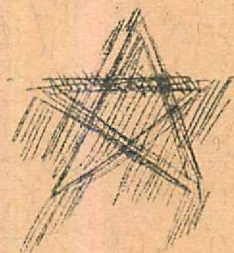
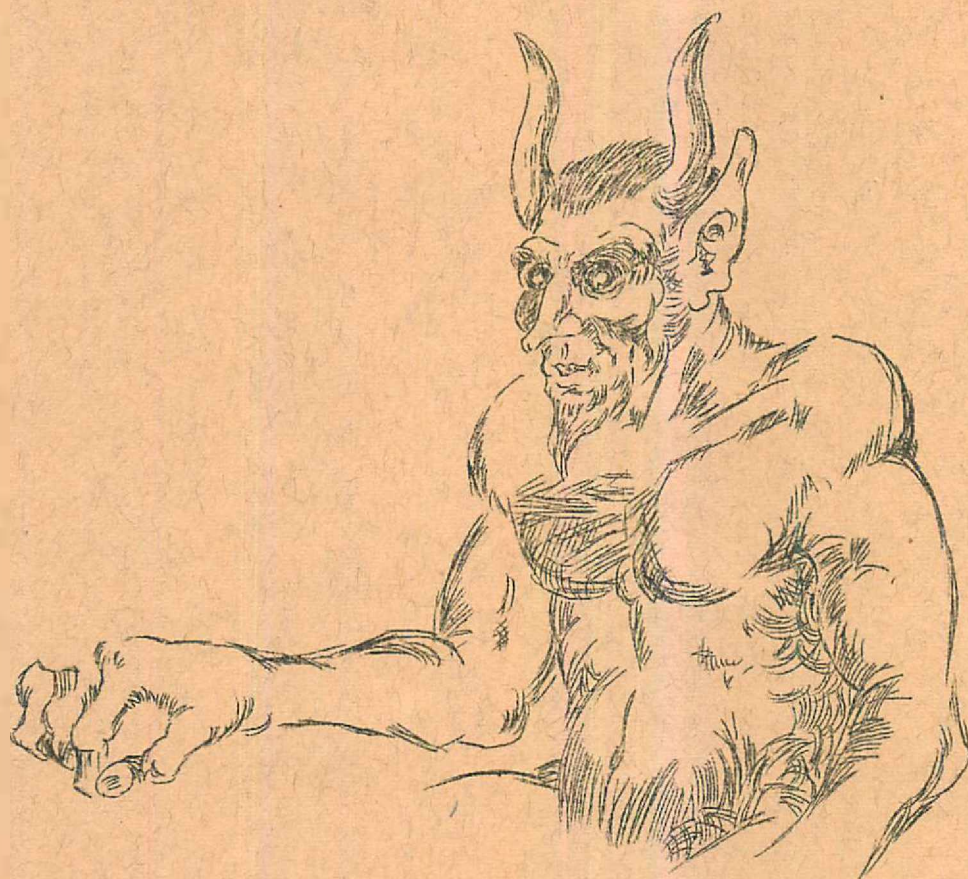


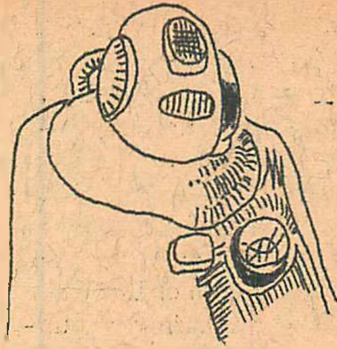
# GANDRO











# YANDRO-210

NUMBER

october 71 VOLUME XIX / 7

Published 9 or 10 times a year by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348 USA, where naive Christian tourists return to tell of their experiences in the exotic Middle East.

British Agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain, who will tour to Yugoslavia but not to a convention.  
Price: US - 40¢, 4 for \$1.50, 12 for \$4.00 Britain - 15p, 4 for .50, 12 for £1.30

## CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial) - - - - -	JWC - - - - -	2
A Column - - - - -	Bruce Coulson - - - - -	3
Rumblings (editorial) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	4
Difugalty (column) - - - - -	Dave Locke - - - - -	6
Bear On A Bicycle (verse) - - - - -	L. Sprague de Camp - - - - -	9
The Chemistry of Sex & Parkinson's Disease (article)	Alexis Gilliland - - - - -	10
The RA II Comes To Land (verse) - - - - -	Raymond L. Clancy - - - - -	12
Mini-Torial (more Rumblings) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	12
Ride of the Valkyrie (article) - - - - -	Jackie Franke - - - - -	13
Golden Minutes (fanzine reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	16
Grumblings (letters) - - - - -	- - - - -	23
Strange Fruit (book reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	29
Sale List (advertising) - - - - -	RSC/JWC - - - - -	35
DUFF (press release) - - - - -	Fred Patten - - - - -	36
Greeting cards, slides, paintings (advertisement)	Morris Dollens - - - - -	37

## ARTWORK

Cover by unknown artist (original sent to us by Alan Dodd), Cover logo by Dave Locke	
Page 1 - - - - - Jeff Coehran	Page 11 - - - - - Dany Frolich
" 2 - - - - - JWC	" 14 - - - - - Dick Flinchbaugh
" 4 - - - - - JWC	" 15 - - - - - Jackie Franke
" 6 - - - - - Arthur Thomson	" 23 (logo) - - - - - Bill Kunkel
" 7 - - - - - Jim Cawthorn	" 24 - - - - - Bill Harry
" 10 - - - - - Dan Adkins	" 25 - - - - - Dan Osterman
" 6 (logo) - - - - - Dave Locke	

Now if someone can give us Bill Harry's address and the name of the cover artist.....  
Electrostencilling courtesy of Pboth Press.

I wrote IF about the Irwin Ross affair, and got back an acknowledgement on a form letter....I wonder just how many irate fans did call them on that? The form letter acknowledged that the story "appears" to be a plagiarism; I assume the caution is necessary in case it goes to court.

Next issue I'll be reviewing This Witch by Bob Tucker; I've just finished it and I can recommend that you dash out and buy a copy. (I also read the Book Club reprint of Time Masters and I really think Tucker's writing is improving with age. Maybe by the time I get to be 70 I'll be able to write fascinating fiction, too.)

ADDENDUM TO CONTENTS: "Sylmar In 1984" (advertisement), by Mike Glycer, on page 8

On To Los Angeles!





Not that I want to cancel out a paragraph or several in Buck's editorial -- but he writes his editorial before I write mine, which can be both an advantage and disadvantage. If little has happened, it means he's already noted it, and I have to dig very hard for something to say in these pages. If something doesn't occur on his beat but on mine, he had the problem in filling space. Mixed joys of being a publisher rather than being an editor -- and I am the publisher rather than the editor of Yandro. (I started out as both, but I was happy to turn the less pleasant job over to Buck -- dump it in his lap, might be the better term.)

At any rate, when Buck wrote his editorial, we were still car shopping. We are no longer shopping but have made the purchase, thereby blowing the remainder of the proceeds from my gothic sale, minus some we saved out to pay Unka Sugar his cut come tax time next year. (Writing takes great big, all-in-one unpleasant bites at tax time, one of the things they usually neglect to tell you in these glowing learn-how-to-be-a-famous-author ads.) We ended up with almost more car than we wanted. Barring difficulties though, the tailgate space should enable Buck to play Howard, Jr. at Midwestcons. It's a 67 Ambassador wagon. Big, but with power steering, so it's as easy to handle as our current 62 Rambler wagon. Additionally, the dealer is a love; we told him what we wanted and though he didn't have anything then, he said he would like immediately and not be hasty and buy from someone else. He goes all out to make a sale -- one of our essentials on any car-buying list is (if at all possible) individual front seats to accommodate our varying heights; so the car our dealer acquired had a bench type front seat, which he removed and replaced with individual seats from another car. Possibly his own. It wouldn't be the first time he's taken a part off his own car to supply a missing one for ours. Plus, he went to some trouble to elevate the seats just a trifle, so I'd be able to see better -- I'm used to being called "shortie" by meese like Buck.

So, barring large flies in the ointment, we should be able to make LA next year. Bet you were sweating blood over the possibility that we wouldn't, eh, Pelz? Well,...

I must say I was pleased with the way the car handled. I drove it the 60+ miles back from the dealer, and while I was very aware I was handling a BIG car, I never felt it was so massive and unwieldy that it was dangerous for me to driving it. That's a statement I can't make about Buck's 59 Impala, which weighs as much as this huge station wagon and conversely drives like a wheeled lead slab.

Also, from the sale of the gothic, I got myself a badly needed kitchen range. I decided some months ago that perhaps an oven with a broken temperature regulator and a door that had to be held shut with masking tape, and burners that wouldn't light without a match, might all be an indication that my old range had had it. Giddy with our suddenly bloated bank account, I went out and got me a new range with a self cleaning oven and like that.

Gothics are sort of campy fun to write, and I must say profitable. The sale to Berkeley came at almost the last possible minute. As numerous others will testify, I'm sure, appliances have a way of hanging on like grim death until one has a windfall, and then everything falls apart at once, so the windfall goes to replace or repair all these anthropomorphic appliances and cars and whatnot. It is nice of them to



wait until there actually is some money to make repairs, but one can't help wishing just once a windfall would occur and nothing would break or fall apart and demand instant fixing.

Gothic writing is a borderline field, as it were. I try to throw in hints of fantasy, which in the gothic department is usually limited to occult suggestions or a few off-stage ghosts, etc. Ah me, and I was the gal who much preferred hard science to fantasy when I first discovered fandom. Where did I go wrong?

After a while one does start running out of varying phrases for brooding and ominous and foreboding, however.

"Ah, yes, election time is upon us. We can't get terribly excited about the local elections, but we get the Ft Wayne Journal-Gazette and vicariously enjoy the fracas and broohahas raging up northward. The Journal-Gazette is the morning, Democratic paper, and lately there are many snide references to "the evening paper" and said evening paper's misprints and errors and forced retractions and whatnot. Gloatgloat. Let's you and him fight. The Mayoralty contest seems to be a hot one, especially since Congressman Roush (who last election upset an entrenched incumbent in what was regarded as solid as concrete Republican territory) has been campaigning for the Democratic candidate -- showing him how it's done, apparently. We won't be panting for the local paper come day after election, but we will be watching with amused interest the election returns in Ft. Wayne that Tuesday night. Hoosiers take politics so seriously."

Which is perhaps why Lindsay was received in this state with mixed emotions. He's campaigning for various mayoralty candidates around the state, in Ft. Wayne and in Gary, notably. I gather his reception in Gary was enthusiastic at first and then restless with boredom. After seeing the film clips from his speech in Ft. Wayne, I see why. I don't know where Lindsay practiced his rhetoric, or who his speechwriter is, but both need severe revision. Mostly he spoke in platitudes, the platitudes of someone thinking entirely in terms of one of the world's largest cities and of a future bid for the White House. Which is very nice for Lindsay, one supposes, but is frightfully dull for residents of less metropolitan areas -- or even non-New York metropolitan areas, one thinks -- and for those not members of his campaign staff. Plus, he was a dull speaker. I understand that he might be tired after a hectic schedule; in which case speeches erring on the side of gutsy simplicity would seem to be in order -- not prolix meanderings with paragraph-long sentences which even the speaker couldn't keep track of. I realize a lot of East Coast types think Lindsay's the greatest thing since cottage cheese, but he doesn't come across that way once he gets away from the Atlantic. Dull. Hoping you are not the same... JWC

a column ..... by bec

Hello. Just watched COLLOSSUS:THE FORBIN PROJECT the other night, and it is much better than the original story. The original had a lot of paradoxes and sidelines which weren't really necessary to the story, and the movie had a good deal more humor.

Bookcases are troublemakers! I got a new one, and I had to transfer all of my books to it. And some of my books are pretty weighty.

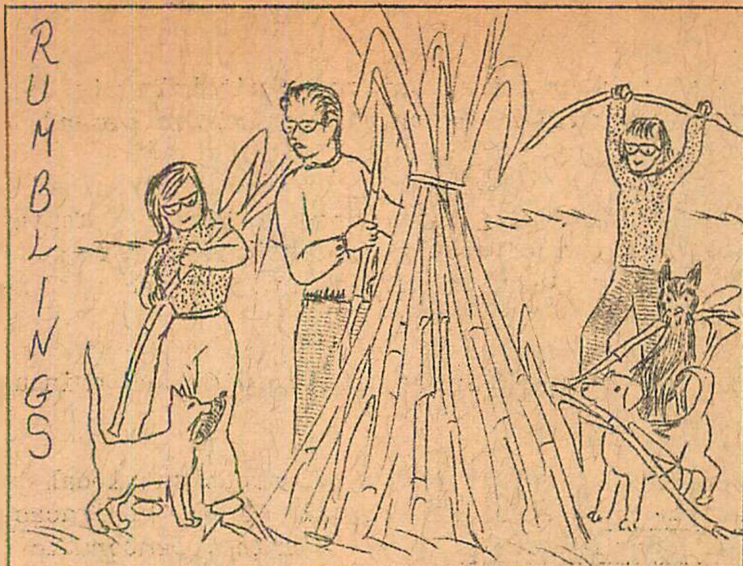
School seems to be the same as ever. Doesn't it ever change?

I bought another knife at the Hartford Gun & Knife Show, after being disappointed that most of the knives I wanted cost 30 or more bucks. Dad got a knife for 50 cents, but the blade is less than 2 inches long. He also got a gun holster.

That's about all of interest that happened this month, so pax mundus.

BEC





I just got a copy of SANDERS with the latest in a series of appeals for James Nelson Coleman; there was one in LOCUS earlier, I believe, and others in various places. (If you haven't seen one, Coleman is incarcerated in the Ohio pen for a couple of crimes -- one notice listed them, but I forget what they were. Burglary and assault, I think, but I won't guarantee that.) He is up for parole review, and fans are urged to write the Governor of Ohio and ask for clemency. Now, this may be a praiseworthy act; Joe Hensley has interested himself in the case, and I'm inclined to trust Joe. However, there is a common denominator in all these

appeals which annoys me like hell, and that is that not once are we ever told what a fine man Coleman is, or what a benefit it will be to society if he's turned loose. No, we're expected to turn out and propagandize for him just because he's a science fiction writer and a member of SFWA, and we're fans and/or fellow members, and I say the hell with it. (The fact that I've read two of his novels and they were both lousy has nothing to do with it; if Joe Hensley wants to tell me that he's been maligned and will be a benefit to the community if freed, I'm quite willing to join the crowd. But I'll be God damned if I'll do it just because he's a science fiction personality.)

There's some ammo for your next article, Tucker. (And how about some intelligent comment, Joe?)

Since Juanita got her check, we've been car hunting. Without much luck; the only Rambler station wagon - secondhand, that is - in town is in the lot of a garage I don't much want to patronize for reasons which I won't state. (Because some of these copies are distributed in Hartford City and I tread cautiously around libel.) So I have some time off coming up and maybe we'll visit a few surrounding towns and see what gives. I've noticed remarkably few used cars of any kind in this area; are more people buying secondhand cars these days, or is this purely a local phenomenon? (I could get a new Rambler for \$4,000, which I don't have and wouldn't waste on a new car if I did have.) She's almost finished with the manuscript of the second gothic; strike while the iron is hot and all that.

Inspiration falters. On to the clippings. Juanita joined the Blackford County Humane Society (well, what would it do to my reputation if it came out that I belonged to a Humane Society?) and I notice in their newsletter that animals taken to the shelter are either adopted or "euthanized". That's not even in my dictionary, but presumably someone decided that "killed" would be too harsh and coarse and really, my dear.. (I wonder, though; if we could afford another dog:....no point in getting another cat because Juanda wouldn't let it in the house anyway; she resents any feline competition)

Has the Ballew case made any of the Eastern newspapers? He was an NRA member, so it made AMERICAN RIFLEMAN. This is the man who was shot in the head and paralyzed by investigators of the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division of IRS while they were breaking into his home. (Whether they were breaking in legally or not is still up to the courts to decide; they were definitely doing so unnecessarily, and without any attempt to show their credentials.) They were acting on an anonymous tip, which gives one a sinking nostalgia for the good old days in Germany when anyone with a grudge against his neighbor could report him as a Jew and have the police act on it. Around presentday Washington, D.C., it seems that all one has to do is send in an anonymous tip that one's neighbor owns an illegal gun (the police have distributed posters encouraging this) and with luck one might get rid of one's neighbor entirely. (Ballew has been in the hospital 4 months and may or may not be permanently crippled.)

What else do we have here? Dodd sends a clipping on the final days of their old large-size penny, which is no longer negotiable. Says 861,240,000 are apparently being kept for nostalgia or in collections; they haven't been turned it. (Well, I have 2 or



3 of them myself.) Another one is about a gang who broke into a mortuary and removed "one part of the anatomy of a male corpse". Dodd mentions it as "Frankenstein Lives", but guessing at the nature of the part, I'd say this had to be a modern uncensored descendant of the evil doctor.... Another notice from Dublin that the rubber bullets used by British forces in Northern Ireland (fired from a Very pistol, they "strike with the impact of a cricket ball", however much that is) are becoming desirable souvenirs and it is suspected that some attacks on the troops are made more to attract saleable items than to protest anything. (Which reminds me; any way you could pick one up for me, John?)

Marty Helgesen sends a batch of Library of Congress file cards, including one for The Search for Certainty by A. E. van Vogt. Described as "Five radio talks on the violent male and early pamphlet - Summary of systematic thought about women - Dream therapy instruction sheet. Do you suppose the man's ever recovered from Dianetics.....?"

Irv Jacobs sends a copy of the CHRISTIAN BEACON, with a huge headline, ECOLOGY - ANTI-CHRISTIAN. So now you know where you stand.... It's publications like this that give freedom of the press a bad name....

Jackie Franke sends one about an outburst of imagination in a science lab; the National Accelerator Laboratory is using a trained ferret to clean a series of 300-foot long metal tubes which are part of an atom-smasher. (No, they don't saturate its fur with Ajax Cleanser; it runs through the tubes toting a string which is attached to a swab.) Jackie also had one mentioning that the president of the American Psychological Association has seriously suggested that we use mind-controlling drugs on our politicians, to control their "baser instincts". (I thought psychology had discarded the phony separation of "base" and "noble" instincts years ago; just shows how optimistic I am.)

Helgesen sends one on science-fiction on the moon; apparently Scott, Irwin and Worden named small local craters "Rhysling", "Kimball" (Kinnison), "Dandelion" (Wine), "Earthlight", and "Dune". Plus one called "Nameless"; you got any pull with astronauts, Busby?

Don Thompson, I believe, sends more on "The Fox", who has lately been wandering around Chicago planting ecological (and anti-industrial) signs where they'll do the most good. Like in department store windows; apparently you can do anything in Chicago if you're casual enough about it.

Ned Brooks sends one about the town of Laurinburg, North Carolina, which has a unique tourist attraction. In 1910 a carnival worker was killed and embalmed, and when nobody claimed the body it was put in a glass-front coffin and put in the garage of the funeral home. Apparently several hundred people come each month to view it. (I bet you thought all those books about the degenerate South were fiction, didn't you?)

Mary Schaub sends some lovely items, but they're all too long to quote.

Jackie Franke sends one on a new ecological menace; PCB. It's claimed to resemble DDT, but since it gets into the environment accidentally rather than deliberately it would seem to be less of a menace. (Except that it's been found in Swift & Co. turkeys, Lake Michigan coho salmon, fresh eggs in Norfolk, Va., and baby cereal, which would argue for a lot of accidents.)

Harvest time approaches. Like this coming weekend I'll be picking popcorn and Indian corn, dried beans, and maybe a few milkweed pods if I decide to experiment with another "edible wild food". That will finish the garden, and our landlord, who has been waiting impatiently to plow it, can go ahead. I have to buy my apples; 5 or 6 bushels of Winesaps stored down in the basement should last us through the winter. We still see evidences of wildlife in the area; a coon now and then crossing the road at night, and a possum just south of the house a couple of nights ago. Maybe that's what gets the dogs excited at night; it doesn't seem to be people doing it. We'll all soon be settled down to a nice snug rural winter. I even priced a kerosene lamp today, but it turned out to be one with a dark-colored chimney; a useless ornament. Maybe I'll bum one off Dad; we do lose the electricity now and then.

Currently, though, it's coming on fall and half the counties in Indiana are putting on some sort of "pioneer festival" to attract tourists. (And they do; one of my coworkers attended the Parke County Covered Bridge Festival on a weekend and reported that it was so jammed with people that he couldn't see the rustic activities.) RSC



# DIFFICULTY

column by

DAVE LOCKE

People just don't respect any of the sacred things anymore.

For instance, a few friends of mine at work disclosed an undernourished desire for poker and we all decided it would be an amusing thing to play the game at each other's houses once a month or so. Being not unaccustomed to having people, or fans, over to my place I volunteered to host the first game. Everybody got there by 7:00 on a Friday night and the game lasted eleven hours. I whelmed them a little bit by having more than a bottle or two in the liquor cabinet, and a vast array of highball glasses. The six of us sat around the big table and began to play.

You'll have to understand that we were all interested in poker, but that no more than two people shared the same viewpoint as to what the game consists of.

I said that seven card stud, or maybe draw poker with deuces wild, was the hairiest game which I personally included in the definition of "poker".

Everybody agreed.

Jack said a little game of lowball was all right once in a while.

Terry said that a game of thirty-three might liven things up, as long as it wasn't overdone.

Dotti's favorite was seven card stud, low hole card wild, and everybody thought that was a reasonable game.

Bill liked no-peeky.

No-peeky?

It had other names. To play, everybody got seven cards down and starting with the gent to the left of the dealer one card got turned up and there was a bet. Then the next gent turned his cards, one at a time, until he beat what the previous man had.

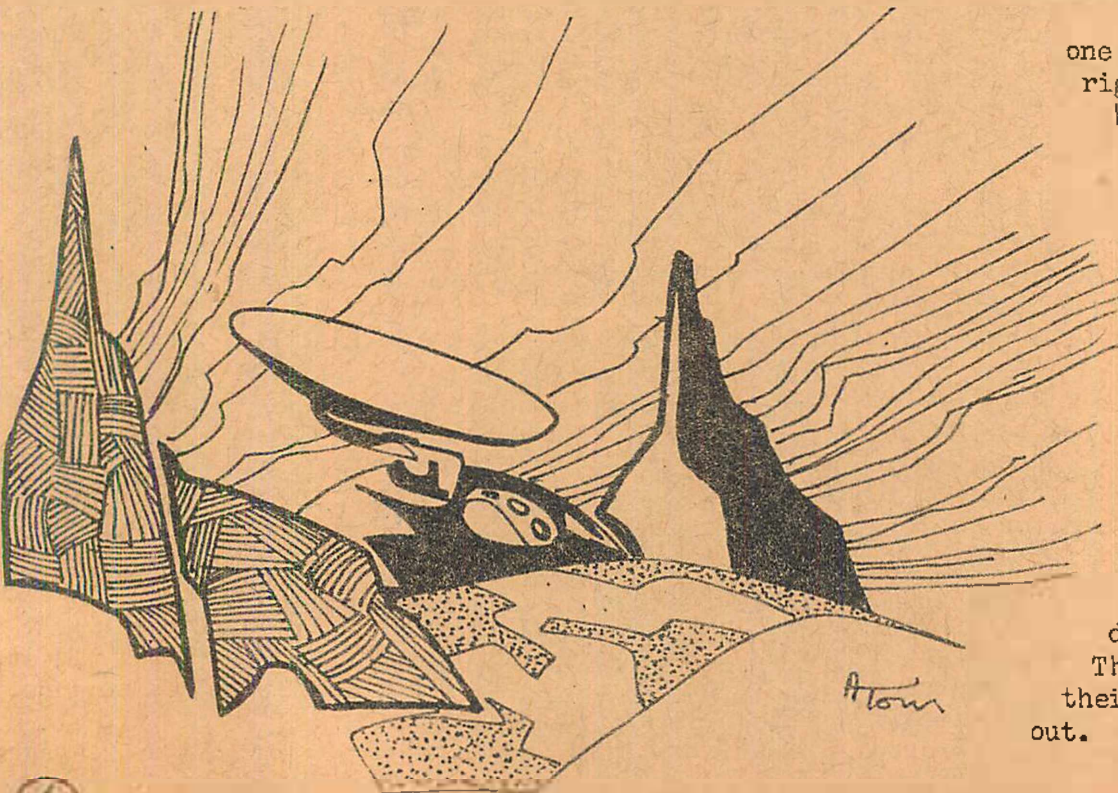
And so on, around and around the table.

Usually the one sitting to the right of the dealer had a few bucks in the pot before he saw.

even one of his cards.

Then we started playing In-between.

We wound up playing Indian Arrow. To play this, everybody gets one card. They don't look at it. They hold it behind their heads, face out. You see what





everybody else has, but you don't see what you got. Then everybody bets.

So at 6:00 the next morning we broke it up. Four managers, a supervisor, an executive assistant to the President. Mature people all..

A nice game of poker.

Next time we get together we'll include Old Maid and Go Fish.

Then there's cooking. My wife had grown up on a farm, which didn't mean anything to me if it didn't mean that she could cook to beat hell.

I didn't believe anybody could burn water until the teakettle melted on our stove. And then there's the grilled cheeze sandwich. I used to be a grilled cheeze sandwich fan, before I gained too much weight and we banned such things from our table. But I never had a grilled cheeze sandwich that tasted like...well, she cooks eggs in bacon grease (before eggs were banned from our table, too) instead of cooking them in butter. She figured if that was good enough for eggs, then it should be good enough for grilled cheeze sandwiches, also. It wasn't, and it tasted like...lard.

Then there were eggs, and bacon. It took me years to convince Phoebe that when you cooked eggs you couldn't just throw them in the pan and then go about dusting and waxing and tidying up the place while waiting for them to be done. You have to stand there staring at them, and have a spatula in hand ready to go into action at a moment's notice. Almost the same with bacon. You cannot do the laundry and cook good bacon at the same time.

Then there was Dave Hulan. Dave comes over for dinner from time to time, and there was a period of a couple of years when each time he'd come over Phoebe would prepare something she'd never done before. This wound up either horribly exciting or Dave and I would spend the evening drinking a lot.

Luckily she has learned to cook real well, and now that I'm on a hard and fast diet she's able to whip up a hell of a meal for our boy and herself.

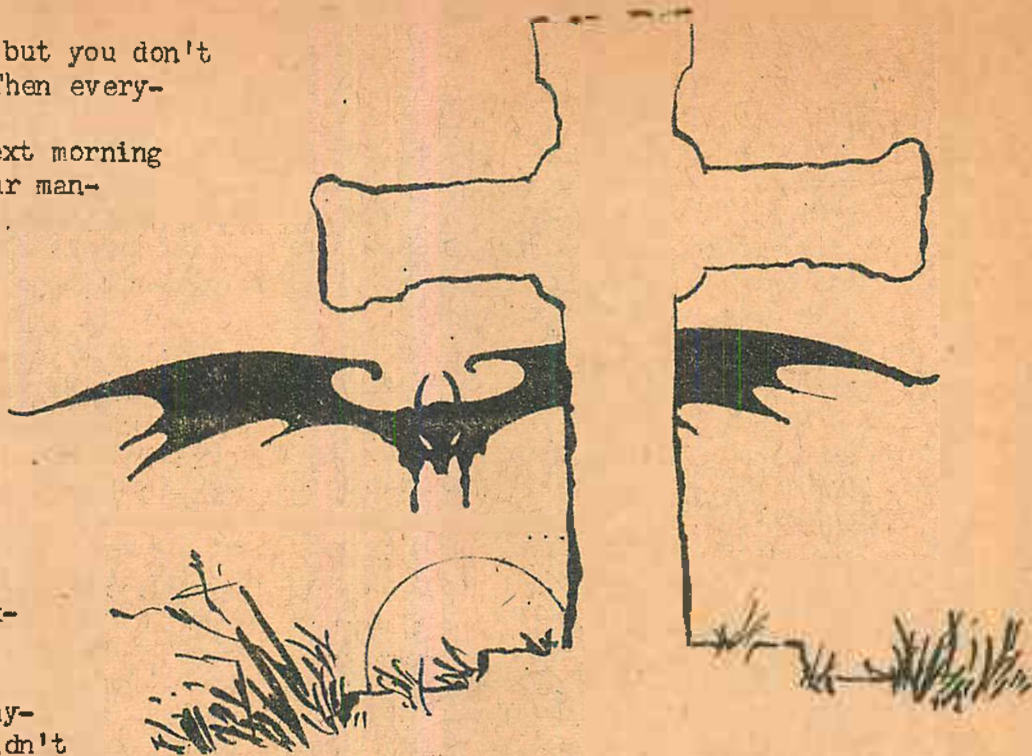
Maybe she could get a job cooking for Metrecal.

Probably the fastest way to lose weight is to become an astronaut.

Purchasing is a side function of my job, but I've never in my life seen such price variances as when I asked my buyer to get price quotations from local offset (lithograph) printers. These were legitimate RFGs (requests for quotations), because I was suspicious of the prices our advertising department was paying the printing outfit which they've used for years, but I did intend to make use of the information in selecting a printer for WESTERCON XXV Progress Reports.

First you have to take into account the fact that a printer who performs services other than just lithography will charge a lot more for litho printing. Litho is a cheap process, with more gross margin. The other printing services have less profit, and consequently they charge more for their litho work. This is the big difference. Quality is another, but smaller, reason for the spread in prices.

For a standard small Progress Report, say five sheets of paper with 19 or 20 pages





and including collating, folding, and binding, the quotations ran from a low of \$101.70 for 1,000 copies to a high of \$362.00. That's a lot of cash between those two numbers.

Out of curiosity we went out for a lot of quotes, just to familiarize ourselves with what prices looked like in this medium. Of the 32 quotations received, there was no polarization and not even a reasonable number of cliques. We might just as well have subtracted \$101.70 from \$362.00 and divided the result by 30. They were all that far apart. Amazing. And most of these places belong to the same association. But no price standardization.

So we'll send a small job to the low bid. If they're no good, we'll try the next lowest, and so on, until we find the balance between quality and service.

I have this urge to take the whole damn LA phone book and ask for quotes from every offset printer in the area, just to see what the hell happens. I'd probably find somebody operating out of his garage who'd give you a hell of a job for \$50.00. Before he went out of business...

And printers are a funny crew. We had at least a dozen resent the fact that we were asking about their prices. Some got downright raunchy. "We do a good job and our prices are fair. What more do you want to know?" If it had been me instead of the buyer I'd have said, "Well, for openers I want to know if your fair price is closer to a hundred dollars or whether it's closer to four hundred dollars."

I haven't run across a stranger group since the last time I went to IASFS.

Some of my best friends are salesmen...but I can't stand them when they're working. Thankfully I can stay fairly clear of the purchasing function by paying somebody \$550 a month to diddle with it.

Then I went to a Purchasing Management Association meeting, and found I didn't like purchasing agents, either.

One of these days I'll have to suggest that we move the purchasing function to some other division. Maybe swap them for something. Let's see, which is worse -- purchasing agents, or personnel managers, or credit managers, or engineers, or...

Well, maybe we can talk the other division into just taking it. And forget the swap. We've got a lot of nice looking girls in Sales Service, but that function wouldn't fit very well in our division. Accountants? Nah. They're worse than all of them.

Maybe I'll quit altogether and write dirty books for a living. And publish a highly successful subscription fanzine.

I was very merrily writing away telling you about how people just don't respect any of the sacred things anymore. Then I stopped for a second to figure out another item for this them, and got rudely interrupted by a call from Ed Cox inquiring about WEST-ERCON XXV PR #1 and I got off the track.

Is nothing sacred? Even the continuity of a fanzine column?

Motherhood and apple pie stink.

---

SYLMAR IN 1984! (Bidding Committee 42nd Worldcon, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, California\*John Braziman, Chairman) -- Sylmar is the wave of the future. With the Angeles National Forest ten minutes driving distance from this delightful town, we have all the space a convention could need, with spacious sleeping room (your own patch of dirt and your very own personal mosquitos!), a long costume ball runway (the Palmdale International Airport is now under way), and completely theft-proof huckster area (a pontoon floating in the Castaic Reservoir). Your Sylmar in '84 Committee wants to conduct a low-key, friendly, fannish bid, with lots of low-key friendly fannish backstabbing and conniving to get the convention here! Not content to start five or even six years in advance as does everyone else, we are -- lo and golly -- beginning 14 years in advance! And, we have retained Joe "Stomp Ass" Giovanni and his "family" to negotiate with those who do not immediately envision Sylmar as the ideal worldcon spot.

SYLMAR IN '84 -- IS THERE ANYWHERE ELSE?



# Bear On A Bicycle

About a platform, a bruin, obese and brown,  
Astride on a bicycle, wobbles and wavers along;  
A muzzle of leather inhibits this fur-coated clown  
From fleshing his fangs; while, under his trader's frown,  
On his vehicle, lurching and barely failing to fall,  
He enlivens with laughter a wondering anthropoid throng.  
The bear is patently not a performer of skill,  
For there were no wheels in his forested mountains tall;  
And so the wonder is not that he does it so ill,  
But that he can do it at all.

On the earthy peel of a minor planet contend  
A swarming, impassioned, unmuzzled, irascible throng  
Of hairless and upright beings, who wrestle and rend.  
Their quarrelings quiver the world like a heavenly gong,  
And soon their encounters may compass its fiery end.  
The tropical veldt upon which they were taught to maul  
As hunters and scavengers, failed to inform them with this:  
A knack for living in billions with never a brawl;  
And therefore the marvel is not that they do it amiss,  
But that they attempt it at all.

---

L SPRAGUE DE CAMP



# THE CHEMISTRY OF SEX AND PARKINSON'S DISEASE

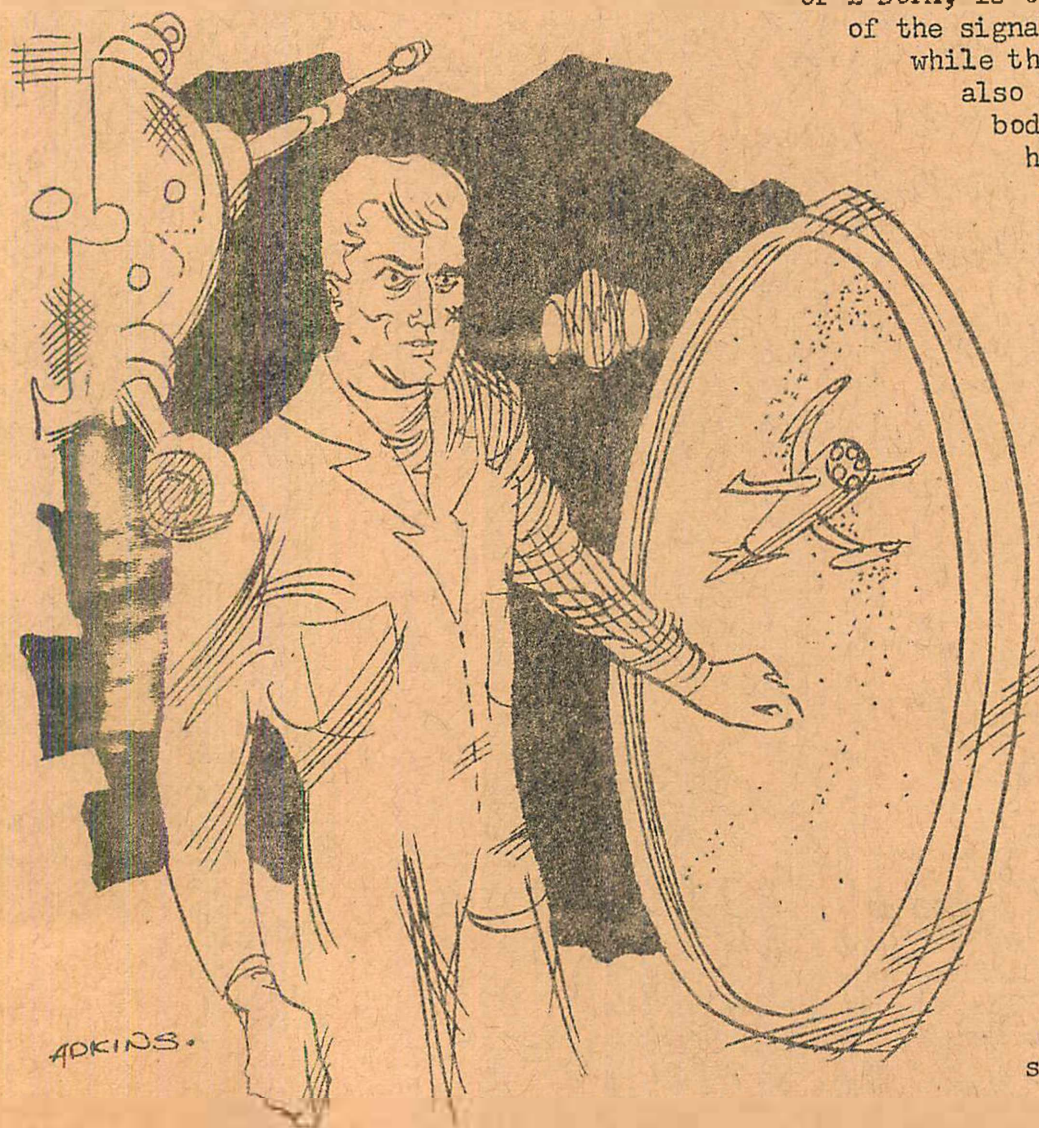
article by  
alexis a gilliland

A recently discovered palliative for Parkinson's disease L-dihydroxyphenylalanine, is now believed to have an aphrodisiac side effect.

Parkinson's disease is a palsy caused by the partial blocking of signals from the brain. Specifically, the blood brain barrier acts to exclude the signal-initiating chemical from the brain center where it is used. For what it's worth, a statistical survey indicates that, until 1930, catching the flu would, in some cases, cause Parkinson's disease later on. After 1930, the flu virus modified itself, and that particular effect vanished.

In any event, L-dihydroxy etc., or L-DOPA, is the chemical precursor of the signalling compound, and while the blood brain barrier also excludes L-DOPA, the body can tolerate such a high level of the compound that the one percent or so which leaks through the barrier is adequate to produce the signalling compound within the brain. Typically, the daily dosage of L-DOPA is measured in grams rather than the milligrams or micrograms used for barbiturates or LSD.

If this compound does, indeed, act as an aphrodisiac, then at least its function, which is to stimulate signalling activity in an area of the brain where such activity had diminished, makes sense. After all, L-DOPA





is acting in the area where sexual activity has its roots -- the brain.

The classical aphrodisiacs of the past fell into two categories. Either they were placebos, psychic energizers working by faith, such as ground cow horn sold as "Rhino Snoot Power Powder", or they produced an irritation of the urino-genitary tract, as Spanish Fly does.

The continuing sales of rhino horn (currently selling for \$500/kilo, wholesale) have virtually eliminated the Asian rhinoceros, and the evidence appears to be that it works pretty well for the people who use it.

Coming back to our rejuvenated Parkinson's disease sufferers, we might note the possibility of such psychic aphrodisia. Given a man who has been palsied for years, and who has accepted his condition, and stop the palsy...he is, by God, a new man! It is not surprising that in a burst of passion he should astonish the night nurse, or even the night nurse and her supervisor. If this is the case, then in non-Parkinson's disease controls there should be no effect.

Of course, if there is an effect, then the physiological component is dramatically reinforced by the same psychic element that makes rhino horn a drug on the market. That is, it works because it works, and also because people believe it works and want it to work. The one-two punch L-DOPA delivers is of undoubted if presently unproven potency, and this is only considering it as a self-administered restorative. As a surreptitiously administered pussy-catcher it should also work, providing one followed the instructions (allow four to six hours for L-DOPA to pass the blood brain barrier). As its fame spreads, the psychic element will be reinforced, perhaps to the point where all you have to do is tell your girl that you slipped her L-DOPA in the canape, and she will assume the jig is up and relax.

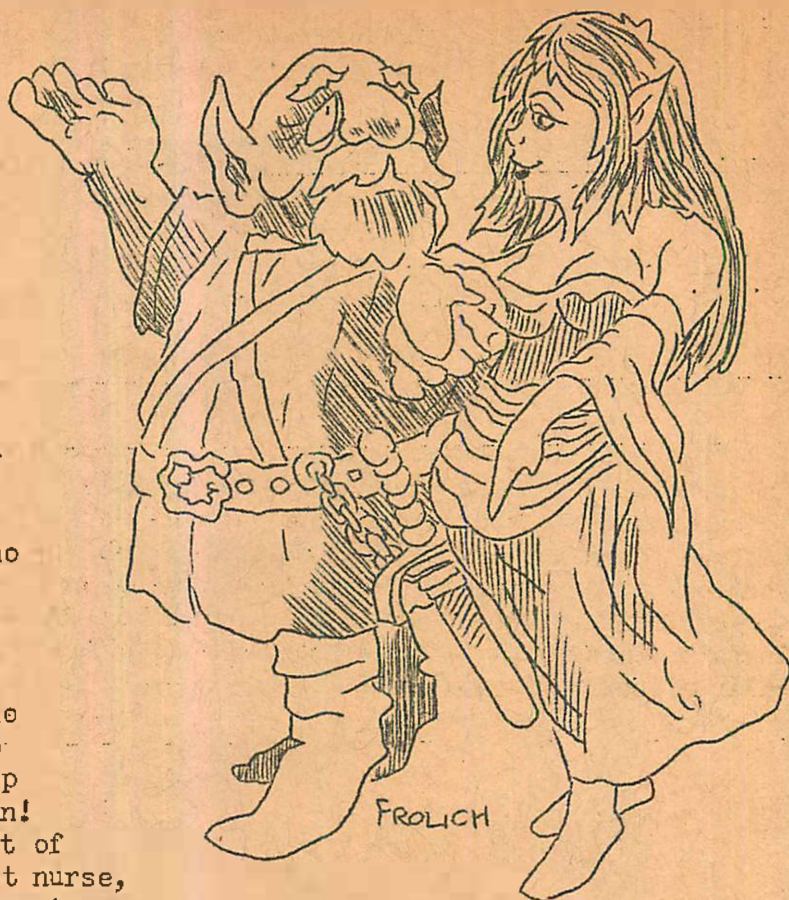
One looks forward to an L-DOPA generation succeeding the Pepsi generation. While youth will be served, this particular innovation seems more intended for Coke drinkers and sasparilla addicts.

Mixed with a little hallucinogen for esthetic purposes (one rarely sees a truly mature female in the Playboy centerfolds), it should prove to be a great boon for nursing homes. Assuming, of course, that with L-DOPA available, people will survive to become so enfeebled that they need nursing homes.

Geriatric sex may, with luck, become a greater killer than war, cancer, and automobiles. Considering all that medicine has done to touch off the population explosion, a little bit of imploding wouldn't hurt a thing. Also, as a purely voluntary therapy, who could object if the elderly were to choose the L-DOPA way, and thereby shuffled off this mortal coil a bit faster than usual?

ISD is illegal, as is heroin, pot, and TV tobacco advertising. Beer used to be illegal. But L-DOPA? Once the Government realizes what it will save on social security, L-DOPA will be legal. Heavily taxed, yes, but legal. And perhaps to people living on social security,...not even heavily taxed.

Granted that this is an unpleasant aspect of an otherwise admirable scientific dis-





covery, the fact remains that we all have to die sometime, and as we grow older we need all the comfort we can get. Chemistry brings to the old the chance to indulge in the follies they overlooked when young.

P.S. Chemical & Engineering News, Jan. 19, 1970, reports that L-DOPA is prepared from vanillin, and artificial flavoring, and that a world wide shortage of vanillin has been triggered by its new found use in pharmaceuticals.

P.P.S. Washington Post, April 27, 1970. Masters and Johnson report that there is no failure of ability for men and women to have sexual intercourse "into their eighties".

-----  
As one bolide said to the other, "We can't keep on Meteoring like this." RSC  
-----

Don Lundry asks that we mention Lunacon '72; he seems to have been stuck with the job of putting it on. This is March 31 - April 2, 1972, at the Statler-Hilton, New York City. Advance registration \$3, at the door, \$5. For registration and information, contact Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn, NY 11225 (you should put zip codes on your bulletins, Don). Don says that this year's Lunacon will not use the same hotel as last year, have a costume ball, or have a banquet. (Must have been a pretty bad con last year, huh?) He is interested in ideas for improvement and/or new program items. Send them to Devra too, and she can forward them. (Don't you love people like me, Dev?)  
-----

THE RA II COMES TO LAND  
by Raymond L. Clancy

Under the vast sky, they ploughed  
The sullen wave of the great deep,  
Salt on their lips from the spray,  
While their good ships groaned.  
  
Their burden was knowledge borne  
Perhaps to every coast we reach today.  
Their names are lost in the fog,  
Their chanteys have died on the wind.  
  
They ploughed the waves for the harvest  
We reap today, but the glory  
Which should shine over their names  
Is hid in the mist of the past.

(The sentiments expressed in the above verse are not those of the management..... RSC)

-----  
MINI-TORIAL, by RSC - Jackie Franke called my attention to an item in LOCUS. It seems that H. Bruce Franklin, who is academically interested in science fiction, has been suspended pending an investigation of charges that he disrupted a campus speech by Henry Cabot Lodge, incited students to occupy the school's computation center, and to riot. (This is at Stanford.) Since he admits to the speech disrupting, I'd say he damned well deserves whatever he gets; the one individual I can't stand is the 'hypo-critical bastard who believes in free speech as long as it's restricted to his side. (Franklin says that Lodge is a "war criminal" and had no right to address without a rebuttal.) If that's the sort of academic who is trying to guide science fiction, no wonder the field is in such bad shape.



# RIDE OF THE VALKYRIE

rebuttal/article by

JACKIE FRANKE

Once again the Women's Liberation movement has been firmly put in its place by a modern 'with-it' male for the scurrilous crime of overstating its cause. The role of women in this society has no relation to the struggle of Blacks and other minority groups...to say otherwise is sheer nonsense!

"It isn't the same thing" is a phrase usually wailed by those men who normally consider themselves unprejudiced and forward thinking in the matter of race relations when confronted by WL adherents who draw analogies. Those with a more 'UnLiberal' outlook seldom mention the objection; they are well aware of the similarities, but are convinced of their propriety in both cases.

"Woman as N-----" is a notion bandied about frequently in recent months. As it is with most slogans, it is a simplification. Slogans, mottoes, rallying cries, are all simplistic by nature. But to deny their accuracy because of that trait is closing one's eyes to the situation. There ARE analogies to the Black condition in the treatment of females by males, of any race. In many ways, women are more "n-----" than Blacks, since even males of oppressed groups hold opinions of the basic inferiority of females. Shirley Chisholm, when asked which stigma (being Black, or being female) was most crippling during her race for political position, replied, "Being a Black woman!", underlining the point most sharply. She had two strikes against her, instead of, say, Edward Brooke's or Julian Bond's merely one. Black men, who rightly rail against the injustice of being held down because of racial differences, are as guilty as white men for holding almost identical views concerning their own women.

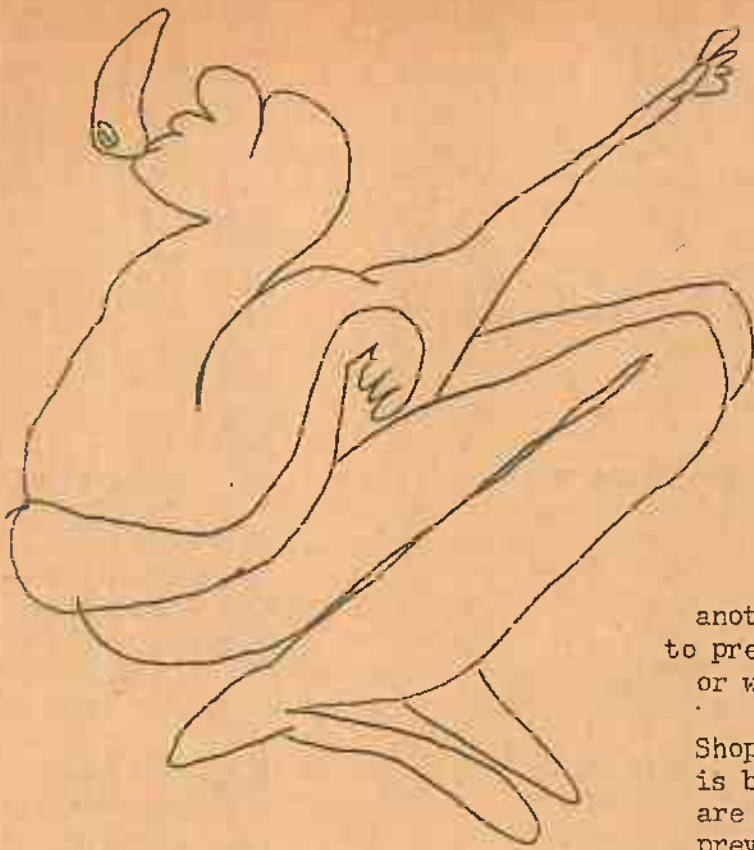
An analogous situation requires similarities between two positions, not point-for-point identicalness. The more similarities, the more valid the analog. Are there similarities between racial and sexual biases? "What are the common points between them?"

In the overt facets of discriminations, the basic complaint is in job markets. Blacks are considered to be ignorant, ill-trained, or attempting to take "White-men's jobs" when excuses are offered for denying them, employment. Women are termed ignorant) physically unsuited (one difference), ill-trained, or attempting to "take" "Breadwinner's jobs". For the purposes of analogy, there are enough similarities.

However, it is more in the covert areas that prejudice exists, the unspoken, undeclared "self-evident" claims that are the most reprehensible. Take intellect. Women, and Blacks, simply aren't as smart as Caucasian males. IQ tests 'prove' the point in the Blacks' case, while the usual female facility in oral qualities explains away any edge they may have on that score. The weaknesses in the tests are totally ignored on one hand, while the results are ignored on the other. (Or if not ignored, dismissed as being unimportant, more emphasis being given to the 'creative' sections of the tests, like Math.) People seldom call you 'dumb', but they hold the belief nonetheless.

Catch phrases, and 'folk sayings' abound with similarities. Most with anti-Black biases are seldom vocalized nowadays — one small step in advancement — but it is surprising how many still believe in them! "Look-for the n----- in the woodpile" (find the hidden aspect) — "Cherchez la femme"; "That's damned white of you!" (any good, decent thing is a white/male trait) — "She did it just like a man" (in reference to any achievement by a female); "They're just happy-go-lucky" (all Blacks are simplistic





by nature); "A feather-brained dame" -- "They're just children at heart" (White/male dominance is 'for their own good'); "She needs a man to take care of her." The list is endless.

The civil rights movement utilized many demonstrations and marches toward public places and business establishments 'for the principle of the thing'. Do you really think that the ax-handle-threatened demonstrators in Georgia were all that crazy about Lester Maddox's fried chicken? Or was it the refusal of admittance to his place of business because of race that bugged them so? No one wants another, who sets himself up as 'superior', to prevent him from doing or entering what or where he is able.

An example was given equating Beauty Shops with Males Only bars and clubs. Who is barring whom, in those cases? No signs are posted on hairdressing establishments preventing males from entering. Most

hairdressers are quite able to sheer male locks, though I doubt if they are trained in shaving techniques. In most cases, though, they are barred from performing those duties because of male-instituted licensing laws, and by that old bugaboo 'tradition'. Any discrimination in that area is mostly instigated and continued by males.

Separated washrooms was pointed out as a case of inequality sanctioned by women. Pray tell, who segregated toilet facilities? It was the Victorian Age 'superior' male who decreed the human body unfit for feminine eyes. Male children are admitted to women's restrooms regularly (Daddy's too busy to take the tot to the male side); when have you seen the opposite action? Continental Europe doesn't exhibit the same inhibitions in this matter, nor do many other areas of the globe. But it was not women who instituted the situation; they did not design public lavatories, nor build them, nor encode the laws that in many places require them.

Many male objections to women, in general, seem attributable to an unspoken fear of females. Women live longer than males. "The man works his ass off and the woman usually buries him."; an oft-heard statement. Where was the cry last century when the opposite was true? Look through any old cemetery and count how many wives a man would 'use up' through work, childbearing and the like. In fact, few men "work their ass off" in any occupation; even ditchdigging is mostly mechanized. Women live longer than males because they are less prone to the fatal diseases and infirmities of the body, and that state of affairs is generally attributable to the presence of female hormones like estrogen in the bloodstream. Are we to be condemned for our glands? (Don't answer that; the truth is self-evident.)

Heart disease causes more deaths in this country than any other medical reason. Estrogen has been proven to prevent or lessen the usual damages that lead to death in the arterial system. But cardiac complications are not the only causes of mortality. Most diseases are caught more readily and with greater frequency by males. From conception onward, the death ratio is uneven. More males are conceived than females, but more die in utero. Are the male embryos being "worked" to death? More males are actually born than females, but the childhood illnesses constantly reduce their edge in



numerical superiority. By school-age the gap is almost even; by adulthood there are more females than males and the gap increases with each passing year. This is a fact, and the fault (if there be any) lies with the species, not the gender. If the male wishes to live longer, he could request injections of female hormones, which have many beneficial effects on the body; but he would have to surrender many of his treasured 'masculine' traits. Most men would rather die an early death than forego the dubious pleasure of shaving, or hearing their low-pitched voices. But is it just to blame Women for the situation? Hardly.

More than fifty percent of the world's population is female. The governments that rule over them are almost exclusively male. Equal representation? Democratic? The cultural philosophy that guides our Western civilization was formulated and is still controlled by males. Not only legal, but moral and theological disciplines are all male-dominated. Males have decreed that their counterparts in the species are, by nature, unequal and inferior and have set up laws and customs to guarantee that inferiority shall continue. The guilt belongs to the culture, however, not to the individual. Men are just as strait-jacketed by the confines of society as women are. So many of society's demands are simply unreasonable and unrealistic.

Radical Women's Libbers advocate revolution to remedy inequities; radical Blacks do also. Both views are extreme, but both have their interior justifications. To deny the liberty of one race is just as evil, just as senseless as to deny the equal liberty of one sex. In fact, since the Oppressed Minorities discriminate against half of their own number, perhaps sexual discrimination really is the Greater Crime. Only the future will tell.

Personally, I'm convinced that eventually true freedom, for everyone, will be achieved. When? I have no idea. But I feel that it can be brought about in all cases without violent revolution. Most genuine reversals of cultural impetus have been relative peaceful, though it has too often taken war to change the fabric of society. Currently the racial struggle, while still hotly contested, is in a favorable position; On Top, as it were. While the fight for female rights is still in its first stages; still on the bottom. Where they've been throughout the millennia.

Life magazine, in its current series on the status of women, closed their first segment with a quote from Harriet Mills (wife of John Stuart Mills). It is appropriate to do the same here:

"We deny the right of any portion of the species to decide for another portion, or any individual for another individual, what is and what is not their 'proper sphere'. The proper sphere for all human beings is the largest and highest which they are able to attain to."

It may have been expressed in the mid-Eighteen Hundreds, but it is as current as today. To Mrs. Mills, any Women's Libber could only say, "Right on, Sister!"

-----  
ADDRESSES:

Bob Roehm, 811 Howard Ave., Apt. 20,  
Jeffersonville, IN 47304  
Norman Grenzke, 9471 Arlington Blvd,  
#104, Fairfax, VA 22030  
Dennis & Doris Lien, Apt. 302, 2300  
S. Harriet, Minneapolis,  
MN 55405  
-----









he's going and how to get there. One gets the impression that Durrell doesn't use marital problems, degeneracy, necrophilia et al for the same reasons that some sf writers do. The sf writers can't think of any other way to get a conflict..Durrell is using them to make a specific point, to weave into the tapestry of his novel - and, one suspects, because he has a hell of a lot of fun writing about them. This is highly recommended, especially to would-be New Wave writers.

GENESIS TWO, by L. P. Davies (Playboy Press, 95¢) This is the first novel I've seen in the PLAYBOY series, and it's a good one to begin with. Basically it's a disaster story with a few survivors, as might be written by the Johns Christopher or Wyndham. But Davies has given it his own style, and it reads closer to Edgar Pangborn than to anything else I've read. I still don't think Davies' sf is as good as his mysteries, but it's getting there.

THE FLYING SORCERERS, by Larry Niven and David Gerrold (Ballantine, 95¢) This has been a good month for sf, you know? Another excellent novel. Part of it was published in IF, but ignore that. I read the short version and considered it mediocre or possibly worse; the full novel is great. The authors have come up with an excellently thought out alien civilization, an interesting plot, and humor which is only occasionally crude (I could have done without Wilville and Orbur as names) The account of the effect on a magic-oriented society of one lost human who believes in science instead is charming, and the narrator who has to cope with the antagonism between his sorcerer friend and the (to his mind) equally nutty human explorer, is believable and sympathetic. By all means try this one.

THE CHILDREN OF LLYR, by Evangeline Walton (Ballantine, 95¢) Another of the Welsh legends, full of brooding and ominous portents, conflict and humans obsessed by their destiny. It's a good book, but one drawback is that it does stick fairly closely to the original legend, and thus characters perform acts (or fail to perform them) which have no bearing at all on logic or reason. Handing Matholuch Evnissyn's head on a platter and telling him to go away (kindly but firmly) would have solved all their problems in the first 80 pages. But of course nobody in a legend can be that forthright, or there wouldn't be any legends.

THE WARLORD OF THE AIR, by Michael Moorcock (Ace, 75¢) A moderately amusing parody of turn-of-the-century science fiction. Mike Tuckerizes a bit by naming his hero Oswald Bastable and one of the important early characters Korzeniowski (look up Joseph Conrad) and so on. His alternate world is amusing and internally logical most of the time. (But I'd like to see that dirigible valving air in order to descend more easily, as Mike has it do on page 45.) People in our world are shown as they might have been; Reagan as a Scoutmaster, Lenin as the elder philosopher of revolution who never acted himself, etc. Interesting.

STAR LIGHT, by Hal Clement (Ballantine, 95¢) This is a sequel to Mission of Gravity, and a perfect example of my comments that sequels aren't usually as good as the original. Not that this is bad; it's an enjoyable book. But it tends to be slow-moving and even a bit dull at times, where Mission was absorbing. The story concerns heavy gravity and intrigue, with the heavyworld Mesklinites trying to outwit their human manipulators. A nice competent book, but not thrilling.

THE FURY FROM EARTH, by Dean McLaughlin (Pyramid, 75¢) Dean's rebuttal of Heinlein's Between Planets. Dean's interplanetary war is quite real and not at all glorious. There are tidbits for the fans included; a gambling casino named Big-Hearted Howard's and other similar items. It's a good adventure story; this is Pyramid's third printing, but if you haven't already read it, get a copy.

SACRED LOCOMOTIVE FLIES, by Richard Lupoff (Beagle, 95¢) This is a parody of international agent novels, with occasional swipes at anything else Lupoff happens to notice. There's a rock group with its very own groupie, racial tension, violence in the streets, super-doooper science, and more than a passing resemblance to the structure of Stand on Zanzibar. Funny? Yes - not nearly as funny as Niven and Gerrold at their best, but worth a few chuckles. (Oh yes, there's the airplane hero The Phantom Tanager, and an Israeli submarine, and sex, and.....go read it.)



HUMANITY PRIME, by Bruce McAllister (Ace, 95¢) This is a competently written book that I just couldn't get interested in. There is a well-worked-out alien background, and a strong plot, and I gave up about midway through. I don't really know why; it's exactly the sort of book I usually like, and I don't have any specific objections. It just didn't seem very interesting. The language seemed a bit precious, but I've read worse.

THE MOUSE ON WALL STREET, by Leonard Wibberly (Bantam, 75¢) This came out some time ago, but I just got around to reading it. Wibberly's series is another example of sequels not being the equal of originals. Gran Fenwick's raid on the stock market is moderately amusing, though exceedingly coincidental and not nearly as imaginative as the first book in the series.

INDOCTRINAIRE, by Christopher Priest (Pocket Books, 95¢) A rather sloppily written emotional stf novel that I believe first appeared in NEW WORLDS; I'd read parts of it before, at any rate. The plot, briefly, is that a scientist who developed a sort of hallucinatory gas is yanked into a future which is suffering from the effects of same, to right his wrongs. Then they worry about whether they have the right man or not and send him back again to see who finished his notes, bungling as usual in the process and giving him a 15-mile walk in the jungle for no reason except to pad out the book a bit and let the author indulge in some jungle writing. (Sending him back at all was rather stupid, since the gas was finished and distributed before he got back, and after all, he's the originator; nobody but the author needs to muck around with a hireling who finished up for him.) But the author is more interested in emotions than he is in facts, anyway; speaking of his World War III, he states "The first-ever invasion of the American continent had been launched..." Leaving out such things as the Spanish conquest of Mexico (or the emperor Maximilian, for that matter), here is a British author who has apparently never heard of the War of 1812.

THE CREAM OF THE JEST, BY James Branch Cabell (Ballantine, \$1.25) Plot concerns a man who finds what he thinks is an ancient sigil and with its aid travels in his dreams to more chivalrous times. The narrator is an ass, and one wonders how much of this is deliberate on the part of the author. (I assume that most of it is, but certain of the narrator's opinions - on women, for example - keep cropping up in Cabell's books). It's an uneven book, but parts of it are great fun. There is, for example, a dinner party with America's "leading citizens" and Cabell has great fun thinking up the most banal possible conversation and using it to show the deficiencies of American success.

THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace, 75¢) Reprint of an earlier Ace edition. Delany went overboard in his symbolism in this, but it's a fun story anyway, even if very little of it makes any sense. Background is a far future barbarism.

GALACTIC DERELICT, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) Reprint of an earlier Ace edition. This is the second book of the Time Traders series, and not one of the better ones. The first and third books, Time Traders and Defiant Agents, were good. This one is pretty mediocre; partly because not a lot really happens in the course of its 190 pages. This one does have a nice cover (which is unusual because it's by the same guy who did the Humanity Prime cover, which was awful.)

THE HUNTERS OF JUNDAGAI, by Ken Bulmer/PROJECT JOVE, by John Glasby (Ace, 75¢) The Bulmer half is one of his Contessa series. It's the sort of competent action-adventure which I would enjoy if it was a single book, but dislike in a series. (I like a start and a finish to my action and resent it when the same characters repeat the same actions endlessly. Bulmer keeps his repeating characters pretty much in the background, but still.....) The Glasby half is an attempt at serious writing, and is dull. Even the action is dull.

THE PIRATES OF ZAN/THE MUTANT WEAPON, by Murray Leinster (Ace, 95¢) This is a reprint of an earlier Ace Double, but it's a better buy than the previous one. Not for Mutant, which is one of Leinster's Med Ship series and moderately enjoyable but nothing extra. Even when named Calhoun, Superman can't be too thrilling. Pirates, on the other hand, is a thoroughly enjoyable story, and totally unserious. (Space pirates posing for news-cameras while in the act of piracy may be a logical extrapolation from current leftist riots, but it's hardly something you can take seriously.) Extremely lightweight, but fun.



PEOPLE MACHINES, by Jack Williamson (Ace, 75¢) This collection includes "Star Bright" (a charming little fantasy about supernormal powers), "Non-Stop To Mars" (one I have remembered ever since first reading it; a scientific - well, more or less - account of an airplane trip to Mars), "Operation: Gravity" (sort-of engineering fiction; not very good), "The Masked World" (a gimmicky vignette; it didn't convince me but was sort of fun anyway), "The Man From Outside" (an absolutely beautiful fable of meddling without adequate knowledge, or the road to hell is paved with good intentions), "Hindsight" (a somewhat crude story of treason), "Jamboree" (a thoroughly unpleasant little item; being a scoutmaster myself I had little trouble identifying with one of the lead characters.....), "The Peddler's Nose" (more problems of interference; this time looked at from a different viewpoint), and "Breakdown" (breakdown in society and individuals; a little crude by today's standards but readable enough). Plus the author's comments on each story. Overall, quite good and recommended.

THE HORROR IN THE MUSEUM, by H. P. Lovecraft and Others (Beagle, 95¢) Mostly others. Lead author this time is Zealia Brown Bishop. "The Hound" takes up 80 of the book's 240 pages and is a reasonably good adventure story, despite the attempts to make it "horrifying", and "The Curse of Yig" is probably the best story in the book (or maybe I just have a thing about snake-gods - but I really think this one might give you the shudders). Hazel Heald has three entries. The title story is moderately good and quite Lovecraftian, "Winged Death" is a bit silly, and "The Horror In The Burying Ground" is quite excellently done. (I was amused rather than horrified, but it's still a good story.) "The Electric Executioner", by Adolphe de Castro, is a reasonably good but not horrifying supernormal story, "Two Black Bottles", by Wilfred Blanch Talman, is mediocre with occasional flashes of excellence, and "The Diary of Alonzo Typer", by William Lamley, is a very good imitation of Lovecraft. Then there are two stories by Lovecraft himself in collaboration with Elizabeth Berkeley, "The Crawling Chaos" and "The Green Meadow" and they are both bloody awful. Vignettes, I can only assume they were first published in a fanzine somewhere (not a top quality fanzine, either.) I think the Lovecraft series is going downhill, but I suppose two really good stories out of 10 isn't too bad an average.

THE SECOND FONTANA BOOK OF GREAT GHOST STORIES, ed. by Robert Aickman (Beagle, 95¢) A pretty good variety. Conan Doyle's "Playing With Fire" is an occult short story, not terribly good. "Man-Size in Marble", by Edith Nesbit, is a pretty good supernatural story. "How Love Came To Professor Guildea", by Robert Hichins, is more the classic ghost story, one that I first read years ago in one of Dorothy Sayers' collections. But I never cared too much for it; a bit too long for the subject matter. "The Demon Lover" by Elizabeth Bowen, is a cute little tale of a spectral bridegroom. "A. V. Laidler", by Max Beerbohm, is a fascinating account based more or less on palmistry. "The Facts In The Case of M. Valdemar", by Edgar Allen Poe, is a grisly little item about the powers of hypnotism. "Our Distant Cousins", by Lord Dunsany, is a fantasy about an airplane flight to Mars. Fascinating and quite memorable story - I've remembered it for 30 years or more, though I forgot the name until rereading it here - but not one that an adult can suspend his disbelief on. "The Inner Room" by the editor, is a good story about a doll house and strange compulsions and fair play. "Thurnley Abbey", by Perceval Landon, is a fairly typical "ghost story" and as such not too interesting. "Nightmare Jack", by John Metcalfe, is the curse-of-the-Oriental-idol sort of thing; moderately good. "The Damned Thing", by Ambrose Bierce, is a classic of an invisible menace. And "Afterward", by Edith Wharton, is a ghost story with a difference, and excellently done. Overall, quite good if you haven't already read most of the stories previously.

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD, ed. by Lin Carter (Ballantine, \$1.25) Even more variety. Volume includes "Zulkais and Kalilah" by William Beckford, "Silence: A Fable", by Edgar Allen Poe, "The Romance of Photogen and Nycteris" by George Macdonald, "The Sphinx", a verse by Oscar Wilde, "The Fall of Babbulkund" by Lord Dunsany, "The Green Meadow" by Lovecraft & Berkeley, "The Feast In The House of the Worm" by Gary Meyers, "Zingazar" by Carter, "A Wine of Wazardry", verse by George Sterling, "The Garden of Fear", by Robert E. Howard, "Jirel Meets Magic" by C. L. Moore, "Duar The Accursed" by Clifford Ball, "The Hashish-Eater", verse by Clark Ashton Smith, "The Party At Lady Cusp-Canine's" by Mervyn Peake, and "The Sword of Power" by Carter. Lin is undoubtedly a nice guy, but I



don't care much for his editing, largely because he likes sonorous and beautiful prose whether or not it goes much of anywhere, and I don't. This volume has the usual beautiful prose and the usual lack of story value, in far too many cases.

THE FONTANA BOOK OF GREAT HORROR STORIES, ed. by Christine Bernard (Beagle, 95¢) This leads off with a good one; "The Squaw", by Bram Stoker. (Do not judge the man by his turgid Dracula; he could write wonderfully crisp, chilling short stories and this is one of the best.) "No Stronger Than A Flower" should make Women's Libbers happy; the evil consequences of insisting that one's women be beautiful. It's by Robert Aickman. "Tarnhelm", by Hugh Walpole, is a classic werewolf tale, still good. "The Gipsy", by Agatha Christie, is about love and reincarnation, fairly good. "A Case of Eavesdropping", by Algernon Blackwood, is a fairly straight ghost story. "The Pond", by Nigel Kneale, covers the revenge of nature on a home taxidermist; good. "William and Mary", by Roald Dahl, is a nasty commentary on marriage and scientific resurrection. "The Two Vaynes", by L. P. Hartley, is a pretty stock item of revenge from beyond the grave. "The Next In Line", by Ray Bradbury, is one in which he tries a mediocre plot into a horror story by sheer word-power - and fails quite miserably. "In The Steam Room", by Frank Baker, is a rather bad mood piece. "The Interlopers", by Saki, is an unbelievable but still entertaining story about feuds. "The Cat Jumps", by Elizabeth Bowen, is an account of British humor and insanity - which are sometimes hard to tell apart - and not really terribly good. "The Boarded Window" by Ambrose Bierce, is one of his frontier horror tales; not exceptional for him. And "Marmalade Wine" is a thoroughly unusual horror tale by Joan Aiken. Overall, reasonably good if you go for creepie-crawlies.

PERRY RHODAN #6, 7, 8, by Clark Dalton, K. H. Scheer, and Clark Dalton again (Ace, 60¢) What we have here really is a Perry Rhodan magazine, complete with an editorial and movie notes by Forry Ackerman, and even a letter column, and some mediocre artwork inside to supplement the hideous covers. The stories are fast action with occasional spots of incredibly bad writing. ("Still, you must admit that you're in a bad spot," she said with an odd lurking note in her otherwise melodious voice.) It's for kids - the 10 to 14 year old set, and possibly older mundanes - and as such probably quite exciting and adventurous enough. Forry's puns are getting worse; they're pretty obviously for kids, too; about the same age level. His FAMOUS MONSTERS style has hardened; I expect him to refer to himself as "Uncle Forry" any day now. I would have thought that the "aren't-we-having-fun-kiddies" approach would have offended even horror movie fans, but apparently not. I think Ace should get the covers more comic-book-appearing; the one on #8 is about right, so maybe Wollheim feels the same way.

AN ELEPHANT FOR ARISTOTLE, by L. Sprague de Camp (Curtis, 95¢) A journey through the ancient world at the time of Alexander. I think the author's use of a Scots accent to denote his hero's family as hicks might offend a few readers (eh, Ethel?) but otherwise it's a fascinating book, with more emphasis on the way of the Greek and Persian world than on the story, though the latter is adequate to keep one's attention. It's a fine historical novel.

THE PRIVATEER, by Josephine Tey (Signet, 95¢) As is this one, a slightly novelized biography of Henry Morgan. This one has been out for some time; I finally got a chance to read it when I was sick and wanted something special.

THE EARTH SHOOK, THE SKY BURNED, by William Bronson (Pocket Books, \$1.50) This story of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and fire is competently written. What makes it, however, are the "275 rare photographs" mentioned on the cover. Many of them are by photographer Arnold Genthe, and I must agree with the author that he was an exceptional photographer. There are also newspaper headlines, photos of dynamite crews at work, and a truly incredible amount of visual documentation. Together with the text, it makes a fascinating history book.

RAILSTON'S RING, by George Lyman (Ballantine, \$1.25) I don't know if these Ballantine "Comstock Editions" are on sale in the eastern part of the country or not; they seem to deal exclusively with California history. Nan Braudo got me this one, dealing with speculation and swindling in Comstock stocks. The facts are interesting enough, but the style - mens magazine goshwow - is so incredibly awful that I couldn't finish the volume. Too bad; in other hands it would have been a marvelous book.



THE STRANGE LAST VOYAGE OF DONALD CROWHURST, by Nicholas Tomlin and Ron Hall (Pocket Books, \$1.25) I started this with the feeling that I wouldn't get very far, as I have no interest whatsoever in yachting or the people who engage in it. And I ended up absolutely fascinated. This was originally published in Britain; the American publisher added "Strange" to the title, and for once I think a stronger word - like "Incredible" - would have been a better choice. Crowhurst comes out as one of these people whose mouth is bigger than his abilities, and it got him into a race to sail around the world, non-stop and alone, in an ill-equipped boat which was delivered so close to the race deadline that there was no time for proper trials. And of course, being a big-mouth, backing down would have been too humiliating, so.... The thing is, Crowhurst was, apparently, an excellent sailor. He just had to project himself as larger than life, an activity which may be safe enough for an author but can be fatal in other fields. An enthralling personality study.

THE AGE OF AQUARIUS, by William Braden (Pocket Books, \$1.25) A book on the whys and wherefores of the "youth revolution". Various psychologists are quoted and analyzed, along with other people who might have something pertinent to say. I developed more or less violent antipathies for most of the psychologists at one time or another; a good many of them seem to have more theories than they do common sense. (I do not eye with favor anyone who tells me that I had to have been a teen-age rebel in order to have a "complex and rich adulthood".) In general it's a good enough book for those who have a compulsion to analyze sociological trends, though I can't honestly say that I learned much from it.

WHAT'S LEFT, by Berton Roueché (Berkley, 95¢) This contains 8 accounts of trips in America's remaining "wildlands", the degree of wildness varying from the towpath of the C. & O. Canal in Maryland to an Alaskan island. I think this is mostly for city people; any time I want to walk in the woods I go out to the back forty and commune with nature to my heart's content. (I feel a mild contempt for people who live in the city and bemoan their lack of natural beauty and the problems of the rat race and all. Usually starts with "If only..." and what you mean is, if only you weren't so goddamned greedy. This doesn't apply, of course, to those of my city acquaintances who live there because they can't stand the country.)

THE DR. I.Q. QUIZ BOOK, by Lee Segall (Ace, 75¢) The first two quizzes are too simple to bother with, and the answer to the third says "The only way it can be done" after I have worked out a totally different solution. I sort of skimmed through the rest of the book, finding most of the problems childishly simple (and I am not good at this sort of thing; a fairly simple "mate in two moves" chess problem often leaving me utterly bewildered). This one is for grade-school students and adults of less than normal intelligence, or people who don't like to give their minds much exercise.

THE DEVIL'S CHURCHYARD, by Godfrey Turton (Pocket Books, 95¢) This is one of those gothic romances in which the supernatural is invoked only to be explained away. Turton is a reasonably good author and it's better than the average gothic that I pick up and sneer at on the stands, but it's hardly high-class reading. I did enjoy the homosexual Satanist who objects to using a mere woman as the Devil's altar and provokes one of the funniest rescues of the heroine that I've encountered recently.

THE INVISIBLES, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood (Fawcett, 75¢) This is a genuine fantasy, albeit not a terribly good one. A researcher discovers a drug that allows him to perform psychic projection, find a girlfriend, foil a plot, and start solving the problems of the world. Pure teen-age wish fulfillment, in other words (and I keep telling you people, LSD isn't going to do it.....) This may be the start of a series, though I fervently hope not.

TIME FOR OUTRAGE, by Amelia Bean (Curtis, 95¢) This is a historical novel of the Lincoln County War, and an exceptionally good one. The author has done a tremendous amount of research (she echoes the complaint of another researcher that there are 437 books about Billy the Kid and not one about any of the territorial governors of New Mexico - I'd have thought that Lew Wallace at least had had a biography). This allows her to include the backstage political machinations of the War, something that I had never encountered before. Her story of the War is at odds with most of the accounts.



In most cases I'll go along with her, because the common accounts never seemed terribly believable anyway. But Billy Bonney's killing of Horton, Baker and McCloskey always seemed pretty well authenticated, and consistent with Billy's later actions. (The book stops shortly after the death of McSween, so Bonney's later exploits - the killing of Bell and Olinger, for example - aren't included.) And I keep wondering if she didn't tone it down in the book in order to make the Tunstall-McSween faction seem more innocent than it really was. I've always been a Tunstall partisan myself, but there are limits.... And if you don't know what I've been writing about you'd better get a copy of the book, because Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County War are part of American folklore - and badly distorted as history, according to Miss Bean. In fact, get the book anyway because it's outstandingly good.

TRAGG'S CHOICE, by Clifton Adams (Ace, 75¢) This one isn't. I keep reading these things because the cover announces that they've won the Spur Award, and every time I read one I get more respect for our own Hugos. (I challenge anyone who thinks that the Hugo has been awarded to undeserving novels to read a series of Spur winners sometimes. Aside from the one by Lee Hoffman, the writing would be considered barely competent in the stf field.) This one is a fairly ordinary western with the most incredible climax that I think I've ever read. (And while it may be good for a non-fiction work like the Crowhurst novel to seem almost incredible, it's not good for a work of fiction.)

SADDLE THE WIND, by Lin Searles/THE LOST LOOT OF KITTYCAT RANCH, by Tom West (Ace, 75¢) Normally I don't read Ace Double westerns, but while I was sick and wanted to read something that didn't require any thought, I tried this. In most respects this is an improvement over Tragg's Choice; the writing is equally good and it isn't as pretentious. It's equally incredible, however. I used to enjoy western novels. Possibly it was because I was younger then, but I think that 30 years ago they were more realistic. But they're so limited on scope that all the possible permutations of the realistic plot have been written in the interim and in order to get something different the authors are trending farther and farther into unreality. (Possibly as a fantasy fan I shouldn't object to unreality, but it doesn't belong in an ostensibly down-to-earth book.) Anyway, if you want to read a western, buy the Bean book.

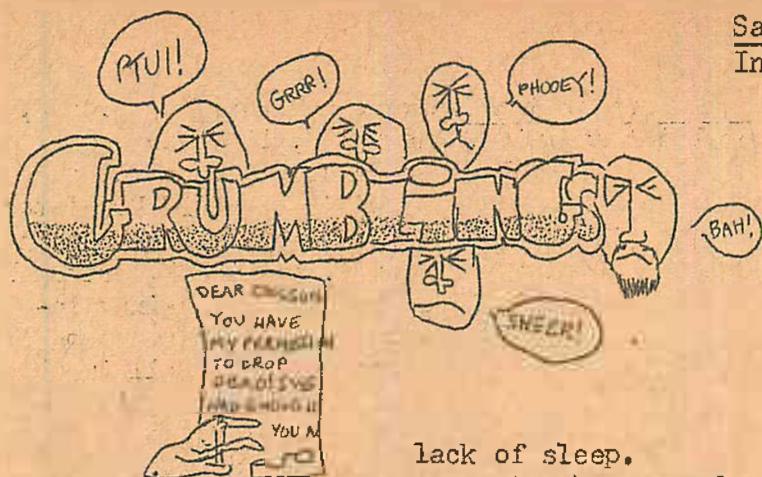
DEATH IN THE STOCKS, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 95¢) DUPLICATE DEATH breaks one of NO WIND OF BLAME, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 95¢) the conventions of the formal DUPLICATE DEATH, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) detective story, in that there are two murders, and the murderer in the first case is the victim in the second. Otherwise it's a fairly unexceptional novel, with some of Heyer's good humorous touches, but not really enough of them. The other two are quite good detective stories; maybe it took her awhile to adapt to the genre? I find it admirable that she either knows guns or does research on them; it's indispensable to a good detective story, and a trait which all-too-many writers of the genre neglect. (Like the current comic strip in which the villain is cheerfully putting a silencer on a revolver - and having it work!) Good, funny detective stories are rare, but these fill the bill. Recommended.

IF DYING WAS ALL, by Ron Goulart (Ace, 75¢) Good funny private eye novels aren't so rare. (Well, perhaps good ones are, but humorous examples abound, largely I think because the allegedly serious ones are pretty ridiculous to begin with.) Goulart's first in a series is a long way from the greatest thing I ever read, but it's competent and a good enough way to kill a dull hour or so.

THE SINGULAR CASE OF THE MULTIPLE DEAD, by Mark McShane (Ace, 75¢) This is supposed to be a humorous crime story. I got partway into it, started skimming, and eventually gave up. I've read worse, but currently I have a whole lot of more interesting items on my bookshelves waiting to be read.

THE WORLD WRECKERS, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ace, 75¢) Another of Marion's excellent novels of Darkover, which I admire despite my general dislike of series books. This one is more concerned with love and sex than previous books in the series, together with a concentration on mental powers and mystic training (after all, it's about telepaths) that seems much like Andre Norton's preoccupation with mysticism in her novels. But it's still a Bradley book, and if you liked Mrs. Breen's previous novels you'll like this one. (And if you haven't encountered the previous ones, you ought to try one.)





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

Well, it seems that I'll have to more carefully distinguish between the public and private sections of my letters. In the interest of keeping the facts straight (and the tides of friendship flowing undisturbed!) I was subsequently told that at PgHLANGE Terry Carr was showing the effects of a particularly arduous trip from New York and

lack of sleep.

Another example to add to Hank Davis's list of movie stars on paperback covers: THE STRANGLED QUEEN is decorated by Genevieve Page dressed for her EL CID role of Princess Uracca. Never mind the vast differences between 11th and 14th C. costumes!

Our Chirp grow up to be a "menace"? Nonsense, Rick, we all know she's going to grow up to rule the world. I anticipate that mankind will flourish under the Universal Chirpocracy as never before in history.

And speaking of history, the most interesting book I've read lately is AN AGE OF AMBITION: THE ENGLISH SOCIETY IN THE LATE MIDDLE AGES, by FR H du Boulay. It's a re-examination of the usual picture of this period as an age of decline and depravity. The thesis is though royalty and the highest classes were in disarray, more people were better off (because of the redistribution of wealth after the Black Death) than they had been before or would be again for centuries. This led me on to Bennett's THE PAS- TONS AND THEIR ENGLAND and will subsequently lead to Kendall's YORKIST AGE. The Ben- nett book was written in the early twenties and the author is continually showing dis- may at the unromantic medieval views on love and marriage. A new historical novel from this period recommended by my mother is Jeremy Potter's THE TRAIL OF BLOOD. It takes the position that the little princes in the Tower were not murdered by anyone but secretly entered a monastery.

Silverberg's SON OF MAN does get better after the opening and is a considerable lit- erary achievement. But I still don't think you'd enjoy it, Buck, so I can't urge you to finish it.

If I ever meet Kay Anderson, we can reminisce about our daughters' broken limbs. But hers didn't have to be carried upstairs and down for two months.

/It's good but I wouldn't like it, huh? Insinuating that I have low taste?  
(I do, of course; I just wondered if you knew.) Potter would have to be  
one hell of a good writer to convince me of that proposition. RSC/

Dan Osterman, 1 Elbow Lane, Cherry Hill, NJ 09034

When Mike Glycer speaks of me artwork on your 208 cover, I say to me self "I haven't had any work on the cover of Yandro." Then, just now, I looked through my past Yandros and they end at 202. That means I haven't gotten the last 6. Yagh!!! The post office has been eating my mail... And all this time I just figgered maybe you had quit (or had been putting off the nextish) sending to me. If you could just send me the issue which I covered for egopurposes everything'll be ok. I guess.. Here's some new stuff. As far as I know there is only one Dan Osterman, and for that matter, Mike..I haven't seen that SICL publication with my stuff, either.

/We did send Dan replacement issues. (Whether he got them or not, of course, is another matter. RSC/ Dan, maybe the PO is getting even with you for using your envelopes to death; it does get awfully hard for me to decipher the address on some of those, and I know where I live. JWC/-





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

I thoroughly enjoyed your card about the illustrations for THE FOREST OF FOREVER. I too had envisioned Eunostos as more stalwart than he appeared on the cover, and if the original was even skinnier, that was too skinny indeed. There ought to be a bit of meat on a Minotaur, even a young one. But all in all I liked the cover and thought it a big improvement over the one for BIRD, where the Faun was made to look like a devil.

Hank Davis, Box 154, Loyall, KY 40854

"Rumblings" in Yandro 209, noting that Missourians were shaken to see a straight like yourself mixing with hippies, arrived a couple of weeks after I hit this item in Charles Reich's THE GREENING OF AMERICA: "It is a common observation that once one has ascertained a man's beliefs on one subject, one is likely to be able to predict a whole range of views and reactions [...]. If he is enthusiastic about hunting wild animals, he probably believes that the American economic system rests on individual business activity and has an aversion to people with long hair." Ho, ho. Since nearly every time Reich cites an illustrative reference, he pulls not a book, but a movie, maybe he has seen JOE too many times...

I'm a bit puzzled by Bruce's berserk bee. Unless I'm not the hard science freak I claim to be, a bee can only sting you once, so how berserk can it be? Unless it's a bumblebee, and then you have a problem.

John Foyster's article on Australian censorship was interesting. Brought back my memory of my trip to Australia (by way of Vietnam, unfortunately, and for a week only, also unfortunately) when I went to the con in Melbourne and HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN was shown, preceded by a notice before the titles that this was a horror film and not suitable for children and such. Of course, our domestic anti-violence types may be noisier than usual since a Surgeon General's commission, doubtless composed of the usual hand-picked zombies, has concluded that violence does have a definite undesirable effect on children. Good thing there are no ads for violence on TV, or some yo-yo senator from Nevada might want the commercials taken off.

"Golden Minutes": has anyone ever thought of getting up a letter writing campaign to Bantam asking for somebody besides Blish to do Star Trek books? (I couldn't take part, though. My pro status is very shaky, but it might look Very Suspicious.) Don Thompson is very right about the Lundwall book, by the way.

I'm afraid that Barry Gilliam has not seen Fritz Leiber, Jr. in those films, but rather his father. I had seen the sound remake of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, with Claude Rains as the Phantom, if I remember aright, and Nelson Eddy as one of the Good Guys, and in that film Franz Liszt appears, played by Fritz Leiber. Later, at Nycon 3, (1967), I asked Mr. Leiber if the actor in the film had been him or his father, and learned that Fritz Leiber, Sr. had portrayed Liszt. Leiber Sr., also had a very small role in a gangster film, the title of which I have forgotten, but it starred Edmond O'Brien. He had no lines...just was seen walking off a train, then walked into a room and was shot. The horror film with Leiber Jr. was titled EQUINOX, by the way. Weird thing about the PHANTOM OF THE OPERA film is that an opera is supposedly being performed while the phantom lurks in the wings, underground, etc., and instead of staging a real opera, they took tunes from symphonies (prominently, Tchaikovsky's fourth), concertos, etc., and turned them into arias. Ah, Hollywood.

I think I agree more with Marty Helgesen than with you, but I don't feel like putting you through all that again, either. One of the weirdest arguments for abortion I have seen appeared in an article in Etc., the semantics magazine, when the writer mentioned that at such and such a stage in the development of a fetus, it cannot be distinguished from the fetus of a pig. Unless he wanted the reader to conclude that, therefore, there



is not difference, I failed to see his point. Combine this with the fact that he kept referring to the legalization of abortion as "reform legislation" and you may see why I have a low opinion of semanticists. Semanticists, semant thyselfes.

/Well, I'd consider it reform legislation...I must admit I can't see any relevancy in the pig allusion (unless it's a male chauvinist fetus, of course). Trouble is, the only other avowed contender for writing ST books is a Trekkie who can't write as well as Blish. Matter of fact, honeybees can sting more than once, on occasion; the stinger doesn't invariably remain in the wound. But this was a bloody berserk bumblebee. RSC/

Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR2, Beecher IL 60401

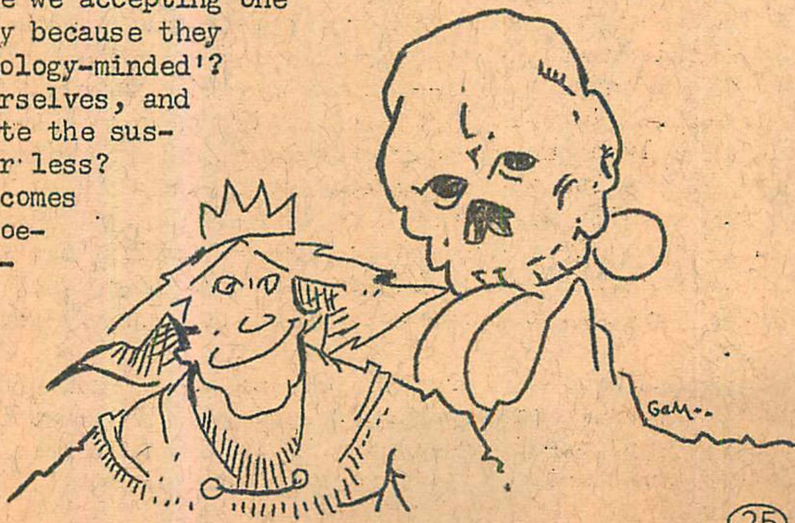
A virus in the salivary glands? (Perhaps picked up from licking your chops over your crushed and broken victims?) No wonder the doctor gave you a break. Vast improvement over such trifles as ingrown toenails or backache. A taste of variety is almost as good as a vacation for some people. Terribly glad it wasn't rabies, though. I'd miss your beneficent presence. Just watch that foaming-at-the-mouth bit from now on, eh?

Can't understand how you manage to so consistently come up with such readable material! Issue after issue of Yandro is readable (and re-readable) from cover to cover. #208 is certainly no exception.

Buck, think you missed my point in sending the "DDT is biodegradable" clipping. Certainly "something" is affecting eggshells, and something that is fairly recent in the ecology. It is of utmost importance that the substance that causes that effect be uncovered and eliminated from the chain. My reason for bringing the clipping to your attention was (besides my surprise that someone, nowadays, would actually defend DDT) a nagging worry that perhaps...just perhaps...mind you...those who would protect our environment by crusade against dangerous substances are leaping before looking. We accuse various groups of using pesticides, food additives, animal hormones, etc., etc., without careful study of possible side effects. Once a suspicious substance is pointed out cries of rage come from all corners to rid ourselves of the nasty stuff ASAP. Then we (and I count myself in the 'we') look about for something new to Warn the World about.

But, do we sometimes base our attack on insufficient evidence? Do we require the same standards of research in identification that we expect these large "Establishment" outfits to have? Do we say that they use a substance without thorough testing...or inadequate testing...and then use inadequate testing procedures to locate objectionable substances where they do not exist? My Chemistry course was one of my weakest in school, so I don't pretend to be able to judge whether the hydro-carbon test referred to in the article is a valid indication of DDT or not; but I sure as heck accepted the statements of conservationists that this test 'proved' DDT was poisoning the ecology when the campaign first started. Are we being gullible? Are we accepting one person's, or group's, opinions merely because they bear the label 'Conservative' or 'Ecology-minded'? Do we ask to see the evidence for ourselves, and to have that evidence clearly indicate the suspect as culprit? Or do we settle for less?

I fear that we do. Basically it comes back to money I would guess. The shoe-string operations that serve as ecology watchdogs simply haven't the funds to run or equip vast research facilities; yet something has to be done to watch out for the interests of the public and the world and prevent intentional or unintentional damage by the quick-buck guys. It's a





'Fire or Frying Pan' sort of quandry. No one wants to cry wolf where there is no need. No one wants to eliminate a beneficial chemical without due cause. But we don't want to have the world brought down about our ears, either. What criteria must we impose on those warnings brought to our attention? How are we to know which 'scientific analysis' is truly valid? Do we just say that "This side is right because they're a protectionist group"? Do we demand proof? Or are we more than happy to climb aboard the bandwagon and denounce the greedy industrialists for, once again, placing profit before the public interest?

It bothered the heck out of me. Though I know there really is no true, clear-cut answer. We can't all be proficient enough in all fields to judge everything ourselves. Somewhere along the line we have to take another's word for it and have that nebulous quality of Faith. It's just that sometimes faith can be blind, and the faithful as heedless as those they accuse of the same crime.

David Locke's column was especially interesting, as our household went through a plague of boils a few years back. Everyone, from the babies to me, had boils. Had to go on a paper plate, disposable tableware, Lysol-scrubbing-everything regimen for six months before we finally got rid of it for good. But afterwards it was all rather humorous, particularly the physician's total unconcern for the torture he was putting his patients through. Guess there's a little of the old Spanish Inquisitor in every M.D., but usually they manage to conceal it.

Don't know who had more fun with 'Land Pulmonates', myself when I read it, or Gini when she wrote it. The paper was warped yet from the pressure of tongue-in-cheek. Wonder how much sleep she lost thinking of all those 'horny' aspects to the snails' rather unique sex life? No matter how many, it all was well worth it. Furnee...

In regard to the 'Chemical control' clipping: Did you read a book discussed in Psychology Today by B.F. Skinner (BEYOND FREEDOM AND DIGNITY)? It's terrifying to read how many so-called 'responsible' researchers seriously advocate total control of our society. Whither Science? Brave New World, here we come? Hope not. Oh Ghods, do I hope not.

/Actually, I agree that ecologists are just as prone to error (and just as sentimental) as the God-Motherhood-and-Industry people. But I'll back them until they're proved wrong because their mistakes aren't likely to kill me. Quite possible DDT should be re-evaluated, and maybe it isn't the menace it's been made out to be. But let's ban it while we're evaluating, just to be on the safe side. RSC/

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

I see in Granfalloon Tucker gives you a going over; but then if you haven't seen it I don't really care to be the first to bring the matter up. It will be interesting to see if Linda Bushyager sends that issue for review.

I saw a few more science fiction pictures recently, and thought I might relate a few of my views on them (for what they're worth). THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN seems to be yet another monster film -- this time slightly more sophisticated, which is to say more boring. I'm told it cost six million to make -- I can believe that; most of the film is simply a guided tour of the special effects. I suppose that's better than having to put up with the ridiculous plot, but it all gets rather tedious after awhile. Even so, the film does have a few good moments; particularly when discussing alien life forms. Then again there is suspense -- which may indeed be suspenseful if you can ignore the fact that everything in the picture seems geared to insult your intelligence. Perhaps I'm being too harsh: despite all this I enjoyed it. But it's garbage, nevertheless.

THE OMEGA MAN was a great deal better. Nothing spectacular about this, but it had a good story, some fine facting, good pace and plotting. The dread switch from vampires to the proto-hippie type mutants who call themselves "the family" and the switch from the girl vampire in the book (Matheson's I AM LEGEND) to a black girl both work,



surprisingly, because the scriptwriter had the intelligence not to juice it up with all sorts of "right on! Sister." type material.

.. I loved your snail article; how much more original can you get? It's the funniest thing I've read in a long time. The war between the sexes going on in the letter col would be amusing if there was some resistance. The females and Dave Hulvey are shadow boxing; and unfortunately no spokesman for suppression seems willing to come out of the woodwork. Where is the silent majority?

/You obviously missed the issues where Andy Offutt and Irv Jacobs held forth. Mostly, though, the Silent Majority isn't in fandom (anyone ever hear of a fan who was silent about anything?). Linda has courage; she sent me that Granfalloon even though she obviously expected me to retaliate violently. (So did other people, and I can't think why; it's obviously the best appraisal of my character that has seen print, so why in Heaven's name should I be offended?) This is as good a time as any to recommend that new readers of Yandro in particular write to Linda Bushyager, 111 MacDade Blvd., Apt H211, Sutton Arms, Folsom, PA 19033, enclose 60¢, and ask for a copy of Granfalloon #13. (Just thought; wouldn't you expect a pointed article to come out of Folsom?) RSC / Hate to point this out to you, but in any debate between the sexes, the males are not going to qualify as a majority -- not by the population figures. Of course if you were speaking of attitudes, you're right, thanks to so many females being brainwashed from birth onward into an inferior, I-know-my-place-massa way of thought. JNC/

Charles Korbas, Hillcrest Hotel, 2065 Lanihuli Drive, Honolulu, HAWAII 96822

Those interested in The Truth Seeker should send 25¢ for a single copy or \$3 for a year's subscription to The Truth Seeker Co., Box 2832, San Diego CA 92112. They should also send for that company's current price list, which features a number of works on free thought, race, health (mostly special diets) and "natural hygiene" and other subjects.

/This refers to Gene DeWeese's article in #207; if any of you can remember that far back. RSC/

Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #9, Duarte CA 91010

So I've got a lot of egoboo in #209, eh? The last time I got any significant amount of comment was when I wrote about the pool repairman wanting to hold my head underwater with his foot. Now I get egoboo when I write about horrible pain that I've incurred. When I'm on my deathbed maybe I can write you the most popular article you've ever published. Too bad that I wouldn't see the letters, though.

Have you seen THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII series on tv? I've seen Keith Michell on another show -- have you seen what he looks like, and know how old he is? Amazing.

/Yeah, series like THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII occasionally make me reconsider my opinion of tv. (But then Bruce turns on a rerun of GILLIGAN'S ISLAND -- for nostalgia, I think -- and I end up with the same conclusion. RSC/

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

Mighod! Did you really read that many Heyer books in one month? I know how you feel then for I been on a steady diet of James Schmitz for the past couple of weeks and a steady diet of anything gets to be a bit much.

In re: letters from Irv Jacobs and Dave Hulvey and, probably, others. Jacobs, I think it was, mentioned "integrating" rest rooms. In other countries rather more civilized than the United States, Japan for example, there is no such thing as he and she toilets. All of which leads to jittering fits on the part of Americans, both male and female, who find the next stall suddenly occupied by a member of the opposite sex. It's a hang-up for sure.



I get amused at all this People's Liberation or Women's Liberation bit. Liberated from what? Point is these people are just playing games -- next year they'll be back to Frisbies or canasta even. Let me quote here from The New Mexico Review, a semi-underground paper published in Santa Fe, about a confrontation which took place on the second day of the June riot in Albuquerque. A number of establishment spokesmen attended a rally in Roosevelt Park to try to reason things out. According to the Review:

"Tension between anglos and chicanos became grave when 'revolutionary longhairs' began shouting for chicano spokesmen to 'speak in English'. And when a chicano raised his fist and called for 'Chicano Power', and 'Viva La Raza,' a longhair jumped up and shouted, 'What the hell is this? This ain't a chicano fight -- it's everybody's fight!'

"This was too much for another chicano, who grabbed the microphone and shouted down to the longhair, 'You're wrong, baby! We don't want you here! Can you dig it, man? We don't want you mother-fucking honkies here! You fight your fight and we'll fight ours.'"

Because they realize, you see, that these "revolutionary longhairs" are kids from the middle classes just playing games and can at any time call it all off and go home to mama and papa.

/Or in other words, Women's Lib is all right for women but fellow-travelers like myself should stay out? Obviously, I won't agree to that./ Actually I could have stayed even longer with the Heyer kick if the books had held out. Hay fever season leaves me with a desire to read something light and amusing to take my mind off my bronchial tubes, and it's damned hard to find a light, funny book these days. RSC/

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

My uniform wore out and I went to half a dozen stores trying to find a replacement that would appeal both to my taste and to my pocketbook, and that I could wear in the doctor's office. Got one at a discount store, but when I got home and read the fine print on the tag that said WASH AND WEAR in big letters it turned out that it was hand washable in mild soap, squeeze out excess water and let drip dry, then touch up on the wrong side with a cool iron "if desired". That ain't my idea of wash and wear, no sir. So Gary took it back the next day and exchanged it for a set of sparkplugs for the car, which probably made him look like the most heartless car buff in town.

There was an article in the LA Times which points out that we already give away more in foreign aid every year than we spend on the space program; and in answer to the people who think that if we used the money spent on space for the ever-popular Poor People it would solve everything -- we already spend about 40 times as much on welfare and related programs as on space. Which is a hell of a state of affairs, if you ask me.

Anent the comments on Fritz Leiber in the movies::some actors get edited out when a movie is cut for tv, but some get lost on the cutting room floor when the picture is originally edited. But their names still appear in the credits due to a contract clause or something.

SILENT RUNNING just received its rating (GP) so I guess it'll be out fairly soon. I'd actually rather it was released in '72, because I think it may be a damned fine movie and a Hugo contender, and if it's released that late in the year few people will see it in time for nominations. I've seen photos of the so-called drones used in the movie and they're every sf fan's dream. Big, powerful business-like machines that look well used, about 5 feet tall, containing what obviously (from the size of the drone) can't be a whole human inside working it; but you can see a live face in one port. They use leg amputees, 3 of them, to run the drones. One is twentyish and quite handsome, wears black sweaters to show off his Charles Atlas arms and shoulders. I've heard garbled synops of the plot but I don't think any of them are accurate. The movie has a lot in common with 2001, though I hope it'll be more coherent. And I can imagine what advance word on the plot of 2001 would have been like.



# STRANGE FRUIT

-----fanzine reviews by I S C-----

LUNA MONTHLY #24/25, 26/27, 27s, 28 (Frank and Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, NJ 07649 - 35¢ or \$4.00 per year) Well, it's about as monthly as YANDRO, at that. Digest size printed newsletter, noted for foreign news, a "Calendar of Coming Events", booklists and stf articles. Very little actual US science fiction "news" in recent issues. Very complete coverage on book listing. Rating...5

LOCUS #87 & 89 thru 95 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY 10457 - biweekly - 12 for \$3.00) The premier US newsletter. (A long way from the best fanzine in the world, despite its recent Hugo, but quite probably the best newsletter in the world.) Usually 10 pages. For my taste far too much of that spece is spent on descriptions of conventions, parties, and trips, but then there isn't ever 10 pages worth of stf news in a 2-week period and I suppose they have to fill the space with something. They do get the news; not too accurately sometimes, but they get it. Rating.....7

EUROPA REPORT #1 (Eurocon 1, c/o CCSF, Casella postale 423, 30100 Venezia, Italy) A progress report, interesting in that the material is printed in Italian, French, and English. Editorial, article on Trieste, couple of articles on the convention. Nice little printed digest-sized publication. With this came EUROLETTER #7, with more material on the convention.

SERENDIP #76 (John McCallum, P.O. Box 52, Malston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 100 pages for \$1.00) The last issue, presumably, of a Postal Diplomacy mag. (Anyone still interested in joining a PD game can, I assume, still write to John; I don't have any other address to give you, anyway, not being much interested in the thing myself.)

POTLATCH #5 (Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201 - monthly - 35¢ but no checks or money orders and she prefers trades or comments) Why no checks? Unless you don't have a bank account and they charge you 50¢ to cash a 35¢ check.... As usual, this is amusing and interesting and good except for the Famous Fandom Classic unearthed by Terry Carr, which this time concerns Pete Graham describing his fabulous repartee, which comes out nauseatingly "cute". But you can skip that and have an excellent fanzine. Rating...6

SANDWORM #14 (Bob Vardeman, Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112 - irregular - 50¢ or trades or contributions or comment) This is even more excellent than POTLATCH, partly because it doesn't contain a Fabulous Fandom Clapperclaw From the Authentic Golden Age, and partly because Vardeman is one of the most entertaining writers in fandom. Mostly editor-written, plus letters. Rating....7

CROSSROADS #11, 12 (Al Snider, Box 2319, Brown Station, Providence, RI 02912 - irregular - 50¢ or 3 for \$1.00) This is what one thinks of as a "typical" fanzine (despite the fact that there probably isn't any such thing). Articles, editorial, artwork, lots of letters, a con report, and so on. Nothing really outstanding, but everything is readable and enjoyable. Sort of quietly enjoyable. Rating....5

MAYBE #14 (Irvin Koch, Apt. 16, 440 Diplomat Blvd., Cocoa Beach, FL 32931 - quarterly - 2 for \$1.00) Primarily fan fiction. Rating....3

BATHTUBS OF THE MOON (Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. NE, Minneapolis, MN 55418 - irregular - one 8¢ stamp or the usual comment, etc.) A "letter-substitute" and thus entirely editor-written. Reasonably interesting.



DYNATRON #46 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107) This is currently a FAPazine; I dunno how many outsiders get it. (But we do, so others must.) Entirely editor-written; largely concerned with archaeology this round. Enjoyable; Tackett is a good writer.

WSFA JOURNAL #77 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. USA 20906 - bimonthly - 50¢) With this came SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #22.thru 29, biweekly, 12 for \$1.50. This is still my choice for the best current fanzine, though the current issue didn't interest me as much as usual. I can't really get enthused about Harry Warner on modern "classical" music, or the short story poll, or Harlan Ellison screaming "foul" one more time. But there is still Thomas Burnett Swann, and Alex Gilliland on overpopulation (the obvious answer but very few fans seem to have the nerve to face it), Bob Jones on STRANGE TALES, letters, reviews, etc. SON OF is mainly reviews and club news.  
Rating.....8

THE DIPPLE CHRONICLE, #2 (Rich Benyo, 207 Center St., Jim Thorpe, PA 18229 - quarterly - 50¢) Printed publication. Variety of material; fiction by Earl Evers and Roger Zelazny, a symposium of advice to would-be writers, and reviews, fiction, and a long, rambling editorial by the editor. (Not rambling, really; composed of short unconnected dissertations on various subjects.)  
Rating.....4

ALBATROSS #1 (Rich Benyo, address above) Published for Apa 45; mailing comments and reviews. Quite adequate for an apazine but not too much there for the general reader.

OUTWORLDS #8 (Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 87, Barberton, OH 44203) This is the columnist issue; Poul Anderson, Greg Benford, Steve Fabian, Robert Lowndes, Andy Offutt, and Ted Pauls. An excellent lineup. No artwork except covers; "data sheet" and letter-column stapled separately, for some dumb reason. Since I am attuned to writing rather than art (especially the "art" exhibited in layouts), I found this the best issue Bill has yet produced. (Those who admired his art and layout may be less impressed.) Anyway, this issue costs you 60¢, next issue (a special) will be \$1.25, if I read his figures correctly.  
Rating.....8

ANANT #1 (Penny Hansen, 1607 Lincolnwood, Urbana, IL 61801 - 25¢ - no schedule listed) University of Illinois club fanzine ("U of I" means something different in this state, Penny). Major item here is an interview with Larry Niven, though there are also competent book reviews and a thoroughly bad party report, obviously meant to be read only by club members. Which makes for a thin fanzine, and not really a terribly good one. (But someone, for the benefit of editors of first issues, should reprint the first issue of Dick Geis' PSYCHOTIC, which was so bad that they could compare it to their first issues and be cheered thereby. Of course, not all editors improve as much as Dick did, either, but bad first issues are normal.)  
Rating.....2

HUITLOXOPETL #7 (Meade Frierson III, Box 9032, Crestline Heights Branch, Birmingham, AL 35213 - no price or schedule) Distributed with SFPA and presumably elsewhere since I am not now and never have been a Southern Fan. A thoroughly odd publication. One parody of Bradbury, overdone a bit but enjoyable, two parodies of Superman (or possibly some other caped/feathered hero? I don't follow comics that much) which meant less to me personally, an index of sf stories in the large-size b&w comics, a short article on Lovecraft, checklist of underground comics, and a list of radio/tv shows he has to trade. Basically for comic-oriented people, I would say, of which I am not one. With this came SOUTHERN FANDOM CONFEDERATION BULLETIN #13, largely devoted to local news, though there is talk of a memorial magazine to Lovecraft and Derleth, for which material is requested. If interested, contact Frierson; I'm ignoring the whole thing.

NOTA #1 (Terry Hughes, 407 College Ave., Columbia, MO 65201 - no price or schedule) Personal-type mag. Your reaction to it will depend on what you think of Terry's personality. I liked it well enough to read it and write a comment (though I suppose that could have been because I was answering a letter from him anyway.....) However, I found it reasonably enjoyable, particularly for a first issue.

DALLASCON BULLETIN #10 (Dallascon Bulletin, P.O. Box 34305, Dallas, Texas 75234 - irregular - 4 for \$1.00) After the collapse of the con bit and removal of Reamy to another state (rats leaving a sinking ship?) the BULLETIN has been taken over by Larry Herndon and Joe Bob Williams as a news and ad zine. For collectors (and subscribers to new comics fanzines, all of which seem to advertise here.)



ENCELADUS #2 (Mike Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, MO 63010 - fpr comment, show of interest, "or at last resort" 25¢) Primarily for Apa 45. Mike has a couple of con reports which are better than the average (though considering what the average is I guess that isn't too much of a compliment). There is a long poem by Joel Zakem; I think it's lousy poetry but I agree with the essential idea of it. Rating...3

CIPHER #2 (Chris Couch, 201 W. 81st. St., Apt. 5-R, New York, NY 10024 - irregular - 25¢ or the usual) Carr has another "Entropy Reprint" in here; this one was probably a gasser in 1940 when it was written and thoroughly cornball today; sort of like overdone Bloch (who is himself a sort of fannish version of Bob Hope, with a few brilliant exceptions. Remember when Hope's stuff was considered the epitome of comedy, or are any of you that old?) I keep wondering if Terry merely has overwhelming nostalgia, or if his sense of humor is really that crude? We also have an accurate if obvious comment on youth fads by Jim Reuss, Arnie Katz has a reasonably amusing article on typos, and some quite good material by the editor and letterhacks. Rating...5

STARLING #19 (Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, MO 65201 - quarterly - 35¢ or 3 for \$1.00 or the usual) Columns on rock by Angus Taylor and Juanita, on comics by Lesleigh, on pornographic movies by Banks Mebane, and a rather fascinating article in which Creath Thorne examines in depth two of his own old book reviews. Plus good editorial and long and good lettercolumn. Plus Leigh Couch on why she never has enough time for things, which sounds terribly familiar. (By the way, Leigh, you never did send that article you promised before St. Louiscon.....) Rating....6

EPILOGUE #4 (George W. Jennings, 7605 Sandra Drive, Little Rock, AR 72209 - quarterly - 40¢) This is a fanzine devoted to old radio programs, primarily the collecting of tapes of same. Emphasis this issue is on "Fibber McGee and Molly". There is an excellent article on the show, which was one of my favorites. (On the other hand, there are also 3 pages of quotes from the show, and my reaction is that it couldn't have been that bad. Could it? Well, I suppose it could, but since the quotes were more to illustrate incidents of the show's history than of its humor, I don't think it was.)

10 RES IPSA LOQUITUR (Joe Ross, 20 Notre Dame Road, Bedford, MA 01730 - quarterly? - 30¢ or (4) 8¢ stamps - no checks) A fanzine devoted to humorous and ironic details of our current culture. Congress is being asked to restore full citizenship to Robert E. Lee, Texas is spending \$60,000 to teach El Paso police Spanish curses, "Beetle Bailey" was dropped from Stars And Stripes when a black officer was added to the strip. 20 pages of this sort of thing, plus letters. In a separate flyer, Ross is boosting a commemorative postage stamp for John W. Campbell. (Well, why not? The Postal Service is issuing commemoratives for things like San Juan, Puerto Rico, prevention of drug abuse, San Francisco cable cars, and itself, so it must be getting pretty desperate for subject material.) Rating.....7

PHANTASICOM #6, 7 (Donald G. Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore, MD 21207 - quarterly - 50¢) Thick (70 pages, more or less), well-produced fanzines, seriously inclined. There is an interview with James Tiptree in #6 that I liked, but mostly I just can't work up much interest in the material. I don't care for William Morris, or superficial articles on sf disaster novels, or three-way reviews of a Conan novel. The editors seem primarily interested in heroic fantasy, which interests me very little. Rating..4

OXYTOCIC #4 (Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, VA 22302 - no price or schedule listed) Official publication of a high school club. An extremely skinny publication, even though much of what material there is is reprinted from RENAISSANCE. Well, you have to start somewhere, and apply my comments on ANANT here, but for the next few issues I think this one will be for neofans only, because the veterans have been through this all before, when they started. Rating.....1

PROPER BOSKONIAN #8 (NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge, MA 02139 - 50¢ - no schedule listed) Except for the Heicon report and an excursion into mathematics (I have always hated math in any form despite the fact that I made top grades when I was forced to study the foul stuff), this is right up there with WSFA JOURNAL. Another thick one - 80 pages, twice as thick as the JOURNAL. Excellent art by Jim Shull, and some fine humorous stuff. A complete set of Murphy's Laws, including several I'd never encountered before. Rating....8



OLJETO #2 (Bill Waters, 837 Lorraine, Springfield, IL 62704 - quarterly - 3 for \$1.00)  
A 3/4 size printed mag. Emphasis is on fan fiction, which leaves me cold. Artwork runs  
all the way from excellent to abominable. Rating.....3

PARAGON #3 (Paragon Publications, 2125 Jackson Bluff Rd., Apt. F-201, Tallahassee, FL  
32304) A high-quality comics fanzine (you can always tell by the colored covers and  
style of artwork) although this issue also has material on Lovecraft. Well, Lovecraft  
seems about right for a comic book (one of the old EC horror comics, say). Also mater-  
ial on horror movies. Artwork ranges from good-for-comics-fanzines to good-by-anyone's-  
standards. Written material is in the pretentious style favored by many comics fans  
and is presumably acceptable to same. Undoubtedly a fine fanzine if you're interested  
in adventure comics, which I'm not.

DIVERSITY #2 (James W. Harris, 2040 Lamar Ave, Memphis, TN 38114 - 50¢ - no schedule)  
Do all southern fanzines use that slick, pale-blue paper? It's terribly unattractive,  
but I admire anyone who can get good reproduction on it. A little of everything, in-  
cluding some remarkably bad artwork. But at least the two short stories are short in-  
deed - about half a page apiece - and most material is articles, plus a mediocre Con-  
an parody. Best item is "The Negro In Science Fiction", by Dr. John Belfuss. Rating 4

BEABOHEMA #17 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, PA 18951 - quarterly - 50¢)  
I dunno if my taste keeps changing or Frank has wild variety from one issue to the  
next. Last time I didn't enjoy it much; this time I thought it was very good. Articles,  
a moderately good piece of fiction, which is very rare in fanzines, and Terry Carr  
even manages a good Entropy Reprint, which is almost as rare. (Do you keep on reject-  
ing them until you get a good one, Frank, or does he just send you better ones to be-  
gin with?) Very nice artwork. Rating...7

LIZARD INN #1 (Dan Steffan, Woodfield Road, Cazenovia, NY 13035 - quarterly - 60¢) Lin-  
da Bushyager leads off with an article on how to run a regional con. Since I never in-  
tend to run a regional con, I didn't bother with this, but I expect she knows how. There  
is a Campbell eulogy by Jay Klein, mid-length fanzine reviews by Jerry Lapidus, columns  
by the editor and associate editor Kurt Shoemaker. (Any kin to Mike Shoemaker?) In  
general, a good beginning. Rating.....3

COVER #1 (Jeff Schalles, Box 288, Grove City, PA 16127 - irregular - 40¢, 3 for \$1.00,  
or the usual) Jeff now has his own mimeo, and brags about what good reproduction it  
gives. I never would have guessed it from this issue, so I suppose it's a good thing  
he told me. (It's admittedly better repro than he had before, being sort of semi-leg-  
ible. Yes, before; this is actually the 4th issue, despite the numbering.) Material  
varies, the best being that by the editor and letter-writers. Rating.....4

ENTROPY NEGATIVE #3 (Daniel Say, 2330 McGill St. ((Apt. 203?)), Vancouver 6, B.C.,  
Canada - irregular - 75¢ or 4 for \$2.00) This is somewhat more legible than Schalles'  
mag (except for the colophon, which I guessed at), but repro is not top quality. Art  
is terrible. There is part one of a transcription of a very good talk on Lovecraft, an  
interview with Leiber, an article on Canadian sovereignty (or Is Accepting US Money  
Consistent With Our National Destiny?) interview with Ursula LeGuin (both interviews  
complete with "uh, hello there" and similar phrases - after desperate attempts to be  
polite, Le Guin finally asked the interviewer to bug off and send a questionnaire, the  
results of which are somewhat more interesting) and half of a scholarly article on  
journeys to the center of the earth. It would have been a much more interesting fan-  
zine if something had been completed in the issue, at the expense of fewer half-art-  
icles. The whole thing is very poorly edited. Rating.....2

HAVERINGS #49 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, Great  
Britain - bimonthly? - 6 for \$1.00 - USAgent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J,  
Brooklyn, NY 11201) Eleven pages of fanzine reviews, or "comments" as Ethel prefers to  
call them. Whatever, they're the best fanzine column around and if you're interested  
in finding more fanzines you like, by all means get this.

SCOTTISHE #59 (Ethel Lindsay, address above, same USAgent as above - quarterly? - 30¢)  
A very small fanzine, but one of my favorites. Ethel natters, George Charters discus-  
ses the current Irish troubles in "The Patricks" (I love George's puns) someone with



the improbable name of Chetwynd Griffith-Jones replies in all seriousness to Andy Offutt's tongue-in-cheek lambasting of fandom in the last issue, and Ethel reviews books. (Mostly US books, but in a letter she promised more British ones in future issues.)

Rating.....7

MOEBIUS TRIP #9 (Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604 - irregular - 3 for \$1.00) An interview with Fred Pohl by Paul Walker; the editor of ENTROPY NEGATIVE should take note on how to do an interview. Mike Glycer has an interesting but not entirely accurate article on the flaws of stf as an oracle. Numerous reviews, and Ed shows one of the most ridiculous pieces of editing I have ever seen by deciding in the middle of stencilling a review by Pauls that he didn't like it, and being too lazy to recut the stencil he leaves the half-review lying there, with his explanation of what happened. Even ENTROPY NEGATIVE is better edited than that. Con report, couple of articles, and a moderately good lettercolumn.

Rating.....5

GEGENSCHWEIN #2 (Eric B. Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia - quarterly - 30¢) He has an interesting variation on the board-and-brick bookcase by using boards and "octagonal water pipe", allowing the supports to be used for storing wine bottles. (Unfortunately I never heard of octagonal water pipe before and doubt if it is obtainable in this country. I have seen square tile, but it would seem a bit fragile.) Mainly reviews and letters this time.

Rating...4

THE MENTOR #19 (Ron L. Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst, NSW 2076, Australia - quarterly - 3 for \$1.00) Almost half this (26 pages out of 66) is devoted to letter column. Otherwise you have a Finlay cover, fiction, a poem which I don't think is very good but which I enjoyed anyway, and reviews.

Rating..5

WOMBAT #1 (Ron Clarke, address above, irregular, available only for contribs or comment) This is a faaanish zine, the main item being a wedding report. (Oh well....it has its funny moments). Only 12 pages, but it shows some promise.

Rating...3

NOIAZINE #11 (Rick & Lynne Norwood, 6002 Chef Menteur Highway, Apt. 219, New Orleans, LA 70126 - 50¢ - no schedule) Same discouraging blue paper, but very nice artwork, mostly by Frolich. Editorial, mostly about Nebula Banquets and DeepSouthCons, neither of which moves me much. A sort of New-Orleans-visit-report by Andy Offutt. Biography of Ellison, purportedly by "Guy Lillian III" but after a few paragraphs I get the impression that it's actually an autobiography; exactly the same phony artiness. There is also a rather overdone fable, an article about former Louisiana fan Jan Sadler Penney, couple pages of poems, part of a serial, and letters.

Rating...5

STEFANTASY #68 (William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, PA 16374 - irregular - price 18 sucres) And he means that price; it's his way of keeping down circulation. US equivalent not accepted, though a sufficiently brilliant discussion of how to obtain 18 sucres might be accepted. Digest-size, printed (actually letter-press printed, which you can't hardly get no more). Primarily a magazine of humor (MAD-type) but occasionally slipping into somewhat bitter denunciations of life as she is lived today. I really think current STEFs aren't as good as those of a few years ago (probably reflecting the deterioration of modern life) but it's still one of the best fanzines going.

Rating.....7

T-NEGATIVE #11 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, MN 55417 - quarterly - 50¢) A "Star Trek" fanzine. Primarily devoted to amateur fiction, but my main interest is Ruth's factual accounts of behind-the-scenes doings. Good artwork, including some nice color work this time. Spirit duplicated.

NO #8 (Ruth Berman, address above - irregular - 25¢ or the usual) General type. Leads off with an U.N.C.L.E. episode by Nan Braude, which as a card-carrying U.N.C.L.E. member I enjoyed. (Well, not exactly card-carrying, but I do have a membership card around somewhere.) Good Tolkien poem by Eleanor Arnason (which is rare; mostly Tolkien poets copy Tolkien's own rather bad verse). Article on George MacDonald, by Ruth; not being much of a MacDonald fancier I didn't bother with it. Parody by Boardman and a few letters. Thin mag, but interesting enough.

Rating.....6

-----  
Only one more stencil to go, thank God. RSC



SKYRACK NEWSLETTER #96/SKYRACK'S EUROPEAN FANTASY TRADER #5 (Ron Bennett, British School, B-7010, SHAPE, Belgium - irregular - 6 for \$1.00 regular mail or \$5.00 air-mail - USAgent, me) The newsletter was presumably produced in a fit of nostalgia; it contains two pages of news and two pages of a fanzine sale list. The TRADER is 22 pages of sale lists; hardcovers, paperbacks, magazines, comics. Prices not bad.

SF PUBLISHED IN 1970 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, TX 77566 - annual - 75¢) And a very complete list it is, by author, by title, and a short list of items in series. This is limited to book publication only; MIT handles the magazines. Very nice cover by Doug Potter, too. Recommended to collectors and bibliophiles.

FORTHCOMING SF #3 (Joanne Burger, address above - irregular - 4 for \$1.00) 6 pages of forthcoming books culled from LOCUS, LUNA, and PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY. If you want to know what to be on the lookout for.....

AFAN #1 (Dave Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, VA 22801 - irregular - for trade, comment or contrib only; Dave scorns money with all the fervor of someone who's never needed it) This issue all editor-written, though he requests material - faanish humor preferred - for future issues. I think once he gets over the thrill of being old enough to use dirty words, Dave will become one of the better faanish writers. Right now he's trying too hard (that means coming on too strong, Dave.....) Rather unfortunately from my point of view, he admires Arnie Katz, and will probably tend that way in his writing. Well, he could do worse, all things considered. Rating....2

RATS #8, 9, 10 (Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st. St., Glendale, NY 11227 - monthly - 25¢ or the usual - coeditor, Charlene Komar) Bill loses me in the first issue when he refers to a \$3.95 book as "kind of expensive, but I stole my copy". I am not amused. However, while his personal philosophy ensures that he won't be visiting here (I have too much stuff I don't want to lose), it doesn't prevent him from putting out a nice, light, faanish fanzine. Personal-type, as it's mostly written by the editors. In #10, Carr has another Entropy Reprint (good one again; surprise!) and Ray Nelson has a continuing column in #9 and 10. Plus letters, of course. Rating....4

INTERPLANETARY CORN SHIPS #6 (James E. McLeod, Jr. and Dale A. Goble, Jr., 9109 Kendrick Way, Orangevale, CA 95662 - "quarterly three times a year" - 50¢) A lot of material on art, long book review column (by 6 different people, which is a practise I object to as making it too hard for the reader to sort out prejudices), very long letter column, some average-to-below fan humor, excellent art. 50 pages plus covers, making a fair amount for your money. Rating....5

NEXUS #4 (Lane Lambert, Rt. 2, Bruce Road, Boaz, AL 35957 - irregular - 25¢ or the usual) An awful lot of this issue seems to consist of Boaz fandom meeting other southern fans, which I'm sure is thrilling to them but not so much so to me. Perry Chapdelaine has a column on writing which is very good and makes him seem much pleasanter than his usual fanzine material does. (Unfortunately I read the other material first and it firmed my opinion of him.) The usual problem of beginning faneds; how to get material. Chapdelaine is a good start. Rating....2

UNTERHELIOS #1 (Joe D. Siclari, 1951 N. Meridian Rd., Apt. 4, Tallahassee, FL 32304 - quarterly - 50¢ or the usual) General type; fiction, articles, etc. Good artwork. Love-ly bit on chain letters. Interview with a playwright I'd never heard of, which is generally good. In general, a good start. Rating....4

VERTIGO #9, 10 (Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Rd., Durham, NC 27707 - no schedule listed) #9 is printed and costs 50¢; #10 is a newsletter type and costs 25¢. #9 is general-type with lots of reasonably good art, columns, reviews, etc.; the usual bit. Nicely done and well worth your 50¢. #10 is largely news (local and comics predominating) with a few reviews and a con report. Rating (for #9 only).....6

KOYOTL #2 (Ken Fletcher, 1501 Breda Ave, St. Paul, MN 55108 - no price or schedule - for trade or comment) Personal-type, going through Apa 45. Mailing comments (surprisingly intelligible to a non-member) and letters.



# SALE LIST

These are the paperbacks of the Delray Green collection that I promised would be listed in this issue. Condition fair to excellent, except as noted below. Most of these are the first paperback edition, if that means anything.

## ACE DOUBLES - 60¢ each

- D-69 BEYOND EARTH'S GATES (Padgett-Moore)/DAYBREAK - 2250 A.D. (Norton)
- D-96 THE LAST PLANET (Norton)/A MAN OBSESSED (Nourse)
- D-99 THE GALACTIC BREED ("The Starmen")(Leigh Brackett/CONQUEST OF THE SPACE SEA (Robert Moore Williams)
- D-146 FORGOTTEN PLANET(Leinster)/CONTRABAND ROCKET (Lee Correy)
- D-173 THE MAN WHO MASTERED TIME (Ray Cummings)/OVERLORDS FROM SPACE (Joseph E. Kelleam)
- D-193 THE SPACE-BORN (E. C. Tubb)/THE MAN WHO JAPED (Dick)
- D-277 CITY ON THE MOON (Leinster)/MEN ON THE MOON (ed. by Don Wollheim)

## NOVELS & COLLECTIONS - 40¢ each

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| BRAIN WAVE (Anderson)   | THE FUNHOUSE (Benjamin Appel)                |
| SECOND FOUNDATION (Asimov)                                      | I, ROBOT (Asimov)                            |
| THE MAN WHO UPSET THE UNIVERSE ("Foundation & Empire") (Asimov) |  |
| IN THE MIDST OF LIFE (Ambrose Bierce)                           | THE STAR DWELLERS (James Blish)              |
| NO TIME LIKE THE FUTURE (Nelson Bond)                           | ROCKET TO THE MORGUE (Anthony Boucher)       |
| AFTER THE RAIN (John Bowen)                                     | THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN (Bradbury)      |
| ONE OF OUR H-BOMBS IS MISSING (F. H. Brennan)                   | SPACE ON MY HANDS (Fredric Brown)            |
| WHAT MAD UNIVERSE (Brown)                                       | THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY ARE STARS (Brown)      |
| FALSE NIGHT (Algis Budrys)                                      | WAR WITH THE NEWTS (Karel Capek)             |
| BEYOND ETERNITY (Robert Spencer Carr)                           | THE DEEP RANGE (Arthur C. Clarke)            |
| EXPEDITION TO EARTH (Clarke)                                    | TALES FROM THE WHITE HART (Clarke)           |
| REACH FOR TOMORROW (Clarks)                                     | AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT (Clarke)           |
| THE WALL AROUND THE WORLD (Ted Cogswell)                        | THE OTHER PASSENGER (John Keir Cross)        |
| YEAR OF CONSENT (Kendall Foster Crossen)                        | GENUS HOMO (De Camp and Miller)              |
| NERVES (Lester del Rey)   | ROBOTS AND CHANGELINGS (del Rey)             |
| THE BODY SNATCHERS (Jack Finney)                                | STAR BRIDGE (James Gunn)                     |
| THE HAUNTED STARS (Edmond Hamilton)                             | THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON (Heinlein)         |
| REVOLT IN 2100 (Heinlein)                                       | 6 x H (Heinlein - short fantasies)           |
| OUTPOST MARS ("Cyril Judd" - Merril & Kornbluth)                | HELL'S PAVEMENT (Damon Knight)               |
| ON AN ODD NOTE (Gerald Kersh)                                   | NO BOUNDARIES (Kuttner and Moore)            |
| SPACE PLATFORM (Murray Leinster)                                | SPACE TUG (Leinster)                         |
| HIGH VACUUM (Charles Eric Maine)                                | THE SHRINKING MAN (Richard Matheson)         |
| THIRD FROM THE SUN (Matheson)                                   | I AM LEGEND (Matheson)                       |
| ANIMAL FARM (George Orwell)                                     | LINE TO TOMORROW ("Lewis Padgett" - Kuttner) |
| ALTERNATING CURRENTS (Fred Pohl)                                | WOLFBANE (Pohl and Kornbluth)                |
| THE SPACE MERCHANTS (Pohl and Kornbluth)                        | THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT (Jan Potocki)       |
| THE POWER (Frank Robinson)                                      | SALDONICUS (Ray Russell)                     |
| A SAKI SAMPFLER (H. H. Munro)                                   | STORE OF INFINITY (Robert Sheckley)          |
| CITIZEN IN SPACE (Sheckley)                                     | ON THE BEACH (Nevil Shute)                   |
| FIRST HE DIED ("Time and Again")(Chifford Simak)                | DONOVAN'S BRAIN (Curt Siodmak)               |
| RIDERS TO THE STARS (Siodmak)                                   | THE STARMAKER (Olaf Stapledon)               |
| THE SHORT REIGN OF PIPPIN IV (John Steinbeck)                   | SOME OF YOUR BLOOD (Theodore Sturgeon)       |
| THE LONG LOUD SILENCE (Wilson Tucker)                           | THE TIME MASTERS (Tucker)                    |
| MAN FROM TOMORROW ("Wild Talent")(Tucker)                       | AWAY AND BEYOND (A. E. van Vogt)             |
| FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON (Jules Verne)                        | THE SPACE FRONTIERS (Roger Lee Vernon)       |
| CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE (Kurt Vonnegut)                           | THE CLOCK STRIKES 12 (H. Russell Wakefield)  |
| THE CHAOS FIGHTERS (Robert Moore Williams)                      | WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE (Wylie and Balmer)       |
| TOMORROW (Philip Wylie)   | RE-BIRTH (John Wyndham)                      |

## ANTHOLOGIES 40¢ each (editor's name listed)

- GHOSTS AND THINGS (Cantor)
- POSSIBLE WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION (Conklin)
- THE SCIENCE FICTION GALAXY (Conklin), BR-R-R-! (Conklin)
- 13 GREAT STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION (Conklin)
- OUT OF THIS WORLD (Fast)
- NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME (Healy)
- TOMORROW, THE STARS (Heinlein)
- MY BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORY (Margulies)
- YEAR'S GREATEST S-F, Vol. 1 and 4 (Merril)
- HUMAN? (Merril)
- GALAXY OF GHOULS (Merril)
- STAR SHORT NOVELS (Pohl)
- STAR SCIENCE FICTION #3 (Pohl)
- ADVENTURES ON OTHER PLANETS (Wollheim)



SALE LIST (continued)

The following books are complete (as far as I know), but have loose pages, badly damaged covers, broken spines, or something of that sort, and are sold as reading copies only.  
10¢ EACH

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN (Bradbury) CHILDHOOD'S END (Clarke) AN EARTH MAN ON VENUS ("The Radio Man") (Ralph Milne Farley) RETURN TO TOMORROW (L. Ron Hubbard) TAKEOFF (C. M. Kornbluth) THE TORTURED PLANET ("That Hideous Strength") (C. S. Lewis) A STIR OF ECHOES (Matheson) UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS (Checkley) A WAY HOME (Sturgeon) THE SCIENCE FICTION GALAXY (ed. Conklin - yes, a second copy) TALES OF LOVE AND HORROR (ed. Don Congdon) SATURDAY EVENING POST FANTASY STORIES (ed. Flees) ZACHERLEY'S VULTURE STEW

DOWN UNDER FAN FUND

press release from Fred Patten

The Down Under Fan Fund (DUFF) has just been created by Australian fandom to bring a foreign fan to the 11th. Australian Science Fiction Convention, in Sydney in mid-August 1972. This is officially being kept separate from the Australia in 1975 Worldcon bid, though it's fairly obvious that if Australia weren't bidding this Fund is not likely to have been created. The Syncon '72 is scheduled to be held only a couple of weeks before the Worldcon in Los Angeles, so if the winner is an American he should be able to attend both without too much trouble, stopping off in Los Angeles as he reenters North America.

DUFF will be run like TAFF as much as possible, with the exception that Australian fandom has already pledged a donation of \$500 to the Fund to make sure that the idea of raising enough cash to fly the winner halfway around the world won't be dismissed as impractical at the start. Nominations are now open. Nominations will close at the end of November, and voting will take place in May. Fans all over the world are eligible to run, with the exception that those who are official agents of the Australia in '75 Bidding Committee are excluded for obvious reasons. The mechanics of nominations follow TAFF's: a candidate must be nominated by 5 fans, 2 Australian and 3 non-Australian. Each candidate must provide signed nominations and a platform to be printed on the ballot, as well as posting bond and promising to travel to Syncon '72 if he is the winner, barring acts of God. Married couples are eligible to run as one candidate, though they won't receive any more if they win than would a single winner.

Ballots will be spread throughout fandom to enable everyone to vote by the May 31st deadline. Votes must be accompanied by a donation of at least \$1.00. The voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom prior to the beginning of 1971. If you don't favor any one particular candidate over the others but would like to support the Fund itself and what it stands for, your cash donations are always welcome. DUFF has already been started off by a \$25 donation from Lancer Books and Robert Hoskins. If you'd like to nominate someone but you think it'd be a waste of time because your nominee would be unlikely to get 4 other nominations - send it in anyway; you might be surprised. Trans-Atlantic fannish relations have been an established fact for some time; now let's do the same for trans-Pacific relations.

In Australia:

John Foyster  
c/o 6 Clowes St.  
South Yarra, Victoria  
AUSTRALIA 3141

In North America

Fred Patten  
11863 West Jefferson Blvd, Apt. 1  
Culver City  
CA 90230, USA

FROM AN AUTHOR'S NOTEBOOK AND OTHER GARBAGE, by R.S.C. Since I have these 10 lines to fill, possibly you would be interested in mentality of an author. The following are lines and ideas that I jotted down here and there with the idea of using them some day. Such as a story title I'd like to do for QUARK; "The Community of Minds Viewed As A Partially Eaten Candied Orange Peel". Here's an outline for a sword and sorcery epic titled "Wombat Boy". Or a couple of phrases... "The bodies writhed sinuously in the stall." (Oops; I did use that one; better remove it from the file.) Or "He smuggled." How about a novel like Hotel or Airport, titled Garbage Dump? One of these days.....



# ASTRONOMICAL ART

MORRIS SCOTT DOLLENS  
4372 COOLIDGE AVENUE  
LOS ANGELES, CAL. 90066  
PHONE: 213 EXmont 8-9097



## Announcing a Catalog of **GREETING CARDS**

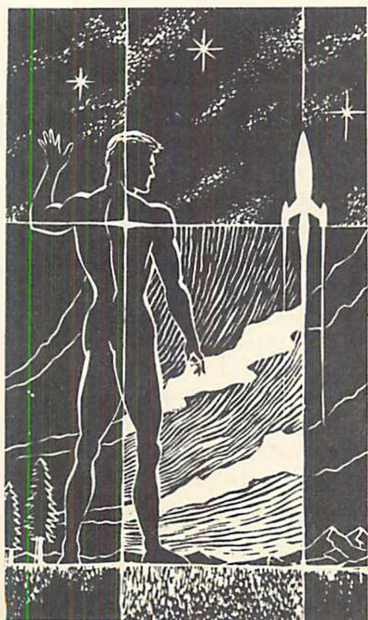
An illustrated catalog sheet on fine paper showing 10 designs and a sample card is 25¢; the cards themselves sell with envelope for 15¢ each, less in quantities. Printed in various shades of blue inks, these cards have been popular for the past two years with science fiction fans and others interested in Astronomical Art. Very fitting for the science fiction or fantasy enthusiast. Additional designs are being planned for this season and will be added if ready in time.

## **COLOR SLIDES** from paintings

of 208 subjects: planets, exploring space, symbolic paintings are shown in black and white in a fully illustrated catalog, including a sample color slide, now: 50¢.

For October or November, a second catalog of about 300 more scenes, done in the last two years, will continue this display for collectors, fans, schools, etc., and it includes all the planets, moons, and many other star systems, and a few new symbolic paintings, mostly without rockets or people in the foreground, featuring straight landscapes on other worlds. This catalog is another 50¢. If you wish to order it now, your name will be put on the mailing list in the order book for the various publications.

## Science Fiction Radio Plays on Tape



ALL of the old Dimension - X, X Minus One, and many of the Exploring Tomorrow programs (which were narrated by John Campbell Jr.), many of the Suspense and Escape programs which featured science fiction, fantasy, and horror, and a very large collection of Ray Bradbury stories and discussions are available for trade or custom copying for collectors, schools, libraries in a number of speeds and formats. Many of the old classic stories never on television, were produced with great impact and imagination on radio some years ago: Nightfall, The Lost Race, Roads Must Roll, Green Hills of Earth, With Folded Hands, The Veldt, Child's Play, Dwellers in Silence, First Contact, Junkyard, Knock, Mars is Heaven, Martian Chronicles (abridged), Marionettes, Inc., A Pail of Air, Project Mastadon, The Reluctant Heroes, Requiem, Saucer of Lonliness, The Star, Star, Bright, Stars are the Styx, Surface Tension, The Trap (very funny), Universe, Volpla, Wherever you may Be, The Wind is Rising, Almost Human, The Sense of Wonder, If You Was a Moklin, The Mapmakers, Gun for Dinosaur, Hostess, Skulking Permit, The Cold Equations, Courtesy, Skills of Xanadu, and many others, including Brave New World, Buck Rogers (radio serial), many Arch Obler plays. A descriptive catalog of those available (many more than listed) is 75¢, which will be refunded if requested on your first order, of reel tapes or cassettes.

Don't risk sending cash for more than one dollar. Wrap coins or stamps well. For convenience, please make checks and money orders to "Morris Dolleens".



# ORIGINAL SPACE PAINTINGS

You may have seen some of my original paintings of scenes of other worlds at displays and auctions during many of the science fiction conventions in the past twenty-one years (there are over 800 of them in circulation), and perhaps missed a chance to bid on one of your choice. I am putting out a photo-sheet showing about 12 new paintings each time, so that they can be ordered by mail between conventions. The sheet is in black and white, but color slides can be ordered or borrowed to see what the colors look like before deciding. The prices of the paintings vary from \$20 to \$50, depending on subject and complexity, and the usual size is 16x20" on 1/8" smooth Masonite; the foreground mountains and details have been modeled in depth, up to 1/4" deep, to give a three-dimensional effect, and in a darkened room, this effect can be increased greatly by oblique lighting coming from the same direction as that of the light in the painting. Crate and shipping are additional, crate returnable for credit. Because the photo-catalog-sheet is an actual photographic print, sent by first-class mail to avoid delays, the cost of the catalog is 50¢, refundable on order.

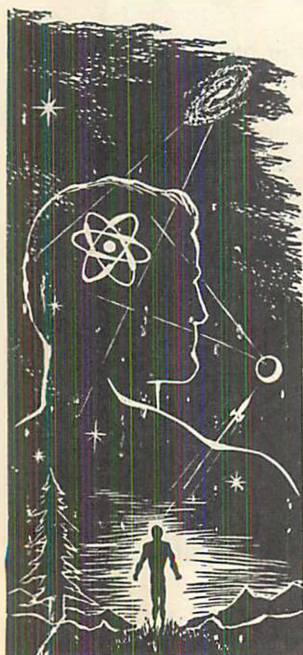


## ARTS and INFINITY News

Notes on the art  
magazine still  
in process:



★ Because of the great number of new paintings done in the past two years (about 300 of them), requiring almost all of the waking hours, the publications end of my work has been unavoidably delayed for much longer than I had planned, when the rash of science fiction conventions came about, especially in the past year. With experience in photography, electronics, mechanics, art, and some printing, I felt that it was possible to publish small editions of some of my own works, and it has been possible to do the greeting cards, catalogs, and circulars with little trouble. The cost of having some of the small editions of the art magazine and catalogs done out commercially is quite prohibitive and only by doing much of the work myself is it possible. Lack of time, ailments in foot, ankle and knee from various accidents (recovering gradually) and limiting the amount of standing work (all darkroom and printing work), and the impossible situation of an incredibly nasty neighbor kid beating his drums outrageously loud only feet away from my shop for over a year have slowed down that department. Time, health, and quiet (for some of the hours) have all improved, and I hope the publications section of the work will pick up speed in the next few weeks.



### For the Future - - -

First, a brochure-type issue of the ARTS AND INFINITY NEWS, which originally was to accompany the all-art issue of the magazine, but will come out earlier in the first issue at least, available for 25¢, 12 to 16 pp plus cover; the art magazine itself will be 56 to 64 pages 7x10" with heavy cover, priced at \$1.00 per copy (each issue will include as an extra, a copy of the News section). Subscriptions taken at present only up to four issues. A second slide catalog is next, showing the new paintings in slide form, as noted on this advertisement. Then the first art issue of the main magazine will be printed. After that are planned a showing of additional greeting cards, note papers with astronomical illustrations, a small selection of bookplates adapted from paintings and scratchboard drawings, and perhaps a folio or two early in the next year. You may reserve copies of any of the above that are priced; or be notified when published by sending a self-addressed postcard for my files. And refunds are available any time before publication. My sincere thanks for the many people who have bought paintings the past two years.

MORRIS SCOTT DOLLENS  
4372 COOLIDGE AVENUE  
LOS ANGELES, CAL. 90066