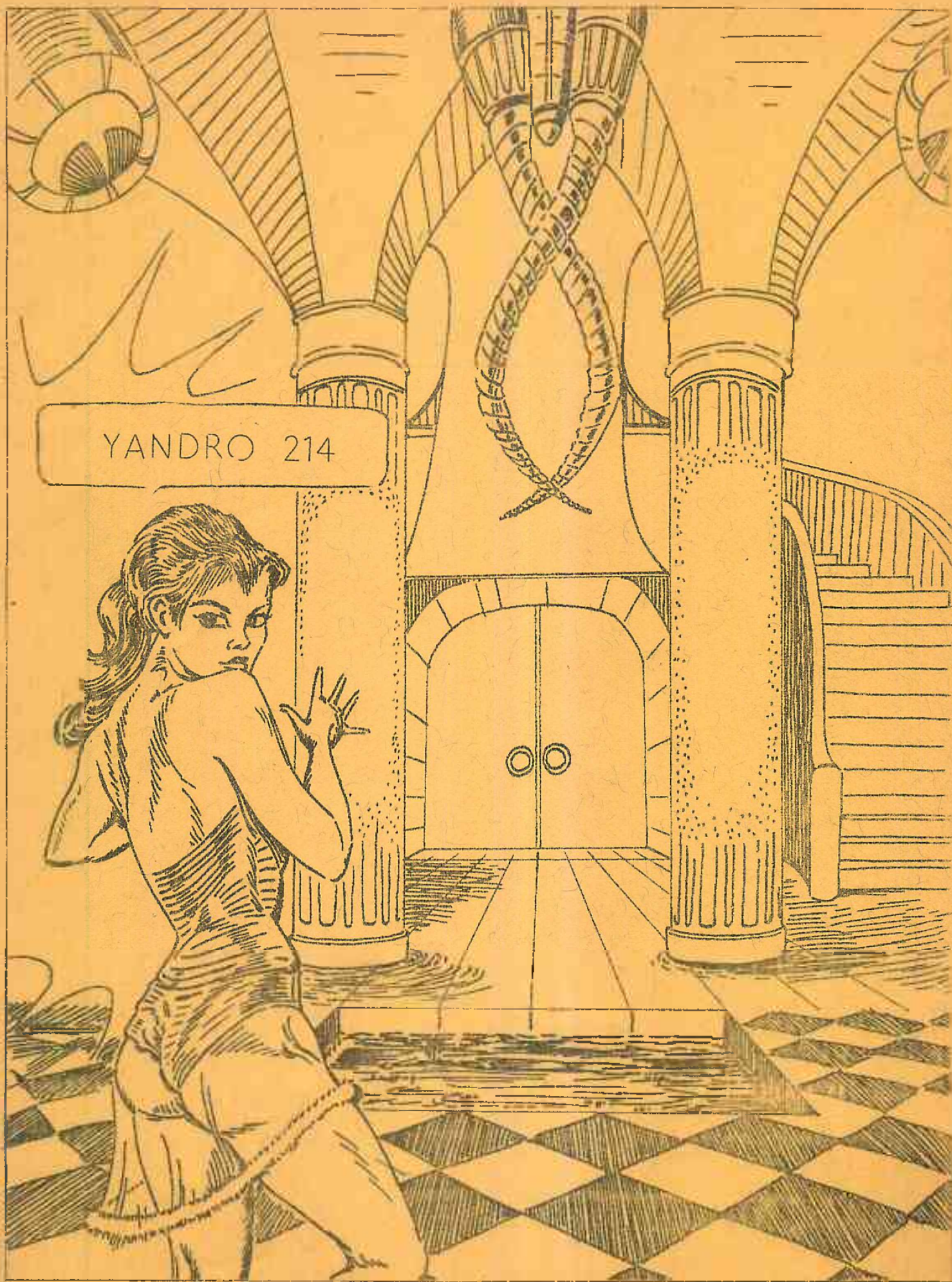


YANDRO 214

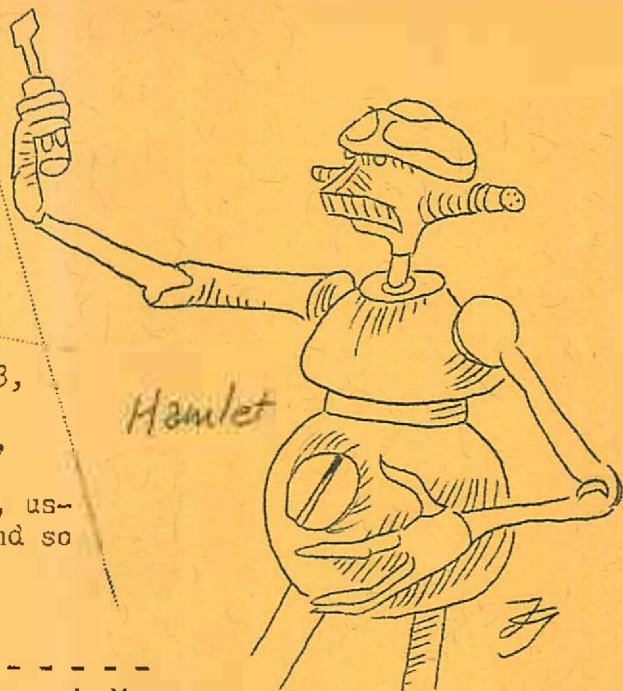


YANDRO

2
1
4

VOLUME XX:3

MAY 1972



Published by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3,
Hartford City, IN 47348, USA.
British Agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road,
Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain
Publishing schedule is supposed to be monthly, us-
ually ends up with 9 or 10 issues per year, and so
far this year has been bimonthly.
Price, US: 40¢, 4 for \$1.50, 12 for \$4.00
Price, Britain: 15p, 4 for .50, 12 for £1.30

Inspired Typo Department: "Most centers advise periodic
crapping combined with a stringent diet to assure weight
loss." Hartford City News-Times, May 19, strictly sic

"To be or..."

CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial)	JWC	2
A Coulumn	Bruce Coulson	3
Rumblings (editorial)	RSC	4
Difugalty #9 (column)	Dave Locke	6
The Ballad of the Convent Courtyard	Alexis Gilliland	9
Kurt Vonnegut and the Wrath of God (article)	Rick Stooker	10
Golden Minutes (book reviews)	RSC	12
Grumblings (the litter column)		21
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)		28

ARTWORK

Cover by Bo Stenfors, stencilled by Stenfors

Page 1 - Hamlet #1, by William Shakescrew, as interpreted by Jack Gaughan	
" 2 - JWC	Page 12 - Dave Piper
" 4 - JWC	" 21 - Arthur Thomson
" 6 - Jim Cawthorn	" 22 - Alexis Gilliland
" 6 (logo) - Dave Locke	" 23 - Jackie Franke
" 7 - Jim Cawthorn	" 26 - Dan Adkins
" 10 - Dan Osterman	" 27 - Bjo Trimble
" 11 - Richard Flinchbaugh	" 28 - Sheryl Birkhead

Reminder: Mike Hinge is selling gorgeous posters for \$2.25 for the 23" x 29" size,
postpaid; \$2.00 for the smaller size. These include "Parsec City" in scarlet, orange
and white, "Deck Four" in red and yellow, "Onyx Cube, Ceres 2021 AD" in bright magen-
ta, and "Area 5 Viewscreen" in orange and purple. All of them recommended by your
friendly mail-order art critic, RSC.

NEW ADDRESS: B. H. Pettit, Control Data Corp., 23815 Northwestern Highway, Southfield,
MI 48075 - Billy says he may not be here long, but mail will be forwarded.

The Nullarbor Nymph turned out to be a hoax. I am desolated. RSC



It would seem this is a good time to reminisce about The International Science Fantasy Art Exhibition - to be held one more time (and one hopes many, many more than that) in L.A. at the 30th Worldcon come Labor Day. For you new young artists out there, just tuning in, be advised this is a Very Good Thing. Not only a chance to exhibit your work to some very connoisseur-y people, but -- if your work is worth it and you're inclined to offer it for sale -- the possibility of sales, and even now and then purchase and use by a publisher.

All media are welcome, including sculpture, photography, embroidery, etc. There are prizes, many interested and knowledgeable spectators to admire and/or purchase and

all in all I would like to encourage you, the artist, to participate. Don't be selfish; even if you can't go, you can send your work so that others can enjoy what you've done. This year there's a special category featuring scenes from the stories of Pro GOH, Fred Pohl, plus all the usual outre and fantasy and sfinal stuff. Get additional info on matting, shipping, insuring, etc., from John & Bjo Trimble, 420 Westminster Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90020.

Barring a transportation problem enroute (which might chew up the savings), there's a faint possibility that this con I just might have enough money to splurge on something that really grabs me. And it just might be your magnum opus. So get busy, artists.

I have a firm fondness for the ISFAE, anyway, having watched it like a doting aunt since it was an infant, back in '60, when it was called Project Art Show. Like so many other ideas in fandom, it could have come to nothing. There were an awful lot of people who would willingly have talked it to death -- and that's about all they wanted to do: talk. Putting on that art show is an incredible amount of work, and putting on that first one at Pittcon was even moreso, because Bjo was jumping blind, insisting that if everyone rolled up their sleeves and quit throwing logjams into the project it would, bighed, work. And she was eminently right -- mostly because she was willing to go ahead and try it instead of debating the matter down into a molehill. The show has had problems through the years, of course, but it's moving into a healthy adolescence now and has become, unquestionably, one of the high points of the con. So much so that too many latecomers to fandom simply take it for granted and feel free to throw rocks whenever something displeases them. Not that constructive criticism isn't welcome, but tear-down-the-walls nit picking, no.

Science fictional art has always been the sad stepsister in our field, and when the art show was born it gave everyone from the future pro to the equivalent of the Sunday afternoon artist a chance to plump for his or her pictorial devotion from the field. For which thanks. And let's hope this one is the biggest and best yet.

On a totally different topic, I'd like to ask if a creeping illiterate-ism is strictly regional or if, ugh, it is a national effort. In the past few elections in this state spot announcements and ads and whatnot have referred to "The Democrat Team" and "The Democrat Ticket". Not "Democratic". "Democrat." I suppose, charitably, it might be an effort on the part of some party hacks to force on the English language, kicking and screaming, a single word to serve as both noun and adjective, as their opponents have been known for a century by one word = Republican. But the effort ignores the sheer ugliness and non-euphony of using "Democrat" as an adjective. It not only makes

the listener or reader recoil, it makes the speaker or copy writer sound uneducated and....crude? Also possibly deliberately dense. "I'm uneducated and proud, d'ya hear me, proud of it, son." As I say, I hope it's a short-lived local phenomenon.

Apollo 16 proved that not only are kids blasé about space flight -- anyone Bruce's age or younger can't remember when there weren't man-made objects and/or men zapping about in space -- but that the media are pretty blasé, too. To the point of talking over live transmissions from the Moon. Norman Mailer is infinitely more important listening than some astronauts describing unusual and sometimes unique rock formations. Yes.

And of course each such flight leads to a glut of gibberish in the guise of imparting scientific information to the public. Even before Apollo 16, the AP was messing up matters in a wire story detailing Pioneer. They did all right in quoting scientists on how important info close-up from Jupiter would be and how long it would take the craft to perform its mission. And then about 3/4s of the way into the story they blew it. "After Pioneer has reached the orbit of Pluto it will move out of our Solar System into other galaxies." Sudden burst of super ftl there, no doubt.

Then there are all the radio, tv, and newspaper types cheerily telling us that at such and such a time "the astronauts will leave the gravity of the Moon."

Even Walter Cronkite forgot that he was ever in charge of a superlative program such as TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY. Anent the live transmission of the retrieval of the film package, Walter explained to the watching audience that simultaneously a bacterial experiment was being performed, that said creatures were along on the film retrieval trip, being exposed to cosmic and other rays to see if it altered their DNA or whatever. Fine. But he went happily on to repeat himself. "The scientists back on Earth will want to take a look at that package on the astronauts' return, to see what changes, if any, have occurred in the fungi and viruses." Culture jars and mushrooms all over the poor astronaut.

A local deejay chatted with a caller and they, surprise, agreed that surely there was life -- of some sort -- some other place beside Earth. "Probably not on Mars on any of our planets; but I believe there is life in other universes." We gotta go all the way to Andromeda? Hoping you won't have to, to find a little life... JWC

a column ----- bec

In my father's boyhood, model airplanes were built and flown. Now it's model rockets. Recently some of the boys in shop were building them, and yesterday we decided to fly them. Most of the flights were successful, but four weren't. Two went up and came down without bothering to open their parachutes, and one of them bent like a stovepipe. One was lost, and another landed on top of the school. All other launches were on schedule.

I've discovered a fan type at school: Jack Thornbergh. So far, I've learned that he likes Asimov, Bradley, and Norton, and dislikes Bradbury. He also plays chess, and is one of the few players in school who makes me think. He raises goldfish, repairs bicycles, and is quite religious (said subject I have managed to avoid). Jack also likes THE WILD WILD WEST, or rather the capsule descriptions I give him. All in all, one of the few people I can talk to.

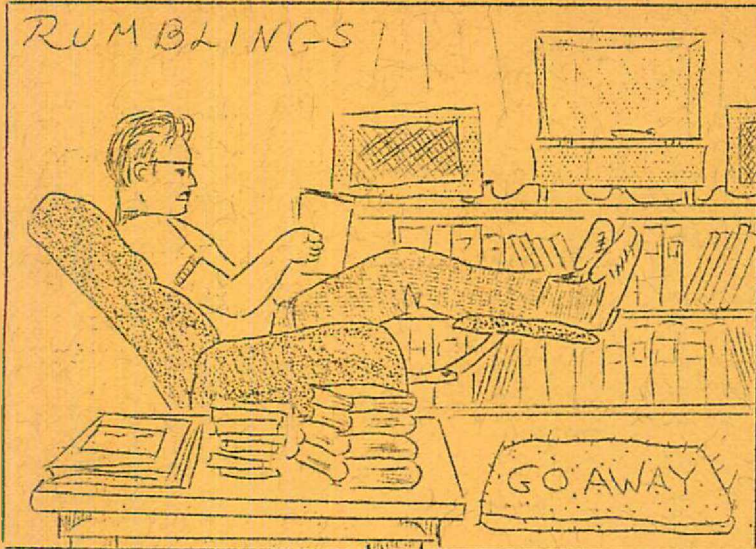
Going over my former columns, it's very hard for me to believe that I wrote that way. Then I realize that in a few years I'll consider this column as being terrible. A vicious circle.

This is going to be a short column because it was an exciting month. (I can just hear my father: "Last month was a dull month and you wrote more than.")

Hasta luego,

BEC

RUMBLINGS



On my birthday the other day, the newspaper astrology column said I should work to improve my image. Well, you know how that is; even dedicated astrology ~~fans~~ fans don't think much of the newspaper columns. But this one may have had something. On the same day, my present from Kay and Gary Anderson arrived. Kay had written to say they thought of me as soon as they saw it, and it expressed "the real me". What it was, was a doormat with "GO AWAY" lettered on it. Now you understand, these are two of my best friends...I wonder what my enemies consider the real me? (Of course, I have to admit that Kay was absolutely right.....)

All in all, it was a pretty successful Birthday. Nice warm day, so my bronchitis eased up, the chair we had ordered for the living room - to replace the one Bruce finished off - arrived, I received an assortment of books and records I'd been wanting, and while I had to work, my boss was gone for the day. And the Andersons' present put me in a good mood all evening.

This YANDRO is delayed due to a variety of illnesses. Mine, to begin with; I didn't get around to laying out things for Juanita to stencil as soon as I should have. Then when I did, she promptly threw her back out and was unable to do the work. This time I can't blame SFWA for interfering, though we'll have a FORUM to put out after we get YANDRO on the way. After which we turn the FORUM over to another sucker if we can find one, and I take up the duties of Secretary of the group, which shouldn't take all that much time. (I told them if they raised the dues we were going to turn the FORUM over to James Blish; they didn't believe me.)

Nothing terribly interesting in the disease line this time, except that I went in to the doctor for what I thought was a pulled chest muscle and was told I had pneumonia. Hell of a poor case, if you ask me; I didn't even miss work. Maybe by next issue I can give you the saga of how I got all my teeth carved out and brand new false ones installed. Sort of a dental slum clearance project, so I'll be pretty for LACon.

I keep getting into these reverse situations with people. I mentioned the postal clerk who asked me what the rate was. Then our doctor mentioned to Mrs. Wellons that he'd developed an allergy and "ask Bob and Juanita what I should do about it". (Okay, he was kidding. I was going to send him in a package of Spanish medical samples Dr. Dupla sent me some time back - I never used all of them - but forgot about it.) But then, a secondhand bookstore proprietor wants me to pick up a book for her..... I think all this started years ago on a trip to Wisconsin, where a museum proprietor failed to push his souvenirs and tried to sell me the museum instead. (If I'd only had the money I could now be fleecing suckers in the beautiful retirement area of northern Wisconsin instead of drawing doors.)

Speaking of fleecing suckers.....some time back the local Marsh supermarket began selling books "selected by Vincent Price". (Actually remaindered items.) Among them were several copies of The Golden Wind, by L. Sprague de Camp. So, I now have a few copies of this fascinating item for sale at very modest prices. Say, \$1.50 if I hand it to you at a convention, or \$1.75 postpaid. These are not secondhand copies, remember, but brand new hardcovers, originally priced at \$5.95. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen.....strictly limited stock, first come, first served. (I reviewed this awhile back, but if you don't recall it or didn't get that issue, this is a historical novel of the Mediterranean area in the Greek era; it isn't a fantasy.)

Or if you don't want to pay cash, what do you have to swap?

Secret of Seven Oaks, ~~the latest novel from the~~ Juanita's gothic, is now on the stands. Some stands. We hadn't seen one, so Sandra Miesel picked up a copy for us in Indianapolis, and then later I bought out the entire stock in Hartford City - all 3 copies. If you look hard, you might find it. The cover is the usual dumb gothic ef-

fort which has nothing to do with the contents. Dark blue, which means it's like only half the gothic covers on the market; the rest are dark green. And Berkley is nice about putting the author's name on the cover in nice big letters.

After the primaries, I sent Don Thompson a card, admitting that Ohio is worse fouled up than Indiana. We had some election irregularities, but at least nobody in this state lost the keys to the voting machines. Never did hear how that ended; did anyone in those Cleveland precincts get to vote? In Indiana, Republican precinct workers were instructed to be on the lookout for Republicans switching parties to vote for Wallace. The local workers weren't watching closely, but then I didn't switch to vote for Wallace, so I guess it was all right. (I don't know what the precinct workers were supposed to do about it if they did catch someone switching parties, aside from using moral suasion; they couldn't legally prevent it.)

Of course, on the local scene our prosecutor lost an involuntary manslaughter case when he forgot to introduce evidence of the cause of death; the judge said that was the first time he'd seen that happen, and threw the case out of court. There's someone I can vote against this fall.....And he's probably a Democrat, too. I have a sentimental attachment to the Republican party, and I'm always happy when they put up someone I can vote for. Which isn't often, in this state.

News of the Coulson family is a bit scarce, except for medical bulletins. We have not felt like doing much of anything, or going anywhere, all winter. Now with warmer weather we may come out of hibernation a bit. But we do have clippings.....

Alan Dodd has been sending me stuff on the BBC production of the Bentley-Craig trial. I wrote our PBS station to ask them to pick it up; not much chance that they will, but always a possibility. (They might be snowed by receiving clippings of reviews from British newspapers....) If you're interested in trial scenes, this one is supposed to be excellently done, and it's somewhat of a celebrated case, in that the murderer was given a none-too-long jail term, while his accomplice was hanged (because the accomplice was "of age" and the killer was a juvenile.) Now there are questions raised as to whether the juvenile actually fired the fatal shot or if it happened that one policeman accidentally shot another one. (Never mind what you hear about British police not being armed; some of these were.) Write your PBS station; if they get enough requests, they might actually get it.

Alice Hopf sends a clipping on the attitudes toward Woman's Lib in the small town, as expressed by the residents of Hope, Indiana. There is the usual patronizing air of the New York Times; midwesterners, after all, are not expected to be with it. But the attitudes given are pretty typical. Men and women both are ~~opposed~~ WL not for any philosophical reasons - most of them don't have any idea of what it is - but because it's different. (I would guess that most city dwellers in the East have similar attitudes and reasons, but the Times couldn't be expected to admit that.)

Hey, Jim Dorr, how did you come out? Chris Walker kept sending me your campaign literature (and where did you get the white shirt and tie? I didn't know you owned one) but nothing on the results.

Rick Brooks sends a photo-article on the new Lewis B. Hershey Museum at Tri-State College in Angola. It figures that Indiana would have a museum honoring the head of Selective Service.....

Alex Gilliland sends an Economic Education Bulletin on slums, blaming the tax structure of most cities for them. Makes sense - improvements mean more taxes, so don't make improvements. And assessments are lowered - no matter the actual value of the land - as buildings deteriorate, so landlords are rewarded for creating slums and penalized for trying to do something about it. Since very few people are noble humanitarians by nature, the spreading slum is the inevitable result. I'll buy it; fits in with my vast knowledge of human nature.

Dodd sends clippings on the movie "The Godson", written and directed by William Rotsler. (I still don't think I'll see it.) And my insurance company sends out a statement, and I become perturbed. Would you trust a company where the legal counsel was named David Hogg and the senior vice president was Arlo Gump? Also got a card from my high school alumni committee. You know you're living in the sticks when your alumni banquet is a carry-in supper..... Also when you get ads for open house at a dairy farm. I wouldn't trade you slickers - it's fun out here.

RSB

DIFUGALTY

#18 #9

EIGHTEEN IS NINE, AND OTHER MATHEMATICAL FANTASIES

COLUMN BY

dave locke

At one time I had intended to become a mathematician, of sorts. That means I could have become an astronomer, or a bookie. Either involves a great deal of math. But I didn't, and that's another story. I'm glad I didn't become a mathematician, because that would have shaken me up a bit. I was sitting here, on this sheet of paper (which is placed underneath me because I whistle a lot), noting that I was about to begin work on the 18th installment of this column and wondering where in hell I'd come up with the ambition to write that many. I decided to flip back through the previous installments just to review the subject material I had dealt with, and it was then that I noticed that installments #9 and #10 were missing. Being a good detective, I checked to see what issues of Yandro were missing. None were missing. It appears that I jumped from installment #8 to installment #11 without so much as a decent interim. Like I said, that would tend to shake me up if I were a mathematician. A mathematician is presumed to know that 9 and 10 fall between 8 and 11, and he is counted on not to slip up on such tricky points. I would have been mortified.

As it is, I understand how Ralph must have felt. 124041, indeed.

So, because I'm such a tidy person, this and the next installment will be numbered 9 and 10, respectively. I always do what I can to correct my errors, as anyone could tell you except my wife. She doesn't believe in equality for husbands. That's another story, too, which will be relegated to the back-files of my mind until a more opportune moment. I don't want to enrage any of the more radical women's libbers with another wife-story in such a short period of time. Maybe next year.

Let us move forward with a series of short subjects. Scrunch down, everyone.



SPORTS I've decided not to talk about Anthony and Cleopatra, and instead will talk briefly about baseball. When I was in grade school I played a fair amount of the game, but I was deathly afraid of it. I finally had to give it up for reasons of health. I suppose somebody had to wear the steel-jacketed jock and be catcher, but I always considered myself a poor choice for this position.

There's something rather frightening about spreading your legs and placing yourself at the receiving end of a thrown badeball.

I used to sweat, and itch, but with the steel-jacketed jock I couldn't scratch. The worst thing, though, was squatting there with your armor on and hearing the umpire yell: "Strike two!"

They finally threw me off the team when I started throwing the balls out of the field, instead of tossing them back to the pitcher.

SPORTS REVISITED Back when I lived, briefly, on a little island in the middle of the Hudson River called Green Island, I would daily traverse a five-mile or so stretch of road between Watervliet and Latham in the course of earning a living. The speed limit on this obscene little string of blacktop was 45 mph.

Returning home one evening I drove through Latham and immediately noticed that the old 45mph speed limit had been lowered to 40mph, even though the new sign which indicated this did not happen to be a new sign. It was just as old and scroungy as the old sign.

I looked for, and spotted, the patrol car which I knew had to be lurking somewhere. I passed the new old sign doing a keen 40mph. What few other cars were one that highway were likewise observant, at least of the sign.

I was half a mile from Watervliet, still doing 40mph, when I heard the wheep-wheep. That's all --- just wheep-wheep. Two wheeps. The patrol car flashed into position alongside me and the policeman motioned to me to pull over. I pulled over and then serenely sat there while he grumbled out of his car and mosied over. I didn't know why he was stopping me, but I knew I hadn't done anything wrong.

"Good evening, son. Can I see your license and registration?"

I handed them over.

"Attaboy."

He peered at them. I said: "What's wrong, officer?"

"Well, son," he said, "do you realize you were doing one mile per hour over the speed limit on this stretch here?"

"Uh, no."

"You were."

"My speedometer must be off a little. Sorry. Wasn't intentional."

He handed the cards back to me. "You gotta be more careful, son. That's a violation, you know."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know I was going a mile an hour over the limit."

"We just changed the speed limit today."

"I know, but I thought I was doing 40."

"Nope. You were doing 41, all right."

"I'm sorry."

"Want me to prove it?"

"Excuse me?"

"Radar, Just got it. Come on over to the car and I'll show you what you were doing."

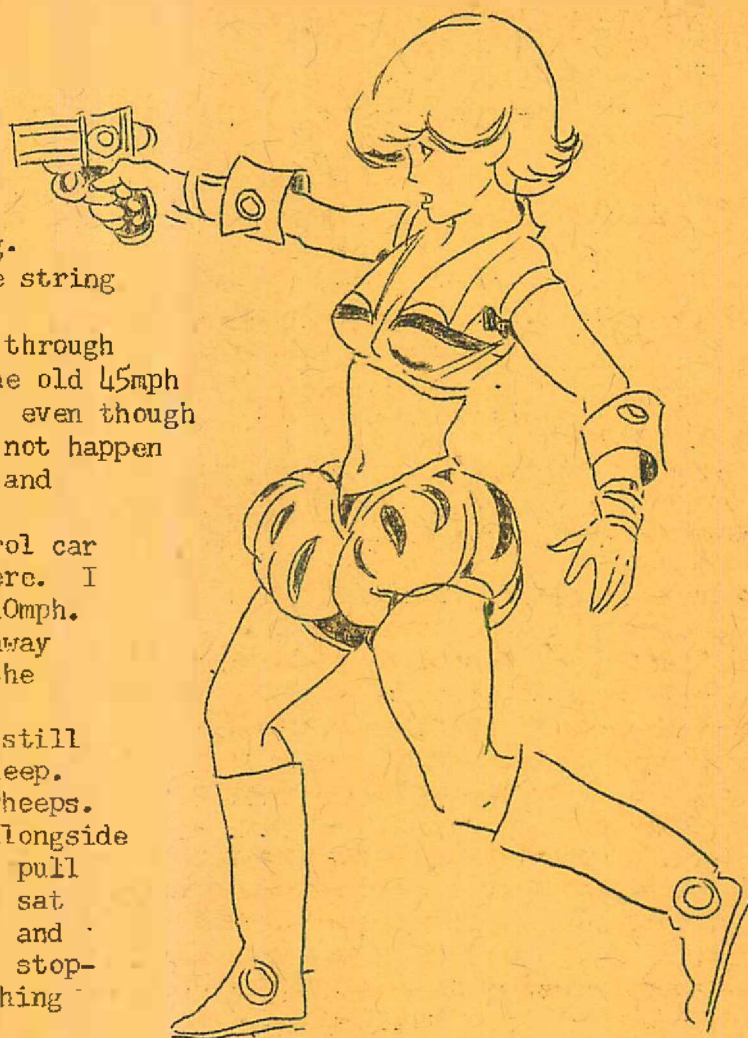
"No, that's ok. I believe you. Like I said, I'm very sorry."

He looked hurt. "Sure you don't want to see it? Only take a minute."

"That's ok. Thanks anyway. I do appreciate the offer, though."

"Ok. Be more careful, son. I don't want to have to stop you again."

"I understand."



"Wow. Son of a buck."

"Beg your pardon, officer?"

"Did you see him?"

"Who?"

"Must have been doing 45. Nice talking to you, boy. I gotta run."

Wheep-wheep-wheep-wheep-wheep.

WE'LL CALL YOU There's a cartoon in a reasonably prominent place on my desk at work, in case I happen to get stuck with seeing a salesman. If I had the guts I'd also use it as a form letter to answer some of these ridiculous offers which we receive. Some of them are quite amusing, though. One fellow wrote in to say that he had an idea for a camera lens which could take a picture of three-fourths of the world at one time. If we were interested, he said, please write to him. If we didn't hear from him right away, we were to write again. Sometimes, he said, they don't let him see his mail.

That one I didn't reply to, but this department has to answer these occasional offers. Instead of the "canned" wording that is usually used, I'd really like to send a copy of that cartoon.

It shows a purchasing agent talking to a salesman. The caption reads: "The minute we decide to lower our standards, we'll get in touch with you."

OTHER THINGS IN MY OFFICE A plaque which reads: "I know you believe you understand what you think I said, but I am not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant."

A poster which reads:

I am not allowed to run the train
The whistle I can't blow
I am not allowed to say how far
The R.R. cars can go
I am not allowed to shoot off steam
Not even clang the bell
But let it jump the goddamn track
Then see who catches hell!

Another cartoon which reads: "It's a balanced inventory all right. There's a fifty-fifty chance it'll ruin us."

WHO GOES THERE? A friend of mine, who is a fellow co-worker and poker player, just returned from the NSGA show in Chicago (National Sporting Goods Association). Two amusing things happened to him there.

One, he met Dean Grennell, and said to Dean that he had heard a lot about him. Dean asked who from. My friend said Dave Locke. Dean said he guessed he didn't come very highly recommended. They both thought that was amusing. I'm not so tickled.

The other thing that Terry encountered was a fellow who carried a newspaper clipping around with him. The guy sold ski goggles, and the clipping was about a fellow who wore a pair of them. In addition to the goggles, the fellow in the story also carried a length of rope and an enema bag. At night he would lurk in dark alleys and deserted streets, waiting for lone women. When he found one he would jump out at her, drag her into an alley, and tie her up. He would then proceed to give her an enema, after which he would retrieve his rope and leave.

INDIVIDUALISM The committee, a much maligned tool, and a much misused tool, seldom gets much praise via the written word.

"A committee is the only known form of life with a hundred bellies and no brain. But presently somebody with a mind of his own will bulldoze them into accepting his plan." Robert Heinlein's METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN

"Aren't all committees alike? They spend hours making up their collective mind to do something which any one of their members could accomplish in half the time. I'm thinking of setting up a committee to work for the abolition of committees." Ross MacDonald's THE GALTON CASE

LOVE "How many people will remember you after they wrap your obituary around their garbage?" Damon Knight's THE RULE GOLDEN

COMMUNICATION "The scientist who derides an idea because it is not put in the language he would require is like the peasant who is convulsed with laughter when a stranger tries to speak his tongue in unaccustomed accents. It might be well to listen instead, particularly if the stranger is trying to tell the peasant his barn is on fire. Clifton & Riley's THEY'D RATHER BE RIGHT

QUOTATION "\$6.75."

THE BALLAD OF THE CONVENT COURTYARD

by Alexis Gilliland

In the convent courtyard, where the virgins go
Early in the evening, hear them singing low
They sing of the knights who went to war
To bring them back to where they are
The knights who fought the dragons
To bring them where they are.

As the sky grows darker, hear them change the tune
Singing now of dragons, 'neath the gibbous moon
They sing of their dragons' claws and scales
And flashing teeth, and thrashing tails
They hymn their mighty dragons
And praise their thrashing tails.

In the hush of midnight, virgins sweetly dream
Gallop with dragons, over field and stream
The knights that they meet are frail and fey
And eaten are, in different way
By virgin and her dragon;
Each eats in different way.

New Addresses

Milton F. Stevens, 9849 Tabor St. #3, Los Angeles, CA 90034

Terry Carr, 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, CA 94611

Chris Couch, 402 John Jay, Columbia Univ., New York, NY 10027

Hank Davis, 4268 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11229 (How about that; Hank moves to NY, helps collate one issue of LOCUS, and Charlie Brown leaves for San Francisco. Your best friends won't tell you, Hank....)

Those Hungarian fanzines reviewed awhile back are available from Tudományos Fantasztikus Klub, Budapest, XI, Bocskai ut 37. (It wasn't in the fanzines, and Juanita did not know where to find it when she typed the stencils. But "Bocskai"? Magyar is related to pig Latin?)

NOTICES

Ken Mitchell, 760 Ash St., Winnipeg 9 Manitoba, Canada, has a sale list of comics, pulp mags (very high priced), and miscellaneous items. Write him if you want one. I have a progress report on Torcon Two, to be held sometime in August 1973, I guess. Exact date not listed.

And a notice for Equicon '73, to be held Easter weekend, April 19-22, 1973, in Santa Barbara. Write Equicon Committee, 5517 1/4 Fernwood, Hollywood, CA 90028, for information. You've got plenty of time.

KURT VONNEGUT & THE WRATH OF GHOD

by RICK STOOKER

After reading a Kurt Vonnegut novel I tend to look at things from a different angle and begin to see the world in the same kind of grim humor that pervades Vonnegut's novels. He is a master of adding that concrete detail or incident which combines the ridiculous with the sublime to come up with black humor.

I can never forget the thirteen year old girl in GOD BLESS YOU MR. ROSEWATER who had cornered the market of smut in her town. She bought the pornographic paperback titles as soon as they hit the newsstand racks, and for a large profit re-sold them to other kids. The newsstand was awarded a polystyrene medallion by the Rhode Island Mothers to Save Children from Filth. They never found any filth at the newsstand.

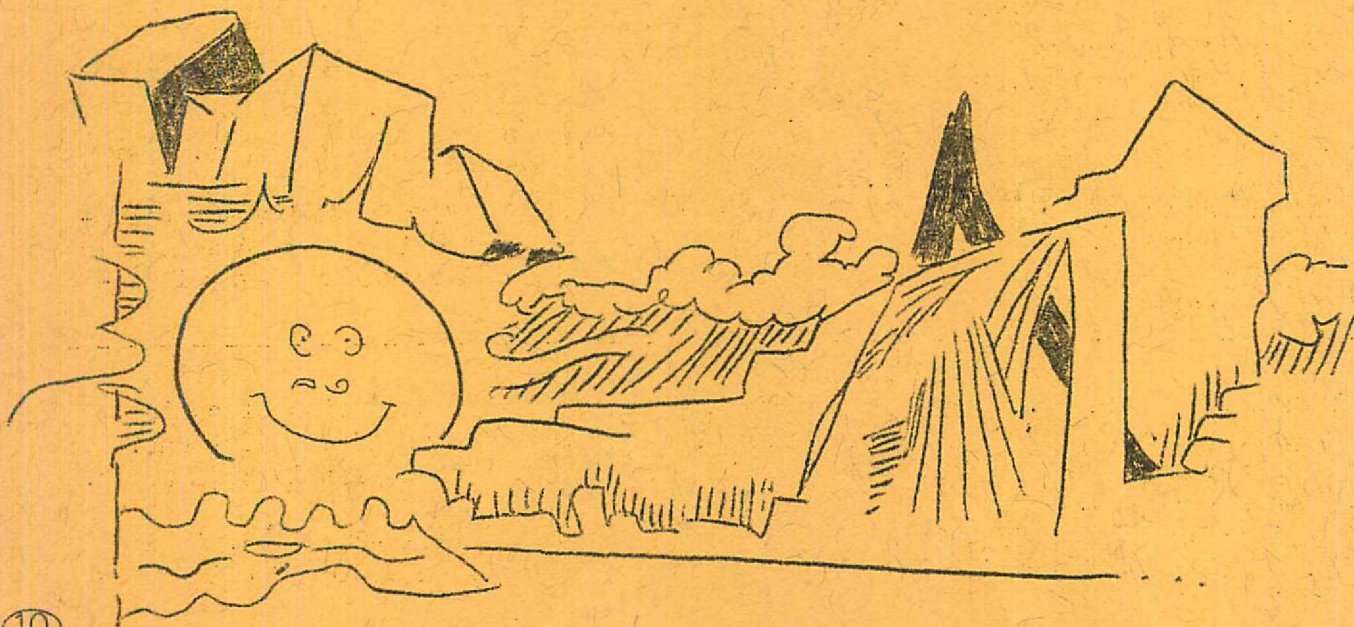
I hate the cliché "Truth is stranger than fiction." Whoever coined that never read science fiction. But you walk around with your eyes open enough and you can see Vonnegutian things happening.

Now, I live in Alton, Illinois. Alton has a fairly large percentage of blacks and like many such towns we had some trouble in the schools after Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated several years ago. The principal of one of our junior highs got on the school PA and told angry blacks that they had no reason to be causing trouble, the assassination had nothing to do with Alton. Three or four blocks down the street from that junior high stands the house James Earl Ray was born in.

(Anyone for ESP? As a child I used to think that same house was somehow haunted or 'evil'. Hey, I could be famous! I predicted the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. Fate, here I come.)

The old woman in front of me at the newsstand is buying The National Enquirer, Time, and Sexology.

Ghod moves in strange ways. I found in REPORT FROM IRON MOUNTAIN that the military is not only not wasteful, it is necessary to our economy. That book was published



in 1967 during an economic boom and a time of large expenditures in Vietnam. Nixon has been cutting back in Vietnam and inflation is rising. Military expenses and other government spending that doesn't go into the supply and demand marketplace (one example is the space program) acts as a balance on the economy. Now you know why Nixon is bolstering NATO and keeping troops in Europe despite the fact that Europe is probably stronger and safer from attack now than at any other time since WWII.

In Albuquerque while Nixon was campaigning there during the recent elections all the longhair hippie-type objectionable people were thrown out from his speech. It turned out that one of those bounced had helped spearhead the Young Republicans' campaign in '68 to elect Nixon. (My thanks to Bob Vardeman of Sandworm for that choice bit of info.)

Lovecraft was right. A blubbering idiot is the center of the universe. And he certainly knows how to play his little jokes.

Laugh, laugh, Azathoth.



NOTICES AND STUFF

Had a flyer for Marcon 7, but since it was May 5 thru 7...delays in publication killed that one. Sorry, fellas.

How About PeCon? July 7 thru 9, Peoria, Illinois, \$3.00 advance registration, Phil Farmer Guest of Honor, information from Don Blyly, 825 W. Russell, Peoria, IL 61606. We'll be there; it's been a good con before and presumably still will be.

Blyly also sends a card saying the Gaughan-Bodé "duel" artfolio is now available for 50¢ per copy, limit of 2 per customer, from U of I SF Society, I.U.S.A., 284 Illini Union, Urbana, IL 61801.

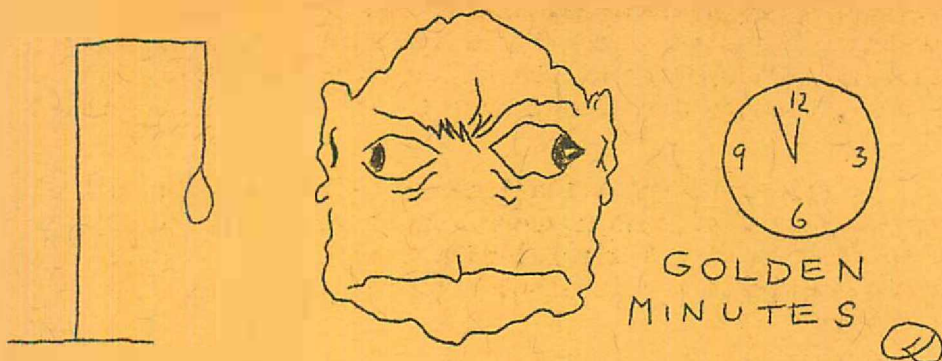
Tri-Clave, June 9 thru 11, Johnson City, Tennessee, Keith Laumer Guest of Honor, a fairly informal program, and rooms as low as \$12 for a double. Sounds good; if it was not so far away, I might try for it. Contact Len Collins, Route 4, Box 148, Church Hill, TN 37642.

Minicon is long over; we'll get up there some year when I don't have to spend all my vacation in one shot.

Writer's Workshop at University of Washington, July 10 thru Aug. 18. Writers must submit a sample of their work with their application. Fee \$250, plus \$198 required for living six weeks on campus with room and meals. (If I had that kind of money to throw around I'd quit my job, start writing full time, and probably learn just as much.)

For information, write Vonda N. McIntyre, Program Coordinator, Science Fiction Writers Workshop Short Courses and Conferences, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington. (Phone (206)543-5280 if you're a phone nut.)

Supergraphics, Box 445, Wyomissing, PA 19610, is selling Mike Hinge posters (not the ones reviewed here last issue) and other art objects. Write for flyer.



CHANCE SONG, by Lee Hoffman (Doubleday, \$4.95) But I read a library copy. I guess this would be considered a juvenile; sort of like an Andre Norton novel that's been twisted a bit here and there. Nice characterization; the boy Dorey (the central character) is so real one feels the urge to kick him

occasionally. Problem concerns saving the world from an overdose of magic, and is worked out well enough to keep reader interest.

SF: THE MANY WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Ben Bova (Book Club, \$1.75) Mostly an original anthology. Includes "The Blue Mouse" by Gene Wolfe (excellent little item about war, "the moment of truth", psychological testing and hypocrisy), "Hot Potato" by Burt Filer (humorous treatment of a four-way "cold war"), "All Cats Are Gray" by Andre Norton (pleasant gimmicky little space opera - this is why it's an "almost" original anthology; it's copyrighted back in 1953 for FANTASTIC UNIVERSE), "The Law- Twister Shorty" by Gordon R. Dickson (another in his Dilbian series; matching wits with the aliens), "Three Blind Mice" by Keith Laumer (alien contact and the value of cooperation), "Daughter" by Anne McCaffrey (coming of age and family prejudice), "Something Wild Is Loose" by Bob Silverberg (tracking down an invisible alien; interesting) and "Silent In Gehenna" by Harlan Ellison (the heroic rebel and the problems of being a conscience; pure Harlan, if you care for that sort of thing.) Overall, one of the better new anthologies.

MANDRAGORA, by "Estival" (Staples Press, 1952 - secondhand) Can any of my readers tell me if Staples is a British vanity publisher? The writing here has a certain pompous style that I associate with occultists and vanity houses; this could be both. Briefly, it's the story of a young French nobleman in 1787 who meets Cagliostro and is pressed forward into his own future in 1795, when he is resisting Napoleon, and into a reincarnation in 1939 when he is a French army officer being routed by the Nazis. Very few similarities or contrasts between the two lives are shown, and I kept wondering what the author's point was going to be. It's a rouser when it comes; the moral is that everyone was happier when the masses were peasants and had just a few noble- men to do their thinking for them. Mass education is the root of all evil. (It's origi- nal; I'll say that for it....) I can't honestly say it's a good book, but it certainly is an odd one.

THE UNBEGOTTEN, by John Creasey (Walker, \$4.95) This is another Dr. Palfrey adventure. I don't know how good Creasey is as a mystery writer (I didn't like the one of his that I read, but one is hardly a fair sample) but he seems to have prepared for his science-fiction writing by reading a couple of Badger paperbacks and letting it go at that. (British readers will know what I mean; for the sake of US ones, the Badger line of sf paperbacks was probably the worst ever produced; it makes Belmont look good by comparison.) He doesn't know what a satellite is, or a galaxy, thinks 10,000 mph is pretty fast in space, and his villain uses ray guns powered by "electrical impulses common in outer space". In addition, his characters go into emotional tizzies for no reason whatsoever except that he feels the need of a few exclamation points to jazz up the dialogue. In short, it's bloody awful; worse than the other Dr. Palfrey book I read, and that was bad enough.

DIMENSION A, by L. P. Davies (Dell, 95¢) It's a positive relief to find that at least one British writer can produce excellent science fiction. This is a quiet little story about a scientist who opens a gate into a parallel world and falls through it, and of the team that tries to rescue him. Slow-moving, not very exciting, but beauti- fully written.

THE LOST CONTINENT, by C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne (Ballantine, \$1.25) I'm always faintly surprised when one of the little-known classics of the field turns out to be actually readable. This Atlantis novel is very much a story of its time (which was 1899), but the characters are real enough to keep the reader going, even though the plot is pretty stale by now. Recommended.

THE TSADDEK OF THE SEVEN WONDERS, by Isidore Haiblum (Ballantine, 95¢) Like most modern humor, this is overdone, but - unlike most modern humor - it's still enjoyable. It's about various improbable alternate worlds, and a galactic trouble-shooter caught in a tangle with a Yiddish wise man and various ridiculous demons, time-travelers, computers, etc. Fun to read.

THE PASSIONATE WITCH, by Thorne Smith (Pocket Books, 95¢) I am not a Thorne Smith fan. He gets his humor by making all of his characters incredibly stupid, and it is not my type; the allegedly humorous scenes are too contrived to be funny. (If you don't object to contrived humor, you might well enjoy this; Smith does - or did- have a tremendous reputation.) Anyway, in this one, our idiotic but rich hero is snagged in matrimony by a genuine witch, and spends the rest of the book trying to get free of her.

PIUNDER, by Ron Goulart (Beagle, 95¢) Another in his "Muckrake" series; our reporter hero is off to expose a corrupt administration on a backward planet, aided more or less by an excessively horny photographer. Actually, the style and dialogue is sort of a modern version of Thorne Smith, only much better done. It's even funny, on occasion, which makes it worthwhile reading.

THE WATERS OF CENTAURUS, by Rosel George Brown (Lancer, 95¢) Sequel to Sibyl Sue Blue, this continues the adventures of the sexy middle-aged woman cop, with her daughter, assorted boy friends, and various amorous and/or villainous aliens. It didn't suspend my disbelief, but it's readable; overall I think I liked it better than I did the first book. Hardly required reading; if you miss it you needn't feel tremendously sorry. But it's an adequate time-waster.

THE WATERS ON DIAMONDIA, by A. E. van Vogt (Ace, 95¢) Another of van Vogt's confused supermen; as he and I both get older, I find him increasingly unreadable.

GROUND ZERO MAN, by Bob Shaw (Avon, 75¢) A novel of utter futility is a good idea, but Shaw overdoes it by not having a single character that I can give a faint damn about. His hero is British Married Standard; a twit, in other words. The remaining characters are obscure or ridiculous or both. The plot is good enough; if you're insensitive to characterization, you might well like it. I couldn't finish it.

A THUNDER OF STARS, by Dan Morgan and John Kippax (Ballantine, 75¢) Getting the second SEED OF STARS, by Dan Morgan and John Kippax (Ballantine, 95¢) book in this series inspired me to read both it and the first one. Central character in the first book is The Bastard Who Is Always Right, which is at least a slightly different cliché in the field. Plot (or background) is the human interplay and politicking over command of a new starship. Very little action. Quite well done; one keeps reading to see what happens next, even though very little ever does. SEED takes up life on the starship as it visits a colonial planet. Central characters are an officer and a crew-woman who happen to fall in love across the artificial boundary of rank. Again, focus is on the interplay of characters, and again it's quite well done. It will never be a classic in the field, but it's well worth reading; the sort of solid, competent job we need more of in the field. Plot and action is obvious, but well handled. Presumably the series is leading up to some grand confrontation with the evil aliens, who have been mostly offstage menaces so far, but are gradually edging into the center of the picture.

THE BARONS OF BEHAVIOUR, by Tom Purdom (Ace, 75¢) Politics extrapolated; our psychologist hero takes on a political machine run with computers, psychological crowd-control techniques, and good old-fashioned force. Lightweight but entertaining.

HEROES AND VILLAINS, by Angela Carter (rocket Books, 95¢) Surprisingly, this is not just a gothic romance set in a barbarous future. It's symbolic and allegorical (a bit much so for my taste), and rather academic in approach. Full of sentences like: "I

often wondered what it would be like to be the quarry as well as the hunter and lie in the undergrowth in ecstatic dread, harkening to my own intrepid footsteps." Not my type, but rather well done for those who like this sort of thing.

STAR WOLF!, by Ted White (Lancer, 95¢) The son of the hero of Phoenix Prime has his own adventures on his barbaric world. In addition to the obvious sword-and-sorcery aspects, this is the story of a teen-ager coming to maturity. At the beginning, Makstarn is the one who doesn't fit in; either with the adult world or with his fellow youths (making it easy for many stf fans to identify with him). At the end, he has more or less found faith in himself, though there is a rather obvious opening for a sequel concerning his further adventures. This is pretty good compared to the rather low standards of most swords-and-sorcery, but it's not the best I've ever read. Quite adequate, but a trifle pedestrian.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE, by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang (Ballantine, \$1.25) The further adventures of Odysseus, following the beautiful Helen into Egypt and becoming entangled with a Beautiful But Evil Queen. It aims high, but as far as I can see doesn't make it, largely because Meriamun is but a pale imitation of Ayesha and no comparison at all to Hyne's Phoenice. (I suppose that, being Beautiful and Evil, she isn't required to be intelligent as well, but it's a disappointment.)

WOLFSHEAD, by Robert E. Howard (Lancer, 95¢) Two volumes of swords and sorcery from THE DARK MAN, by Robert E. Howard (Lancer, 95¢) the creator of Conan. WOLFSHEAD includes "The Black Stone" (a Lovecraft pastiche), "The Valley of the Worm" (rather pedestrian monster-killing), "Wolfshead" (medieval werewolf), "The Fire of Assurbanipal" (Arabs and monsters), "The House of Arabu" (Near Eastern plotting and curses), "The Horror From The Mound" and "The Cairn on the Headland" (two similar plots of Things released from ancient captivity, in widely divergent settings). DARK MAN includes "The Voice of El-Lil" (a lost city of Sumerians and a particularly resounding method of execution), "Pigeons From Hell" (ancient evil in the decadent South; I think this was on "Night Gallery" a year or so back), "The Dark Man" (Pictish revenge), "The Gods of Bal-Sagoth" (sequel to the previous story; the doom of an ancient empire), "People of the Dark" (love, reincarnation, and of course a monster), "The Children of the Night" (Aryan purity and reincarnation), "The Dead Remember" (supernatural revenge in the cow country), "The Man On The Ground" (a little more revenge, but not much of a story), "The Garden of Fear" (a Nordic barbarian and a winged alien), "The Thing on the Roof" (Lovecraftian evil), "The Hyena" (African were-creatures), "Dig Me No Grave", "The Dream Snake", "In The Forest of Villefère", and "Old Garfield's Heart" (all the sort of thing once popular in WEIRD TALES.) Fairly standard horror fare; if you like that sort of thing, you'll like these.

SHE & THE RETURN OF SHE, by H. Rider Haggard (Lancer, \$1.25) Two for the price of one in one monster - 600-plus pages - volume. I had previously tried to read SHE in the 1949 Dell edition, "retold by Don Ward", and found it unreadable. (I later picked up a 1919 Street & Smith paperback, but deemed the pages a bit fragile for much reading.) The original version here is far superior; I surprised myself by rather enjoying it. African adventure, with a touch of reincarnation and a seductive, immortal woman. The sequel is, like most sequels, not as good, but still readable. Haggard tends to be a bit long-winded, but one learns to ignore that, and the story is a classic in the field. Certainly this combination is a bargain.

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES, by William Morris (Ballantine, \$1.25) Morris is far more long-winded than Haggard, and to less purpose. His heroine is impossibly beautiful, pure, and naive; his style is impossibly antiquated. Morris may well be a great innovator in fantasy, but I'm not a historian. For people who enjoy language like "therewithal", "whilom", and "yeasaid" combined with a very slow-moving story.

XICCARPH, by Clark Ashton Smith (Ballantine, \$1.25) Smith is the absolute master of purple prose in the fantasy field. I admire his vocabulary (or his dictionary) without thinking much of his fiction. For those who love the exotic, here are some outstanding examples; "The Maze of Maal Dweb", "The Flower-Women", "Vulthoom", "The Dweller In The Gulf", "The Vaults of Yoh-Vombis" (probably his most famous story), "The Doom of Antarian", "The Demon of the Flower", "The Monster of the Prophecy", "Sadastar", and "From the Crypts of Memory".

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES, by H. G. Wells (Ace, 75¢) Not one of Wells' best stories; a satire of capitalism, in which a man goes into accidental suspended animation and finds when he awakes that he owns the world, due to shrewd investments by his caretakers, who are more than a little disgruntled that he didn't remain suspended as he was supposed to. He is promptly plunged into a three-way power struggle. He is, of course, incredibly noble and all that, as are the members of the proletariat. everyone else is a crook.

THE INVISIBLE MAN, by H. G. Wells (Popular Library, 75¢) This is one of his best stories, on the theme that power corrupts. It's also one of his most famous, so it's hardly necessary to describe it. (Except to perhaps mention in passing that the book is far better than the movie.) Recommended.

TIME GLADIATOR, by Mack Reynolds (Lancer, 75¢) Published in 1969; I just got around to it. An enjoyable novel of intrigue, set in the author's "people's capitalism" background. Reynolds deserves more credit than he's ever received for working out this political extrapolation, which is far more plausible than most. The story itself is pure adventure; enjoyable but lightweight.

A FOR ANYTHING, by Damon Knight (Fawcett, 75¢) Knight's rebuttal to the popular theory that unlimited power sources would produce absolute democracy; here it produces slavery (a far more likely outcome, considering normal human attitudes). It's a very good novel; actually a preliminary short story and then a novel. It has also been reprinted a good many times; if you haven't already read it, do so.

THE GAME-PLAYERS OF TITAN, by Philip K. Dick (Ace, 75¢) One of Dick's specials on the untrustworthiness of reality. With a background of a world ruined by war, and a giant system of wife-swapping in an attempt to overcome sterility. A really nasty story, when you come right down to it, but excellently written.

WEB OF THE WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) The second book in the Witch World series, as I recall, and one of the better ones, though not up to the first of the lot. This completes the war against Kolder, with a suitable amount of glory and bloodshed. Recommended - but I would recommend even more getting hold of WITCH WORLD and reading it first.

SPELL OF THE WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (Daw, 95¢) First book from Wollheim's own publishing company and the latest in the Witch World series. This, somewhat to my relief, contains two novelets and a short story set in various other countries of the world; Estcarp began to pall several books back. Mostly sorcery and mental powers; enjoyable, but the menaces in Norton books do begin to acquire a remarkable similarity. (Still, if you haven't read 40 or so Norton books as I have, you might not notice it.) Recommended to fantasy fans.

PERRY RHODAN #11: THE PLANET OF THE DYING SUN, by Kurt Mahr (Ace, 60¢) These are not, PERRY RHODAN #12: THE REBELS OF TUGLAN, by Clark Darlton (Ace, 60¢) properly speaking, parts of a series; they are part of one huge endless serial - undoubtedly the world's longest novel. A Doc Smith fan protested my former comment that this is similar to the Lensman series, but I still think so. (More similar to the Skylark series, perhaps.) A modern version, of course; slick, moderately inventive, and with about the same depth as a mediocre soap opera. It also has Forry Ackerman as editor of the series, making it a sort of paperback magazine. Recommended for juveniles of all ages.

SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC, by E. E. Smith (Pyramid, 75¢) Now if you want something to compare to Perry.....This is not a part of one of his series, and has not apparently been paperbacked before; unusual. Original publication 1931, in AMAZING. Smith made a tremendous reputation out of this sort of "space opera"; a fabulous imagination coupled with an inability to write convincingly of people. None of his characters are even cardboard; tissue paper is more like it. But there is lots of action and wonderful inventions and all sorts of scientific supermen. Also a nice cover; wish Pyramid still listed cover artists on their books.

HIGHWOOD, by Neal Barrett, Jr./ANNIHILATION FACTOR, by Barrington J. Bayley (Ace, 95¢) The Barrett half is a fairly enjoyable ecological problem/adventure story; what's wrong with the alien races and how did they get that way? Bayley has a really weird

alien and a totally unconvincing - to me, anyway - climax, but it seems to be an original idea, which are scarce these days. I didn't like it, but it has merit.

TECHNOS/A SCATTER OF STARDUST, by E. C. Tubb (Ace, 95¢) TECHNOS is another of the Dumarest series, which I do not like and don't bother to read any more. The other half is better, being stories primarily reprinted from NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY while the magazines were under Carnell and among the best in the world. They are "The Bells of Acheron" (curing a man of his delusions on a planet where the dead speak; sentimental, but I liked it), "Anne" (a man who finds Heaven - with something a bit odd about it), "Return Visit" (a logical approach to outwitting the devil - which runs up against a logical demon; original and thoroughly enjoyable), "The Shrine" (an incident rather than a story, on the subject of pride), "Survival Demands!" (telepathy as a survival - or anti-survival - characteristic; good), "Little Girl Lost" (a horror story with a particularly nasty conclusion; this was televised on "Night Gallery" awhile back), "The Eyes of Silence" (what sort of man can stay sane by himself on an asteroid "watch station"?), and "Enchanter's Encounter" (psychology versus wizardry; a thoroughly entertaining short novelet of the type that made SCIENCE FANTASY the best magazine in the world for a few years). The book is worth the money just for the short story collection - which, from my viewpoint, is a good thing.

THE FIVE GOLD BANDS/THE DRAGON MASTERS, by Jack Vance (Ace, 95¢) Reprint of an earlier Ace Double, but if you didn't see the earlier edition, by all means get this. FIVE GOLD BANDS is a nice free-wheeling space-opera of the type that made the reputation of STARTLING STORIES back in the good old days when all us veterans were neofans and even Tucker's long white beard only reached his waist. DRAGON MASTERS is something else; one of the finest short fantasies ever written. (Providing, of course, you don't mind a little quiet slaughter.) Vance at his best is as good as anyone in the field; he isn't at his best very often, but this is one of the times.

SOMEONE LIKE YOU, by Roald Dahl (Pocket Books, 95¢) Fourteen short stories and a novelet. Some are fantasy and some aren't, but all are more or less nasty, and all are beautifully written. Dahl has a way with the more sordid side of life. Several of them are indescribable without giving away the plot, so I won't. "The Sound Machine" is the only one I recall reading before; most have been reprinted from the slick magazines. My own favorites are the explanation of the poor quality of current fiction, in "The Great Automatic Grammatizator", the woman who discovers the perfect murder weapon in "Lamb To The Slaughter", and the man with the masterpiece tattooed on his back, in "Skin". But they're all good.

I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM, by Harlan Ellison (Pyramid, 75¢) Ellison is the one writer I know where my knowledge of him interferes with my ability to give him an honest review.

Here they are; the title story, "Big Sam Was My Friend", "Eyes of Dust", "World of the Myth", "Lonelyache", "Delusion For a Dragon-Slayer", and "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes", along with an introduction by Sturgeon and a foreword by the author. What the hell, buy it and see how you like it.

THE WORLDS OF THEODORE STURGEON (Ace, 95¢) Sturgeon writes so seldom any more that publishers are forced into cannibalizing from his previous collections. "Shuttle Bop" (a wild fantasy with a thoroughly nasty central character), "Maturity" (what is it?), and "Memorial" (the ultimate deterrent to war) are all from his first collection, Without Sorcery. Otherwise we have "The Graveyard Reader" from the book of the same name (somewhat overdone sentimentality), "The Skills of Xanadu" (the problem of just

who is civilized - and who is conquering whom?), "There Is No Defense" (a story firmly recommended to any of those idiots who a few years ago were hailing Sturgeon as stf's apostle of pacifism), "The Perfect Host" (the gradual unfolding of a quite horrible alien, in an old WEIRD TALES story), "The Other Man" (a multiple personality and the question of love), and "The Sky Was Full of Ships", which I first read in Judith Merrill's first (and best) anthology (a nice little lightweight scientific mystery). Overall, an excellent book.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF-20, ed. by John Carnell (Corgi, 25p or about 60¢ US). I wonder how much longer this first and best of the current crop of original anthology series will last, now that Carnell is dead? (If Moorcock takes it over, I quit.) This includes "Conversational Mode" (computer psychoanalysis and enforced conformity; excellent), "Which Way Do I Go For Jericho", by Colin Kapp (inventing the impossible) - note that I forgot the fact that "Conversational Mode" is by Grahame Leman - "Microcosm" by Robert P. Holdstock (an allegorical fantasy about love and death; didn't terribly impress me), "Cainⁿ" by H. A. Hargreaves (rehabilitation extrapolated), "Canary" by Dan Morgan (the use of precognitive abilities to avert disaster - and a problem thereof), and "Oh, Valinda" by Michael G. Coney (revenge and thoroughly alien adventure; good story from one of the best new authors). Overall; get it. Presumably it will eventually be reprinted in this country.

PARTNERS IN WONDER, by Harlan Ellison and others (Avon, 95¢) I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. I won't repeat all that, except to say we have 14 stories and one set of cartoons, with two exceptions they are nice blendings of talent and even the two exceptions are all to the good, because in each case the better writer prevails. (Avram Davidson is a better writer than Harlan, and Harlan is a hell of a lot better writer than A. E. Van Vogt.) The poorer items are the ones with Bloch, possibly because they aren't collaborations; Harlan merely wrote a sequel to a Bloch story, and it's a story that Bloch has done better with before. And the cartoon series - Rotsler cartoons, Ellison captions - is possibly the best thing in the book. This is one of the better recent books; get it.

KURT SINGER'S GHOST OMNIBUS (Leisure, 75¢) This has two excellent stories; Robert Bloch's "The Druidic Doom" (a Lovecraftian sort of thing) and A. W. Calder's "Song of Death" (an epidemic of musical death). The others - "Mrs. Lannisfree" by Derleth, "What Beckoning Ghost?" by Harold Lawlor, "Lords of the Ghostlands" by Seabury Quinn (a de Grandin story), "The Half-Haunted" by Gans T. Field, and "The Blue Spectacles" by Stephen Grendon, are all more typical ghost stories and of considerable less interest. The standard ghost format has been pretty well worked out.

QUARK 3, ed. by Samuel Delany and Marilyn Hacker (Paperback Library, \$1.25) Only I picked up a secondhand copy for a dime, which is a much fairer price. This series has always been too self-consciously arty for me; if I hadn't noticed Virginia Kidd's name in the table of contents I wouldn't have paid even a dime for it. (And then I didn't like the story, "Balls: A Meditation At The Graveside". Can't win them all, and with that title I wasn't really expecting to like it.) I also read R. A. Lafferty's "Encased in Ancient Rind", which is pretty typical Lafferty, and tried and failed to read the two Joanna Russ stories. Just looking at most of the others was enough.

ASSIGNMENT IN TOMORROW, ed. by Frederik Pohl (Lancer, \$1.25) A fairly standard reprint anthology; good enough fiction, if you haven't read it before. "Mr. Costello, Hero" by Sturgeon (the psychology of domination), "Angels In The Jets" by Jerry Bixby (sanity versus conformity; a rather nasty story), "The Adventurer" by C. M. Kornbluth (the catch in manufacturing a revolutionary leader), "Subterfuge" by Ray Bradbury (the ultimate camouflage), "Helen O'Loy" by Lester del Rey (a sentimental robot story that I've always loved), "5,271,009" by Alfred Bester (a somewhat - lunatic - account of lunacy and artistry), "The Big Trip Up Yonder" by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (the problem of immortality and concomittant overpopulation, in a humorous treatment), "We Don't Want Any Trouble" by James H. Schmitz (a thoroughly nasty alien invasion; shows what the author can do when he isn't writing Telzey stories), "The Peddler's Nose", by Jack Williamson (the danger of sticking it onto an alien planet), "The Frightened Tree" by Algis Budrys (extrapolated counterfeiting), "A Matter of Form" by H. L. Gold (fine mystery novelet of a scientific criminal), "Back To Julie" by Richard Wilson (nice

light little story, unfortunately based on the inheritance of acquired characteristics) "She Who Laughs" by Peter Phillips (a henpecked ghost), "Official Record" by Fletcher Pratt (mutation used as a war weapon), "Hall of Mirrors" by Fredric Brown (immortality involving loss of memory) and "Mother" by Philip Jose Farmer (one of his fascinating psychological alien-sex stories). Quite worthwhile if you haven't previously read most of the contents (I'd previously read all the contents.)

THE GHOULS, ed. by Peter Haining (Pocket Books, \$1.25) An interesting idea; the original stories from which various horror movies have been made. Some of them aren't much as stories, and few of them are much like the movies made from them, but they have an interest for both the horror and movie fan. The editor manages a pretty good historical pageant of horror films, rather than concentrating on a few classics. Stories are "The Devil In a Nunnery" by Francis O. Mann ("The Devil In A Convent", Melics 1896), "The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether" by Edgar Allen Poe ("The Lunatics", Edison 1912), "Feathertop" by Nathaniel Hawthorne ("Puritan Passions", Film Guild 1923), "Phantom of the Opera", by Gaston Leroux (Universal, 1925), "The Magician" by Somerset Maugham (MGM, 1926), "Spurs", by Tod Robbins ("Freaks, MGM 1932), "The Most Dangerous Game", by Richard Connell (RKO Radio, 1932), "Dracula's Guest", by Bram Stoker ("Dracula's Daughter", Universal, 1936), "The Devil and Daniel Webster" by Stephen Vincent Benet ("All That Money Can Buy," RKO Radio 1941), "The Body Snatcher" by Robert Louis Stevenson (RKO Radio, 1945), "The Beast With Five Fingers" by W. F. Harvey (Warner Bros., 1947), "The Foghorn" by Ray Bradbury ("The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms", Warner Bros. 1953), "The Fly" by George Langelaan (20th Century Fox, 1958), "The Viy", by Nikolai Gogol ("Black Sunday", Galatea, 1960), "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" by Ambrose Bierce ("Incident At Owl Creek", Robert Enrico, 1961), "The Colour Out of Space" by H. P. Lovecraft ("Monster of Terror", A-I, 1965), "The Skull of the Marquis de Sade" by Robert Bloch ("The Skull", Paramount 1966), and "The Oblong Box" by Edgar Allen Poe (A-I, 1970). The editor prefaces each story with a short history of its movie career (several have been filmed more than once) and concludes with a list of cast and credits for each movie.

CHARLES FORT, by Damon Knight (secondhand, Doubleday) But it's copyright 1970, so you might be able to locate a copy. This is a short biography of Fort, plus an explanation and commentary on his books. Knight has done what I often wished someone would do; broken Fort's rambling and incredible leaps from subject to subject down into more or less comprehensible statistics. He has included some of the more picturesque phrasings; "Night fell so heavily that it broke roofs". He has even come up with a few examples of Fortean phenomena of recent times; a Clarion professor who claims to have an arrangement of a radiation source and reflectors which produces a larger output of energy than the input. However, some examples of wonderment even I can break down. Fort was enthralled by a mass fall of dry oak leaves in France, in April. "That there may be a nearby world complementary to this world, where autumn occurs at the time that it is springtime here." Fort (and Knight?) being a city boy, obviously never knew that dry oak leaves normally hang on the trees all winter. Human nature being what it is, this leaves me even more suspicious of his other examples of the supernatural. But it is an entertaining book, even if I do question a lot of Fort's data.

THE SHADOW BEFORE, by L. P. Davies (Crime Club, secondhand) Also copyright 1970. This would make a great movie. Hero goes under the anasthetic for an operation on a brain tumor and wakes up alongside a wrecked car; papers in his billfold assure him that he has a new name, new address, loads of money, and is missing 4 years from his memory. Regains the memory, finds that it's all been a dream - and then goes home and begins living out the dream, scene for scene. Except for peculiar little differences that... well, read it. Davies is a master at providing a plausible explanation in one paragraph, and yanking the props out from under it in the next. Non-fantasy...I think.

MILDERS WALK AWAY, by Herbert Brean (secondhand) This one isn't new; I read it over 20 years ago, and Bob Briney just remarked that he's been looking for a copy for years. It's a mystery; a series of mysterious disappearances over the years is finally explained. It's also one of the few mysteries I've ever seen with footnotes - on anything that interested the author and might interest his readers. Colonial furniture making, the Mary Celeste, the Brown Bess musket, a recipe for a New England pastry,

Charles Fort, Ethan Allen - none of these, you understand, having much of anything to do with the plot. Nowadays it would be called a juvenile, I suspect, as it's obviously for the interested but uninformed mind, but in 1948 they didn't write juveniles in which one of the characters turns out to be a literal bastard. Anyway, it's a fun book, and I'm surprised it isn't in paperback by now. If you see a copy, grab it (if you don't like it, you can probably dispose of it to Briney.)

WELLINGTON: THE YEARS OF THE SWORD, by Elizabeth Longford (Weidenfeld & Nicholson) Price unknown because it came out of the blue as a gift from John McCallum. It's an excellent - and huge - book, covering Wellington from his childhood to Waterloo. The Duke seems to have been a man after my own heart. "He advised a friend in 1813 not to ask for an honour: if the Government were wise they would give him one spontaneously; if not, no one whose opinion he valued would think the worse of him." (It's an excellent philosophy; too bad more people don't practise it.) Lovely book, anyway; I thoroughly enjoyed it.

POST STORIES: 1947 (Random House, secondhand) Of interest to the fantasy fan for several stories: "The Green Hills of Earth" by Heinlein, "Note on Danger B" by Gerald Kersh (a rather poorly thought-out relationship between supersonic speed and time travel), "The Voice In The Marphones" by Wilbur Schramm (sentimental but good fantasy), and "Jump Now, Erskine!" by George W. Morse, (an allegedly funny inventor). There are also the usual romances, mood pieces, etc, and a Sally Carrighar story for the ecologists.

YES AND NO STORIES, by George and Helen Papashvily (Harper & Brothers, secondhand) A book of Georgian (Russian Georgian) folk tales, which are considerably more fascinating than I thought they'd be when I got the book. (I got it mostly because Anything Can Happen, by the same authors, is one of my favorite books of any kind.) I have always associated folk tales with the primitive and juvenile (because so many of them are) but these aren't. They are full of morals like "In this world there is some justice. But not enough." (They are also full of extremely immoral people, who acquire wealth and fame by the tactics of a con man.) Excellent.

CARMEN OF THE RANCHO, by Frank Spearman (Sun Dial, secondhand) I got these from Ozzie FLAMBEAU JIM, by Frank Spearman (Scribner's, secondhand) Train's last book list because I am hooked on Spearman's westerns. He writes the sort of series I like; the central characters change from book to book, but the background and secondary characters remain the same, occasionally shifting from job to job as their situation changes. By the time one has followed John Lefever from freighter to railroad man to US Marshal, he is as well known as most historical characters, though he is never the central character in a book. And, of course, a few people drift through, as people did in the west, and never return. The backgrounds seem absolutely authentic - largely, as I have discovered, because Spearman used real backgrounds, and often real events, weaving them into the plots of his fiction. The main series is laid in the Falling Wall country of I believe Wyoming. CARMEN is his only book that I've read laid in California, with an entirely different set of characters. It's still enjoyable though, like most of Spearman's fiction, rather impossibly romantic.

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX, by Sol Weinstein (Paperback Library, secondhand) I got this off Jerry Hunter, for a better price than the publisher put on it. I liked Weinstein's spoofs of James Bond, but this unfortunately isn't in the same league. It's badly overdone (one can't overdo a Bond parody); too many of the jokes are not only obvious but so ham-handed as to be unfunny. But there are some remarkably funny lines in there if you're dirty-minded enough to dig for them. Just not enough to justify the original price.

VICTORIAN ADVERTISEMENTS, by Leonard de Vries (Marsh Stores, 88¢) Why Marsh is selling remaindered books (supposedly picked personally by Vincent Price, by the way) along with the groceries is beyond me, but who complains? This one isn't worth the \$8.95 original price tag, but for 88¢ it's a bargain if one enjoys seeing the latest inventions of the 1880s. I was particularly intrigued by the ice imported from Norway (these are all British ads) and by the fact that cigarette lighters apparently have not changed in appearance since 1870.

COPPERHEAD, by James Henderson (Ace, 95¢) Borderline stf; biological warfare attack on the US. About standard for international-spy fiction, which makes it a fairly competent adventure story but nothing extra.

LOVECRAFT: A LOOK BEHIND THE CTHULHU MYTHOS, by Lin Carter (Ballantine, 95¢) A thoroughly adequate if not particularly fascinating account of Lovecraft and his writing. Lovecraft fandom should go for it; fantasy fans in general may or may not find it interesting. I'm rather glad to have it.

OUT OF THIS WORLD, by John Macklin (Ace, 75¢) Is anyone out there interested in reports of third-rate supernatural books? This has a beautiful cover and nothing else to recommend it.

THE BOG PEOPLE, by P.V. Glob (Ballantine, \$1.25) Translated from the Danish by Rupert Bruce-Mitford. An absolutely fascinating account of the mummies that are from time to time unearthed in Danish bogs, and what scientists have learned from them about the lives of northern Europeans in the first couple of centuries after Christ. Extremely well illustrated, indexed - and written. I agree with the reviewer quoted on the back cover that it is "the very best kind of popular archaeological writing."

A MAJORITY OF SCOUNDRELS, by Don Berry (Ballantine, \$1.25) I reviewed the hardcover some time back. Don't know when. (I recall discussing it with Leigh Brackett at some convention - St. Louiscon? - she also approved of it.) It's an excellent account of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and its problems with Mexican officials, Indians, and rival traders. It's a big thick book, and probably the best overall account of the American fur trade that I've read. If you're interested in history, get a copy.

THE ROYAL SUCCESSION, by Maurice Druon (Ace, 95¢) Another in Druon's series on French history. Juanita read this; I didn't. She found it interesting, but thought Druon's pro-Catholic bias led him into some errors. (She was reading another book on the same period at the same time, and it quoted Vatican documents which Druon gave rather blurred testimony on.)

BOSS, by Mike Royko (Signet, \$1.25) But Jackie Franke loaned me her copy. Quite an interesting book, especially for a midwesterner. The reviewers for WASHINGTON MONTHLY seemed to feel it isn't as accurate as it might be, but it's certainly entertaining, and gave me several more good reasons for not living in Chicago. (It's the biography of the Mayor Daley political machine, in case you haven't heard of it elsewhere.) Even WM noted no major inaccuracies; just a few little minor points.

BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON, by Georgette Heyer (Panther, 3/6) But I got them all second-hand; the two British ones
THEY FOUND HIM DEAD, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) hand; the two British ones
ENVIOUS CASCA, by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, 75¢) from Ethel Lindsay. Three
PENHALLON, by Georgette Heyer (Panther, 5/0) of them are murder mysteries,
with BEHOLD, HERE'S POISON the best of the lot. Not for the mystery, which is adequate but unexciting, but for the characters, Randall Matthews in particular. Dear Cousin Randall is the ultimate in put-down artists; the type every fanwriter can strive to emulate. (I really identified with him, aside from his sartorial splendor.) The heroine calls him an "amiable snake; smooth and fanged". ENVIOUS CASCA is quite similar, but Stephen Herriard is a poor imitation of Randall; he has the disposition but not the wit. (Like too many fanwriters....) The mystery is about the same, but most of the characters are fascinating. THEY FOUND HIM DEAD has a much better mystery but far less interesting characters - though they kept me reading. PENHALLON is another kettle of fish altogether. There is a murder in it, but it is less a murder mystery (the reader watches the murderer commit the act) than it is a social study of one of the most utterly revolting British families I have ever encountered. Fascinating book, but not at all what one thinks of as coming from Heyer.

BONY AND THE MOUSE, by Arthur Upfield (Pan, 2/6, secondhand from Alan Dodd) Another good one, once again not for the mystery but for the Australian background. Upfield is the man who originated my fascination with Australia; his characterization and descriptions are both fascinating.

HEIRESS APPARENT, by Laura Conway (Bantam, 75¢) I tried this because Sandra Miesel's mother's librarian said Conway was a pseudonym for Heyer. It isn't; this thing contains some of the most unmitigated garbage I have ever struggled through. Scotch that rumor, before others are led astray....

GRYBLINGS

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Avenue NW, DC 20037

Ideologically, I am 100% in favor of Free Day Care Centers. God knows I could have used such in the past 8 years, but as a practical matter, I have serious doubts. For one thing, such centers are expensive, with a kind of open end expense.

There is literally no limit to what you can spend if you are given an open hand. Even a simple holding operation runs into money. Preschoolers need a lot of fussing, and this means a low ratio of children to adults. A mother with 4 preschoolers in the house would be unbearably harassed. You also need space and equipment. Fortune did an article on the subject awhile back, and costs were running \$2500-5000 per year per child.

The mother of a close friend of ours runs a day care center (out in Silver Spring, -unfortunately). And with a staff of 4, including a cook, they are hard pressed to handle 25 kids. (When the 5th staffer is on vacation or out.) Catering to the middle class, with few children and lots of loot, she makes a living, but is by no means making a fortune.

Extend this service to the public at large -- say as an extension of public schools -- and you do regrettable things to the tax base.

Of course, I have long advocated that the Government should take over the whole business of racial propagation (pardon me, species propagation) to stop the population explosion by sheer inefficiency. But that doesn't mean I like the idea.

Can't understand the flap about Tucker's Granfalloon article...or rather, I understand but don't comprehend. After all, he nominated you for the Big Heart award, nicht wahr?

Modern furniture, feh. Our new (2 years) sofa was being sat on by three people. The one on the right slid forward to hear something and crack! The damned thing broke.

In detail, the frame supporting the sofa (which converts to a bed) was 1 inch plywood, with a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch bolt put through it. On examination, the bolt was $\frac{1}{8}$ or $\frac{3}{16}$ off center, leaving -- hmm...a $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{16}$ thickness of plywood supporting the weight of three people. Naturally, the 2 inch width had been cut to $1\frac{1}{2}$ " at that point to allow the bed-swivel action room. A \$350 sofa...a \$50 repair job.

So I bought an angle iron, cut a notch for the bolt to get a close fit, and bolted it on both sides of the fracture. So far, so good. The 5 bolts are holding. The next WSFA meeting should tell whether I did it right. The home craftsman strikes again.

I should mention that I have a sabersaw, a $\frac{1}{2}$ " power drill, a good vise and assorted tools. They help.

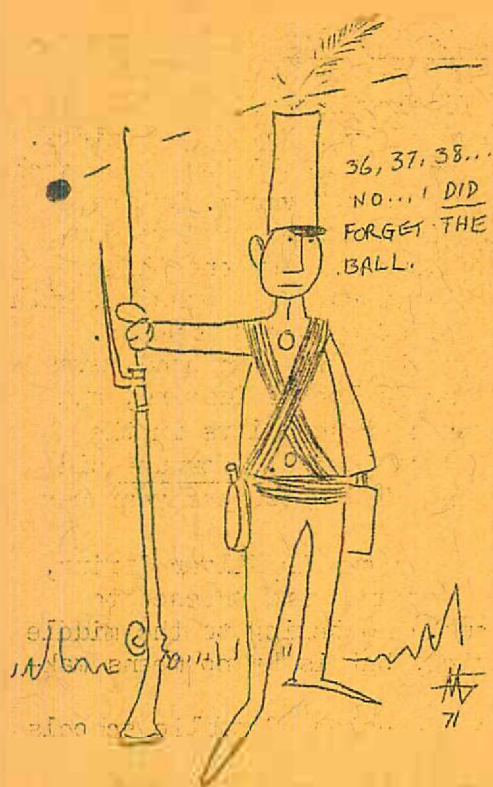
Offutt's article in #212 is case in point. Without the tool (why was it in the basement in the first place? Should I ever see one in a suburban basement, I will know that something is not right with their drains.) he would have been, as they say, up shit creek without a paddle.

/I've always felt a bit sheepish about having a sabre saw and power drill, since my father, who has worked as a carpenter and house painter since 1933 (with occasional stretches of well-drilling and farm work) never owned a power tool in his life. RSC/

Mike Juergens, 257 Florence St., Hammond IN 46324

Juanita, I'll admit that I, too, am intrigued that so many people took Tucker's essay in Granfalloon seriously. My guess is that most of them have not met either Buck or Bob. Is this the case?

By the way, the "Jungle Fever" single does not feature "gasping intelligibilities"



-- the young lady is simply meaning in Spanish (and it doesn't sound nearly so sensual translated). But they've had porn in books and magazines for a long time, so I don't see anything especially remarkable about a porn record. It's not like "Jungle Fever" was the first one, either (or didn't you hear "J'ai t'aime," a French single which received considerable air play over a year ago?).

I must say that I am surprised and dismayed to hear that beauty contests have invaded the corridors of Bruce's school. Talk about sexism -- all those girls lined up practicing for a rewarding career as sex objects. Is there no women's lib movement in Hartford City?

Maggie Thompson doesn't tell half the story of the Chicago Journalism Review: the magazine provides a place for Chicago's more insurgent journalists to let off steam, and the results can be quite eye-opening for anyone who still believes in an independent and free press. For example, one article developed the fact that based on advertising revenues, the Chicago Tribune Company controls 68% of the media market (newspapers, radio, and TV) in Chicago, with within the limits for Federal anti-trust action (but don't hold your breath waiting

for the Justice Department to file suit...).

I don't think that Jackie Franke should be quite so vehement in her denunciation of psychology experiments using animals. Agreed, it is dangerous to base sweeping generalizations on experiments with rats, but that hardly means that the data is worthless. It sounds like Jackie is upset because the data tends to contradict her own theories.

...Hmmm...if Chris Walker wants to see what living without the simplest of modern medical conveniences is like, he should try living on welfare in Chicago. The only med care for indigent patients was, until recently, the emergency room of Cook County Hospital (ever hear of it? The place has gotten so bad that American doctors won't go near it -- at least half the staff, and even more of the interns, are Filipinos, who haven't read the stories in the newspapers.). Some free clinics have now been opened by various groups (including the Black Panthers) in poor areas, but they can't begin to meet the needs of the population (and they're being badly hassled by the Chicago Board of Health). Most of the doctors, of course, have followed the money to the suburbs -- the per capita population of doctors has dropped steadily in the city since 1940.

But why worry? Half the people who visit doctors have no observable ailment, anyway.

Well, Mike Glicksohn took the Gf article seriously, and he's met both Tucker and me. Whereas Denny Lien, who hasn't met either of us, didn't seem seriously perturbed. (But you're right; the people who took it seriously may have met us, but they didn't know us, which I gather is what you meant.) Women's Lib in Hartford City? That's the best laugh I've had all week. RSC Oh, I've heard porn on records for years; it wasn't that, it was the uninspired monotony of "Jungle Fever" that got me -- and the fact that it was being played on very staid Lawrence Welk-y area stations, to the vast amusement of the local Chicanos, I'm sure. This female gasping "Dime, dime!" over 50,000 watts of the Big Voice of Farming covering three midwestern states...yeah. JMC/

T. L. Sheared

Queerly enough, although I live in Detroit and used it as the locale for most of my writing when I could get away with it, I didn't even know FIRST PERSON PECULIAR was published or on sale until I started getting letters from places like Ukiah, California, and Milwaukee. As far as I know there are only two places in the entire city where the book is on sale. I admit I haven't made a career of looking for it.

A minor point which may be of some interest to you: it is true that the four stories in the book did not represent my total output for those years, but with a hitch. I wrote thousands of words but very few under my own name. This might have been what Ballantine may have been referring to. And yet...

I had a stroke some years ago and there are great jagged holes in my memory. I remember two stories in particular; "Never See Noon" and "See For Yourself." I can't remember what they were about nor where and when they were published, and only the titles themselves hint they might have been science fiction. If you should ever run across them, let me know. They'd be completely new reading to me.

Your guess about the original title of "Cure Guaranteed" is 50% correct. For some reason the editor didn't like the title I originally had for it, which was "Queue For Cure."

/You're not alone. Sandra Miesel mentioned that she'd seen Juanita's gothic on sale and was going to get a copy. Juanita said, "Tell her to get one for me, too," since we haven't seen any as yet. I don't recall the stories mentioned, but I'm sure someone among our readership will... our readers as a whole have read damned near everything ever printed./

Alice Hopf

I was amazed to read the Thompsons' letter and would like to reply to it: Where did you get to know Martha Keller and her poetry? I was at college with her, and always thought she was the rightful successor to Edna Millay. When I was a freshman, she was a senior and editor of the literary magazine. She accepted a poem of mine, but made me revise a line -- which greatly improved it. But I had no idea she was this well known around. I always thought that her type of poetry -- which was also mine -- the lyrical poetry of Keats and Shelley and Millay -- went entirely out of style beginning about in the 20s (late). Just as art styles changed (for the worse, I thought; I'm conservative in everything except politics!). My husband was a fine landscape artist; specialized in prints. He was exhibited all over the country in the 30s and is in the collections of all the major museums. But after WWII, abstractionism came in and monopolized the field. The shows wouldn't even accept landscapes for hanging. Gets pretty discouraging. Same with poetry. So I finally got off it into writing fiction. But I published quite a lot of nature verse (practically no money) before I got into the sf field. Anyhow, it's very interesting to see Martha Keller's name in Yandro. I used to know some of her stuff by heart. I knew she had died a short time ago. She had TB, you know. That's modern medicine for you. She lived into her 60s, whereas Keats died in his 30s.

While I'm on literary subjects, did you ever read a novel about WWI called JOAN AND PETER? If so, who wrote it? I have the notion that it was H.G. Wells, but the other night everyone said it couldn't possibly be. Doesn't seem like him. But it was someone of that group. Doesn't seem to be mentioned in the library.

Seems to me I read something in the paper recently about



an anti-American organization the Canadians have called WAFFLE. Any Canadian fans know anything about it?

/Actually, I don't think Keller is that well known except among the Yandro circle. It all goes back to my reading "Brady's Bend" in the Saturday Evening Post way back when. (The Post is responsible for a lot of things; reading "The Green Hills Of Earth" led to my involvement in science fiction.) But as for poetry, I like Keller, Kipling, Stephen Vincent Benet, Henry Herbert Knibbs, and things like Berton Bralley's "Morgan Sails the Caribbean," and never mind most of them are considered outdated. RSC/

Andre Norton

High Hallack really interested me more now than the other part of the Witch World background. I have two more short stories of this immured in Garan the Eternal (wish I had them back as I fear this volume will never appear now) and one in Lin Carter's SAGA anthology which also has not appeared -- though I sold the story two years ago. It is fun to work with and I like drawing on the old legendary material -- use largely the British folklore such as you find in Spense and kindred sources. I have one goody I picked up from Dover in reprint where the footnotes are very rich in bits of ideas -- FOLKLORE IN ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS -- this really sparks one's imagination.

Bookshops of any effectiveness are apparently unknown in central Florida -- and I buy most of my things by mail. I came from Cleveland where I had excellent service from two different shops and found it very hard to adjust to this desert. Depend a lot on Marboro for building up my research collection -- they do have bargains.

Got a packet of new paperbacks -- mainly sword and sorcery from F & SF yesterday -- but goodness only knows when I will open one. I am soothing my mind at present by re-reading Angela Thirkell from the library. Used to have all of hers but when I moved I sold the set. Now they are bringing them out in paperback. I bought one in paperback and reread it and so started in on the others again. Nothing happens in her books, but she can make the dulllest scene amusing, or at least it seems so to me.

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis IN 46240

You may recall we've mentioned drainage problems in the back yard? A few days ago after those heavy rains we saw this strange, dark bird in the yard next door. A coot! Two doors over it found a pond deep enough to swim in but perhaps was disappointed by the lack of minnows. Nobody's gonna believe this.

Talking last night about the merits of dandelion wine, I wondered if it had ever been distilled into liqueur: call it "Lion's Tooth" and promote heavily and it could be the newest rage. Or else market "Hoosier Comfort": persimmon liqueur.

Finally got around to reading some Leigh Brackett s&s against the chance of meeting her. Really good! I might go so far as to say I found Eric John Stark more interesting than Conan!

/I wasn't aware that dandelion wine had any merits; one trial was enough for me. But persimmon brandy, now (not liqueur; that doesn't sound Mid-western enough) -- that sounds intriguing! Of course Eric John Stark is more interesting than Conan -- and it's not Brackett's best work, at that. RSC/

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

Staring up at me accusingly are three Yandros.

I have met one Ft. Wayne fan and may share a ride to LACon with another. Both are girls and one is making her living as a writer. Only she writes hard core pornography. Unfortunately, she mentioned to her advisor in the English Dept. at IU-Purdue why she was dropping her job. Now every prof in the Dept. knows. Actually, she is quite matter of fact about her work and says that turning out a non-stop novel a weekend beats

working as a store clerk. Especially since she doesn't have to work every weekend. I'm almost tempted to try it myself, except I couldn't take pornography seriously enough to write it. Besides, Phyl Eisenstein informs me that Mike Resnick of Chicago says the market is falling off.

Loved Liz's column. Should write her a mash note. It's not that she leads such an interesting life; it's the way she transmutes it. My sister enjoyed reading about Rotten's sex education.

I read Cohen's MYTHS OF THE SPACE AGE. I was disappointed. Why didn't the bastard footnote? I have 4 or 5 references on astrology (i.e. planetary positioning), being able to predict the weather, for example, and his naked assertion that it is a flop. Since the other references are vague, I'd hoped that he'd have something to back up his assertion.

Obviously Tucker was picking on you in Granfalloon to try to discredit our next con bid for Hartford City. I told you that he'd sold out to the big city interests.

Had fun with the PO. Lew Pulsipher sent me a copy of Supernova (a sword and sorcery and sf Diplomacy zine, so it doesn't have many pages) first class and a batch of back issues third class. The first class issue took three days, the third class issues one.

Andy Offutt (my English teachers brainwashed me into capitalizing as well as hating Shakespeare) had a good point in #212. John Gardner mentioned an upper middle class mother that had one boy in college but the second one was making too low a grades to get in. She didn't know what to do. "His father keeps telling him he can go drive a truck, but I know he doesn't really mean it." Gardner also mentions that having 3/5 of the population aiming for 1/5 of the jobs leads to a hellish lot of disappointment and bitterness. I think that Andre is right when she believes that we lost something in the transfer to the industrial age. Unfortunately, I was brought up on a farm and never could regard a desk job or anything other than physical labor as work. I still have trouble that way. But if I had much talent in my fingers, I'd become an auto mechanic or electrician-repairman. There is a crying need for good ones.

Writing is a funny game. I blew almost three days going thru camping books and planning because it occurred to me that my heroes and heroines (no, I'm not writing that kind of book) would need to carry most of the stuff they needed rather than have it drop from the trees as in most alternate world novels. But when you sit down and almost forget your supper wondering what the imaginary people should carry into an equally imaginary world, you have got problems.)

/Offutt didn't say anything about the porno market falling off; he's doing better than ever. Of course, his stf is better than Resnick's, so maybe his porno is, too. (In fact, I'm as sure that it is as I can be considering that I've never read the porno putput of either one.) RSC/

Jodie Offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman KY 40329

My grumble has to do with the current trend toward the use of Ms. instead of Mrs. or Miss. Why, unless a woman's name is, or might be, confused for a masculine name, is it necessary to use anything before a name?

The only reason a man uses a Dr. is to let people know he has his doctorate. Men don't use Mr. when signing letters or checks or anything else. Our copy of AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS arrived in the mail last week -- a big fat one with 760 pages. In the front of the book, following the ever-popular introduction, a long list of people are acknowledged for this or that. All the men with the exception of one Dr. and one Professor had Mr. in front of their names, and all the women had Ms. in front of theirs. I can't help but wonder if the only reason for using all the Mr.s (is that right?) was for the purpose of using the Ms.s. (It couldn't be.)

Now what the hell? If putting a Ms. in front of your name, Juanita, isn't going to tell anybody if you're married or single, and 'Juanita' already says that you're female, why take up the extra space and bother with anything? Word pollution is all it is. Just more surface stuff to placate the militant femlibbers and keep them busy and satisfied.

There is absolutely no way in the world for me to read anything funny in Dave Locke's column this time. I feel like Jackie said she did about our plumbing problems. It was just a little close to home to be humorous. I feel that we've really paid our dues to that sub-culture of fandom having to do with cars. We were 300 miles away from home when the car literally started spewing out pieces in the road behind us. What began as a three-day visit with friends turned into an expensive week-long imposition. We were in a town no bigger than our back yard and the experience -- the people we had to deal with and potential cost -- was probably the worst thing that has ever happened to us.

The only bright thing I could think of to say to Andy was, "When we get over this shock, it'll make a great fanzine article." This happened a month ago and as late as last week he said he still didn't feel like writing anything funny about it. And I don't either. Perhaps in time...

/I'm willing to drop any form of address, but a lot of elderly women consider titles important. I think the Ms. is an interim term and hopefully the younger generation will eventually be able to junk all such. Titles connected with status are weapons. It wasn't so very long ago -- and is still true in some areas -- that when a clerk asks a woman seeking credit "Miss or Mrs?" and the answer is either "Miss" or "divorced," such credit suddenly becomes very difficult to obtain. As long as part of our society maintains such an attitude, the struggle to switch over to a stop-gap none-of-your-business-whether-it's-Miss-or-Mrs-or-divorced

term is going to find adherents. If society would drop the onus, I imagine the majority of women would forget such minor matters. JWC

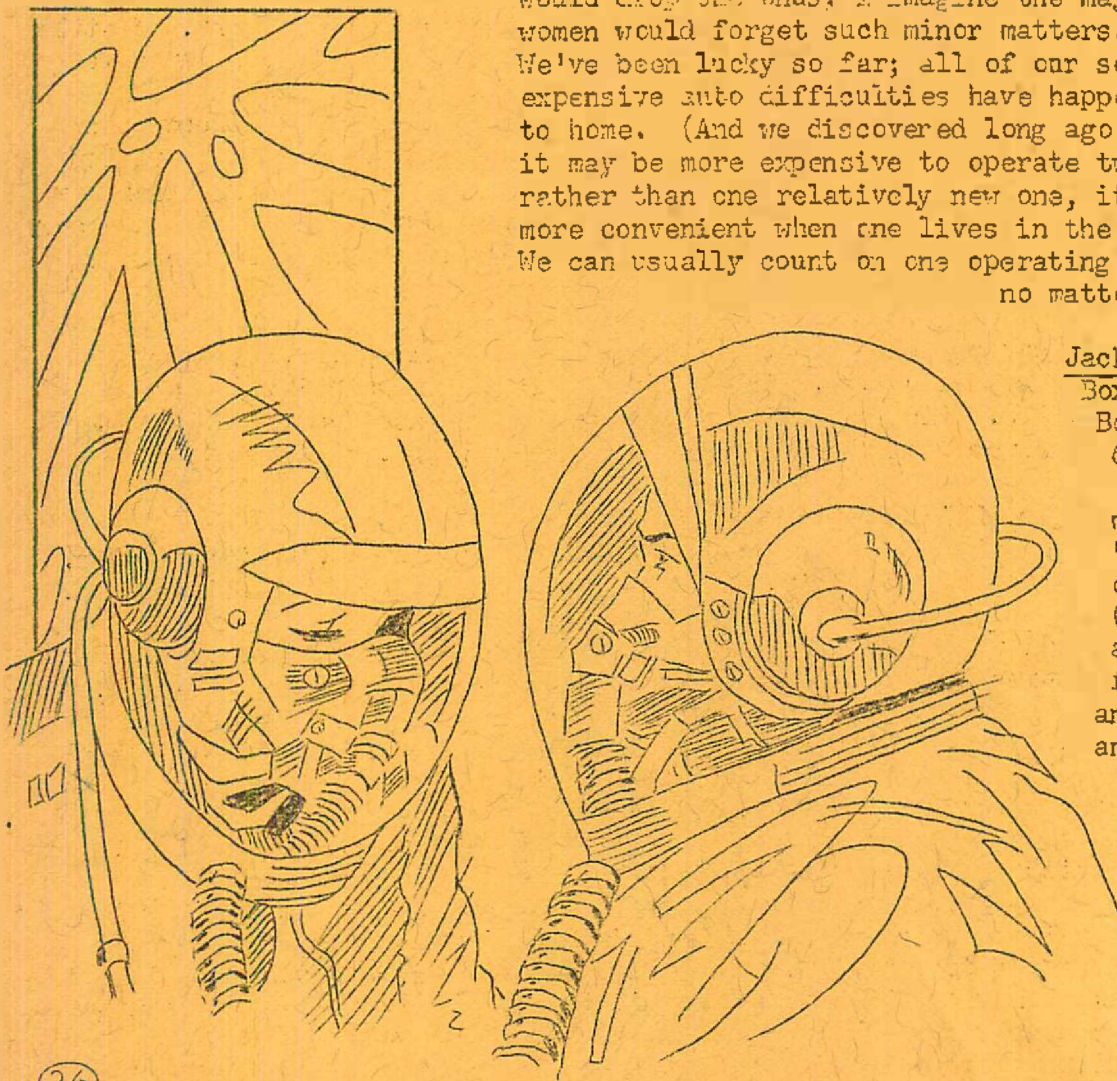
We've been lucky so far; all of our serious and expensive auto difficulties have happened close to home. (And we discovered long ago that while it may be more expensive to operate two old cars rather than one relatively new one, it's a lot more convenient when one lives in the country. We can usually count on one operating vehicle,

no matter what. RSC/

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

Wally has remarked about that "Jungle Fever" record, and Playboy (I think) reviewed an entire album filled with music and the sounds of an aroused (?) female in the background. The things people will spend good hard cash on!

Bruce was more loquacious than usual. A burst of fan-



nish fervor? Or just more happening lately? Agree with the 'almost rare' comment. How many times have you seen 'Genuine Replica'. Same thing. Boy's Life survives by all those junky ads. They must. We paid for one copy and we get two, so they're not terribly concerned with their profit-loss ratio, if all they were getting was subscription money. But I'll be darned if I'll pay for two identical copies of the same magazine just because we have two boys in Scouting. The Cubmaster still glares at us when we go to Pack Meetings. Messed up his 100% figures. (Hm. Maybe he put in the second sub..)

I like your comments about the recycled paper, Buck. Yes indeed, status is where you find it, and someone is always willing to pay through the nose to attain it.

Letters. How dare Gene Wolfe mess around with we Indignant, Abused Homeowners! Can't we revile a profession in peace? Quit spoiling our spite with facts! All Tradesmen are Out To Get Us. It's our favorite myth, and you leave it alone.

A letter from Larry Nichols? Migawd! I was beginning to think that he was the result of mass hallucinations at cons. Never see or hear of him except for-then. Keep hearing that "he was here yesterday/lastweek/will come tomorrow". But there it is, proof positive that Nichols LIVES. Boggles the mind.

I have to agree with Dave. Think that Kay /and Juanita/ made too much of his column. Dave picks on all sorts of individuals in his humorous essays. He wasn't downgrading all womankind, nor do I believe that a calm person would take offense. Anything beyond the expected can be made to be funny, and it is the accepted thing that a wife should know how to cook. His wife (and she's not alone) supposedly is poor at the culinary arts, and he wrote a funny article about it. I certainly wasn't slighted by it: If anyone had a right to be mad, it was his wife. The time to yell is when comedians or writers start lumping all women into a single group and then tromp all over them. Then tear the ~~bastard~~ poor misguided soul apart. The points that she made in her letter were true enough, but as I still maintain, the stimulus didn't deserve the response. Madison Avenue was the worthier target.

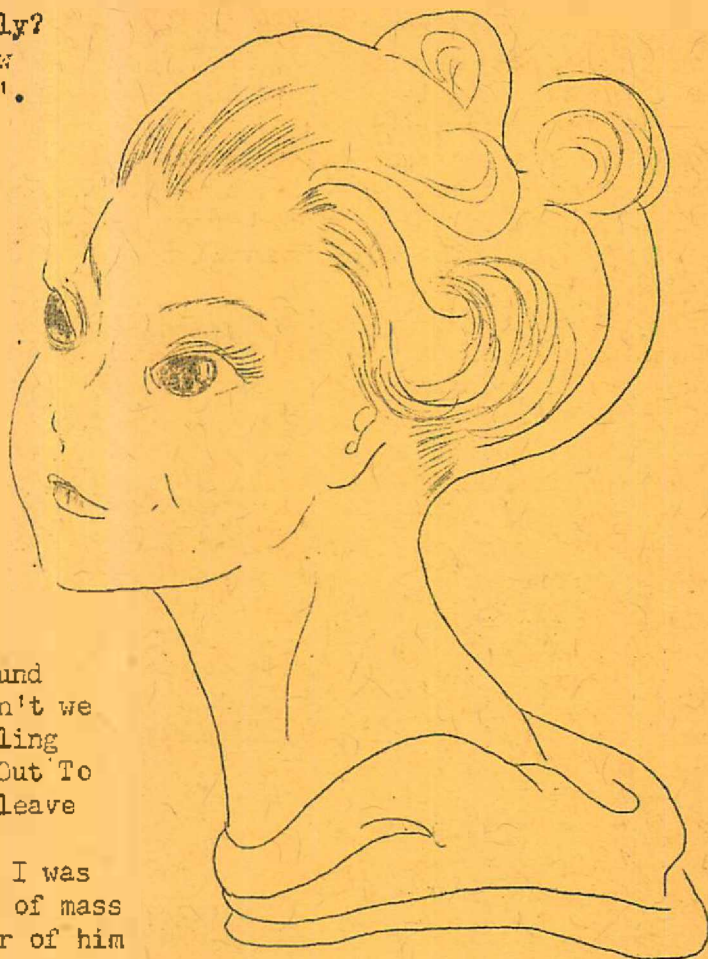
Gilbert's mention of the IPS reminds me that Mom said there aren't any stamps on their mail as yet. Will be in the future, but right now, all the stuff is pretty well handled within each individual area. Once the system gets going and batches are shipped between areas and states, the stamps will be used. (I guess; Mom was pretty foggy on it.) But she'll save some stamps for you if and when.

/So IPS was just suckering the collectors on the "first issue", eh? Well, what's good enough to Trucial Oman is good enough for us. Don't be too convinced of Larry Nichols' reality -- his copy of that issue was returned by the post office... RSC/

LESLEIGH LUTTRELL FOR DUFF!

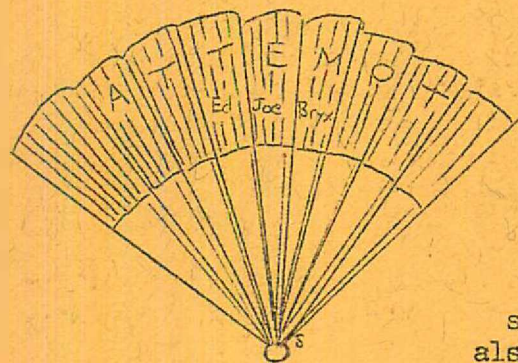
AUSTRALIA IN '75!

"We humped our blueys serenely, and made for Sydney town,
With a three-spot check between us, as wanted knockin' down."



A Fanzine should be
functional

strange fruit



HPL (Meade & Penny Frierson, P.O. Box 9032, Crestline Hts., Birmingham, AL 35213 - oneshot \$3.00) This is hardly what one thinks of as a fanzine; 142 pages plus covers, printed on slick paper. Entirely devoted to Lovecraftiana, it includes fiction, articles, "biographic notes," reviews, poetry, and a vast amount of artwork. Much of the art is mediocre -- for some reason bad artists seem to gravitate to the horror field. But there is also superb work by Frolich, Fabian, Kirk, reprints of Finlay and Lee Brown Coye, and a few others. (Well, maybe Coye isn't "superb," but I always rather liked his style.)

Text ranges from people I never heard of through the "semi-pros" like J. Vernon Shea and George Wetzel to Weird Tales stalwarts Joseph Payne Brennan and E. Hoffman Price to Fritz Leiber and Manly Wade Wellman. Quality also varies considerably (and it isn't always the professional who comes out on top) but in general is reasonably high. My only cavil -- aside from the fact that I'm not personally that much of a Lovecraft fan -- is the return of George Wetzel to fandom. The Friersons weren't around when he was in before (or they wouldn't have swallowed his explanation of his ostracism given in "Contributors Notes"), but I was and I goddamned well don't want him back. Cavils aside, this is certainly a must for Lovecraft fans; you won't get anything like it in the near future. Non-Lovecraft fans might want to get it just to see how far fan-publishers are willing to go with their hobby.

Renaissance VI#1 (John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights NJ 07922 - 25¢) Several essays (one of them an appreciation of Stanislaw Lem by a Russian writer) and quite a few moderately long book reviews. Pierce takes his science fiction seriously, and now that he's using less space for attacks on the "New Wave" he has a good fanzine for serious fans.
Rating.....:6

Osfig #25 (Peter Gill, 18 Glen Manor Dr., Toronto 13, Ontario, Canada - at least I assume Gill's the editor, since he has back issues for sale; there's no colophon -- last issue, price: free) Nice offset mag, from Derek Carter's interpretation of Mike Glicksohn as a Confederate general on the wrap-around cover to the artfolio in the back. In among the art, there is text. Good variety, top piece being Alex Gilliland's article on the coming decay of New York City. (Being a city-hater anyway, I am tempted to say "good enough for those idiots who insist on living there" except that if it does decay sufficiently all those idiots will be moving out next door to me, and I don't want that. So his article frightens me, too.) Otherwise there is fiction, reviews, and an article on the Toronto stf library.
Rating.....:6

Cozine #1 (Larry Smith, 216 Tibbet Rd., Columbus OH 43202 - irregular - no price listed) Mostly a notice that the Columbus club is back in the fanzine business, but there are some good book reviews. "This trilogy contains approximately enough material for a good novella" is a line I admire.) Small but promising.

Placebo #2 (Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing NY 11355 - quarterly - 35¢) Variety of material, from an article on Kahlil Gibran to Will Straw's economium on the advantages of placidity, and the editors' comments on the problems addressed to the fanzine name. (Another advantage of small towns, fellas; the post office is less hidebound.)
Rating.....:4

Nostalgia News (Larry Herndon, et. al., P.O. Box 34305, Dallas TX 75234 - monthly? -

6 for \$2) Articles primarily but not entirely on old movies, plus ads. I can guarantee the results on the classified ads (at \$1.00 per); mine drew 8 or 10 queries and accounted for over \$50 worth of sales, which is as much as I sold by lugging the stuff to 3 regional conventions. Recommended for collectors.

Phantasmiccom #9 (Donald G. Keller & Jeffrey D. Smith, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore MD 21207 (quarterly, this issue 75¢, regularly 50¢) Jeff Glencannon complains about plastic interchangeable astronauts -- he's never really listened to Wally Schirra, obviously -- there's a Rotsler cartoon series, a de Camp verse, an article by James Tip-tree, Jr., on writing, lots of book reviews and lesser material, and a color silkscreen cover. Around 90 pages overall, which isn't a bad bargain for your money.

Rating.....6

Warp #4, 5, 6 (Box 30 Campus Center, Rutgers University, Newark NJ 07102 - irregular - 15¢) Devoted to fan fiction, with a news item page on movies and tv. Not my type at all, at all.

Rating.....2

Mota #4 (Terry Hughes, 407 College Ave., Columbia MO 65201 - bimonthly - 25¢) One of those fanzines that's impossible to review because I find it amusing and entertaining and when I look for something specific to point to I discover that there is really nothing much in it. Maybe it's because that -- unlike so many fannish fanzines -- Mota never tells the reader what a perfectly marvelous fan wit Fan J is and then presents an example of pedestrian humor to prove its point. The stuff is there; if you like it, fine (and I do, mostly), but you aren't told in advance what a marvelously clever group of people this is to have thought it all up...and therefore I do not start out prejudiced against it. Anyway, it's fun and has absolutely no redeeming social value.

Rating.....6

Robot Blues #1 (Terry Hughes, q.v.) Primarily leftovers from Mota; a further exposition of Hugo candidates (Terry appears to be a fan of the New Wave, for which shame on him) and editorial ramblings.

Rating.....

Canticles from Labowitz #8 (Gary H. Labowitz, P.O. Box 15727, Philadelphia PA 19103 - 50¢, loc, contrib, trade) Fiction and verse. Quality (of the fiction, anyway; I didn't think much of the verse) is reasonably high, but I can't honestly say it's worth the money. (Of course, I can't honestly say I'm unbiased about fan fiction, either...) Sharp reproduction.

Fanzine Field Report came with Canticles, above. A list of fanzines and addresses, plus a list of the current wants of those fanzines. 63 titles listed. Primarily for the benefit of would-be contributors. There are supposed to be index sections for the fanzines received by Labowitz, but either that's to be a future edition or they were left out of my copy.

Zot! #3 (Jeff May, 1603 E. Division, Springfield MO 65803 - bimonthly - free) Primarily editor written, boosting heroic fantasy (as opposed to swords and sorcery). He says he isn't happy with his format; neither am I, because it's too hard to tell where one item starts and another leaves off. Otherwise...we all have to start somewhere.

Rating.....2

Potlatch #8 (Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston Street, Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn NY 11201 - monthly - 35¢, trade, loc, contrib, no subs) One of the better examples of New York faanishness. Good material by Tucker, pretty good by Bill Kunkel, good if small lettercolumn. Another Entropy Reprint; I'll agree with all the praise Terry heaps on Bjo, but that particular item is such an accurate pastiche of a thoroughly maudlin story that it's prettily ughish in itself.

Rating.....5

Cipher #6 (Chris Couch, 402 John Jay, Columbia University, New York NY 10027 - trade, loc, contrib, 35¢ - bimonthly) If anyone wonders why my reviews of the New York faanish fanzines are scarce it's because my contacts with the scene are -- by choice -- restricted to ex-St. Louis fans. There isn't really much in here except for letters, but the letters are excellent.

Rating.....5

Moebius Trip #12 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - 2/\$1 - 5-a-year) A fanzine which keeps getting fatter with each issue. There's an essay on Stanislaw Lem (same one that's in Renaissance, in fact), a short interview with Richard Matheson, a variety of material with one thing in common (I disliked it); and 18 pages of letters, several of them taken up in a discussion continued from last issue between Perry Chapdelaine and Mae Strelkov. (I agree more with Chapdelaine, but Strelkov has a much clearer writing style.) Rating.....4

With the above came The Pointed Stake #5, primarily an editor-written personalzine, for distribution thru N'APA. It would be much improved if it was entirely editor-written; Ed's comments on various news items and trends in society are far superior to Bill Wolfenbarger being maudlin (far more so than the Bjo reprint above) and Ben Indick writing two pages with no content whatsoever.

Nyctalops #6 (Harry Morris, Jr., 500 Wellesley, S.E., Albuquerque NM 87106 - quarterly - 50¢) This is for Lovecraft fans, and I'm not enough of one to have much interest in it. But it does start off with a fascinating article by Marion Bradley on the origin of Lovecraft's monsters. And it does have 48 printed pages (on good paper) plus covers, competent material for those who are Lovecraft fans, and artwork which is not as prevalent as that of the Friersons' publication but on the average is better quality.

Haverings #51 (Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 6QL Great Britain, USAgent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt 3-J, Brooklyn NY 11201 - \$1 for 6) Recommended to anyone who thinks my fanzine reviews are short. Normally Ethel's reviews are a shade longer than mine -- and quite probably better -- but this time I envision her staring in horror at this huge stack of mouldering paper and desperately trying to stuff as many reviews as possible into as little space as possible. (I can envision it because I know the feeling all too well.) Even so, if you're interested in getting more fanzines -- you fool, you -- this little 8-pager is the ideal place to shop for them. Rating.....6

The Mystery Trader #3 (Ethel Lindsay, see above - no schedule listed - 4 for \$1.25) A sales list that grew into a fanzine. There is a checklist of "impossible" mysteries (locked-room murders, "Impossible" disappearances, etc.), an article on psychic detectives, a Bouchercon report, various reviews of mystery books and magazines, and the sale list. Recommended to mystery fans.

Citadel #5 (Geo. & Lana Proctor, 406 NE 19th Street, Grand Prairie TX 75050 - no schedule listed - 25¢) Cheap enough for a printed publication. Primarily serious; Andy Offutt on writing. Vincent di Fate on art. Jack Williamson on teaching stf. There is also an article by Richard Shaver which is one of the most frightening things I've seen in a fanzine since A Trip To Hell (and for the same reason; Shaver obviously believes all this stuff he writes), and another installment of D. Bruce Berry's 'pornographic' stf story, with the same cruddy illustrations. (And that bothers me; bad writing I can understand, but Berry is or used to be a quite good artist, and I keep wondering what happened.) There's also a de Camp verse, a fair lettercolumn, and the artwork aside from Berry's is pretty good. Rating.....4

Dzarmungzund #8 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson TX 77566 - trade, contrib, loc - irregular) Formerly Pegasus; Joanne has gone dragon-happy. Lots of book reviews, verse, industrial humor, an occult column, column on defunct mags by me, pretty good cartoon series by Darrel Schweitzer, fanzine reviews and one lonely bit of fiction. Nice thick one -- 68 pp plus covers, with nice variety and good quality. Rating.....7

With the above came SmrGol #8 and 9, circulated thru the Apa on children's literature, and Lobeline #?, circulated thru N'APA. Both moderately interesting, though availability is in doubt.

Forthcoming SF Books #6 (Joanne Burger, address above - bimonthly - 4 for \$1) Just that; a 7-page list of stf books to be published in the more or less near future. (Or

near past, by the time you get this review of it.) Recommended for those who buy a lot of stf; you can see what you missed at your local newsstand.

Dynatron #48 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107 - quarterly - 25¢) I think the reason I relate so well to Tackett is given in his column of chatter here; asked to name the most prophetic stf work, he said he would like to nominate EARTH ABIDES but decided it was just wishful thinking. Right on! Roy writes about half the mag, the lettercolumn takes up another quarter, and outside contributors -- the poorest section -- make up the rest. Rating.....7

SF Commentary #24, 25 (Bruce R. Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia - monthly - 9 for \$3) I think Dave Piper in #25 expresses my opinion of the mag very well; I disagree utterly with most of the criticism in it (not just the editor's; everyone's) but I find it an interesting fanzine. Gillespie mentions that he finds Stanislaw Lem and Franz Rottensteiner easier to understand than some fan writers. Well, that's not surprising; Lem and Rottensteiner are easy enough to understand. It's the fact that he appears to agree with them that bothers me. This is entirely devoted to science fiction criticism, on a very serious level. Which makes it even more surprising that I rather enjoy it. Rating.....7

Mundac #1 (Rick Stocker, 1205 Logan St., Alton IL 62002 - irregular - 25¢) Personalzine. Hard to review because its quality is entirely subjective; if one enjoys the personality, one enjoys the fanzine. In general I enjoyed it (though I can't identify with Rick as well as I can with Tackett -- or even with Terry Hughes). The writing is free and easy, which is the main thing. Try it.

Maya #3 (Ian Maule, 59, Windsor Tee., South Gosforth, Newcastle on Tyne, NE3 1YL, UK - irregular? - trade, loc, contrib, 30¢) A little note with this pleads that British fandom is drifting slowly drifting, it is slowly drifting down...we need a tenor in here...and needs support and "DO YOU WANT TO SEE BRITISH FANDOM DIE?" And along with this pitiful plea they send me a fanzine filled to overflowing with con reports... (It's like the old Jack Benny joke; he's stopped by a gunman who says "Your money or your life" and he says "Give me a little time to think it over.") From the letter column I gather that the preceding issue was serious and perhaps New Wavish, so probably this one isn't typical. So maybe I'd better not rate it. Admittedly, it's been a long time since I got any British fanzines from anyone but Ethel Lindsay or Pete Weston. There are cracks about bad reproduction in the lettercolumn, but repro on this issue looked average or better. 20-plus pages, and if you really like con reports you have a bargain.

The Turning Worm #1 (John Piggott, 17 Monmouth Road, Oxford, OX1 4TD, U.K. - no schedule - one shilling) Aren't shillings a bit hard to come by these days? A four-page personalzine. Primarily full of complaints about British fandom this round. The editor wants to develop it "into some sort of organ for examining and constructively criticizing fandom in general" -- he obviously has a stronger stomach than I do...not to mention a far more serious idea of fandom. He wonders if a particular editor gives half a damn about fandom -- my immediate reaction is, why the hell should he? I have considerable interest in some fans, and a moderate interest in a large number of them, but fandom as an entity? Bull.

T-Negative #14 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417 - 50¢) God, that's a lousy cover, Ruth. Interior art is acceptable though repro is a little odd; I thought maybe you'd offended someone at your friendly local electrostenciller, but Juanita says it's the pattern of your drum coming through. Ruth is one of the people in fandom I find interesting, though my interest just barely extends to a fanzine full of Star Trek fiction. The editor's own articles about the background of the show are always good.

Space and Time #14 (Gordon & Becky Linzner, Apt. 4-M, 83-10 118th St., Kew Gardens, NY 11415 - quarterly - 50¢) More fiction. I like the editorial personality and the lettercolumn, but...

Cowboy Angel #1 (Doug Carroll, 407 College Avenue, Columbia MO 65201 - no schedule - 25¢) Columbia, Missouri, is now rivaling New York as a fan center where everyone publishes a fanzine and everyone writes for each other's mag. The idea has never had much appeal for me, but I do like the Columbia personalities better than I have most of the New York centered groups. That's a good illo of Jim Turner, but for full effect shouldn't it have been a double-page spread? Mostly personal-type ramblings by the editor, Terry Hughes, Turner, and Rick Stoker, though Rick's is ostensibly a fan-ish Lovecraft parody. Rating.....5

Holwe Lond V2#1 (Donald G. Keller, address above - bimonthly - 50¢) A fanzine devoted to "heroic fantasy" (which is to swords and sorcery as William Morris is to Robert E. Howard -- and while I'm sure it reveals my lowbrow tastes, I prefer Howard). Article and a couple of pieces of fiction. Hard for me to judge quality; since I dislike most of the professional examples of the field (excepting Tolkien and Pratt and one or two others), I'm obviously not going to like the amateur ones.

Uchujin #159, 160, 161 (Takumi Shibano, 1-34-10 O-Okayama, Meguro-Ku, Tokyo, Japan - monthly - price unknown) Well, it's very attractively printed... In addition to page after page in Japanese there is usually an English-language table of contents (a subtle Oriental torment; letting you know what you've just missed) and a page of English-language news of Japanese fandom and prodom.

Masiform D #2 (Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn NY 11225 - irregular - 50¢) Thick one; 70 pages. This has a long piece of Star Trek fiction, which I didn't read. It also has Marion Bradley writing a glossary of Darkovan terms, which I didn't find very interesting (as far as I'm concerned, alien terms are either explained in the text or they aren't, and either way a glossary is a dead loss; in the best writing, one shouldn't need one), plus a short account of how a private dream world has turned into commercial (and enjoyable) fiction, which is fascinating. Lots of verse; most I didn't care for, but Marian Turner is probably the find of the year among fan poets; Despite the title, "Dark Shadows Thingie" is one I wish I'd had the chance to publish (I'd have retitled it, if at all possible) and "Collins Carol" is acceptable. Artwork ranges from incredibly bad (most of Oberdieck) to excellent (Austin).

Confrontation #19, 20 (Dave Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg VA 22801 - monthly) Maybe I shouldn't review this, as the editor says it goes to a "semi-closed circle." Personalzine from probably the wildest personality in fandom today.

Afan #3 (Dave Hulvey, address above - irregular - trade or comment only) Largely editor-written. I rather admire anyone who can sit down and write 13 pages of ~~AAAAA~~ ramblings, because I can't. (Of course, maybe if I took 6 months between issues...) There are outside contributors; Mae Strelkov on the unchanging nature of people and problems, Dan Goodman on the state of fandom (which is in a bad way, the governor having resigned, the lt. governor lost in a sea of pot, and the treasurer using strong-arm tactics to sell his fanzine), Don Keller on how suspicious he looks (never having seen him, I can't comment), a thingie by Bruce Townley, and various sundry and mondry letter-writers. It's a thoroughly faanish fanzine without the conformist tendencies that plague most of the crop. Rating.....6

Papaya #3, 4 (Jay Cornell, Jr., 213 West Residence, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale MI 49242 - quarterly - 25¢) Goes thru SAKS, so there are mailing comments, which one presumably skips if not a SAKS member. Primarily an editorial and a letter column, though there are a few outside contributors. Presumably there would be more if Jay received more humorous material. Runs to 20 to 25 pages. (But next issue will be the Annish, cost 50¢, and one assumes be larger and have more contributors.) Adequate repro except for one totally illegible illustration in #3. (Or at least, I see a few dim lines and a large amount of blank space, so I presume there was supposed to be an illo there.) Not a whole lot of material in here, but what's here is pleasant enough. Rating.....4

Luna Monthly #33 (Ann F. Dietz, 655 Oradell St., Oradell NJ 07649 - 35¢) Digest size, printed newsletter and review journal. Best place to check on forthcoming conventions, club meetings, etc. Rating.....5

Locus #108 thru 111 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx NY 10457 - 12/¢3) -- biweekly) Fandom's leading newsletter, with a few reviews thrown in.. Also they seem to have started a fairly regular column by Jack Gaughan, and have extremely irregular ones by Tucker and Harry Warner. It's a good place to find out what's going on -- except sometimes I'd rather not know, as in #109 which listed the death of Ted Carnell. Which means the three best science fiction/fantasy editors of all time -- Boucher, Campbell, and Carnell -- are all dead. (Aside from the loss to the field, there is the personal angle; I would rather have sold a story to Carnell than to anyone else in the field, and while he was alive I never even had one good enough to submit.) Rating.....7

Sanders #17 (Dave Nee, 977 Kains, Albany CA 94706 - 4/¢1 - monthly?) Printed newsletter, featuring but not restricted to west coast news. Rating.....5

Son of the WSFA Journal #36 thru #50 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, MD 20906 6/¢1.10 via first class mail - mostly weekly) No, he doesn't publish 15 issues in a month; since I get them via trade, I get them in large batches. Contents include Washington, DC club news, various reviews, and an occasional odd or end. Rating.....4

Vertigo #13 (Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Road, Durham NC 27707 - irregular? - 25¢) News, a very few reviews, comments on several (both past and forthcoming) Durham Mini-cons. Not too much overlap with the other newsmags. Rating.....4

Rune #25 (Ken Fletcher, Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., Hobbäat, 3755 Pillsbury Ave. S., Minneapolis MN - no price or schedule -- no solid address either; if they get complaints from the PO it's their own fault) The Minneapolis newsletter. Mostly local news. Very short.

Osfan V3#1, 2, 3 (GiGi Beard, 6218½ Hancock, St. Louis MO 63139 - no price or schedule) Local news of the St. Louis group. Actually Mike Mannon published the first two, but send inquiries to Gigi. Rather small.

Son of Grafan #11, 13 (Mike McFadden, 14 Joyce Ellen, Ferguson MO 63135 - biweekly - 10 for \$1.00) Newsletter of St. Louis comics fandom. Local news, fanzine reviews, and some general comics news, reprint of Dr. Wertham's Johns Hopkins Magazine article in #11 and the start of a piece of fan fiction in #13. Runs around 15 pages per copy.

From Sunday to Saturday (Don Fitch, 3908 Frijo, Covina CA 91722 - no price or schedule) Extra copies of various apa publications of Don's, stapled into a 29 pp personalzine for general circulation. It's different... Don usually makes his mailing comments intelligible to the outsider, though one tends to wonder what inspired some of them.

Turkish Delights (Joe Siclari, Apt 54, 1951 N. Meridian Road, Tallahassee FL 32304 -- one-shot) One-shots always give one the impression that they were a lot of fun to produce, and the results are generally not worth reading. This one is pretty typical.

Europa Report #2 (Eurocon 1, c-o CCSF, casella postale 423, 30100 Venezia, Italy) Progress Report on the first European Convention. Printed on slick paper, in English, Italian, and French (which makes it fairly thick for the amount of material presented). Some nice artwork, and if you go for historic fannish documents, this is one. Otherwise consider it a newsletter of restricted content.

B.C. #1 (Leigh Couch, No. 1 Cymry Lane, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold MO 63010 - no price or schedule) Personalzine. Previous statements about the type apply. I enjoyed it because Leigh is one of my favorite people. (Don't know Railee, her co-editor, and I didn't really learn enough about her in her half of 6 pages to form an opinion.)

Domeletter #4 (John Prenis, 161 W. Pennsylvania St., Philadelphia PA 19144 (no schedule listed - 25¢) Published by and for people who live in (or want to live in) domes. (You know; sort of a plexiglass igloo...or hardwood or whatever building material you prefer.) As a firm admirer of old two-story farmhouses, I am definitely not included, but I'd think at least some fans would be interested. Small mag, with a few news notes and a surprising number of letters. (I was beginning to believe that nobody but fans wrote letters.)

A75 Bulletin #7 (GPO Box 4039, Melbourne 3001 - that's all the address; presumably one should add "Australia") Publicity for the Australia in '75 movement. With it came an "Aussiefan" poster, with a lovely bit of dialogue; "Jeez Cobbers, it's bloody early to come the stand-over merchant - think I'll nick down to the rubbity to sink a few." (But shouldn't that be "flaming" - pronounced "flymin" - early?" Or is my slang outdated?) A little news and some good artwork.

The Gamesman #6 (Don Miller, address above - irregular? - 50¢) Articles on various board games, game theory, fairy chess, letters, and the rules for "Hasami-Shogi." I'm not much of a games player any more; twenty years ago, this might have fascinated me.

Pfennig-Halbpennig #4, 5 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 100 pp for \$1) A sort of general fanzine -- articles, rating lists, etc., on Postal Diplomacy. #4 in particular seems primarily devoted to statistics.

The Gamesletters #26, 29, 31, 32 (Don Miller, address above - monthly - 20¢) Newsletter supplement to Gamesman. Announcements, new games, fanzine reviews, etc.

Diplomania #32 (Don Miller, see above - 20¢) Another general-type Diplomacy fanzine; that is, it comments on the game in general and is not just a publication for the moves in one or more specific games.

Smile Awhile #6, 7 (Florence Jenkins, 13335 S. Vermont Avenue, Cardona, CA 92047 - bimonthly - no price listed) An Alcoholics Anonymous fanzine. Verse, short letters, comments from and about various prisons, various "uplifting" ideas. Interesting, in a way, though the continual air of "boost, don't knock" would get on my nerves if I were exposed to it at short range (like an AA meeting, for example). But as a fanzine, I find it one of the few I comment on regularly.

Title #1 (Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Drive, St. Louis MO 63131 - irregular - 4 for \$1) Well, that's one solution to the problem of what to call a new fanzine. Short issue, mostly to announce that Donn is returning to fandom. (I believe his first incarnation was before my time; from some hints in this I can see that I'm going to disagree with most of his opinions but he will probably put out a pretty good fanzine if he continues.) Get the next issue; it should be full of controversy.

Lyddite #5 (Gary Deindorfer, c/o Earl and Jan Evers, PO Box 5053, Main Station, San Francisco CA 94101 - no price or schedule) Short personalzine; unfortunately, much of it consists of fan reminiscing, which is not my cuppa.

Yellow Balloon #4 (Richard Smell, 117 S. Meridian St. #3, Tallahassee FL 32301 - irregular? - 15¢) Consists entirely of a badly-drawn comic strip involving God and the destiny of Mankind. Actually, aside from the artwork, it's not bad; the ideas aren't original but they're genuine enough.

The Somerset Gazette #6 (Noel Kerr, Box 1267L, GPO Melbourne, Victoria, Australia - bimonthly? - \$1.50A for 4) Fiction (a bit different from standard), articles, cartoons, photos, the usual lot. Quite a bit on movies. Good repro; excellent covers.
Rating.....5

The Penultimate Blimp #1 (Ronl Clarke, 78 Redgrave Road, Normanhurst, NSW, 2076, Australia - irregular - for comment only) Personalzine type, but this time largely devoted to a study of the current state of Australian fandom for the benefit of outsiders like me. (Which doesn't leave a lot of room for comment, Ron...)

I have a copy of Moonshine by Rick Sncary, but since I don't know how available it is outside of FAPA, I won't review it.