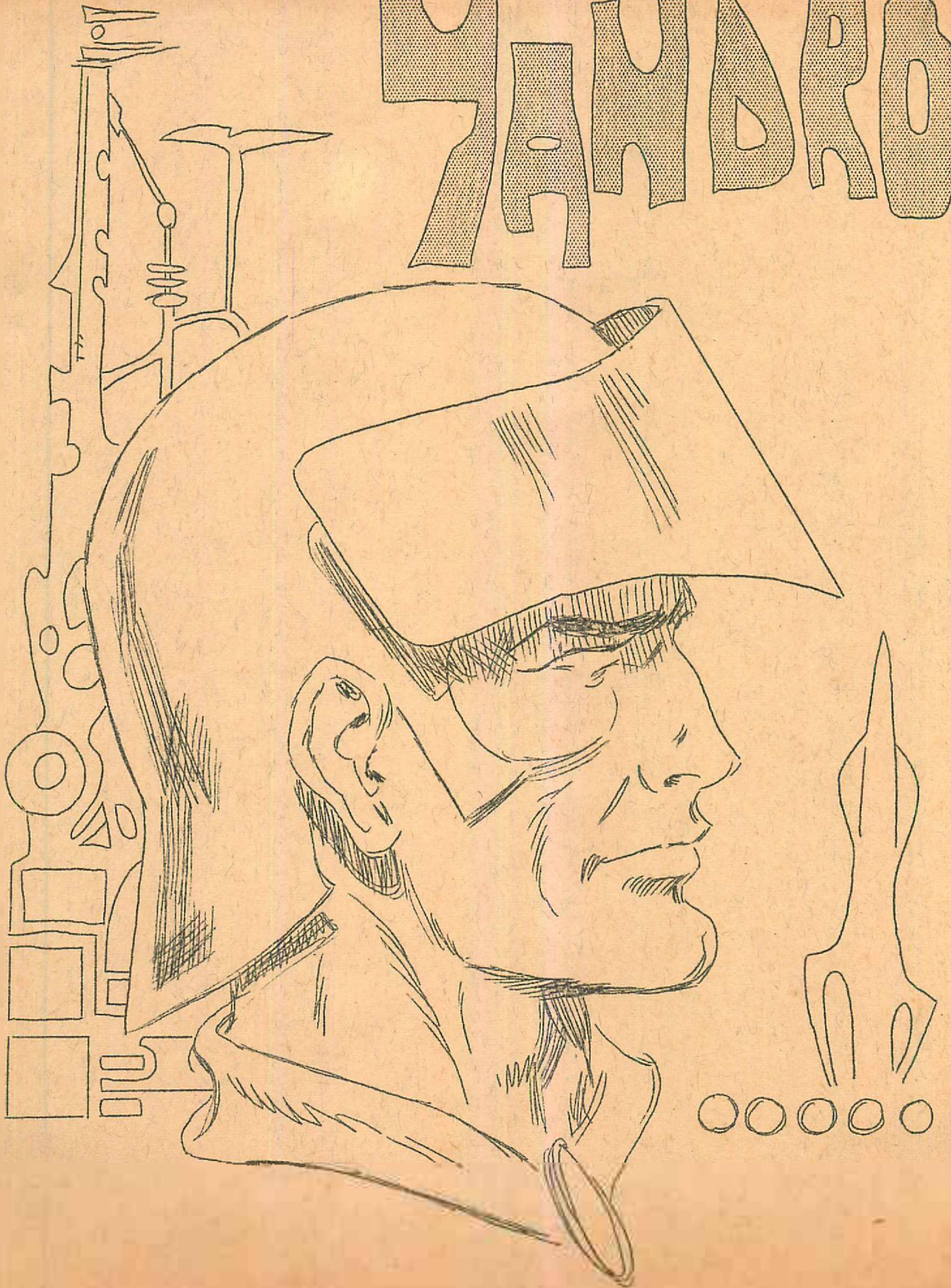


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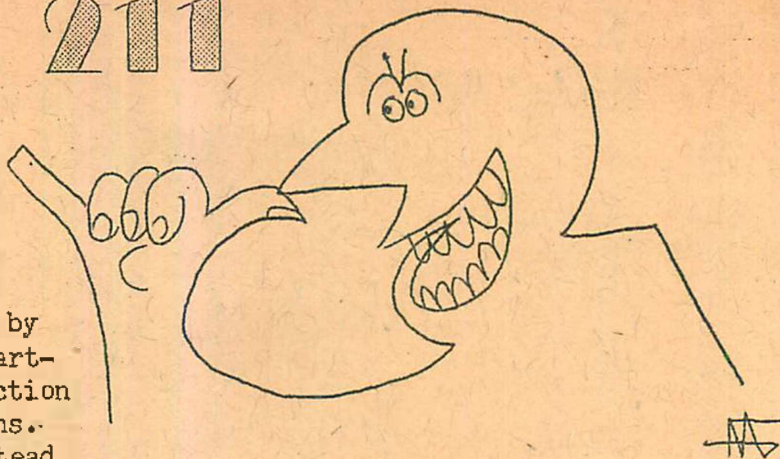
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Electrostencilling by Pboth Press

Lesleigh Luttrell for DUFF

Occasionally subscribers will find a rubber-stamped note on their copies, saying YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED. This seems fairly self-explanatory. However, people who do not subscribe may also find it; in this case it means that I am terminating our trade for your fanzine, or we haven't seen any contributions from you in over a year, and that I'm too cheap to buy 3 stamps and not foresighted enough to buy one that just says THIS IS YOUR LAST COPY. Okay? know what's going on?

Last-minute news; Virginia Kidd informed Juanita that the title of the first gothic is to be Mystery At Seven Oaks. (Or possibly Terror At Seven Oaks, or Acorns at Seven Oaks; Juanita didn't quite catch the first word but thinks it was "Mystery". So that's what you watch for. Nothing on publication date, but can't be too far off.

"The Black Man and Civil Rights", a series of 15-minute taped radio programs, is available to radio stations without charge. Requests to Warren Marr II, NAACP Department of Public Relations, 1790 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.



Buck covers in Rumblings our adventures in beautiful downtown (edge of town?) Champaign-Urbana, attending the Chamba-Con. It was a pleasant, low-key midwestern type con (I guess if one reaches far enough, Kentucky is in the midwest, isn't it? And Offutts probably came further than anybody else, unless it was those from Minneapolis, but probably not...and on the other hand I have six fingers.)

Bruce went to the con full of thoughts of someday being a lawyer (he's been discovering the loot barristers of our circles -- Hensley, Propp -- pull down); after the con organized trip to the Plato computer center at U of I, he's decided he's going to be a computer tech. Mostly, I think, so he can get at the Space War program and

set it up so the little screen doesn't eat itself while he's playing.

We had no trouble with the hotel, and Buck huckstered enough to pay for our rooms, so it was the type of con we all liked. I got to folk/filk song with Ann Passavoy and listen to some entertaining natter. And we even got drafted onto a panel -- which should give you an idea of how small and comfortable the con was; panel featured GOH Andy Offutt and Buck and me telling the listeners all they ever wanted to know about the joys and horrors of writing (and selling/not-selling, publishing/not-publishing) than they ever wanted to know. Outside of freezing to death getting from one room to another and sweating with the new car -- discovered the carburetor isn't set properly and it currently loathes starting in cold weather -- very nice con. I gather one fan was having trouble with the motel at checkout time: they were trying to charge him extra for having a poolside room, under the impression he was a polar bear or a water-scape freak, apparently.

Buck mentions on the contents page that according to my agent, Virginia Kidd, Berkley is buying my second gothic. Gothics are easier to write than sf, and certainly pay better, but one feels a teensy bit like a traitor to the field. So I try to write gothics with elements of the occult or fantasy in them. Just enough for flavor and to make me feel comfortable. Considering the number of gothics currently on the news-stands (a fresh brooding and ominous wave of them just hit the local magazine store) I wonder if writers of gothics have an organization, like MWA and SFWA. Gothic Writers of America? Or maybe of the North Atlantic, since almost equal numbers of these seem to be reprints from Britain.

Gothics, in case there's anyone out there who isn't aware of the fact, are very formula. Within certain limitations, there's lots of room to play around, but it's almost obligatory that the (eventual) hero start out as a surly, occasionally villainously unfriendly sort -- modeled, presumably, on JANE EYRE's Edward Rochester. Buck was wondering how many teenage girls reading these things are being subtly brainwashed and are going to end up marrying wife beaters, under the assumption that under that sadist's exterior throbs a heart of romantic plush.

The simplicity of the want ads in the local blatt is charming. A recent one advertised for a: "Full time man". I always thought it probably was best to be one or the other, but apparently Hartford City is more liberal than we realized.

Some months ago we commented with bemusement on accounts of the Ft. Wayne city coun-

cil, and DeWeese countered with eyeboggling tales of the Milwaukee authorities. Sort of an our politicians are nuttier than your politicians contest. The Milwaukee types sound athletic, but one hopes they're quicker on the uptake than those in Ft. Wayne. Some time back a reporter -- obviously having a fine time writing the account -- described a session of the city council with the City Plan Commission. Much talk of zoning and what was and was not permissible at intersections. At the end of the voting, one councilman asked aggrievedly how come there were going to be two gas stations on this particular corner. It was explained to him -- one gathers for the third or fourth time -- about the development plans for a shopping center and etc., etc. Said councilman opined that this was terrible. The reporter almost, but not quite, butted into the article with a logical question: if he didn't approve, why did he vote for the measure, just a few minutes prior? On with the discussion and interview, with the councilman finally grumbling his way into the corridor and saying the measure (only passed because of his vote) was awful and if he'd known what he was voting for, he wouldn't have voted for it. Yes.

Some time back in these pages I muttered that it was annoying, to say the least, that NASA wasn't informing the public of the spinoffs accruing from the space program, and simply letting itself be gutted to death. Now that it's almost, maybe is, too late, somebody is getting on the ball and releasing info and fighting back. Schirra is still fighting the good fight, in between plugging railroads or whatever it is that his company does. And Alan Bean was in Ft. Wayne last week, speeching and making some good points. Apparently someone in the audience came up with the ever-popular "if we would just take all the money we're spending on space and spend it on...", and Bean came back with figures. The space program gets 1.4 cents of the tax dollar while 42 cents are currently being spent on human resources -- social security, HEW, etc. -- and do they really think if the space program were dropped completely that 1.4 cents would make a tremendous -- or any noticeable -- difference? He also got into the spinoffs and implied by crippling space research we're crippling possible medical and economic advances of the future, and hurting ourselves, including the people on the poverty level. Kay Anderson sent me a clipping with a bitter comment by Dr. Fletcher of NASA, that it is a sad and grim thing for the space program to be fighting tooth and nail to maintain its \$3.3 billion budget in a nation that spends \$17 billion annually on tobacco and cosmetics. Did someone call the space program ephemeral? I can't think of anything much more ephemeral than smoking. In another clipping from Kay, I see NASA is finally telling AP what some of the spinoffs are: a rocket cutting torch to free trapped victims of auto wrecks, space tech computer boards for automatic attendance taking in school systems, highway guard rails with super absorbing impact qualities, faster and less painful dental drills, and on and on...more later.....JWC

a column

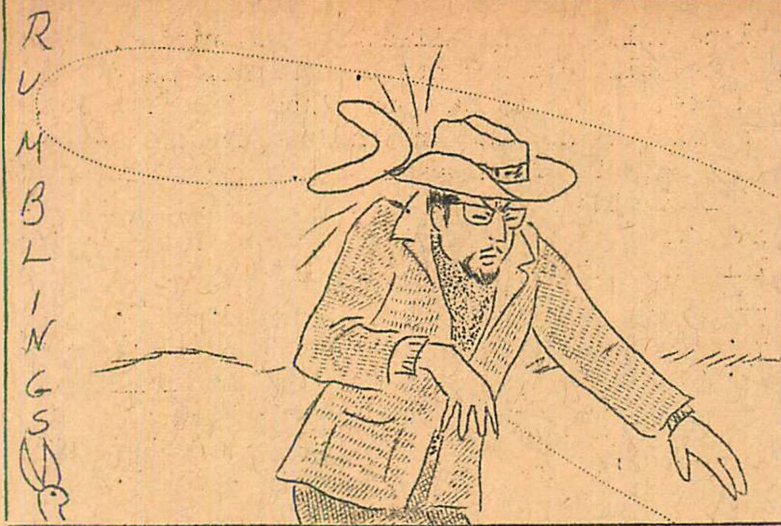
bec

Hello. The Student Council is being harassed. It was supposed to put up Xmas decorations; however, due to lack of time and laziness, the job was only half done. Now the Council is being yelled at for not doing its job. (It works both ways; one of the teachers disapproved because we took down the decorations that all the other teachers were complaining about.)

At home: In addition to my suffering with a sore eyebrow, Mom found out how to get the back seat belts out into the open in the new car, and now she'll make me wear one; also, I managed to lose about 10 pencils in two weeks; the Student Council objections occurred; and, finally, I have to clean up my room. /Editorial comment from the stenciller -- I'll believe that when I see it. JWC/

I got a rigged roulette wheel in Hook's Drugs the other day (yes, gambling is illegal in Indiana). Actually, it's one of those "fun home games" with chintzy chips and a miniature wheel. However, it's small enough to fit into the assignments I bring to school...

BEC



HOW DO I GET INTO THESE THINGS? Dept: Y'see, we got this letter from Paul Anderson, saying he was getting up nominators for us for DUFF. This was early November, but I did one of the longest double-takes on record and it wasn't until mid-November that I realized what he had said, and decided that maybe I ought to get a few nominees on our own behalf. So I wrote Patten about costs, and it didn't sound too bad, so I asked a few people - by that time it was too late to collect nominators and send them all in, so I asked them to write direct. (Lesleigh said she was going to

ask her mother to nominate us, but apparently that one didn't get in by deadline. Pity - it would have confused so many of the fans who are terribly serious about fandom and their status therein.) Anyway, next thing I know we're on the ballot, with Lesleigh Luttrell and Andy Porter. And then I find out that I must have misunderstood Patten, and it's going to cost a lot more than I thought. So. Ballots will be out fairly soon, and I'm asking that if you want to support the Coulsons please wait a couple of months until I find out for sure if we can swing the necessary funds. I don't want to take your votes and then drop out. Meanwhile, we helped nominate Lesleigh - Juanita's name should be in there too, Fred, not just mine - and I think she's a great candidate and I'd like to see her win. (Especially if the costs turn out to be what I think they'll be.....there's only one of her and she can go much more cheaply than the three of us.) I don't want to drop out if I can help it, because I'd love to go; but we may have to. (For anyone who didn't read the ad in the last YANDRO, DUFF is the Down Under Fan Fund, to send a foreign fan to the Australian national ~~stf~~ convention in Sydney in August, 1972. They should have pretty close to enough money to pay all expenses for one fan, but not likely for three.)

Otherwise, we've been to another convention; this has been a fannish year. Ann Passovoy talked us into attending Chambanaccon (actually she was Ann Wickerham when she talked us into it, but Ann Passovoy by the time we arrived....). I was extremely dubious about a con in November, and even more so when I saw the motel and discovered that attending parties meant going out of your room into the freezing rain, ducking into a breezeway-cum-wind tunnel, and then back into the rain to the party room. But despite all the drawbacks, it was a fine convention; possibly the best we've been to this year. Because of the people there, of course; Bob and Ann Passovoy, Wally and Jackie Franke, Bob Gaines and family and family (little in-group joke there), Andy and Jodie Offutt, Jim and Penny Hansen, the Stopas, a new and promising fan named Ricardo Donald (at least that's what he had on his name tag), Mike Mannon, Maureen Gillespie, and various and sundry fans whose names I can't at the moment recall. (Who was the kid we were talking African kingdoms with one night? There aren't all that many history buffs; I should remember him.) I'm sure there were some obnoxious characters there - I know of one - but I managed to avoid them, talked with all sorts of interesting new people, and possibly made one or two new friends. The trip through the Univ. of Illinois computer section was fascinating, though I really think Bruce got more of a kick out of that than I did. Jackie Franke and I sat around together so much that one rather inebriated (or stoned?) character wanted to know if we were married. Of course, we are; quite happily married. Just not to each other. Oh yes, I talked to Larry Propp; not too much to Don Blyly, since he was con chairman and running around looking harried most of the time. (Or is that just his natural look? I never see him when he isn't being con chairman, so I can't tell...) Offhand I'd say that the U. of Illinois group has a higher percentage of Good People in it than any fan organization I've encountered in years (except for the Indianapolis group, of course, but I'm prejudiced there.)

At the convention, Jackie Franke presented us with a painting of the Coulson clan. Humorous type; sort of a cartoon in acrylic. I was overwhelmed; I don't think anyone

has ever considered painting me before. I took it down to the ISFA meeting next week, and showed it off, and it will be ruthlessly thrust under the noses of future visitors.

Indiana fandom is booming. At the Chambanaccon there was an entire family from New Castle, who I gave information about ISFA meetings to, and a kid from Fort Wayne (who I didn't give information about ISFA to). On the way back we stopped in to see Maydene Crosby, who is going to make it to an ISFA meeting some month if she can stay in one piece long enough.

The Fishman column this issue is made from a letter, but she assures us that she is going to have a realforsure column, RealSoonNow. She's still in Ohio, still has her ticket to California, and she says she is still going to use it some day. In the meantime she's shilling for her sister's secondhand book business. (Do I really need the memoirs of the last U.S. ambassador to Imperial Germany? Of course not, but it was a bargain, so...) Also in this issue, the letters are a bit short. This is mostly due to our running over on space; we have 7 pages of lettercolumn already stencilled, which will go in the next issue. Next time will be our 19th Anniversary Issue, so it should be a bit larger and usual, with room for more material. (Didn't do too well on putting out issues this year, did we? Went to too many conventions, is the problem.)

I'mofficially finished with Scouting now, so in time I may get letters answered, a few things done around the house, and the slave novel finished because Virginia Kidd didn't think much of trying to market 3-chapters-and-outline to hardcover houses. Juanita has had a nibble on another of her novels, but nothing definite yet.

WE GET CLIPPINGS: Dept.: Liz sends an ad for a pine coffin, "made about 1925 and never used", which leads to all sorts of speculations. Roy Tackett sends a copy of MYTHS AND TECHNO-FANTASIES, "The First Publication of the Black Mesa Defense Fund", which is hardly a clipping...This is one of the ecological "underground" papers. No price on it; send a donation to Black Mesa Defense, 107 Cienega St., Santa Fe, NM 87501. Ecology is worth a little money, wouldn't you say? Sandra Miesol sends one about a "Festival of Psychic Arts" which was held in Indianapolis (but chickened out on attending and giving us a report of the proceedings). Andy Zerbe sends one saying that mercury contamination in excess of the FDA minimum is present in all water in Alabama. The author feels this shows the FDA minimum to be unrealistic, since Alabama sportsmen have been eating fish with a higher mercury level for years. (Wonder what the mortality rate on Alabama sportsmen is?) Gene Wolfe and Dr. Charles Dudgeon sent me copies of the Wall Street Journal article on science fiction. It's a little hard on the pulp era and how we've become "respectable", but it is basically pro-stf, and even admits that best-sellers like Andromeda Strain are science fiction, which is unusual. Joanne Burger sends one on another conference about the polluted Houston Ship Channel, which I gather is not just polluted but gradually solidifying. R. Reginald sends on on computer error; an elderly Chicago man tried to get a Medicare payment and was told that he couldn't because he was dead. He eventually got back into the official ranks of the living by appealing to an Illinois Senator (Congress is quite willing to raise the dead, it seems) and after complaining that the least Medicare could have done was pay his funeral expenses. Rick Brooks sends in an Alex Gilliland cartoon, which seems to have been resurrected by an Indianapolis publicist because it's interplanetary in nature and was published in a Purdue Univ. magazine in - gasp! - 1955. Nice to see Alex getting recognized by the media, anyway. And the Fort Wayne paper had an article on the "Brown Mountain Lights", which are still being seen in North Carolina. Various natural explanations have been rejected by local residents, it seems.

We're really out in the sticks. Had a flat tire the other day. One of the advantages of having 4 cars for only 3 drivers is that there is always a spare (if it will run...) so I took the wheel in when I had time, which was Sunday afternoon. Stopped at our regular filling station and a kid came out, took the wheel, said "We aren't open on Sunday", and disappeared inside. I guess they really aren't open Sundays - ever hear of a filling station like that? (No, I don't know what the kid was doing there; robbing the place, for all I know. I got my tire back on Monday.)

Tis the season to be jolly and all that, though I don't suppose the postal clerks will feel too jolly when they see this issue arriving. We have included a verse by De Camp in honor of the season, and we wish all of you a Merry Christmas and a joyous and prosperous new year. (And our new year better be prosperous or we ain't going to Australia, I can tell you that.....)

The Juveniles Of

George MacDonald

article by LESLEIGH LUTTRELL

George MacDonald was one of the group of prolific fantasy writers who lived in England during the 19th Century. He wrote a number of novels in his time, but only those called his "fairy stories" are at all known today. Two of these, "Phantastes" and "Lilith", have recently been reprinted as part of the Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series. However, those who have read only these are missing an important aspect of MacDonald, his ability as a writer of tales for children.

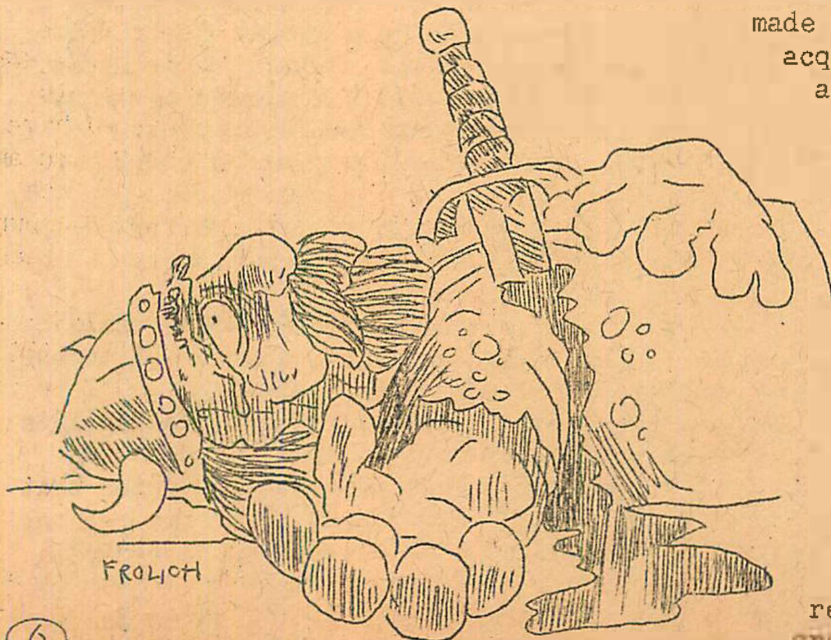
The first such tale that MacDonald wrote is called "The Light Princess", and it was at the urging of his friend, C. L. Dodgson, that MacDonald had the story published. After this he continued to write fantasy and fairy stories which he eventually collected into a book titled *DEALINGS WITH THE FAIRIES*. The book, with several added tales, has been retitled more recently, *THE LIGHT PRINCESS AND OTHER TALES*.

THE LIGHT PRINCESS AND OTHER TALES is a collection of eight more or less fairy stories. The title story is of the royal child cursed at Christianing sort, similar to "Sleeping Beauty". In this case, the curse causes the princess to lose all her gravity (both actual weight and serious demeanor), until she is returned to normal by the efforts of a prince. MacDonald includes in the story a comical picture of the king's metaphysicians disagreeing about the cure of the princess' malady, and several puns, such as when the queen, in a moment of anger, tells the fair-headed king that "it is a bad thing to be light-haired (heired)." All in all, it is a story which could be enjoyed by people of any age.

Fairies actually come off rather badly in MacDonald's stories. In two especially, "The Carasoy" and "Cross Purposes", they are portrayed as small people of little intelligence and great mischief, altogether more malign than benign to full-sized humans. However, MacDonald does present us with some more attractive supernatural creatures.

"The Shadows" concerns a man who is made king of Fairyland, and thus becomes acquainted with the shadows who are also his subjects. In the story, they are presented as living things, not just tricks of light or ghosts. In fact, they are rather like guardian angels who use their shadow plays to help struggling artists get ideas, entertain sick children, and make sinners repent.

"The Golden Key" is a very strange story which introduces a sort of supernatural creature of which George MacDonald seems particularly fond. This is the extremely old woman of great power. She is not a witch, but a real woman who has somehow gained great wisdom. She is so old that she



is young, and is able to help in the most difficult quest of other characters.

In this particular story, she helps a boy and girl, who have found the golden key at the end of the rainbow, to find the proper keyhole. Their journey, though only 31 pages in the book, takes so long that they grow old and young again; they meet the three old men, of sea, earth and fire, and they find the keyhole is only a step on their final journey to 'the country whence the shadows fall.'

The volume is rounded out by "The Giant's Heart", similar to Jack and the Beanstalk; "Little Daylight", another story about a Christianing-curse; and "The Day Boy and the Night

Girl", the story of two children raised rather cruelly by a witch-werewolf and how they escape their respective prisons and fears. The book is well worth reading for all those with a taste for fairy tales and for George MacDonald.

THE LOST PRINCESS, originally titled A DOUBLE STORY, is not considered by all to be a juvenile. The introduction to the 1965 Dutton & Co. edition describes it as being virtually lost from shortly after its first book publication until that time. Thus, a number of people who enjoyed MacDonald's books in their youth have probably not run across this one.

The story concerns princess Rosamund and the shepherd girl Agnes, both who share the fault of thinking too much of themselves. A character called simply The Wise Woman takes it upon herself to make them better. She is MacDonald's aforementioned old and powerful woman. In this case she takes both children and puts them through a series of trials and experiences which are aimed at leading to their betterment. The story is a very moral tale, which indicates anyone who 'does their duty' (according to MacDonald's ideals of morality) is really a prince or princess.

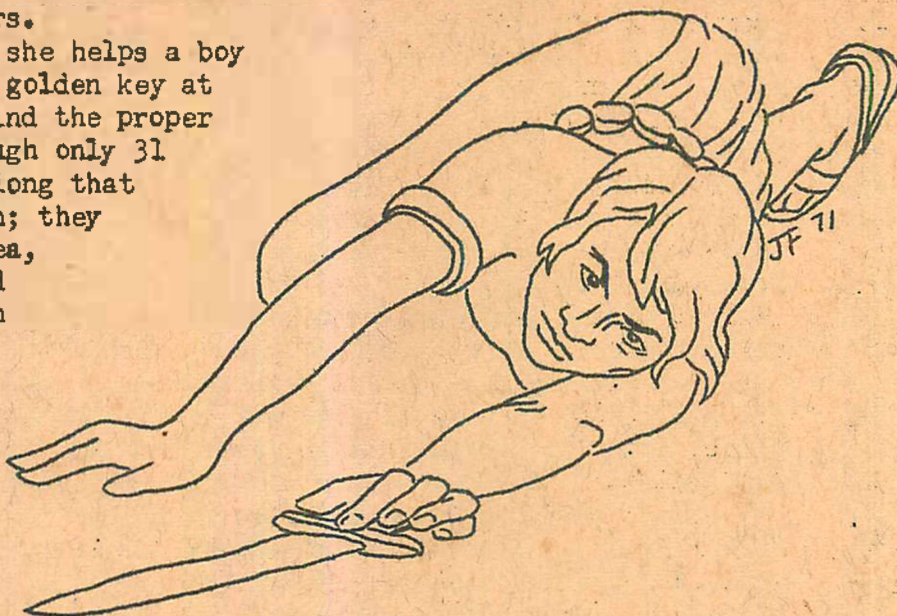
This idea detracts from the story as MacDonald's morality seems a little out-of-place to the modern reader. However, the reader can enjoy the story for the descriptions of the Wise Woman's house and her odd way of doing things, if nothing else. The story ends with the princess much improved in goodness, Agnes having undergone experiences which seem likely to reform her, and the Wise Woman carrying off Rosamund's parents, the King and Queen, for their own sort of reforming. MacDonald ends by saying:

"If you think it is not finished -- I never knew a story that was. I could tell you a great deal more concerning them all, but I have already told more than is good for those who read with their foreheads, and enough for those whom it has made look a little solemn, and sigh as they close the book."

All in all, it is a rather strange book. Those who really like George MacDonald will probably enjoy it, and children will certainly be able to give full weight to the marvelous fantasy elements while ignoring the rather boring moral lecture.

At this point I should consider AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND, which is MacDonald's book most like other fairy tale books. However, I cannot do it justice, not having read it in a long while. I remember it as an extremely enjoyable book of stories that concern the North Wind and the strange country that lies behind him. For some reason, the book always reminded me of Carl Sandburg's RUTABAGA STORIES, although there are a great many obvious differences between the two.

Perhaps the best, and certainly the most famous of George MacDonald's juveniles are the two books collectively called 'The Curdie Stories'. These books, THE PRINCESS AND



THE GOBLIN and THE PRINCESS AND CURDIE, contain all of the elements found in the other books -- the mysterious and powerful woman, a real princess, a boy who is not royal but is good, and creatures of the fantasy world presented in MacDonald's unusual style. In this case, all the elements seem to fit perfectly together, and make two fine books which any reader would enjoy.

THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN is the more juvenile of the two. It concerns the young princess Irene who lives in a castle near the mountains. The mountains are inhabited by goblins or cobs who were once normal people but who retreated from excess taxes or something of the sort to the underground. There they became deformed both in body and in soul. At the time of the book, they get all their pleasure from tormenting surface people, particularly royalty. They are presented almost sympathetically, but their hatred for normal humans is so great that one is not too sorry to see them destroyed at the end of the book. (Of course, MacDonald does not play up the other side of the coin, that is, how willing the surface dwellers are to play the same sort of nasty tricks on the goblins.) An unusual addition to the fairy tale creatures in the story are the goblins' animals, normal animals which they had brought underground with them as pets. These animals have become even more deformed than their masters in body, although they are more mischievous than malign in nature.

In the story, Princess Irene is saved several times from the goblins by Curdie, the son of a miner, and a miner himself, though he is only 12 years old. His bravery and good nature, as well as his verse-making ability (verses are effective goblin chasers) make him an interesting character. However, the most interesting character in the book is the Princess' great-great-grandmother.

This old lady, also named Princess Irene, lives in the castle tower unbeknownst to any of the castle's inhabitants except her granddaughter. She has great powers, can appear in any guise she wishes, and cannot be seen at all by most people. Through her magic aid, young Irene is able to save Curdie after he is captured by the goblins, and old Irene uses magic to cure Curdie when he is wounded at one point.

The book climaxes in a great battle as the goblins try to invade the castle and kidnap the princess. Curdie leads the household to victory against them. He also seals the mine so that when the goblins release wafers to drown the miners, they themselves are drowned. The book ends with the princess and her king-papa riding off to his other castle, and Curdie returning home with his parents.

THE PRINCESS AND CURDIE has a somewhere more 'adult' plot. It concerns an attempt by evil subjects of the king to overthrow him and how their plans are defeated. Curdie, who had not been able to see her in the previous book, is informed by the Old Princess Irene that his king and princess are in danger. She gives him a rather stranger power, that of being able to feel a person's "true hand", that is, find out whether they are truly human or becoming an animal.

Curdie sets out for the capital city accompanied by Lina, an extremely ugly animal whose "true hand" is that of a child. On the way, she makes friends with the 49 Ugliers, beasts even stranger than herself.

Curdie arrives to find almost all the inhabitants of the city very unfriendly, and is thrown into jail for killing some attacking dogs. He escapes, and gains entry to the castle where he finds the king ill and being nursed by Irene. Curdie uses his power to discover that the king is being poisoned by his advisors who wish to take over his throne. The Ugliers help drive the evil servants from the castle, and hold the townspeople at bay while the king recovers.

The townspeople call on a rival king to take over their country, because they are afraid of what will happen to them when the king is well. However, the attacking army is defeated in a grand battle by the true king, a few loyal retainers, Curdie, the Ugliers and both the Princesses Irene. In a sum up page, MacDonald revealed that Curdie and Irene later married and ruled well on the gold mined from beneath their city. However, they had no children and the king who followed them was so greedy that he caused the, literal, collapse of the city. There is really no 'happily ever after' in MacDonald's books, for he is too aware of human faults to admit this possibility.

As a whole, MacDonald's juveniles are definitely his best works. They are imaginative and enjoyable, and if they reflect a little bit too much moral concern, well, many faults can be forgiven a writer of good juveniles.

THE SAVIORS

BY

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

A limping, bent old joiner met an actor, stout and bald,
 In Emperor Vespasianus' reign.
 They met in Alexandria-by-Egypt, in the place
 Belonging to a chief of the regime.
 The one had come to fix a door; the other had been called
 The evening's company to entertain.

And while the magnate, family and all, was at a race
 Of chariots, to cheer his favored team,
 The player stole the storeroom key and took a jar of wine,
 And both of them attacked the jug with zest.
 The mime confided to his friend: "I was not quite the base
 And bloody monster that the many deem.

"It's true I sent a multitude to punishment condign,
 My homicidal mother with the rest;
 But that is what it is to rule. If with your foes you're weak
 And gentle, like the Julius deified,
 They'll kill you first. The Romans from their games incardine
 To art, without success, I tried to wrest.

"But after I had fled away and let the story leak
 That I had by my own stiletto died,
 I found I loved the strolling singer's life. But what of you?
 You went about Judaea, I'm assured,
 Proclaiming that your Jewish god had got you, so to speak,
 Upon a mortal's unsuspecting bride."

The carpenter replied: "Some zealots of my little crew
 Kept harping on the tale, of source obscured,
 Until I half believed it; but nine hours crucified
 I tell you, is a lesson hard as stone.
 And since my kinsmen smuggled me, nigh dead, from public view,
 And kept me hid until my hurts were cured,

"I've left the godly business to the rabbis, whilst I tried
 To earn my bread, in hope I'd not be known
 By any for that footloose preacher daft." The other drawled:
 "I sought to give the Romans art, in vain,
 Whilst you essayed to turn the Jews to angels certified;
 We should have both left bad enough alone."

DIFUGALTY

column by
DAVE LOCKE

It was interesting to note one fan's reaction to the installment of this column which appeared in the June issue (#207). Tedd Trimbath, in #208, says: "I was very pleased with the first half of his column, and was very unpleased with the second half. Don't try to become another Liz Fishman. You're good enough -- as witness the first 16 or so paragraphs -- that you don't need to try to mimic someone else's humor."

And here all this time I thought I was making out as the New Charles Burbee.

And when you come right down to the nitty, it's interesting to note any fan's reaction to a column the nature of this one. Writing things like DIFUGALTY just slightly edges out fan art when it comes to getting egoboo. The best you can expect is having the editor print something like "I enjoyed Dave Locke's column", and if the editor does print one-liners like this in the lettercol then he has a heart of gold. The worst you can expect is having the editor print "I haven't experienced anything as humorous as this since the last time I had hemorrhoids", and if this type of one-liner starts appearing in his lettercol with any measure of frequency then he's probably got a very serious but indirect message for you.

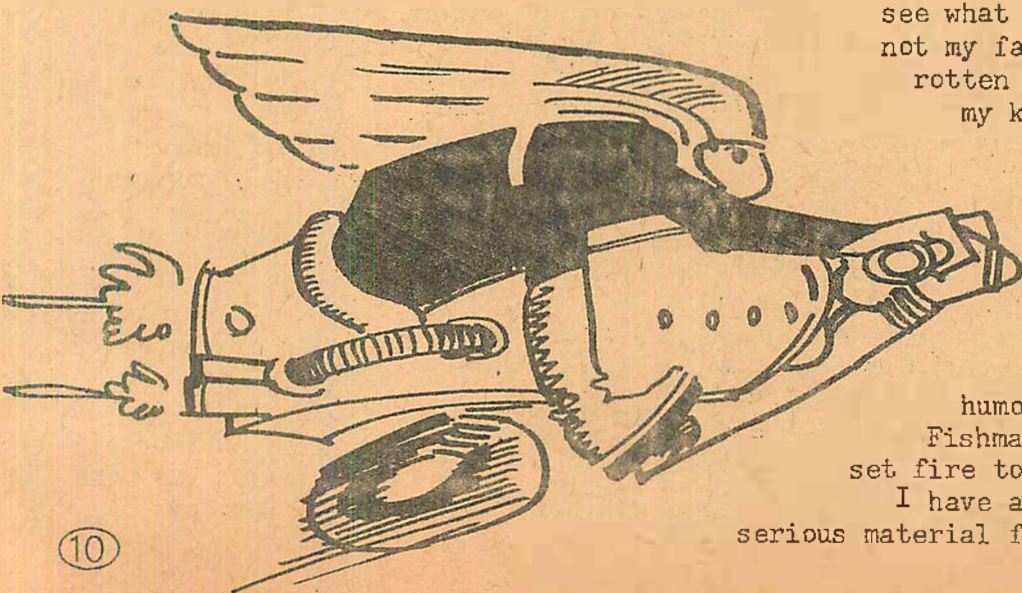
So if you like writing the sort of drivvel that I write, you've probably got it made. Because if you require any significant amount of egoboo, your sense of humor would probably dry up and blow away. You'd turn cynical and mean, and write vicious letters on any and every subject, and, curiously enough, fans would find thousands of things to say about your material and you would find yourself inundated by egoboo. But I digress, and egoboo is nice when you find it. Even if the guy only liked half of my column.

I do have two disagreements with Tedd Trimbath, though, exclusive of the state of affairs that I should give him this much egoboo. First, he could have been "unpleased with the second half" of that installment. Displeased, maybe. Second, I question that humor is chattel. This is your humor, and that is her humor, and don't you dare trespass. If humor consists of style and theme, I plead guilty on the second count only. I said in that installment that Liz has her rotten little brother to inspire her for all sorts of fanzine material, and all I had was my rotten little kid. So I tried to

see what I could do with that. It's not my fault if her brother is more rotten than my kid. God knows my kid tries hard enough.

One of these days I'm going to write asserious installment for DIFUGALTY. And someone will write in to say "I haven't encountered anything this humorous since the time Liz Fishman told how her brother set fire to his grandfather."

I have a problem about writing serious material for g nzines, which centers



around the fact that I write a lot of serious material for a living. At one time I used to have a problem writing humorous material, and no doubt at this particular moment there are skulls harboring the ill thought that this problem is not strictly of an erstwhile nature. But I recall in particular the time when I had to write the opening speech for my high school graduation. This sounds a bit more impressive than it really was, because although graduating salutatorian I had only sixteen people to triumph over in order to obtain the honor. But I had a hell of a time writing the speech.

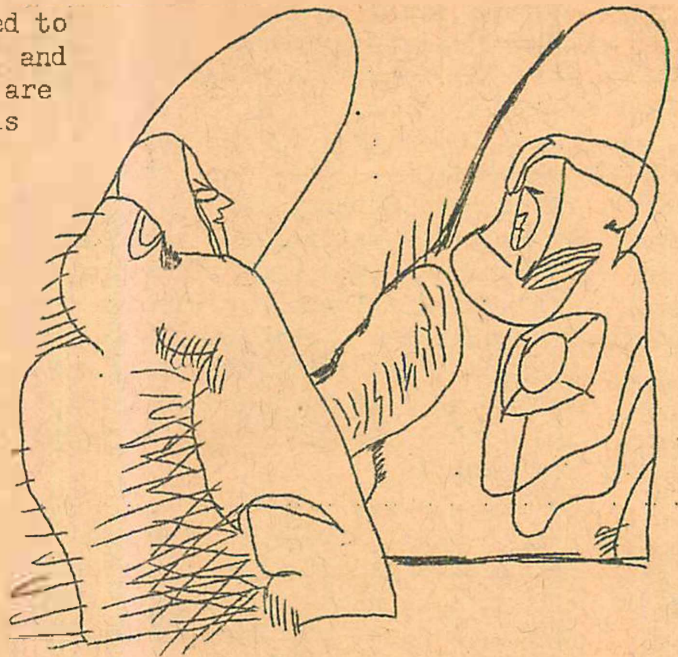
My English teacher set up one law governing my speech. "No humor". I presume she did so because she knew of my tendencies to write in this manner and felt the solemnity of the graduation could be better maintained with a serious opening address. Either that, or she felt my humor stunk and that I would be better off sticking to a more traditional format. In either case, I found this a challenge of the first water and submitted draft after draft containing the sly and treacherous seeds of humor which needed only a silver tongued approach to bring them into the open. She spotted everything I was trying to do, of course, and bounced it all back with red pencil and no comment. Finally; after a half dozen attempts and a faded ribbon, I threw in the towel and did it straight. As I handed it to her, I grinned evilly.

For years afterwards I would feel guilty about that grin. Whereas all previous drafts had winged their way back to me in 24 hours or less, she held onto this one for four days. She would pour over it during study halls and whenever a free minute was available, and she would place it in her brief to take home at night. Occasionally, I would spot her lips moving as she read it, or her left hand moving in a slightly oratorical manner. She stopped visiting the teachers' lounge during lunch break and started spending her noon hour in the English room with the door closed, behind which we could hear a muffled voice rising and falling.

Finally she gave it back to me, with trembling hands, and in a voice that quavered she told me that it was probably good enough or at least as good as could be expected. Then her voice cracked, and she went to the women's room and missed three classes.

Graduation day came, a fine and beautiful upstate New York morning. The two or three other couples who had been having an outstanding pre-graduation celebration thought perhaps it would be groovy (or hip, or hep, or whatever it was in those days) idea if we split for home and got decked up in our Sunday duds and showed up for the graduation. So we did, and with much good scotch under my belt and over my brain I grundled out onto the stage and gave the opening address. But not before I had spent forty or fifty seconds scrounging around the lectern trying to sort my speech out from amongst all the others that were placed in there. I found it, looked up at all the tittering and smiling faces, grinned a bit broadly and tossed my speech on top of the lectern. My mouth slowly changed from a half moon to a very small oval as I watched the speech sail off the other side of the lectern and float down into the orchestra pit where it disappeared into the large end of the trombone.

The funny part about it, or so I thought at the time, was that the sheets of my speech were not stapled together and they winged their separate ways to the trombone as though they were a flock of doves (a pack of Larks?). The trombone player was more nervous about all this than I was, and tipped over his music stand in the process of fishing my speech out of his instrument.



I moved around the lectern to the edge of the stage, and played with my tassel while the audience hoo-hawed above the noise of my English teacher who was crying in the far left corner of the auditorium. I felt rather guilty about that, and in my rush to lean over and take the sheets of paper which the trombone player was waving at me I slipped off the edge of the stage and wiped out the drums and cymbals.

It was an awful noise.

I finally got to deliver my speech, because most everyone was unaware of the real cause behind my actions. They just thought I was having a bit of bad luck.

I delivered a very moving, forceful, serious speech. Even my English teacher had to admit that both the writing and the execution were well done. But somehow the effect was all wrong. People kept tittering and chuckling all the way through it. They tittered and chuckled all the way through the graduation exercises. It was a small town, and three quarters of the people in it tittered and chuckled for weeks.

I always looked at it philosophically. Since my entrance was such a hard act to follow, it's just as well that she wouldn't let me write a humorous speech.

But she still thinks I did it all on purpose.

I'm not certain.

----- LEFT-OVER BOOK REVIEW

THE HORIZON HISTORY OF AFRICA (American Heritage Publishing Co. \$19.95 - but a friend loaned me a copy and I want to get the review in now so I can return the book) This has some of the drawbacks of ultra-condensed history that the HORIZON Russian book had, but since I knew less about Africa to start with, it was less noticeable. A bigger drawback is that with each section written by a different person, there is considerable overlap of material. Queen Nzinga Mbande may be the Joan of Arc of Nigeria but I was getting pretty sick of her by the time I read her exploits for the third time. (I do believe I'll remember her, though...) Then there was the author who said that certain African kingdoms were stable prior to the European influx because they didn't have guns - this after carefully documenting all their unstable and gunless neighbors. However, despite the drawbacks, it's a good book and a very good reference volume.

----- UPCOMING CONS WE WON'T BE ATTENDING

Minicon 5, October (October? Well, that takes care of that notice. Wonder how it came out?)

Tri-Clave, June 9,10,11, Johnson City, Tennessee. Guest of Honor, Keith Laumer. For information, contact Len Collins, Route #11, Box 148, Church Hill, TN 37612. (oh, that date is in 1972, in case you wondered)

I have here a folder with "San Diego In '74 on it, and inside a list of people currently active in San Diego fandom. (Out of 110 names, I recognized 8 and am moderately well acquainted with 2; how fandom has grown...) 10¢ from Richard Balaam, 6112 Lorca Dr., San Diego, CA 92115, if you're interested.

AND OTHER STUFF

I have a catalog of movie stills, pressbooks, and posters from Gary Levinson, 600 NE 141 St., North Miami Beach, FL 33162. Prices seem high, but that could be because I have very little interest in the stuff and so don't know what the going rate is. Also have catalogs from Fantast(Medway)Ltd., 75 Norfolk St., Wisbech, Cambs., Great Britain PE13 2LJ. This is a pretty good place to buy British stuff; I get most of mine there.

I will be agenting for a folio of Tolkien artwork by D. West; price and so on to be specified later. I haven't seen the full thing yet; he sent me a few samples, which are quite unusual. He said it was an original process; results are somewhat similar to silkscreening, but not exactly. Watch this space for further developments. RSC

----- NOTICE

I am interested in obtaining some of the IPSA stamps (Independent Postal System of America.) Primarily I would like to get some of all denominations on cover (for you non-collectors, that means send the entire envelope.) If it's on a package, cut out about a 6" by 9" piece of the wrapper, including stamps and address. Also could use a couple of unused stamps of all denominations - 1¢, 5¢, 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. Check before sending because I'll pay for them but I don't want to pay 50 different people. RSC

THROUGH 8 THE WRINGER

column by ----- liz fishman

Well, things seem to be coming together here and I think I can get back to fandom without worrying about further blow-ups. I really intended to get started again after talking to you but an ulcer attack stopped that -- two ulcers, in fact. My doctor forbade me anything more strenuous than brushing my teeth, and to be sure of my obedience he personally carried my typewriter to the attic. Now a 20 pound writer in your arms makes it a bit tricky to walk a flight of steep stairs, and the descent is even hairier, but that isn't what kept me from going after it; it was the bats. There's only one belfry in town and apparently no vacancies, so a tribe, a herd, a flock -- well, a lot of the creepy things call our attic home. Everytime I mustered enough nerve to open the attic door I could hear them fluttering and thumping and squeaking. Listen, I don't mind rodents per se, but when they go around sprouting wings -- I mean, if God had meant for them to fly... And He did. (I don't like his sense of humor.)

Anyway, Ozzie finally took pity on me and clutching a broom he bravely clumped his way to the attic, and swiftly reappeared with my writer. The bats have the broom.

Brian Locke is most certainly a rotten little kid, but I'm afraid he's going to end up more rotten than Rotten if his foolish father continues to encourage the kid to practice and perfect his punching and shoving. Having to cope with a rotten kid is bad enough without having it punch back when you belt it..

And I did not stuff Rotten down a groundhog hole. I like, admire, and respect groundhogs.

Nan Braude's reactions to Andy Offutt's extrapolations reminds me that I must tell you how Rotten's sex education is coming along. Well, he knows it all now, and when I say all, I mean all. I found this out a couple of months ago when the two of us had the house to ourselves. I was reading and the kid was working on his novel at the coffee table, pecking laboriously on my old and tired writer (which I gave to him when the thing finally groaned and fell asleep). Suddenly, a loud "Fuck!" erupted from his overworked mouth, and not wishing to make a big thing of it, I quietly informed him that he shouldn't use words to which he didn't know the meaning. Said he, "I know what it means."

"Oh, yeah, what does it mean?"

"It's when a man sticks himself in a woman's...I can't remember the name of the woman's thing." Delicately choking on my ill-timed sip of coffee, I asked him where he learned all this. "From Mom."

"Mother told you that?"

"Wait'll I tell Brian Coy. Is he going to be surprised?"

"I can imagine. But I wouldn't discuss this with the other kids if I were you."

"Well, I won't tell the other kids, but I think I should tell Brian."

"Why?"

"Because he says the way he was born was one day his father found this great big pumpkin at the county fair and they took it home and his mother heard this noise and they opened the pumpkin..."

"And there was Brian, right?"

"Right. He thinks pumpkins have sex and make babies."

"Well, it's an interesting idea, and original at that. But don't tell him the

truth anyway. That's his parents' job."

"But they're the ones who told him about the pumpkin. So what's going to happen when Brian gets married and he goes around cutting open pumpkins and thinks he's having sex?"

"I don't know, but it's something to ponder. Now look, leave me alone and go back to your novel."

"I'm writing a sex book and it's called 'The Big Connection'. That's what I call sex -- a connection, a big connection."

How about that?

Oh yes, the kid has also been working on another novel. He's been fascinated with Harlan's title, "The Glass Teat", ever since he found out what teat means. So he's writing a sequel called "The Wooden Teat". Well, see, it's about this nude businessman whose mother is a tree. (You know, I really think this kid is going places. Where, I don't know, but he's definitely moving.)

Just before voting day our local candidates were stalking the streets in a door-to-door campaign, smiling prettily while they thrust a sheet of paper listing their golden qualifications into your unwilling hands. On this particular day Rotten was practicing his first clarinet lesson, with all the accompanying ear-splitting squeaks and screeches he could muster; Ozzie was drilling holes in the livingroom ceiling (we only needed one hole to screw in a hook for a hanging lamp, but the house is made of cement and a spot that the bit would go through was yet to be found) with all the appropriate filthy words at his command, as cement dust filled his eyes; my mother was yelling at Rotten to cool the squeaks and he accommodated her by concentrating on the screeches; and I was in the kitchen putting several ounces of white wine (16 ounces, to be exact) on the Chicken Polese.

After sliding the polluted bird in the oven I went to the stairs and shouted up its length to Rotten to stop his screeching, and he boomed back that I better mind my own damn business or he'd switch to drums and see how I liked it. Suddenly, Ozzie exploded with a pithy euphemism, stepped off the stool and fell to his knees, got to his feet, tripped over a chair, went to his knees again, and fell forward to bang his head against the wall. Running to him, I asked the inevitable and traditional, "What happened?" Doubled over as he was, with his mouth pressed against his knees, his answer was muffled, but I'm sure it wasn't nice. "Well, then, is there anything I can do?"

Lifting his head a bit, he moaned, "Put me out of my misery." I helped him to the kitchen sink, where he went about washing his dusty eyes.

Leaving him, I went back to the living room, and there at the door stood one of the candidates for the city commission. That's all he was doing, just standing there, clutching a sheaf of his qualifications, and apparently not noticing me. I was about to approach him when he turned and walked away, slowly. And as I watched him, one of his assistants came to the door with another stack of paper. "Well, did you have a nice talk with Mike?" he asked breezily.

"No."

"Would you like to talk to him?"

"No. Why don't you talk to him; I think he'd like that."

Besides, I think Republicans are happier with their own kind.

ADDRESSES

Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt. Bk. Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37402 (He didn't like the one I put in the last issue.)

Norm Grenzke, 9471 Arlington Blvd. #104, Fairfax, VA 22030

Anybody know where Nan Braude is now. She said she'd let me know, but.....

If a man can't act like a bastard now and then, what fun is there in life? RSC

Have you heard about the man who made an airplane out of an old chicken house and has not been seen since? He flew the coop. RSC



THIS WITCH, by Wilson Tucker (Crime Club, \$4.95) Ah yes. "The satisfied Christian could tell his story /of his ersatz adventures/ later in Surbiton, or Hartford City, and sleep soundly on his conscience." Well, if I must be coupled with someone as a hick-town resident, I'm glad it was Ethel. This is an adventure novel with fantasy added; the witch of the title is the genuine article, at least as far as being able to dimly see the future and a few other minor attributes. Otherwise it's a story of a hunt for buried Jewish gold, with soldiers of fortune, Israeli officials, and fedayeen cheerfully double-crossing one another in the process. It is far from Tucker's most important novel, but it very well may be his most entertaining. I found it fascinating - despite the ridiculous dust jacket.

DENVER IS MISSING, by D. F. Jones (Walker, \$5.95) Somewhere between Colossus and this novel, Jones learned to write. This is hardly great literature, but it's at least competent and not so boring that the reader puts it down in disgust, which is what this reader did with Colossus. The science - barring the initial disaster, which did not suspend my disbelief for a moment - ~~from~~ quite accurate, the characters are reasonably sane and intelligent, and there is a satisfactory amount of action. I can't say the major characters are terribly interesting, but at least they aren't the neurotic boobs who people far too much modern fiction. Mildly recommended.

THE TRANSVECTION MACHINE, by Edward D. Hoch (Walker, \$5.95) You can tell that Hoch is a mystery writer. The mystery-type plotting in this one is excellent. The science borders on the ridiculous, and Hoch's idea of a future setting is to have characters stand around and discuss how many changes have been made since the 20th Century. (I thought that sort of thing went out with Gernsback.) A very uneven book; if you like mysteries you might like this, but if you tend to ignore mysteries, don't bother, because it has nothing else to recommend it.

THE TIME MASTERS, by Wilson Tucker (Book Club, \$1.75) See Tucker's letter in this issue for an explanation of the truncated ending. Despite the publisher's goof, the book does have a satisfactory ending, though a trifle ambiguous and not at all what Tucker intended. Otherwise the book has been completely rewritten and improved vastly. The general plot of the original novel has been followed, but incidents have been changed and updated. I was supremely indifferent to the original version; I quite enjoyed this one. For newcomers, it's the story of several alien immortals loose in the world; they have varying desires, but primarily want to get back home; their problem being to boost Earth's space capabilities to the point where they can. Mystery-type plot, at least equal to Hoch's, and with much more behind it.

BEYOND THE BEYOND, by Poul Anderson (Book club, \$1.75) Couple of elderly book club ed-
SATAN'S WORLD, by Poul Anderson (Book Club, \$1.75) itions I just got around to reading. Satan's World was serialized in ANALOG in 1968. It's a political-social adventure novel; how to doublecross the opposition and obtain the favored position. Quite satisfactory stf adventure, but nothing outstanding. A novel in the van Rijn series, though Nicholas is not the central character this time. Beyond is a better book, with six novelettes. "Memory" is an alien-planet adventure, coupled with personality-substitution; reasonably good. "Brake" is an engineering-science story; well done. "Day of Burning" is engineering-political, with the same Falkayn-Chee-Adzel team used in Satan's World. Fair. "The Sensitive Man" is set in the not-too-distant future, with things falling apart, and a mysterious Institute out to help improve matters - or just possible to seize power. The problem is which, and how it's doing it. Excellent adventure. "The Moonrakers" is another mixture of engineering and politics, quite good. "Starfog" is another problem-story, quite well worked out, although the ending seemed insufficiently foreshadowed. Good enough, however. None of these are Anderson's best, but they're quite worth your money.

PEOPLE OF THE TALISMAN/THE SECRET OF SINHARAT, by Leigh Brackett (Ace, 95¢) Reprint of an earlier Ace Double. These are the two Eric John Stark novelets from PLANET STORIES. Brackett was always one of the best of the stf adventure writers; despite the Scientific impossibilities, her Mars of the Low Canal towns is real, or as real as one ever gets in print. These aren't her best, but they're a fair sample.

BEYOND ANOTHER SUN, by Tom Godwin (Curtis, 75¢) This is a fairly mediocre stf adventure; intrepid space explorer working on backward planets to ready them for the emigrant ships to come. Totally unmemorable, but enjoyable enough while you're reading it; I spent an hour on it and don't regret it a bit. Recommended light reading.

THE BYWORLDER, by Poul Anderson (Signet, 75¢) Very good novel of future society, fragmented and tensed while an alien ship orbits overhead and scientists try to achieve communication with its pilot. Three criticisms; the ending is overly melodramatic and loose ends are not so much cleaned up as shoved forcefully into alignment, the terms "sigaroon" and "Sigman" are too close together in looks and pronunciation (I know; there was supposed to be a point there, but it's too close a resemblance for unusual terms), and Anderson uses two sentences of absolute gibberish about pistols on page 79. (Okay, that's a very minor flaw, but I'm sensitive to that type.) Otherwise it's extremely good and well worth your time, despite my inability to empathise with the hero.

THE MASK OF CIRCE, by Henry Kuttner (Ace, 60¢) A fairly standard Kuttner fantasy; quite good, that is. Hero is a reincarnation (or is he?) of Jason of Golden Fleece fame, and is transported magically to an alien world where the legends originated. The sort of thing that kept people reading STARTLING STORIES and TWS in the good old days....

HIGH SORCERY, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) Reprint of an earlier Ace edition. Includes "Wizard's World" (fantasy novelet of espers and aliens; excellent adventure story), "Through The Needle's Eye" (short fantasy of the sort that appears in the better British weird collections; excellent), "By A Hair" (a short that might have gone well in WEIRD TALES), "Ullly The Piper" (very good short fantasy) and "The Toys of Tamisan" (novelet quite similar to the usual Norton novel.) Over all, worth your time.

ICE CROWN, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) I reviewed the hardcover when it came out in the Book Club. Girl on a scientific expedition to an artificially backward planet (enchanted planet?) and finds she likes the locals better than she does the somewhat brutal scientists of the expedition. One of the better Nortons.

THE END OF ETERNITY, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 75¢) This has previously been published in the magazines, hard covers, and previous Signet and Lancer paperbacks (at least) but if you haven't read one of them it's well worth buying. It's another of the "sterile Utopia" novels, but very well worked out.

THE REST OF THE ROBOTS, by Isaac Asimov (Pyramid, 75¢) This is the 5th Pyramid printing, plus hardcover, Book Club, and magazine publication, but what I said above goes for this, too. (Even more so, because it's a better book.) These are some of the basic Asimov robotics stories; included are "Robot AL-76 Goes Astray", "Victory Unintentional" (surely one of the funniest stf stories ever written), "First Law", "Let's Get Together", "Satisfaction Guaranteed", "Risk", "Lenny", and "Galley Slave". Highly recommended.

THE WORLD WRECKERS, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ace, 75¢) No, not by Edmond Hamilton, surprising as it may seem.... One of her Darkover novels. Marion has some real sciencefictional sex in this one, which seems to have surprised a few readers, though I'm not sure why. (Possibly because it came from Ace, but Ace is more liberal these days.) She also has a baby in it, which should surprise nobody who remembers Bradley stories..... Perhaps not the best of the Darkover novels, but good enough. Recommended.

THE GOAT WITHOUT HORNS, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ballantine, 95¢) I see why Swann didn't want me to read the magazine version. This one seems truncated, and if the F&SF version was any shorter it would have seemed more like an outline than a story.

Overall, it's not one of Swann's best; he seems to do better with Mediterranean backgrounds than with English ones. But it's unusual enough to be worth reading.

THE SHORES OF TOMORROW, by David Mason (Lancer, 95¢) Invaders from alternate worlds, beautiful enigmatic witch, and of course the bold heroic protagonist. Pure adventure, but fun to read nevertheless and despite certain flaws. Devra Langsam complained about the hero overpowering five trained female telepaths by the sheer masculine power of his mind; she seemed to feel there were traces of male chauvinism in that scene. Being male myself I didn't object to that as much as I did the author's complete lack of knowledge of guns demonstrated in the first chapter. (Blithely using bags of powder and roundshot in a cannon designed for three-inch shells, blowing up the gun and hitting the target with the same shot, and a hero who "makes his own cartridges and powder" for a high-velocity rifle. Reloads his own cartridges maybe, but he isn't going to make them without a small machine shop tucked away in his hip pocket. Forming brass is not an operation to be performed with hand tools after the cows are milked.) Otherwise it's a moderately good adventure-romance, and I enjoyed it.

THE GREAT 24-HOUR "THING", by Andrew J. Offutt (Bee Line, \$1.95) Sex books work to probably the most rigid formula in literature - even gothic romances have more variety. Within the formula, Andy has done very well here. He's even cut the graphic sex scenes to what must be an absolute minimum. (Which helps, because graphic sex scenes are incredibly monotonous.) Sort of borderline fantasy; a couple of alien overseers of Earth decide to let everyone's wishes be explicitly granted during a 24-hour period. The wishes, of course, all concern sex - but in our society, there's nothing unbelievable about that. And they are granted literally, which is where some of the fun comes in. It's a quite funny book; nobody is better equipped to see the ridiculous nature of sex and sex books better than a stiff fan who has been writing them. And of course large parts of our current society are easy to make fun of, and Andy does. The price is high, but this one is almost worth it.

THE GAUDY SHADOWS, by John Brunner (Boxer, 95¢) Brunner, like Tucker, is busily re-writing his old material. This one was in SCIENCE-FANTASY back in 1960 as a novelet. I don't recall much about it except that I enjoyed it as I did most Brunner; it did not make a big impression at the time. The book has been expanded and I would say improved (despite the fact that much of the book concerns our hero's meeting with not one but four ravishingly beautiful women, all of whom are of course mad for him... the male-female relationships are considerably less believable than they are in Offutt's book.) Nightclub entertainer Bitchy Legree comes out as by far the strongest and most interesting character in the book - or in any of the books reviewed this time, for that matter. He (or she, or it, as the case may be) is what makes this one well worth reading.

THE DISAPPEARANCE, by Philip Wylie (Pocket Books, 95¢) This was first published in 1952, but I hadn't read it until this reprint. It's a bit dated in background, but since the plot concerns human relationships this is minor. I'm not sure I agree with all Wylie's opinions on human relationships, either (in fact, I'm damned sure I don't), but he presents them well, and he does have some good insights. Pure fantasy plot; God is dissatisfied with humanity and for four years causes women and men to exist separately, apparently by cloning the planet and putting the women on one and the men on the other. Civilization promptly goes to pot on both halves, of course. It's a long way from the best thing Wylie ever did, but it has some interest.

THE MASTERS OF THE PIT, by Mike Moorcock (Lancer, 95¢) The third and final (so far) of Moorcock's Burroughs pastiches. I suppose it's very fine if you like Burroughs, but I don't. Lord knows he came as close as possible to the original, short of plagiarism.

THE BALLAD OF BETA 2, by Samuel R. Delany Reprint of an earlier Ace edition. All poetry and emotion and I didn't like it, but a good many fans did. One of the better examples of the "New Wave". (Ace, 60¢)

PERRY RHODAN #9: QUEST THROUGH SPACE AND TIME, by Clark Darlton (Ace, 60¢) Rhodan is the lineal descendent of Captain Future and Richard Seaton; juvenile space-opera at its wildest. Your kids will probably enjoy it, but I doubt if you will.

SOMETIME, NEVER (Ballantine, 95¢) Reprint of an earlier Ballantine edition. Includes "Envoy Extraordinary" by William Golding (the overpowering fear of both the average man and the "intellectual" for technology), "Consider Her Ways" by John Wyndham (an all-woman world, with an insect-style society), and "Boy In Darkness" by Mervyn Peake (a novelet related to the Gormenghast stories. The Golding is excellent, the Wyndham is acceptable, and the Peake depends on your appreciation of his style - I didn't like it. Still, two out of three isn't bad.

THE DUNWICH HORROR, by H. P. Lovecraft (Lancer, 95¢) Reprints of earlier Lancer THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE, by H. P. Lovecraft (Lancer, 95¢) editions. HORROR includes the title story, "In The Vault", "Pickman's Model", "The Rats In The Walls", "The Music of Erich Zann", "The Hunter of the Dark", and "The Thing on the Doorstep". COLOUR includes the title story, "The Picture In The House", "The Call of Cthulu", "Cool Air", "The Whisperer In Darkness", "The Terrible Old Man", and "The Shadow Out of Time". HORROR also has an article on Lovecraft by August Derleth. The stories are some of Lovecraft's best (and some of his mediocre stuff as well) and if you want to try some of his work to see if you would like it, either would make an excellent sampler. (If you are already getting the Boxer series, though, you might as well skip these, as their contents cut across those of the Boxer editions, and presumably Boxer will publish the entire works.) These do have better covers than most of the Lovecraft paperbacks.

THE SPAWN OF CTHULHU, by H. P. Lovecraft & Others, ed. by Lin Carter (Ballantine, 95¢) Mostly others. Despite the title, this is not especially devoted to the Cthulhu mythos but is a collection of horror stories in the same luxuriant prose adopted by Lovecraft. Includes "The Whisperer In Darkness" by Lovecraft (a good horror novelet), "An Inhabitant of Carcosa" by Ambrose Bierce (one of Bierce's less successful short stories), "The Yellow Sign", by Robert W. Chambers (one of the stories from The King In Yellow), "Cordelia's Song", by Vincent Starrett (poem based on Chambers' work), "The Return of Hastur" by August Derleth (a Lovecraft pastiche), "Litany To Hastur" by Lin Carter (somewhat overblown macabre verse), "The Children of the Night" by Robert E. Howard (an attempt at a horror story which is more unintentionally funny than anything else), "K'n-Yan" by Walter C. deBill, Jr. (very short, allegedly macabre verse), "The Tale of Satampra Zeiros" by Clark Ashton Smith (one of Smith's Hyperborean stories, which I dislike), "The Hounds of Tindalos" (one of the few worthwhile pieces Frank Belknap Long ever wrote - not outstanding, but one can get through it), "The Curse of Yig", by Zealia Brown Bishop (excellent horror story) and "The Mine on Yuggoth" by J. Ramsay Campbell, another Lovecraft pastiche. Carter ties these all together, more or less, by pointing out similar references in stories by different authors (and of course, all the later tales were more or less Lovecraft-influenced). Unless you're a Lovecraft scholar (in which case I don't know what you're doing reading YANDRO) you're probably better off with one of the Lancer volumes as a horror sampler.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF #19, ed. by John Carnell (Corgi, 25p) This one includes "The Mind Prison" by Michael G. Coney (the problem of breaking conditioning; excellent), "A Memory of Golden Sunshine" by Ken Bulmer (implanting a dead man's memory in the living; interesting idea, average quality adventure story), "Critical Path" by David Coles (one more neurotic in a spaceship; I'm getting awfully tired of that idea awfully fast), "The Discontent Contingency" by Vincent King (symbolism and a lot of improbable coincidences, most of which are cleared up when it's revealed that The Hero Is Being Manipulated; readable but not terribly good), "Stoop To Conquer" by John Rackham (human-relations problem story - I disbelieve the conclusion, though), "First Light On a Darkling Plain" by Joe Green (interesting story rather spoiled by an ambiguous ending), and "Real-Time World" by Chris Priest (extrapolation of the credibility gap; interesting if improbable idea). Overall, not one of the best of the series, but readable.

ALPHA 2, ed. by Bob Silverberg (Ballantine, 95¢) "Call Me Joe", by Poul Anderson (the problem of exploring Jupiter; an excellent novelet), "Goodbye Amanda Jean" by Wilma Shore (gathering protein in the overpopulated future), "A Man of the Renaissance" by Wyman Guin (the problem of a reasoning man with a love of humanity, obliged to work through more emotional mortals; excellent), "Wall of Crystal, Eye of Night" by Algis Budrys (greed and emotion; not my type), "Faith of Our Fathers" by Philip K. Dick (drugs and revelation; nothing extra), "That Share of Glory" by C. M. Kornbluth (an

outstanding story of adventure and human motivation), "The Men Return", by Jack Vance (concerning the loss of relationship between cause and effect), "The Voices of Time" by J. G. Ballard (which I didn't bother to read), "The Burning of the Brain" by Cordwainer Smith (one of his unique stories - not one of his better ones), and "The Shaker Revival" by Gerald Jonas (a fairly obvious account of the rebellion of the next generation). Overall, it's a better book than NEW WRITINGS, if you haven't read the stories previously. But these are reprints, while those in NEW WRITINGS are original.

PROTOSTARS, ed. by David Gerrold (Ballantine, 95¢) This is the one which was supposed to be entirely by new talents in the field; I see the idea wasn't followed in all cases. It includes "What Makes A Cage, Jamie Knows" by Scott Bradfield (a vignette on the prison of childhood), "I'll Be Waiting For You When The Swimming Pool Is Empty" by James Tiptree, Jr. (a mildly amusing but overly silly account of our "liberal" society), "In A Sky of Daemons" by Lawrence Yep (one more sterile Utopia, reasonably well told), "The Last Ghost" by Stephen Goldin (a minor but amusing piece on loneliness), "Afternoon With A Dead Bus" by the editor (fine little tale of anthropomorphized motor vehicles, one of the best in the book), "Eyes of Onyx" by Ed Bryant (the god of vengeance - another of the good ones), "The World Where Wishes Worked" by Goldin (a pointed but rather mediocre vignette), "Cold, The Fire of the Phoenix" by Leo P. Kelley (a sort of puddle of consciousness story), "Oasis" by Pamela Sargent (a nicely original story of telepathy; probably the best story in the book), "Holdholtzer's Box" by David R. Bunch (a beautiful psychological solution to the population problem; another of the good ones), "The Five-Dimensional Sugar Cube" by Roger Deeley (a fantasy love story, moderately good), "And Watch The Smog Roll In..." by Barry Weissman (one more satire on bureaucracy), "Chances Are" by Alice Laurance (an original but uninteresting view of the hereafter), "The Naked and the Unashamed" by Robert E. Margroff (another future-generation rebellion, at least as good as the one in ALPHA 2, but no better), "My Country, Right or Wrong" by Andy Offutt (the problems of changing history) and "Side Effect" by Pg Wyal (a satire which I gave up on midway through). Overall, not bad for an original collection; at least 4 very good stories and the rest mostly readable. Only a couple that I didn't finish and maybe a couple more that I wished I hadn't.

THE 2ND FONTANA BOOK OF GREAT HORROR STORIES (Beagle, 95¢) Incidentally, I listed THE GAUDY SHADOWS as a "Boxer" edition; both it and this one are Beagle "Boxer" books. I'm not sure why the double name, unless Beagle plans to branch out; Beagle "Great Dane" editions for their oversized books, "Timberwolf" editions for gothics, "Old English Sheep Dog" editions for their hairier adventure novels, etc. (Enough pleasantries; on to the review.) This includes "The Spider" by Elizabeth Walter (the original is somewhat poorer than the version that was on "Night Gallery" awhile back), "The Book" by Margaret Irwin (a peculiarly horrible obsession - and not all that great a story, either), "Something Strange" by Kingsley Amis (a science-fiction tale of sensory deprivation), "Satan's Circus" by Lady Eleanor Smith (modern vampires; moderately good), "The Photograph" by Nigel Kneale (a tear-jerker, not all that effective on me), "The Beast With Five Fingers" by W. F. Harvey (one of the old classics; pretty good), "As Gay As Cheese" by Joan Aiken (very good little story of clairvoyance), "The Hound of Death" by Agatha Christie (dabbling in the supernatural; fairly good), "Judith" by Hjalmar Bergman (a war story; brutal but hardly horrible), "The Victim" by May Sinclair (rather improbable story of turning the other ectoplasm), "The House On Big Faraway" by Norman Matson (ghostly restitution), and "The Killing Bottle" by L. P. Hartley (an interesting maniac, but a slow-moving story). Overall - mediocre, with the Amis story tops.

THE CONQUERORS, by Allan W. Eckert (Little, Brown & Co.) I finally got around to reading one of my last year's Christmas presents. This is the third book in Eckert's series devoted to white-Indian history. (I note that the first in the series, Wilderness Empire, is now out in paperback. Buy it.) This covers the Pontiac Rebellion with exceeding thoroughness. Eckert presents proof that (among other things) the British troops deliberately released smallpox among the Indians to bring them to heel; one of the less glorious incidents in our past. He also presents a good deal of evidence to show that one of the major causes of trouble was Sir Jeffrey Amherst's conviction that if the Indians were only to be deprived of firearms, they would be unable to cause any

trouble for the colonies. I recommend that current advocates of disarming the citizenry read this and get a little historical perspective. Amherst's decision to attack symptoms rather than causes got him several thousand unnecessarily dead colonists; what's yours going to produce? Overall, an excellent book and a fine series and I recommend it. If Americans knew more of their history they'd be less cocksure of their future.

ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES OF WORDS AND LITERATURE, by C. C. Bombaugh (Dover, \$2.50) Just what the title says. This is taken from the original 1890 edition; some of the "oddities" seem totally uninteresting to the current generation. But there are considerable left of interest - alliterative verse, in which all words of the first line begin with "a", of the second line with "b" and on through the alphabet; palindromes, etymologies, occasional hilarious mistranslations, typographical errors, etc. The humorous problems of communication.

ABSOLUTELY MAD INVENTIONS, by A. E. Brown and H. A. Jeffcott, Jr. (Dover, \$1.50) An assortment of wild inventions from the files of the U. S. Patent Office. The automatic hat-tipper seems to be the one Dover has selected for cover status and use in ads, but my own favorite is the tapeworm trap, or perhaps the device for harnessing eagles to propel balloons, or perhaps the dimple massager. Fascinating.

DOCTOR BRYSON, by Frank H. Spearman (second-hand) Since I enjoy Spearman's western novels, I thought I'd try one of his big-city romances. It was a mistake.

SPOTLIGHT, by Clarence Buddington Kelland (second-hand) As a boy, I read several Kelland novels which I thought were remarkably funny and interesting. This, evidently, wasn't one of them.

MYTHS OF THE SPACE AGE, by Daniel Cohen (Tower, 95¢) This is one to put alongside Gardner's Fads & Fallacies, and de Camp's Spirits, Stars, and Spells (and why hasn't that ever been paperbacked?) Perhaps not as good as these others, but Cohen has his points. In speaking of the replacement of the Ouija board by "automatic writing", he comments, "The unfortunate result has been that spiritualists can turn out much longer messages, and many books of imposing length and unbelievable obscurity have been produced through automatic writing." Covers astrology, ESP, prophets, spiritualists, flying saucers, Velikovsky, "undiscovered" animals (yeti, sea serpents, etc.), and the controversy over who discovered America. Good.

THE PINE BARRENS, by John McPhee (Ballantine, 95¢) I have been interested in the New Jersey pine barrens ever since reading a rather bad story by "Lee Francis" in the pulp AMAZING. This fascinating book gives me an even greater urge to see this wilderness in the shadow of Manhattan, where a road exists which "can be driven in an automobile, and has not been paved, oiled, or even scraped since it was cut through the woods when New Jersey was a royal colony". This is a history and an account of current living conditions in the area, and it's exceptionally well written.

THE FACE OF THE THIRD REICH, by Joachim C. Fest (Ace, \$1.95) Historical-psychological portraits of the leaders of Nazi Germany. A couple of interesting quotes. "His view was based on the argument that the only man entitled to lead was the one who, free from private interests, was ready to die for his principles." Heinlein? No, Ernst R hm. And a comment that Hitler's economic policies "brought the regime into a continually more acute state of meergency from which in the end war offered the only means of escape." Big book; 440 pages of text plus another 160 of notes and index. Recommended.

THE RED BARON, by Manfred von Richthofen (Ace, 75¢) Richthofen's autobiography, plus accounts of him by his brothers Lothar and Bolko and an account of his last battle by Capt. A. Roy Brown. Interesting; Richthofen is either a better writer or had a better editor than most of the WW I pilots who saw their memoirs published.

THE CHINESE AGENT, by Mike Moorcock (Ace, 75¢) A rather ponderously humorous detective story.

WHATEVER BECAME OF...? Vol. III, by Richard Lamparski (Ace, 1.25) More minute biographies. Still mostly concerned with entertainers, but with quite a few political figures this time. Strictly for the nostalgia-minded.

THE RENEGADE, by Cliff Farrell (Signet, 60¢) A surprise; a moderately good western.

RING OF FEAR, by Anne McCaffrey (Dell, 75¢) Technically this is a better book than Anne's first gothic, but I didn't like it as well. For one thing, the hero is a very thinly disguised Harlan Ellison. (This seems to fail all around; Sandra Miesel disliked it because she likes Harlan, and I disliked it because I dislike cocky little bastards in general, no matter how sympathetically portrayed.) (For those readers who aren't too bright, I am using the term "bastard" in its metaphorical, rather than literal, meaning....) Also discouraging from my point of view is that the background is that of horse shows, one of the few human activities in which I have no interest whatsoever. It is different from the average gothic in one other respect; I didn't know they allowed that much sex in a gothic. (I kept looking at the cover to make sure I hadn't picked up an Andy Offutt book by mistake....) This isn't to be construed as an objection, merely as a bemused comment. One might categorize the book as an "adult gothic".... It isn't all that badly written; it's just that I dislike what it was written about.

DETECTION UNLIMITED, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) A reasonably amusing detective novel. Nothing extra about the detection, but some of the characters - particularly Mrs. Midgeholme and her uniquely named Pekineses - are fascinating.

WHY SHOOT A BUTLER?, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) More of an adventure-romance than a detective story, though I suppose it falls under that all-encompassing category of "mystery". Not as funny as most of Heyer, but quite interesting characters and I think I enjoyed it more than any of her other mystery novels.

AN INFAMOUS ARMY, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 95¢) Again, less humorous than most of Heyer - I suppose that with the battle of Waterloo being the climax of the book, she felt disinclined to be too flippant. This also works as a sequel to some of her other novels; the characters include Lord Worth and family (Regency Buck), the descendants of the Duke of Avon (These Old Shades, The Devil's Cub), and a cameo appearance of Harry Smith, of The Spanish Bride. Well enough written, and the accounts of the battle are quite accurate when compared to the Naylor book on Waterloo that I have.

CHARITY GIRL, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 95¢) Heyer's latest, but a long way from her best. Only moderately amusing, and with a more than usually ridiculous plot. Still better than anyone else's romances, but disappointing.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROPE, by E. W. Hornung (Lancer, secondhand) I got this because I was poking around in the secondhand book store and noticed that it had a back-cover blurb by Dick Lupoff. I'm glad I didn't notice it when it was originally on sale; this way I'm only out a dime... I suppose Dick ran across it during the time he was reading all that abominably bad science fiction awhile back - this isn't abominably bad, but I've read better. Original publication date isn't given - 1890s? A fairly standard gothic.

THE HIDDEN EVIL, by Barbara Cartland (Pyramid, secondhand) Okay. I had heard that Cartland was an acceptable imitator of Heyer. I've now read three of her novels and I know better. These are better than the last one I reviewed, but not all that much better.

NO HINT OF SCANDAL, by Sheila Bishop (Ace, 75¢) This one is improving. Past efforts have been terrible; this one is the best Heyer imitation I've yet encountered. It even comes perilously close to being funny, in spots.

THE GOVERNESS, by Elsie Cromwell (Paperback Library, 75¢) I've taken to picking up gothics on the newsstand, and reading the last page. It is almost always unbearably sticky, and I put it back down. This one wasn't, and I bought it, and rather enjoyed it. (I recommend it to you, Devra; the heroine is 5'-11", skinny - you may hit me when you visit next time - and don't take no backtalk from nobody.) There is a lot of improbable adventure, but there is also some quite funny dialogue, interesting characters, and I particularly enjoyed having the heroine's romance encouraged by all the hero's illegitimate children.

NORMAN ROCKWELL, ILLUSTRATOR, by Arthur L. Guphill (I have the AMERICAN HERITAGE edition, but I believe Ballantine just brought out a large-sized paperback for \$3.95) I enjoyed it, but then I've always liked Rockwell's work. It's a reasonably good account of how one artist works, and a fair assortment of his output.

GRUMBLINGS



Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, IL 61745

A copy of THIS WITCH is on its way to you, for your edification and unparalleled delight. It pleases me to send it; in a small way it may repay you for the years and years of Yandro you and Juanita have been sending me. How many other

readers send books in exchange for fanzines?

And I won't be unhappy if you dislike the story, for it again uses a technique which you personally dislike: the hero knows something which the reader does not learn until much later. But otherwise, it is a sample of what I was telling you earlier: the blend of fantasy with routine mystery which readers seem to accept and like this year. And I made up certain of the fantasy elements; they aren't the standard brand so I can't quote chapter and verse in any authoritative text. Big Hearted Howard got hung up on that. He wants me to explain something to him, and I can't -- I'll simply have to tell him that I originated the particular gimmick and he can't go look it up in Seabrooke or somewhere.

If you still belong to the SF book club you may have a copy of THE TIME MASTERS by now, and the ending may puzzle you. It will puzzle many people, and not because of my revisions. Somebody (editor or printer) evidently lost the last page of manuscript, and so the closing two or three paragraphs are missing. Quite literally, it leaves the story hanging fifty miles in the air. If you have a copy of the original version you'll readily see the loss. In a new version (also coming from Lancer next year) a range safety officer hits the destruct button when the rocket goes off course, and of course kills the stowaway along with the rocket. But the book club edition loses that final destruct.

I have a tough skin, and just shrug my phlegmatic shrug, but we both could name two or three writers who would be screaming hysterically by now and crying butchery.

I've hit upon a new direction for tuckerisms, and have begun using it/them in the WITCH book. You'll find them. Meanwhile, I was quite surprised to find Blish using them in BLACK EASTER. I'm no longer certain at this late date, but I think he scolded me several years ago for the practice. And in FLYING SORCERERS Gerrold has a heyday, naming about a dozen women writers (and fans) in a single paragraph.

/FROM A LATER LETTER/ I get telephone calls from Big Name Editors in New York. It makes me feel important, and helps run up the overhead at Lancer. Bob Hoskins called to talk about the missing paragraphs from TIME MASTERS, and was properly unhappy and all that jass. Luckily for him, he had a copy of the revised manuscript and when comparing it with the book club edition he found the entire last page of manuscript had been dropped (or lost) en route. Five paragraphs are missing, not the one or two I mentioned earlier, but the lost action is the same: the range safety officer picks up additional signals which he misinterprets as malfunction and presses his little button, leaving the hero as the only survivor from the first crash ten thousand years ago.

Hoskins will follow his manuscript, not copy from the book club edition. His business office didn't like the way the book club people laid out the pages, or something, and so plan to make new plates for their edition next year. I haven't yet heard from Elaine Geiger, but I suppose she will check in with some word or two.

Maybe you liked the book a bit better this time because I threw out the silly "science" from the first edition (Princess of Detroit!) and converted the murdered man into telemetrics. In the first book he built atomic motors. All by himself, almost.

Welcome to the "buy another car" club, but those days are long gone for me -- since marriage and a flock of bills and kids I just pay off the big ones now, or do things like put in a new furnace, or water heater, or some other fool thing which eats money. But I well remember the day I walked into a Studebaker showroom in 1950, picked out the one I wanted and signed over a book check to the salesman. He still talks about

that when I meet him on the street.

I asked Hoskins about gothics, when he called, and he said they were Lancer's biggest and best sellers. They are doing almost half a dozen a month, and although he didn't say so I've come to the conclusion they out-sell science fiction by far. I notice he does only a few sf now -- maybe one, two, or three a month and lately the fantasy titles are beginning to outweigh the sf. He had to postpone TIME MASTERS until next year to fit it into his sf schedule because gothics are taking priority.

Some smart gothic writer will do a switch and present a horrified man running away from the castle, and the evil clutches of a murderess.

Well, sir, in fandom you can't hardly ever win.. There was a time during the Le Zomb-
ie era when everything I produced was greeted with snickers or howls of laughter because, good or bad, I had a reputation as a humorist and that was the expected reaction. They even laughed at the serious things I wrote, and only Moskowitz managed to misread me or misunderstand me. Today, alas, we have these thousands of new fans who read on only one level: EESmith is equal to Arthur C. Clarke.

No sense of humor, no sense of satire (or farce), no ability to read between the lines, nothing but the ability to read a fanzine as some folks read the Bible. I doubt very much that most fans know what is going on -- and if you want to go to the trouble, I think the best possible reply would be to dig up several quotes from my fan stuff and "prove" that by my words I'm a churl, or a commie pinko radlib, or a male chauvinist pig, anything... This affair just may turn into the most talked-about fannish literary event of the year, and if you want to keep it alive I'll go along with you.

/You mean there are still men living who once sold Studebakers?//Juanita was speculating about a gothic where the heroine is running across the desert from a crumbling New Mexican adobe -- I see Ace now has a southwestern gothic, but they unaccountably neglected to use that cover (instead, she's creeping upstairs in a crumbling adobe, with a light in her hand). // But I thought everyone already knew your were a churl, etc....// Commiserations on TIME MASTERS. RSC/

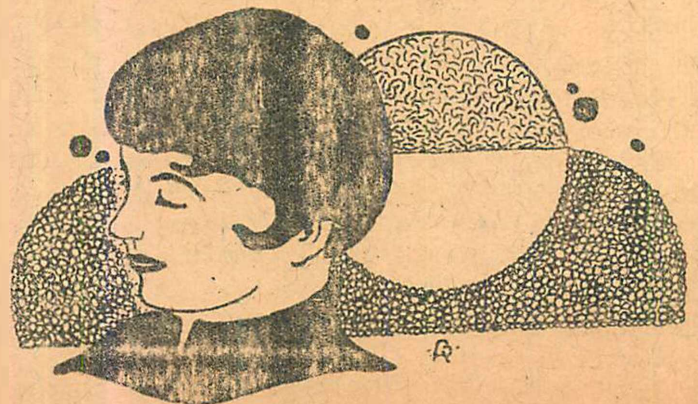
Joe L. Hensley, 404 E. Main St., Madison IN 47250

I got Yandro 210 and read your editorial and will reply because I think some things need to be set straight.

I thought I'd made it clear in Locus that I didn't want and Coleman didn't need any free lancing, agonized fans giving their dubious help. Clemency hearings are touchy things and I can see me having to explain to the board just where all the letters came from and why. Maybe I can bring it off and maybe I can't.

I'm not helping Jim Coleman because he's an sf personality. I don't think he really knows what fandom is or would care much if he did know. I'm helping him because first of all Randy Garrett asked me to and Randy is an old friend and maybe I owe him a favor. After that first thing I'm helping because I think that Jim Coleman, in the act of writing his books, has rehabilitated himself. His record bears me out on this. It used to be, from what I know, that Jim was in perpetual trouble with the system. He no longer is. The writing did it. And I think that he's getting better each book. I've visited him twice now and I want you to know that I like him. He's amiable as he can be, bright, and interesting. I think he's wasting his time with sf and I'm going to try to get him into suspense where his background may be of real value to him.

Jim has never told me he didn't commit the crime he's now serving a life sentence for and I doubt he ever will.



And if the people at Sanders think they're going any good with this I'd like to tell them they aren't. All they are doing is complicating my job. I don't want any help. I want people to leave it alone or channel it through me.

Jim was convicted of a night burglary, which, in Ohio, carries a life if there's no recommendation for a lesser sentence.

If any of these people in agnny can get Jim a good job, then I'll take that. He needs a job, preferably in the Cleveland, Ohio area. He's trained as addressing and mailing operator, can maintain almost any modern addressograph graphotype. But we'll take anything that's decent.

I made it plain at the world con that this was a touchy business. I hope that none of this crap screws me and Jim Coleman up.

I'm doing what I've been trained to do over the past 17 years as a lawyer. Doesn't anyone out there hear me when I say how things must be done if this clemency hearing is to be successful? I'm spending thousands of dollars of my time, for free, to get this done.

Jim's hearing will be in January. If you aren't going to print soon then give this letter to someone who is.

I realize that some of the people who are doing these things are well intentioned.

I know of a man in California who got a letter campaign going and managed to get almost a million letters written on his behalf over a period of years. He was one of the last people they put in the gas chamber out there.

Butt out. If I can't get him out what with local counsel over there and the other things that we've got going, which I refuse to detail, then the job won't get done.

So I'm asking for no letters.

Irv Jacobs, P.O. Box 574, National City CA 92050

I wish to acknowledge having read the "rebuttal article" by Jackie Franke. She really told me off but good, and I have no desire other than to retire as gracefully as possible under the circumstances from the field of battle, of course licking my wounds. I had never realized before how many people looked forward to the day of maturity when we will have a single W.C. for both sexes. Then too, Miss Franke scored a telling blow when she reminded me that Beauty Shoppes never post Women Only signs. I had completely overlooked this fact, and moreover there are very likely a huge number of beauticians who feel genuinely frustrated by the Man-Made regulations which prohibit them from giving a man a quick shave. Thank you, Miss Franke, for enlightening me. And thank you Juanita for informing Mr. Dickinson that he had obviously missed my letter, which you categorize as a sample of the output of the Silent Majority who favor suppression. Yep, that's I, all right. Irving the Hard Hat. Now Juanita, will you please refer to your letter ("ramblings") in the October issue. Why do you refer to yourself as a "gal who much preferred hard science..." when you dislike being referred to as a girl rather than a woman? Please don't make this slip again. You are a woman, not a girl.

Compleatists might be interested in knowing that Regent House, Box 9506, North Hollywood, CA 91609, are still offering Philip Jose Farmer's LOVE SONG, and also BOUNCE GIRL by Dean and Gerda Koontz. The latter title is quite well written; the Koontz family certainly take their porno seriously. Well, maybe they have the right attitude: whatever endeavor you enter into, give it your very best. BOUNCE GIRL is quite funny at times, and certainly there is precious little humor in this field. Which reminds me that the Hamling/Kemp trial continues here in San Diego. I wish I had time to sit in on the proceedings. Jurors were given copies of the Greenleaf edition of the Government's Pornography Report, but were admonished to leave their copies in the jury box at the end of each day's activities, and were prohibited from removing copies from the courtroom. While the trial continues, copies of the book are readily obtainable at any Adult Bookshop in our fair city. As an Official Taxpayer, I intend to find out later on just how much this nonsensical trial cost Uncle Sam.

/No, no, Irv; the term is "male chauvinist pig", not "hard hat"; the letter

I was commenting on referred specifically to Women's Lib RSC // And please observe., Irv, those initials; it was Buck — RSC— you wanted to yell at, not me. Or did you assume anyone critical had to be female? I refer to myself — occasionally — by "gal" or "girl" for the same reasons blacks are wont in wry or bitterly humorous moods to refer to themselves as "n-----". That doesn't make either terminology likable in the mouths of those not of our minorities. JWC/

Chris Walker, The Storm Inn, U17 S. Fess, Bloomington IN U7U01

Should have written some time ago, but I've been pretty sick. Don't you love doctors who take one look at your throat, say, "Lot of that going around" and call out "Next, please" while filling out your prescription? However, the Health Service here is free to students, and most of the doctors are a bit more conscientious than this dude. Guess I shouldn't complain too much — TANST-xAFL, after all.

"Heavy gardening chores" — vegetable-type or flower-type garden? I imagine the former, as you don't sound like the sort of fanatics who'd go in for heavy chores in support of flowers. One of the odder changes I've noticed in my parents as they've grown older is the gardening mania that struck them, when they moved into the house they have now. They never used to pay any attention to outdoorsy improvements, but since that house they've gone a little goony about it; last time I saw them (August) a bulb catalogue had just come from the Netherlands and they were blithely ordering a dozen of this and a dozen of that; they called a couple of weeks ago and groaned, "those Dutch bulbs have come — more than eleven hundred of them." All of which had to be interred that same weekend. When it goes that far, it's goony.

I missed the item on Governor Whitcomb's "sachems". Boggle. How did we get ahold of this nerd in the first place, anyway?

I think the ATom drawing on page 10 of issue 209 is the best single piece of artwork I've seen in Yandro.

Re: ACE SCIENCE FICTION READER. I just gave a copy of this to my Twentieth-Century Lit teacher, as I'd written a paper on comparisons/contrasts between the Delany EMPIRE STAR and one of Robbe-Grillet's novels. Personally I liked E.S. very much but then my taste has always been a little different from yours. I agree, though, about the Vance; I think his work is composed mostly of competent but unexciting pieces plus a very few excellent ones: "The Last Castle" and "Five Gold Bands" being I guess my favorites.

Were pp 27 & 28 put in upside down in every copy, or just mine?

By now you've probably heard that Ben Bova has been named to the editor's desk at Analog. I get my news from NESFA.

Hurray for Bruce McPhee (208)J The 'hand drawing hand' is my favorite Escher, too.

I've been reading more old fanzines: a Grue, an Enclave, a Stellar; al]. excellent, to be sure, and featuring some fine people who've Left Us, but not, so far as I can tell, representing a Peak of Greatness Forever Past...

/"The Five Gold Bands"? Um, yas, I'd say our tastes-are a little different.// Pages 27/28 were upside down in several copies and I think we heard from every recipient...//There are a tremendous number of flowers around this place (not 1100 by any means) but I grew up poor during the Depression and when I say "garden" I mean a place to grow vittles. RSC/

Jackie Franke, Box £1-A, RR 2, Beecher, IL 60h01

The P.O. is definitely improving, but not evenly. I received a post card from my sister-in-law from Hawaii that took two days to get here. Marked PM of the 28th and arrived here by 10:30 AM on the 30th. That is fast service, no two ways about it. (However, I mailed a postcard from Grand Canyon to Huntley, Illinois, on the 28th of August that didn't arrive until the 11th of September.) Got Ruth Berman's second class mailing in two days as well. Makes the lapses !?eem all the worse when they can give service like that. Which buttresses that old argument about never doing your best, 'cause then everyone will expect your best all the time. That comment about the inde-

pendents taking so much 3rd class mail from the PO makes sense. Just goes to show you that we users of the mails were not only subsidizing junk mail with cash, but with time also.

Wally betrayed his true nature the other night. Deep down he still is a Boy Scout. (Argh!) Signed the boys up for cubbing and himself as a volunteer. His eyes were as bright as a kid going to see Santa Claus. He even dragged us out to a mosquito-infested park along the Kankakee River for a wiener roast last Saturday! A group of teens and kids from Momence put on Indian dances for us. Lovely costumes, but terribly inaccurate dances. (One was dedicated to "all our boys who are fighting for our country in Viet Nam".

It was supposed to portray an Indian boy who finds a baby eaglet and watches it grow to maturity. Then when it is killed by hunters, the lad dies as well.) What that had to do with "Our boys in Viet Nam" or the Sioux Indians for that matter, I couldn't quite figure out. But, as I said, the costumes were nice.) Anyway, Wally tried to urge me into becoming a Den Mother, an idea which I squelched as forcefully as I could. Two boys drive me nuts; with eight at a time, my sanity would be gone for good. See too little of it as it is...

Hank Davis seems to forget that a "working Mother" is a taxpayer also. If, for instance, a woman continues a career that otherwise would have been interrupted or even possibly abandoned while her children were of pre-school age, the Almighty State would lose the taxes her earnings would contribute. Not only the taxes on income from

that period, but the taxes on her no-doubt higher income from later years. (A gal who works continuously earns far more as a rule than one who drops out of the labor market for ten or fifteen years, as is often the case.) The "Work if you want, but no children if you do" bit is oversimplified. Many families wouldn't be in the poverty class if the wife could work; is child-bearing to be confined to the wealthier classes only? Too many children is one thing, no children at all is another matter entirely. Does he believe that a mother who sends her children to public school is somehow proving that she doesn't want her children, or that she is placing an unfair burden on the public coffers by using public funds for their education? Taxes are used now for the 'care' of children from age five; all WL asks is for the four or so years that are now not being subsidized. (Of course, with the current unemployment situation, just where WL expects all these jobs to come from is a puzzlement. But then Day Care Centers themselves would provide some. I find that amusing: mothers 'fleeing' their families by working in a place to care for children whose mothers are 'fleeing' their families.) This is all rather funny to me, as I really don't support the 'Free Day Care Center' idea completely myself. But I don't like it being dismissed so frivolously, either. It, like so many so-called 'Radical' suggestions, has some points in its favor. The points against it are many and valid as well, and should be discussed, but Davis doesn't do it.

You've already made your feelings on Helgesen's letter known, but I didn't find it unreasonable in the slightest. If we require standards to be set to determine a person's death, why shouldn't the same standards be used to determine a person's life? i.e. brain wave tracings. I feel that life begins much earlier than when an unborn 'quickens', but the Catholic viewpoint that life begins with conception is rather dif-



ficult to accept in a practical manner; some sort of reliable method for determining brain-wave activity could be devised. "Fortnight after" pills should be allowed, but once life is detected, it should be supported with the same vigor that it is when death is imminent. (Seeing as you equate unplanned babies with unplanned puppies, I know this argument will mean nothing to you, but it is the way I consider it.)

Yandro 210 was a delight from cover to cover! (Though bet those on the receiving end of some of your more acrid comments may not agree...full of that ol' Hartford City "heart", 'you wuz.)

More on PCB -- according to Natural History magazine (published by Museum of Natural History, Nov. issue) the chemical is concentrated in the body tissues of terns which nest on an island in Long Island Sound near New York City. The incidence of birth defects among chicks has soared in just 3 years. A relatively new form of avian damage that was spotted is loss of secondary (and occasionally primary) flight feathers. This year shell thinning began to appear. (This was attributed to DDE -- a derivative of DDT.) DDT "levels" were no higher than in many bird populations. In fact they were lower than some."

PCB's are "used extensively as heat exchange and insulating fluids in high voltage electrical equipment /as well as being/ added to paints, plastics and rubber to make them more resistant to breakdown. This resistance to most kinds of chemical and biological degradation which has made them so useful to industry are what makes PCB's such persistent pollutants when released into the environment."

The list is growing longer each day, it seems.

Columns were good this time around. Dave's wasn't as hilarious as his boil problem -- but we wouldn't want him to go through any more suffering just for the sake of our reading pleasure -- would we? But I agree that dying is going a bit too far. Unanesthetized amputation should be sufficient.

I like the sound of that novel, Should be a goodie. Your forte lies in black humor any way (pun intended) ((which brings up the old cliché about humorous writers being rather caustic and grim in their personal outlook -- but we won't get into that, either...)).

/This is from several letters,
in case you couldn't guess...//
There is nothing "Argh!" about
Boy Scouts. Wally is trustworthy,
loyal, helpful, courteous, kind,
etc. RSC/

Alice Hopf

Have been reading the latest Yandro and seems to me I had a lot to say, but some slips my mind. I gather that was my clipping you quoted about the police in Washington. Dreadful case.

Would like to applaud Jackie Franke about the eggshells. In this scientific age people get to thinking a scientist can do no wrong. But they can get carried away and lose all sense of proportion. And then, too, they are influenced by which side their bread is buttered on. Have you heard of the big fight going on in Arizona over the black-capped gnatcatchers? A family was discovered nesting along the Rio Grande, for the first time ever...came up from Mexico. Great excitement. Bird watchers were coming from all over to watch them. Then a grad student from the Univ.



of Arizona went and collected the whole family. Mother, father and babies are now in a specimen drawer at the university. There have been great outcries from all over. (Even from motel owners, whose reservations were cancelled!) Scientists have defended scientists and conservationists have thundered. The newspaper has been busy trying to give everyone equal space. However, much as I approve of science, I fear I approve more of the conservationists and bird watchers in this case. It's the sort of thing that finished off the great auk.

Another little thing that raised my ire lately is the disappearance of the bats from Carlsbad Caverns. I heard about this when writing my book about national parks. Apparently, it is not permanent and was caused by a drought. But when you consider the millions that once inhabited the cave, it seems appalling. I was told that the bat population in the southwest has fallen off 90% since 1951. It's a moot point whether this is due to DDT, But I think it is undoubtedly due to man. Perhaps just a lack of insects has caused a lack of bats. Yet bats are one of the greatest destroyers of insects that nature has yet evolved. Should the insects come back, the bats might not come back as fast.

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417

I'll have to read your gothic and see if it overcomes the limits of the field at all -- I get the impression that if you don't cut them to fit the editor's dummy exactly, it doesn't get accepted. I read THE DEVIL'S CHURCHYARD (because the publisher sent it to me -- I wish they would send me their sf instead of these damn gothics and How To Be Rich/Famous/Happy and wise through the power of inner/outer/extra mysticism books) and agree with Buck that it's better than average for gothics, but it was still pretty dull. I don't think I would have read it if I hadn't had a cold for the past two weeks and in need of things to do that aren't demanding. It's a pity, because there is a potential in the gothic novel for excellent writing, as I discovered in the course of doing a paper on Gothic novels. The original ones, I mean. The originals are nearly, but not quite as bad as the modern thing. But inbetween, in the 19th century, Sheridan Lefanu and the Brontes (and maybe Charles Maturin -- I haven't read MELMOTH THE WANDERER yet) were doing good work in a format that is sort of halfway between original gothics and the current stuff, but with a style and sense of character far superior to either. I have a hunch that if you wrote anything like that now you might be able to sell it as a straight novel, but not as a gothic. Unless, of course, you worked in a scene with a gloomy castle at night with one window lit...etc.

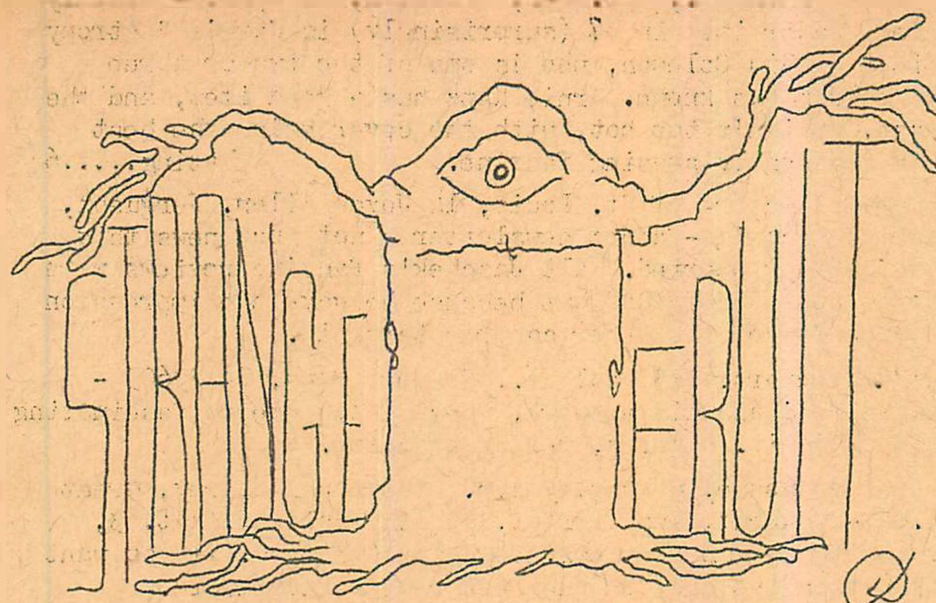
I remember a couple years ago I was astounded to discover Jane Austen's NORTHANGER ABBEY with a typical gothic cover being sold as a gothic. Whereas it's a parody of the Gothics, and I'd think that anyone who really liked the fool things would feel cheated if she (people who read the fool things either are all shes or are supposed to be by the publishers, or so I suppose from all those feminine pseudonyms) bought NA. Anyway, I do enjoy your sf books, so I'll try the gothic, when it shows up on the stands here.

Not all of Poul Anderson's heroines are tall, regal, imperious. Some are short, and blonde. And I was delighted to find a short, stocky, brown-haired girl in TALL ZERO -- we get heroines like us so rarely.

I notice this Wednesday's "Night Gallery" has a segment with characters named Bloch and Lovecraft and Derleth. I haven't been watching the show (my class meets Tuesdays and Thursdays, and I usually spend Monday and Wednesday evenings trying to figure out what the devil I can do to keep them occupied in presumably educational ways), but I guess I'll have to make time for that one.

/I have always suspected that Pocket Books sends gothics and supernatural books because they don't publish all that much sf and Barbara Hendra likes fanzines. (Considering some of the really fine non-fiction I've read because of her, I hope she's getting something pleasant out of it... RSC/

LESLEIGH LUTTRELL FOR DUFF



APA-L #320 thru 339
(Fred Patten, 11863 W.
Jefferson Blvd. Apt. 1,
Culver City, CA 90230)
This comprises a stack
of material 6½" high.
It is a weekly apa in
which individual contri-
butions, generally 2 to
6 pages, are stapled to-
gether into one unwieldy
fanzine of 90 to 120 pp.
Material is primarily
chatter, of interest
mainly to the partici-
pants. An exception to
the rule is Tom Collins'
IS, which also runs thru
SAPS and is a general-
type fanzine of 40 to 60

pages. It appears to be a terribly serious mag, concentrating on stf and sociology, tho-
#2 also has articles by Walter and Marion Breen on the nature of astrology.

LOCUS #96 thru 99, and 101 (Charlie and Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, NY 10457
- bi-weekly - 12 for \$3.00) The most regular and reliable of fan newsletters. This
covers changes of editorship (Pohl replacing Wollheim at Ace, in the last issue, is the
one of most interest to fandom), books sold, books published, what authors are doing
at the moment, and fan news (which sometimes appears to be entirely composed of con
reports. At least they're short.) Recommended. Rating...7

SANDERS #8 thru 11 (Dave Nee, 977 Kains Ave., Albany, CA 94706 - more or less biweekly
- 5 for \$1.00) Newsletter with an emphasis on west coast news, but a lot of general
material. Primarily for fans who have friends in California. Rating...5

OSFAN V.3#-1 and #0 (Mike Mannon, 6218½ Hancock Ave., St. Louis, MO 63139) This is the
St. Louis club newsletter; to get it you have to join the club, for \$3.50 to Marsha
Allen, 2911 Laclede, St. Louis, MO 63103. This gets you OSFAN and STIRRUSH if Ray Fisher
gets the latter going again. Mostly club news but some general midwest fan news.
(The -1 issue consisted of election ballots, but since the nominee for every office
was running unopposed it seemed hardly necessary to return them.....)

A.J.A. BULLETIN #97, 98 (American Reloaders Association, P.O. Box 341, Covina, CA
91722) Dean Grennell's handloading fanzine, which also covers occasional other gun it-
ems. A pretty sercon publication except for Dean's terminology. ("Woggling things about
until you get the thumb safety back into place...")

LUNA MONTHLY #29 (Frank and Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell, NJ 07649 - 35¢ or
\$4.00 per year) This is strong on international fandom and books (reviews of and lists
of forthcoming) with less emphasis on the general US stf scene... Rating...5

I seem to have OSFICOMM V.2#2 here, but no address for it. It's the newsletter of the
Toronto club, and it doesn't really have much in it this time..

NOSTALGIA NEWS (P.O. Box 34305, Dallas, Texas 75234 - 4 for \$1.00 - irregular) This is
the DALLASCON BULLETIN under an alias... Still mostly comics ads, but with more inter-
esting material creeping in. They do have a nice feature in their "classified ad" sec-
tion; I may try to get rid of more of Delray Green's collection this way.

THE WALKER WATCHWORD, Fall 1971 (Walker & Co, 720 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10019 -
quarterly - free) This is produced, of course, to advertise Walker books, but they keep
the ads to a minimum. 2½ of the 4 pages are devoted to an article on science fiction
films, written by Sam Moskowitz and reprinted from a Brazilian film magazine.

VERTIGO #11 (Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, NC 27298 - editor, Edwin Murray - ir-
regular - 25¢) Newsletter of the Carolina Fan Federation. Primarily but not entirely
local news.

POTLATCH #6, 7 (Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201 - monthly - 35¢, trade or comment preferred) Major item in #7 (surprisingly) is Carr's "Entropy Reprint"; this time he has an item by Sid Coleman, who is one of the two or three really brilliant humorists that fandom has known. Arnie Katz has a good item, and the lettercolumn is okay. By contrast, #6 isn't too hot, with the cover being the best thing about it. Generally it's a reasonably amusing fanzine. Rating.....6

SON OF GRAFAN #5 (Graphic Fantasy Collectors of St. Louis, 14 Joyce Ellen, Ferguson, MO 63135 - 12 for \$1.00 - biweekly) A comics-fandom newsletter - not much news this time, I note. A few columns just getting started. Walt Jaschek's fanzine reviews were tops for the issue (not because he approved YANDRO but because he gave the impression of knowing what he was doing, which few of the other contributors did.)

THE BODE BULLETIN #3 (The Bode' Collectors, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA 23605 - bimonthly? - 10¢) All about Vaughn Bodé and his artwork, which I suppose is fascinating if you care about Bodé art, which I don't. 8 pages, well reproduced.

HAVERINGS #59 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain - bimonthly - 6 for \$1.00 - US Agent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St. Apt. 3, Brooklyn, NY 11201) Solely devoted to fanzine reviews. Ten pages of them. If you want to know what fanzines are worth getting, these are the best reviews available.

DYNATRON #47 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107 - quarterly - 25¢ but trade or comment preferred) I like Roy's fanzine because he has the same sort of attitude that I do (or in other words, he's an opinionated bastard) Entirely editor written (and I admire anyone who can write a 20-page fanzine; it's all I can do to handle a 2-page editorial). Comments on such varied things as conventions, the "Telzey Amberdon" series, the post office and the youth culture. Rating.....7

T-NEGATIVE #12 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, MN 55417 - quarterly? - 50¢) I'm afraid that I find amateur "Star Trek" fiction even worse than most fan fiction, but Ruth's own articles on the background of the show are interesting (she worked for "Star Trek Enterprises" or whatever the souvenir shop was called, for some time). There's also a column on other appearances of the ST cast, if you care (I'll watch Nichelle Nichols any time she's on.....)

MOEBIUS TRIP #10 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, IL 61604 - quarterly? - 3 for \$1) Not much of personal interest here; best items were the letter column (which takes up almost half the mag, anyway) and Mae Strelkov's accounts of "getting involved" with the local poor. General-type, moderate-sized (44 pp), well reproduced. Rating....5

BEABOHEMA 18 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, PA 18951 - irregular? - 50¢ - hmmm; here he says that until April 1 he'll be at Box 394, Lehigh Univ., Bethlehem, PA 18015) As this one becomes more and more "fannish", I become less and less interested.

CIPHER #3 (Chris Couch, 201 W. 81st. St., Apt. 5-R, New York, NY 10024 - bimonthly - 25¢) This is also "fannish", but as Chris doesn't concentrate exclusively on his own fabulous self and equally fabulous friends and the vast problems of being a "trufan" (as most overly fannish types do), it is quite entertaining. This one is less entertaining than most, but there is a good commentary on why fans don't like St. Louis. Chris says it's because the city is conservative, middle-class and unfriendly, but dammit, I'm conservative, middle-class and unfriendly, and I don't like it either. Rating...6

THE FANARCHIST #5 (David R. Grigg, 1556 Main Road, Research, Victoria 3095 AUSTRALIA - 5 for \$1.00 - irregular?) Australian fannishness. Moderately interesting, despite the ridiculous review of a Heinlein book. Long lettercolumn including one 6-page letter mostly about the working conditions on Australian freighters; interesting. Rat. 5

UCHUJIN #154 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-Okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan - monthly - price listed in Japanese, so...) Contents also in Japanese, which gives one to wonder what all these neatly printed columns of incomprehensible figures are all about. Looks interesting, anyway....

WHAT A WEIRD CITY! (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, TX 77566 - one-shot) Con report on the Noreascon. Reasonably good, for a con report.

FORTHCOMING SF #4 (Joanne Burger, address above, 4 for \$1.00) Just that; a list of both hardcover and paperback books announced for publication in the near future.

TOMORROW AND... #7 (Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, NY 14534 - irregular - 50¢) If you don't mind the sideways layout making the mag hard to hold, and the reduced typeface making it hard to read, it's a pretty good fanzine. Andy Offutt has an excellent column and Rosemary Ulliot has a good one. Better than average letter column, and various other items. Rating.....6

PELF #9 (Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Drive, Duarte, CA 91010 - irregular - for trade, comment, contrib, or "interesting letters of request" - co-editor, Dave Hulan) You know, California "fannish" has a flavor all its own, quite distinct from New York "fannish". It isn't, however (oh, you know what I was going to say?) Despite the fact that the Daves have some good fan writers, the results just aren't all that great. Locke, Tina Hensel and Len Moffatt all have good material, but then there is that abomination masquerading as the Hulan editorial..... Oh well, it has a very pretty (hand colored?!?) cover. Rating...5

RUNE #25 (Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. NE, Minneapolis, MN 55418 - no price or schedule listed) Sort of a three-page editorial with no fanzine behind it. Quite good, but sort of small in these days of 60-page fanzines.

THE MENTOR #20 (Ron L. Clarke, 78 Hedgrave Rd., Normanhurst, NSW 2076, Australia - 2 for \$1.00 - quarterly - USAgent, Bill Bowers, Box 87, Barberton, OH 44203) This is strong on fanfiction (though stories by A. Bertram Chandler and a sequel to a cover story in VISION OF TOMORROW are not exactly fan fiction...) Also reviews and a long lettercolumn, plus a short autobiography of A. Bertram Chandler. (Bertrum? Well, he ought to know; you mean I've been spelling it wrong all these years?) Rating...6

PARSEC V.2#1 - This is published by and for the State University of New York at Albany; outside distribution is apparently not contemplated. (I got my copy from John Robinson.) The usual fan fiction, some of the worst artwork I have ever seen, and an essay, all very neatly printed.

SCIENCEFICTION FREAKS! V.1#1 (As above; copy obtained the same way). This is mostly Robinson explaining fandom to a group of college stf readers. I think he does a good job, but as the mag is spirit duplicated (hektographed, maybe?) on mimeo paper, the results are often illegible. Can't you strike a happy medium in reproduction there, John? Anyone interested should contact John L. Robinson, Jr., 1437 Western Ave., Albany, NY 12203.

WOMBAT #2 (Ron Clarke, address above - irregular - for trade or comment) Lots of verse, very little of which I liked, a good article on southeast Asia by David Hough, "The Blob" (remember twitchy Steve McQueen?) translated into a "new wave" story. Somewhat lighter in tone than MENTOR. Rating..5

PREHENSILE ZERO (Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342 - 25¢ - no schedule listed) Primarily for younger fans. (Not neofans, particularly; younger fans. I think Bruce might love it.) Lots of what I consider juvenile humor. Also a con report, couple of articles by Perry Chapdelaine (one on Campbell, one on Loretta Lynn - well, I'd as soon peruse a country music article as a rock article...), reviews, letters. Rating.....3

NOLAZINE #12 (Patrick Adkins, Box 8010, New Orleans, LA 70182 - no price or schedule listed) A history of southern conventions (that's even worse than a con report, Rick), Poul Anderson's speech from the latest one, an article on Anderson, and one on the Clarion-Tulane workshop. (At least the author didn't say the sessions made her "feel like a writer", which puts her one-up over the last Clarion enthusiast I read...) Lots of nice artwork by Dany Frolich. Rating.....5

THE ROHMER REVIEW #7 (Robert E. Briney, 245 Lafayette St., Apt. 3G, Salem, MA 01970 - no schedule - \$2.00 for numbers 8-10) I'm not sure Bob wanted this reviewed, but we have some new readers, and one of them might turn out to be a gung-ho Sax Rohmer fan. Lead item is an article on Fu Manchu by Robert A. W. Lowndes, which was to have been the editorial of STARTLING MYSTERY #19. (This was also in IS #2, mentioned back at the beginning of the column.) There is various other Rohmer trivia (remarkably similar to some of the articles on Tolkien and Doyle) and a Fu Manchu checklist. Digest size, printed, rather small. Mostly for Rohmer fans; the material is well enough written, but the subject matter is rather constricted. Excellently done, though.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MEXICAN MUMMIES #2 (Hank Davis, Box 154, Loyall, KY 40854 - no price or schedule) This is all editor-written, to circulate through SFPA. The problems of a rat-infested house, favorite books, and the possibility of a landing on Eros, plus letters from Indiana fandom. Small but interesting. Rating...5

S'F COMMENTARY #21, 22 (Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia - bimonthly - 9 for \$3.00 - USAGENT, Charlie Brown, address under LOCUS) Probably the leading Australian fanzine for serious discussion of stf. (Which is a shame, since Bruce is regrettably "new wave"; he actually thought Quark 1 was the best of the original anthologies, an attitude to be deplored by all right-thinking fans...) Otherwise it's a quite good fanzine; somewhat of an Australian version of SFR. There are good reviews (I don't agree with most of them, but they're good nevertheless), interesting letters, etc. No artwork; excellent reproduction. Rating.....7

SPACE & TIME #13 (Gordon & Rebecca Linzner, Apt. 4-M, 83-10 118th. St., Kew Gardens, NY 11415 - quarterly? - 50¢) This is devoted to fan-fiction and verse, about average quality, book reviews and rather a dull lettercolumn. Digest size, good printed reproduction. Unrated due to my well-known prejudice against mediocre fan fiction.

THE PULP ERA #75 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, OH 43567 - irregular - 50¢) However, the next issue is going to be 75¢. Ostensibly devoted to the non-stf pulp magazines, though much of this issue seems devoted to book reviews and an account of the Apollo 12 launch, which Lynn was lucky enough to see. It includes a checklist of the Popular magazines - ACE-HIGH WESTERN, CAPTAIN COMBAT (?), THE MYSTERIOUS WU FANG, etc, and some reprints from JUDGE. Not one of the better issues, except for the Apollo account. Rating....4

THE LEGAL RULES #4 (Jerry Lapidus, address under TOMORROW AND... - annual - 25¢) This is in the nature of a public service; once a year Jerry publishes the rules of the World Science Fiction Society (primarily covering Hugo voting; the rest of the organization could lie down and die with the blessing of most of fandom but refuses to do so). Worthwhile to know the rules before voting (although since con committees follow them only as far as they are inclined to do so, it isn't mandatory.)

ORCIST #5/TOLKIEN JOURNAL #14 (Richard West, 614 Langdon St., Madison, WI 53703 - quarterly? - \$1.00 each) A dual title since two fanzines combined. This is a fair-sized printed mag, with over half of this issue devoted to an annotated bibliography of Tolkien criticism. (Which I suppose is fascinating if you're that interested....) There's also a review of the books about Tolkien and C. S. Lewis (most of which I had never heard of before; it's amazing how many university presses have published volumes of scholarly criticism of those authors.) There's also an interpretation of Gollum which starts out "By studying Gollum's role and character, we gain insight into Frodo's task and Frodo's heroism..." I don't know how it goes from there because I didn't read any more of it. For those interested in the scholarly approach to Tolkien.

MOTA #2 (Terry Hughes, 407 College Ave, Columbia, MO 65201 - irregular? - 25¢ - do not pay for more than one issue) I have just encountered the problem of why I enjoy MOTA. It's the sort of super-fannish drivel that I normally dislike (I dislike some of this, but a minor portion), and I don't really know Terry all that well, so it can't be personal bias, but somehow most of it comes out enjoyable. Maybe I'm mellowing. Material here is on rock and local fans and a good deal of writing about nothing in particular. I do think Terry puts his finger on the uniting force of fandom, though; we're hooked on mail. Rating..5

L'AUBE ENCLAVEE #0 (Henry-Luc Planchat, 11 rue Bel-Air, -57-, Metz, France - 3 francs, I think) Entirely in French, so I couldn't read it. I'll have to let Juanita try her hand..or, come to think of it, does she know French, either? Neatly reproduced; a minimum of artwork.

HOLLAND SF, V.5#1 and 2 (Leo Kindt, Mispelstraat 29, 's-Gravenhage 2025, Nederland - bimonthly - free to foreign fans, but trades welcome) These are entirely in Dutch, but there is an English summary so you can tell what you haven't been reading. This is the official publication of the Nederlands Contactcentrum Voor Science Fiction. (That's easy enough to decipher; maybe I should try reading the magazine....) A variety of material; again, very little art.

FAPAIA #2 (Jay Cornell, Jr., Rt. 113, East Providence, RI 02912 - quarterly - 25¢) For SAPS, so there are mailing comments, but these are minimal. Very short Noreascon report (the best kind), an account of the discovery of the joys of manual labor, a few book reviews. Very thin, but well enough done. Rating...4

RATS! #11, 12 (Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st. St., Glendale, NY 11227 - bimonthly? - 35¢ - coeditor, Charlene Komar) You can tell a "faanish" fanzine these days; it has a Terry Carr "entropy reprint". (You can tell a nonfaanish reviewer; he calls the entropy reprints "crap".) Although these aren't; Chuck Harris was usually a pretty good writer, and while most of Ted White's character assassinations are merely vicious, this early one was genuinely witty. #11 doesn't have much else besides a long lettercolumn; #12 goes to microelite type and gets in other material, like a party review by Greg Shaw and a bit of humor by Arnie Katz, plus longer editorials and lettercolumn. Rating...4

PLACEBO #1 (Barry Smotroff, 147-53 71st. Road, Flushing, NY 11367 - quarterly - 25¢ - co-editor Mashe Milton Feder - do not send more than 75¢) Sorry, fellas, I don't trade YANDRO 2 for 1; but you can take this one copy and tear it in half if you want. This is the official publication of the Queens College club. This is mostly editor-written, and on the "faanish" side; unusual for a club publication. The artwork is terrible; the writing is good enough but not about much of anything. Presumably both defects will be corrected in future issues. Rating...2

TWILIGHT ZINE #24 (Jourcom c/o MITSFS, Room W20-421, M.I.T., 84 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA 02139 - irregular - 25¢) I don't think I ever got a fanzine stapled on the right side before (except UCHUJIN, maybe). Is this some sinister oriental influence, or the latest attempt at original layout? This is, as you might have guessed, the publication of the M.I.T. club. An odd publication to classify; we have a few chapters of "Tomm Swift and his Electric Chair" followed immediately by a statistical analysis of the effect of the A-bomb on sf stories, with commentary. Then we have the beginning of a (novel?) in which Flash Gordon is rewritten with real-life problems like the cold war and defectors. Rather good, actually. Rating...6

BURGER #1 (Edward Reed Smith, 1315 Lexington, Charlotte, NC 28203 - no schedule - for comment or trade or contribution) The editorial is mostly an explanation of why fanzines fold and then come out again under assumed names. Major item is a story by Sunday Yorkdale; well enough done, but I'm afraid that young lust doesn't really move me much. Column by Ed Cox, who seems to be writing columns for everyone again. Rating...4

STARLING #20 (Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, MO 65201 - quarterly - 35¢) Various items, many related to music. Apparently to counter the hard-rock discussion, Jim Turner gives his favorite country-rock records. As an Ian and Sylvia fan, I was particularly interested in "Ian & Sylvia with the Great Speckled Bird". I haven't encountered that one, but it sounds fascinating... (I think you have a typo that made good there, Hank.) Lesleigh has an article on Georgette Heyer, Joe Sanders reviews books, there are a couple of minor items. Despite my dislike of rock, I think it's a great fanzine (but then I like Hank and Lesleigh, so I may be prejudiced). Rating...7

SELDON'S PLAN NEWSLETTER V.4 #1 (Wayne 3rd. Foundation, Box 102 UCB, Wayne State Univ. Detroit, MI 48202 - irregular - 4 for \$1.10) A variety; fiction (fan fiction seems to be making a comeback, more's the pity), verse, reviews, articles, and a play report. (Nimoy certainly provided himself with an instant fan club by playing in "Star Trek".) Plus local and national fan news. Club fanzines have built-in disadvantages, but SIR-RUISH and TWILIGHT ZINE surmounted them; given time, SFN might, too. Rating...4

AFAN #2 (David Wm. Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, VA 22801 - irregular - for comment, trade or contribution only) I think Dave has started to control his tendency to go off in all directions. There's a column from a South African fan, a couple of "faanish" fiction pieces which aren't very good, "humor" from Katz, some material by Dan Osterman, some other material, I think. (Dave hasn't controlled himself enough to make it easy to tell who's writing what, which may not make any difference to the reader, but does to the reviewer.) The usual lettercolumn. Rating...3

RENAISSANCE V3 #4 (John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922 - quarterly - 25¢) In this issue, John not only announces the demise of the "New Wave" but

takes credit for it, possibly the most monumental bit of fuggheadedness since Ted White announced that YANDRO had become a good fanzine because we took his advice. Or just possibly Pierce surpasses Ted. Aside from the asinine editorial, we have here some good serious commentary on stf, and reviews which are reasonably good despite the fact that I don't agree with them. (One drawback to the reviews is that too many of them are blatantly prejudiced - okay, so are mine, but I tell you in advance that they are. Well, so does Pierce, in a way; maybe the problem is that my prejudices don't match his.)

Rating.....4

CURSE YOU, RED BARON! V.3#2.5 (Dick Eney, CORDS/LPD, APO San Francisco, CA 96215 - irregular - no price listed) Behind the scenes in South Viet Nam. I assume Dick restricts the circulation of this, since his idea of an illustration is a color photo of a rainbow in Green Mountain Park, Taiwan. This is mostly on the recent election; Dick's idea is that the voters were mostly pro-Thieu anyway, which made all the vote-stealing look a little silly.

ZOT! #1 (Jeffrey May, 1603 E. Division, Springfield, MO 65803 - irregular - free) The editor requests that I mention that there will only be about 15 extras available - ask now and beat the rush. Editor-written except for some verse - one rather good one by James Beatty. A somewhat skinny issue - contributions are requested. An item on book-burning in Springfield is of the most interest.

Rating....2½

INFIN #1 (Eric Ferguson III, 765 S. Atlantic Ave., Cocoa Beach, FL 32931 - 50¢ - no schedule listed) At that price, I assume he doesn't want to increase circulation very bad. You get a whole 12 pages plus covers for your money. The editor has an interesting idea on taxes; work the income tax like the United Fund and let you mark off a little card as to what you want your taxes to pay for. Joan Daez could mark education and ecology or whatever, the hard hats could support the war effort, and everyone would be happy. The rest of the material, unfortunately, is pretty lousy. Rating...2

SCYTHROP 23 (John Bangsund, Parergon Books, GPO Box 4946, Melbourne 3001, Australia - bimonthly - 6 for \$3.00 - USAgent, Andy Porter, address below) One of the best of the serious discussion fanzines, now fallen on hard times due to the editor's being out of work and unable to support it. This is only 20 pages, but still has a good selection of comments, criticism, and letters. With this came #24, which is 4 pages and includes the breakdown of costs for an Australian fanzine. (John pays more per unit for stencils, paper, ink, envelopes and postage than we do, as well as having a larger circulation.) Well, what's there is still good.

Rating....8

AIGOL #17 (Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3J, Brooklyn, NY 11201 - irregular - 75¢) I see Andy forks over about twice as much per issue as Bangsund does, but then he has his fanzine multilithed. Fairly thick one; 40 pages. (Multilithed fanzines tend to be rather small as a rule.) Good material; Lowndes on the influence of fandom on stf, Bloch reminiscing about his "Lefty Feep" series, Dick Lupoff tearing apart books. Greg Benford says if you want to make a career out of stf, get into the publishing end, not writing (like Terry Carr? and haven't I seen this article before somewhere? I recall commenting on it). John Bangsund writes on Campbell, and influencing the world, and why the world is going to hell. Letter column is reasonably interesting, though considering the number of big names in it, there is remarkably little meat. Rating....7

BEARDMUTTERINGS #1 (Rich Brown, 410 61st. St., Apt. D4, Brooklyn, NY 11220 - quarterly - one free copy available on request; after that, comment) This was distributed with AIGOL, and to FAPA members (which may be why we got it; people keep sending us FAPA zines despite the fact that we dropped out.) I dunno; I not only disagree with most of Brown's opinions, I can't figure out how he could be dense enough to hold some of them - like taking Andy Offutt's articles on fandom seriously, for example. Or jumping from

"...we'll never know...how many voted for LOCUS because it was the only fanzine they'd ever seen." to "Charlie may be proud of the Hugo he bought with sample copies", an exercise in logic comparable to John J. Pierce's editorial. (We may never know, but Rich does; yessir.) If you want a copy, git it now, because you won't see any reviews of it here anymore. It's about time to cut down on all these fanzines anyway, and this seems like a dandy place to start.

Rating.....1