (so light I don't even feel most of it) and news of club affairs. (The numerous party reports, con reports, trip reports, etc., discourage me from reading too much of the mag, since I generally dislike this sort of thing.) Rating...3

Rune #20, 21, 22 (Minnesota Science Fiction Soc., 1350 Queen Avenue North, Minneapolis, MN 55411 - 10/\$1) This is dated monthly, but I got these with intervals of about 6 days between them; maybe the months are shorter in Minneapolis - up there closer to the Arctic Circle, you know. Another club mag, a bit smaller and more ambitious than Osfan. Offset reproduction; averages about 11 pages per issue. Artwork, including the nude on the cover of #22, is very good. Unfortunately, the major material here is a continued series on old Minneapolis fandom by Redd Boggs, and as far as I'm concerned old fanclub history is even less palatable than con reports. (#22 replaces the fanhistory with fan fiction...) Well, it's a neat appearing zine and I'm sure that sooner or later they'll print something (aside from the filk song in #20 and the nude in #22) that I like.

XRYMPH #1 (Norman Hochberg and Louis Stathis, Benedict College, RM E-013, State Univ. of New York, Stony Brook, NY 11790) This is primarily fan fiction. Sorry, people; with 300-plus "to-be-read" books on my shelves, I am not wasting time with fan fiction.

Aspidistra #1 (Susan Glicksohn, 267 St. George St., Apt 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, Canada - 25¢) Gee, the biggest aspidistra in the world is only 24 pages; I'm disappointed. Lovely reproduction. Material is non-science-fictional; ecology articles from Alex Gilliland and Rosemary Ulliot, long editorial, fiction which I didn't read (sorry, Sandra), verse which I did read, somewhat to my sorrow, a column of recipes, etc. Variety of material very well done. Rating...5

Science Fiction Review #42 (Dick Geis, PO Box 3116, Santa Monica, CA 90403 - 50¢ @) Dunno if this is the last issue or not; Geis has announced that he's quitting once again. (Wonder what charity he'll give the sub money to this time?) Actually he probably quit because I wrote a letter of comment on this issue; editors will do almost anything to avoid publishing my material. This is a big thick fanzine, loaded with reviews, letters, and vituperation, all relating to science fiction, plus some quite good articles (and one or two not quite so good). It has never been one of my favorite

fanzines, but it won two Hugoes, if that means anything.

Rating....8

The Port-O-San Times #1 (Richard Labonte, 53 Rosedale Ave., Ottawa 01, Ontario, Canada) This is a personality-mag, leaning heavily on the young, rock-pot-revolution addiction; the new conformist culture to replace the old conformist culture. I can't say I thought very highly of it, but if you really like the more "fannish" fanzines, by all means get a copy because this is a good one of the type.

Cepheid Variables #3 (Gary S. Mattingly, PO Box 117, College Station, Tx 77840 - 30¢) There are two typewriters used to cut stencils for this issue, and one of them had extremely dirty keys, resulting in spotty reproduction. Otherwise, this seems to be a club fanzine, aimed more at the newer fans. There is an article on cepheid variables; I tend to object to science articles in fanzines because I can read better ones any time I want to pick up a book, but this one is accurate enough. (But doesn't everyone already know what a cepheid variable is?) Material tends to be elementary, but not badly done.

Rating....4

Forum International #2 (Per Insulander, Midsommarvägen, 33, 126 35 Hågersten, Sweden 2/\$1) Big damned thing. This is an English-language fanzine, emphasis divided between European fannishness and serious discussions of science fiction. Very well done indeed. Some of the issue is a bit dated (the editor says it's almost a year late) but most of it is still quite interesting.

Rating....7

The Somerset Gazette #5 (Noel Kerr, PO Box 1267 L, GPO, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia - 4/\$1.50) The writing in here must be fabulous. We start off with a tribute to Erle Cox's OUT OF THE SILENCE (which I have never read), and I surprised myself by enjoying it. Then there's an article on cartoonists which isn't bad, and some Australian fan history by John Foyster, and despite my opinion of fan history in general, I enjoyed that. Then there is a trip report which is one of the funniest things I've read recently. I did dislike the comic strip, which relieved my mind; I was beginning to feel all my standards deserting me.

Rating....9

Energumen #5 (Michael Glicksohn, 267 Saint George St., Apt 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, Canada - 50¢) A nice variety of material; serious, fannish, and unusual (an example of the latter being the folio of George Barr's illustrated limericks). Of course, the absolute top item in the issue is the letter-article by Avram Davidson. It doesn't really tell me anything I didn't already know about the publishing industry, but it's so damned charming. Davidson is one of the most fascinating writers in the world -- I'll be even his laundry lists are entertaining.

Rating....7

Phantasmicom #4 (Donald G. Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore, MD 21207 - bimonthly - 50¢) Fiction, reviews, an upside-down page, editorials, lots of letters. Visibly improving, issue to issue.

Rating....5

SF Commentary #18 (Bruce Gillespie, PO Box 245, Ararat, Victoria 3377, Australia - monthly - 18/\$3, USAgent Charlie Brown) A very small issue because the editor is working on a giant issue for next time. (Next issue will cost you \$1 - or \$4 if you want it airmailed.) This time the major item is an assault by the editor on the direction that science fiction has taken since its beginnings. I disagree wholeheartedly with his analysis, but he has it well worked out. Some film reviews and a column fill out the issue.

Rating....5

Sandworm #12 (Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112 - 50¢) Strictly a personality-mag; all editorial ramblings and letters. This sort of thing depends entirely on what you think of the personality of the editor - I happen to find Sandworm one of the most entertaining fanzines around.

Sandworm Songbook # (These are winners or Vardeman's contest to write filk songs about DUNE. About all I can say is that I'm glad I don't have to read the losers. I liked Doris Beetem's parody of "The Streets of Laredo", but otherwise... even Gilliland isn't up to par. I suspect that DUNE wasn't meant for versifying.

Scottische #57 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surry, UK - quarterly. - 30¢ @ - USAgent Andrew Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY 11201) I get all these fanzines; two or three a day, sometimes. And they all are looked at to see what they are and tossed on a pile until I have time for them (which usually doesn't happen until it's time for fanzine reviews, which is one reason I dislike fanzine reviews). There is only one fanzine that I invariably read as soon as it arrives and that's Scot. (Sometimes I don't even look at Locus, though I usually do.) I suppose this is strictly a personality-zine now, too, though it didn't used to be. You have Ethel's book reviews, Ethel's editorial, and the letters. And I enjoy every page of it. Rating.....9

Haverings #47 (Ethel Lindsay, address above, 6/\$1) The best fanzine reviews going. Nothing else in the mag; just fanzine reviews. They're the only ones I read, as a rule. (Why should I read reviews? I've got the damned fanzines themselves, threatening to topple over on my head at any minute. But Ethel's reviews are entertaining.)

Heckmeck #25 (Mario Kwiat, 4192 Kalkar, Am Schlueskesgraben 1, Germany - 1/2 German Marks) Primarily in English, though there is a display of Russian stf art with captions in English, German, and Russian - I suppose Briney could check their skill at Translation, but I certainly can't. This issue has a large number of fanzine reviews, numerous photographically illustrated comments on HeiCon, the aforementioned Russian artfolio, and letters. Rating.....6

Dynatron #43 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107 - loc or trade) (Or perhaps #44, depending on whether you believe the cover or the editorial.) There's a fairly long review of FIVE FATES which I didn't read because I haven't read the book and I don't want it spoiled for me. (I may never read it, but I still don't want it spoiled.) There is other commentary on science fiction, fandom, and such odd events as that of a county commission in Washington state which passed a law providing a fine and jail sentence for anyone killing a Sasquatch. Everything by the editor (except letters, and I'm not sure about one or two of those). This is another of my favorites. I sometimes read it when it first arrives.

The Mentor #17 (Ron Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst, NSW, 2076, Australia - irregular, 25¢ @, trade, contrib, loc) Couple of items of fiction which I didn't read (not even the one by Jack Wodhams), article on censorship which Australia has even more of than we do, a few verses, letters, and a biography of Peter Darling, the first in a series on Australian fans. Not a particularly rewarding issue, this time, which is a surprise; usually it's quite good. Rating.....4

Canticles From Labowitz #7 (Gary Labowitz, 1100 Retzwood Dr., Norristown PA 19401 - 40¢) Primarily fan fiction, with a few book reviews and letters. With this came a reprint edition of the March 1936 Planeteer, a fanzine edited by James Blish. This is presumably a fascinating item if you're interested in fan history, but it contained mostly fan fiction, too (a story by Blish which is about the same quality as today's fan fiction), so I wasn't terribly impressed. Reproduction is excellent. This is a fanzine for a particular type of fan - and definitely not my particular type. Rating.....3

Up the Phloem #1 (Gary Labowitz, address above) A SAPS mag; since it's a first issue there are no mailing comments and it could be considered a personality-type zine. This one doesn't appear to be my type of personality.

Moebius Trip #7 (Ed Conner, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604 - 3/\$1) Some remarkably provocative material here. Leon Taylor points out that fandom can be useful if one knows how to use it. Perry Chapdelaine takes six pages to say that he's been misunderstood -- maybe if he wasn't so eager to believe, and state, the worst about everyone else he'd find others less eager to believe the worst about him. There are a couple of columns, book reviews, and letters. Rating.....6

The Pointed Stake #3 (Ed Conner, address above) A N'APA mag; gee, I wasn't sure N'APA

was still going. Primarily editorial natterings; more or less interesting.

The Fanarchist #2 (David Grigg, 1556, Main Rd., Research Vic 3095, Australia --15¢ or loc) This seems to be primarily a con report, plus a few letters, and an announcement of the Australian "Ditmars" awards. I didn't read it, but if you like con reports...

Argentine Science Fiction Review #1 (new series)(Hector Pessina, Casilla Correo Central 3869, Buenos Aires, Argentina - 40¢) Digest size, offset, English language. The major amount of space this time is devoted to Larry Niven - article, reviews, bibliography. There are also book reviews, an article on Hammers "Dracula" films by Dick Klemensen, and a somewhat elementary article on the future. With this came a publication; largely in Spanish, entirely devoted to "2001". Both mags are illustrated largely with photographs, which somewhat enhances their appeal (I've been corresponding off and on with Klemensen, but never before knew what he looked like.) Rating...6½

The Metaphysical Review #5 (Bruce Gillespie, address above) This is published for Anzapa, but contains fewer mailing comments in proportion to the rest of the material than most apazines do. Primarily this is the editor writing about the material he has read and most enjoyed in the past year. Which is quite helpful; one can't really compare biases with a reviewer until one knows what he likes. (As a sample; I had been wondering if I should spend money on the Italo Calvino paperbacks despite the poor record of their US publisher. Now I know that Gillespie likes Calvino's work, and I know what other work he likes, and I can save my money.)

Hypermodern #13 (Allan B. Calhamer, 501 N.Stone Ave., La Grange Park, IL 60525 - 50¢) Little digest-size fanzine, largely political, social, and mathematical. Well enough thought out, but I used up most of my interest in political-social arguments on Ted Pauls some years back and I don't have it back yet. For those of you who are still interested, this should be quite a thought-provoking mag.

Tachyon #1(Cy Chauvin, 17829 Peters, Roseville, MI - monthly - 20¢) This is the official newsletter of the "Future Terran League". Little three-pager, with a few reviews, a little news, a couple of verses. Hardly enough there to be able to judge the quality; this is a sort of notice that the fanzine is actually being published.

9 Res Ipsa Loquitur (Joe Ross, 20 Notre Dame Rd., Bedford MA 01730 - 30¢) This seems to be mostly devoted to unintentional political humor, a fertile field only occasionally tapped by fanzines such as Sandworm and Xandro. Somewhat marred by the fact that many of the illustrations are electrostencilled photos and are probably the worst examples of electrostencilling that I have ever seen. A majority of the items are both interesting and at least mildly funny, which is about all one can ask of a fanzine.

Rating.....5

Pegasus #7 (Joanne Burger, address above. - loc, contrib) I have a card from Joanne, saying there are no extra copies of this issue, due to trouble with the duplicator. So if you write for a copy, ask for #8. This has a bit of everything; reviews, a Liz Fishman poem, a ghost play, an alliterative story, a column on occultism, my column on old sf mags, etc. There has to be something in there you'll like. Rating.....7

Forthcoming SF Books (Burger, address above - 25¢) Some of them have already forthcome by now, but it's still a useful checklist.

Outworlds #7 (Bill & Joan Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton, OH 44203) This is primarily an art-oriented zine, but I believe the text is improving. A variety of material; fan-nishness from John Berry and Greg Benford, an account of an Apollo launch by Jodie Offutt, sentiment from Bill Wolfenbarger (I very nearly said "slush" and perhaps should have), about art by Steve Fabian, freeze-drying by Alex Gilliland, literary criticism by Sandra Miesel and Ted Pauls. Letters, editorial. Overall, quite good. Rating....7½

Maybe #11, 12, Baby of Maybe #2 (Irvin Koch, Apt 45, 614 Hill Av SW, Knoxville, TN 37902 - 2/\$1) Largely fiction; there seems to be a resurgence of fan fiction lately. (It came just in time, too, because I really don't have time to read all these fanzines anyway.) #11 also has Hank Davis's column on old sf while #12 has an article boosting the space program by Joe Green. And there are letters.