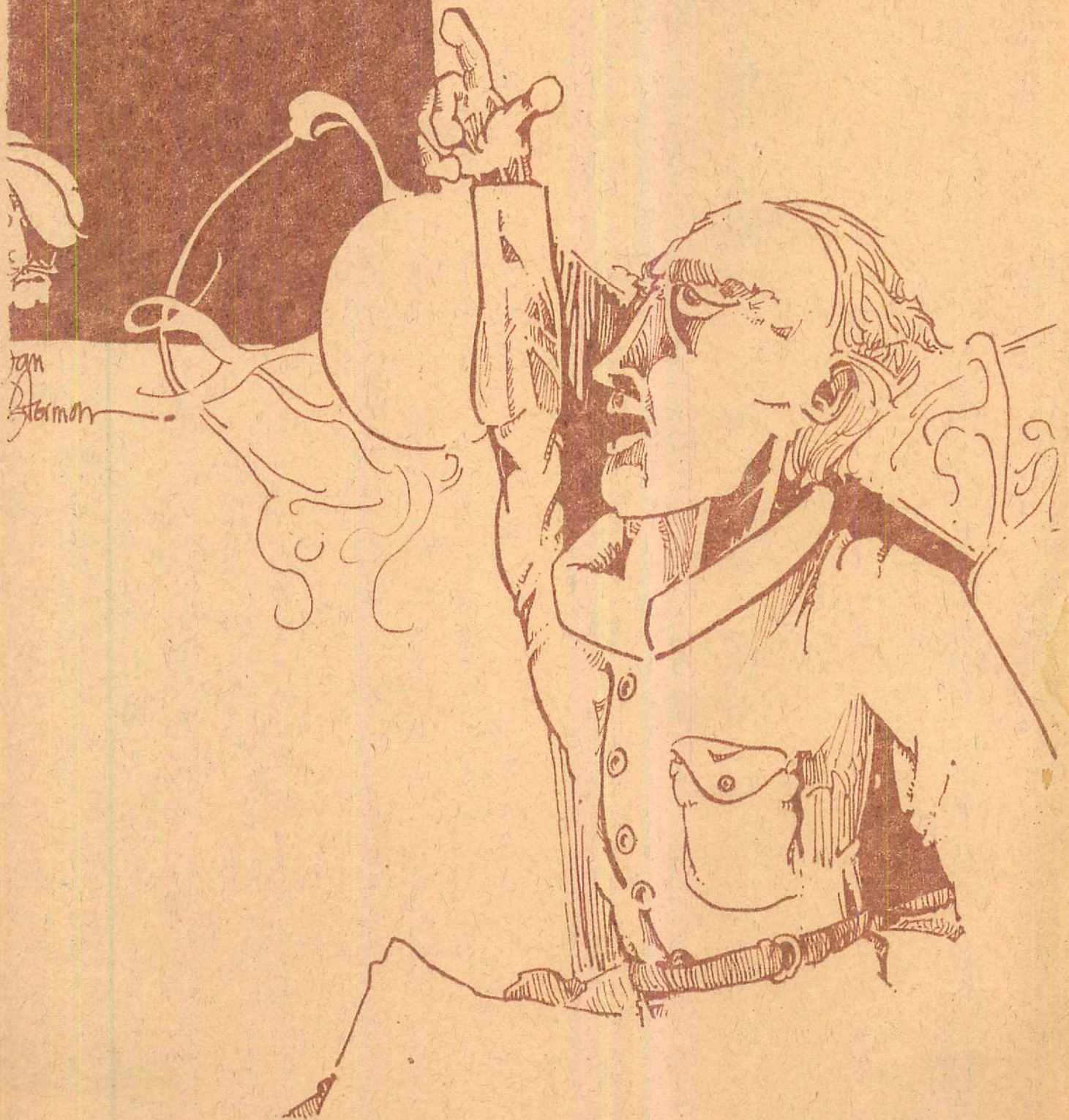


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YANDRO

#208

july 71

VOLUME XIX NUMBER 5

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Hartford City is so far out in the sticks that our
gourmet food store is the A & P.

David Nicholas, 98 Round Hill Road, Greenwich,
CT 06830, is interested in obtaining old fanzines,
YANDRO included.

Not much use in plugging Ozarkon, since we'll be
lucky to get this out before we leave for the con.
Otherwise I'd tell any attending subscribers to look
us up. We'll be easy to find..... RSC



I, LUCULLUS, GO
TO A SCIENCE -
FICTION CONVENTION?

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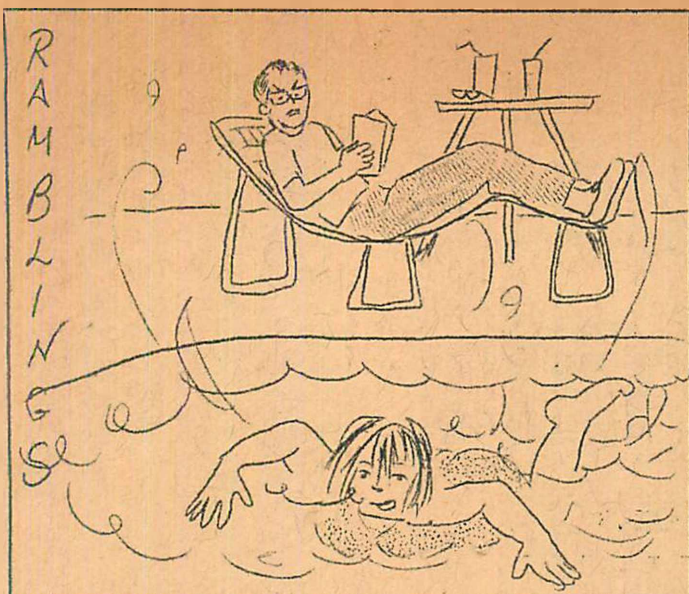
ARTWORK

Cover by Dan Osterman*

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* (We, too, have our trained baby spiders) Electrostencilling courtesy of Pboth Press

It somehow doesn't seem a good omen when one is advertised as Guest of Honor at a
convention and the con chairman immediately leaves for South Africa.....



July turned out to be a spectacular, red-letter month for me. No, I'm not referring to the trip to the top of Wilmot Mountain (courtesy the Stopas), or getting (finally) to see COTTON COMES TO HARLEM (courtesy bev DeWeese, or even that beautiful Apollo 15 launch (courtesy NASA and me, the delighted and satisfied taxpayer-customer). It was a red-letter month because I learned to swim.

Sort of.

I was one of these kids thrown in the nine foot level at any early age -- on the theory I would learn to swim "naturally". What I did learn to do was be scared to death of water for quite a few years. Plus a swim-

ming instructor told me after a futile attempt to teach me to float that I had no buoyancy at all.

Somewhen between then and this July I developed both buoyancy and a grim determination to at least make a stab at learning to swim. Jim and Lee Lavell, the patron saints of Indianapolis fandom, hosted a picnic-pool party for local fans -- and Lee assured me the pool had no nine foot level. Of course, it was five feet deep, and I'm very little over that myself... Howsomever, with the encouragement, instruction, and occasionally yelling at (~~Ykeep that knee~~ "keep your head back!") of Buck and Lee, I actually learned to float on my back and scull myself around in circles like a deranged motorboat, or whale. I don't know how I'd react to a larger swimming pool, one I couldn't crawl across the bottom of before I ran out of wind (and fortunately that's one thing I have a lot of), but I've decided five foot pools aren't fearsome at all and bobbing around in the water is a lot of fun. A great deal more fun than sinking like a rock, which is what I used to do as a kid.

Sandra Miesel clipped me a thingie from Time on current research into brain wave controlling. I'd read snatches here and there on this thing, mostly in connection with Zen and various meditative religions. It's intriguing enough, for whatever purpose, to learn humans can voluntarily control brain wave patterns, but maybe it offers some very interesting possibilities for science fiction as a field. So far most of the research, I gather, has been in controlling alpha waves. But imagine what could be done if the theta and beta waves could be brought in hand and then juiced up; those are the babies governing creativity and concentration. I could certainly use a little theta and beta taming and boosting...make them behave in the direction I want so I can come up with really zonker plot ideas and grabby characters, and be able to dive into the writing business for hours on end without being distracted into trying to remember an obscure crossword puzzle definition or by the grain olcator man emptying his feed truck into the hogs' automatic cafeteria.

One item I wanted to clip out of the papers, but never found, was the sort to set my teeth on edge. It involved hearings before some congressional committee (which one I don't recall) on appropriations for NASA, and presumably related branches and industries of aero-space. In the course of the hearings all sorts of fall-out from space research was brought out, to the approving crogglements of the congressmen. Like teflon and corning ware, and walkers for paraplegic kids and special pressure suits to help victims of uncontrollable bleeding and heart surgery improvement gizmos, and sight switches to operate wheelchairs with vision only (for quadriplegics), and sonar used in detection and treatment of heart malfunctions and... It went on and on and

on. All those practical, right here on Earth goodies -- the ones you want to tell your relatives and friends about when they start mouthing "Why don't they take all that money they're spending on space and use it for something useful?" (Ignoring the fact that NASA spends a literal drop in the bucket of the national budget now.) Progress in a lot of fields, medicine notably, has very frequently in the past sort of coasted along -- for lack of ready money for research, partially -- until wartime, when all of a sudden the money is available -- and lots of patients are available on which to practice new breakthrough techniques. Finally we have a set-up where medical (and other) research to advance Joe Human's everyday life is readily at hand -- and best of all it's a non-violent field operating with volunteer people. The astronauts and backups asked for the job; they weren't drafted to be sent somewhere and get themselves shot at. So we've got the best of all possible ways to finance research under the pressure and with the same kind (almost) of money it would get in wartime, but for peaceful purposes.

And the outfit in charge doesn't publicize it. It doesn't tell anyone about all these spinoffs. It just lets the public sit there in ignorance and seethe at the thought of tax money going down the drain to do nothing but "collect a few old rocks". (I think collecting those rocks is important, but I doubt if John Q. Average does.) When the congressman, hearing this recital of scientific spinoffs in so many different fields, nearly all of which the congressmen weren't aware of, they incredulously asked the testifying NASA rep: "Why haven't we been told about this? This is marvelous. Why hasn't the public been told? It would let them appreciate the benefits they're reaping from the space program." The NASA rep answered -- rather huffily to judge by what I remember of the article: "NASA is not a commercial organization. We feel it is beneath our dignity to advertise." Thanks a lot, fella.

Like most states, Indiana is composed of grippers, particularly about taxes. And welfare too. Certain political persuasions, more than others, naturally, gripe most about the latter. Without getting into that, I must say it was a shocker to read that our state welfare director says HEW lists Indiana as 54th in the nation in payments per 1,000 of population. 54th -- we come in behind the other 50 states, and the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico, and Guam, and the Virgin Islands. Oog. And I think that's just a teensy bit too low for any kind of head-holding-up.

Hoping you are not the same, and splash, splash, splash...

JWC

a column

Hello. The Midwestcon was a little better than in the previous years I attended. The hotel was better than the North Plaza and more compressed than the Carrousel. The convention per se was the same: unorganized, unpoliced, and a lot of fun.

You know, of course, about the Army and F.B.I. computers having the names of All the Dangerous Radicals? Well, they're doing the same thing with rocks. Yes, rocks! I found three rocks numbered 1, 3, and 5 respectively. Obviously, other rocks were numbered, only I couldn't find them. I wonder if they were numbered because they were radical rocks, plotting to overthrow our government and set up one strong...stone... as a rock?

(Actually, the numbered rocks were part of a 4-H Geology project. But that brings up another interesting question: Is the 4-H actually a government project set up to number radical rocks?)

STOP POLLUTION: STOP BREATHING.

Pax Mundus

BEC



Reg Smith sent me a copy of I PRE-DICT, a magazine or pamphlet written by Criswell, the Liberace of prophets. I have to admit that while his prophecies don't inspire belief, they are more entertaining than most. Between now and 1999 he predicts that; prostitutes will form their own labor union, a tv set which can tune in past events will be invented, women will obtain the right to raffle off their unwanted husbands (there's one for you, Irv), the Greenland ice cap will melt and many of the frozen snakes and smaller animals will come to life after the thaw, and that Liberia will originate the popular cus-

tom of cooking and eating condemned criminals.

It was perhaps the worst week that science fiction and fantasy have yet suffered. August Derleth died on July 4; John W. Campbell died on July 11. In the years following the demise of WEIRD TALES, when nobody but Arkham House would look at a weird fantasy or horror story, Derleth almost single-handedly preserved the genre. He got very little thanks for it, and even less money; Arkham House was kept going from the income from his hundred or so books about other subjects. In a fanzine article years ago he remarked on the fact that his small print runs stood unsold for years, dribbling out two or three books at a time. People were reluctant to pay him \$3 or \$5 for a book; but when those same books went out of print, the same people avidly sought them at inflated prices for collector's items. (I have an Aspen Bookhouse catalog offering a copy of The Outsider And Others for \$200.00.) He lived to see fantasy become popular again, but I haven't noticed Arkham editions selling out much faster than usual. He'll be remembered by the literati as a minor regional author of some value, by bibliophiles as the publisher of numerous rare editions, and by fans for preserving traditional fantasy.

Campbell, of course, was God to my generation of stf fans. From the late 1930's to the early 1950's he raised ASTOUNDING to a height that has never been equalled before or since, and in the process changed the field from a collection of pedantic (but not "scientific") thrillers to a genre featuring plausible science and clear, capable writing. Stf has not degenerated as a whole during the last years, but no one editor is putting out anywhere near the quality publication that Campbell did. And he kept on; his criterions being quality and uniqueness. He was called anti-feminine and anti-fantasy - and he published "Dragonflight". He wanted anything that was logical - and different. (A group of authors were talking shop at a stf con some years ago. One commented that when a certain editor suggested a plot to you, he wanted that plot followed to the letter. When Campbell suggested a plot, however, he expected you to use your initiative; turn it in precisely as he suggested it and it would be bounced with a note saying "If I'd wanted it written just that way, I could have done it myself.") And he doubtless could have, because Campbell was not just a brilliant author, he did everything from engineering fiction like Doc Smith to emotional mood pieces and did them all better than almost anyone else. (Read "The Incredible Planet" and "Twilight" and one of his sample editorials and then consider that they were all written by the same man.) He was perhaps the one, genius of the field.

This has been a busy month, which is why YANDRO is late again. First there were conventions; Midwestcon the last weekend in June and Wilcon over July 4th. Then there

is Ozarkon at the end of July. Midwestcon was about average. Too many hucksters and not enough customers, but otherwise.... Disorganized as usual. We didn't attend the banquet because we didn't want to spend the money, so Hank Luttrell and I went out to the nearby White Castle and the Luttrells, Thompsons and Coulsons had our own small banquet in our room. About the time the regular banquet was breaking up, we went down to hear the speakers - and Debbie Stopa cheerfully told us that as nobody had taken up tickets, we might as well have eaten at the formal banquet and not bothered to pay for it. The trip down was somewhat crowded, with the three of us, Wally and Jackie Franke, Jackie's mother, and a quarter-ton of Delray Green's stf collection crammed into the Rambler station wagon. It wouldn't have been so bad if coming back hadn't been on the hottest day in 10 years (per the Fort Wayne weather station, not just my subjective judgment). But it was fun. Mostly sat around with old friends, though I did meet Jim Webbert for the first time. (It's nice to have friends; Webbert said "I haven't previously had the pleasure of meeting you" and Don Thompson, who was sitting nearby, said "That's all right, nobody gets any pleasure out of meeting Buck." I think Webbert was slightly shocked.) Tucker provided an interesting novelty at the banquet by forgetting to introduce Gene Wolfe. (It was a novelty because usually he forgets to introduce Fred Saberhagen.....)

Wilcon was just a big 3-day party. We spent Saturday afternoon and evening there (spending Saturday morning driving up), and then went on to see the DeWeeses, dropping in at Wilmot again briefly on our way home Monday. Mostly seemed to be people I'd never seen before and had very little in common with. Enjoyed talking to Freda somebody - never did get her last name - and Juanita found a fellow folksinger in Ann Cass (or however one spells it). Folksingers all seem to be named Ann; there was an Ann Winkelman - or something like that - at Midwestcon. I thoroughly envy Stopas for their fabulous house and grounds. John took another fan and I on a tour of the grounds; first time I'd ever seen pitcher plants (or for that matter, half the other stuff they have growing wild on the property). John took fans up to the ski "mountain" they're building (it is not true, incidentally, that every fan was required to carry a wicker basket of dirt to the top).

DeWeese mentioned that our last year's story for F&SF has been purchased by an Australian men's mag; POCKET MAN, he thought the title was. New title will be "Hideaway In Hell", which has remarkably little to do with the story but is a nice grabby title.

This YANDRO has been delayed due to our production of an issue of SFWA FORUM. This may or may not happen again; if possible YANDRO will come first in the future because it's more interesting and by and large goes to pleasanter people. But of course the FORUM is an Obligation; so.....

This is also the month that everyone sent clippings. Lessee...Bem Gordon sent one on Derleth; Alan Dodd sent an obituary of Major Thomas Coulson, British intelligence officer who helped capture Mata Hari; Dodd sends one on guns, mentioned that a genuine Manton set of duelling pistols will bring £3000; I wonder what that makes my Manton shotgun worth? There's another from Dodd on the ethics of printing stamps without gum on the back; those favoring the idea say they're just being printed for collectors anyway and what do they need gum for? It's not as though they were actually going to be stuck on anything. (Collectors don't see it quite that way; they object to having second-class stamps fobbed off on them.) Derek Nelson sends a letter to a Canadian newspaper written by Judith Merril, who has all the overdone enthusiasm for her new country that is typical of new converts to any cause, plus some hangups typically her own. Derek appends his own somewhat acid reply, which is unfortunately too long to detail here. Jackie Franke sends an announcement that Cornell scientists have proved that DDT does not remain indestructably in the soil, but is destroyed by bacteria, and that reports of it in the arctic, for example, were caused by use of inaccurate equipment. (Possibly, but something is destroying eggshells.) The publisher of FAITH DIGEST sends a flyer informing me that the thaw in US/Chinese relations is the greatest thing ever and now is the time to get loads of missionaries into China. That ought to set our relationship back to where it was...I wonder if the Chinese Buddhists are pestering Mao's minions for aid in launching a massive missionary campaign in the U.S.? More clippings, but no more room. See you in August (this was, too, the July issue....)RSC

Diffgality

#13

column

DAVE LOCKE

and landed on the coffee table. After a little bit of iodine and an assay of the damages, it occurred to me that I was cosmic minded enough to laugh at my own misfortunes. Not, however, until the pain had subsided a little.

Mayhaps you recall an episode of the Dick Van Dyke television show that was a classic on the subject of pain being funny. VanDyke was running through a script, which called for a man to address a group of people and explain to them how humor had obtained a great deal of sophistication and that people no longer laughed at pratfalls and other gross acts where bodily damage is being inflicted. In the process of giving the lecture, the speaker managed through clumsiness to break his arms, teeth, legs, and generally bring himself to the point of virtual self-destruction. At the end of the speech, in what was almost a dying gasp, he managed to state his appreciation for this new era of sophistication. Of course, if you do recall this episode you may find that you recall it a bit differently than I've described it here. If so, don't worry about it. I haven't seen it in a long time. If this isn't exactly the way it was, then it's the way it should have been.

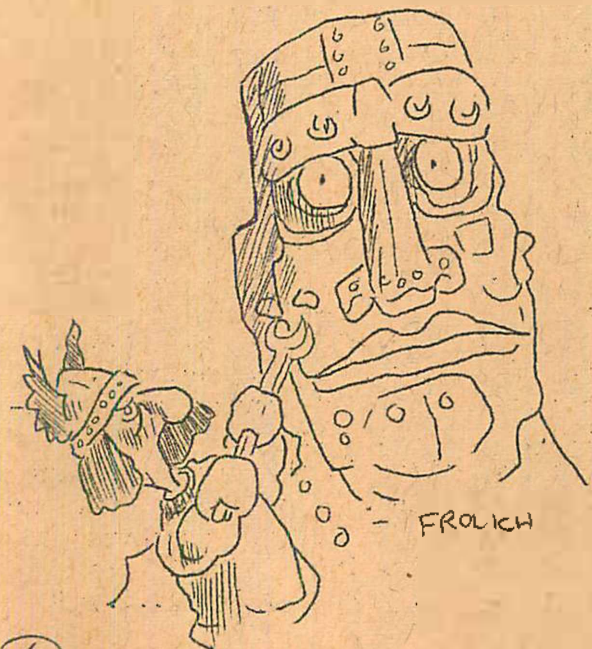
But pain is funny. Particularly the retelling of pain that occurred to you. It probably plays a heavy role in some of your better stories.

"Is there anybody who doesn't have a story about a childhood pain, the expression of pain being suppressed because of the presence of childhood friends, or, worse, adults? I recall an incident that happened at the tender age of 12. And so does my mother, to anybody who hasn't heard it before. This was back in exotic Indian Lake, New York. We had a forty-foot dock running out into the lake, and a small beach, and a fair number of people running around that day. I used to love building up a good amount of speed on that forty-foot stretch and then sailing headlong out over the water to make a big splash a good ten feet from the end of the dock.

Well, on the end of the dock we had this boatroller that I was supposed to jump over. It looked like a long rolling pin, held by brackets on each end, and its function was to facilitate pulling boats onto the dock. On this particular dive, the last of its kind, I was three feet over the water and five feet from the dock: as I realized that I had left my big toenail underneath the hardware which held one end of the boat roller. Although I had no proof, at that particular time and place, I was absolutely positive that I had left all of my big toe behind me.

Ridiculous as it may sound, the absence of a toenail affected my swimming ability. One should not go in the water directly after having eaten or after having his big toenail removed. This is as elemental as telling your child not to eat the yellow snow, or not to pee on an electric fence.

Because of the people about, I made it



back to the dock, and walked gracefully and casually back to the catwalk and onto the shore. Without being obvious about it, and definitely not wanting to waste time hanging around, I vainly eyeballed the boatroller in an attempt to see that part of me which had been left behind. I then walked thirty yards to the house, up the steps and into the kitchen, closed the door, and screamed.

All of my coolness and pride went for naught, for after first aid my mother promptly went down to the beach and asked everybody if they knew what her fool kid had just done.

There was the day, not too long after we had moved to California, that my wife and I took an afternoon to make a trip up into the mountains. We went up San Gabriel Canyon Road to Angeles Crest Highway, then over and down to La Canada and back to our home in Duarte. For scenery, it is one of the best trips you can make in this area. The roads hug the mountains, and you hug the roads because there's a great drop into nothingness for the driver who tends to be careless and unlucky. Lookout spots are scattered along the way, some of them offering a breathtaking view second only to that available when sky-diving. My wife would give a similar such endorsement, except perhaps not quite so enthusiastic, in nature. Up to a point, anyway.

That point would be at the half-way mark of our trip. This is where the Canyon Road meets the Crest Highway, and as we had done a few dozen times already we pulled the car off the road and got out for another look at the scenery. Like in some ancient play all the action stopped while she made a speech the content of which was an unqualified endorsement to the wonderfulness of this particular excursion. It ended with "I've never had such a good time just looking at this beautiful scenery. It's terrific. I hope the last half of this ride is just as nice."

And then we got back in the car and she closed the door on her thumb.

There wasn't much point in turning back, since the trip was half over in regard to the total distance involved. But the rest of the ride was a little less filled with sweeping endorsements, and the beauty that passed by was viewed in pained silence.

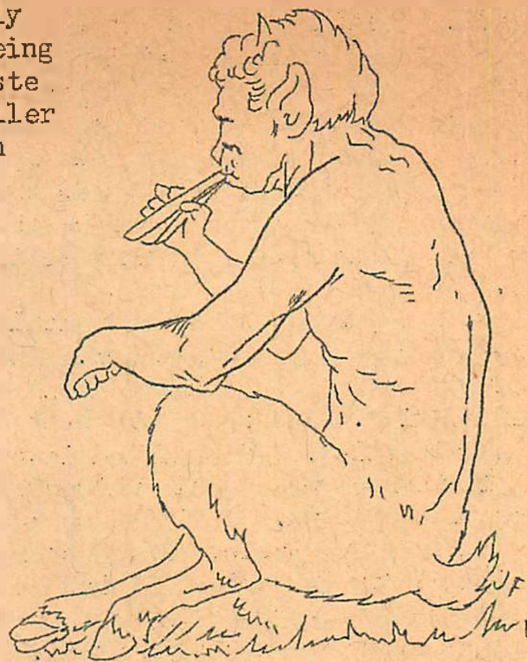
I was going to tell you about the dentist who was too old and weak to pull out two of my teeth, and my subsequent and immediate trips to a dental surgeon (across town), back to the dentist (across town), and to a doctor (across town), the latter trip made necessary by the amount of novocaine I was incurring at each stop. But the more I think about it the more I disbelieve the supposedly factual statement that pain cannot be remembered. And I want to leave a page or so for Liz Fishman to tell us about her brother, so I'll skip that and tell you about my operation instead. The more I think about my operation the more I know that pain can be remembered. If your anatomy is in any way similar to mine I know that you'll remember my pain, too, even if you haven't actually experienced it. Which you probably haven't.

About once a year I'm plagued with a boil. This appears in the most unlikely places. Like in my earlobe, where it can be attacked from either side, or on one of my cheeks where it can be attacked by any chair that I happen to rest in. Or on the side of my nose, causing me to fail nasograph tests (it's embarrassing to blow a nasograph test).

This time I got a boil on the underside of my right testis. It caused me to walk funny, and sit funny, and stand funny, and laying down was a process akin to setting down a bottle of nitroglycerin.

I asked a fellow at work if he knew of a good doctor nearby. He didn't say he did, but he gave the name of the doctor he takes his wife to.

I told my secretary I was bowing out for the rest of the day and then took off,



slowly, bruising my knees on both sides of the doorframe.

It was the smallest waiting room I've ever seen, even though it took me over two hundred steps to get to the nearest available seat. By the time I sat down, over half the people ahead of me had been treated and left. I decided I'd better start getting up, so I wouldn't miss out when my turn came.

The fellow immediately ahead of me was called, and he threw down his magazine and moved briskly into the inner chambers. I waited. And waited, and waited. Then the rest of us all looked up in attention as an ambulance came screaming into the driveway.

Two men jumped out of the ambulance and went into a side door of the building, and came out carrying a stretcher. They hustled it into the ambulance and screamed off.

It was the guy who had gone in ahead of me. I looked down at the magazine he had been reading. It was an old copy of Holiday.

I was called, and shuffled into the inner sanctum. I stripped down, and layed on the leather covered table which was only about five feet long. Eight inches of me hung over the end. I lifted my knees and set my feet flat on the table, thus raising my boil off the table. The doctor came in.

"Sorry for the delay. I had to perform emergency surgery."

"He sure looked healthy out in the waiting room," I observed, as he took hold of my right testis and stared at it.

"He wouldn't have been here if he were healthy."

"I guess not."

"That's a damned funny place to get a boil, son."

"I don't dare laugh," I told him. I kept sliding on the small leather surface, and scuttling back into position.

He swabbed my boil with a cool liquid, and I scuttled again. "Brace yourself, son," he told me, and came forward with a needle that looked like the tie-rod on my Toyota. Every time I tried to brace myself, I slid. By careful calculation I found that by laying there in a semi-limp state I could maintain my position on the table. I broke out in a cold sweat.

He rammed the needle into my boil and I sucked in every molecule of oxygen in the room. My knuckles cracked and my toes snapped and every drop of sweat burned off with a hiss of steam.

"Hold still!"

"Aga...harst ahhh gah gah gah..."

He stuffed a wad of cotton into my nether region and held it there by pushing my legs flat to the table. As my mind began to clear I broke out in another cold sweat at the possibility of him using adhesive tape to hold the cotton in place.

"Your shorts will hold the cotton. Hold it while you're getting off the table until you can get them on. Are you all right?"

"Aga..."

"What?"

"The pain...the pain..."

"What?"

"Pain hurts."

"I'd usually put somebody in the hospital for this sort of thing. But it's a lot cheaper if I do it here."

"I've...got...insurance."

"Good. Anyway, it's over with quicker this way. See the nurse for an appointment card. I want to see you tomorrow and found out how well it's draining. Lay there as long as you need."

I got dressed. I saw I'd put my shorts on backwards, but said to hell with it. It didn't look like I'd be using anything down there for a long time, anyway.

I made it out to the nurse's station before the world started rotating. My knees started shaking, and that hurt, but I couldn't do anything about it. They gave me a mask and a tank of oxygen, and I sat there with my drip-dry body until the shakes went away.

As I walked out through the waiting room all eyes turned to me. A person who had been there before I went in whispered to somebody about the doctor amputating my sun tan. I walked out to my car, wondering if Matt Dillon had two pounds of cotton in his shorts to make him walk that way.

The next day I was back in the waiting room again, feeling pretty good if not still a little bit drained. People came and people went, and the woman ahead of me threw down her copy of Holiday and flounced to the inner sanctum. I picked it up and started leafing through.

An ambulance came screaming into the driveway. The magazine fell out of my hands. Everybody looked out the windows. I saw two men hustling the woman into the ambulance, and then they left a ply or two in the driveway and soon the siren faded in the distance. Somebody called my name, I knew, but I was too enmeshed with the visualization of people hanging on meathooks in the doctor's office. "Butcher," I whispered.

"Mr. Locke, you're next!"

I picked up the copy of Holiday and put it back on the stand.

I lay there, again like an upside-down crab, and the doctor came moseying in while wiping his hands on a towel.

"Guess you saw the ruckus out there. I had to perform some emergency surgery." He threw the towel down and stared at my right testis.

"Again?" My voice quavered, and I scuttled.

"Eh?"

I cleared my throat. "How does it look?"

With his eye and hand on my right testis, he reached his other hand behind him.

"Brace yourself, son," he told me, and then took a pair of small needle-nosed pliers and pinched off the scab.

I had just inhaled, so this time I collapsed both lungs and filled the entire office with carbon dioxide. As well as with a small strangled choking sound.

"Dammit, son, you're half off the table again." He helped me back up and then went right back down there and squeezed my right testis. I had an immense fear that before he left he would place a small feather on my chest and I would have to lay captive on his table for the entire weekend.

"It's drained pretty good," he told me. "Put your shorts back on." He gave me another pound of cotton. "Check with the nurse on the way out. I want to see you again in another four or five days. She'll give you a card."

I lay there, staring at the ceiling, resolving never again to eat fatty food, to bathe my testes in astringent three times daily, to work up enough strength to get off the table and flee.

I passed the nurse's desk. "Here's your appointment card, Mr. Locke. The doctor told me he'd like to see you again next week."

"Aga..."

"Please, Mr. Locke, take the card."

A week passed. I phoned in. "Won't need to come in. Feeling fine." Want to stay that way.

"The doctor said he'd like to check you out again. But if you're sure you're all right -- it's up to you."

"Never felt better. In the pink. Fit as a fiddle. Goodbye." Click.

I still feel guilty about that unopened bottle of astringent on the bathroom shelf.

A motel is a hotel with a moat around it.

RSC/BEC

ADDRESS CHANGES

BOB ROEHM, 315 Randolph Ave., Clarksville, IN 47130

ALEX & PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN, 2061 Birchwood, Chicago, IL 60645

DENNIS & DORIS LIEN, c/o English Dept., U. of Arizona, Tucson, AZ 85721 (to Aug. 25)
c/o Mrs. H. G. Lien, Lake Park, MN 56554 (after Aug. 25)

MINNEAPOLIS IN '73 (We don't give up easily.....)

THE SEX LIFE OF LAND PULMONATES AND OTHER HORNY CREATURES

bygini rogowski

Snails are sexy. If you don't believe me, just take a close look at one sometime. One of the first things you will notice, if you happen to be looking at a male snail, is that he has a penis on his head -- which is certainly enough to make anyone sexy -- or horny, if you prefer. I don't know where he has put his brain, but I assume he has made some suitable arrangement for not losing his mind in another snail. Remember, before you run off to peer lasciviously into the aquaria of perfect strangers, that I am dealing here only with land snails. The other kind are all right, but even less interesting.

Another thing -- a snail has his eyes on the ends of long stalks. Now you might say that this is a very unusual way to wear your eyes, but if you were only four inches high and had to look through the tall grass for another snail to blow your mind over, what would you do?

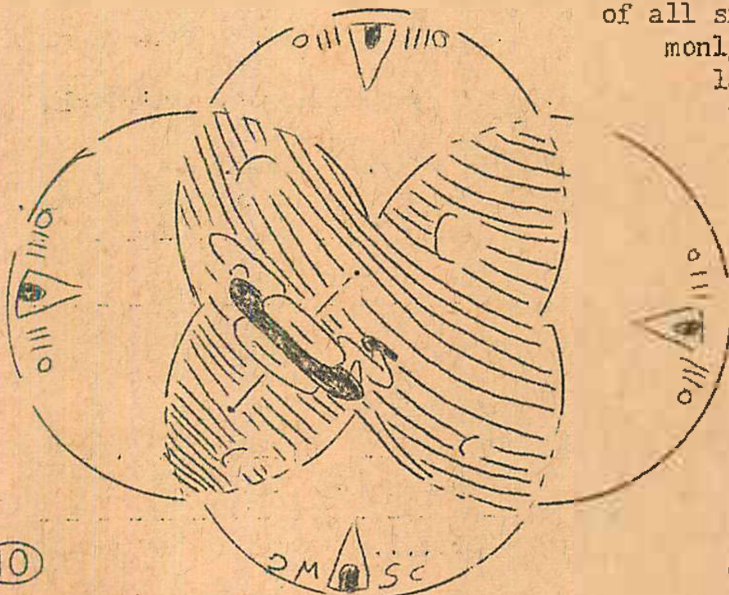
I read a description somewhere of a snail crawling. "Their slow, fleshy promenade makes one think of the throat of a voluptuous woman shuddering under a gross and clumsy caress." Imagine that! Before this, I had always thought of snails, when I thought of them at all, as slimy. Let me tell you, right then and there I set about doing a little furtive snail watching. I had to be sneaky about my observations because I am a sweet little old lady, and I didn't want to ruin my image.

I took to carrying a large magnifying glass everywhere I went. I could always use the excuse that my eyes were going bad. Then, each time that I spotted a snail, I could get right up to where the action was.

Well! There is a lot of hanky-panky going on down there in the puddles and under the cabbage leaves! Snails do not simply hatch out of the ground! Have you ever seen only one snail on your tomato plant? Oh no! Snails are very sociable and single-

minded. Their whole life is one merry round of reproduction. Why, one of the most conservative of all snails, the *Achatina Fulica*, more commonly known as the Giant African Land Snail, lays 1500 eggs. Considering the fact that all these eggs have to be fertilized before they are laid, and that the eggs are as large as those of a Thrush, it quickly becomes apparent that there just isn't much time for anything else except eating. A snail must consume almost his own weight in food every day, and I must say that I find this quite understandable. A snail is also fond of taking short siestas in the grass.

I wouldn't want to give you the impression that I am a salacious old woman getting her jollies from



watching snails make out. This is certainly not the case. I watch a lot of other things too, I have had many people tell me that I should be ashamed of myself, and to let those poor snails alone and mind my own business. But I say, if you are going to run around with a penis sticking out of your head, why then, you are just asking for attention.

Snails, whether you have been aware of it or not, are a highly successful family. At least -- successful at what they do best. Snails have crawled and copulated around this earth since the Carboniferous Era, and I rather expect them to be crawling around for a few more years. Snails belong to the Phylum Gasteropoda, which means stomach-footed, but don't let this mislead you. They also belong to the order Stylommatophora, which is a much more exclusive club. This means to have eyes at the top of a tentacle. I told you that this was important! At least to the snail. This enables him to watch what he's doing.

Stylommatophora is a pretty good sized group -- having 14 superfamilies and some 600 genera. In the United States alone, we have 725 species of land snails, and an additional 40 species of slugs. And that, you must admit, is some family. The odds are with you, if you are a snail, that you will run into another snail before too long.

There are many different varieties of snails. This is very nice, since you don't have to become bored with watching any particular type. There are male snails and female snails, male and female alternately snails, male and female together snails, and even some species that are self-fertilizing. Someone must have told that branch of the family to go screw themselves, and they have kind of petered out.

The Happiest snails are the male and female together snails. They should be happy. No women to be liberated, no hang-ups over dominance. They simply trade packages, to put it crudely, The sperm are enclosed in a chitinous envelope, the Spermatophore, secreted in the Flagellum or the tubular outgrowth of the penis, which seems logical. Remember that each of these snails has both a penis and a vagina, and you could see how this would double the pleasure.

The vagina has some pretty neat things going for it, too. A snail's life does not revolve entirely upon its penis, you know. The vagina is also in the head, which raises a whole new thought, which I won't go into here. Something like using your head to get along.

Some snails lead up to the main event as slowly as some humans. They precede copulation with a period of courtship which may last up to two hours. This is really patience, when you figure that a snail just doesn't have all that time. There is something to be said for doing things at a snail's pace, though. The snails excite one another by bodily contacts, by gnawing the partner's body and even the penis. A snail has up to 25,000 teeth. This could be called having your cake and eating it too.

One marvelously equipped variety of *Limax Tenellus* has a large and complex penis, fortunately for him -- he's not much otherwise -his penis has one specially thickened fold, or comb, which alone is erected, and may remain so for a period of 90 minutes while the partners revolve clockwise. The significance of all this escapes me, but the thought is beautiful. When a snail says that he is going around with somebody, he really means it. I suppose there are a few anti-establishment types that insist on going counterclockwise, but that's their bag.

The durability of the snail can be clearly shown by the fact that they may remain several hours in coitus, Which may or may not be some sort of record. Sperm received in copulation are stored in the Receptaculum or in another region close by. They lie closely packed, much like sardines in a can, their heads embedded in the cytoplasm of



the epithelial cells and they are able to obtain nourishment there. Snail sperm can remain healthy and functional for long periods of time. A specimen of *Helix Aspersa* laid fertile eggs after four years in isolation, but I wouldn't think that poor *Helix* was too happy about this arrangement. Make one mistake and you have to pay for it the rest of your life.

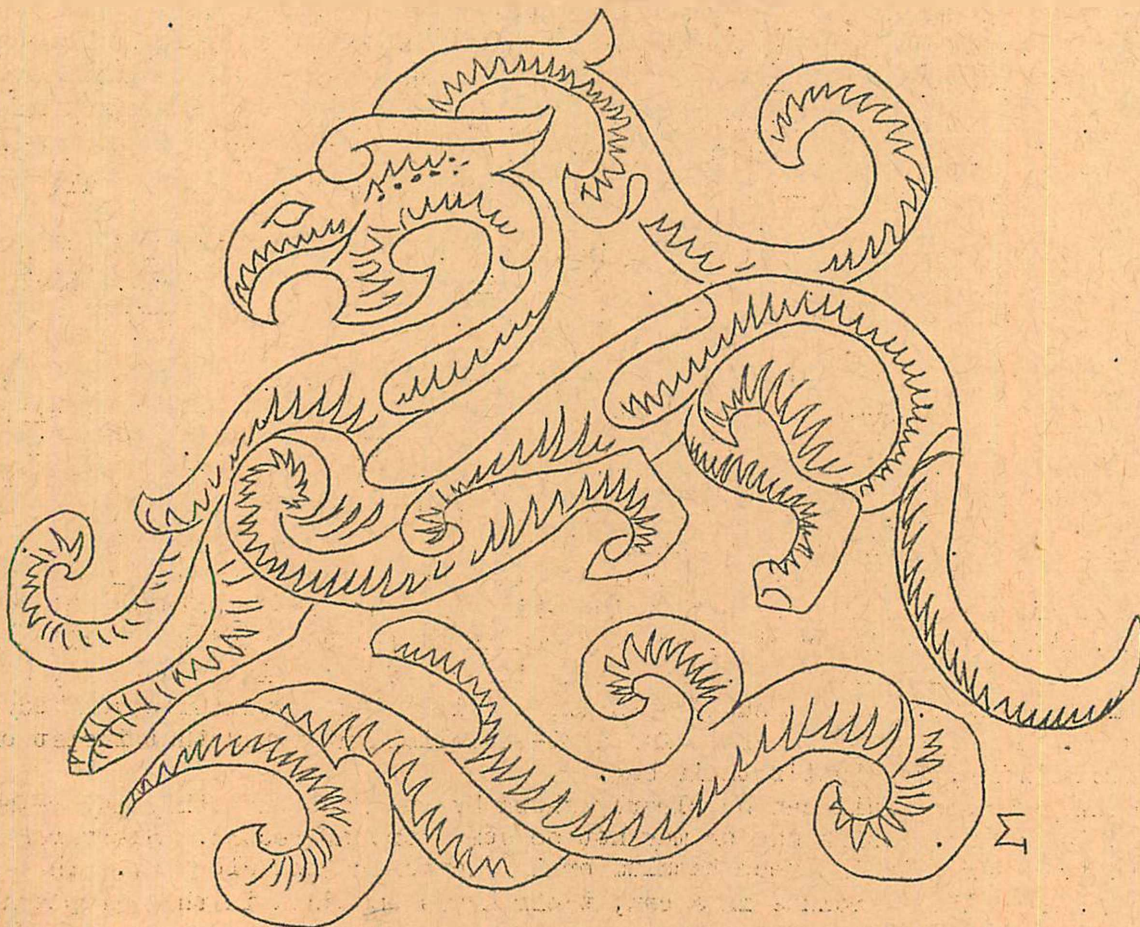
There is even an especially romantic species of *Limax* that entwine themselves together in a sheet of mucus, performing a complicated 'Liebespiel' before pairing. Though I respect privacy as much as the next person, I doubt whether the results are worth the effort. All they can possibly hope to accomplish is more snails. Still, whatever turns you...

Snails also have many other characteristics, such as shells, primitive digestion and no kidneys, but these things are not too interesting to me. You can look at whatever you like.

I will leave the eating of snails up to the gourmets. At their present rate of reproduction, neither snails nor gourmets are in any danger of extinction. Bon Appetit!

This is all that I have learned about snails in my many weeks, almost two, of intensive study and personal observation. This is also a great deal more than I have ever cared to know about snails. I had to give up my studies. I was beginning to develop a permanent leering expression from squinting through my magnifying glass, which simply didn't suit my personality. And then my knees gave out.

Preview of the next few issues: material on hand includes a column by Honest Joe Hensley, articles by Lesleigh Luttrell, John Foyster, J. R. Christopher, Richard Benyo, Alexis Gilliland, Rick Stoker, and Dennis Lien; verse by L. Sprague de Camp, Raymond Clancy, and Richard Benyo. Plus lots of artwork and would you believe I already have ~~43~~ books read and waiting to be reviewed in the next issue? Still need short filler items (and longer stuff if you can write like De Camp, Fishman, Lien, DeWeese, Rogowski, or ?) If you're considering writing something, send it in. I'll look at anything; I have a strong stomach. Return postage is not required. RSC



Golden Minutes

JOYLEG, by Avram Davidson and Ward Moore (Walker, \$5.95) Originally published by FANTASTIC magazine and Pyramid Books in 1962, this story of a Revolutionary War veteran discovered, more or less hale and definitely hearty, in the Tennessee hills at the present date, remains a lovely romp. Isachar Joyleg turns out, unhappily for the professional patriots, to be precisely the sort of ruffian who did much of the fighting in the Revolution, rather than the nature's nobleman we read about in school. (Never having restricted my history reading to school texts, I knew what to expect, but I'm sure a great many readers were startled.) The historical references are accurate and amusing. The plot on which all of this is hung is more than a little weak and tends to be propped up with unlikely coincidence, but don't let that stop you from reading it. It's not meant to be taken seriously. Highly recommended.

HORRORS UNKNOWN, ed. by Sam Moskowitz (Walker, \$5.95) Another set of results of Sam's scholarly disinterring of elderly fiction. It has one brilliant and hilariously funny story to recommend it; "From Hand To Mouth", by Fitz-James O'Brien, originally published in a moderately obscure paper in 1858. I commend it to Woman's Lib. ("When the day of storm arrives, in goes the man to his comfortable shelter, and out comes the woman to brave the elements. How many households does this typify! In sunshine and summer weather the husband is a charming fellow, and flaunts abroad in all his splendor, but when the clouds gather, when the fire goes out on the hearth for want of fuel, and duns are at the door, then poor woman is sent out to meet them, while the lord of creation hides in the cellar.") As for the rest, there is a Jules de Grandin story by Seabury Quinn, "Body And Soul", which is moderately effective; "The Devil of The Picuris" by Edwin L. Sabin, is a really excellent adventure story of the survival-of-a-primitive-beast type; "Unseen - Unfeared" by Francis Stevens is very good for its time (it makes one see why early-day science fiction gained adherents); and the two versions of "Pendulum" (the first as Ray Bradbury wrote it, the second as Henry Hasse modified - and improved - the original in order to make it sell) are interesting as part of the development of a fine writer. Then we get down to the crud. "The Challenge From Beyond", a round robin story written for fanzine publication by C. L. Moore, A. Merritt, H. P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, and Frank Bellamy Long, might have proved to be a good enough story if anyone but Long had been chosen to finish it. (Or if Long had been kept away from it altogether.) As it is, no thank you. Edison Marshall's "The Flying Lion" is a competent but unexciting adventure story with a fantasy tinge to it. "Grettir At Thorhallstead", by Frank Norris, was obviously part of a series, and one of the middle parts at that; as a story by itself it offers very little. "Werewoman" is another fanzine story, this time by C. L. Moore. If Miss Moore (or Mrs. Kuttner, to be correct) had revised it when she'd had more experience, I think it might have been quite effective. As is, it's pretty obviously fan fiction, and interesting only as a previously unpublished (professionally) Northwest Smith story. "The Pool of the Stone God", by W. Fenimore, is presented as possibly the work of A. Merritt under a pseudonym. Could be; it contains every one of Merritt's faults as a writer, certainly. Not recommended for individuals; bug your library into getting a copy and read the O'Brien story and perhaps one or two others. Sam provides his usual backgrounds to the stories and writers presented.

BLADES, by George Barr McCutcheon (secondhand, \$1.50) No, the author's parents did not name him for George Barr. I got this from Ozzie Train's last catalog, because I rather like McCutcheon (I have low taste) and because I didn't know he'd ever written fantasy. Well, he hasn't, actually...or not exactly. The background is a communal society in Maine in the 1920s which lives as did the Puritans, which would put it sort of in the area of borderline "lost race" novels (an area which I confess didn't know existed; I

assumed that something either was a lost race novel or was not.) There is the usual love story, a few literary allusions (the central characters are descendents of the leads in *THE SCARLET LETTER*, if you please!), and one or two inside jokes. (In a blanket denunciation of authors, artists, publishers and the like, cartoonists are excepted as a breed for whom there is some hope - the author's brother was the newspaper cartoonist John T. McCutcheon.) In general it is not a very good book. I'll have to reread *GRAUSTARK* now to see if I still like it or if reading Georgette Heyer has dimmed my appreciation of lesser lights in the romantic field.)

MODERAN, by David R. Bunch (Avon, 75¢) One problem of writing vignettes is that it takes so many of them to make a book; there are 46 stories here. It's not a book to be read at a sitting; Bunch's writing style and story background rapidly become wearing. But in small doses it's magnificent. These are the people who have turned their backs on humanity to be as much like the machines as possible. (But with built-in human destructiveness.) It's undoubtedly an allegory of the present world, and at the same time a grimly horrifying future.

ALTERNATE ORBITS/THE DARK DIMENSIONS, by A. Bertram Chandler (Ace, 75¢). I don't know if I'm getting tired of the Grimes series, or if these actually aren't as well-written as usual. Both stories include alternate worlds, which makes them a bit too similar to be packaged together. *ORBITS* isn't too bad, but *DIMENSIONS* gets out of hand. I don't so much mind dragging in Dominic Flandry as I do the improbable sex scene. Consider; Grimes has been doubled; Grimeses from two universes exist together. "Our" Grimes has his wife Sonya, and Grimes II has his wife, Maggie. In a sordid little scene, Maggie invites "our" Grimes in for some quiet sex; while Sonya is having fun with Flandry. Okay; I see Grimes' point of view; chance at a lost love and all that. Sonya and Flandry have obvious motives. But what I want to know is what thrill Maggie - who initiates the whole thing - gets out of bedding an exact duplicate of her lawful husband? All I can see is she's a dashed loose screw. (I asked Juanita, who couldn't enlighten me - any of you girls out there have any ideas?)

CITY, by Clifford Simak (Ace, 75¢) Ace has been reprinting this regularly, but if you haven't seen it before, get it. It's one of the fine old stories. Called a novel, it is closer to a connected series of short stories, about the time when Man is almost gone and the dogs are trying to make a go of things. Simak is a terribly sentimental writer, but he manages to make his stories fascinating. (I suppose I'm somewhat of a sentimental reader, as well - but then, this did win the International Fantasy Award, undoubtedly the most meaningful award the field has ever given.)

THE DEAD ASTRONAUT (Playboy Press, 95¢) Title story by Ballard, which I didn't bother with. "Here Comes John Henry" by Ray Russell, which I shouldn't have bothered with. "A Man For The Moon" by Leland Webb, contains all sorts of literate parallels and very little story. "Nine Lives", by Ursula LeGuin, is an excellent story of clones, and the advantages and disadvantages of everyone thinking alike. "Requiem On The Moon" by David Duncan, is a somewhat puerile story of love, sacrifice, and all that. "The Sensible Man" by Avram Davidson, is about a space-age turncoat and the poorest story Davidson ever sold. "Skin-Deep" by Brian Rencelaw, is full of symbols and significance and I couldn't finish it. "The Wreck of the Ship John B." by Frank Robinson, is a sociological-problem story; how to get from here to there without having your crew go mad. Moderately interesting. "Haelstrom II" by Arthur C. Clarke, is an engineering-problem story; how to survive in a low orbit around the Moon when things begin to go wrong. "Spy Story", by Robert Sheckley, is a moderately entertaining spoof of our current invasion-of-privacy scandals. Overall, the poorest book Playboy Press has yet produced; save your money unless you thoroughly enjoy the lesser "new wave" works.

SEA SIEGE, by Andre Norton (Ace, 60¢) A hardcover in 1957, then half of an Ace Double in 1962. One of Norton's admirable juveniles, about a time when certain denizens of the oceans decide it's time to get rid of mankind. Pure adventure, well handled.

ACT OF GOD, by Richard Ashby (Leisure Books, 6340 Coldwater Canyon, No. Hollywood, CA 91606 - 75¢) I bought this before I noticed that it had been serialized in *OTHER WORLDS*, which is not a good recommendation. It's a pretty lousy book, too, with totally unbelievable characters all wrapped up in saving the world.

TOWER OF GLASS, by Robert Silverberg (Bantam, 75¢) To be quite honest, I read the first few pages of this and then skipped through to the finish. Hugo nominee or not, I found it incredibly dull; one more civil rights novel with androids substituting for blacks.

TO LIVE AGAIN, by Robert Silverberg (Dell, 75¢) I did a little better with this. The theme - recorded personalities which can be impressed on other minds - is quite similar to Heinlein's last epic, but incomparably better done. It shows considerable influence from the literary mainstream (or in other words, everyone in it is a double-dyed bastard), but I enjoyed it anyway. Generally I don't quite see the fascination in reading about wealthy sharpers, but Silverberg manages to get a little something extra into this one.

THE DEVIL IS DEAD, by R. A. Lafferty (Avon, 75¢) This has certain similarities to THE FLAME IS GREEN, in that there is secret warfare in the world between the forces of good and those of evil. It also has the usual Lafferty style, meaning you're 2/3 through the book before you know what in hell is going on, but you don't really care. Generally I disagree violently with Lafferty's opinions of what constitutes good and evil, but I must admit to snorting gleefully over one passage here. ("Well, well, was there a seduction scene then? Enjoy or abhor such things according to your inclination, as the sage says, but it is contemptible to seek such vicariously.") Right on, friend!

FIVE-ODD, ed. by Groff Conklin (Pyramid, 75¢) Reprint of an earlier Pyramid edition. Includes "The Dead Past" by Asimov (there really are some things that Man was not meant to know), "Something Strange" by Kingsley Amis (psychological story; well done), "Unit" by J. T. McIntosh (adventure, problem story; adequate), "Gone Fishing" by James Schmitz (the rehabilitation of a sharpie; moderately amusing but not terribly believable), and "Big Ancestor" by F. L. Wallace (humanity's place in the Galaxy).

THE HEROD MEN, by Nick Kamin/DARK PLANET by John Rackham (Ace, 75¢) The Rackham half is adequate space-adventure; castaways on a jungle planet and all that. Kamin starts out poorly with HEROD and PROG and all sounding like a very bad imitation of U.N.C.L.E. But the story picked up before I quite abandoned it and turned into a quite entertaining adventure. I've read worse books.

ALL THE MYRIAD WAYS, by Larry Niven (Ballantine, 95¢) I never realized that Niven had this much sense of humor. His deadpan, hard-science analysis of the problems besetting anyone wishing to preserve the species of Krypton Man (at present existing only in a couple of individuals in the city of Metropolis) is fabulous; buy the book just to get this previously unpublished item. You also get the title story (a putdown of alternate universes that leaves me totally unconvinced; either Niven or myself has a very odd approach to decision-making), "Passerby" (humanity's place in the universe again; a popular subject with sf writers), "For a Foggy Night" (alternate worlds; minor), "Wait It Out" (survival on Pluto; physics-problem story), "The Jigsaw Man" (a downbeat extrapolation of organ banks; excellent), "Not Long Before The End" (a good idea on wizardry and why there isn't any magic any more; same cut as Brunner's "Traveler In Black" but on the whole better done), "Unfinished Stories" #1 and 2 (humorous vignettes), "The Theory and Practice of Teleportation" (trying to bring some order into the various teleportation theories; adequate), "The Theory and Practice of Time Travel" (an apparent sequel to the previous article, but not as interesting), "Inconstant Moon" (twist on the sun-goes-nova story; quite good), "What Can You Say About Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers?" (the dangers of bull-sessions; humorous but not very), and "Becalmed In Hell" (psychological space-opera; very well worked out, but I didn't find it very interesting). One great story, several good ones, and nothing really bad. About half the book seems to be original; no copyrights given, anyway.

CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY, by Robert A. Heinlein (Ace, 95¢) I've heard critics complain that this novel is fragmented, but I can't say it ever bothered me while I was reading it. Heinlein makes the transitions from one society to another with professional smoothness. It's sort of a juvenile, but more adult than most, with quite a bit to say about maturity and one's obligations and the like. Not Heinlein's best, but recommended.

UNIVERSE 1, ed. by Terry Carr (Ace, 95¢) Terry has come closer to Ted White's idea of a magazine in paperback form than any other anthologist. Besides the stories, there is an editorial, illustrations by Alicia Austin, and an address where you can send letters of comment. (Will you have a lettercolumn in the next issue, Terry?) The extras are nice, but as in any publication, the stories are the main thing. These, of course, are all original. "West Wind, Falling", by Greg Benford and Gordon Eklund (the psychology of rebellion, reasonably well handled), "Good News From The Vatican" by Bob Silverberg (I think he was so wrapped up in his idea of a robot Pope that he forgot to make a story out of it; it's a good idea, but not that good), "Jade Blue" by Ed Bryant (moderately enjoyable story, but I have to admit that I draw a complete blank as to what, on a deeper level, it was "about" - and I'm sure it had a deeper level or Terry would not have bought it), "Nor Limestone Islands", by R. A. Lafferty (there are more wondrous things in Lafferty's imagination than are dreamed of in my philosophy), "Time Exposures" by Bob Tucker (police work of the future; not all that much of a story, but solidly written), "Mindship" by Gerard F. Conway (the psychology of command; not very good), "Notes For A Novel About The First Ship Ever To Venus" by Barry Malzberg (Even if I read Malzberg's stuff, which I don't, I wouldn't read anything with a title like that), "Poor Man, Beggar Man" by Joanna Russ (historical fantasy and philosophy; well enough done, but I didn't like it), "The Romance of Dr. Tanner" by Ron Goulart (somewhat overdone humor, more purple than black), "The Human Side of the Village Monster" by Ed Bryant (the pressures of overpopulation again; not particularly interesting), "Mount Charity" by Edgar Pangborn (rather overwhelming sentiment, but I thoroughly enjoy it when Pangborn does it), and "All The Last Wars At Once" by George Alec Effinger (more purple humor; Effinger hammers the idiocies of human conflict home with a dull axe, and I already know them, thank you, and I get the feeling I've read this same damned story at least 30 times before, and I hope to God I never read it again.) Overall - well, anything with Pangborn and Lafferty in it is worth your money.

MONSTERS AND STARSONGS, by Bob Silverberg (Ballantine, 95¢) "A Happy Day In 2381" is the first of Silverberg's Urban Monad series that I read. I didn't like it then, and I don't like it now, but it does deal quite adequately with a grotesque society. "After The Myths Went Home" is more fun, despite the crude ending, for the put-down of sophistication. "Passengers" is an interval of human slavery. "To Be Continued" is a different view of immortality; I thoroughly enjoyed this. "Nightwings" is the novelet from which the novel of the same name was made (or which was taken from the novel for separate publication, depending on which came first); an excellent story. "We Know Who We Are" is a fine jab at provincialism (since nobody is more provincial than a New Yorker, Bob should have had plenty of subject matter to work with). "The Pleasure of Their Company" is a highly improbable story about facing facts; fun but totally unbelievable. "The Songs of Summer" is an original twist on the forward-time-travel story (well, fairly original; there are similarities to Campbell's "Forgetfulness"). "A Man of Talent" poses the problem of the true artist and I never thought much of it. "Collecting Team" is nicely ironic if a trifle obvious. And "Going Down Smooth" is a lovely little farce about a crazy computer and the problem of defining sanity.

BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: 16th. Series, ed. by Ed Ferman (Ace, 95¢) I'm tired of trying to say something about a whole batch of short stories, and besides you should be reading the magazine and getting them first-hand anyway. This doesn't seem to be a terribly good collection; I know I read all of them, and of the 12 I could recall only two; the ones by Phil Dick and Robert M. Green.

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BEASTS, by Brian M. Stableford (Ace, 75¢) This is the second in the "Dies Irae" series. Since I automatically hate characters with names like "Mark Chaos" this started out with one strike against it and never quite recovered. If the name hadn't prejudiced me, I think I might have enjoyed it mildly, though the conversations tend to be terribly "meaningful" and more than a little dull. But you might try it and see what you think of it.

SURVIVAL WORLD, by Frank Belknap Long (Lancer, 75¢) The future, with pollution and plague - and a plague is what you should avoid this book like. The best I can say for it is that it is unintentionally funny in spots.

THE SEA IS BOILING HOT, by George Bamber (Ace, 75¢) Another pollution-based novel. It may be slightly better written than Long's, but it's equally melodramatic and improbable.

DON RODRIGUEZ: CHRONICLES OF SHADOW VALLEY, by Lord Dunsany (Ballantine, 95¢) I am not a Dunsany fan; I couldn't read all of this. Nevertheless, it is a well-written novel. It's a poetic style that I simply don't care for.

UNIVERSE DAY, by K. M. O'Donnell (Avon, 75¢) For a complete contrast in style, read this right after Dunsany. Dunsany has a quiet, soothing (soporific, for me) style which gives the effect of soft tones and a bit of blurring around the edges. O'Donnell (or Malzberg, if you prefer) in this book affects a crisp, hard-hitting delivery, pinpointing events in Man's climb to the stars in a series of sharp little vignettes. Only one thing is similar; I didn't like this one, either.

STRANGER TO TOWN, by L. P. Davies (Crime Club, \$3.95) But my copy was a birthday present. One of the things that Davies uses to create suspense is that he writes both fantasy and detective novels, and he writes them just alike, so you never know whether the fantasy element (a "Donovan's Brain" type, in this one) is going to be explained away or not. In this one, the central character comes to town for some unstated purpose (which keeps looking more sinister as the book progresses), meets a charming widow, takes over her husband's business - and starts having a series of accidents, which are identical to the accidents her husband suffered before he was killed. It all works out, and it's great fun to read it.

THE GOLDEN WIND, by L. Sprague de Camp (Curtis, 75¢) The story of the journeys of a middle-aged Greek in the century before Christ, from Egypt to India to a pair of attempts to circumnavigate Africa. There is very little plot in the classical sense, and no climax at all; the emphasis is on the way people lived in those times, what they knew, and how they tried to learn more. (And how little we have changed. The hero gets as far west as Gades in Spain, and comments on the local inhabitants. "They looked like any other nondescript seaport crowd. With modern transportation, all the port cities in the Inner Sea are coming to look more and more alike.") In fact, that may be the point of the book; that the age an individual lives in is always, for him, the best and most modern of all. Enjoyable.

GOOD MEN DO NOTHING, by John Brunner (Pyramid, 75¢) A second in the Max Curfew series. (First was BLACKLASH.) This time our hero takes on the Greek dictatorship. The writing is sharp and there is plenty of action, which almost but not quite overcomes my aversion to secret-agent novels. Curfew is a black, and Moscow-trained, but he acts like any other fictional agent.

THE CAT'S PAW, by Clarence Buddington Kelland (secondhand) I used to like Kelland when I was a kid. I see I haven't entirely outgrown him - I did finish the book - but I can't really say it was terribly good. (The dust jacket says "uproariously funny"; I'd say mildly amusing in spots.) Intelligent but utterly naive hero becomes mayor of a small city, with the help of a Chinese tong, a cigarette girl, and a crooked politician with a heart of gold. Ridiculous? Sure - but still moderately amusing.

THE NEW HOLLYWOOD AND THE ACADEMY AWARDS (Ace, \$1.50) I believe they mean the book is a new edition; it's the same old Hollywood. It's pretty much the same as the 1970 edition except for adding the 1971 Awards (for the year 1970), 12 pages of photos of people arriving at the Awards Banquet, and a photo of George C. Scott on the back cover. Still lists all the award winners from the first, plus the runners-up for the major awards.

DEVILDAY, by Angus Hall (Ace, 75¢) A fairly well-written story of a horror movie star who begins to take his roles too seriously. Sort of thing Bob Bloch might write, though not at all a similar style. Acceptable but unexciting. Borderline fantasy.

MY LIFE WITH EDGAR CAYCE, by David E. Kahn "as told to" Will Oursler (Fawcett, 75¢) Not being a member of the Cayce cult, I didn't bother reading this, but I'm sure the occultists will enjoy it.

A CIVIL CONTRACT, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢) These are the cream of the Heyer crop
FRIDAY'S CHILD, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢) out of this month's reading. CIVIL
COTILLION, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢) CONTRACT is her most realistic novel
and contains the most depth of characterization of any of her books that I've read.
The problems in this "marriage for convenience" seem fairly real, and the solution is
not quite the sugary "lived-happily-ever-after" one. (Though of course it is a romance
and the principals do contrive for a more or less happy ending.) FRIDAY'S CHILD is an
utterly hilarious romp; the only Heyer book where all the characters are a bit touched
in the upper works. Not at all realistic, but very funny. COTILLION is interesting in
that the character that Heyer usually plays for comedy relief turns out to be the hero.
Same type character, with no super-intelligence or nobility added, but played sympa-
thetically.

FARQ'S DAUGHTER, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) These are the more or less stand-
FALSE COLOURS, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) ard issue Heyers. They are all
THE QUIET GENTLEMAN, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢) moderately funny, the characters
THE MASQUERADERS, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) are standard but interesting
THE FOUNDLING, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 75¢) enough to keep me reading, and the
romance is about average. I enjoyed them, but then I seem to have become addicted to
Heyer.

COUSIN KATE, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) These are the dregs.
APRIL LADY, by Georgette Heyer (Ace, 50¢ - probably more by now) COUSIN KATE is an
POWDER AND PATCH, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) all-too-typical
gothic romance, with a mad suitor and all - except that Heyer's heroine is far too
sensible to follow the usual gothic pattern of distrusting the hero until the last
chapter. APRIL LADY is one of those that would be over in 30 pages if anyone in the
book would impart information to anyone else; the situations are incredibly contrived
and not very funny. POWDER AND PATCH is her shortest novel, and quite dull - I guess,
considering the lack of quality of her short stories, that she just requires more
wordage to make things interesting.

THE GREAT PLAINS, by Walter Prescott Webb (Grosset Universal Library, \$1.65) But mine
was loaned to me. (Thanks - I'd give you a personal mention but I thought you might
not want it generally known that you sometimes loan books.) This is the history of the
plains, and how they have shaped American life. The author is somewhat dry while he's
rummaging through statistics on geology and climate, but becomes quite interesting as
soon as people come on stage. I don't think I agree with some of his rather sweeping
generalities, but they're interesting. A quote for the Couches: the author in the sec-
tion on the cattle kingdom mentions that the first Texas trail drives headed straight
for the nearest market, driving through Missouri for St. Louis. Later, they shifted
farther west, because: "Ferocious Plains Indians were there on horseback, but they
were to be preferred to the Missourians."

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME, by Eugene O'Neill (Modern Library, \$2.95) Seven one-act plays.
Four of them; "The Moon of the Caribbees", "Bound East For Cardiff", "The Long Voy-
age Home", and "In The Zone" are connected, all of them taking place on the tramp
steamer Glencairn, with many of the same characters repeating from one play to the
next. "Ile", "Where The Cross Is Made", and "The Rope" are separate but are similar
in having the same gloomy outlook on life and in being connected with the sea. I got
this because "Where The Cross Is Made" was in one of my high school books, and I fell
in love with it. I'm not sure why; the characters are not the kind that I sympathise
with and the outlook on life is repellent rather than attractive. But I found it a
thoroughly fascinating book, anyway.

CAMP CONCENTRATION, by Thomas M. Disch (Avon, 75¢) This was serialized in NEW WORLDS;
Ethel Lindsay sent me the copies it appeared in, and I read it there. It is rather
excessively New Wavish, but unlike a majority of the stories in the Moorcock-edited
NEW WORLDS it is quite readable. Not great writing, despite what the blurbs say, but
well worth your money. The novel seems to be somewhat longer than the serial, though
I couldn't say for sure without page-by-page checking. The protagonist agonizes in
the best literary traditions, but unlike a lot of New Wave material, he helps make
things happen; he is not quite the total slob.



Daniel Dickinson, 53 Main Mill #26, Plattsburgh NY 12901

I took a course in "Speculative" Fiction here at Plattsburgh last semester. It would have been funny if it weren't so sad. The professor was too busy working for the Free Angela movement to make class (he got there an average of one out of three times). And when we managed to get together the discussion would invariably land on "speculative life-styles" or New Worlds. To be fair, the prof was reasonable despite his bias. The students were another case: those that didn't drop out after the first two weeks.

I don't know why it is, but most of this type of course looks at sf from one of two points of view. Either there is the literary (i.e. "let's discuss James Joyce's sf.") or the sociological ("fuck sf, let's get the establishment.") I got to teach the class for two weeks and found to my amazement that after having spent six weeks already in an sf course, only two students out of fifty had heard of Hugo Gernsback (and one of those recognized him as the founder of a sex facts magazine!). Only five knew of Campbell. Seven had seen a science fiction magazine. I based most of my instruction on the history of sf, mostly of the science fiction magazines.

After the 'course within a course' the professor asked the students to pick up and read a few sf magazines and come in with some opinions. They did; and that proved the most interesting part of the course. They hated them. Junk. Terrible. Crud. Unliterary. And so forth. The art was particularly condemned, especially that in the Cohen zines. Of all the fiction read and discussed (and the discussion centered around everything on the stands between April and May) the only story that found favor was Calvin Demmon's "Servo" from Amazing; they hated everything else.

I think this is interesting. Maybe it isn't distribution that's killing the magazines; perhaps it's just the lack of good solid stories. Look at the Hugo and Nebulae nominees: how many of those originate from the magazines? Not too many, really, when you consider that the magazines are supposed to be the prime source for short fiction. When was the last time you read a magazine cover to cover and liked it all: it's been a long time since I have.

Anyway, I saw COLOSSUS a week or so ago. Also THX 1138. Both were very, very fine. I seem to be the only fan to have seen COLOSSUS, and if it doesn't win the Hugo because of lack of exposure it will be a pity. COLOSSUS is the sf film that everyone has been waiting for. It has drama, real science, meaning, good acting, crisp dialogue, nice effects, and a knockout message. There isn't a false note in it. The New York papers gave it a good reception when it came out; I can see why. It's simply one of the best films of the year, and one of the very finest sf dramas I've ever seen.

I can't be quite so complimentary with THX, but it is still a fine picture. THX is a liberal 1964, I'm almost sure the writer-director meant to mock what he thinks of as Conservative-Establishment trends, but the resultant society he portrays looks like something coming from a rap session between Ramsey Clark, Franklin Roosevelt, and the World Council of Churches. George Lucas, the director, puts his scalpel to work on such a society, and with the use of stark dialogue, sets, and experimental filming techniques achieves much of what he's after in the way of detachment, coldness, and the sense of actually feeling what it would be like to live in such a selfless and inhuman society. Yet Lucas must also pay the price for his realism, and this is the film's major fault. Coldness is so skillfully portrayed that the viewer finds it hard to identify with any of the non-characters. Perhaps this is more a comment on the viewer than the film, but still, this does make the picture suffer. Still, it's more than a worthwhile flick, and, no doubt, will be among next year's Hugo nominees.

After three issues of Yandro I find Dennis Lien's letter to be the most memorable thing. I too mourn for MOH. I hope you'll get him to write more. I liked "A Franke Appraisal" as well. As much as I enjoy "Strange Fruit" I wish you'd publish the page count on the fanzines: it's a minor point, but I'd like to see it. Also, according



to my copy of THE GENERAL'S TEA PARTY, Boris Vian was a French jazz musician, and not a pseudonym. Not much of a writer, either.

I bought THE BOATS OF GLEN CARRIG on your recommendation, and found it to be one of the best fantasies it's been my pleasure to run into. Funny how tastes differ, though. I see you hated the cover, and I found it to be one of the finest paperback illustrations I've seen. If I had the money I'd even buy it.

/More likely the students didn't like science fiction because it wasn't what they had been trained to regard as good fiction and they didn't understand it./ Yeah, I goofed on Vian; he wrote the book originally under a pseudonym and he's finally putting his right name on it. (I can't imagine why; I wouldn't put my right name to that sort of crap.) RSC/

Andy Zerbe, PO Box 6004, Montgomery AL 36106

Did a report on the Brazilian Expeditionary Force for my class on Brazilian history. They didn't arrive in Italy in force until after Rome fell. Don't recall any mention of the Mexican Air Force in Italy. Thought that they were in the Philippines.

My collection is threatening to crowd me out of here so am currently putting together a catalogue of all the extra books and magazines I have on hand in which I am no longer interested. It will be available to anyone who sends a self addressed stamped envelope.

Irv Jacobs, PO Box 574, National City CA 92050

Some of Nan Braude's letter really frosts me. As for the customer in McSorley's Ale House who threw the beer, I say Right On, Brother. Nan's whining sounds just like that of a white man I know, who really digs the Black Blues and who complains that he was attacked and beaten when he visited Chicago's South Side to see Muddy Waters at a ghetto club. Now ain't that tough shit.

I am also sick to death of the It's the Principle At Stake argument. Buck, how about starting a campaign to integrate women's rest rooms? It's not that we want to go there. It's just the principle which is at stake. And come to think of it, why shouldn't beauty salons be required (by statute if necessary) to stock lather, razor, brush and strop, just in case a male might feel like stopping by for a quick shave.

I am also sick of the Black analogy. Threemembers of WL, guests on a local talk radio show, objected to the host referring to them as "girls". Well, you see, white bigots in the south always refer to Black men as "boys", etc., etc. These bull-headed broads (sorry, but cow-headed is inappropriate) are certainly not so naive or unaware that they do not realize the term "girls" is traditionally meant as a compliment, especially when reference is made to older women. I suppose that there is also objection by WL to the term "baby" for similar reasons. The Black analogy doesn't hold water, but that certainly won't stop WL from proceeding in this direction.

In my work, I frequently check property ownership at the County Assessor's Office. All day long, I see the names of widow after widow. The man works his ass off, and the woman usually buries him. Nan Braude, I'm saving a glass of beer just for you.

/Your insecurity is showing. (Irv has his good points, though; he sent along a copy of Carl McIntire's Christian Beacon with the startling information that ecology is a subversive effort to destroy the Protestant work ethic. To think that "conservative" and "conservationist" spring

from the same root...) He also boosts THX 1138. RSC It does not track; I see no reason whatsoever for public restrooms to be segregated

in, if not this day and age, the future -- when hopefully the younger generation won't be quite so snarfed about the human body and functions and whatnot. For that matter, a former Midwestcon hotel, the Ingalls in Bellefonte, was years ahead of its time in this respect; the third floor had one bathroom and one shower -- in the same compartment -- for communal use. And, before someone asks, yes I think if there's going to be a draft, women should be drafted too. I object to the term "girl" because I am not a girl, and because I think it's silly and patronizing. JWC/

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

DeWeese's article...I saw these three bumper stickers the other day (Tucker will appreciate them):

If You Know Jesus...Honk

If Jesus Returns Today, Somebody Grab The Wheel

Read Your Bible -- It'll Scare The Hell Out Of You.

Somehow I don't believe that Sandra Miesel cried "Balderdash!" Nobody cries "Balderdash!" any more.

In answer to question 32: I most emphatically do not think it is all right for women to become attorneys at law...I don't think anybody should become an attorney at law.

/Nonsense; I cry "Balderdash!" at appropriate intervals. I'm not sure that I have actually heard Sandra crying "Balderdash!", but such a remark would not be out of keeping with the general style of her conversation. RSC/

L. Sprague de Camp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova PA 19085

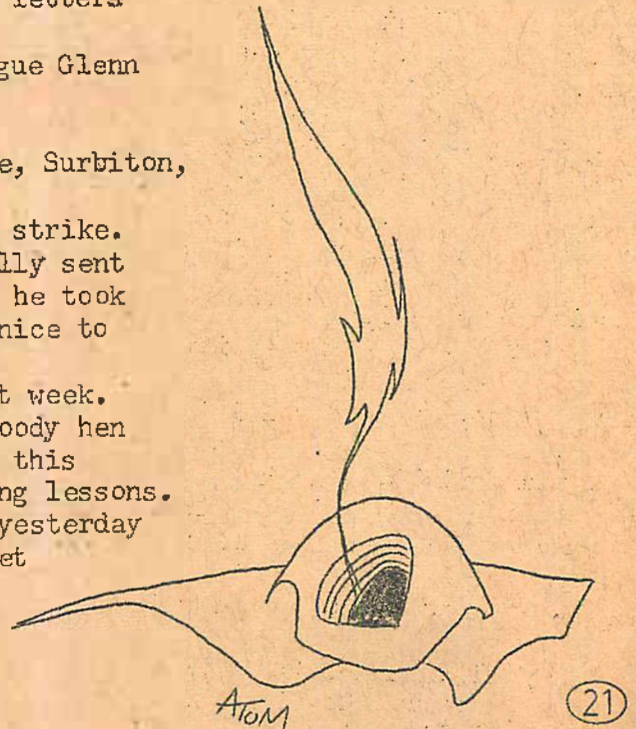
Last year I appealed to readers of a number of magazines, pro and fan, for help in locating unpublished letters, for biographical purposes, by H.P. Lovecraft. Thanks in part to their generous help, I am now saturated with HPL material (700+ pp. of photocopies and notes on others). I am still, however, trying to run down unpublished letters by Robert E. Howard*and Clark Ashton Smith. Any information as to the whereabouts of such letters will be much appreciated.

* Other than those in possession of my colleague Glenn Lord.

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, UNITED KINGDOM

Ha! So you wonder how I got thru the mail strike. Jim Groves' firm were so desperate they actually sent him home to deliver their mail...so naturally he took back scads with him to post from NY. It was nice to see some of the letters disappearing!

I posted out an Haverings & Scottische last week. For weeks before such an event I am like a broody hen and can concentrate on little else. However, this time there was the added distraction of driving lessons. I sat and failed my first attempt in May and yesterday sat and failed again. I can't say I felt upset about this as I think it is all good experience...but the expense is another matter! It costs £3.50 to sit a test! However, I have my own car now, a 1964 Austin 1100, and can drop the driving lessons (which were so



expensive) as a couple of the porters at the hospital will go out and let me drive around practicing for quite a small fee. You must wait a month before you can take a test again, and this would land in the middle of my holidays. So a friend at home is making a test date so that I can sit it there. Anything ought to be easier than London traffic!

I have another venture on the go, too -- a spot of book dealing. I have just put out my first catalogue and have specialised in the mystery field. I wouldn't try to do the same for SF; there are far too many dealers in the London area among the fans and they will soon be cutting each others throats if any more appear. They are all very helpful to me, because, I suppose, they are so overcome with relief that I don't want to deal in SF too.

Isn't it nice that Liz has been nominated for the Hugo? I voted for her, of course. Jackie's con report struck a chord with me right away..."fans love to complain". Boy! She can say that again. And the less likely they are to ever work on a con committee the more they will complain. I wonder what happens to Liz if her little brother starts reading Y?

/For better mileage in your mystery reading, buy Ethel....../

Dave Hulvey, Rt. #1, Box 198, Harrisonburg VA 22801

Hubba Hubba. Now Juanita, know that the same sexist hangups pervade your thinking, to some small extent, that suffuse the whole culture. Imagine, you using that exclusionary, chauvinistic -- superpaternalotic -- term Women's Liberation or Femlib or Women's libber. No, it's People's Liberation! Yes, it's People's Liberation. Can you dig it. Really, the true struggle begins when not only women, both male and female, and men, both male and female, begin to grope for the ~~crux~~ crux of the matters at hand. That is, when the erogenous zones rebel against the tederal tyranny of body over mind. Out with penis -- envy! Down with vaginal disjunction, and the myth of frigidity! That's ballerdash! That's a phallacy...er...fallacy. Let's all follow each other around, and dress in unisex uniforms, and look alike, and be one of a kind. Yes, and we don't really need to make sex a Ritual. No. There are many positions, and man over woman is no more beneficial and stimulative than woman over man. But I'm sure you already knew this, and just didn't want us hemen...hymen...he men to be utterly and ultimately pissed off at an uppity woman. You know your place, I'm glad to see, and I just, honest--of--God (She knows!) wanna say that this is thus, that...Oh hell, I'm just not making myself perfectly clear, hmmm (Tell her that some of your best friends are Tuesdays!) hmmm (Overwhelmed by the sexist contradiction in his thinking, Arnold Gruch blurted out, "My Gawd, she does wear jockey shorts!") hmmm (Better in bed than dead or red, Alvin said as Bill's thighs nodded yes) hmm (Yes, fellow Amerkains, in this here can is all the necessary ingredient to make Miss Plain Jane into Miss Insane Plain Jane) hm (Nowadays ya caint even tell the ACs from the DCs) h (But Madeline I've evolved to a higher plane of consciousness, so instead of fucking your genitals I'll fuck your mind. OK?)

Seriously, as Jerry Lapidus would heavy rap, I support People's Liberation. All types of sex should be permitted. Malemale, femalefemale. Footfetishcorpsecppulate-andofcourse, my personal idiosyncrasy, that flight of carnal delight my big toe feels whenever I get a fmz. Further, I owe Nan Braude a moral point; she is more than right, more than bright, all the way to ultrabrightrite. I mean, she knows like I know we all wanna know what is reality, but a broken TV set.

Andy Offutt doesn't extrapolate...extrapolate, he ejaculates.

Gene DeWeese, no relation to the above subjections, writes good. I like his ironic style. He was the best thing in the ish, besides the yellow paper, of curse.

/Well, I dunno if I approve of liberating everybody or not. Who's going to carry the wicker baskets full of sand up Wilmot Mountain if we're ... all liberated? Yeah, I'll go along with permitting all sorts of sex -- I can't say I'd encourage it, though. RSC/

Nan Braude, 2644 Dwight Way, Apt 7, Berkeley, CA 94704

The big news is that I finally got a job!!! As of this fall, I will be an instructor at Northern Michigan University. It is only a one-year position, replacing someone on leave, but at least it will keep the wolf from getting upstairs into the bedrooms, and there may be a chance to stay on. So as of around September 1 (probably earlier), my address will be: Department of English, Northern Michigan University, Marquette, MI 49855

I finally met George Stewart, by the way; at a department reception after the Gayley Lecture May 20. He seems very frail in both voice and physique; since I only exchanged a couple of words with him, I don't know if appearances are deceptive or not.

The poisoned laundry in ARMY WITHOUT A COUNTRY has a very famous classical precedent: the shirt of Nessus, with which Hercules was poisoned by his wife. And re the asterisks in LOCKER ROOM BALLADS: if the book was reprinted from a British edition, the asterisks are not merely an annoying affectation; to the best of my knowledge, British printers are still liable to prosecution if they print the more notorious four-letter words in full. And if Ace was reprinting from the original plates, they couldn't make changes.

-Tell Dennis Lien that if he'll send me a copy of his student paper proving that Shakespeare's Sonnet 94 is an apology for Richard Nixon, I'll send him a copy of the essay on COMUS I made up entirely from one class's errors on a test question on same. Professor Shumaker once had a student paper proving that Sir Thomas Wyatt's sonnet "My galley charged with forgetfulness" is an allegory of a bilious attack, but unfortunately I never got to see it.

Jodie Offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman KY. 40329

We had a derailment in our county a few months back, Juanita. It happened in one of Moorhead's little outlying communities (of which Haldeman is one). The train was going a little too fast on a curve as I recall and lost its footing. It made the national news because there were some cars with some propane gas (or something like that) and they caught fire. Most of the people (300 or so) were evacuated. There was a follow-up feature in the Louisville paper a bit later that made me realize why Kentucky is divided into two parts by Kentuckians: Louisville and the rest of Kentucky. They interviewed a woman who had been evacuated and just made her sound like a country bumpkin and rural as all hell. Which she may have been. The article gave the impression that everybody in the community was diffident and complacent. It read like a put-down; even used some dialect words and phrases, a la Li'l Abner.

I watched the trains go by for three days (we have a lovely view of the track) when they were moving the nerve gas, looking for it, and then found out from Helen at the beauty shop whose husband, Harry, runs the C&O depot, that the C&O refused to let 'em put it on their tracks. How they took it through the state I don't know, but they didn't use our tracks.

Buck, you know what was on our Jerry's sign on election day? VOTE EARLY AND OFTEN. So help me.

You read a wide interesting variety of books. I ran across a sign-of-the-times type of thing the other day. I was reading 'Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Contact Lenses But Were Afraid To Look For' No no no! THE TRUTH ABOUT CONTACT LENSES (Jeffrey Baker, Putnam, \$5.95), which I recommend to any potential wearer, long-standing wearer, or anybody who's at all interested in contacts. Very informative book; I have a lot more respect for and knowledge about all four of my eyes now. It was one of those interesting coincidences that happen to all of us every now and then: After losing a lens (after nine years) and having just gone through the process of an eye examination and new fitting and all, I walked in the library and spotted this book; I've never seen a book on this subject before. At any rate, one of the chapters is a list of do's and don'ts for successful lens wearing. And tucked right in the midst of advice on make-up and dust and swimming and napping is a matter-of-fact caution against wearing "...contact lenses in a street demonstration or where you are likely to encounter police authority. Both Mace and teargas may pool under lenses causing severe

corneal burns." I must keep that in mind.

I wish you could have heard this end of the conversation when the Paperback Library editor informed Andy of the title change of his book (from Let There Be License). He informed her what tide was spelled backwards, what tish was spelled sideways, and after that, with the help of the dictionary and thesaurus, proceeded to send off a beauty of a letter just chock full of choice words spelled any number of inspiring ways.

I really enjoy reading Con Reports and Jackie Franke's was very good indeed. I've been to such few cons but I love them -- any size, they're all interesting. Don't know which is more fun; watching people or talking to them. It is all part of it, I guess. One thing I've noticed that goes along with the griping is that so many people seem to spend a lot of time talking about some previous con and how great it was and what great people were there and what great things happened. These particular people are so busy living in the past that they fail to notice what's going on around them. Fascinating, isn't it?

Not all writers drink, Jackie. Let's see, now, there's...no, he tipples...well, old What's-His-Name, no I remember seeing him with a six-pack...oh, I know, a...nope, he was drinking wine...hey, what about...no dice, that coffee cup was laced with brandy...there's the one I met who eat apples. That's right, by George!! I know one!! I'm also sure there are writers who have trouble with the spoken language. They probably don't drink either. Nor are they likely to turn up at cons.

- Which is their loss, certainly; not ours.

/Oh, I know about rural Kentuckians; they were the locally scorned minority where I went to school in rural Indiana. Families came up to work the onion fields during the Depression; I went to school with Caudills, Carpenters, Roots, Hackworths, Conleys... (And found that I liked them better than the local residents, in many cases.) Even then, I wished I had been able to get Hebron Caudill in front of a tape recorder. One lunch-hour, he reeled off the names and characteristics of every mythological animal that Manly Wade Wellman later used in "Desrick on Yandro". I was fascinated, but I couldn't get him to talk about them ever after that one time. RSC // Ah ha! That's why my current efforts at writing are so bogged down and go-nowhere: non-drinking. Guess I'll just have to cultivate a thirst if I'm ever going to make it as a writer. JWC/

Bob Briney, 245 Lafayette St., Salem, MA 01970

In the neighborhood drugstore this afternoon I noticed a pb--I think the title was THE BLACK DOG--labelled as "A Gothic Novel of the Psychic Occult." If one key-word doesn't grab the customers, maybe three of them will succeed.

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

I enjoyed the Midwestcon, but think that, for a Neo anyway, cons with a bit more "programming" would be even more enjoyable. I can see where you jaded types would groan at the thought of yet another panel discussing Heinlein's work, or things like that, and look forward to a con where all just got together to party and yak it up. But until one knows far more fans than I do, and has more basis in fandom, a little more structuring would have been appreciated. Not that I'd want the whole day devoted to formalities, just a crumb or two. The veteran fans (what term does one use to indicate fans who have been in this thing for ages?) at least had a couple of meetings

to attend, but the Neos didn't have anything. Everyone just sat around all afternoon waiting for the evening parties to start, while the older fans scurried from place to place. Every time I saw Juanita, for instance, she seemed to be on some sort of business, or was just finishing a meet or waiting for another one to start.

Hmm, that sounds like I'm being down on the con. Wasn't meant that way at all. Just mentioning something which would have made it even more fun for the newly-initiate. More than likely, in a year or two, this sort of con would be just what I'd consider to be perfect. Until a few more-structured cons have been attended, though, Midwestcon is just a bit too loose.

Hope you hear from Liz soon...missed her work in the last Yandro. Lynn Hickman is quite a fan of hers too (compares her native talent to Harry Golden, no less) and is wondering about the silence too. Certainly hope she isn't planning on gaffiating or anything like that.

/This is actually in answer to everyone who wrote in inquiring about Liz, and mainly, I'm sorry but I don't have an answer. I haven't heard from her since she moved to California, and I've written her only once. (Presumably whatever she is doing is more interesting or necessary or both than writing columns for a fanzine, and I have no intention of bugging her about it.) I hope we hear from her, but I don't guarantee anything. RSC Was I really that much of a gadabout at Midwestcon? It didn't seem like it. But fifteen years ago I was in the same boat, Jackie, wondering who all these people were and where they were all going to; I think it's part of the entrance fee to fandom. JWC/

Tedd Trimbath, 1186 Colerain Pike, Martins Ferry OH 43935

I enjoyed the Gene DeWeese article in Yandro #207 very much. Although, as with Dave Locke's thing, I enjoyed the first half more than the second. But with Dave Locke, I was very pleased with the first half of his column, and was very unpleased with the second half. Don't try to become another Liz Fishman. You're good enough -- as witness the first 16 or so paragraphs -- that you don't need to try to mimic someone else's humor.

Why is it, that in all fandom, the only three people who can rival Rosemary of Engargumen and Asp are all in Yandro? This seems almost unfair to the rest of fandom.

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

Speaking of getting around to back issue magazines, I was working in the bound periodicals section of the library here and found some great stuff. I was working on the writings of Charles Lamb, and found as I'd hoped original publications of many of his essays, but among the many goodies I ran across in the process were an early reprinting (1722) of Dean Swift's poem "The Nymph at her Dressing Table" in the London Magazine; all six issues of The Savoy, the fin-du-siecle magazine that published Shaw, Yeats, and all those famous Aubrey Beardsley drawings; and a set of Punch going 'way back. Punch has apparently always been the funniest magazine going.

And speaking of funny magazines, how can I get a copy of Truth Seeker? It sounds hilarious.

Not to nit-pick, but Louis Quatorze "produced" Louis Quinze only indirectly; having had the poor manners to reign for seventy-two years, the Louis who succeeded him was his great-grandson (age 5), who apparently considered that his old grandpere had had a lot on the bell; Louis XV reigned (if you want to call it that) for 59 years, outliving his son Louis to leave the throne to his three grandsons, Louis, Louis, and Charles X.



How does Fred Patten pronounce "fanzijn"?"

In regard to question eleven on the personality analysis form, I was surprised to read this morning that according to the creators of the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, a person who answers 'yes' to the question "Are you easily awakened by noise?" is statistically likely to be easily depressed, whether or not they actually are easily awakened. Why would that be?

/Presumably someone who thinks he's easily awakened by noise is either actually a light sleeper and probably nervous, or has imaginary physical malfunctions and is undoubtedly a bundle of nerves. RSC/

Bruce McPhee, 38 Lenox Ave., Norwalk CT 06854

As I'm sure everyone else has mentioned, Ace did a pb edition of EARTH ABIDES back in the mid-fifties, #K-154, 50¢, but there isn't any publication date, just a copy-right. I recently read this for the first time and enjoyed it very much. Definitely realistic and good -- it won the 1951 International Fantasy Award, and deserved it.

Miesel and Franke had the best illos in this ish -- I'm biased for line drawings. Good cover by Frolich but I've never cared for the line and cross-hatch shading.

Y207: While I'm still on artwork, Franke has another good one -- Jackie uses a slight touch of shading only, which is still effective. I like Jeff Cochran's pair, too.

Please to see that someone else is an M.C. Escher fan. I used to see him in the New York Times Book Review and Martin Gardner's Scientific American column, and was happy to see THE GRAPHIC WORKS OF M.C.ESCHER come out. I got a very good review in Luna. My personal favorite is the one where two solid right hands are sketching each other's wrists and sleeves, each generating the other.

Nan Braude (and how does she say it? I would have guessed "broad", but not after reading her letter!) was interesting and I'm looking forward to Andy Offutt's reply or apology. Milwaukee politics as explained by DeWeese was fascinating; it reminded me that Dennis Lien had mentioned in the last ish about the Tucson mayor once biting a girl's leg -- I wish he'd tell us about that!

Paul Walker's letter about Robert Chilson and Sterling Lanier -- very informative and interesting. I'll be able to appreciate their stories more, now, as well as enjoy them. I was surprised at Chilson's lack of the standard background, and I'm curious about how much and how long he's been reading sf. Paul?

/Since I've never met Nan, I'm not sure exactly how she pronounces her name; the only Braude I knew pronounced it "Broady". RSC/

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis IN 46240

That biographical data about Sterling Lanier rang a bell; he was the artist who did the WIND IN THE WILLOW statuettes! (John's silver Mole, remember?) I never would have realized it was the same person.

Nan Braude sounds exceedingly orthodox in her Women's Lib views. I, of course, am not. My reaction to FEMININE MYSTIQUE when it first appeared was "But I like to bake bread." The upcoming generation may have quite different views on the roles of sexes; eyeing masculine and feminine images in a children's fantasy print, Chirp: "She must be the stronger because she's the woman." Did John mention that Chirp has chosen for her motto: "Power, kisses, and love"? Look out, world.

Jeffrey May, 1603 E. Division, Springfield MO 65803

Like many brighter lights of fandom, I try and write a loc on each fanzine I subscribe to, but I often find I'm falling behind. I have been meaning to write some comments on Yandro, but what with college graduations and just plain worry, I haven't had the time. Anyhow, for whatever they are worth (In all truth, probably very little Yandro will not stand or fall because Jeff May likes it or not), here are some reactions engendered by recent ish.

The Flash Gordon article a couple of issues back was very funny, the funniest I've read this year. I don't agree with the current of comment I noted in your lettercol to the effect that most all the stories in the pulps were that bad and that their faults have been glossed over by a veneer of Nostalgia. I collect Planet Stories, and I have not noticed any stories quite that bad in any of the issues I've read. There have been some really bad stories, true, but nothing quite as awful as that. Many--indeed, most--of the pulps stories were naive compared to sf today, but they weren't utter tripe.

Indiana and Milwaukee, Wisconsin aren't the only places blessed with incompetent/dishonest officials. A year or two ago, the Missouri state government announced that it had no money and the state income tax would have to be raised...again. The result was a mighty howl from the state's taxpayers for the scalps of the somebodies responsible for the ~~\$\$~~'s disappearance. The state's officials responded by threatening to close the schools unless some money was provided. When the howling died away, there were the state treasurer, the governor, the state auditor, and the legislature all innocently denying all knowledge of the missing ~~\$\$~~. One state senator started a vendetta against the governor over the matter. The state treasurer finally stood trial over charges that he was depositing state money in interest-free accounts in certain banks, in return for kickbacks. He was acquitted, though most people thought he was guilty (including me).

Anyway, last year the taxes were raised, and almost the first thing the state legislature did was vote pay hikes for all state employees. The trouble was, the legislators' pay hikes were far larger in proportion to all other raises. That resulted in a petition campaign to put the pay raises on the Nov. '70 ballot for voter approval. The measure was crushingly defeated. So the legislature retaliated by passing almost none of the important bills it was considering: Missouri was the first state to veto the votes-for-18's amendment, a nofault divorce bill was dropped, as were a no-fault insurance bill, and the federally-required redistricting bill.

Regarding Sandra Miesel's comments on prostitution and polygyny, I must point out that in both China and the Near East the two institutions served two very different classes of people. The well-to-do had several wives, and they occasionally attended stag parties in the best sections of the local red light district. The poorer classes had one wife or none, and they often patronized the cheaper prostitutes. On the whole the two institutions remained apart. In the social systems of China and the Near East they were incompatible, because one never introduced his wives to prostitutes or allowed them to be present at a "stag party". Thus the question of whether prostitution is truly incompatible with polygyny is not resolved. The two would have to try and co-exist at all levels of society before the question could be answered.

Andy Offutt's "extrapolation" might be all wet, but it would make a fair plot for a sex novel.

/Of course, I always thought that Planet was better than its reputation. For one thing, I first encountered Leigh Brackett in its pages, which was reason enough to buy it. It had other authors that I liked, too, unsophisticated pulpsters though they may have been. Anyone remember Emmett McPowell (besides me and Don Thompson, that is)? Robert Abernathy? (Okay, then how about Ray Bradbury; some of his early work appeared in Planet.) RSC
It seems to me you're hair splitting on Chinese culture. Social class or not, there were men who had more than one wife and who also patronized prostitutes -- and the suspicion is strong that the lower classes would happily have done the same thing if they could have afforded more than one wife. Andy's only new (comparatively) thesis was that in his brave new world society such activity would be mutual -- a matter which may or may not be valid and we won't know how well male chauvinism reacts to that idea until it's been in practice a while, will we? JWC/

Ron Bennett, British School, B-7010 SHAPE, Belgium

Since I last wrote I've renewed a certain amount of fannish enthusiasm. Briefly. I spoke to it harshly and it went away. But it was there for a short while. Raison d'etre was the attendance at two different conventions in a fortnight, which isn't bad going for someone who hadn't attended a con for six or seven years. First was the Worcester EasterCon, a very fine affair, what little I saw of it. I took a dealer's stall and spent most of my time staring across the empty room at other dealers staring back. Still, I had a whale of a time. My previous number of cons have seen my attending every programme session busily scribbling for Skyrack, so that this one was as different as could be from several different angles. Marvelous to meet up again with so many old timers (well, old from the standpoint of belonging to "my" era of fandom). And a week later I was in Antwerp for the Belgian con, altogether a strange affair, which I'm really unable to describe fairly. If I said that the con was altogether the most disorganised get-together I've attended (and my goodness...doesn't the mind boggle!) it would be a slur on the superbly co-ordinated sessions (in 3 languages). But underlying the entire weekened were local fan politics which at least were extremely interesting. And thanks to Jan Jansen I again had a whale of a time. We put into practice long established convention techniques and simply let the weekend roll along. Which means that for much of the time we could be found in various nearby bars and coffee shops.

On reviews, Yandro 205 rolled in the other day and I see that on p 24 you review THE BATTLE FOR NORTH AFRICA, which is a coincidence as John Strawson is here at SHAPE and his daughter is in my class. And how many teachers can boast having in their classes children of Ace Book authors?

/Oh, I dunno; all the teachers from the former Roll school, and the ones currently at Montpellier Middle School, and... RSC/

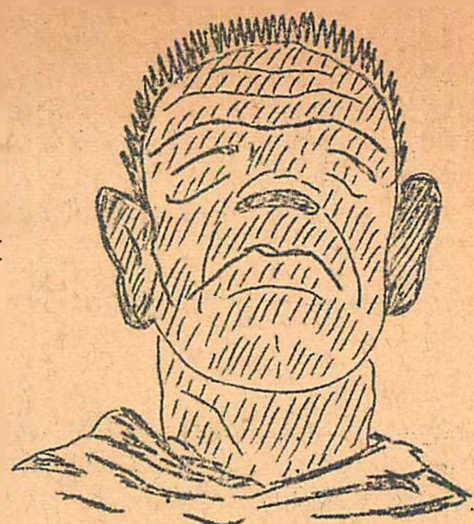
Donald G. Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore MD 21207

The main thing that prompted this letter is seeing how some books I like have been taking lumps...specifically the QUARK series and RED MOON, BLACK MOUNTAIN. As I recall, you called most of QUARK/1 "garbage". Well, I can't agree. Don't you think there is a place for experimental writing in the field? It struck me that QUARK/1 had a large number of excellent stories...as well as some that were not as successful. I won't go into detail -- for that, see my review in PhCom #5. QUARK/2 did not strike me as nearly as successful, but there were still some very good...umm...pieces in there. It was a lot freakier than the first volume, enough so to make me almost afraid to see the third--which I expect any day now.

RED MOON AND BLACK MOUNTAIN, as I have told a number of people already, strikes me as the best fantasy since Tolkien. This is of course due to the fact that I like and appreciate fantasy more than many people. Jackie Franke is an example of this; you must be in a certain mood, a certain frame of mind, to really enjoy it. The old standby, Suspension of Disbelief, partly, but also...a willingness to accept other ways of writing (this to Jackie's objection to Joy Chant's style, which despite her I found to be of exceptional beauty and perfectly suited to her subject and treatment), to experience another reality, a world different from ours. Throwing in references to things that only inhabitants of the world would fully comprehend is an old fantasy technique; Tolkien is especially



adept, and it is one of the best things about Ursula K. le Guin's *A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA* (the only recent book that at all challenges Miss Chant's work in my mind). From a writer's point of view, it is an easy way to give his invented world a history/legend/mythology/geography without having to stop for a long-winded explanation; and, when well done, it is, from the reader's (at least this one's) viewpoint, extremely effective. It is what Damon Knight calls the Pole II method of presenting a strange society -- for elucidations; see *IN SEARCH OF WONDER*, which you should have read if you haven't.

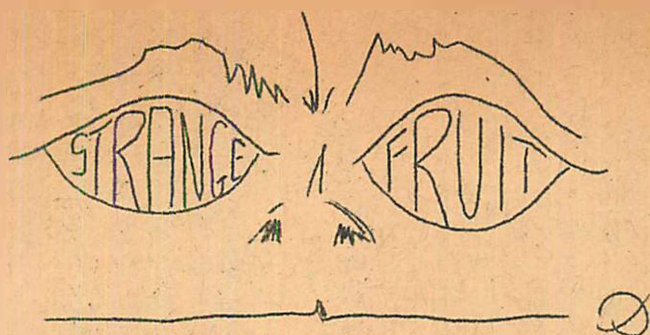


As far as I'm concerned, experimenting belongs in the laboratory and only the finished product should be offered for public consumption. However, when I call something "garbage" I am not condemning it; I am identifying it. Judging from the overall quality of paperbacks of all fields on the stands, a vast majority of the public likes garbage of varying types, and has a perfect right to have its taste catered to. If you happen to enjoy experimental garbage, the QUARK series has it in ample quantities, and is therefore an excellent buy for you. Personally, I thought RED MOON AND BLACK MOUNTAIN was one of the best juveniles of the year; I thoroughly enjoyed it. RSC/

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

Saw *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES*. They seem to have run out of ape-human puns, thank god, but with them gone you have the leisure to notice that it's one of the dullest, slowest-moving, and most predictable plots I've ever sat growing ccbwebs through. You not only knew what was going to happen, you knew what everyone was going to say, exactly. This one drags in timetravel without explanation of how it happened, starting with an after-escaping-from-the-exploding-planet beginning, and muddling onward with Braeden wanting to kill off Zira's baby because it can breed with mute apes (he says) and breed more talking apes--god forbid--and will probably ultimately bring about the set-up in the original *POTA* in the 2000-years-from-now future time that thing took place in. It's the knife that was found in the ruins routine, see. Zira never looks the least bit pregnant. She announces she's pregnant and delivers within days. Braeden spent most of his time looking surly, with good reason. The sets were awfully low budget and locations consisted mainly of a tour of Fox's backlot. They almost wore out one of the studio's gates, roaring in and out of it in various redresses. The finale killed everyone off but left the usual loose ends dangling for the next installment of Saturday Afternoon at the Apes to be hung onto. Hopefully in it we can go back in time and prevent the entire series from happening.

The Renaissance Faire was fascinating and exhausting. It was held at the Paramount Ranch, a quarter mile or so from the sets, in tents and pavilions supplied by the faire itself. It features entertainment, wares, and food more or less like that in the era of Elizabeth I. No maggots in the meatpies, however. The most attractive thing about the faire is that it's such a happy place...I don't think I saw an unsmiling face all days. All sorts of unaccustomed civility and politeness...people were taking the name gentlefolk to heart. All sorts of elaborate and imaginative costumes, serfs and slave girls, bawds, bellydancers, merchants and their wives, a few knights, lots of monks, and a leper in rags. It looked like a worldcon of the Creative Anachronism bunch, who would have loved the faire. Didn't see any of the fannish knights in armor there, though. I did see Ray Bradbury, who seemed to be having a fine time.



Locus 84, 85, 86, 88 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 - 12/\$3)

Fandom's premier newsletter. I'm told that at the SFWA meeting at the Midwestcon some of the insurgents suggested that the group drop its stupid Bulletin and pay Charlie to distribute Locus to all members instead; that way they'd get all the professional news plus the fan news, and get it while it was fresh. Rating.....7

Sanders 6 (Dave Nee, 208 Putnam Hall, 2650 Durant Ave., Berkeley CA 94720 - 5/\$1) Nice little newsletter with emphasis on west coast news. Ideal as a supplement to Locus if you're really fascinated by stf news. (Obviously, I am.) Rating.....5

Luna Monthly 23 (Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell NJ 07649 - 35¢@, 12/\$4) The trouble with fancy offset publication is that it's easier to get behind schedule; this is the April issue and I think they'd better skip a couple of months and get up to date. Otherwise this is a thick little fanzine, with more emphasis on books (reviews, lists of forthcoming, etc.), movies, and foreign fandoms than U.S. news. (With Paul Walker recommending John Jakes and Leo P. Kelley I'd advise taking the book reviews with a large dose of salt, but at least you can tell what's out.) Rating.....5

APA-L 312 thru 319 (Fred Patten, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd, Apt. 1, Culver City CA 90230) Everything from mailing comments to the serialized screenplay of "The Adventures of Captain Marvel", and oddments like Alan Frisbie's card proclaiming him a thaumaturgist. Fun if you have time for a weekly apa, which I really don't...

Curse You, Red Baron! Series III, #1, 2 (Dick Eney, CORDS/Land Reform, APO San Francisco 96215 USA) In this installment, our hero has been recalled to Viet Nam to serve as Director of Land Reform for the Mekong Delta. One wonders what a piece of land could do that would make anyone want to reform it, but before this has been revealed the reader is swept into a thrilling series of encounters with recalcitrant landlords, stubborn peasants, and non-existent records. (Seriously, this is a fascinating series of newsletters -- usually running to 4 pages -- about what Americans and Vietnamese are doing about civil problems in the country.)

Dallascon Bulletin 9 (Dallas in '73 Bidding Committee, PO Box 34305, Dallas TX 75234) 1 1/2 pages of editorial, news, and letters, with 28 1/2 pages of ads, mostly for comics, movie items, and fanzines I never heard of before and was happy that way.

Stan's Weekly Express 80 (PO Box 207 (Daytonview Station) Dayton, 45406, OH) This is a special "pulp" issue, though there are still plenty of ads for comics, fanzines, etc. Pricing runs all the way from average to ridiculous.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin 2 (c/o Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham, AL 35223 - 25¢) A list of organizations in the south, con reports, con ads, and a membership list which surprised me, as it comprised close to 600 names.

Serendip 75 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - \$1/100 pages) A Postal Diplomacy fanzine.

OSFicomm V2#1 (P. Gill, 18 Glen Manor Drive, Toronto 13, Ontario)) A one-sheet newsletter from Ontario fandom

Amra V2#54 (G.H. Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101 - 50¢@, \$4/10) I wish you'd quit pattering around with hopeless causes like SFWA budgets and put out more Amrae, George. This one has several articles on swords and sorcery, a moderately good parody of the field and various odds and ends, including John Boardman's account of a Cornell professor whomping a rioting student over the head with a ceremonial mace,

which sort of falls into the field. (It also includes a faulty colophon; no address to which to send the money is listed, and I had to refer to our own files to find it.)
JWC) Rating.....8

Grafan 8 (Walt Jaschek, 2351 Dotley Ave., Jennings, MO 63136 - 3/65¢) A fairly intelligent, small comics fanzine. Rather unusual in a field which produces a few really superb examples of publishing and vast quantities of utter crap. This is somewhere in the middle ground and I haven't seen too many comics fanzines in that category.

Hannes Bok Illustration Index (CW Brooks, Jr., 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605 \$1) Just what it says; a 22 page index of the works of Bok.

Uranian 4 (U. of R. Science Fiction Society, Todd Union, University of Rochester, Rochester NY 14627 - 50¢@, 3/\$1) A bit of everything, from an interview with a U. of R. scientist, connected with the Mars probes, through reviews, parodies and fan fiction to bad poetry. The interview was excellent; the rest runs from pretty good art and reviews down to the poetry. Rating.....5

Renaissance V3#2, 3 (John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Avenue, Berkeley Heights NJ 07922-25¢) #2 finishes "The Eschatology of Cordwainer Smith" and not a bit too soon for me. #3 covers Hugo nominations, in which I disagree with most of Pierce's choices, and a parody of the various "Planet of the Apes" films. Both have large numbers of book reviews. Rating.....5

Tomorrow And... 6 (Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford NY 14534 - 50¢) In a search for novelty, Jerry has used standard 8½ x 11 paper, but printed it sideways. The results don't do a thing for me; they merely make the mag a trifle more awkward to handle. Content is pretty good, though, once you get at it. Andy Offutt tells how he writes, and there are a couple of humorous columns in addition to the reviews, letters, editorials, etc. Rating.....7

Quick Frozen Foods (205 E. 42nd St., NY, NY 10017 - \$1.50@) This seems to be a haven for New York fans, with Sam Moskowitz, Arnie Katz and Andy Porter on the staff. I couldn't figure out who sent it to me until Porter confessed at the Midwestcon. I'm afraid that it's far too sercon a fanzine for me to trade with, however; the article on fresh frozen carp was rather intriguing but my mind doesn't run toward marketing aids for frozen food producers.

The Fanarchist 4 (David Grigg, 1556 Main Road Research, Vic 3095, Australia - 5/\$1.10) Major item is a transcript of the Australian Convention panel on fanzines. Columns, articles, fiction, letters. One very fine illustration by Daryl Lindquist, whoever he is. Rating.....5

New Elliptic 6, 7, 8 (I think) (Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342 - 25¢) Fairly wide variety of material. Some material by pro writers (Chapdelaine, Offutt, Robert Moore Williams) on the field. Fanzine reviews by Florence Jenkins (who must be a good reviewer because she likes Yandro). Offutt's article in #8 on the Apollo shot is particularly good. Rating.....4



Funnyworld 13 (Mike Barrier, Box 5229, Brady Station, Little Rock, AR 72205 - \$1.25@
This is one of the superb examples of publishing that I mentioned a while back in re-
ferring to the comics field. In appearance, content (and price) it's a professional
publication. There are interviews with Chuck Jones ("Roadrunner" movie cartoons) and
Carl Stallings (music composer for Warner Brothers cartoons), a couple of articles on
underground comics, reviews, and shorter items. Rating.....9

Moebius Trip 8 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - 35¢, 3/\$1) General
type, slightly thicker and a bit more serious than Yandro. Nothing either outstanding-
ly good or bad. Rating.....6

The Mentor 18 (Ron L. Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst, NSW, 2076, Australia - 3/\$1)
Major item is a fascinating commentary on our economic system by Jack Wodhams. Austra-
lian fanzines are sometimes deficient in humor; this makes up for the occasional lack.
General material otherwise. Rating.....5

Androxenophile 2 ((Susan Wolfe & Cecily Horton, Box 85, Snook TX 77878 - 30¢) A "Star
Trek" fanzine (okay this time, girls?) devoted to slightly juvenile attempts at sex.
(Nope, it isn't pornographic; Ruth Berman's poem was the only item that even came close
to that definition, and it didn't come very close. It was the best item in the mag,
though.) Though it doesn't have much redeeming social value, either...Rating.....2

Maya 2 (Ian R. Williams, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland, SR4 7RD, Co. Durham,
England - 10¢). Remarkably bad reproduction, which is somewhat surprising in a British
fanzine; they're usually so meticulous. Wide variety of material; serious, fannish,
fiction; reviews, letters, etc. Okay, if you can read it. Rating.....3

Gegenschein 1 (Eric B. Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia -
25¢) I got a nasty surprise on this when I saw "Lindsay" on the envelope and then
opened it and it wasn't Ethel. However, it's not a bad first issue, despite the fic-
tion. General type fanzine, rather thin this time. Rating.....3

Seldon's Plan Newsletter V12#3 (Laura Trise Basta, 17920 Redfern, Detroit MI 48219)
Everything; reviews, columns, fiction, verse, even a one-act play. Nothing, however,
particularly compelling. Rating.....2

SF Commentary 19 (Bruce R. Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Austra-
lia - USAgent Charlie Brown - \$3/9 via surface mail) Gaak! 130 pages, mostly devoted
to reprinting every issue of John Foyster's Exploding Madonna. Quite frankly, I never
liked the original all that well; its major use was to give me an enduring dislike of
Franz Rottensteiner, the ultimate in pompous-ass fan critics. However, it was a ve-
hicle for serious -- if pompous -- exploration of science fiction, so I suppose it de-
serves reprinting for those deeply interested in the subject.

WSFA Journal 76 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton MD 20906 - this issue \$1.25,
normally 50¢@) While we're on the subject of big fanzines, this is the Disclave issue
and contains around 130 pages, depending on how you count the artfolio (which is made
up of the leftover art from SF Review). This has always had a wide variety of mater-
ial; this time there's a little more of everything, plus the artfolio and a 1971 Book
Review index, for whatever that's worth. Rating.....9

Badmouth 2 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon OH 43567) After a competent but
unexciting attack on censorship by Lisa Tuttle (all of which I've heard before, many
times, in fandom), there is a fabulously funny article by Liz Fishman about her first
date. Undoubtedly one of her best items. Long letter column, and Lynn has some pretty
weird people on his mailing list; I gather that pulp fandom is not quite the same as
sfandom. Rating.....8

Forthcoming Science Fiction Books (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson
TX 77566) For June through December, with a few in 1972. A good checklist if you
want to watch for something in particular.

Rune 23 (Minnesota Science Fiction Society, 1350 Queen Avenue North, Minneapolis, MN 55411 - 10/\$1) Almost entirely devoted to a con report by Mark Riley. Since I don't read con reports... (I do scan them for my name, and thank you, Mark, for the compliment on Juanita's singing. But I still won't read your report.)

Beabohema 16 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown PA 18951 - 50¢) Terry Carr finally got something good for his "Entropy Reprints" column, and surprisingly enough it's fan fiction -- by David R. Bunch, however, which is to say it's not your ordinary mine-run fan fiction. Frank is being discouraged with the mag again in his editorial, but I liked this issue better than the last, probably because there is more material which is amusing without being rampantly "fannish". Nothing really outstanding, but enjoyable material, with superb art and repro. Rating.....7

Cover X-2, X-3 (Jeff Schalles, 173 McClellan Dr., Pittsburgh PA 15236) Small, personal-type fanzine, with good repro (a change from #1), with lots of cartoons. Reaction to this sort of thing is entirely subjective; either you like the editor and his ramblings, or you don't. I think he comes across very well; try one and see what you think.

Potlatch 4 (Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt 6-B, Brooklyn NY 11201 - 35¢) Terry's "Entropy Reprint" here is by "Carl Brandon", a writer whose good points were always totally invisible to me. This is an excessively "fannish" fanzine; in the normal course of events I wouldn't even bother to read it. But Joyce gets in interesting material -- like her article this issue about Mr. Atkins the florist-publisher. So I read it; one interesting item per issue is par for the course or better in fanzine publishing, and most of the time she's been doing better than that. Rating.....5

Plastic Oracle 2 (Don Moore, 1709 Kathryn Dr., Tallahassee FL 32303 - 35¢) A comics fanzine which seem to be in the process of converting to a general, humor-satire fanzine. Somewhat reminiscent of early Jay Lynch fanzines, though bigger than Lynch's publications.

Maybe 13 (Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt Bk. Bldg, Chattanooga TN 37402 - 2/\$1) This issue seems to have been turned over the Jacqueline Lichtenberg for "Star Trek" fandom activities. Good enough, if you're interested; I'm not. With this came Baby of Maybe 3, consisting of a lettercolumn.

Koyotl 1 (Ken Fletcher, 1501 Breda Ave., St. Paul, MN 55108 - 50¢) For Apa-45. The editorial commentary is interesting enough, but hard to read; poor dittoing. The multilithed pages are clear enough, and are mostly devoted to cartoons.

Church of Starry Wisdom (4138 E. Mission Blvd., Space 71, Pomona CA 91766) This is a sort of an ecology fanzine. Much mention of the Whole Earth Catalog, buying a farm and growing one's own food, etc. I'm afraid my own reaction is "big deal". I've never been able to afford to buy any land, but I've been living in the country and growing as much of my own food as is practical for all but about five years of my life, and the vast thrill of it all just doesn't reach me. Lots of experimental art forms in the mag, color work and the like, most of which have been abandoned by other editors because they don't work very well. (The marbled cover is pretty, but a lot more work than I'd be willing to do.)

Scythrop 22 (John Bangsund, Parergon Books, GPO Box 4946, Melbourne 3001, Australia. USAgent Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn NY 11201 - 6/\$3) Con reports, an article by A. Bertram Chandler on his writing, various views on science fiction and literature in general. Fairly thick fanzine, largely devoted to serious commentary on science fiction.

Dynacence 2.5 (Michael Juergens, 257 Florence St., Hammond IN 46324) Mostly a stopgap to let his readers know that he is alive and will be putting out a really truly issue of the fanzine Realsoonnow. This is just a one-sheet affair.

Schamob 10 (Frank Johnson, 3836 Washington Ave., Cincinnati OH 45229 - 50¢) Frank has finally begun to whip his reproduction problem; this isn't exactly good repro, but it's at least easily readable. Lots of reviews, of which perhaps the most interesting (to me) is Jeff Smith's dissection of old horror movies. (The most interesting to Tucker would be Leon Tayler's 4½ page paean of praise to YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN.) Fiction, long editorial, short lettercolumn. But the major part of the mag is reviews; books, records, films, fanzines. Rating.....4

The Bodé Bulletin 2 (Cuyler Warner Brooks, Jr., 713 Paul Street, Newport News VA 23605 - 10¢) Editor is George Beahm; mail should be sent to him in care of Brooks. As the name implies, this is entirely devoted to the work of Vaughn Bodé. Since I couldn't care less about the work of Vaughn Bodé, the mag didn't offer me much, but you may like it, if you're a Bodé fan.

Space & Time 12 (Gordon & Becky Linzner, Apt 4-M, 83-10 118th St., Kew Gardens NY 11415 - 50¢ - quarterly) Primarily devoted to fan fiction. Since I don't read all that much fan fiction, I can hardly rate it, but I'm always glad to see a well-reproduced fiction fanzine (provided I'm not required to read it). There seem to be a sufficient number for my purposes at present; nobody has written in to tell me I ought to publish fiction in Yandro for years now. This is digest size, photo offset with a reduction in type size which is fine if you have good eyesight. I don't, but then I don't read fan fiction anyway, so it hardly matters.

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READ THE NEW ELLIPTIC! Elliptic is a tempest in a teapot, a bi-monthly, twenty-plus page fanzine printing opinion, fan events, pro activities. Past issues, all available, have had: Ray Bradbury's "These Unsparked Flints, These Uncut Gravestone Brides" (a poem), Perry Chapdelaine's "King of Space Opera" (about EE Smith), "Selling the Stuff" by Chapdelaine, Richard Wilson, Leingang and Glycer, about SF sales. We reported Bradbury's speeches at USC and in Beverly Hills, Ellison's appearance at a banquet in Downey. In the latest issue, NE #8, is an assortment of every fan activity, and pro as well. Perry Chapdelaine says "To Hell with SFWA". Andrew Offutt reports the fan life at the launching of big 14 in "Apollo 14: A Very Personal Look". Robert Moore Williams discusses his 35-year writing career and his new battles with SFWA in an interview by Mike Glycer, Bob Gale reviews THX 1138 and Andromeda Strain, the newest SF movies, and relates comments from their makers made at USC's film conference. Richard Wadholm surveys Science Fiction in Rock. Florence Jenkins reviews fanzines in depth, YANDRO, LOCUS, and FOCAL POINT. The New Elliptic is everything you need in a good cigar. Send 25¢ to publisher Mike Glycer at 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, Cal. 91342 to see why.

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THREE NEOFANS
by Jeff Cochran

Three neofans,
Three neofans,
They ran at the fanzines with papers in hand,
But the editors cut them all down in a band,
Oh youve never seen such a sight in the land,
As three neofans.

We have a notice here for the "Golden State Comic-Con", August 6, 7, and 8, at Muir College, U.C.S.D. Campus, La Jolla, CA. For information, write Comic-Con, P.O. Box 23182, San Diego, CA 92123. "Your entire life will be enriched by this non-stop week-end of activities." Yes, indeedy, it will. (At the moment, however, I'm not sure my life can stand any more enrichment.)