



YANDRO 212

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VOLUME XX: #1

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ARTWORK

Cover by Jackie Franke

Page 1	Alexis Gilliland	Page 18	Jim Cawthorn
" 2	JWC	" 19	Jackie Franke
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" 6 (logo)	Dave Locke	" 22	Dave Piper
" 7	Arthur Thomson	" 23	Dan Osterman
" 10	DEA	" 26	Arthur Thomson
" 11	Dany Frolich	" 27	Cynthia Goldstone
" 14	Robert E. Gilbert	" 30	Richard Flinchbaugh
" 15	Dan Adkins	" 31	Bjo Trimble
" 6 (sorry about that)	Jeff Cochran	" 35	Bill Kunkel

Electrostencilling courtesy of Pboth Press (Jim and Lee Lavell - that's why they don't have another issue out; they're too busy getting electrostencils and paper for us.)

The A.R.A BULLETIN #100 dispenses reloading information on the .357 AMP, a cartridge which has not yet been produced. I find this sort of thing fascinating.... RSC

Seems the precise title of Juanita's gothic is Secret of Seven Oaks (which still sounds like a Nancy Drew mystery) and as of this writing it hasn't been published yet. Second one is to be Door Into Terror, and we don't even have the money for it yet, though we've been spending as though we did. And I have word that Leisure Books has agreed to take Serendipitous Death, or whatever, after all. No money on that, either, but I won't get much anyway because Gene DeWeese did most of the work on it. I'm just glad that the work I did do (while disliking the book violently as I did it) didn't go to waste. Final version wasn't nearly as bad as I expected, and a big improvement over the version we "sold" the first time around. (And it gives me SFWA credentials, I think....) RSC



Before I forget, again, art credit to Alex Gilliland for the DUFF illo on page 38 this issue. During a sojourn with the Miesels on a trip through Indiana, Alexis became caught up in the platypus fever which has long infected his hosts, and responded with a deluge of platy cartoons. It seemed entirely appropriate to use them in conjunction with Lesleigh's DUFF campaign.

As for why they're being used in conjunction with Lesleigh's campaign instead of our campaign, see Ramblings this issue. If I could be assured of selling a couple more gothics before con time, it might be

feasible for us to remain in the race. But the writing business doesn't seem to work that way. Penalty, I suppose, of my getting so much fun out of writing. If it were harder to do, maybe it'd be steadier employment?

But certainly -- if I can ever get out from under the load of fanzines and producing of same -- more writing with an attempt to make it pay is in order, because the refrigerator ate itself this week and had to be replaced. And I don't like that mammoth bill hanging over us, no matter how patient the company on the receiving end may be (and at their interest rates, they can probably be very patient). Long ago Maggie Thompson told me her mother, Betsy Curtis, lamented that appliances and such know immediately when one gets a windfall, be it a book sale or a prize in a supermarket drawing; because as soon as one does get that windfall, appliances which have limped along in superlative fashion for years and years and years fall apart instanter. Right then, before you can revel in the delicious sensation of having all that money in the bank, or rush out and blow it on such frivolous things as food and clothes.

I suppose one should be grateful the appliances wait till after the windfall to disintegrate. It'd be even nicer if they didn't fall apart at all, and you could use the money for acquiring new and glorious untried stuff instead of replacing old and decrepit mechanical servants.

As Buck notes on the contents page, we've discovered the title of the first gothic will be SECRET OF SEVEN OAKS, not MYSTERY, as previously noted. My apologies to Virginia Kidd; she quoted me the title over the phone when calling about other agency business, and I had my head screwed on crooked and goofed up on the first word. I still don't know when it will be published. Maybe, considering some sad experiences with Dell, money notwithstanding, I'd better make that if it will appear. Be assured Yandro readers will be informed (so you can all rush out and buy and boost my chances of making another sale).

This issue contains an article from Andy Offutt on, among other things, the joys of do-it-yourself. Well, that's an emotion I have long appreciated, though not in the usual housewifely-traditional ways. I'm afraid I skip all the women's mag articles on crewel and knitting and how to interior decorate with rags and old tin cans. Gives me no thrills at all. Much more basic to me is the good feeling of accomplishment I get while mimeoing -- in fact the whole production set up on fanzining. Laying out the issue, such as I do, which is rather little, and typing and trying to hold the typos down (and not succeeding as well as I'd like), and then mimeoing. There is a fine sense of a good day's work as first the stacks of mimeo paper mount up -- as I'm printing the odd numbered pages. And then even more pat on the backism as the stacks shrink and are placed in the collator as I reverse the process and mimeo the even numbered

pages. And even more end of the line in sight reactions when I reach the stage I'm at now, with the editorials, cover, contents, and Hugo ballot only remaining. Collating is moderately satisfying, if somewhat boring work; I have an eight-station collator Buck constructed for me, and I can assemble 300 partial copies in less than 45 minutes, including time put to get a Tab or stir something on the stove or watch (with one eye) something on tv. I don't even really mind stuffing envelopes or, occasionally, rubber stamping in our bulk mailing permit. It all gives me a feeling of satisfaction. Maybe I'm just an assembly line mentality at heart. At head?

I'd like to mention/ask here artists who may be new to the procedure if they wish artwork returned when it's been used. My policy over the years has been to turn over used artwork -- properly identified as used and with artist's name appended if missing -- to the WorldCon art show. Unless the artist has previously specified he/she wants it back, in which case of course it is returned. But most artists don't seem to want the original, and I know lots of the used artwork has sold -- and even been reprinted in other fanzines -- bringing money in to the artists and the show. Please sing out if you want yours reverted to sender; I have several years' accumulation now, and I'm likely to cart it along to LA and put it in the artshow there. Any artists who have joined the group since the last time I made this statement of policy, speak up, right?

Electrostencils come in two types, as a lot of faneds know -- but some fan artists don't know. If you want to send in already-electro'd art (and that has happened), please try to get the type of electrostencil where backing sheet and stencil are separated, not the peel-off kind. I have had very bad luck with the latter kind. Not only do I find them more difficult to paste in properly, but the backing sometimes adheres nastily to the artwork, and separating the two does damage to the electro'd drawing -- which is just as painful to me as it is to the artist, believe me. And Lee, next time Pboth Press is speaking to the electrostenciller, you can scream at them for me over that last batch of non-separate stencils. Sheesh!

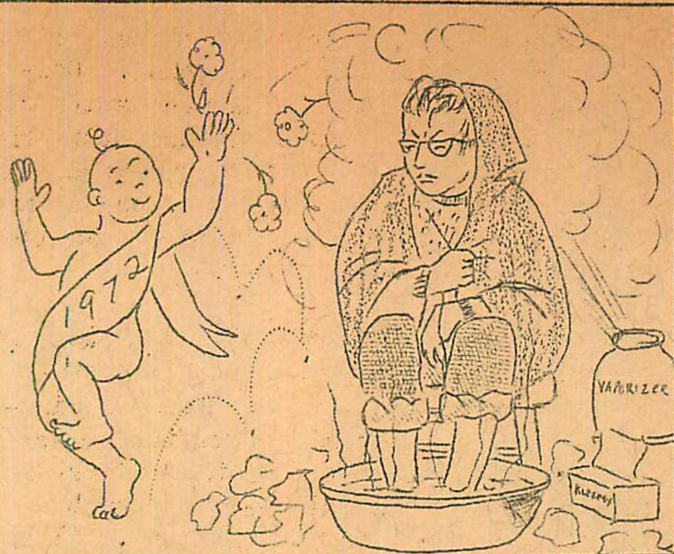
As a good friend remarked, when Nixon does something right, it's for the wrong reason. Politics quite aside, the space freak in my makeup thoroughly applauds the decision(?) to go ahead with Skylab. I'm quite aware the politicians think of the space program almost entirely in terms of votes (and I suspect the critics of the current go-ahead are more grmshed because they weren't in a position to play Watch Me Cut Unemployment than they were utterly convinced the space program was Evial). In terms of our 300 year fuel supply and future necessity for capability in space and immense solar platforms (I heard Hal Clement hold forth on the subject engrossingly at St Louis Con), I think if anything Skylab is late and we'd better get cracking. JWC

a coulumn bec

Hello. Student Council fiasco has resolved itself. Everyone has forgotten about it. Now the Council has to think up something else to do. I haven't been able to get anyone interested in my Idea about setting up a gambling hall, despite the fact that un-governed gambling on tic-tac-toe games is rampant.

On the home front: My mother is making me clean up my room, ignoring screams, curses, and holding my breath until I turn blue; I have been given another chance to get rid of my Xmas money at a coin show; and I am becoming a pool shark at the local scout hall.

Cleaning up my room has some advantages: I have been finding all sorts of writing material, odds & ends, and money. The last is most welcome, and turns up at the odd-est places. I have uncovered about \$1.50, all of it in change. I have also uncovered socks, coat hangers, shoes, and marbles. Pax mundus. BEC



I found out that the cost of getting three people to Australia and back is too much for our finances, assistance from DUFF or not. So the Coulsons have dropped out and enthusiastically support Lesleigh Luttrell. One of the problems of a fan family; the cost of attendance, membership, etc., keeps being multiplied by three. (At the last ISFA meeting, Jerry Hunter wanted to know why I didn't run for DUFF myself, if the cost of 3 people was too high. Because I don't want to, is why.) Apparently Charlie Brown has been trying to discourage the whole thing by saying it's too expensive; I think he's started taking his "Secret Master of Fandom" appellation a

trifle too seriously, aside from not knowing what he's talking about.

Book reviews are skimpy this month, because I have been reading my way through all the 1971 sf mags to get ready for Hugo nominations. My recommendations follow, more or less in order, but not entirely; I haven't really decided which possibility to vote for in each category. I found out rapidly that this has been a bad year for short sf; there are several worthy novels, but considering the number of short stories published during the year, the possible nominees are pretty scanty. For the first time, I must agree with those fans who have been calling ANALOG dull. It never was before, but this year the fiction was remarkably pedestrian.

NOVELS - The Shores of Another Sea, by Chad Oliver (Signet) I'll probably vote for
Half Past Human, by T. J. Bass (Ballantine) one of the top three.
Dragonquest, by Anne McCaffrey (Ballantine)
The Lathe of Heaven, by Ursula LeGuin (AMAZING, Doubleday)
The Moon Children, by Jack Williamson (GALAXY)
Candy Man, by Vincent King (Ballantine)
The Dramaturges of Yan, by John Brunner (FANTASTIC)

NOVELLAS - "Queen of Air and Darkness", by Poul Anderson (F&SF)
"A Congregation of Vapors", by William T. Powell (GALAXY)

A thoroughly stupid category, because that's it, on quality, though to fill out the ballot you might want to add "Reality Doll" by Clifford Simak (WORLDS OF FANTASY)

SHORT FICTION - "How We Pass The Time In Hell", by Gary Jennings (F&SF)
"Boomer Flats", by R. A. Lafferty (IF)
"The Sharks of Pentreath", by Michael G. Coney (GALAXY)
"Born To Exile", by Phyllis Eisenstein (F&SF)
"Mistress of the Mind", by Lee Harding (New Writings In SF #18)
"A Feast For The Gods", by Poul & Karen Anderson (F&SF)
"Dazed", by Theodore Sturgeon (GALAXY)
"The True Believers", by Leo P. Kelley (F&SF)
"To Fit The Crime", by Joe Haldeman (GALAXY)

PROMAG - GALAXY
MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION
AMAZING
FANTASTIC

PRO ARTIST - Kelly Freas
David Hardy
Dan Adkins
John Schoenherr

I can't really find much really good pro art in 1971, and Freas did most of that. Hardy did only one F&SF cover, but it was a good one.

FANZINE - WSFA JOURNAL
S F COMMENTARY

SANDWORM
STARLING

SPECULATION
SCOTTISHE

UCHUJIN (well, it
looks good.....)

FAN WRITER - Bob Vardeman
Sandra Miesel
Liz Fishman

Ethel Lindsay
Alexis Gilliland
Lesleigh Luttrell

Hank Davis
Roy Tackett

(the above listed in no particular order)

FAN ARTIST - James Shull
Dany Frolich
Jim Cawthorn

Grant Canfield
Arthur Thomson
Mario Navarro

Bo Stenfors
Kathy Bushman
Jackie Franke

(more or less in order, reading down the columns)

Okay. I'm sure I could have picked out some more fan writers and artists if I'd really dug through my 1971 files (even though I don't get every fanzine going, by a long shot.) But that's close enough for a Hugo, especially since you can only nominate one per category.

This has not been a particularly good winter for me. I've had this post-nasal drip, coupled with coughing up phlegm and irregular asthma attacks when more globs down there than I can cough up, since early November. Every so often it gets bad enough so that I miss a day of work, and I go see the doctor and he gives me something that works for awhile. (He told me that every doctor should have a patient like me; it makes him pay closer attention to the medical journals.) Mainly, though, I manage to get to work, but once I'm home I feel too dragged out to do anything. I did get my correspondence caught up around Christmas, but have been letting it slide ever since. Of course, I couldn't let this stop me from a round of visits over New Year's. Gene and Bev DeWeese were down at Christmas, and we drove up there at New Year's, stopping to see the Stopas on the way. Then we all drove into Chicago to visit ex-fan Beverly Clark (now Mrs. Rual Boles), and before coming home went out to a Milwaukee suburb to see Gini Rogowski and pry another article out of her. Weekend after that we attended ISFA meeting - Indiana fandom shall rise again! - 13 people there. Since then I haven't done much of anything, which is a problem when it comes time to write an editorial.

Ever get a 20 cc injection when the doctor is using a 10 cc syringe? (I won't say what it was because I can pronounce it but not spell it.) Anyway, a 10 cc syringe is big enough; about 3/4" diameter and 3 or 4 inches long. This gets rammed into the vein and discharged. Then it is unscrewed from the needle, which stays in the vein, and a new syringe, just as big and ugly as the previous one, is screwed in, picking up a couple of the hairs on my arm as it goes. And it's discharged and the needle is removed after being in there damned near long enough to become part of me. (Actually, it didn't hurt all that much, but it was hairy to watch.) Immediate relief, though.

(That's my contribution to medical horror; I can't seem to get anything as funny as Dave Locke's boils - and I'm quite happy that way.)

Loads of clippings and other items. Fredric Wertham sends JOHNS HOPKINS MAGAZINE, Summer, 1971, containing his article "Human Violence Can Be Abolished". Now if he'd said "diminished" I'd have agreed, but it wouldn't have made as striking a title. I'm a cynic on that point. (Did any of you see the "Advocates" tv program on gun legislation where ex-Senator Tydings made an ass of himself and a British police officer said that Britain has 10 times the number of violent crimes now that it had before passing its excessively restrictive gun laws? We can't even diminish violence until we learn more about it than we do now; passing laws against gun ownership doesn't work worth a damn, and passing laws against crime isn't much of an improvement. And I'll take what we've got now in preference to the mass brainwashing proposed by some psychologists.) Incidentally, the vote of the viewers of "The Advocates" ran 5 to 1 in favor of guns, which must have come as a shock to the producers of the show.

Ned Brooks sends a clipping from LANGLEY RESEARCHER, noting that researchers are now looking for a way to "self-destruct" medicine after the time for which it has been prescribed is past. (I wonder if they've contacted "Mission:Impossible"?)

Don Thompson sends a mass of Erma Bombeck columns, and one from a Press writer poking fun at some advertising of the beauties of the Cuyahoga River. In the writer's opinion, the only way to enjoy the Cuyahoga is to set fire to it and roast marshmallows. (Can't find it, but Don or someone sent an item mentioning that other rivers besides the Cuyahoga are now considered fire hazards; the Cuyahoga was merely the first one to be officially designated as such.)

Well, let's hope we all have a better year than mine started out to be.

DIFUGALTY

column by
dave locke

A short era has just ended, wherein many of the people I worked closely with at the office (in other words, the hole) decided to pull up stakes and move closer or farther away from where they work. Now it appears that many of the fans in this area are preparing to play the same game, and it'll probably be all over by the time this sees print. The Grennells and Tina Hensel are moving in order to be closer to their respective paychecks. Dave Hulan lives only a mile or so from work, so he's moving farther away. The Trimbles and the Lockes are moving in order to stay out of the path of creeping concrete and the rush of too much civilization.

Duarte was nice when we first moved out here in 1968. We lived on a quiet street and intruded upon that peace and quiet with only an occasional Saturday night party. I had nine miles to drive to work, entirely on surface streets, but it wasn't an undue hardship and the route I picked was fairly quiet.

Then they built two freeways just off our doorstep, with a monstrous interchange like you see in the heart of LA. The two freeways form the letter "T", and if that letter had a dot over it then we would be living underneath the dot. Our nice, quiet street suddenly became a four-lane bedlam, and also the entrance ramp to the freeway. The freeways themselves are far enough away so that the noise is slight, but of a sudden we have umpty-ump cars zipping all around us.

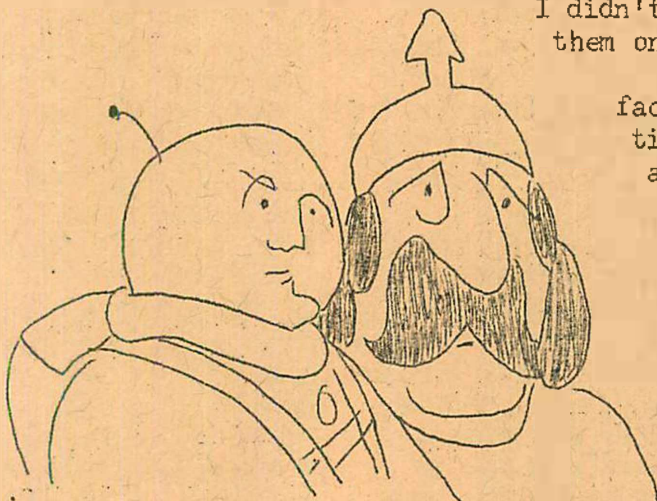
One curiosity is the fact that a zillion cars get off at this exit, and go whizzing past our place headed north. The odd part about this is that we're butted up against the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains and there isn't anything north of us. Straight north there's only Bradbury, with a lot of homes clinging to the side of a mountain and most of them up for sale. If the cars go past here and then hang a right, they'll wind up on a dirt road headed toward a shooting range. If they go past here to turn left, then they might better have gotten off at the previous exit on the freeway.

John Trimble speculates that all these cars are being driven up into the mountains and abandoned. I might lend more credence to this theory if it weren't for the fact that we have never seen a horde of people walking south on this street. Nor have we seen a lot of people driving south, which only complicates the question further. If

I didn't think it were so dangerous, I might follow them one of these days.

What is even more dangerous is the fact that we're going to move out of here sometime in the near future. Moving has always been a dangerous sport, requiring intelligence, speed, agility, determination, stamina, or an amount of money sufficient to hire the job done. I've experienced a few times when moving was easy, but otherwise it's a huge drudge and a pain in the ass. My easiest address change occurred when I was living in upstate New York, and due to my emergence into fan activities I went down to the post office and changed to a larger box. All moves since then have been increasingly more difficult.

It makes me shudder to realize that the



last time we rearranged the living room furniture it took us $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours, and here we are planning on moving to some as yet unknown place which will be miles away. Although fans like Dave Hulan have an incredibly larger volume to tow behind them when they move, we have various adverse factors which make moving our shorter heaps just as bad, or worse.

To Dave Hulan, moving from one apartment to another is the equivalent of bulldozing down a condemned structure, throwing the debris on a large truck, and dumping it at a suitable location. There it will remain, relatively undisturbed, until the next move.

This differs from our place. Although we have much less miscellaneous merchandise here, there's a particular sanctuary for each item. If you don't find it there, then someone else is using it at that moment.

To give Dave Hulan some credit, he does like to straighten his place up a bit for parties. Actually, he throws parties merely as an excuse to get some housekeeping done. If you're down at the local supermarket, you can always tell when Dave is going to throw a party. Five or six youngsters will come marching down the street and into the market, each carrying a large Gestetner box filled with empty bottles. There they cash them in, and that's their paycheck for carting them out in the first place. They do a few other miscellaneous chores, like carting out all the garbage that has accumulated since the last party, and wheeling all the books which strayed to the living room back to the spare bedroom. One of the kids will use a commercial vacuum cleaner, making frequent trips to the back of the building to empty the bag. It has been rumored that two of the heftier youngsters push a lawnmower around the living room carpet, but I find it more believable that the mower and sweeper attachment are used to attack the jungle of hair growing on the bathroom floor.

It's always harder to clean up after a party when you wait a month or two.

The actual transit time involved in moving our stuff is pretty small. Our problem is to sort the stuff neatly into boxes, so that we'll have less of a problem putting it away neatly when we arrived at wherever we're going. Fans like Dave don't have this problem, and sheer volume is the worst they have to contend with. And, being a modestly wealthy old man, he can hire the job done. We, being modestly middle class, get our own hernias.

And I keep thinking about it taking us $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours to rearrange the living room furniture. Actually, it took only $\frac{1}{4}$ hour to move everything except the credenza. We had a problem with that. It was filled with books and records, and in an attempt to save time by using an extra bit of muscle we tried to move it without removing the contents. So the bottom fell out of it. It took me an hour and a half to perform corrective surgery, after which we relocated it and neatly replaced all the contents. After finishing the rest of the rearrangement, we discovered that the unit required a move in a southerly direction of approximately two inches. While attempting to execute this maneuver with a maximum of finesse, the center support board stripped out of position and the shelving collapsed inside the unit. When the shelving collapsed, the additional weight again tore the bottom out of the credenza and I was left holding one end of an empty shell while the important part rested across the tops of my shoes.

One thing about living in an apartment building, though -- it's educational. However, we feel that it's time to graduate to a duplex or renting a house. Or, if you prefer, it's time to "drop out".

When we first moved here we were the only couple living on this side of the building who were married. The other tenants were shocked, or maybe they believed we were lying. Hopefully this fact had nothing to do with the young lady upstairs downing a bottle of sleeping pills and a bottle of No-Doz, although we wonder about that at times. At any rate, when she got out of the hospital it gave her something to talk about during quiet evenings when tenants gathered around the pool. She has been rather quiet



lately, the subject having been played out, and we hope she isn't too desperate for further conversational gambits.

One young couple living here, who were married, broke up because he felt himself too young to accept the responsibility of a child and a wife-with-child. Or at least that's what she says he told her. As soon as he packed up and left he began living with an older woman who has two children, and they married when the divorce came through. They come over and visit with his ex-wife on occasion. Presumably there are no hard feelings, and a minor thing like a divorce is no reason to break up a friendship. Not everyone in this town is so open-minded. We aren't.

An unmarried couple who didn't stay here very long used to be quite noisy. Most of the noise originated from the woman, who had a tendency to scream when she was being beaten. One of our other neighbors, a soul of good intentions but dubious intelligence, elected himself hero to rescue the fair damsel from whose larynx was emitted noises covering a scale of about 130 decibels and the apartment building. It must have been somewhat deflating, to say the least, to beat mightily upon their door only to have it open and be confronted by a rifle with a man behind it telling him to shove off, and a woman appearing beside the man to make the additional notation that he should also mind his own business.

My wife used to accept a ride to church from a woman here, until she found out that the woman had neither insurance nor driver's license, nor had she ever had either.

So, moving to a quieter neighborhood and away from the fraternity of apartment living may be a mistake and we may miss it all, but we feel that we owe ourselves the chance to see how the other half lives. For a little while, anyway. We might miss all this if our television breaks down again.

I note that the Feb. IF carries a little box admitting that "To Kill A Venusian" was indeed a plagiarism of Boucher's "Nine-Finger Jack". I wonder how many people wrote in? Enough, at least, so that the publisher was replying via form letter. As several people have mentioned, to pull something like that in science fiction, of all fields, and from Boucher, of all people, is the height of foolishness. RSC

ADDRESS CHANGES

Norman Grenzke, Jr. 9471 Arlington Blvd. #104, Fairfax, VA 22030
James Adams, 1009 E. Walnut, Kokomo, IN 46901
Nan Braude, The Heritage House #205, North Front St., Marquette, MI 49855
Larry Nichols, 1350 Queen Ave. N., Minneapolis, MN 55411

I'm sure that as soon as I get my desk cleared off I'll find all sorts of notes from people saying "Would you please mention in YANDRO that...". Unfortunately, I can't seem to find them when I need them..... RSC

Dean Koontz has an article on the "category" novel in WRITER'S DIGEST. Joe Hensley tipped me off to this, and it's a quite interesting little article - better written than most of Koontz's fiction that I've read. (Note: entertaining, not informative. Anyone who has been in fandom five years or more knows - or should know - far more about writing than he can learn from any of the writer's magazines. Which is why I would never have seen the article if Joe hadn't mentioned it; I don't normally bother with it, and I haven't reached the point of looking on it as a market for articles. Though just possibly....) The issue - January 1972 - contains another very short item by Patricia Sellers which shows where some of the more ughish cover blurbs come from. (I bet she writes for Belmont, MacFadden, and maybe her best stuff goes to Paperback Library.) Some of the ads for "creative writing programs" and vanity presses are almost worth the price of the magazine, for that matter - for one issue, anyway. (Someone is offering to teach "the elements required in good confession writing." I hadn't realized there was such a thing....)

Refrigerator broke down today. Juanita tells me to hang on; just as soon as she gets YANDRO and SFWA FORUM published and the article written for Thompson & Lupoff's new book, she's going to start on a third gothic. Writers are handy to have around...RSC

Forty... Days and Forty Nights Of Gift Catalogues

by GENE DEWEESE

Well, I lucked out again. I made it through Christmas without a single mail order novelty gift, which is quite a piece of luck when you consider that my wife and most of the people I know are on the mailing lists of approximately 90% of the mail order gift houses in the free world. It's not that I have anything against mail order gift houses, you understand. They're great for browsing, but the thought of actually receiving something from one of their catalogs tends to give me the shudders. Sort of a "they're fun to visit but I'd hate to live with one" feeling.

For example, one of the more popular items, available from at least a half dozen different catalogs, is the grinning alarm clock. As far as I'm concerned, though, a happy alarm clock is one of the last things I would ever care to see. That would simply be adding insult to injury. Anything that wakes me up early in the morning should definitely not be cheerful. The least it could do is look apologetic, maybe even a bit sympathetic. But it certainly shouldn't look gleeful, the way this thing, with its ear-to-ear idiot grin, does.

Frankly, now that I think about it, the idea of a grinning alarm clock strikes me as downright sadistic.

There are other, more practical items, however. Take the "Man's Tissue Box Cover", for instance. It's imitation leather with a brass buckle, and it's guaranteed to make even the most insecure man feel comfortably masculine about blowing his nose.

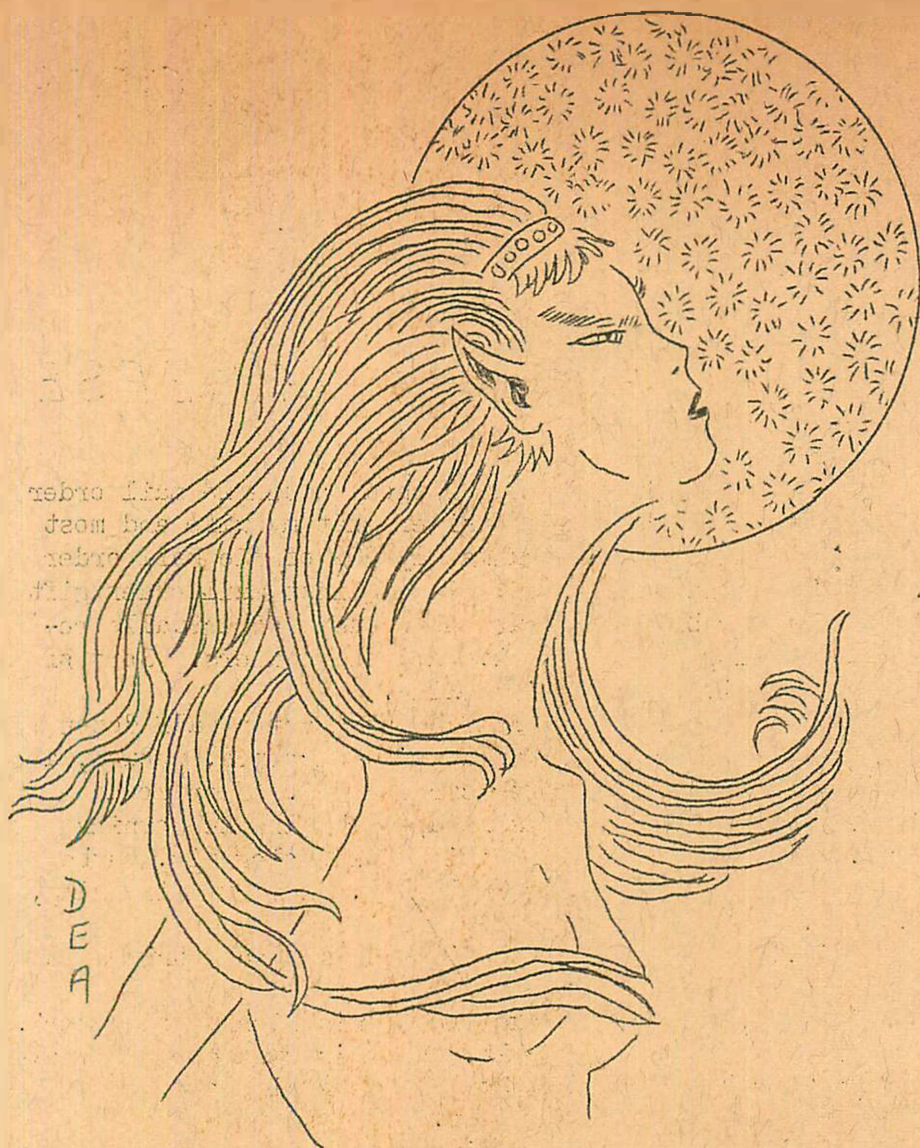
Speaking of insecurity, they even have a remedy for that. It's another of those little black boxes everyone is selling these days, but this one tells you what a great guy you are. It even plays heroic music and applauds. All you have to do is push its button, which isn't really too much to ask. Maybe next year they'll come up with a model that can be hooked up so that the grinning alarm clock pushes its button and really starts your day off right.

For a really useful gift, though, there is the ivory toothpick. It even has its own tiny alligator-skin carrying case. The next logical item, though I haven't seen one yet, would be an ivory-toothpick washer. After all, how often can you use even an ivory toothpick without washing it? And you certainly wouldn't want to wash your ivory toothpick in just anything.

Or maybe you know someone who likes to polish rocks but just doesn't have as much time as he would like to devote to this pastime. For him the ideal gift would be the automatic rock polisher. Who knows, he may return the favor next year and give you some of the rocks he has polished, now that you have enabled him to go into mass production. Casting rocks upon the water, so to speak.

Then there's the companion piece to the grinning alarm clock, a smiling pillow. That makes a little more sense, but what they really need is a pair of grinning ear plugs, so you can't hear the grinning alarm clock.

I thought they had gone as far as they could with strange electrical appliances when they came out with the electric pencil sharpener, but now even that has been topped. For only a few dollars, you can be the proud owner of a electric rotating tie rack, battery operated. I suppose if the batteries go dead some morning, you could get your wife to turn it for you while you select your tie. Now if they would just come up with a gadget that would tie the darn thing and get the ends even, they'd



really have something.

Hmm...I see I was wrong. The electric tie rack is not the ultimate. Anybody care for an electric match?

Know anyone who wants to exercise but doesn't want to go to the trouble of standing up? Well, there are special bicycle type exercisers that are designed to be operated from an easy chair. Or, if you know a real basket case, they even have one that can be operated while lying down.

For those who want to be sure their copy of TV Guide can stand up to the wear and tear of a full week's use, you can buy a special Italian leather cover for it. Just be very careful to remove the cover before throwing out the old issue. You can get a year's subscription for what the cover costs.

Then there's the clock that flashes the time on the ceiling over your bed every five minutes. Frankly, this one doesn't seem too practical. In the first place, anyone who doesn't have the ambition to turn over and look at the clock doesn't really care what time it is

in the first place, and being told will only upset him. And if you have eyes like mine, you'd have to turn over anyway, either to put your glasses on or to wake your wife up and ask her to read the ceiling for you.

And then there's the fact that it would be flashing at you all night, insisting on telling you what time it was, whether you wanted to know or not. For one thing, it would completely destroy those few lovely moments you have when you wake up, thinking you have at least another thirty seconds until the alarm goes off. With this thing staring down at you, you would know, the instant you opened your eyes, that you had had it, and that there was no use in even trying to go back to sleep. Now that I think about it, this thing is even more sadistic than that grinning alarm clock. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if this was what it was grinning about. Machines, after all, are a rather clannish lot.

The ultimate gift, though, may well be the "Mystery Package." There is no indication of what's in it, other than a guarantee that they are all "useful, practical items." Just like all their useful, practical non-mysterious items, I'm sure. I suppose this is what you would buy if there's someone on your list that you just don't know what to get for, and you don't particularly want to know, either. There's someone like that on everyone's list.

As for myself (and the increasingly less friendly neighborhood postman, I suspect), the one gift I'd really like would be someone to tell me how we can get off all those mailing lists.

PLUMBING YOUR WAY TO SATISFACTION

BY *andrew j offutt*

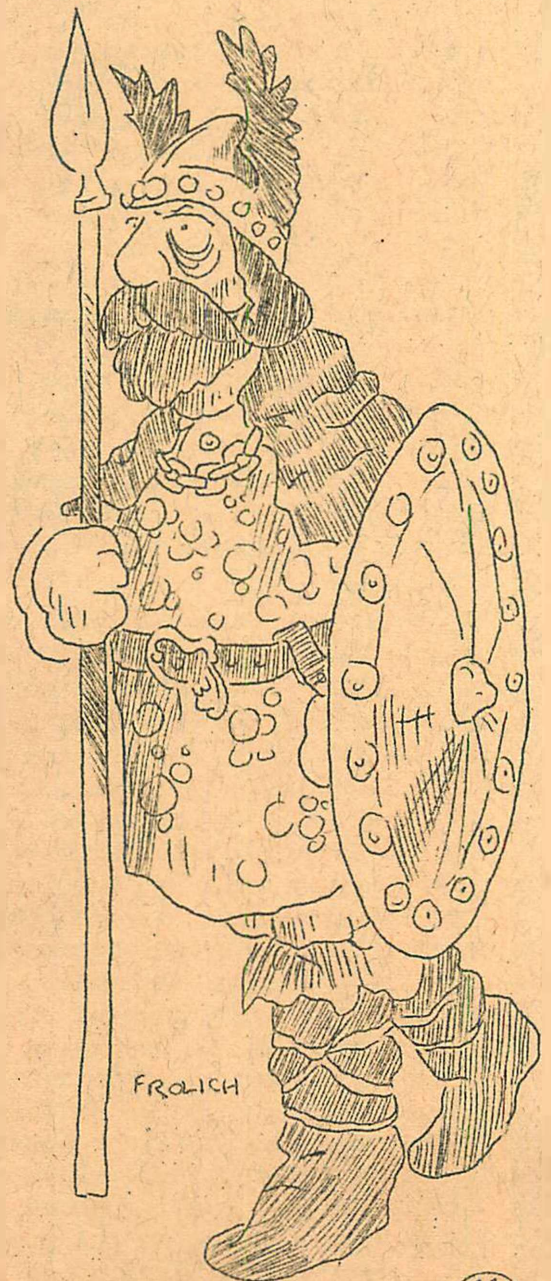
There is a great deal of chatter going down these days about three negative aspects of our culture that I think are closely interrelated. Many millions are being spent in their study; they have become Social Problems:

- (1) Unemployment;
- (2) lack of true job satisfaction leading to individual psychological problems;
- (3) the constantly-expressed inability to persuade someone to perform some needed service, from working on the car competently to cutting weeds to unstopping the drain to cleaning up roadside or city-park trash.

A recent experience pointed up to me the interrelation of the three, and I am prepared to suggest a mutual solution. Please send all millions in research grants directly to me in care of this fine publication or to the Missouri Dishwashing Clinic, Inc.

Ours is a very old home well outside Morehead, a town of some seven thousand with a state university; enrollment about 6,200. Thus a good deal of money is spent in the community, out of proportion to its size. Yet it's a high-unemployment, high-welfare area in which food stamp customers seem to outnumber cash-payers at the local groceries. Since our home is eight miles from Moorhead, we are of necessity rather self-sufficient in several areas totally alien to city dwellers. Our water comes from a well, via a deep-sunk electric pump with a big tank and automatic controls in the basement. Our heat comes from a 500-gallon monster of a gas tank in the backyard. We even read our own meter, check the tank level, and mail our check. The truck to refill the tank comes automatically when our payment sheet indicates the tank is less than 50% full. The nearest television stations are 70 or so miles away, and while there is cable tv in Morehead, we have our own enormous outdoor aerial, mounted on a personally-owned utility pole.

All this rests high atop a wooded hill surrounded by scenery you wouldn't believe.



We shower and bathe and so on the same as you do, and when we flush, ours goes out the same way yours does: down the pipes, under the basement, and into a big clay pipe leading outside. But our wastes do not miraculously vanish forever, as yours do. We have our own septic tank. Periodically it must be cleaned, a fascinating procedure involving a big tank truck with a big hose and sucking pump. Our plumbing, just like yours, periodically becomes ill and has to be reamed out. Sometimes the plunger helps; sometimes expert medical treatment is necessary to clogged pipes.

Recently the pipes stopped up. We did not notice until there was a half-inch or so of water and, uh, other things in the basement. That was on Thursday. We immediately began calling plumbers.

The first of the six listed in the directory, a neighbor, said that his tape was broken and he had ordered another but didn't know when it would arrive. (Presumably, meanwhile, he was quietly starving.) The next advised that they had no one to handle such a situation; so sorry. (This was the contractor to whom, two years earlier, we had paid a little over two thousand for two completely-redone bathrooms. I gathered that they would be happy to do that again, providing the same reasonably decent but imperfect and unguaranteed service.) The next call went to the people who had come out last December 29 and solved a similar problem. I had been put off by the \$45 bill, which I was advised included ten dollars for the acid he had poured through the pipes. I had made a vow to purchase or make my own acid, next time. The same people, a two-man partnership, had come back nine days later to clean out the septic tank. One truck, one hose, one man, \$35.

I called. I was advised that one partner had gone off to the nearest big city, Lexington, presumably in search of fortune if not fame. Probably became a capital-C Contractor. The man still here gave me a strange story; his grand-daughter, I think it was, was ill and he had to stand by the phone there at home. (While, presumably, starving to death.) After a bit of talk during which I indicated the seriousness of our problem, he suggested I call him back next morning. Said he'd either come then or send a buddy of his.

We called two others anyhow. One advised that he couldn't possibly make it before next week. Next week was three days and four nights away. I thanked him and congratulated him on his obvious prosperity. The next call was unanswered, all day and late into the night. One still wonders what that guy was doing. Must have had one that was really upstopped! Or maybe he's gone to Lexington. (Or maybe he quietly starved to death while not-plumbing.)

2. Roughing it

By this time there was well over an inch of liquid stench, totally covering the basement floor. All of it. Another inch would endanger the gas furnace. We were unable to shower or shampoo, a serious problem when there are both dandruff and seborrheic dermatitis about. Even worse, if we can observe proprieties while getting this said, was the fact that we were unable to flush. Which meant that we were unable to use the flushable facilities. Which made for a very unpleasant and difficult situation: there are six of us and since the house had inside facilities when we bought it, we do not have a Little Thing Out Back. We sincerely wished that we did. Also, since four of the six were in school and it had been rainy and muddy, dirty clothes were piling up in the hamper. We couldn't use the washing machine. Everything drains, ultimately, into that one basement-long pipe beneath the cement basement floor, and thence into a septic tank that we knew was not overflowing.

Pleasant or no, a general order had to be issued. Bathroom facilities may not be used. Dishes will be washed in this pan, which will be emptied outside. Teeth will be brushed in this pan, which will then be emptied into this bucket, which will then be carried down and out. As to other necessities...sorry. We must all use this bucket. Boys and daddy will go outside. (We are not sexists; mommy and girls received same offer, but declined. They emptied their own bucket.)

It's true that our forebears lived this way, and many people still do. But they intended to. That means the proper sort of buckets, those bellying white porcelain beauties you see on rural front porches, full of flowers. (Status. Their use as

flower pots indicates that the owners now have indoor plumbing.) And they possessed washstands, proper pans and buckets and, almost invariably, the little house out back complete with corncobs and Sears catalog. I suppose they also possessed things I don't even know about. Conveniences we would think of as the rankest of barbarism.

The partner with the sick relative did not answer his phone Friday morning. A call to another listed number brought us a promise that he would call back at 11:30. Wow, Morehead must be full of stopped-up pipes!

That afternoon we at last received an answer from the man who had promised to come that morning or send a friend. This time he promised -- after a certain amount of de-meaning wheedling -- to come the next morning, Saturday.

We lived with that. Pan-and-bucket traffic was brisk.

He didn't answer his telephone Saturday until 12:15. (Actually we got a busy signal all morning. Party line, probably.) This time he told my poor Jodie that he would be out...MONDAY! She pleaded, wheedled, demeaned herself -- seriously -- and explained our situation. He then promised to come out the next morning:

"Wel-l-l-l...I don't usually work on Sundays, but..."

She was leaking tears when she made this announcement to me. It was that serious, and it was that unpleasant, begging a man to come perform the service he advertises, begging him to come take our money. Of course there was some disappointment and anger involved, too. Being lied to on a systematic basis is not pleasant, even though it seems to have become S.O.P.

We checked the telephone book. We had called all listed numbers.

"On Thursday," I said, "the slime promised to come on Friday. On Friday he promised to come Saturday. Saturday he promises to come tomorrow. Want to bet on it? Tomorrow he'll probably be in church, a fine upstanding Christian. There is no ostracism in our society for being a habitual liar."

Jodie rolled her eyes dolorously. I had to go and start philosophizing.

Then we remembered. A plumber's tape is a long, long piece of heavy, flexible metal, iron or something, wound around and around inside an iron hoop. It has a smallish knob on one end. It is used to thrust through stopped-up pipes. There was one in our basement when we bought the house. We had never used it. We considered. We wondered. Were we competent? Did we know what we were doing? Could a man who earns his living by writing handle it? How much strength and expertise would be required? (That ribbon of metal, tightly coiled, could take off a head if it got away from the manipulator.) And...if we failed...how could we clean ourselves up?

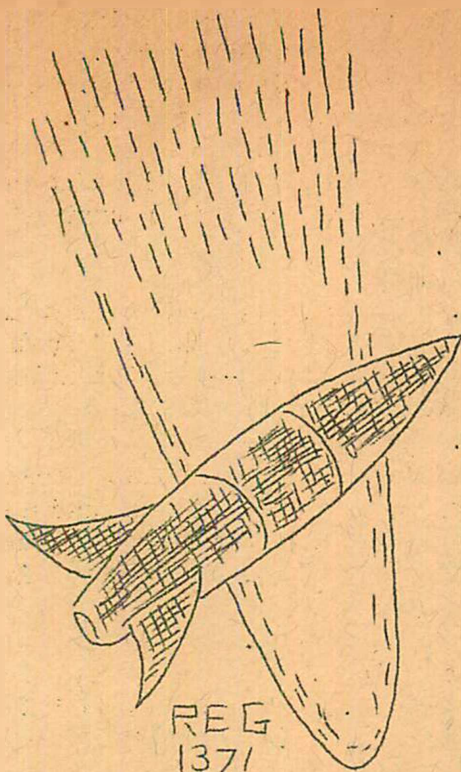
3. And Gerrold thinks I'm unprofessional!

We put on jeans and boots and went down basement, now doubling as a cesspool and doubtless breeding culture for flies, mosquitoes, and newts. The smell wasn't so bad, after awhile. Within two minutes, though, I had shipped some water through a tear in my boot. The tear was 2.3 inches above the floor. The water had risen. What are the mating and reproduction habits of water-and-sewage-in-the-basement?

Offutt and offutt, Contractors, had at it. Jodie held the spool upright. (About 60 pounds, since you asked.) I started drawing it out and shoving it into the drain, nervous, wary of its suddenly springing loose and zonking me one. It is coiled very tightly, a whiplike band of metal under springload pressure. About a millimeter across; about .3mm thick. Dangerous. Wearing the enormous railroader's gauntlets I use for the fireplace, I unwound and shoved, pulled and thrust. I know it sounds that way, but there was definitely nothing sensual about it! Foot after foot of tape went down into Lovecraftian darkness. And more feet.

Then, a terrible grunting shock that bounced me backward off the wall. Obstruction found!

I pulled back a few inches of tape and really leaned into it. Uh! And again. Then about fifteen times, fast, ram-pull, ram-pull, until my hardsmoking, harddrinking bod was laboring and sweating and panting. So I took a break, leaning against the wall and thinking good thoughts. Not about plumbers. I resumed. Jodie hung on. Crud-smearred gloves sawed, pulling and ramming, ramming and pulling, and I realized with



high elation that more and more tape was vanishing. "Daddy!" The cry came from one of the offuttspring, seated on the steps. "There's a whirlpool over here!"

The announcement was as thrilling as a phonecall from my agent. Jodie and I grinned at each other. Dragged up a couple of aluminum sawhorses to prop the tape whilst we went to look at the other drain. Jeff spoke sooth. There was indeed a whirlpool, though a weak one. The damned stuff was starting to go out; we'd punched a hole in something or knocked something partially out of the way. Back to the tape.

More pull-push, heaving, ramming, with an occasional jolting shock like that of striking something totally unyielding with a stick or axe; ever done that? The tape would merely double in my two-handed grip as I rammed, then flex, trying very hard to straighten. That happened maybe fifteen times and was the worst part of the entire ordeal. We received constant reports on the whirlpool. It stopped twice, when I withdrew. This indicated to me that there was something thick down there (14 feet away, as we later discovered), and I was shoving through it, all the way, and then when I pulled

back for another drive my own tape blocked the tiny hole I'd put through it.

Ten or twenty swiftram-pulls left me grunting and sweating but renewed the whirlpool. We sloshed over to check. Yeah, it was better now, a nice, respectable spin, and I could see...stuff creeping toward the drain. We took a cigarette break, pounded our chests, considered having a coronary, and returned to the fray. Now it was almost fun; a challenge. We could not give up.

Eventually I pulled back a couple of feet of slimy tape, tried to think positive, and rammed again, hoping to punch a new hole in whatever-it-was. Then: punch-punch-punch-grunt-pant-SWEAT! And then there were two whirlpools. Our drain began draining. Waded over to the other one, realizing I wasn't really wading. Results were beginning to show. There was more and more spin, and more and more stuff going out. (A small point of fascination is the weird way t-paper deteriorates into a gray sludge. Never really occurred to me. The stuff is created, naturally, to deteriorate in water. That way cities get only rats in the streets after tremendous cloudbursts, rather than sewage.)

Well. I suddenly had this great feeling of elation. WE had done it. Once again Man had triumphed; not just man, but ME, world's most helpless individualist individual. Knowledge of physics and machinery: nil. Never had a tape in my hands before. Tall and skinny, not the brutish build one would think necessary for the manipulation and ram-slam of that damned tape.

There was that feeling: conquest; smug self-satisfaction. The kind of feeling you get when you find your desk or your boots covered with dust and you rub and wipe, SEEING the results each time, and there's the shiny surface, and somehow that brings a ridiculously smugish feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment. It was a job, you performed it, and voila: you SEE instant results!

More and more swiftly, the basement drained. I got the push-brush thing and used it, then used it and the washing-machine hose simultaneously. And felt very good. Went upstairs, washed hands for about ten minutes, flushed everything, checked basement. It all went out. Stripped, dumped clothes down laundry chute, and went into shower. The water kept going out.

Wishing it were later in the day, more like beer time, I took a coffee into the living room to watch the Reds win. I felt I'd earned the ballgame. We had worked

down there for an hour and a half, and we had done it. Instant, visible results. - Later wrote some good copy, remembering Nietzsche: "My most creative moments were always accompanied by unusual muscular activity. The body is inspired..." Vardis Fisher said the same thing. Working mind in a working body.

4: And in Boston Panshin called offutt a shit!

Be goddamned if I didn't get waked up the next morning, Sunday, at nine AM. That lying sack of -- never mind; that prevaricating untrustworthy slumguller had showed up and there he stood on the front porch, him and his bigole hipboots, blinking and looking astonished at me tousle-haired and barefoot, beard uncombed, swathed in six feet of monk-brown robe. He advised that They had gone down to the cesspool end, he and his buddy, and run the tape in, but nothing had burbled out. Must've drained during the night! So they had dug out the maple-tree roots that had been clogging the drain.

Told him there'd been no miracle. Told him I did it. Told him that Thursday he said he'd be there Friday and Friday he said Saturday and Saturday he said Sunday, and since I saw no reason to believe him and since he'd made Jodie leak tears, we'd done it ourselves.

I won't tell you the wildass story he told me about his daughter or granddaughter or whatever; you wouldn't believe it either. But we were even; he just looked at thin ole uncle andy, and it was obvious the big muthah didn't believe I had rammed that iron tape through the clustered, tangled roots knotted and jammed into my drainpipe.

"Well," I said, "what d'you figure y'ought to have?"

Shook his head. "Sunday," he said, reminding me what a good lying Christian he is. "Ought to charge ye more..." He peered at me as though he were trying out for a part in the filming of a Dickens novel.

I stared. Emotionless. My poker-playing face. Freeze a forest fire at eighty paces.

"Umm...nine dollars," he said, looking away.

I made a little moue. "Um! Last time it was thirty-five. Great, I saved myself twenty-six bucks! Just a minute; get you a check."

Left him there on the front porch while I went up to the office and wrote him a check. Took it down and handed it to him. According to the Kentucky code, he did not look at it but slithered it into his shirt pocket behind his cigarettes. He was sweaty, making me wish I'd written it with the feltpoint; that stuff runs if you whisper "water" over it.

"Have to call you next time!" I said with a big smile commonly described as of the shiteating persuasion.

He looked startled. Couldn't help himself; had to ask. Knew I was displeased and contemptuous; hell, I'd stood there and coolly reminded him what a liar he is/was/will be. He asked, poor bastard, why.

I maintained that big happy grin. So you can tell me you're coming tomorrow and when you don't show up I can save another twenty-six bills!"

He nodded and started to leave. "Listen, take care of your daughter," I told him, and he thanked me.

He'd showed up Friday I'd have handed him a beer water coffee signed book sweetness and light all sorts of stuff. Just don't have any truck with liars. Hate em. Watched him drive off. Home to change



clothes and go to Church like a good Christian, no doubt. Probably a Deacon.

5. Getting down to excrementals

Back to the beginning of this narrative. Unemployment. Lack of true job satisfaction; inability to see results from one's own personal efforts in beehive automated society. Inability to get someone to come do what he advertises he does.

Oh, man! Unemployed and really willing, wanting to work? Buy or lease a plumber's tape and a Stilson wrench and a garden spade and let the word get out that you're a drain unstopperupper. God, think about a guy in college! Could take about five calls a week, do a good job, be respected for his guts, and pick up about fifty a week, more if he took more calls!

Satisfaction? INSTANT results, totally from YOUR own efforts!

Can't get someone to do it? Screw em I mean hanjob em; screwing's too good for the slime.

Mes amis, it is difficult to find a decent mechanic. The kid at the gas station this month isn't the same one who was there last month. The plumber doesn't come and furthermore he lies. The TV repairman is the same, and so's the _____ (you-nameit). Can't get someone to cut all those weeds out there, and yet the county's packed full of able-bodied male human beings on food stamps. (How the hell do they buy their Richard's Wild Irish Rose wine?)

And the country's full of creatures who went to college only because it's the Thing To Do, but shouldn't have, and many are teaching, and cannot spell the notes they send home with the children or tell them there IS such a word as "blowed" or caint talk no good nohow but they are Superior to mechanics and plumbers and dishwashers: just ASK them!

The country's full of out-of-work people who went to college to be teachers because they thought they could do THAT, at least; they'd seen what a bunch of yoyos taught them. Country's full of people who love to work on cars and do -- but not for money. They're teachers or admen or salesmen or whatever: respectable jobs. People who work on assembly lines in Detroit and make excellent money and strike constantly because what the hell kind of satisfaction do you get from a job that requires you to screw on 186 #6 nuts per diem? At home they maybe have workshops. Make beautiful tables and shelves and gunracks. But wouldn't do that for a living. No fringe benefits, man. No status.

Only...personal satisfaction, feeling of accomplishment, happiness. But those don't count. Reuther wasn't interested in those. Nor is the parent who shoves and drives and thrusts and rampushes his kid into college. So he can Amount to Something.

The finest and most brilliant carpenter I know put in this office for me. It is beautiful, redwood and pine and perfectly constructed, with imagination and craftsmanship. He had an obvious ball doing it. And damned if he doesn't teach biology in college. Can't wait for summer, so he can take on more carpentry projects. Because teaching's a Status job, and carpentering ain't?

Quit shoving your children at college. Stop feeling superior to the guy who fixes your telly or your car. Maybe he's competent at what he does, and gets real satisfaction from it. That mean's he's not just here, he's living a life. Are you competent, satisfied, and living? (If you don't know the difference between that and being alive, don't try to answer.)

The kid shows real mechanical ability, see if you can't get him a sort of halfass apprenticeship job with the best mechanic around. Buy him a junked car; so what if it looks like hell in your backyard? You living for the neighbors? Morehead has one mechanic I know is Good, and I respect him because he is competent. That is considerably more than I can say for most of the people we drink-talk with; they too obviously envy us for doing precisely what we want to do and being ecstatically happy along the way. And we laugh at pretentious Wri-ters.

Oh hell. You get the point. We may or may not be overdue for the Deschooling Society that Ivan Illich proposes in his mindblowing book of that title. We ARE overdue for a re-education of America as to what life is, and what living is, and what a

man is for, and what merits respect. Particularly now that it is easy to make damned good money plumbing, or mechanicking, or carpentering, or writing as "hack," or -- about anything, except maybe barbering.

Meanwhile,..several editors still owe me pieces of advances they haven't paid, and if you need your plumbing plumbed, even though it isn't my life-thing I am competent and do get satisfaction from it and...

"...Said the plumber, still plumbing, 'It's me'." (last line of appropriate limerick)

a little boy's last parade RICHARD BENYO

July the Fourth lost its way this year
And when it came it was with fast-wanned
Greenery stitched hurriedly in first
Throes of a misplaced and long-lost spring.

The little boys tapped lightly at col-
ored orbs and signs scribbled on the pave-
ments, striking loose the quakes that shaking
Down the mountains holding up the streets...

Heat swirls and an estranged uncle from
The wrong side of visitors to sum-
mer cottages across the road, moved
Across the bare sides of evergreens

And dead streetcars echoed jolly
Amid the still night porch murmurings
That send stifling blushes up the legs
Of girls hand-in-hand with fond fellows.

The ribbons of the brazened suns filed
Wavingly skyward, chipping, chiming
Against wet-bottomed blue leaves, where some
Millions of colored webs entangled

Themselves upon the yet unborn souls
Of babies gooing at their first parade,
Stepping loudly, experimental,
Surprisingly around the curvings

Away to the north the deep green leaves
In aimless adoration of songs
Sent gliding huskily into tulips
Standing attentioned along the broad

Lanes by the sides of rolling breakers
Near the exit to the beach that must
Be crossed before the flags could become
Unfurled to rain down long-ago songs.

A rocket, filling colored tutored
Irregular lines on already
Filled, almost-nighttime coverings
Of a book long lost hereabouts,

And the old calendar pages jammed
Neatly into the breastwork of the
Little boy's dam holding back waters
Until the night falls apart on it.

(And if you ask why I published it, I like to shake the readers up now and then. RSC)

THE AGNOSTIC TRADITION

IN ENGLISH POETRY

by JOE R. CHRISTOPHER

L. Sprague de Camp's "The Saviors" (Yandro, 211, p. 9) is an interesting example of the type of agnostic verse which has been written since mid-Victorian times. The one-two punch of Darwin's *ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES* (1859) and the less-well-known *ESSAYS AND REVIEWS* (1860), which brought Higher Criticism to public attention, are perhaps the knockout combination which established agnosticism as (at least) a leading contender in our intellectual bouts. And poetry began to reflect the fight.

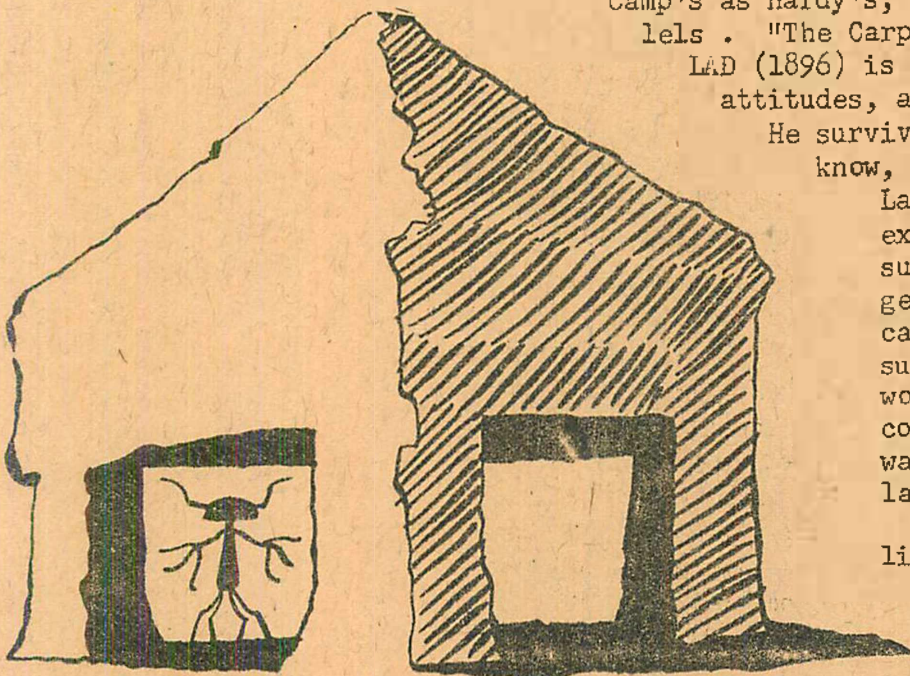
Ignoring the Roman Lucretius, in *De Rerum Natura*, who said the gods existed but they didn't involve themselves with mankind, and the Earl of Rochester, who in the late seventeenth century England wrote a fine philosophical poem, "On Nothing", we may begin the tradition with Swinburne, who began the anti-Christian poetry in *HYMNS BEFORE SUNRISE* (1871), where the sunrise stood for the coming age of political and religious revolution. Even more in de Camp's tradition are two late Victorian poets, A. E. Housman and Thomas Hardy.

"The Saviors" is, as the readers of this magazine will remember, a conversation between Nero and Jesus, somewhat after the supposed deaths of each. Neither is identified by name, but the references are clear. (The editor in his column treats it as a Christmas verse, but such a comment as "You went about Judea...Proclaiming that your Jewish god had got you...Upon a mortal's unsuspecting bride" is hardly the traditional Christmas tone.) The irony is based on finding a similarity (and sympathy) between two such opposite characters.

Housman's verse is not as close to de Camp's as Hardy's, but it does offer a few parallels. "The Carpenter's Son" in *A SHROPSHIRE LAD* (1896) is a reversed view of Christ's attitudes, although it does not suggest He survived the cross. (So far as I know, only Robert Graves and D.H.

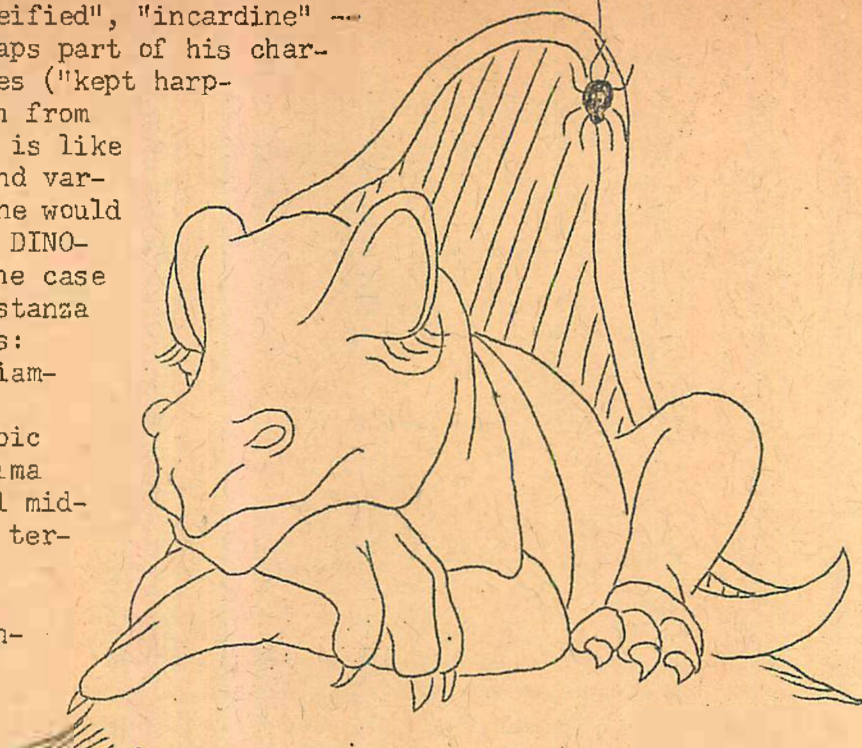
Lawrence, in fiction, provide examples of Jesus' physical survival, such as de Camp suggests.) Housman also uses occasional classical subjects, such as "On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble." And, of course, Housman, who like Hardy was influenced by English ballads, has a number of dialogues.

Hardy's dialogues which I like best are "Heiress and Architect" and "Ah, Are You Digging My Grave?". Neither is much like de Camp's poem, ex-



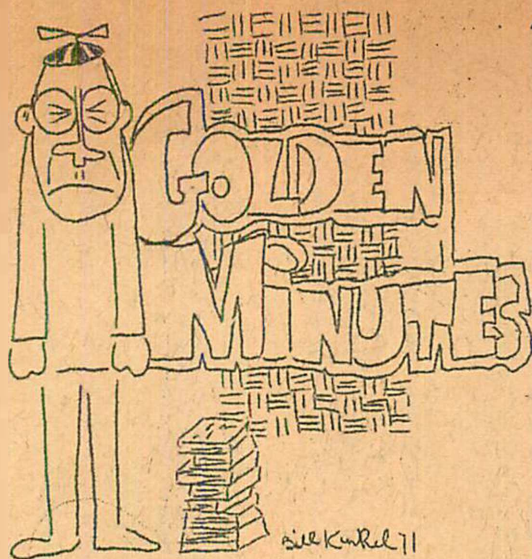
cept in the pervasive irony. But de Camp is also like Hardy in his spoken (rather than lyric) style, what C.S. Lewis once called the Drab Style in English verse, and in his mixture of old-fashioned words ("joiner", "nigh"), intellectual terms ("condign", "deified", "incardine" -- all from Nero's speech, so perhaps part of his characterization), and common phrases ("kept harping", "to earn my bread" -- both from Christ's speech). Also de Camp is like Hardy in his inventiveness in and variety of verse forms, although one would have to consider his DEMONS AND DINOSAURS (1970) to prove it. In the case of "The Saviors" each six-line stanza consists of two interwoven parts: lines one, three, and five are iambic heptameters, rhyming A X A; lines two, four and six are iambic pentameters, rhyming in terza rima through the poem, with the final mid-rhyme tying back into the first tercet.

The poems which reflect this tradition in the volume just mentioned are "Creation" (a comparison of creation myths); "Ziggurat" (a moral drawn from Babylonian religious building), "Reward of Virtue" (a fanciful parable), "The Gods" (a procession of un-believed-in gods), and "Night" (a prayer to "God, in whom I really don't believe"). One might compare the content of the last to Hardy's "The Oxen", with its wish that a pious legend were true. De Camp is hardly as serious a poet as either Housman or Hardy (in our usual sense of the term "serious poet"), since he writes a large number of light verses, since he often offers not a world view but a joke. Yet in "The Saviors", "Creation", and "Night" (particularly) he seems to catch the mantle of Hardy (if a religious allusion may be allowed), and in a few poems, "A Brook in Vermont" and "The Dragon-Kings" for example, he manages to reflect the Darwinian world view -- which is even rarer in verse than anti-Christian sentiments, even though both views are historically related. Six poems do not put de Camp in Hardy's range in productivity of major lyrics, but six are more than most writers can boast.



Andy Zerbe sends along a Consumer Product Information catalog, available from Consumer Product Information, Washington, D.C. 20407. This is a 13-page leaflet listing available government pamphlets of use to the consumer -- from "A Comparison of Braking Performance for 1971 Passenger Cars" to "How To Cook Clams". Catalog free, pamphlets vary from free to \$1.00 apiece.

If you're interested in weird and horror fiction, there is a new publication titled MOONBROTH. The editor insists it is not a fanzine; I believe he said that the post office considers it a book. (Which doesn't mean much; the post office would consider YANDRO a book if I thought there was an advantage in mailing it that way.) It looks like a fanzine majoring in fiction, but I gather the authors are paid, which makes it more or less professional. Quality of the fiction ranges from mediocre to good if considered as fan fiction; poor to average if considered as pro fiction. (That's for the first two issues; I haven't read #3 and 4 yet, but the artwork seems to have improved, so maybe the fiction did, too.) Price is \$1.00, for which you get 20 to 25 pages of material. Pay is accepted for only one issue at a time; don't know what back issue arrangements are. Address is Moonbroth, P.O. Box C, Bellevue, WA 98009. SASE required with submittal material.



PEREGRINE: PRIMUS, by Avram Davidson (Walker \$5.95) Davidson at his best. Only drawback is that this is the first book of a trilogy, and is not really complete in itself; there is no real climax. Setting is sometime during the breakup of the Roman empire. Peregrine is the bastard son of the ruler of a small kingdom; exiled in a more or less friendly manner to keep him from making waves over the succession. Other characters, in the best Davidson tradition, include Atilla IV, king of Hun Horde #17, Augustus XXV, Caesar of a minor city-state, Daft Claud, and Appledore, "The best royal combination philosopher, metaphysician, sorcerer, and impromptu-a capella bard any weeny court like this is ever likely to see again." Talk-ons include everyone likely and unlikely from Ulysses on down. (Davidson's retell-

ing of the Ulysses myth is nothing short of masterly, and also hilarious.) Throwaway lines are equally unlikely. ("Sic friatur crustulum, as Ovid puts it; 'Thus,' or, 'In that manner, does the cookie crumble!'") If it wasn't so obviously just the first part of a story, this would be my Hugo candidate, fantasy or not.

THE LATHE OF HEAVEN, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Book Club, \$1.75) Fascinating account of a man who can change reality by his dreams. His problems increase when he gets into the hands of a well-meaning but not too bright psychiatrist who decides to improve the world by hypnotizing the hero into dreaming specific improvements - all of which turn out for the worse, of course. The plot isn't really all that great; it's what LeGuin does with it that makes it a Hugo candidate.

PERRY RHODAN #10: The Ghosts of Gol, by Kurt Mahr (Ace, 60¢) Another in the excessively juvenile space-opera series. For the sort of peopoe who thought Doc Smith's Skylark series was great stuff.

LORD OF THUNDER, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) Reprint of the final (?) book in her "Beast Master" series. One of the better Nortons, which means one of the best stf juveniles written.

SON OF THE TREE/THE HOUSES OF ISZM, by Jack Vance (Ace, 95¢) Reprint of an earlier Ace Double. Both halves are adventure stories on alien planets, similar in that the plot in each revolves around a weird plant. Good lightweight adventures, if you have not previously read them.

CRN, by Piers Anthony (Avon, 75¢) The title character is the best alien in science fiction since Barlennan - maybe since Twael. Plot and science are acceptable. Unfortunately, the human characters are almost totally uninteresting, and the book is padded with far too much immaterial detail. Which is why it's merely good, rather than sensational.

CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON, by Philip K. Dick (Ace, 75¢) One of Dick's adventure stories with a few odd twists. A long way from his best, but acceptable. Reprint of an earlier Ace edition.

THE CLOCKS OF IRAZ, by L. Sprague de Camp (Pyramid, 75¢) Sequel to The Goblin Tower. Prince Jorian has further adventures in de Camp's remorselessly logical barbarian setting. (At one point he flies into the sunset in a magic bathtub because he's afraid of falling off a magic carpet.) The background is far more realistic than it is in the average sword-and-sorcery novel, the characters are interesting and solidly motivated. I have no very high regard for the average s&s novel, but this is one of the few good ones.

TALES OF THE FLYING MOUNTAINS, by Poul Anderson (Collier, \$1.25) This has been out for some time, but due to poor distribution I just got a copy. This includes 7 stories (4 reprinted from ANALOG and 3 new) tied together by new material into a sort of future

history of the asteroid belt. It's an excellent book, which I suspect that too few fans have read. (I read Gene DeWeese's copy, and then kept after him until he got me one. It's still available, if you work at it.)

EIGHT FANTASMS AND MAGICS, by Jack Vance (Collier, 95¢) All these stories are reprint. "The Miracle Worker" (science and magic in another of Vance's fascinating backgrounds), "When The Five Moons Rise" (some of the fantasms of the title), "Telek" (a classic on the problems of special abilities - these being esp powers), "Noise" (a rather poetic chronicle of either madness or unusual alien contact; take your pick), "The New Prime" (testing for a galactic leader; what traits does one look for?), "Cil" (one of the episodes from Eyes of the Overworld - mediocre) "Guyal of Sferre" (one of the best of the stories from the classic The Dying Earth), and "The Men Return" (cause and effect returns to earth after an absence). Recommended if you haven't read the stories previously.

NEBULA AWARD STORIES #5, ed. by James Blish (Pocket Books, 75¢) Three winners and three runners-up. Includes "A Boy and His Dog" by Harlan Ellison (the place of love in a brutal future; possibly Ellison's best story), "Nine Lives" by Ursula K. LeGuin (the advantages and problems of cloning humans; excellent), "Passengers" by Robert Silverberg (possession; one of Silverberg's more enjoyable stories), "Not Long Before The End" by Larry Niven (a remarkably good satire of sword-and-sorcery fiction), "Time Considered As A Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" by Samuel R. Delany (a story I have never been able to finish), and "The Man Who Learned Loving" by Theodore Sturgeon (the different types of love). Plus articles by Darko Suvin and Alex Panshin, which are a bit dated now and weren't all that great to begin with, particularly Suvin's. A bargain if you haven't already read the stuff.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: 17th Series, ed. by Edward L. Ferman (Ace, 95¢) A collection from what has been, generally, the best short-story magazine in the field. Includes "Cyprian's Room" by Monica Sterba, "Out of Time, Out of Place" by George Collyn, "Von Goom's Gambit" by Victor Contoski (worth the price of the book all by itself if you haven't already read it), "Bumberboom" by Avram Davidson (also good), "Fill In The Blank", by Ron Goulart, "Balgrummo's Hell" by Russell Kirk, "Corona" by Samuel R. Delany, "The Inner Circles" by Fritz Leiber, "Problems of Creativeness" by Thomas M. Disch, "Encounter In The Past" by Robert Nathan, "The Sea Change" by Jean Cox, "The Devil and Democracy" by Brian Cleeve, and "Randy's Syndrome" by Brian Aldiss. Not really an exceptional collection, but including a couple of exceptional stories.

DELIVER US TO EVIL, by Joe L. Hensley (Crime Club, \$4.50) A good mystery novel, largely because of the absolutely convincing background of small-town (and occasional large-town) Hoosier politics. A lawyer agreeing to "look over the case" for a condemned murderer uncovers evidence against the local political machine. There are a couple of rather improbable coincidences (the main one being that his partner just happens to have legal entry to the Judge's safe), but it's a very entertaining novel. Joe knows Indiana politics, and knows how to get the knowledge across convincingly.

ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME, ed. by Dick Lupoff and Don Thompson (Ace, \$1.50) Not being any sort of comics fan - I never even read them when I was a kid, which according to the editors makes me a freak - I read this mostly because I like Dick and Don. This is purely nostalgia, with 11 chapters on various comics, each chapter written by a different person. The writing varies, with Thompson and Dick Ellington probably doing the most entertaining jobs, and Bill Blackbeard writing the one I couldn't finish. Note to Ellison fans; Harlan does one of the chapters.

Beware of the Bouquet, by Joan Aiken (Ace, 75¢) Having liked an Aiken fantasy juvenile, I screwed up my courage and tackled this gothic. It was rewarding, in a way. Not really a good book, but different - and far superior - to the average gothic. (Nobody but Aiken would have her heroine escape one of the villains by hurling a can of exploding soup at him.) The characters are memorable, if the plot isn't.

ON THE LOOSE, by Jerry & Renny Russell (Ballantine-Sierra Club, \$3.95) The usual beautiful illustrations of the Sierra Club series. The typeface is all but illegible, which considering the text is all to the good. Very bad modern-poetic style. But a lovely book to look at.



Sandra Miesel, 8755 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, IN 46240

One more word on Fritz Leiber, Sr., in the movies: he had a substantial role in THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR. I watched the whole thing last year on TV mostly for that reason and gracious, it's really not so bad. The vintage of the film is such that Leiber, Sr. then looks exactly like his son does now. The resemblance is remarkable, far more than between say Alan Hale Sr. and Alan Hale Jr. (rippin' from the mention of GILLIGAN'S ISLAND).

Something I've been meaning to take up with Bruce for a long time is his Latin grammar. He closes his columns "pax mundus" whereas it ought to be pax mundo ("peace to the world") or even pax munde ("peace, world"). But surely, Bruce, you realize I'm pedantic?

There are a few points about L-dopa Alexia omitted. First, the aphrodisiac effect which received so much publicity is observed in only 2% of the patients, so there must be a genetic factor or something else in the picture. Second, L-dopa is a dangerous drug which will never, never be sold over the counter. It's never passed the regular FDA tests for new drugs and was permitted to be used for the treatment of Parkinson's Disease only because of the desperate and incurable nature of the malady. The dosage must be experimentally determined for each patient -- an overdose is fatal. And even the tailored dosage produces unpleasant side effects like violent fluctuations of blood pressure. Long-term effects cannot be judged until the chronic toxicity studies are completed. Anyone who steals L-dopa and thinks to use it as a pop drug is in for a nasty surprise. Also, the large-scale synthesis was difficult to design and is too complicated to perform in an underground lab.

However, research on chemical analogs of L-dopa has turned up substances with stronger effects. One of these stimulated rats to mate until they fainted from exhaustion. (No, I don't know the formula.) So pharmacological aphrodisiacs are a real possibility even though I think anaphrodisiacs would be more beneficial, in view of population pressures.

After studying chemistry for seven years, what do I have to show for it? The ability to read Chemical & Engineering News. Sigh.

My mother said her librarian told her Georgette Heyer also writes under the name of Laura Conway. Mama read some and claims the idioms are just like Heyer's.

While there are plenty of Poul Anderson stories with statuesque heroines ("The Sharing of Flesh"), when a large, imperious woman is competing with a small, intrepid one, it's usually the latter who gets the hero (3 Hearts & 3 Lions, The Corridors of Time, Rogue Sword). I notice such patterns because I consider myself "medium-sized", a notion reinforced by associating with Juanita and Lee Lavell.

Jay Cornell, Jr., 213 West Residence, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, MI 49242

The editorials were interesting as usual. Blast you, Bruce, you saw THE FORBIN PROJECT! Being at college is not helpful in giving one time to watch television, but I made a special effort to watch the listings for that. Then, the other day, I mentioned the movie offhand to someone, who then said, "Oh, but that was on a few weeks ago!" One single thing in an entire season I want to see, and I somehow manage to miss it.

Both Locke and deCamp were good, but I believe that Alexis Gilliland's article on L-dopa was incomplete. I seem to remember reading something on the side effects of the drug when used in a capacity besides the treatment of Parkinson's disease. I don't remember where, though.

To Jackie Franke: In general, I support Women's Lib, but only in a complete sense. By this, I mean eliminating inequalities in all areas of life, and not just inequalities which favor males. We should repeal laws limiting the amount of weight a woman can lift on the job, those limiting the amount of time they can work, etc. Customs

should be changed, too. Men shouldn't hold doors or give up seats for women, or, a situation which greatly affects me, be required to pay for everything every time on a date. And finally, women should be drafted.

Now, I'm not being facetious; I really feel these things could be changed. But if you don't support complete Women's Lib, I feel you are a hypocrite. Do you?

The rest of the issue was very good, and your art, in the last few issues, shows a noticeable improvement. Have you been on a planned program to improve it, or have you been getting better contributions (or is it all my imagination?)?

One of the most interesting things I picked up at Noreascon was a copy of Yandro 108, from January 1962. It was surprising in many ways, but the most astonishing was the appearance of two pieces of Fan Fiction!!! Yes, it's true, two short stories in a Coulson publication!!! After reading your consistently negative comments toward it in every Strange Fruit, I could hardly believe it. Can you explain this skeleton I have dragged out of your closet? I'll bet this is the first time you've ever gotten a comment on an issue nearly 10 years back. Ghod, you've been publishing one fanzine regularly since before I was born...

/You don't think I'd make negative comments about something I had no experience with, do you? I've even written the filthy stuff; mine was about as bad as anyone else's.// Juanita fully agrees with you on Women's Lib -- as long as you do agree to equalize things where they get the short end of the stick, like salaries and advancement in a profession. I rather imagine Jackie would too. Rather oddly, I was brought up in the old-school tradition that the woman's place is in the home, and the man should be the "provider" for the family, and I still tend to cling to it. But the women I get along with best all are liberated types. Something wrong there... RSC No, something right; a solid ego that isn't threatened by a thinking person who happens to be female. Before I was married, I gave Buck a hard time because I didn't understand I was supposed to walk on the inside of the sidewalk, let him help me on with my coat, push in my chair, and what on Earth was wrong with me holding the door open for him if I happened to be first in line or he had his arms full? As for "dating", my dates were usually trips to cons, where gas was split up equally among everyone in the car and everyone paid for his/her own meals, so I don't follow your argument at all; if your girls/women expect to have their tabs picked up every single time, I don't think much of them. I was seven in 1941, and it was some time before I realized that all those WACs, SPARs, and whatever women in service weren't being drafted; I was horrified when I found out, thinking women were being discriminated against -- that the draft boards thought women weren't as patriotic in WWII as the men were (I was very young, remember). I feel the same way now. If the draft is valid for males, it is valid for females. As for laws against working extra hours -- what it means is a school teacher, for example, can work all kinds of extra hours, but because it isn't coaching (a male job) she doesn't get paid for it. JWC/

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

Buck, nothing can give freedom of the press a bad name. It's an eternal virtue brought to us in times of peace and freedom -- all three minutes worth since Creation (neat Biblical reference, huh, Irv?). Now, the Christian Beacon is really very amusing, almost as amusing as Yandro.

Jackie Franke's article states the case well. Ok, Dan-



iel Dickinson, and you too Tackett, what can you say to that?

I'm afraid Women's Liberation is only the tip of the oft-used iceberg. As women assume more traditionally masculine positions and postures, ~~and~~ perhaps some men will take traditionally feminine jobs because they feel that the discrimination against that kind of non-conformity will have lessened to a considerable degree. Ok, what will this mean for an even more looked down upon liberation movement called gay lib? I'm thinking that some of the violently anti Women's Lib propaganda comes from ill-adjusted heterosexuals who have a basic homo streak in them, but are afraid to exercise it. Women's Lib success would make their fragile sexual charade even more insecure and easily toppled. There's an element of gayness in some of the supermasculine posturing of the antifeminists that is illuminating, to say the least. However, the true success of Women's Lib would assure homosexual rights more than any other movement presently gaining converts. If women are thought of as other than one-dimensional sex objects, then the resulting changes in social roles will give the homosexual a greater opportunity to assert his/her right to an alternative form of sexuality too. In short, a strong Women's Lib movement would complement a gay movement, not hinder it.

Well, well, what would Jackie Franke say to that? How many straight women would desert their Liberation Movement if they thought it would help "queers"? I fear that Women's Lib will not truly become People's Lib until many of the leaders of the movement are ready to accept the possibility of a lesbian caucus, or the male fellow travelers to accept the probability of a homosexual group within their ranks.

The implications for fandom are there too. I predict that in a few years there will be as much acceptance of homosexuality in fandom as there now is of drugs. Why? Simply because I have a good idea there are a vanguard of such people already in fandom. Interesting ramifications: would you vote an avowed gay for TAFF? BNF X, one of your best friends, turns out to be gay. Gay fandom demands a special bar for themselves at the next worldcon -- whenever that is (I'm not referring to LA). Where would this put the good liberals of fandom? Would they mouth airy rhetoric, such as they did about blacks -- no one has called them on that yet. There simply aren't enough militant blacks in fandom to force the liberals to reveal the true racist tint to their "some of my best friends are..." rationalization. I wager that the modern, now, a-go-go liberal will have some tough decisions to make re gays and other alternate forms of sexuality before too many years in fandom. Since fandom is mostly good liberals, it will be enlightening to see what perversions from the norm majority rule will accept.

/Far as I know, homosexuals are accepted in fandom right now. I've known a few, and while I think they have a mental handicap, it hardly seems any worse than that of the fan who has to get drunk or stoned at a party in order to enjoy himself. (I wouldn't throw a homo out of my house, but I damned well would a drunk.) RSC/

Rick Brooks, RR #1, Box 167, Fremont IN 46737

Had a friendly debate with a fellow from Ohio on which state had the worst governor. Each of us found it hard to believe that the other was worse than ours. I can see Whitcomb with a bodyguard like out of THE GODFATHER. But Indiana businessmen aren't like that...I think.

Saw the Ballew case in The National Observer (a pretty decent paper). Saw an account much like it only the victim got beat up when he was sent to a friend's home and found the police had broken in and were carrying out papers, said friend being a famous author. Of course, this happened in Soviet Russia.

Jackie Franke's article was a bit strong. I shall have to watch what I say in the Robin we're both in. Such things make me nervous as I have enough trouble with women who don't have axes to grind.

Jeremy Potter's TRAIL OF BLOOD is damn good. It has the best theory to account for the contradictions of the mystery of the two princes that I've run into. One is drowned in an escape attempt (I lean to both, but then there would have been not nearly so much of a story.) and the other escapes to reach the nearest Yorkist, Bishop Russell, who

makes him swear to take holy orders. I prefer it to Tey's theory and the writing is good too. Try Potter before you knock him.

Agree with your answer to Jackie Franke's letter. Banning a new insecticide wrongly on suspicion isn't going to bother me near as much as missing one that will leave a string of victims.

I still think that BF Skinner is backing an obsolete and incomplete theory. His vested interest is his reputation. I believe it was Niels Bohr, the great physicist, who stated that the only way for a revolutionary theory in physics to gain acceptance was for all the old guard to die off while the newer ones had picked up the theory in their education.

If it's mostly that way in a cut and dried area like physics, think of how much harder it is to get at the nearest theory to the facts in psychology. I still recommend THE THIRD FORCE by Goble.

What is the matter with your friendly neighborhood drive-in? I notice that they've been demoted from triple-X movies to only double-X.

And did you notice the sweet little topless, bottomless dancer that has been pinched three out of the last four nights by the fuzz in Ft. Wayne? The local paper and WOWO are unsure (or confused) on whether she was Miss Nude Universe or just Miss Nude America. Obviously, police state persecution infringing on her right of free expression.

Ross's story in the October IF took me a paragraph to recognize. It then hit me that I'd skimmed by a mention of it in Locus. I understand that IF has gotten much nasty mail. I hope Boucher's widow sues.

Hank Davis in Y209 rubbed me the wrong way by saying the taxpayers shouldn't pay for childcare centers. Really, Hank, punishing the children for the sins of the parents is terribly Old Testament. Also terribly stupid.

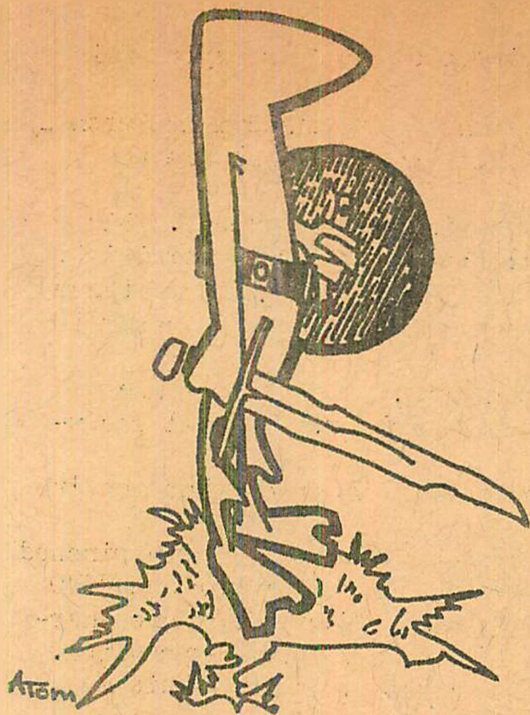
Am reading Mark Twain's THE DAMNED HUMAN RACE. If I were one of the "heroes" of the Philippines that he dusts off, I'd stay out of public view. Twain was very anti-war except where we freed Cuba. And he doubted the aftermath of that.

Went down to a SE Asia conference at Bowling Green, Ohio. It dealt mainly with Japan, which I'm taking a course on. Edwin O. Reischauer, the big name among experts on Japan, was there. He is a very good speaker. He was stressing the view that we need to consider the whole world. A minister from the Japanese Embassy was there and calmly ran off statistics to prove that Japan had the worst of the balance of payments with the US and that the US has more protectionist regulars on imports than Japan does. A hard act to follow.

/What the hell kind of a SE Asia conference deals mainly with Japan? Don't they have any maps in your school?// I didn't knock Potter; I said he'd have to be damned good to convince me. If he is, fine.// It wasn't the getting arrested that was the funniest bit about Suzanne Haines; it was her getting thrown out of court when she was wearing a perfectly respectable jumpsuit. (Well, maybe an outfit with a V-neckline down to the navel isn't perfectly respectable, but she was covered enough to be "decent". RSC Childcare centers: fact remains that a lot of the women who want tax supported childcare centers are themselves tax payers, and arguing they aren't entitled to some use out of their tax money is problematical. Lord knows there are enough tax supported edifices and projects running around that large percentages of the taxpayers never have occasion to use. Not surprising some of the lower classes are starting to rear up on their hind legs and demand their share of the pie. JWC/

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

Juanita, you sold a book. Wonderful! But why didn't you give us the details: What's the title? When will it be published? How do you expect us to run out and buy copies if we don't know what we're looking for? Modesty is fine but can be overdone. How do you expect me to wave it around and tell people to read it? Rene will probably read it. She's wild for stories like gothics.



You've noticed it too, eh? There is no way you can get ahead. Always there is something else. It's some sort of comment on the borderline existence we lead, I think. I sit back and calculate my salary and it seems -- on paper -- I'm doing pretty good, but income just barely stays even with outgo. Wander into the store to buy groceries and end up shaking my head. Sure don't get much for 50 bucks. So, hey, we're 50 bucks ahead. And then the pump breaks down. Chrys tries to run a budget. She says automotive maintenance is so far in the hole it would take a couple of years to get it even, even if we got rid of the car. Ah well.

Elections? Ah, yes.

This was really an off year here. No candidates for anything, only 10 constitutional proposals, and the local option question to be voted on. About 10% of the electorate turned out. Amendment #1 concerned lowering the voting age in New Mexico to 18. Inasmuch as the US Constitution has already done that it was something of a redundant question, but was left on the ballot in order to clean up the state constitution and bring it in line

with Federal law. Surprisingly, this became one of the hottest issues, with a large number of seemingly informed people arguing against it. Eighteen year olds, they said, were too immature to vote. It makes one wonder who is immature, no? Anyway, on election day we had 18 year olds voting on the proposition of whether or not they could vote. The tally was around 40,000 for and 20,000 against, so the measure failed. Eh? Yes? Any proposition affecting the franchise requires a 3/4 majority in 2/3 of the counties. Which is why the NM constitution still says that women and Indians (and 18 year olds) are not eligible to vote in New Mexico.

Proposition 8 in this immediate past election would have made it easier to change that section of the constitution, but Proposition 8 was handily defeated.

Proposition 2, as it appeared on the ballot, read "to establish limits on legislative pay". What it actually did was double the salaries of our legislators. But nobody knew that unless they read the fine print of the bill.

The reason the turnout is so poor on elections of this type is that they are rather meaningless anyway, and the politicians will do whatever they want regardless of what the voters say. As, for example, the local option thing. The legislature decreed that booze could be sold on Sundays, but referendums could be held to determine whether or not the people wanted it. They also decreed that cities and counties should vote separately. So in Albuquerque the city voters approved Sunday sales but the Bernalillo County voters turned it down. Various local powers-that-be who have saloons outside the city limits immediately appealed to the state Attorney General, who ruled that counties and cities couldn't be separated like that, and the proposition applied to the county as a whole -- so Sunday sales are now legal throughout Bernalillo County.

Course, there are a couple of counties where the ruling applies in vice versa fashion.

This was Diana's first chance to vote and she got all charged up about it. Got to admit that she did go about it intelligently, getting copies of the propositions and all like that. The fact that there were no candidates took some of the edge off it, though. She's eager for next November so she can carry on a 25 year family tradition of voting against Richard Nixon.

Buck, quite agree on the matters of Coleman and Franklin. Read about the Ballew case in National Observer and, if I can judge by that story, you oversimplify. I don't approve of the no-knock law at all and would fight like mad if they tried to pass something like that out here. However, it's alleged that Ballew was something of an ex-

tremist with a cache of arms and, as they say out here, he drew first. I've read nothing on the case outside the Observer story. It didn't make the papers out here in the hinterlands. Maybe next month. Our newspapers are locally referred to as "historical journals".

A local radio station recently ran what they called "a sort of ho-hum contest". Draw a picture of one of the new djs. First prize was a year's subscription to the morning paper. Second prize was a two years' sub to the evening paper. Third prize was dinner with the dj.

LArea fandom sure gets a lot of mileage out of their poker games. I think Locke's makes about the 9th or 10th article I've seen on LArea's poker games. I'm trying to figure out how Phoebe cooks grilled cheese sandwiches -- in a frying pan?

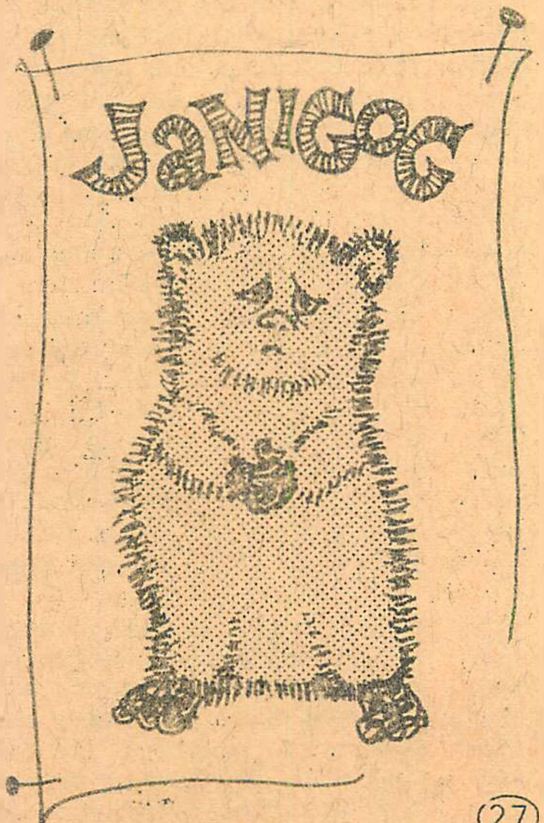
Ha! Dynatron 46 was not largely concerned with archaeology. It was largely concerned with history.

/When we find out what Juanita's novel is titled and when it will be published, we'll let you know. Her title was "Queen of Swords", but Moorcock beat her to the punch on that one.// Ballew had 8 modern firearms and 14 blackpowder replicas; he was a gun collector. If I ever get into trouble with the ATFD, I'm sure the National Observer will say that I have a cache of guns and am an extremist, too. (Which is what worries me, of course...) A signed statement from ATFD investigator William Seals admits that he shot first. Ballew had a cap-and-ball revolver in his hand; if someone starts battering down my door at night, I'm going to have a gun in my hand, too. (Whether the assault team announced their intentions in advance is disputed; they say they did.) RSC/

Paul Anderson, 21 Mulga Road, Hawthorndene, South Australia, Australia 5051

I hadn't intended it to be so long between letters but I have been sending some overdue locs to various faneds and giving some suggestions as to who would be worthy candidates for DUFF and why they should nominate you. I think I can get the support to at least the Coulsons on the ballot at the Australian end of things. Perhaps you could get a nomination from Bob Tucker after the nice things that he said about you in his column in Granfalloon 13. I assumed that he was not entirely serious in the tone of the article, but I was not too sure of the taste of the whole thing. After all, the fans can depend on the Coulsons to give honest comments rather than nice but useless ones.

I see that you are in the process of taking over a new Aussie zine, or at least you appear to be with an article and a couple of letters in Gegenschein 3. I notice in your reply concerning review copies of books that you omit to mention that they do not get finished if they do not measure up as good reading. Fortunately I can choose to a large extent the books that I start, but I make too many mistakes in the ones that I start. I have just finished SOLARIS, and I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, and while they might seem to have very little in common I found them to be very similar as they both depended to a great extent on dialogue between the galahs of characters. SOLARIS also suffered because of Lem's liking for the method of telling the reader about his great



inventive mind in thinking up such a wondrous thing as an intelligent planet, rather than showing him anything. I got sick of it the first time around -- some months ago -- when he took the best part of a chapter for the hero to read library books to get information to the reader. The worst part of it was that he was supposed to already have knowledge of the books he read and it was just a blatant fraud to lecture the ~~blatant~~ readers with the background of his masterpiece. Frankly, CAMP CONCENTRATION was far better in my opinion and I am surprised at all of the fans liking it so much. Bruce Gillespie is on record as loving it of course and he has said that he will review it in the next ish of SFC to tell Bob Silverberg why it is so great. I can hardly wait. I'm not sure why but I seem to be agreeing with your reviews more often than I disagree -- is that a good sign or a bad sign as far as fandom is concerned?

Turning now to Juanita's editorial in Y204 I sympathise with her on not getting the better of the BBC tv programs. We get most of them as well as a lot of the rubbish. The series which is just finishing this weekend is a very good historical documentary cum TVplay series on British history. It started with 6 programs on the reign of Henry VIII and then that was followed by another 6 programs on Elizabeth R, with most of the earlier cast continuing in their old roles. Unfortunately the series was a little bloodthirsty, with all of the schemings and double dealing around the throne as the Protestants and the Catholics maneuvered for power. Rarely a week goes by without somebody being packed off to the Tower. Oh well, I read that the British miss out on SESAME STREET as their heirarchy dismiss it as the usual Yankee stuff. I can not see it, but Mum says that it is very good, or at least the bits of it that she does see in between the general housework and gardening (tending to the orchids).

I see that Dennis Lien is back to his best with the synopsis of that crudzine; it's a pity that we do not have zines like that now, as when they are bad now they are just plain bad and not hilarious. The main cases in point being New Worlds and Galaxy of a couple of years ago. It was pretty hard, but Liz managed to match the earlier column and this is shaping up to be one of the best that I have yet seen of Yandro. The illustration on page 19 just matched the image that I get of a frustrated Fishman! The rest of the ish was up to the normal standard as one of the best and/or most interesting fmz around.

I see from the review in Y201/5 that we in Australia are missing out on another collection of cartoons available in the United States. I rather like Broom Hilda, although perhaps a whole book of them may be a little much to take all at once. The strips are printed in our morning paper in Adelaide, but I am not sure if the Eastern states have them -- it may be only that I do not bother to get the paper concerned. Quite a lot of them are so far Right that the only truthful thing about them is likely to be the sports results. A good case in point was the treatment of the Attica State riot and the attack on the prison by Rockefeller's troops. The local morning paper usually fails to give an unbiased report of events as they are a conservative or Liberal paper, but they managed to give the establishment viewpoint without too much distortion of the facts this time. Unfortunately, this was not so with other papers. In Melbourne their syndicated paper managed to remain true to the official line that the hostages were mistreated and killed well before the attack, even for days after the Coroner publicly disagreed with the propaganda put out by Rockefeller. It took a long time for the Sun to get it into their heads that he might be lying (as usual). In Adelaide, the last paper to realise that simple fact was the rag that tries to put on a front that it is a working man's paper. It prints everything that is in the remotest way sensational as long as it could help perpetuate the Conservative Federal government, i.e., the government party squabbles are played down as much as possible while those of the opposition are given extensive coverage.

/I didn't finish either SOLARIS or I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, though I did sort of skim through SOLARIS to the conclusion. Now that we can get PBS with some of the British programs, Inote that our tv-watching has about doubled. RSC/ PBS ran , this last Sunday, the Jane Seymour segment of the Henry VIII plays; it is the second time around for the programs, since they were previously carried on a commercial network. I managed to miss the Catherine of Aragon program both times; the fates must know that deep in my heart I'm a Boleyn partisan. JWC/

Bob Briney, 245 Lafayette St., Apt. 3G, Salem, MA 01970

I rather enjoyed McCaffrey's RING OF FEAR, though the characters were the sort that I'd rather encounter in books than in person. I missed her first Gothic, which never showed up on the local newsstands.

Just received a review copy of Keith Laumer's first mystery novel, DEADFALL. He should stick to sf. This one is a deliberate pastiche of Raymond Chandler, and I had to keep checking the title page to convince myself that the byline was Laumer and not Stan Freberg...

Recently I have been saturating myself in Louis L'Amour westerns. Bantam has apparently decided to reissue every one he ever wrote. There are at least 30 different L'Amour titles on display at the paperback store in North Station in Boston. There were several that I had read long ago but had not kept copies of; the lack has now been repaired.

Fawcett finally reprinted Donald Hamilton's THE MAN FROM SANTA CLARA (under the title THE TWO-SHOT GUN); my copy of the old Dell pb had long ago fallen apart from re-reading. Now if only they will do the same service for his THE BIG COUNTRY, my collection of Hamilton's books will be complete.

Sandra Miesel, 8711 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, IN 46240

You'll have to see the locs in the latest Granfalloon -- some people took Tucker's piece seriously. Mike Glicksohn scolded Linda for running "personal attacks"! I also intend to set Linda straight on Yandro's "low" circulation.

Not much to comment on the latest Yandro but since bats do constitute the major reservoir of rabies in the US I trust that Liz takes care to keep Rotten separated from the little rodents. A rabid Rotten is too awful to contemplate...

Actually bats are interesting to watch from a safe vantage point. We detained one for a day in the lab when I was at Illinois. Their wings are so translucent one can see their blood vessels and their whiskers are marvels of delicacy.

Surely, Juanita, you're doing it too brown with that bit on the usage of "girl" in responding to Irv Jacobs' loc. The offensiveness arises when the noun is inappropriately applied just as when an adult Negro man is called a "boy". I don't like to hear grown women referred to as "girls" when it's intended to make them sound frivolous (the inmates of brothels are generally designated "girls") but it's otherwise harmless. And let us not forget Harlan's St. LouisCon mention of "liberated chick": a usage on par with "revolutionary colored person".

/But I thought the inmates of brothels were extremely businesslike and not at all frivolous... I particularly liked Glicksohn's letter in Gf, but then most people who commented at all appeared to take Tucker seriously. Speaking of my evil reputation, there's a line in SYLVESTER, by Georgette Heyer, that I like: "Towards all but the very few people he loves I fear he will always be largely indifferent." RSC/

John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Avenue, Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922

Three years ago I coodn't spell fuhghed; now I are wun! Or at least, everybody seems to think I'm a bigger fugghead for calling off that "Holy War" than for starting it (Locus included!).

Seriously, I don't think I "caused" the death of the New Wave, which still exists -- only not as the all-powerful movement it was in 1968. The main cause of the decline was, as I said, boredom and economics. The only things I can claim credit for are (1) tricking Ellison and Spinrad, and a few others, into making nasty attacks on me in SFR and the SFWA Forum -- thus making me an "underdog" and forfeiting the "underdog" role they had been exploiting; and (2) providing a convenient lightning rod to protect other critics of the New Wave (who can now say with impunity, "Now Pierce is a fugg-head, of course, but still the New Wave is overrated," and thus speak their minds without being subjected to personal abuse themselves.

As for biased reviews -- well, I announced my bias in the first issue of Renais-

sance, and see no reason for repeating it every issue (except as it is implied in the masthead). If there's anybody left who doesn't know my bias by now, I don't know where he's been.

/I can't really imagine a critic who needs protection -- and if I found one I would consider him beneath contempt -- but I must admit that's a much more rational letter than I got from the other fanzine editor I jumped on last issue. (Rich seemed incensed that I would dare question his position as one of the social arbiters of fandom.) RSC/

George Flynn, 27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren RI 02885

Some belated remarks on Yandros (Yandri?) 208-210, all of which I finally got around to reading in one sitting. That was over two weeks ago, but fortunately I made notes, most of which I can still interpret. I'll go more or less in order.

Amen to Juanita's remarks (208,2-3) on NASA. Trouble is, though, that the next comeback is, "Why not be more efficient and work on these wonderful things directly, rather than as a byproduct?" And let's face it, if space isn't valuable in its own right, it certainly is wasteful, so we do have to fight it out on the fundamental question. (This assumes that the opposition is logical, which is probably dubious since so many seem to think the money goes to the moon.)

Is that MONSTERS AND STARSONGS (208/16), instead of MOONFERNS, a Freudian slip revealing your feeling about Silverberg? Personally, I do admire his recent work, (and voted for TOWER OF GLASS). I'm not sure that I understood SON OF MAN, but I did find it interesting. (Has anyone yet remarked on the resemblance to A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS?)

I can't understand either why COLOSSUS (218/19; 210/3) didn't do better in the Hugo voting. But then I'm not particularly in sympathy with voting "no award" under any circumstances (unless a candidate doesn't even belong on the ballot, as I thought about last year's dramatic winner).

Jackie Franke (208/24) wants a term for "fans who have been in this thing for ages"; did anyone ever propose "paleofans"? ("Gerontofans" would be unkind, I suppose.) Some other vocabulary notes: Sure, I sometimes say "Balderdash!" myself; I prefer "Fiddle-de-dee!", though. Not only is "euthanized" (210/4) a horrid euphemism, it isn't even properly formed -- should be "euthanatized".

You say (208/29) that "experimenting belongs in the laboratory", but in the case of experimental fiction isn't "public consumption" itself the laboratory? Perhaps you should be more careful with your use of the term "garbage", lest your readers think (misguidedly, of course) that you intend a value judgment rather than mere identification; naturally, you wouldn't want to do that with your low taste (210/23).

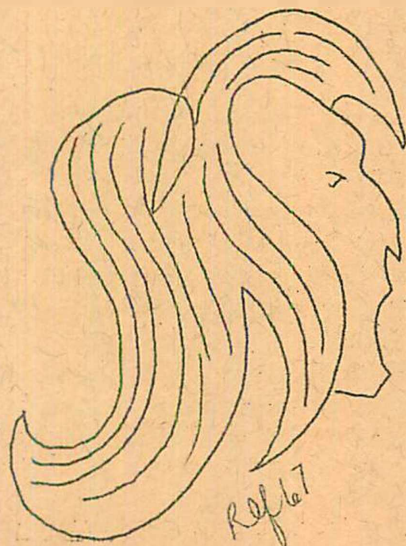
I suppose it's comforting to find a scrap of evidence (209/4) that I'm not the only fan who goes to cons wearing a suit and tie.

One thing's obvious about the Irwin Ross affair (210/1): The man certainly doesn't know much about SF readers, much less fans, if he thought he could get away with it.

Lindsay (210/3): Funny, the impression one gets back here is that his popularity increases as one gets away from the Atlantic. Maybe it's only until he shows up in person?

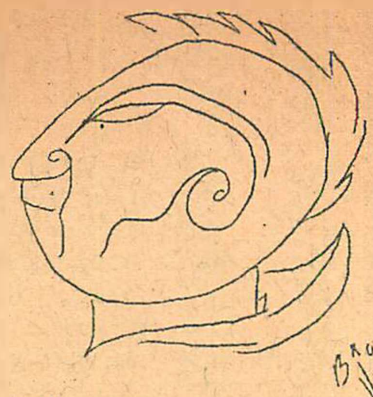
That's John Stuart Mill, without the "s" (210/15).

The trouble with the DDT issue (210/25-26) is that both sides usually ignore each other's arguments. One side says the ecology will collapse if we keep using it; the other side that there'll be famine and pestilence if we don't. Of course, no one likes to consider the possibility that both are right. Which cheer-



ful thought seems like a good place to stop.

/Yeah, the midwest press seems to like Lindsay, and he seems popular with the liberals, but he certainly didn't make much of a showing in person. Of course, in this county most of the people are for Wallace, which is why I seem to be a conservative in fandom and a liberal at work.// Unfortunately the sorry fact is that nobody would work on those wonderful things directly, or have the budget to do much with them, except as space byproducts. It's the same as "taking that money out of space and putting it to work here on earth": the speaker has lost touch with reality. RSC/



Mary Schaub, Box 218 c/o C. S. Schaub, Apex NC 27502

I didn't know that you were associated with the UNCLE book series. I rather liked their first season on TV, but they got overly farcical after that. I've seen the various books, but haven't read any of them. Books based on TV series are usually dismal, but I trust yours wasn't.

I noted that biography of Mary Tudor the other day, the one by Rosemary Churchill, but I have a strong dislike for the lady (Mary Tudor, that is), so decided I'd rather spend my 75 or 95¢ elsewhere. My British history text from college remarked, rather drolly, I thought, that when she died, people lit bonfires and staged a wild celebration to show how overjoyed they were to be rid of her (her Spanish husband prudently fled before he could be seized). The dreary, single-minded, religious fanaticism that drove Mary was due so much to the hatred she had learned from her mother, Catherine of Aragon. I noticed on the blurbs for the paperback edition that the publisher was trumpeting how bravely she had stood up to the tyrannous Henry, and what a romantic heroine she was -- I thought of the cold face of her portrait and the dozens of heretics she had burned, and put the thing back in the drugstore rack.

I haven't been in a Heyer mood for a while, but no doubt I'll dive back in one of these days and pick up some of the titles I've accumulated but haven't read yet. I hope you can find out where she gets her knowledge of guns. A few years back, our newspaper ran a story in which they mentioned the ".88 mm anti-aircraft guns" the Germans used so effectively as anti-tank weapons -- someone wrote into say that .88 mm was a rather small bore, but the ammunition cost would have been infinitesimal, so maybe they peppered their foes with shot. I can see an .88mm gun now, narrow little rascal, something like a pea-shooter, as it were.

/Actually, there were two good U.N.C.L.E. writers; "Thomas Stratton" (Gene and I) and Dave McDaniel. The rest of the pb series ranged from mediocre to abysmal. (Modest, aren't I?) RSC/

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

Crusader Service Center letterhead, eh? I saw an ad yesterday for The Revolting Development Company. For a sense of wonder, there's a real travel agency down the road apace called Time Travel, Inc. Then there's Grennell's Intrepid Promulgating. How about Promiscuity, Ltd?

I just finished H. Allen Smith's BUSKIN'. Recommended. Trident Press, and only a year or two old, I think. I haven't got it here to quote, but buried in one of the case studies of people who had been treated with coffee enemas was something to the effect: After leaving the bar he was found lying almost comatose in an alley, with both hands inside his fly. Claimed he was wrestling with a giant anaconda.

Let's see if I've got something in the way of a letter of comment on #210.

I'd guess your cover is a Prosser. Looks like his style, although I haven't one of his illos to compare it with and haven't seen his stuff for a long time.

Definitely not one of my better columns.

The Chemistry of Sex and Parkinson's Disease didn't go anywhere. Started out as a straight informational notice and got a bit light toward the end. A promising topic for a humorous article, but it wasn't developed right.

Ride of the Valkyrie was interesting. I ain't got no comments, but I do have a question. "By adulthood there are more females than males and the gap increases with each passing year." "More than fifty percent of the world's population is female." The first quote would lead one to believe that a lot more than fifty percent of the population is female. Not just 'more than'.

Nuts. I thought you'd review Pelf.

Around these parts you'll often hear the expression "no thanks, I've got to watch a re-run of GILLIGAN'S ISLAND". This is a facetious put-down employed when somebody invites you over to a party at their place, or out to lunch or something. The fact that that particular show is used in this line would tend to indicate that you aren't the only one who finds it somewhat undesirable tv fare. But then, have you ever seen PRIMUS, or NICHOLS, or THIS IS YOUR LIFE (Hulbert Prunepit), or the LUCY re-runs?

There seem to be a few more good shows on this year than in the past few. For one thing, out here they're showing re-runs of WILD, WILD WEST every night at 6:00. Although I seldom get home in time to see many of them. ALL IN THE FAMILY is, of course, probably the best thing going. I find CANNON a worthwhile show, mainly because of William Conrad although occasionally they've got a worthwhile plot. I thought COLOMBO was going to wear too fast, but it comes in a close second in my own Nielsen and I haven't yet tired of the gimmick (and the plots are great). NIGHT GALLERY has had some good episodes. MARY TYLER MOORE SHCW, DICK VAN DYKE (after a bad premiere), THE PERSUADERS, CADE'S COUNTY, all amusing. And I still dig GUNSMOKE. And my four-year-old and I roll out of bed every Saturday morning in time for PINK PANTHER...

And the movies are getting newer. Hell, they just showed COLOSSUS, only a few months after it dropped out of the theatre listings around here.

/Well, Jackie didn't say how much "more than". (Probably didn't have the figures handy.) Don't I have BUSKIN' in paperback? Think it's in the massive stack somewhere. You watch a lot more tv than I do. ALIAS SMITH AND JONES is the only one I watch every week (and my bad influence got to it, I see), though I usually watch ALL IN THE FAMILY, NIGHT GALLERY, MARY TYLER MOORE, and some of the PBS shows, notably THE FIRST CHURCHILLS, which is being re-run here. RSC // At least COLOSSUS was shown in the theatres (even if improperly handled, I gather, by the FR people); as opposed to EARTH II, which turned out to be such a turkey the studio didn't dare release it theatrically but stuffed it into a hasty tv movie slot, perhaps hoping no one would notice it. That film must be one of the most expensive bombs to come along since the Manhattan Project took off. JWC/

Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford NY 14534

As a matter of fact, yet, I did read the pb of HAVE SPACE SUIT..., and still enjoyed it. I also read another review of it, in a British fanzine, Terry Jeeves', which liked it even worse than you -- couldn't even finish it, if I recall. I have a theory about my liking that. Goes something like this. If you read stories at exactly the right impressionable age, they will strike you in an intimate and indelible mark. The result will be that you can go back to these stories years later, note all the obvious flaws, and still enjoy them. This seems to be the case with Van Vogt, and also with some of the Heinlein juveniles. Today, I can see all the flaws I never noticed when I read THE WORLD OF NULL-A a decade ago -- but I can still enjoy rereading it. On the other hand, I can't read Van Vogt's current output, which certainly isn't that much worse than his old material. Ditto for this novel -- although to some extent, I know I enjoyed the absurdity of the whole thing. I think Heinlein was certainly an experienced enough writer when he wrote HAVE SPACE SUIT to realize the absurdity of his whole idea, and it seems to me as if he was playing with this very idea.

Maybe I'm reading something into it, but this did seem to aid my enjoyment.

Rather than vote for "Slow Sculpture," I would rather have had "Continued on Next Rock" -- or even "No Award".

You say, "I think you like emotional sf and I don't, as a rule (with an exception for Sturgeon)." Hmmm. I never really thought that I did, never felt particularly drawn to many of the more emotional writers. Perhaps it's more that I'm drawn to theatricality in fiction, than actually emotional sf. I would rank as the writers I enjoy most people like Zelazny, Delany, and Ellison on one hand -- but also Heinlein, Asimov, and Clarke on the other. I think perhaps I appreciate an emotional impact well done, as I feel to be the case with Suzette Hayden Elgin's FURTHEST. And I also enjoy Thomas Burnett Swann's unabashedly emotional novels -- as do you!

I notice your comments on ORBIT 8 seem a bit, um, uneven? What I mean is that your rankings, story by story, include: "excellent story," "excellent fantasy," "excellent short story," "interesting but not exceptional," "lovely little item," "excellent" and of course some less comments. And then after ranking at least five stories very highly, you say the series is going downhill rapidly. Just what sort of miracles are you expecting from damon?

Oh -- hey, Buck, here's something you'll find interesting. When I was in Syracuse a couple of days, I noticed the newspapers were not printing the title of Mike Nichols' new film: CARNAL KNOWLEDGE. All the ads listed were the stars and the director, and in the film listings, it said: "Feature, 8:30". And in yesterday's Variety, I saw that practice was being followed at various places around the country. CARNAL KNOWLEDGE, the name, being censored? Even for Syracuse that's pretty bad.

I'd advise you to tackle TOWER OF GLASS again; it undoubtedly isn't the Great American SF Novel, but it is considerably better than you imply here, and is certainly more than simply a civil rights novel. Actually, TO LIVE AGAIN came out considerably before I WILL FEAR NO EVIL; Silverberg's Amazing novel, THE SECOND TRIP, struck me as much more likely influenced by the Heinlein opus. Seemed as if Silverberg read IWFNE, said to himself, "I've played with similar ideas before, and can Do Better Here" -- and then went ahead and did better.

/He wouldn't have had to do very well to improve on Heinlein that time.//
Unevenness; for one thing, as I recall, all the longer items in that book were pretty crappy, meaning I disliked far more wordage in the book than I liked, and the overall impression wasn't good. But probably "going downhill rapidly" was an overstatement.// With exceptions for Sturgeon and Swann? RSC/

Liz Fishman, 312 East Drive, Oakwood, OH 45419

I do indeed know you have no sales resistance when it comes to books, and I told my sister all about it; I'm the only who's mercenary, actually. And since Sue loved the idea, and since you have your book, all three of us managed to make each other happy. So, yes, setting you up as a mark was nice of me. Think about it.

Fate may be against my moving to California, but I'm all for it -- we'll just have to see which of us will win out. I still have my ticket, and I refuse to return it. I just keep calling every couple months and changing the date of flight, and I'm going to keep doing that until I'm finally on that plane. You just wait and see, Reverend, just wait and see.

No, the bats didn't repossess the writer -- I've had to hold back after that first spurt of optimism (and blatant disobedience of doctor's orders) because I found myself tiring too easily. I'm really on my way to recovery this time so I'm going to move back into fandom gradually. I'm going to work on my column for you, and then start one for Lynn Hickman. When I've completed those I'll try to catch up on my correspondence.

/She also said, in regard to a comment I'd made about her introducing the Franks to Yandro, that from the things Jackie wrote about herself, Liz decided she'd probably like a crotchety old so-and-so like me. (We de-

scend on Oakwood, I hold her and you pull her hair, Right, Jackie?)
No column yet; Rotten probably got hold of the typewriter and it's been
foaming at the platen. RSC/

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 6QL United Kingdom

Smoking...yes, we are hopeless people to folks like you. That's because we cannot smell the tobacco and so unless wary, are unaware of offense. Yet to the tobacco addict, it is a real deprivation to do without. I do try to remember when I am among non-smokers. I remember in NY...the Wollheims didn't smoke, the Lupoffs didn't smoke ...and I didn't like to light up much. Was a real relief when I met Chris Steinbrunner and found him puffing away! Tobacco undoubtedly deadens the sense of smell; isn't it a pity that cigs do not smell like roses, then no one would mind! And isn't our sense of smell a peculiar thing? Why is it that one thing smells nice and another horrid? And why are some smells socially acceptable and others cost pounds to buy?

/Yes, I'd mind no matter what it smelled like. I don't know if your smoking could give me lung cancer (though our Surgeon General seems to think it wouldn't do me any good), but I do know that I can get a worse hang-over from a smoke-filled room than I ever did from alcohol. (I don't mean one or two people smoking; I am referring to that blue haze that appears at some parties,) Odors are interesting though, and depend a lot on the person. For example, I find that skunk -- at a distance -- is rather pleasant (and remarkably similar to the odor of catnip). It's the acrid industrial odors that get to me -- another reason I dislike cities. RSC/

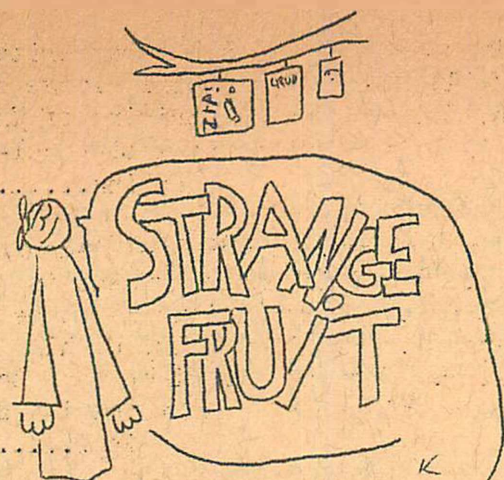
Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

The combination of Jackie Franke's article and Dave Locke's column was striking. I hope one of the things Femlib will free us of is that sort of "dumb wife" humor in which the sneer is imperfectly hidden by a veneer of fond amusement. No personal attack on Dave intended, but I'm sure that if the men who love to tell stories about how their wives can burn water were to take a look at themselves they'd see that there are undoubtedly a few traditionally male roles they aren't too competent with. A lot of husbands pound their thumbs instead of nails, or don't know a clutch from a crankcase, or can't do their own income tax, or shoot their own toes off while deer hunting, or loathe sports, but you seldom see their wives (except maybe Phyllis Diller) doing a comedy routine on it.

Like the tv commercial that I turn off most often (and which turns me off the most): the one where the husband makes insulting remarks about his wife's coffee in front of guests. (It is left to our imaginations what he says to her when they're alone.) Instead of pouring the coffee in the creep's lap, which is what I would do, she scurries apologetically off, asking neighbors and acquaintances what she can do to make great coffee and get back in hubby's favor.

Then there's the one in which the husband chidingly tells his wife, who is in the middle of doing something else, "Hon, bathroom bowl sure needs cleaning." It's her bathroom bowl when it needs cleaning...are we to assume he goes out behind the ornamental plum tree in the back yard when he feels nature's call, and therefore the euphemistic bathroom bowl is all hers?

I just read an article in Human Sexuality which stated that an IQ of 50 is sufficient for performing acceptable housekeeping and child care, given proper training. I always thought housework was an idiot job (and a small child can make an idiot of you in short order), but it's nice to see it confirmed. I think few men have any idea of the absolute mind-numbing tedium and futility of housework. If workers were assigned such stultifying work (and especially if they also knew that no matter how well it was done it would still have to be started over again tomorrow) the unions would stand on their respective ears.



Locus 100, 102, 103 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Avenue, Bronx, NY 10457 - bi-weekly - 12/\$3)
The major stf newsletter. It could be improved if it didn't publish so many errors, but it's still the best available. Fan and pro news, book reviews, ads, even a checklist of the 1971 stf mags in #103. Rating.....7

Sanders #12, 13 (Dave Nee, 977 Kains Avenue, Albany, CA 94706 - irregular (?) - 4/\$1) Emphasis on west coast news, but general type as well. Seems to be running a series of reviews of opera reviews by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. Rating.....5

Forthcoming SF Books #5 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, TX - bi-monthly - \$1/4) Just what it says; a 7-page list of books to

be published in 1972.

Catalog of the N3F Tape Bureau (Joanne Burger, address above) 30 pages of tapes available to Bureau members, plus a 10-page supplement. Primarily composed of science fiction events -- conventions and such -- and old radio shows -- everything from Amos 'n Andy and Ed Wynn to Fred Allen and Vic and Sade. (Quality range from the depths to the heights, there.) A number of stf, fantasy, and "mystery" shows, but just as much "nostalgia". Write Joanne, not me, if you want to join.

Maybe #15 (Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt. Bk. Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37402 - bi-monthly - 2/\$1) Devoted to fan fiction, though this will presumably change in the future. Hank Davis is now editing with Koch publishing, and Davis says that while he does not dislike fan fiction, he does dislike bad fiction, and while the terms are not synonyms, there isn't all that much difference in them. All I read of this issue were Davis's two columns (which were good enough), so I can't rate it.

No #9 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417 - irregular - trade, loc, 25¢) A not-exactly con report by Ruth; more of a trip report in which the trip included a convention. John Berry recounts a tour of Hadrian's Wall (this issue is heavy on trip reports), John Boardman satirizes Norse epics, and Ruth adapts Gilbert and Sullivan to the problems of casting directors. Plus a few letters. Since I'm biased against trip reports I won't rate it, but I did think Ruth's verse was good.

T-Negative #13 (Ruth Berman, address above - bi-monthly? - 50¢) Since I dislike ST fan fiction at least as much as I do any other kind, about all I read of this is Ruth's article, which is generally pretty good. This time it covered a British ST comic series; apparently an improvement over the American one, though of course that isn't much praise.

Smile Awhile #5 (Florence Jenkins, 13335 So. Vermont Avenue, Gardena, CA 90247 - bi-monthly - no price listed) I'm not really sure that Florence wanted this reviewed, But she didn't say not to... It's an Alcoholics Anonymous fanzine, and a rather fascinating glimpse into an organization that I basically approve of without knowing much about. I don't think I could take the mag (or probably the organization) as a regular thing, though. Far too much sweetness and light and Serenity Prayers for my taste. (I note that Florence has been advertising fanzines in her mag for those of her reader-ship who may be interested in stf, so maybe she won't object to my reviewing hers for those of my readers who may be drunks.)

Scottishe #60 (Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6Q1 Great Britain - USAgent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn NY 11201 - 10/\$3) Fairly large set of book reviews by Ethel, plus editorial, Sid Birchby delves into the origins of Yngvi, Dick Geis makes fun of his editorials, and there is a good but short letter column.....
Rating.....7

BeABohema #19, 20 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper Street, Quakertown, PA 18951 - bi-monthly - 50¢) Lunney seems to be on an "innovation" kick now, this being more evident in #20 than in #19, which was still mostly in his "faanish" phase. Jerry Lapidus has some interesting comments to make regarding fanzines in general. (Incidentally, by his standards I'm a "passive" rather than an "active" editor. Thought you might want to know.) I'm not sure if starting Frank's editorial in the middle of a sentence in #20 is another innovation or if he left out a page.
Rating.....5

Gegenschein #3 (Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge, N.S.W. 2776, Australia - irregular? - 3/\$1) Lots of book reviews, lots of letters, fanzine reviews, column on South African fandom (which was informative since I didn't know there was one), a couple of articles. Improvement over previous issues.
Rating.....5

S F Commentary #23 (Bruce R. Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia - bi-monthly? - trade, contrib, loc, or \$3/9 surface mail, USAgent Charlie Brown, address above) Primarily reviews and letters. One long article, Perry Chapdelaine's on "Reverse Racism". (The Black Establishment in formerly all-black universities.) This makes some excellent points, but in so convoluted and confused a manner that it's difficult to figure out just what Chapdelaine is talking about. (I at least learned enough from this to avoid his book on the subject, if he ever gets it printed.)
Rating.....8

The Mentor #21 (Ron L. Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst, NSW 2076, Australia - quarterly - loc, contrib, trade, or 2/\$1 - USAgent Bill Bowers, Box 57, Barberton, OH 44203) A thick one -- 98 pages -- devoted to fan fiction, with lots of letters and a few reviews and other material. I still don't care much for fan fiction, but at least the size of this one allows for stories longer than vignettes, which is an improvement. (The vignette is a difficult length for the amateur, which is one reason why so much fan fiction is terrible.)

Luna Monthly #30 (Ann F. Dietz, 655 Orchard Street, Oradell NJ 07649 - 35¢) Newsletter with emphasis on European news, book reviews, and a handy "coming events" listing for club meetings, conventions, etc. Printed; 32 pages, making it somewhat larger than most newsletters.
Rating.....6

Stefantasy #69 (Bill Danner, R. D. 1, Kennerdell, PA 16374 - not for trade - 6 Colons or a letter than makes you interesting enough to go on the mailing list) Someone recently wondered in Yandro where the "silent majority" was. I opened this issue of Stef, and found out. Which is disappointing, because in the Good Old Days, Stef gave Hyphen strong competition for the title of Funniest Fanzine Around. Now, most of Bill's contributors and letter-writers prefer to gripe about "moralistic do-gooders" and how hard it is to get a traffic ticket fixed. Major items are reprints from old -- 1870-1900 -- issues of Scientific American, which are interesting; several early warnings against pollution this time. Still good, but...
Rating.....6

Rats #13 (Charlene Komar, 85-30 121st St., Kew Gardens, NY 11415 & Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st St., Glendale NY 11227 - loc, contrib, trade, 35¢) This one was excessively "Faanish" for me. As though Kunkel was following a fannishly rigid formula comparable to gothic novels or sex books, and after 19 years I've seen it all before, an incredible number of times.

Moebius Trip #11 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - irregular? - 2/\$1) Moderately thick -- 50 pp. - general type mag. Lettercolumn takes up 20 of those pages. Then Hank Davis writes on stf and prophecy, Cy Chauvin opposes abortion, Andy Offutt makes some quite valid points on the flaws in much "supernatural" writing, Philip Jose Farmer does a biography of one of Vonnegut's characters, there is a rather dated article on the history of Isfanews, and the usual reviews. All in all, a pretty good issue. Rating.....7

With the above came The Pointed Stake #4, an editor-written 6-pager for N'APA, Dunno if it's generally available or not.

Mota #3 (Terry Hughes, 407 College Avenue, Columbia, MO 65201 - bimonthly - trade, contrib, loc, 25¢ for sample copy) A bad issue for me, starting off with a con report. (Well, it started with an editorial, but there I found out that Terry doesn't like the same folksingers I do -- and here I thought he had such good taste.) Then there is Creath Thorne writing about a children's book series called Freddy the Pig, which I never heard of before, and can't be nostalgic about. (Generation gap; my juvenile animal series was Billy Whiskers, which is so old that Dover has started to reprint it.) And Jim Turner on the joys of being drunk, which I found totally unfunny and mildly disgusting. Good lettercolumn, though. And the writing is good enough; just not my type of subject. Rating.....6

Phantasmacon #8 (Donald G. Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore MD 21207 - quarterly - contrib, trade, or 75¢) Big one; 88 pages plus front and back covers. The editor has an article on the 1970 issues of Ballantine's "Adult Fantasy" series; I disagree with his opinions of 10 of the 14 books mentioned. Another con report, some fan fiction and verse, reviews, a long letter column -- and an entirely separate fanzine bound into the middle of it. This is Kyben 1, which Jeff Smith was going to publish but didn't. Major item here is a long column by James Tiptree, Jr. Rating.....6

Pfennig-Halbpennig #1, 2, 3 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 100 pages for a dollar). A Postal Diplomacy journal, carrying a few items left over when Serendip was transferred to a new editor, and commentary on the games in general.

With the above came Continued Fraction, a Cult-zine, editor-written and presumably not generally available.

Sandworm #15 (Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112 - irregular? - trade, contrib, loc, or 50¢) Lovely. Victor Boruta on the occult (seriously, which makes me think him a bit odd), Bob Tucker with a critical article on I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, Bill Wolfenbarger with a rather silly poetical insight into Winter as the Season of Truth, Roy Tackett with a fine little bit of nonsense, and best of all the editor rambling on everything from tachyon theory through local politics to elephant jokes. Plus reviews, a good set of letters, and I believe a missing sheet, unless he went modern and published the last half only of a Ted Pauls review of Planet of the Damned, and the two pages only of a rather weird con report. Rating.....8

With the above came The Crazy Wizard's Gift, a surprisingly good (meaning I didn't barf in the middle of it) con report; and Bubonicon, another one, not quite a good, maybe.

WSFA Journal #78 (Donald L. Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, MD 20906 - bi-monthly - 50¢, 4/\$1.75) Mike Glyer has an article on the 1960s as the Golden Era of Stf (which didn't suspend my disbelief for an instant), Harry Warner has a column on stf music, Sam Moskowitz discusses Campbell, a story by Alexis Gilliland, reviews of comics, and stf books, and a long and excellent letter column. Rating.....8

With the above came Son of the WSFA Journal #30 thru 35, containing club news, book, magazine, and fanzine reviews.

Cipher #4 (Chris Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, MO 63010 - bi-monthly - trades, contris, locs, or 35¢) Nice item on "Hare Krishma" by Alice Sanvito. Jay Kinney's article on Jesus Freaks and their impact was far less interesting because he managed to work in most of the currently fashionable pseudo-psychological terminology; "national archetypes", "commitment", "self-realization", etc., in a style which rapidly becomes boring. Good lettercolumn. Rating.....5

Fantasy Trader #6 (Ron Bennett, British School, SHAPE, BFPO 26 - United Kingdom address -- USAgent, Robert Coulson. - 6 issues surface mail \$1.25, air mail \$5) Thirty-some pages of hardbacks, paperbacks, pulps and comics for sale and trade. For the collector.

APA-L #341, 342, 343, 344, 347 (Fred Patten, Apt. 1, 11863 W. Jefferson Blvd., Culver City CA 90230) Each member of this weekly apa sends in 2 to 3 pages of personal-type material and the results are stapled into one giant fanzine, running to approximately 100 pages per issue. To the non-member, it's rather like standing just outside a conversational circle and listening in.

☆ lesleigh luttrell for DUFF ☆



* IPA = INTERNATIONAL PLATYPUS AMBROSIA

30th WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION
P.O Box 1, Santa Monica, California, U. S. A. 90406

ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS
RULES OF ELIGIBILITY

NOMINATIONS AND VOTING: Nominating is limited to members of either Noreascon (29th World SF Con, Boston, 1971) or LACon (30th World SF Con, Los Angeles, 1972). In order to give the committee a broader base in determining the final nominees, five nominations are desired in the three fiction categories, and three nominations in all other categories. Either Noreascon or LACon membership numbers must appear on each ballot. A person must be a member of LACon to vote on the final ballot.

BEST NOVEL: "science fiction or fantasy story of 40,000 words or more, appearing for the first time during" 1971. "Appearance in a prior year makes a story ineligible, except that the author may withdraw a version from consideration if he feels that version is not representative of what he wrote. A story may thus be eligible only once. Publication date, or cover date in the case of a dated magazine, takes precedence over the copyright date. A serial takes its appearance to be the date of the last installment. Individual stories appearing as a series are eligible only as individual stories, and are not eligible taken together under the title of the series. The Convention Committee may move a story into a more appropriate category if it feels it necessary, provided the story is within 5,000 words of the category limits."

BEST NOVELLA: "Rules as for BEST NOVEL, with length under 40,000 words and above 17,500." Stories published in original fiction anthologies such as Infinity, Orbit, Quark, Universe, etc., should be considered as well as those published in traditional magazines.

BEST SHORT STORY: "Rules as for BEST NOVEL, with length under 17,500 words."

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: "Any production in any medium of dramatized science fiction or fantasy, which has been publicly presented for the first time in its present dramatic form during" 1971. "In the case of individual programs presented as a series, each program is individual eligible, but the entire series as a whole is not eligible."

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: "An illustrator whose work has appeared in the field of professionally published science fiction or fantasy during" 1971.

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE: "Any magazine devoted primarily to science fiction or fantasy, which has published four or more issues, at least one issue appearing in" 1971. Original fiction anthologies are eligible as well as dated periodicals, as long as four issues or volumes have appeared by the end of 1971.

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: "Any generally available non-professional magazine devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects, which has published four or more issues, at least one appearing in" 1971.

BEST FAN WRITER: Any fan whose writing has appeared during 1971 in magazines defined as amateur magazines.

BEST FAN ARTIST: "An artist or cartoonist whose work has appeared during " 1971, in magazines defined as amateur magazines. Anyone whose name appears on the final ballot ...under the PROFESSIONAL ARTIST category will not be eligible for the FAN ARTIST award for" 1971. However, nominations of the same artist in either or both categories is permissible.

ALL AWARDS will be the standardized rocket ship, designated Science Fiction Achievement Award, or "Hugo", and will be presented at the Awards Banquet at the LACon.

HUGO NOMINATION BALLOT --- 1971

BEST NOVEL: _____

BEST NOVELLA: _____

BEST SHORT STORY: _____

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: _____

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: _____

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE: _____

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: _____

BEST FAN WRITER: _____

BEST FAN ARTIST: _____

For definition of the categories, see the L.A. Con "Hugo" rules on the reverse side of this ballot.

Only members of the 29th World Science Fiction Convention (Noreascon) or the 30th World Science Fiction Convention (LACon) may nominate. If you do not feel qualified to nominate in any particular category for any reason, please do nominate in the other categories available.

Noreascon membership # _____ L.A.Con membership # _____

Membership in the L.A. Con is \$6 for supporting members and \$8 for attending members until 1 August 1972. If you wish to join L.A.Con in order to nominate and vote on the "Hugo" final ballot, but are not sure you can attend, you can pay \$6 now and another \$2 to convert to an attending membership on or before 1 August 1972. Membership fees at the Convention will be \$10, and it will cost the difference between that and a supporting membership at the time of purchase to convert at the door. Make all checks payable to L.A.Con.

When completed mail this ballot to:

L.A.Con
P.O. Box 1
Santa Monica, CA 90406

DEADLINE FOR RECEIPT OF NOMINATION BALLOTS IS 1 APRIL 1972

NAME: _____ Attending fee: _____ (\$8)
ADDRESS: _____ Supporting fee: _____ (\$6)
CITY: _____ Child (under 12): _____ (\$3)
STATE: _____ ZIP CODE: _____

Fanzine editors are encouraged to reprint and distribute this ballot to their readers, but we must insist that both sides' text be reproduced verbatim.