

Yandro

216



Dan
Osterman

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And it's a terrible temptation to jack the price up for this issue and see how many suckers there are at the convention, but I seem to be honest or naive or something.

"I have matched his impudence
I know not how oft"

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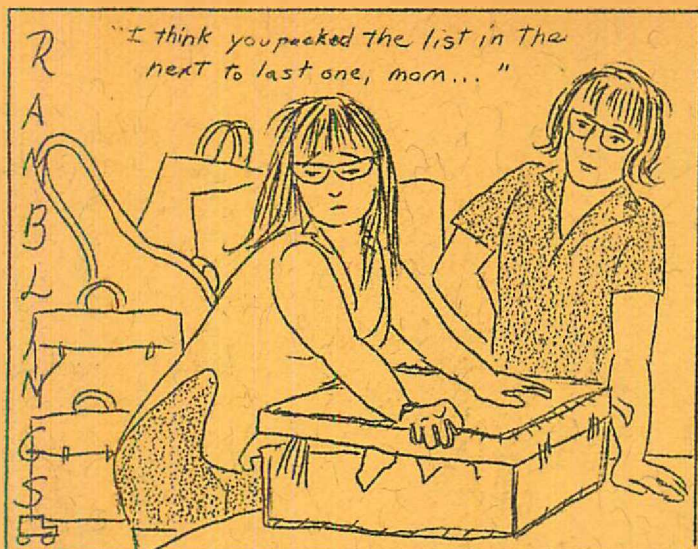
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Barring severe intervention of fate, some of you will be reading this at LACon, the 30th Worldcon. (I can think of few envisions more appalling than us sitting out in Oklahoma or the New Mexican desert with a busted axle, three blown tires, or a geboilt radiator; ghod forbid, knock plastic, and similars.) For those of you at the con, hello. For those of you unable to make it, wish you were here, for it's going to be/ is a good one -- isn't it? It Will Be. We Have Spoken. JWC



To say that this has been a hectic summer for us is a vast understatement. It's just as well it turned out to be miserable growing weather for our kitchen garden; otherwise the weeds would have conquered the world, because if we haven't been on the road we've been sick, with no time left for cultivating. (The only crop we've plenty of is beans. This is the first year since I've been gardening when we didn't reap several bushels, at least, of sweet corn; as a matter of fact, we were lucky to get a dozen measly ears. Bah.)

Now I am by nature pretty sociable and on those long winter stretches I long for the summer season and a chance for some coming and fan visiting. But not all at once -- which is the way it seems to have happened this year. Where were all those opportunities during the doldrums of January and February, etc? I know, road conditions are so terrible then we wouldn't have dared gone anywhere, but still...

I didn't get much gardening done as a result of all this hither and yonning, but I did manage to finish another gothic ms. No word yet on how this will be received at the important end, by my agent or by the people who sign the checks, the editors. But one must think positively. Gothics, as I've mentioned previously, are sort of fun to do. They're also, from a writing viewpoint, a bit like eating peanuts. One idea leads to another, especially if you're dabbling in the occultish or fantasy realm. I have to resist the temptation to throw kitchen sink and bath towel all into one. Save 'em up for the next one. And despite recurrent predictions and convictions of observers -- that the gothic phenomena can't possibly last any longer -- it seems, with every visit to the newsstand to be expanding, not shrinking. Dragging into the genre, kicking and screaming, writers and previously published books that under the strict definition of the term couldn't by any stretch of the imagination be called "gothic".

Several writers have remarked to me at cons that they'd tried to get into gothic writing, but couldn't manage to finish the mss. Something about they had weak stomachs. It's not that, people. You're approaching it from the wrong angle. And then too, a lot of the writers apparently feel there is something a teensy bit demeaning about the "female" market, I suspect. Chacun a son/sa. I'd have an equally impossible time doing anything for the "Raw Male" I-was-eaten-by-maneating-bluegills market, believe me. And frankly, I don't think gothics are as far out at the end of their spectrum as the alleged he-man magazines are. (I rather think of them as magazines -- and occasional books -- designed to convince the insecure male reader that he is, after all, still entire. The gothic field may be dreamy-eyed, but there's no aura of convincing the reader she's female about it; she's pretty secure in the fact, which may or may not indicate something about the genders.)

One of the facets of American life I think femlib should tackle is semantics. There is, in this country, a particular verbal hangup. Anyone being conversational to an adult female is frequently wont to inquire, "Are you working?" The unspoken, usually, conclusion is "or are you just lying around housewifing and peeling grapes?" I know the majority of questioners are not necessarily implying that the woman tending pre-school children, doing a laundry for 4+ weekly, cooking ditto, dishwashing, ironing, chauffeuring, teaching, housekeeping, mending, and the ever popular etc. isn't working. She's just not real working.

I've seen a few, very few, articles along the angle that the industrious housewife is being downgraded because she isn't classified as "working". Even the government feels

that way, social security wise, etc. My own option is that I'd rather write than lean heavy on the housework. As a result this place looks...er...lived in. And as a result Unka Sugar considers that I'm "working", and collects taxes and social security on the same. But I could work even harder, polishing and dusting and gourmet cooking etc., and be contributing, in the general attitude, zilch to the economy and the statistics. Time to get that bit out of the occasional how-about-that column from Sylvia Porter and into the general vocabulary. I suspect if the job had a bit more status to it, you'd have a lot less rumbling in the ranks from women who are tired, finally, of being put down as "just housewives", after working until their eyeballs peel. And such utterly mind-rotting work, too. Necessary, but benumbing.

This is Friday August 25th, and barring acts of Nature we plan to start for LA tomorrow. There are five more stencils yet to run, and half the issue to be sub-assembled. And I have laundry to do. I haven't started to pack yet, though I'm accumulating dozens of little lists of things to take. It's the thing I want most to take that I'll forget to put on the list, of course, but one tries. This isn't the first time we've gone through this routine, but never for a more intriguing occasion. From neo to fan guest of honor in twenty years. I think something's wrong with my jaded glands. I was thinking, while running this issue, that if the writing continues well one of these days I can afford an even better mimeo... Hoping you're not as crazy as I am....JWC

a column bec

Hello. The last few days have been hectic, as we prepare for LACon. My father finally broke down and got a cassette recorder (portable), so that we would have something dependable to listen to on the trip, and not have to rely on the vagaries of radio. So the last few nights Dad and I have been recording all the records he wants to bring along. This has been complicated by the fact that our maniac record player has an intermittent crackle, and sometimes one speaker goes out entirely. This forces us to re-record certain songs up to three times on one record. The cassette works perfectly, even after the accident we had. (We had been putting the recorder on a tray table, only to have it collapse on the third day. We now use a stool.) I even got one tape to record what I wanted on it! (The free one that came with the cassette.)

Actually, the cassette is a good thing for another reason; I won my first game of chess in a long time because my father was worrying about the recorder.

I have been trying my hand at short stories. Most of them are rated "good for a first effort." But I am gradually, very gradually, getting better.

On the international scene: Bobby Fischer has recently been accused of using poison gas on Boris Spassky. I feel that this is the Russians' way of getting back at Fischer for accusing them of cheating.

My father has a way of upsetting my stomach. Shortly after eating supper, he showed me this listing of mortuaries. Among all the various undertakings, there was an ad for So and so's freezers, "fresh beef daily." I managed to hold my supper down, but I wonder what sort of business and questions the store got. ("Are you SURE this is fresh beef?")

Another first for me has occurred. I have been surveyed. (Not by encyclopedia salesmen, Hensley.) The high school newspaper is desperate for material, so they called me. (I didn't mean that the way it sounds!) They asked me a few standard questions, and I gave them a few standard answers. I got the idea that everybody else they called said, "Well, uh, I mean, well, I really don't know." And they were glad to get somebody who had opinions.

That's all I can think of now. Tun in next month for a Gon Report! (Gah! I've got to stop watching programs for nostalgia.)

Pax mundus

BEC

RUMBLINGS



Anyone who tries to combine working overtime, planning for a trip to California, and getting out a fanzine at the same time as the hay fever season is underway is not real bright in the head, and you may quote me.

Of course, while I've been incredibly busy these last couple of weeks, they don't leave much to write about. We stretched our fanning to 6 weekends in a row; Midwestcon, visit to Thompsons, Pecon, ISFA meeting at our home, visit from the Gaines family, visit from Billy Pettit.

I seem to have reached that midpoint in my collecting; non-fans, neos, and even veterans who don't go

in for a lot of collecting themselves are impressed by the display, and then someone like Pettit comes along and starts inquiring "Do you have....?" about items I've never even heard of. Discouraging - but then, visiting the DeWeeses is discouraging, too - and visiting the Thompsons might well be if Don had all his stuff on display. (He keeps it in a good-sized closet.....)

A long time ago, Walt Willis said that one difference between fandom and the mundane world was that to a fan, going to the mailbox every day was an adventure. How right he was - so who is the joker who sent us a fancy embossed card saying "The Park Commission wishes to announce that your back yard has been selected for a game preserve and that the first shipment of 500 buffalo will arrive at your home on Tuesday at 3:45 a.m."? No signature, postmark just said "California" and I can think of half a dozen people out there who would send it. (I showed this to a co-worker and he gave me a strange look and said "I don't think I want to meet your friends.") Right. Ken Faig sent a newspaper clipping. This is from the classified section, with the heading "Funeral Directors". There are 15 little ads, most of which say something like "Evergreen Chapel, James Wisniewski". The one in the exact center of the column says "Freezer Owners - Check us for beef before you buy. Ask for Carl." I don't know if Carl is the manager or if they're implying that he's tastier than the rank and file..... According to a clipping from Andy Zerbe, by going to Mentor instead of Milwaukee over July 4th, we missed a landmark parade - with one float or whatever being drawn by a 40-horse hitch - 40 Belgians, at that. I'd sort have enjoyed seeing that (but not cleaning up afterward). The clipping goes on to say that with the price of farm machinery going out of sight, some farmers are going back to horses; one is farming 312 acres in Illinois solely with horsepower. Said his \$9000 tractor burned 40 gallons of diesel oil a day at 16¢ per gallon, but his horses get along fine on 35¢ worth of oats and hay, plus some pastureage, plus producing fertilizer and reproducing themselves. Article mentioned the upkeep of tractors - city author probably didn't know that horses require maintenance, too, and vets don't come cheap. However.....Joanne Burger sends one on Texas politics; the author is commenting on a new law which in effect allows college students to register at home or in the college community - or, as he points out, both. Then he goes on to comment on the "good old days"; in one El Paso election in 1875, 122 registered voters produced 273 votes, and quotes another author as saying that the citizenry was indignant because "Never before in El Paso had any elector ever voted more than twice." I forgot to make a note of who sent the item about the Cleveland city commissioner who refused to approve a \$12,000 purchase of postage stamps because a city law required competitive bidding on all purchases over \$3,500. (His coworkers said he was somewhat disgruntled over other things - remarkable what a sharpie with a good knowledge of the law can do to a bureaucracy.) Robert E. Gilbert sends a review of Michael Crichton's The Terminal Man, in which the reviewer compliments the author on his "techniques for giving authenticity to what otherwise might seem like a science fiction story." (It wouldn't be, of course; man like Crichton,

with his reputation, wouldn't stoop to writing science fiction. But it might seem like it, if he isn't careful.) Blech. Don Thompson sends an account of the monster that has appeared in Cleveland. This seems to be monster season - one in Cleveland, a "were-wolf" frightening people in Defiance, Ohio, the "Missouri Monster", and there was even an account in the Hartford City paper of a monster seen in the east end of town (we may be small, but we're right up to date). Do you suppose the monsters will chase off the flying saucers?

I'm sure I had more clippings, but I can't locate them now; locating the typewriter in this mess is hard enough. Please excuse a few deficiencies this issue - like we had a letter from Bob Tucker and I couldn't locate it when I was doing the letter column. It just turned up, so we'll try to get it in next time.

The weekend after all the fan visits ended, we went up to Silver Lake to visit my father and attend a Golden Wedding celebration for Claude and Eva Wade, parents of a non-fan friend. Last one of those bashes we attended was for my uncle and aunt, and it was dismal for all participants. (Juanita has never forgotten the punch, which was ginger ale mixed with lime sherbet.) This was a bit different, and I hope Juanita and I are as alert and interesting after 50 years as the Wades. (Sort of people where I could congratulate her on her endurance in staying with him for that long, and he laughed and said "I like you, too, Buck." Bear in mind, now, that I'm the same age as this man's youngest son; there aren't too many people in that age bracket that I feel free to trade friendly insults with.)

I think that's why I stay in fandom; there are so few people in the general population that I feel comfortable with.

I keep hearing from people about how I despise Dave Hulvey, which is news to me. ~~But I don't agree with him very often, but the ferocious tone was Dave's idea to begin with; I merely replied in kind to be obliging. Which I hope disposes of that - but then my rare moments of optimism are usually misplaced.~~ I don't agree with him very often, but the ferocious tone was Dave's idea to begin with; I merely replied in kind to be obliging. Which I hope disposes of that - but then my rare moments of optimism are usually misplaced.

Been spending money like we actually had it. Lawnmower came apart on me - actually I think I broke the part while I was trying to fix a minor problem - and with all the rain we've had I couldn't afford to let it sit around while a part was ordered. So I bought a new one and ordered the part anyway; once I get it on, I can probably sell the old one. We bought it used 7 years ago, but it still runs well. Then, because I have never cared much for what comes out of a car radio, we bought a cassette tape recorder and Bruce and I have been recording some of our records for times when the landscape is dull and/or the driver needs to keep awake. Salesman recommended nickel-cadmium batteries (which he didn't have in stock) because they're rechargeable, so today Juanita priced some. \$10.00 apiece for "D" cells? And the cassette takes 5 of them? Forget it, Charlie; that's over half what the machine cost. I'll stick to alkaline batteries until the nickel-cads come down to a reasonable price.

We're expecting to take some copies of this along to the con to sell. So if you're a newcomer to the fanzine field, welcome to Bedlam; pull up one of Sheryl's toadstools and sit down and enjoy yourself. Just don't get too close; it's catching. (And don't send me a con report; I loathe them.)

My astrology forecast for today said I should work on my image - does doing a little repair work on the riding crop count?

Looks like we'll get this done but not mailed out before we leave. So it's the August issue but unless you're at the Con you'll get it in late September. Oh well, everyone has problems. Lot of articles recently in industrial magazines about getting the "fat" out of US industry - meaning cut down on the office jobs. I think we're about as lean as we can get - to the point where we can't afford to have anyone off sick. Couple of weeks ago the plant manager was delivering the interoffice mail, and this week the chief engineer is writing up hardware orders. (And I get to answer his phone calls; goody.)

If we survive the trip, and the convention, and meeting the Scott clan for the first time, we might have another issue out by the end of September. Until then....RSC

Diffugality

column
by

DAVE LOCKE

I finally broke down and bought a new typewriter. This was immediately after my old one broke down. I'd been thinking of a new typewriter for some time, and this provided the impetus I needed. My old typewriter is now repaired and is resting in a place of honor on the floor in the back of one of our closets. And when I say old, I'm not trifling with the meaning of the word. The old typer is called a Smith Corona Jr., which may lead you to assume that it's a second generation typewriter. But don't let the name fool you. They made it before typewriters were invented. It has served faithfully in our family for three generations, and letter-hacked old stf zines in the early thirties even. It never had much wrong with it; the repair bills were infrequent and relatively small. Rest in peace.

The new typewriter broke down on the first day. A Smith-Corona Electric 120, and the shift key on the left was for decoration purposes only. You pressed it, and you still got lower-case letters. Well, ok, that's covered by warranty. But then I had to overcome the problem of composing to the noise of a motor humming. That isn't so easy, when you're used to quiet thought amid dead silence. In the first letter written on the new machine, I commented about the hum. Somehow it might be better if the typer hummed the "Blue Danube" or something, instead of just sitting there and going hummmmmmm. Well, after I finished the letter I started typing a stencil, and when I did that I set the copy-set lever to a harder stroke. Oddly enough, this act set up a small brass-band inside the machine and I no longer had to listen to the steady hummmmmmm. Instead, the noise sounded vaguely like an off-key rendition of "Blue Danube."

I don't trust machines that have sympathetic vibrations with me. A typewriter that does the "Blue Danube" is definitely something that I don't want sleeping in the same room with me. I asked the dealer to fix that, too.

"Ok, you want the shift-mechanism repaired. What else is wrong?"

"The machine hums at me."

"I certainly hope so. It's an electric, you know."

"Yes, but it hums the 'Blue Danube'."

"It hums the what?"

"The 'Blue Danube'."

"The 'Blue Danube'?"

"Yes."

"How do you spell that?" he asked, his pencil poised above the work-order.

But he fixed it. Good man. Now the typewriter hums "Who's Sorry Now?" Much better.

I think I'll take it in again next week and see if he can get it to play "Walk, Don't Run." The 1964 rendition,



of course.

I always enjoy a change of pace.

-Speaking of change of pace, I recommend to anyone who owns a record player that they run, don't walk, to the nearest record store and pick up a copy of George Carlin's "FM & AM." Carlin is a comedian who does some horribly funny routines. I had half a dozen fans over to our place a while ago and I played the album through for them. If anyone had looked in the window at us it might have looked like an orgy, what with half a dozen people rolling around on the floor. When I first purchased the album I listened to it three times in the same evening. I haven't listened to any other comedy album three times altogether, let alone in such a short span of time. The man is fantastically clever in his material and his delivery. Because of the limited usage a comedy album receives, I don't usually consider on to be worth the investment. But I'll play this one again and again. Give it a try. It's a Little David Record, distributed by Atlantic Recording Corp., and copyrighted 1972.



Re-run season has hit television and we find ourselves with all sorts of time to do amusing things. By "we" I mean Phoebe and I. When I'm at the office pounding on my typewriter I say "we". When I'm home pounding my typewriter I say ~~that's all~~ "I". Ok? Anyway, we do. So after not watching anything for a couple of days I decided to stay up and watch Dick Cavett the other night. It was generally a pretty dull show, but there was one interesting moment.

Lily Tomlin and Chad Everett were the first two guests, and the conversation was as interesting as a fifth re-run of a Crest commercial. Everett was talking about some animals that he had, and Cavett or Tomlin made a comment regarding Everett's wife. Everett said: "My wife is the most attractive animal I own." Tomlin said: "You own? I gotta get out of here." And she did. And she didn't come back.

Very amusing. What Tomlin thought he meant is obvious. That she presumed there was no misinterpretation was reasonable. That she walked off was also reasonable, given the circumstance that she didn't appear to be a good enough conversationalist to stay there and confront Everett over the point.

But what really occurred was a communications gap, triggered by "I own", which didn't mean the same thing to both parties. Everett made a short stab at explaining what he really meant, but it didn't convey the whole story. You'd have had to see a television interview with Everett and his family which was televised a few weeks earlier.

Everett's family relationship, as it appeared during an interview of he and his family, is partly an anachronism from a previous age. He truly believes that he owns his wife. She also believes that she owns him. They believe this almost as part of a 'romantic love' concept. "Own" is, however, not usually the word used when describing such a family life-style. "We belong to each other" is normally the way you would hear the concept expressed. She wants to "belong" to a man, to be "owned" by a man. He in turned takes the same viewpoint of wanting to be "owned" by his mate. It's the way they appear to interpret and express their relationship toward each other as part of the unity of marriage. Women's liberation has nothing to do with it, as couples can believe or not believe in women's lib and still share this concept of marriage. They can be equal within the concept, but if that equality is not present the concept can still remain.

Apparently they feel that the advantage of this type of possessive attitude is to strengthen the institute of marriage, and give it better longevity. Whether marriage is a desirable institution is a separate subject, except that one might question why such concepts as mutual possession are needed by some to maintain the institution. Others have a healthy marriage without it, but many of the happiest marriage partners

tend to believe as the Everetts appear to believe. Why is that?

As fewer people follow the possession concept, fewer marriages make it. As tolerance breaks down, fewer people stay together with a dull marriage and that's an improvement. But as a generation strives at individuality, fewer marriages are made and few of those last. People are less happy, less content. Are they striving in the wrong direction or in the wrong manner?

Today, being "one's own person" doesn't mean the same as it did before such a concept was mass-marketed and stripped of all honesty.

In a good marriage you live off each other's strengths. In a bad marriage you live off each other's weaknesses. A good marriage makes the individuals stronger. Each partner throws his life-style against the other, and the weaknesses clatter to the floor. So you throw them out. The strengths keep bouncing. If the marriage is bad, you're always picking up the other's weaknesses and throwing them in your partner's face. It hurts, and that's the purpose of doing it.

A marriage is a committee. You can each go your own way, and fail as a committee. You can cooperate, and succeed. You can constantly make compromises, and fail as individuals. Committees have a lot going for them, and a lot going against them.

The trouble is, you can break up a committee without encountering several months worth of work in doing so. Committees don't own property, or have children. Marriages mean joint ownership of property. And society isn't yet ready for a social structure where there are no marriages and where it doesn't really matter who your parents are. For now and for a long while we'll retain the institution of marriage. But if it's on its way out, the phase-out pains can cause a lot of heartache.

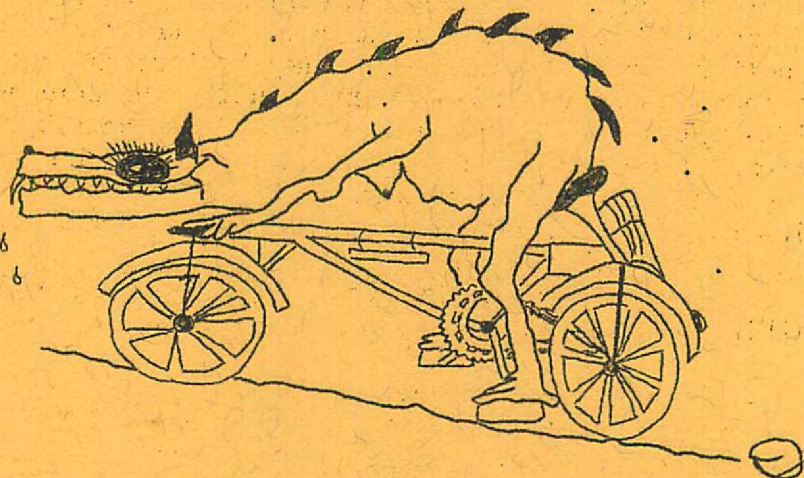
In the meantime, some marriage partners can say to each other: "I own you." And for them, that can maybe be great. But it's a different viewpoint to them. The idea of owning a person repels me. Love them, respect them, get along well with them on a day-to-day basis, share with them, yes, all of that. "Own" them, no. You don't have to lose your individuality to have a good marriage, but ~~if you~~ you don't have to be chattel, either. Some people do think they "own" each other, and other people say "belong" to each other. Some say the one when they mean the other, because they're a frame or more backward in time on society's evolution in word usage and meaning.

The questions are simple. It's the answers that are complex. If you think that marriage is a necessary institution, how do you keep it from failing in this new age of mass-marketed individualism? If you think that marriage is a dying institution, how do you kill it quickly so that the death is painless?

I don't bother writing out questions when I know the answers, so don't ask me.

Anyway, I haven't the time to take a stab at it. I'm going to listen to "FM & AM" again, while Phoebe takes out the garbage.

But I won't play "Who's Sorry Now?" as background music.



CRISWELL'S PREDICTIONS ARE 87% INACCURATE

BY _____ REG SMITH

Actually, the pamphlet I PREDICT by Criswell claims that 87% of his prophecies have come true, but I should be allowed to do some predicting myself regarding the silver-haired star of tv, radio, state fairs, women's club meetings, supermarket openings, etc.

I first saw Criswell on a Los Angeles television station about 1953. He followed a 15-newscast with 15 minutes of predictions. As I recall, he sat behind a desk and would point at the camera and in a dramatic voice say something like: "I predict that Death, the Proud Brother, will soon claim a former movie queen. She will die of a broken heart because of the neglect shown her by her husband and children. Shame!"

The show lasted for 2 or 3 years and Criswell wrote a small booklet of predictions which I sent for and which I wish I still had today. I only remember two things about it. One was that Criswell had a very odd way of writing. He would put a comma after every three, or perhaps four, or sometimes even two, words. The other thing I remember was that he predicted Stalin would be made into a god by the Communists and worshipped as such. A year or so later Krushchev started his campaign to discredit Stalin.

About 1956 Mae West, of all people, discovered Criswell and recorded a song about him which he used as his theme song for a few years. The lyrics went something like this: "Criswell predicts many things of the future/Criswell predicts what the world's going to do/Vacations on Mars, and trips to the stars..." It ended with "And if Criswell predicts it, you just know it'll come true" while a bunch of trumpets were screeching, perhaps to drown out the laughter of the other musicians.

About 1959 he had a show on another tv station in L.A. This was a bizarre half-hour weekly affair. His theme was now "Pomp and Circumstance". While the theme was playing, he entered wearing formal attire. The tone of the show and the settings were very strange and mystical. One section was called "Futura". Slowly Criswell would emerge from the dark as a spotlight gradually brightened. He would look up and his voice would echo through the large room, "Oh, Futura, Futura, what have you to tell us of the future tonight?"

I greatly enjoyed this show as "camp" (even before that word had been invented), but some humorless character wrote to TV Guide complaining about it, saying that it was ridiculous that such a show should be on tv in this modern, enlightened age, and that Criswell belonged back in the Middle Ages where he would probably be hanged as a warlock and that would serve him just right.

About three weeks later the show went off the air; perhaps the letter had something to do with it.

I don't believe that Criswell has had his own show since then, but he often appears on tv talk shows and now has written a pamphlet of 48 pages called simply I PREDICT. It's distributed by Aladdin Distributing Corp., 3550 N. Lombard St., Franklin Park, IL 60131. The price is 50¢ on the stands and I imagine Aladdin will send you a copy if you include postage. The pamphlet, by the way, has no copyright notice.

On the first page Criswell lists four of his predictions that have come true, but

does not state whether these are his only correct ones. He has always claimed that his predictions are "based on trend, precedent, pattern of habit, human behavior, and the unalterable law of cycle." He generally ignores, though, some wise advice that L. Sprague de Camp once wrote: "It does not pay a prophet to be too specific."

The pamphlet is not badly written, and most of the commas are in the correct places. While reading it one can almost hear Criswell saying the words. He uses a phrase that he often used back in the 1950's; when predicting death he speaks of it this way: "Death, the Proud Brother."

The following are some of his more entertaining predictions. Some of these might give you plot ideas in case you are trying to get something accepted by some of the fanzines that publish fiction.

Within the next ten years "We will have found out we are a captive planet and have moved into the powerful orbit of Mars which...will mean destruction, unless we can cancel out this unnatural attraction." (Unnatural is right!)

"I predict that three out of every five fashion models in slick magazines will soon be female impersonators, as no discrimination in sex can be enforced." (You see what might happen if sexual equality laws are passed?)

On May 6, 1987, he predicts Atlantis will rise. On May 6, 1988, the sunken continent of Pacifica will rise. (Mark those dates on your calendar.)

"I predict that in 1972 our scientists will be concerned about our oxygen supply becoming weaker...due to a puncture of the protective sac around the earth caused by outer space exploration." (This is the best argument I've seen yet for stopping our space program.)

By 1975 people will be frozen when they die, and "a strange and loathsome cult" from Indiana will raid the morgues and chew on the bodies "like crisp ice cream cakes". The Supreme Court will rule that the cult members "are within their constitutional rights as the dead body could not object and was passive, feeling no pain!" (I mention this prediction for those who feel that all strange cults originate in California.)

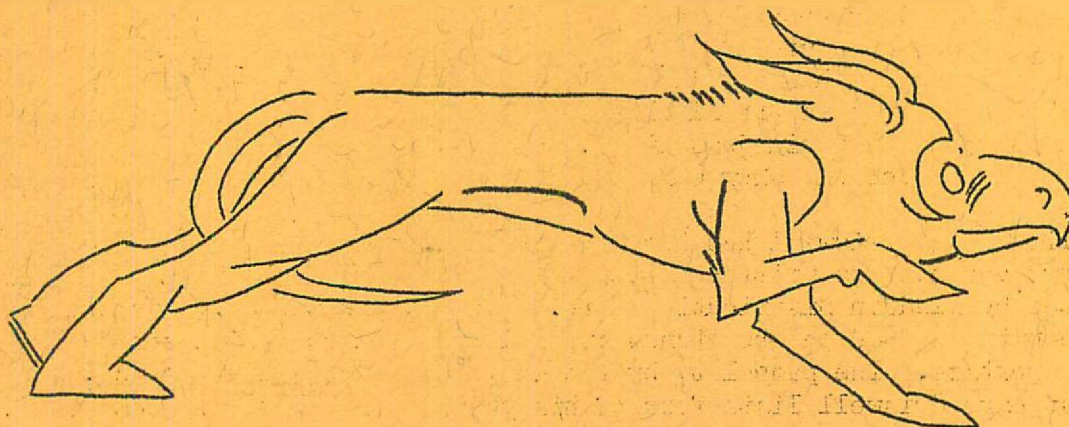
"Insane President!...the President who will hold the office at that time will become incurably insane because of a brain tumor! This raving man will be restrained and the White House will become a private mental institution! The Vice-President will quietly assume all duties and the Federal government will continue as before, except that golf will be banned in Washington, D.C.!" (And that's the end of that prediction. It seems that the main losers in this will be the golfers.)

Criswell says that many people ask him, "Are you fearful of the future, for you know what is going to happen." He says, "Frankly, I am not," but does admit that the world (as we know it) will end on August 18, 1999. (Mark that date on your calendar.)

Generally, I believe that Criswell is my favorite show-biz entertainer. In fact, I'm such a fan of his that I think I'll make a prediction:

I predict that based on trend, precedent, pattern of habit, human behavior and the unalterable law of cycle, that in the year 2000 I will be willing to sell you a copy of Criswell's pamphlet as a collector's item at a greatly inflated price.

This prediction is cancelled, of course, if Death, the Proud Brother, has by the year 2000 claimed me, or you, or all of us.



THE GAME OF THE NAME

appellative

article bysandra miesel

The Greeks had a name for it: mineral, vegetable, animal...or man. Thus any discussion of historical nicknames may rightfully begin with the Greeks.

Hellenistic kings successfully exploited epithets for propaganda. Unhampered by personal modesty they chose grandly: Nicator (Victor), Soter (Savior), Megas (Great), Theos (God), Thea (Goddess), and Epiphanes (God manifest). Indeed, Antiochus IV Epiphanes took his divinity entirely too seriously for the comfort of the ancient Jews.

Although some rulers like Demetrius Poliorcetes (Sacker-of-Cities) and Ptolemy Keraunos (Thunderbolt) were popularly awarded dramatic nicknames, others were less fortunate. Ptolemy III Euergetes (Benefactor) is better known to history as "The Sausage" and Ptolemy XI Neos Dionysus as Auletes, "The Fluteplayer." Honorifics like Philopater (Father-loving), Philometor (Mother-loving), and Philadelphus (Brother-loving) proclaimed noble -- often unrealized -- sentiments. One must not link them with the expedient incest so often practiced by Hellenistic dynasties.

These labels distinguishing among clusters of individuals named Antiochus, Ptolemy, Seleucus, et al. were only a foretaste of what Byzantine and medieval European imaginations would devise. Before surnames were firmly established scholars and public created sobriquets more imaginative than the commonplace "Good", "Bad", "Young", "Old", "Wise", "Great." England's Norman-Angevin line exemplify the medieval approach. Initially William I was not "The Conqueror" but "The Bastard" indicating that his illegitimacy impressed contemporaries more than his victory at Hastings. William II was "Rufus" for his ruddy coloring and Henry I was "Beauclerc" (Fair Clerk, i.e. The Educated) for his then-novel literacy. Henry II was "Fitz-Empress" since his mother had formerly been the Holy Roman Empress. Everyone knows Richard the Lionhearted and his brother John Lackland (or Softsword).

Cynics claim that "Pious" denoted an inept monarch. Such was the case with France's Louis I the Pious and Robert II the Pious although the latter was not so much saintly as severely henpecked. For all the "Good" kings of varying competence dotting dynastic lists, Philip I the Good of France was neither competent nor even good. His bigamous marriage to the Countess of Anjou cost him repeated excommunications. Later French Philips were more memorable: Philip II Augustus, Philip III the Bold, and Philip IV the Fair, rated the handsomest man in Europe.

Despite a few vigorous and virtuous men like Byzantine emperor John III the Merciful or Burgundian duke John the Fearless, shortcomings generated more names: Michael II the Stammerer and Michael III the Drunkard, emperors of Byzantium; Henry the Proud and Henry the Quarrelsome, dukes of Bavaria; Pedro II the Cruel of Aragon who poisoned his queen; Juana the Mad of Castile who slept with her consort's coffin; Charles the Simple, king of France; Charles the Rash, duke of Burgundy; Ralph the Timid, Earl of Hereford; and William the Conqueror's father, that irreligious rogue Robert the Devil (who died on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land). Love of money named the otherwise heroic Irish King Brian Boromhe, "of the Tributes". The prize among such titles unquestionably belongs to dangerous and brilliant German emperor Frederick II Hohenstaufen. Although his admirers called him Stupor Mundi, "The Wonder of the World", he preferred the self-designation Holy Antichrist.

Deeds as well as character suggested many nicknames. Charlemagne's grandfather Charles and Duke Geofry of Anjou were both dubbed Martel, "The Hammer," for their military successes. Among Byzantine emperors Leo I earned his title Makelles, "The Butcher," for ordering political massacres. Manuel I Comnenus was "The Latinophile" on account of his foreign policy not his marriages to western princesses. Basil II styled himself Bulgaroctonus, "Slayer of the Bulgars." Two centuries later the Bulgarian Tsar Kalojar returned the compliment in his title Romaioctonus, "Slayer of the Byzantines."

In contrast, it was the lack of deeds which distinguished Castilian king Henry the Impotent and Scottish king John Balliol, called Toom Tabard, "Empty Jacket." Saxon king Ethelred II Ill-Rede is usually known as "The Unready" but his name is more correctly rendered as "The Ill-Advised."

Circumstance was a simple method of naming as for instance most medieval people were known by their place of origin. Yet even circumstantial names can be novel. Louis V d'Outre Mer (From Beyond the Sea) was brought to France from England for his coronation. Henry I the Fowler of Germany was out hawking when informed of his election to the imperial throne. The marriage of John Lackland's daughter Joan Makepeace to Alexander II of Scotland sealed a treaty between that country and England. Ladislas Postumus, King of Bohemia and Hungary, was born after his father's death. Woefully inept Charles VII of France was nevertheless "The Well-Served" since he enjoyed the services of Joan of Arc, capable ministers, and Agnes Sorel. In Byzantium Constantine VII and his great-granddaughters Zoe and Theodora were Porphyrogeniti, "Purple-Born," because their birthplace had been the Purple Chamber of the Great Palace. Michael VII Ducas was Parapinakes, "Of the Quarter-Measure," on account of a severe famine during the reign.

Another prime source of unusual nicknames was an individual's physique. "The Black," "The Red," and "The White" are common western names which in Byzantium Constantine's father was Constantinus Chlorus, "The Green" and Romanus III was Argyrus, "The Silver."

In the West rulers were often designated "The Strong," "The Fair," "The Handsome," "The Bald," "The Fat," even "The Stout," but never, never "The Thin." Size distinguished Pepin the Short of France and Edward Longshanks of England. Hugh Capet, first of the French Capetian dynasty, may have been tall in actuality but called "Short-Cape" in fun. Norman duke Robert Curthose, "Short-stockings," is definitely known to have been tall.

Feet had their fascination as in Harald Harefoot of England, Magnus Barefoot of Norway, and Charlemagne's mother, Bertha Broadfoot. Hair and beards characterized Harald Finehair (or Fairhair), king of Norway; Thibault Towhead, duke of Aquitaine; Frederick Barbarossa (Redbeard), emperor of Germany; Sigtrygg Silkybeard, Norse king of Dublin; and Swein Forkbeard, king of Denmark. The novelty of facial hair in a clean shaven society gave Constantine IV his title Pognatus, "The Bearded."

Animal nicknames were borne by Henry the Lion, duke of Bavaria; William the Lion, king of Scotland, Albert the Bear, margrave of Brandenburg; Herbert the Wake-Dog, Count of Maine; and Louis XI of France, feared as "The Universal Spider."

Norwegian king Harald Greycloak and Danish viking Ragnar Lodbrok, "Shaggy-Breeches" were named for their clothing as other men were for their weapons: William Longsword, duke of Norway; Eric Bloodaxe, king of Norway; and Richard Strongbow, earl of Pembroke.

Iron men, iron names as: Saxon king Edmund Ironsides, Ragnar Lodbrok's son Björn Ironside, Sicilian warlord William Iron-Arm, and an otherwise obscure Lombard noble Pandolf Iron-Head.

Some descriptives are grotesque as Harald Bluetooth, king of Denmark; Geoffrey the Hunchback, duke of Lower Lorraine; and Ivae the Boneless, another of Ragnar Lodbrok's sons and a possible cerebral palsy victim. Byzantine emperor Justinian II was known as Rhinometus, "Cropped-Nose," because of mutilation by political enemies.

And to end this survey on a Greek note, consider Constantine V Copronymus bearer of perhaps the most unfortunate royal sobriquet in history. While it is a trifle too scatological to explain in this clean, family fanzine, you might ask Robert Silverberg about it sometime. Or else turn to page 100 of UP THE LINE.

And ponder how many commoners' colorful names perished unrecorded.

GOLDEN MINUTES

VIRGIL FINLAY (Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston, RI - \$12.00) This includes 37 Finlay illustrations (4 in color), plus a 28-page biography of Finlay by Sam Moskowitz, plus a 57-page checklist of Finlay's published work. It's a nice tribute to one of the finest artists ever to work in the science fiction field. For the money, I think maybe I'd have preferred more copies of his work and less text, but the text is handy to have, too. (I had to think twice about spending that much money for a book, but now that I have it I'm glad I did.)

THE GODS THEMSELVES, by Isaac Asimov (Book Club, \$1.75) Actually three connected novelets, with the common background of "free" power - from another continuum. In the first, a scientist out to "get" the #1 scientist of his day discovers something genuinely wrong with the theory that is supplying all humanity with power - and then tries to get someone to listen to him. The second section, the best of the book, is a brilliant depiction of an alien race from the place the power is coming from, and the final section provides the solution to the problem. Asimov's moral is explicitly stated; that you cannot deny humanity something that the majority of its members want, even if it's bad for them - you have to find a solution which neutralizes the harm caused. Autos or pot; it makes no difference. I happen to agree pretty much, but even if I didn't this would be an interesting book with one really fine section.

SCRIBBLINGS, by L. Sprague de Camp (Nesfa Press, \$5.00) This is a limited hardcover edition of 500 copies, issued to coincide with de Camp's Guest-of-Honorship at Boskone IX. It is a sort of general grab-bag of his work, as the publisher wanted to use material not previously reprinted by someone else. So we have 3 items from the old "Probability Zero" column in the old **ASTOUNDING** plus a fourth that was written for the column but not used, 9 verses, one from **YANDRO** and the rest never previously published, 6 articles on various subjects from how to hunt dinosaurs to a short biography of Clinton Herriam, half of them new, and a final section of "Aphorisms" which the author describes as "self-indulgence in pontification". I didn't agree with all of them by any means, but I enjoyed all of them. It's hardly a book for the serious student of science fiction (though it is for the serious collector) but it's fun to read, which is my major criterion.

MORE ISSUES AT HAND, by "William Atheling, Jr." (Advent, \$1.95) Or you can pay \$5.00 for a hardcover if you prefer. It's no secret that "Atheling" is James Blish, which makes one rather glaring grammatical error easy to understand - on page 86 the author refers to "a serial of my own" and on page 88 refers to the same story as "The Blish serial". (A minor error, really, but it made me think immediately of Sam Moskowitz's style, which Blish objects to violently.) This is a book of science-fictional criticism, a sequel to The Issue At Hand, also available from Advent. I didn't like either one as well as I did Damon Knight's book of criticism, but if not up to Knight it's still an interesting book. I disagree with some of Blish's basic assumptions - "Fiction should enlarge our understanding of our fellows first of all, or it will be entirely replaced by non-fiction." Just offhand, I can get more understanding of my fellows out of a good biography than I can out of any fiction ever written. (I could be nasty and add "especially Blish's", but while true it would be irrelevant; a critic is not required to do everything he asks for in writing.) I put off getting this one - it appeared in 1970 - but I'm glad I finally bought it. It's a good book.

WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE, by David Gerrold (Book club, \$1.75) By all means get a copy of this. If you don't belong to the book club, Ballantine is bringing out an edition later this year (I think they said this year in the flyer they sent out and which I immediately misplaced), and when you see it, get it. I suppose the inevitable comparison is with Colossus; Gerrold has done a far better job on all counts. It's basically

a humorous approach; Gerrold has an ear for the sort of ridiculous dialogue that occurs when one party is being excessively literal-minded. Even religion is covered on the assumption that if God didn't exist it would be necessary to invent Him. But underneath the humor are some serious considerations. Keep it in mind for a Hugo next year.

SPACE SKIMMER, by David Gerrold (Ballantine, 95¢) A fairly good space-opera and the gestation of a multiple-personality. (Gestalt type, that is; not schizo.) It kept me reading right up to the end, where I decided I'd made a mistake. (I'm not sure how one should show individual personalities merging, but I certainly didn't like that method.) Probably a subjective reaction, especially since the characters are obviously incomplete all through the book and obviously the author - unless he's incompetent - is going to do something about it in the finale. As an adventure, it's a Quest type; an incomplete Quest at that. Quite competently handled and all, but not precisely my type of stf.

WITH A FINGER IN MY I, by David Gerrold (Ballantine, 95¢) This is Gerrold Month; he has Yesterday's Children out from Dell, too, but I didn't have time to read that one. Next month. This is a short story collection; 3 reprints, 6 apparently original with this book. Includes "All of Them Were Empty" (the ultimate trip and the ultimate selfishness), "Oracle For A White Rabbit" (originally from GALAXY, later written in as the first part of Harlie), "Love Story In Three Acts" (the problem of being too analytical) "Yarst!" (interspecies sex, in a slick and totally forgettable story), "Battle Hum And The Boje" (a sort of morality play with the advantage of not providing a pat answer and the disadvantage of abruptly turning into fantasy at the finish of an otherwise realistic story), the title story (new twist on the idea that belief shapes reality), "How We Saved The Human Race" (told in "official documents" - not my favorite method - but a good story with a little ironic twist at the end), "This Crystal Castle" (a new but valid twist on the Second Coming), and "In The Deadlands" (a mood piece, and one of the few stories I've ever read in which the typographical tricks actually improve things). Overall, reasonably good. (But if you want the best, get Harlie.)

THE NIGHT LAND, by William Hope Hodgson (Ballantine, \$2.50) The big price because it is in two volumes. Be warned; it is not two connected novels; there is only one story there. But the story that is there is worth the price. It's not scientific; the supposed scientific gadgets are magic, and I don't think one of them would work anyway. Primarily, it's a mood piece; all 480 pages of it, of a time when the sun has gone out (or the Earth ceased to spin on its axis?) and Man lingers on in a world so changed as to be unrecognizable. Humans in their citadel hear a call for help from another - previously unknown - refuge, and a party sallies forth into the unknown to perform rescue. Hodgson uses a sort of pseudo-Biblical style that should be annoying but isn't; it fits the somber mood of the story. It will take you a hell of a long time to read - it did me, anyway - but it's well worth it. (The problems of inflation; I bought the Arkham House hardcover, containing this and 4 other novels, for only \$5.00 - but then you won't get it for that now, so this edition is your best chance.)

THE WOLF IN THE GARDEN, by Alfred H. Bell (Centaur Press, 75¢) You probably won't find this in your local drugstore; you can pick it up at a convention (I got mine from either Howard Devore or Rusty Hevelin) or buy it from the publisher, Don Grant, whose address is up there with the Finlay review.) This was originally published in 1931. Setting is shortly post-Revolutionary, so you get a combined historical novel and fantasy. The characters all seem incredibly dense, but that's par for the course in a werewolf novel. Otherwise, it's rather well written. I enjoyed it.

SWORDSMEN AND SUPERMEN, ed. by Don Grant (Centaur Press, 75¢) Starts off with "Meet Cap'n Kidd", one of Robert E. Howard's series of "Bear Creek" westerns. Full of rural humor. "The Death of A Hero", by Jean d'Esme, is an excerpt from a novel, and about as meaningless as most excerpts. "The Slave of Marathon" by Arthur D. Howden Smith, is a Greek historical, allowed in a fantasy volume only because it's part of a series about a magic (?) sword. (Smith, incidentally, is the author of Porto Beale Gold, the very good prequel to Treasure Island....I read both it and Back To Treasure Island, by another author, as a teenager, and thought the first excellent and the second abom-

inable, and I'm extremely happy to have Smith's name recalled to me.) There are two brand new stories in here. Darrel Crombie's "Wings of Y'vrn" is practically drenched in swords, sorceries, and senses of wonder; not at all bad for its type, but overly florid. Lin Carter's "How Sargoth Lay Siege To Zaremm" is a vignette; moderately cute and entirely forgettable. Overall; unusual but not outstanding.

THE LOST LAND, by Edison Marshall (Curtis, 75¢) Originally Dian Of The Lost Land. The reprint bears a nice cover. Story is 1930 vintage, about an antarctic expedition that locates not one but two lost races; a tribe of Cro-Magnons (the noble savages) and one of Neanderthals (the brutes). What little scientific theory there was to it when it was written - and there was never much - has been wiped out by Leakey and other anthropologists, and the novel is pure fantasy. It's a pretty fair adventure novel, even though the stilted writing of the Thirties mars it somewhat. Entertaining if not great literature.

EXILES OF THE STARS, by Andre Norton (Ace, 95¢) This is a sequel to Moon of Three Rings; in fact, the two books are so close that they could be considered two parts of the same novel. Moon ended rather ambiguously, as far as the fortunes of the central characters went; in this one, they run into a malignant elder race, and emerge with wealth and a more or less human body for Maelen, to replace the animal one she's been forced to use. One of the better Nortons.

THE YNGLING, by John Dalmass (Pyramid, 75¢) This originally appeared in ANALOG in 1969, and was one of the more enjoyable stories in that magazine. This is a slightly longer version, but essentially the same, and ends with the same positive announcement that a sequel is coming. It's a fairly wild and woolly sword-and-sorcery novel, set in the future after a plague has decimated mankind, so that trolls and such can be called aliens from the stars and magic disguised as esp. Which doesn't change things; if you like s&s, you'll probably like this and if you don't you won't. I did rather like it, which is unusual; there aren't too many s&s authors I can stomach.

OPERATION CHAGS, by Poul Anderson (Lancer, 95¢) Emphasis is on the sorcery here; there aren't many swords. Originally published as a series of four stories in F&SF, about a werewolf hero, his witch wife, and their adventures in dealing with assorted evils. Very well-written and entertaining, even though there are hints that the author does not regard it entirely seriously. (The phrases "Nikolai Ivanovitch Lobachevsky is his name" and "Lobachevsky published first" are likely to break up anyone familiar with Tom Lehrer's first lp record - they did me - and be regarded as moderately irrelevant by anyone who isn't.) There is a lot of solid information on the occult in here, as well as logical but startling ideas on how an occult-based society could work. ("An FBI agent must have a degree in either sorcery or accounting....". "So far no one had been able to cast a spell fast enough to turn or implode a shell." Artillery type, that is.) Highly recommended. Straight-faced humor is the best kind.

OTHER EYES, OTHER DAYS, by Bob Shaw (Ace, 95¢) The first "slow glass" novel, in which all the published short stories turn up embedded, like raisins in a pudding. I don't know; maybe if I hadn't read all the short stories before this wouldn't have bothered me; as it is, the "novel" appears too much like a rickety framework for getting the shorts into book publication. The framework is a stf mystery; how could the murderer commit the crime when he can be constantly watched by "slow glass"? It's not really a bad idea; as a separate novelet I think I'd have liked it, despite the British Marriage Syndrome raising its ugly head again. (Shaw objected when another reviewer said he wrote about disintegrating marriages, but he does - his only valid objection would be that nearly all the other British stf novelists do the same thing. It seems to be the only way they know how to develop character, and it gets bloody monotonous when one reads all of them, as I do....or at least all but one or two that I've decided I can't stand.) Anyway, try this one; if you haven't encountered "slow glass" previously you just might consider it the best book of the year. It's the best idea I've seen in stf in a good many years. Ignore the cover; Ace has been getting crappy covers ever since Charter Communications took them over. They probably aren't paying their artists, either.....(two editors have already quit because of non-payments to authors.)

OLE DOC METHUSELAH, by L. Ron Hubbard (Daw, 95¢) I wondered if anyone would get around to reprinting this. It isn't a great classic of science fiction, no matter what the back cover blurb says, but it's sort of fun. Pure pulp adventure; hardly outstanding even when it was written - but memorable. (The book version loses something by not having Cartier illustrations, though.) Hubbard attacked the problem of keeping his superman boring by investing him with lots of crude pulp humor, and it worked. Doc is never in trouble and seldom at a loss for a solution, but the book is fast-paced, the characterization vivid if not very believable, and - a rarity in today's paperbacks - the stories are solidly based on rather elementary medical science. Included are the title story, "Her Majesty's Aberration" (a poor one; even in those days Hubbard's psychological jargon was crude), "The Expensive Slaves", "The Great Air Monopoly" (my own personal favorite, for reasons which are obvious if you've read it), "Plague", "A Sound Investment", and "Ole Mother Methusaleh". Enjoyable to me as nostalgia; I don't know about you.

THE THREE IMPOSTERS, by Arthur Machen (Ballantine, \$1.25) I'm grateful to Carter; Corgi Books brought out a paperback edition of this in 1966 for 3/6, but for some unknown reason they left out "The Decorative Imagination" and "Novel of the Iron Maid" even though they are mentioned in Julian Symons' foreward. Carter restores them and adds an extra, unconnected, story, "The Red Hand", for good measure. Essentially the book is about a set of con men who relate highly improbable fantasies to the book's central character for reasons of their own, and as a whole, the novel isn't all that great. But the fantasies so ignobly embedded in it are another matter. "Novel of the Black Seal" and "Novel of the White Powder" are acknowledged classics, while "Novel of the Dark Valley", "Novel of the Iron Maid", and "History of the Young Man With Spectacles" are fine stories in their own right. "The Red Hand" is much in the same vein. Machen liked the "there are horrors Mankind was not meant to know" approach, and he did it rather better than Lovecraft did.

THE INHERITORS/THE GATEWAY TO NEVER, by A. Bertram Chandler (Ace, 95¢) Two more of the Commodore Grimes stories; competently done and just a trifle pedestrian. Chandler is getting in a rut and as a reader I wish he'd do something else. Gateway concerns drug running and is thus "relevant" and more than a little awkward. Inheritors, with its concealed word-play, is more interesting, but neither is anything to get excited about.

ROLLER COASTER WORLD, by Kenneth Bulmer (Ace, 75¢) A rather fascinating background and problem, marred by crude psychology, stick characters and (the only really unbearable part) a hero who is soft in the head. As long as Bulmer sticks to the gadgets, he's fine; when he gets into the human problems, he's abysmal.

INTO THE SLAVE NEBULA, by John Brunner (Lancer, 95¢) Reprint of a fairly straight interplanetary action-adventure. As I recall, it was moderately interesting the first time around, but it doesn't take re-reading well.

THE MONSTER MEN, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 95¢) God knows what number reprint this is. Fairly typical mad scientist story. Fairly good movie-ad type cover, which is unusual for Ace recently. Story - if by any chance you haven't read it yet - is mediocre, which is about as good as Burroughs ever got.

THE BLACK STAR PASSES, by John W. Campbell, Jr. (Ace, 75¢) This was the 1930-Campbell, who wrote engineering-gadgetry stories after the manner of E. E. Smith but generally better done. He wrote a whole series about heroes Arcot, Morey, and Wade; three of them appear in this volume. There is no characterization to speak of, but these are among the best of the gadget stories.

THE BIG TIME, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 75¢) This won a Hugo and was hailed by fandom as a great novel - which sharply reduced my opinion of fannish intelligence. I guess it's interesting as a character study, but it's an exceedingly dull novel, particularly for one covering all of Time and most of philosophy.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR, ed. by Terry Carr (Ballantine, \$1.25) It makes a good stab at living up to the title, anyway. Included are "Occam's Scalpel", by Theodore Sturgeon (how to manipulate people, with a rather small gimmick on the end to let it in as science fiction), "The Queen of Air and Darkness" by Poul Anderson

(fantasy with a fine alien background that won a Nebula and ought to win a Hugo this year), "In Entropy's Jaws" by Bob Silverberg (a man with his past rather literally compartmented - I tried it twice and failed to finish it either time), "The Sliced-Crosswise Only-on-Tuesday World" by Phil Farmer (a rather prosaic plot about unfulfilled lust with stf trappings grafted on), "A Meeting With Medusa" by Arthur C. Clarke (the drive for exploration, in a story that begins in a giant dirigible and ends in the atmosphere of Jupiter; a fine story), "The Frayed String on the Stretched Forefinger of Time" by Lloyd Biggle (outwitting the scientifically augmented police of the future - interesting), "How Can We Sink When We Can Fly?" by Alex Panshin (a mixture of fantasy and biography in which the biography is moderately interesting and the fantasy terribly crude; this isn't a story, it's a polemic, and not a very sophisticated one), "No Direction Home" by Norman Spinrad (another polemic, but a much better one, and a better story - only I don't agree with it, and I did agree somewhat with Alex - frustrating), "Vaster Than Empires and More Slow" by Ursula K. LeGuin (an alien planet and human psychology; readable but not moving), "All The Last Wars At Once" by George Alec Effinger (an extrapolation of our current urban insanity), and "The Fourth Profession" by Larry Niven (excellent alien-contact story).

BLACKMAN'S BURDEN/BORDER, BREED NOR BIRTH, by Mack Reynolds (Ace, 95¢) The two novels of future Africa that were in ANALOG in the early 1960s. Quite probably the best writing Reynolds has done in the field, and some of the best that appeared in that decade. By all means pick up a copy.

PERRY RHODAN #15, ESCAPE TO VENUS, by Clark Darlton (Ace, 60¢) #16 is the first of the PERRY RHODAN #16, SECRET BARRIER X, by W. W. Shols (Ace, 75¢) new Rhodans, paperback size but magazine format, with not only an installment of the endless Rhodan serial, but the first installment of Edison's Conquest of Mars by Garrett Serviss and another reprinting of Clive Jackson's "The Swordsmen of Varnis", which originally appeared in Walt Willis's fanzine SLANT and is one of the few pieces of fan fiction to deserve - and get - professional reprinting. Plus Forry Ackerman's editorial and movie reviews, which are better skipped if you're over 12 years of age. The Gray Morrow covers are better than the contents, except for Jackson.

THE REALITY TRIP AND OTHER IMPLAUSIBILITIES, by Bob Silverberg (Ballantine, 95¢) I can't fight down the thought that Silverberg constructs his new sophisticated relevant fiction the same way he used to do his thud and blunder - that somewhere he has a file card system of psychological insights and another of contemporary ideas, and he dips into them at random to construct his fiction. (I don't really think he has, but the stuff certainly reads that way; as though he were simply going through the motions of emotion.) Anyway, here we have "In Entropy's Jaws", "The Reality Trip", "Black Is Beautiful", "Ozymandias", "Caliban", "The Shrines of Earth", "Ringing The Changes", and "Hawksbill Station", and some of them have been very highly regarded indeed, but not by me.

MINDMIX, by Leo P. Kelley (Fawcett, 75¢) A highly improbable crisis coupled with an even more highly improbable memory-transfer process are coupled to make a somewhat synthetic tragedy.

THE MISSIONARIES, by D. G. Compton (Ace, 75¢) The idea of alien missionaries come to convert Earth is a good one; too bad someone else didn't write it. Compton provides his stock characters - disintegrating marriage, idealist hero who feels we should love the poor and downtrodden even when they're bloody bastards (and probably thinks human life is sacred) - the whole dreary lot of them, going through the motions of what Compton evidently pictures as human experience. I skimmed it; if it hadn't been sent for review I wouldn't have done that. Bob Shaw's novels may be a trifle imperfect; Compton's are ridiculous.

NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY #4, ed. by Mike Moorcock (Berkley, 95¢) I read and enjoyed one story here; Keith Roberts' "Weihnachtabend". M. John Harrison exposes his ideas on criticism by sneering at "a sop to the most common denominator" on page 6 and on page 9 saying what a fine bit of writing Jack Trevor Story does because "Who has not experienced" the reality? (But that doesn't make it a common denominator, of course...)

There are 5 other stories in here, including a 97-page novelet by Thomas M. Disch; I didn't read any of them, though I think I might have been able to get through the Disch if I'd been in a better mood or had less interesting competition for my reading time. And an article on Alfred Bester that tells me nothing I didn't already know, and some illustrations.

DISCOVERIES IN FANTASY, ed. by Lin Carter (Ballantine, \$1.25) This opens with two stories by Ernest Bramah (who was "discovered" by Crown Press in their Xanadu paperback line several years back). He's a good writer, though, of rather gentle Oriental tales. We then have two by Richard Garnett, who was new to me, with a couple of Greek historical fantasies; "The Poet of Panopolis" in particular is excellent. Then we have two by Donald Corley, more in the tradition of "classic" fantasy and nothing which I particularly admire - I object to writers who spend more time thinking up exotic names than they do on their plots. And we finish off with a long one; "The Miniature", by Eden Philpotts, which I had read before (Lord knows where) and enjoyed tremendously. This is an ironic look at humanity and religion. Overall, pretty good, though I'd recommend skipping Corley.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: 18TH SERIES, ed. by Ed Ferman (Ace, 75¢) Be damned if I'll list and comment on all these; you should have a subscription to the magazine and have read them all anyway. It isn't a terribly impressive lot, all told. Of the memorable ones, there is "Ogre!" by Ed Jesby, "Sundown" by David Redd, and perhaps "Muscadine" by Ron Goulart (which he recently rewrote into the opening of his novel Wildsmith), plus a fairly typical David R. Bunch story. There are 10 other stories and 5 badly reproduced cartoons by Gahan Wilson.

STAR TREK 7, by James Blish (Bantam, 75¢) The series is still going strong. Here Blish has more or less translated into story form "Who Mourns For Adonais?", "Changing", "The Paradise Syndrome", "Metamorphosis", "The Deadly Years", and "Elaan of Troyius".

PAGET AND FANCY, by Isaac Asimov (Avon Discus, \$1.25) Two more collections from THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES, by Isaac Asimov (Ace, \$1.25) the author's F&SF columns - though the Discus book includes one article from ANALOG and some photographic illustrations appropriate to the material. On the other hand, while both books have grouped the articles under general headings, neither has an index and the Discus doesn't even have a table of contents, so the odds are about even between the two. If you don't have a complete file of the magazine, you may well want both; if you do have, you don't really need either one. Material in both books ranges over all the sciences, and is generally very well done for a popularization.

THEY FOUGHT FOR THE UNION, by Francis A. Lord (Bonanza) Price unknown because I got it as a present from the DeVeeses. This is more of a Civil War encyclopedia than a book for casual reading. There are chapters on weapons, training, morale, discipline, recruiting, etc. There are photos, reproduced drawings, and tables of statistics galore. All sorts of interesting tidbits, such as that the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry was armed with lances until 1863, or that the "candle lantern" as a staple of night lighting was issued to U.S. troops until 1940.

AMERICAN DAWN, by Louis Brennan (Macmillan, \$8.95) Only I got it for joining the Natural History Book Club - in fact, it was one of the books I joined to get. I've been an admirer of Brennan ever since picking up a remaindered copy of No Stone Unturned a good many years ago. His writing reminds me a bit of de Camp's. This book is, indeed, somewhat of an updating of his earlier one; both being concerned with American archaeology. Brennan is pushing a particular theory here, and he presented more evidence than I really needed; an endless succession of stone tools becomes a trifle monotonous. But it's still good reading. Like de Camp, Brennan supports independent invention against diffusionism, and his comments on Ales Hrdlicka are reminiscent of de Camp's on Helena Blavatsky. He has a rather fascinating chapter on pre-Columbian "discoveries" of America, demolishing all but Vinland, something called "Pattee's Caves" in New England (he admits that no theory about them is really satisfactory), and a possible Japanese (of all things) influence on Ecuadorian pottery. It's the most readable book on American archaeology, with word plays like ideas carried "in the pockets of their genes", and a crack about dark stata being "pigments of my imagination."

THE 26 LETTERS, by Oscar Ogg (Crowell, \$6.95) Another one I got from Natural History Book Club. It didn't really tell me anything about the alphabet that I didn't already know, but it's nice to have the information all in one place. The book traces the history of writing and printing, from the Egyptians to the present, with the origins of the different typefaces and reasons why they were first used. The writing in the first part of the book is pretty terrible; all the patronizing explanations sound like the book was intended for a second-grade library. But later on the author apparently gets more interested in his subject and forgets to address his readers as though they were backward 7-year-olds, and the book improves.

LEGISLATIVE BODY, by Joe L. Hensley (Crime Club, \$4.95) A fascinating book, not so much for the murder mystery as for the background of state politics. Indiana politics, of course, but I doubt if the states differ all that much. It's up to the minute, with student demonstrations and all, and the writing sounds just like Joe talking, which is all to the good. The mystery itself is quite adequate, but I don't read mysteries just for the murder element (which means that mostly I don't read them at all.) If you don't want to buy it yourself, bug your friendly local librarian into getting a copy.

THE STATES: UNITED THEY FELL, by Frank Trippett (remaindered) I hope Joe has seen a copy of this, as it concerns the antics of state legislatures. The author's theory is that much of their activity can be explained by the realization that they are not trying to exercise power but to personify community orthodoxy, particularly when that orthodoxy is threatened by a change in reality. (Thus southern defiance of the Supreme Court, "voting dry and drinking wet", New York divorce laws, pornography legislation, marijuana legislation, etc.) And I think Joe would approve of one of his conclusions; "As a source of humor alone the state legislature fulfills a valid social function..."

THE ROVING OUTDOORSMAN, by Fox Burns (privately published) Burns is a distant cousin of mine (I don't recall the exact distance, but it's a fair piece) and the only other writer in the family. These hunting stories were originally sold to ALASKA SPORTSMAN, OUTDOOR LIFE, etc., but when he wanted them in a book he published it himself. (And I do mean himself; it isn't a vanity press volume. A paper industry executive with enough money to go big-game hunting in Africa isn't going to have much trouble getting a book published.) Contents are fairly typical hunting articles of the 1940 era, tho I gather some were actually written more recently.

THE ZEPPELIN FIGHTERS, by Arch Whitehouse (Ace, 95¢) By far the best - so far - of Ace's series of WW I air combat books. This traces the career of the military Zeppelin from Count Zeppelin's first contact with lighter-than-air vehicles in our own Civil War to the last military flight of the German dirigibles in 1918. Some of the incidents are fascinating, including the abortive attempt to run supplies to Von Lettow-Vorbeck in East Africa, in which a Zeppelin remained airborne continuously for 4 days.

UP & AT 'EM, by Harold E. Hartney (Ace, 95¢) Another air-war book, quite readable but not up to the quality of Whitehouse's. Ace has now published so many pilots' memoirs that they all begin to sound a bit alike.

WAR FOR AN AFTERNOON, by Jens Kruuse (Ace, 95¢) Account of an SS atrocity in France. Unimportant historically but a fine example of what could be termed "normal" activity of Germans in occupied countries. Well written.

THE BATTLE FOR GERMANY, by H. Essame (Ace, 95¢) The final campaign of the European war, from September 1944 to the German surrender. The author is British and espouses Montgomery's ideas of how the war should have been fought, feeling that Eisenhower made errors. (As a cynic, I figure that he probably did but that Montgomery wouldn't have been all that much better.) Reasonably well done.

THE CURSE OF THE CONCULLENS, by Florence Stevenson (Signet, 75¢) If you can locate a copy of this one, get it. It's a gothic romance, but any novel featuring as major characters a couple of ghosts, two werewolves, a vampire, a banshee and a warlock can also be considered a genuine fantasy. It is also one of the funniest books I've read in a long time, from the opening wherein the heroine leaves home for her governess job after bidding a tender farewell to the old family ghost to the final confrontation between the Irish Patriot vampire and the warlock who has Betrayed The Cause. In between

are comments on banshee school ("It's terrible hard, too. If I'd known I'd have had to be a banshee, I'd have stayed alive.") and an account of the loyal Irish peasantry taking turns feeding the vampire because he's a Patriot Hero. It makes fun not only of gothics but of most of Irish literature.

DOOR INTO TERROR, by Juanita Coulson (Berkley, 75¢) I have to admit, Juanita isn't quite as entertaining a gothic writer as Stevenson. But I rather enjoyed it, despite the fact that the cover is even more inappropriate than usual on a gothic. The only fannish reference that I recall is Moby the cat.

SON OF RHUBARB, by H. Allen Smith (Pocket Books, 75¢) Son appeared in 1968 and THE VIEW FROM CHIVO, by H. Allen Smith (Pocket Books, 95¢) had been languishing in my to-be-read stack ever since; when the third book in the series appeared I decided I should get busy. Smith is one of my favorite writers anyway, but I prefer his alleged non-fiction (I say "alleged" because I would be surprised and disappointed to learn that he let the facts get in the way of a good story), with Lost In The Horse Latitudes and To Hell In A Hand Basket being two of the funniest books ever written. (The I may be partial to the latter because much of it concerns northeastern Indiana.) Anyway, the Rhubarb series isn't that funny, but it's worth buying. Ostensibly both these books are about a tomcat offspring of Rhubarb, but Smith doesn't let that stop him from discoursing on anything that strikes his fancy, from cockfighting etiquette to the inherent ridiculousness of ocean voyages via raft. (Smith is the Roy Tackett of the mundane world.)

THE CLIFTON CONTRACT, by Nelson Nye (Ace, 60¢) I tried another one; this was a trifle better than the Nye books I reviewed last time. (I still can't see a publisher putting out 13 of them at one crack; western readers must have very little taste.)

SHORT-TRIGGER MAN, by Merle Costiner (Ace, 95¢) Ace is now experimenting with larger western doubles at higher prices - on the reverse of this is Outrage At Bearskin Forks by the same author, but I couldn't read it at all. The one I did read is acceptable if not particularly exciting.

STATION WEST, by Luke Short (secondhand) Short remains one of the best western writers, but I've been spoiled by reading science fiction; even Short possesses irritating mannerisms that bother me when I'm reading. No wonder western fiction is at such a low ebb.

PEACE MARSHAL, by Frank Gruber (Bantam, 75¢) After all, I have been sick....Anyway, I usually like Gruber's fiction. This isn't one of his better items, though.

THE NEW HOLLYWOOD AND THE ACADEMY AWARDS: 1972 Edition (Ace, \$1.50) A complete list of all Oscar winners from the beginning through 1971, with photographs of the major ones and of the 1971 Awards Banquet, a short tribute to Charlie Chaplin, and lists of all nominees for best actor and best movie awards. Highly recommended to anyone who feels that either the Hugo or Nebula Awards should be awarded by a more restricted balloting system; considering the size of the movie industry, the Oscars are awarded by a very small select group of experts, and never mind that 3,000 voters wouldn't be considered a small group in our field. And they go to the real best of the year about as often as ours do.

HEX, by Arthur H. Lewis (Pocket Books, 95¢) Reissue of an account of a witchcraft-murder in Pennsylvania in 1928. It's a fascinating book; unfortunately Rich Benyo, who works for a Pennsylvania newspaper, has raised doubts in my mind about the accuracy of Lewis's reporting. Otherwise I'd recommend it highly.

STRANGE TALENTS, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood (Ace, 95¢)

PASSPORT TO THE UNKNOWN, by John Macklin (Ace, 75¢)

DESTINY TIMES SIX, by Katherine de Jersey and Isabella Taves (Fawcett, \$1.25) The occult selections. Hurwood is usually an interesting writer, but he isn't at his best here. Macklin's best is poorer than Hurwood's worst. And the de Jersey - Taves book, ostensibly from the files of "a famous astrologer", are much better written and more interesting than either of the other two, but I keep wondering about the amount of factual content in them. (Though I'm sure it's at least as great as that in any other occult book.)

GR-r UMBLINGS

Joanne Burger, 55 Bluebonnet Ct., Jackson Lake TX 77566

I had a lot of fun in England, even the weather there was about like what we have in December when we have a wet norther

(highs around 50 with drizzling rain). Everyone was very nice and the scenery was quite interesting. Especially London. I walked around the parts of London that Heyer describes often in her books -- Berkley Square, Regent St., and many others. I want to get to Brighton to see the Regent's Palace, but it will have to wait until I manage to get over there again.

The convention was a lot of fun. They started things later than the cons I have attended here (10 & 11 am) and the program ran longer, to about 8. The auction was really odd to me, all these lots of paperbacks & hardback books, going for 25¢ to \$1 for 5 to 10 books, but what I bought was fanzines. Apparently the BSFA was cleaning out their fanzine collection (a lot of them have the BSFA stamp, anyway) because there were boxes and boxes of them there to be auctioned off. But not too many people there were interested in them. I got some Peons with Emsh covers, 6 Psychotics, a foot of Yandros, (#55-187, but the run is incomplete), Hyphen and others. They all went very cheap (the Yandros were \$2.50) except when Peter Roberts and I both wanted the same fmz. There was an Atom fan calendar which is very good.

There was only one part of the program that I didn't enjoy. They had a panel of others -- Brunner, Aldiss, Harrison, and a couple more who I don't remember -- and they got off into ECOLOGY! (The capitals were theirs.) And they were saying the same old things that you hear all the time over here -- too many people, ought to stop pollution, they weren't too keen on going back to nature -- they want to live like we do today without polluting anything but they didn't offer any suggestions on how to do it. Most of the people there seemed to like the talk; it was one of the few that had any audience participation. I got to wondering, in fact, if the British fans ever ask speakers questions. They didn't at this con.

I discovered something about myself that I didn't know before. Elegant living is not for me. The banquet was served in first class style (I assume); first the waitress came by and put a bowl in front of me, then the waiter came by and put soup in it. Then the bowl was removed and a plate put in its place. Fish was put on the plate. Then another plate for the main course (a chicken and dressing), and then another one for the dessert. I don't see how anyone can eat in peace with all that rushing about. I also found I don't care for most of the wines I had, even some that were supposed to be good. But hot tea is good. Something odd -- to the British hotels and restaurants, when you ask for Coke they will give you a Pepsi and think they are giving you what you asked for. I didn't get a cold soft drink the whole time I was in England; they don't have such things, apparently. And breakfast was foul. I hadn't realized it was possible to ruin breakfast, but the British succeeded. The only time I had a good breakfast, I cooked it myself.

Gene Wolfe, 27 Betty Drive, Hamilton OH 45013

May I be one of the thousands to say that JOAN AND PETER was by H.G. Wells?

The postal clerk who asked you the rate was as naught -- I once tried to buy International Reply Coupons and was asked what they were. Another P.O. story: just recently my agent sent me a copy of my book THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS -- 4th class, special handling. On the same day she sent a first class letter. Guess which got delivered first (if you said the book advance to GO).

I hereby predict Bruce will start his own magazine within one year. Write it down.

More stuff for your wrath of God department. I recently got a notice that said I was to come in and be examined on my qualifications for jury duty. The notice carried a bold-face box saying that I was not to phone, write, not to crawlfish in any way BUT TO JUST PLAIN SHOW UP OR BE HELD IN CONTEMPT OF COURT. The date was the Saturday of Marcon, for which we already had banquet tickets, room reservations, and so; so I asked Rosemary to go to the courthouse the next day (I had to be at work) and try to talk them into changing the date. She did, and they told her that as a result of

F O T



talking to her they had decided that I was okay for jury duty and so I could forget about coming.

Did I send you a program from the robot show? I'll include one in this.

I got THE SECRET OF SEVEN OAKS at Tom's First Ward Cigar Store in Hamilton. This is one of the few really unusual stores I have ever found. It sells

magazines and paperbacks both new and used, a few used hardcovers, occasionally remaindered hardcovers, newspapers from various places,

tools, paint, ammo, guns, fishing tackle, kitchen gadgets the manufacturer marked \$1 for 39¢, army surplus, pipes, cigarettes, cigars, and currently chewing tobacco on special. And things like remaindered pencils, which is why the pencil now on my desk reads WHITE LUMBER CO., INC. SAN FRANCISCO PHONE 564-5440 DAILY CITY PHONE 756-3833. I recently bought a raincoat in Tom's for 89¢, and for those who are continually complaining they cannot find the magazines Tom regularly carries Analog, Galaxy, If, F&SF, Amazing and Fantastic, though I haven't seen Witchcraft and Sorcery there lately. Looking over the list above I see I forgot to mention pop, candy, and empty rifle brass. Tom carries a few toys too, and I got my machete there.

P.S. Tom had a Johnson Automatic Rifle the last time I looked. How long since you saw one of those?

Everyone says that no one reads poetry in fan magazines, so I would like to state that I read, several times, and vastly enjoyed, LEAVES.

Wish I could have talked to you and Juanita more at the Midwestcon. As things worked out I couldn't be there much.

Recently I have been reading George Orwell's account of his experiences in the Spanish Civil War -- HOMAGE TO CATALONIA. It is an excellent book, written while the war was still going on. But...Orwell describes his leave in Barcelona after some months in the line: "At the same time I was making secret negotiations to buy a revolver. I badly wanted a revolver -- in trench-fighting much more useful than a rifle -- and they were very difficult to get hold of. The Government issued them to policeman and Popular Army officers, but refused to issue them to the militia; you had to buy them, illegally, from the secret stores of the Anarchists. After a lot of fuss and nuisance an Anarchist friend managed to procure me a tiny 26-inch automatic pistol, a wretched weapon, useless at more than five yards, but better than nothing."

I assume that .25 inch and 6mm. (the European designation for this caliber) have gotten muddled, either in Orwell's mind (but in that case, are textual errors never corrected? the book was printed in 1955) or the copy editor's. I am planning on checking other editions next time I get to a library.

Wonder if Jack Gaughan knows that Shakespear played the ghost in the original production of Hamlet? It makes the name "Shakescrew" singularly appropriate with reference to this picture.

/Sounds like I should drive through Hamilton on my way to the Midwestcon next year. Tom's sounds interesting. Yes, I wouldn't call a 26-inch pistol "tiny" -- but then liberals pride themselves on knowing nothing about guns. RSC/

Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604

Yandro 215: Re the "Mrs-Miss" note following Claude Hall's loc, my favorite stamp newspaper, Western Stamp Collector, started arbitrarily using the "Ms" thingee in connection with women quite a while ago. But several major boobos have been committed,

as "Ms John Smith" or "Ms Peter Jones." They seem unaware of how ludicrous such usage appears.

Your comments re violence and Wertham seem reasonable; how much do you think violence would be reduced if TV were eliminated entirely, along with movies and comic books? Hell, I'd stake my arse that there'd be no noticeable reduction whatsoever in juvenile violence, sadism, you name it. Most violence seems to be perpetuated in a manner similar to that in vogue in spreading knowledge -- such as it might be -- of sex: roughly via the pecking orders of the immature mentalities involved.

Anyway, I really don't think that all violence can be eliminated from TV. Did you see the 4-night run (Aug. 12-13-14-15) AABC of the Russian-made version of Tolstoy's WAR AND PEACE? A masterpiece, certainly, and also loaded with the semblance of violence. But remarkably free of violence (apart from actual killing and obvious maltreatment of horses); the looting of Moscow as it burned could have run wild with incidents of violence, but instead it was left to the viewer to realize in his own mind what must be happening. I can't imagine such a picture gaining any converts to violence; the closest it might come to affecting someone would be if a viewer were a firebug and the burning scenes compelled him to give expression to his artistry.

Your trouble with the missing "It's" apostrophe on page 11, and its being caused by a piece of fuzz makes me wonder whether it was paper "fuzz". I started using paper from Walter's for the last issue of Moebius Trip and found that on running the first side a problem arose with paper dust accumulating over an area of 7 or 8 sq in down from the top middle of the stencils; from about the 240th copy on the finished product began to be intolerably affected. So now when I riffle the paper before inserting it into the hopper I give it extra riffing, blowing strongly into it at the same time. It works just enough to give passable results. (God, what we go through...)

I read in another fanzine that the "Rotten Robert" of Midwestcon ran around "exposing" himself. If Midwestcon is anything like Pecon I can see how this would shake the equilibrium; fans should have taken up a collection to send him to IACon.

Hmm, just heard on the late TV news that someone is suing, or is about to sue, Bobby Fischer for refusing to let the cameras film the games. In general I've applauded his efforts to get more moola, but in this he seems to be cutting his own throat; do you suppose he is something more than just eccentric?

/Actually, what annoyed Midwestcon attendees was not Rotten Robert's exposing himself as his violence when exposing himself didn't bring much of a reaction./ Phyllis Eisenstein contributed an ad addressed to Ms. Alex Eisenstein." RSC Oh, yes, twill-type paper, which I've used for well over a decade, produces lint problems; I've never found though (except for aberrant incidents like that in 215 -- which was my own fault for sloppy checking)--that said accumulation produces any difficulties on the outside of the stencil. JWC/

Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street,
Norton, Malton, Yorkshire, England

I'm not so sure that it's our restrictive gun laws that are to blame for the rise in the violent crime rate; I'd lay the blame fairly and squarely at the door marked abolition of the death penalty. Criminals are carrying more guns now because that fearsome trap has been lifted and they can kill or wound with impunity, the worst being maybe twenty years in jail. And clamping down on gun sales? It might halt a



minute quantity of what are commonly known as crimes of passion, but the vast majority of crimes that need a gun are premeditated, and get a gun they will, however restricted.

And as for the self-destruct medicine, I don't think they can improve on "The Little Black Bag," by C. M. Kornbluth.

Gift catalogs? We might be spared getting them through the post, but every weekend there they are in every newspaper under the name of Saturday squares, offering everything from portable electric organs, make-up mirrors with built-in spotlights, and on-dulator combs (whatever they are!) to metal detectors, baked potato holders, etc., and as usual you pay for the privilege of reading them.

Speaking of Fritz Leiber, they showed THE SPANISH MAIN just a couple of weeks ago, though I missed it (curse, curse). Which maybe shows just how old the films are over here; BBC motto being not a film is shown till it's six years old. And one for the list is a Western starring Robert Taylor and called THE DEVIL'S DOORWAY, probably made umpteen years ago as well, in which I saw his name roll up in the closing credits; still, sf writers have to survive somehow.

Back to the BBC, who are just showing another historical series, this time centred around the reign of Henry VII; and the money they've spent on it, they'll need to sell it round the world. Though how come we get all the trash in exchange? Still, I think it was a masterstroke to take the original British concept of TILL DEATH DO US PART, rework it into ALL IN THE FAMILY, and then sell it back to us.

And could Joe R. Christopher turn out to be the A.J. Weberman to Sprague de Camp's Dylan? Now that's an interesting thought (oh well, maybe it isn't); but there's a smell of pseudonym hanging in the air. And that illo on p27 was quite the most appealing filler I've seen for some time.

/Let me assure the readers that Joe R. Christopher is real; college instructor in Texas. Didn't mean to imply that restrictive gun laws caused crime; only that they failed to stop it. RSC/

John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, T0J 2N0, Canada

On the "Waffle" item. I have been badgering various acquaintances who pay more attention to the vagaries of the political mind than I do, but no one seems to have any very definite information. Probably it was Douglas who spoke about the people composing the group as "waffling" -- i.e. not being able to make up their minds as to exactly what they wanted. (Douglas was leader of the Socialist party for many years up until last Fall, when he resigned.) Probably the group themselves then adopted the name as a sort of badge of honour. Anyhow, the expression "Waffle group" came into prominence last winter at the time of the preparations for the party convention that chose the new leader to replace Douglas. The new leader, Lewis, is himself not a member of the Waffle Group but the party platform adopted at the convention was certainly influenced to some extent by the group.

Laurine White, 5408 Leader Ave., Sanramento CA 95841

I finally read Yandro 214 today from cover to cover and find it a lot more relaxing than Gf or Energumen, but of course they are very enjoyable too, in a different way.

The cover was very pretty, except for the girl. She's pretty too, but one of my old gym teachers would say she is swaybacked. Back there I look like that, and I don't want to. The interior art was unobtrusive, except for the BEF on page 27.

Since my first con was in '68, I didn't realize how recently the art show started, but my only complaint would be to find some way to shorten the bid-off time. I really want to buy a Wendy Fletcher painting at L.A. Con. There weren't any at Westercon.

I liked Rick Stoker's article very much. Especially the end.

Also, I enjoy reading pages and pages of book and fanzine reviews (but don't always agree with you, and here it comes...); Ben Bova's anthology, SF, THE MANY WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION, was a bad one. Such diverse stories in one book are unsatisfactory; the book just doesn't feel comfortable. Robert Silverberg's anthologies are much better. TIME GLADIATOR, of "Sweet Dreams Sweet Princes", was the serial for which I

first bought Analog in 1963. Before the Pyramid edition, SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC was published by Ace with a cover by Ed Valigursky. After wading through three Neal Barrett books (Kelwin, etc.), I refuse to read any more, no matter what anyone says about them.

I heard there were three Eric John Stark stories. Why doesn't Ace publish the last one?

Nowhere else than your fanzine review column have I found a mention of Dipple Chronicle with Andre Norton's article on writing fantasy. Thank you for leading me to it.

/Diverse stories don't bother me at all, if they all happen to be well written; in fact I prefer my anthologies to be diverse. Thames tend to become rapidly boring to me -- but then, to each his own and all that. RSC/

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

Juanita, you think Democrat is poor usage? Well, I heard the illustrious Lt. Gov. of the state of Virginny when he spoke on campus, and he couldn't match that, but he tried...hard. He had a habit of losing his ly and ing and ist endings when he would loose a bit of rhetorical flamboyance. It really wowed about 10% of the crowd. A few peepull even asked him questions during the discussion session, also. Why, he fielded the prickly queries of the erudite college students without flinching in his backwoods grammar one bit. A man of the peepull, ya could tell. Shore nuff.

Dave Locke's encounter with the speed cop was hilarious. Someday I'll tell ya a few such stories of my own. Unfortunately, over the last week I've been writing fanzines, and telling them all the absurd and amusing things that have been happening to me, so then I won't have anything to ramble about in my annish. For shame.

The rest of Dave Locke's col was even more amusing. This reminds me, I must write Awry someday.

Rick Stoker: those odd things you report don't seem all that Odd. Really now... it happens every day. My sensawonda is pretty jaded about such things, and I could rattle off a few to startle the natives but I see no reason to do so.

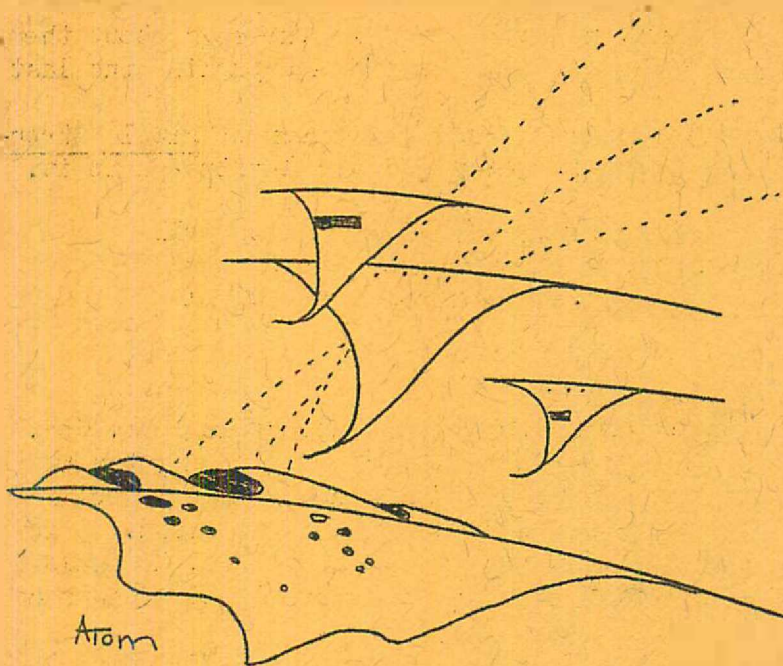
Good to see Mike Juergens active agin. Maybe he'll do another Dynacence someday, maybe.

Jackie Franke, you think that album is something ridiculous for peepull to spend *ahem* hard cash on? It certainly is, but think of all the would-be rapists and such who can pop their rocks with just that kind of porn. It'll do 'em good, and release their pent-up tensions. Better yet are the porn movie theatre ads and sex ads in such places as the LA Free Press. It's all very amusing. I think someone could do a fan article of epic connotations on that very subject. I've even been tempted to write porn, but I usually end up with my tongue stuck in my cheek, or rolling on the floor laughing. I guess I could never be a serious practitioner of the *ahem* art. Some-things even gross me out, but I bet you couldn't guess what they are. Yes.

Wildest personality in fandom today? Who...me? Gee, Buck, I'm pretty staid and conservative, really. You should maybe meet some of my friends. Kathy and Penny and Bill and Sarah and...gosh, they freek me out sometimes. I've been tempted to write about them in fandom, but I assume no one would believe me. Some people still think I'm a hoax. But not really. Dave Hulvey does exist. At least, that's what we're telling everyone now.

Penny Hansen, 1607 Lincolnwood, Urbana IL 61801

For Gini Rogowski and her "It's All a Crock": who uses crocks for pickles? I prefer my crocks to be filled with 1 q t brandy (unflavored) and fresh fruit as it comes into season. Add 1 qt fruit and 1 qt sugar for each fruit you want. Right now my crock is 4/5 full of grapes, strawberries, peaches, and blueberries. I'm waiting for cherries, pineapple and apricots. Then the thing sits in my refrigerator (to prevent wild fermentation -- altho some people let it ferment naturally and omit the brandy) til Christmas and New Years. Ever been smashed on 3 grapes, 2 cherries, and a strawberry? This June Jim made tutti frutti ice cream with the last year's leftover fruit, and syrup from the juice. The stuff just doesn't spoil with all the booze. We've



created a new drink that
few people can duplicate
because they don't
have the homemade
tutti frutti syrup:
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup syrup and
1 jigger vodka in
a tall glass with
ice cubes -- fill
with 7-up or soda.
It's strangely light
flavored, and is
great on hot days.

/I wonder how that would
work with persimmons?
I always wanted to try
"boilo" as described in
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, but
since we don't drink coffee
we never acquired a percolator,
and then I got diabetes and my
liquor consumption was cut drastically

(and it wasn't all that high to begin with). RSC/

R. Reginald

Sorry -- Ace did an edition of SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC six years ago.

/Sooner or later I'll learn to look these things up instead of relying
on my memory -- but maybe that would take the fun out of it for all
the people who gleefully point out my goofs. RSC/

Mike Glyer, 14974 Oscoola St., Sylmar CA 91342

What would you say the reason was that there aren't more SF books translated from other languages and printed in the US? (At least it doesn't strike me that there are very many now: Verne, Lem, a couple of odds and ends.) Because there isn't more time to be taken? Because it's inferior writing? Because nobody over here hears about it? Because publishers are prejudiced? Some other reason? I wrote some ideas about internationalizing SF and the Hugo and ran them through APA I directed at Kees Van Toorn, a Dutch fan. He got more than a little hot under the collar about them and streaked back three pages of rebuttal. Then, I got this letter from his best friend that backed Kees up. Both of them write excellent English (with minor, obvious breakdowns from time to time: "Who for Pete's Heaven's sake is to blame for this?") What is the number of fans (American) fluent in a foreign language? (In your estimate.) How many do you know? How many American fans receive non-English fanzines, or buy non-English sf? I'd be interested in finding out. Maybe I could get Charlie Brown to include it on his next Locus Survey. The whole thing surprises me very much. When I wrote up my ideas I counted on the inertia of American fans to prevent any mass learning of foreign languages -- which naturally makes me come off as a great arrogant chauvinist. I suggested regional Hugos. Really cut them to the quick.

The weirdest thing was, however, that Kees van Toorn and Roger Verdam both expected their rebuttals and questions to enrage me to the point where I would refuse to answer. They, however, have not been exposed to the SFR vein of debate, which means they don't call people assholes, idiots, and fuggheads, but actually respond to the issues...

/I gave him my opinions; anything from the illustrious readers? RSC/

Don Ayres, 2020 W. Manor Parkway, Peoria IL 61604

I think, Juanita, that an indication of public feeling also came out of the TVGuide a couple of weeks after Apollo 16 when some darling housewife complained about having to miss her soap opera; at least Mailer would be on a related topic. But as far as cutting out the astronauts' voices is concerned, I think it's because of some sort of syndrome television stations have about silence in general. Remember that the voices are roughly equivalent to radio and not tv broadcasts. If you question my remark about silence, I want to relate a story about a Cub game I watched on tv last year.

Ernie Banks was hurt at the time and had come up to the broadcasting booth where Jack Brickhouse, the regular announcer, let him handle an inning. Now Banks gave a straight broadcast, telling the count on the batter, outs, etc., which meant that most of the time the only thing on the air was the image of the batter and pitcher without any sort of talk at all. The professional broadcasters fill in with all sorts of stories and small talk, which Brickhouse tried to get Banks to do, but failed. The next inning, the regular crew replaced Banks at the mike. And Mailer replaced...

Apolloopathy is a rather widespread disease, though, and the general impression I get is that public sentiment tends to the "We've proven we can do it, so let's quit." Silverberg's fish. Anyway, God help us if the power ever does go to the people; I think I'd almost rather see it in the hands of the politicians.

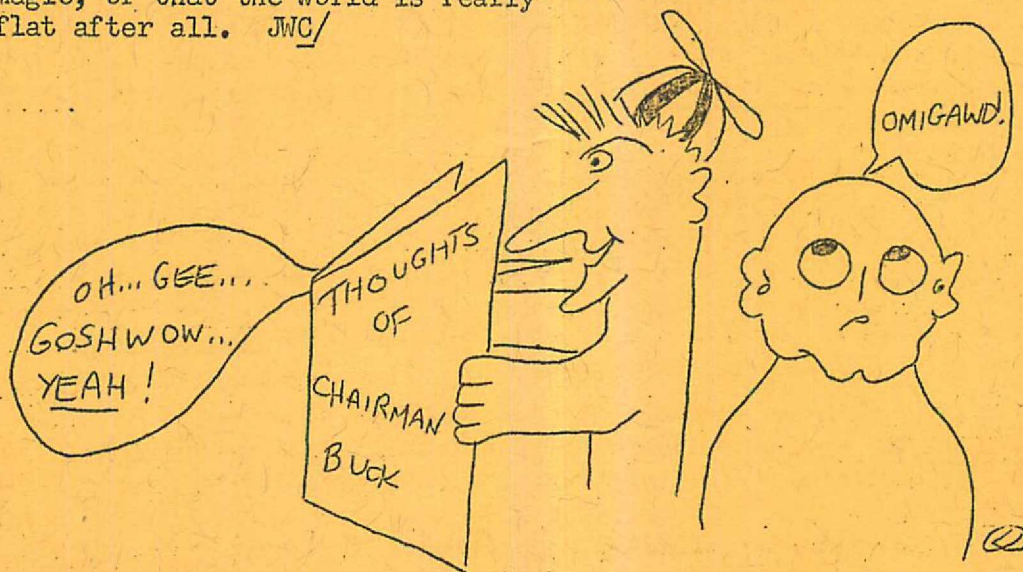
By the way, not only am I willing to drop all forms of address (a la Mr/M), I could even drop first names if desired (since it would be obvious ha-ah-ha-ah). The only exception is Dr. You have to go through quite a bit to get that one.

By the way, Buck, the Pyramid edition of SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC isn't the first paperback, as you've doubtless heard by now. It was published by Ace Way Back When paperbacks cost 40¢ (F-382 or so).

While I'm thinking about it, don't you think it would be a good idea to write Bob Hoskins (whom I presume is responsible) with a few kind words for publishing CLOAK OF AESIR and suggesting that it might be nice ~~and profitable~~ to print WHO GOES THERE? for the first time in a good while?

While I disapprove of Fischer's behavior from a professional standpoint, I've got to admit that it's the first time the Peoria paper ever carried the World Games.

/Hoskins gets Yandro -- even reads it on occasion -- so he got my kind words. RSC // Locally the same people who object to shooting "all that money into space" -- meaning everytime anything is fired from Kennedy they feel called upon to complain about taxes, etc -- seem to be the same sorts who burble delightedly over same-time coverage of the Olympics and gee isn't it great that we're seeing it at the instant (almost) that it's happening. I don't believe they understand the theory behind com satellites; maybe they think the relays are done by magic, or that the world is really flat after all. JWC/



DJ #4 (Joe Bob Williams, 2011 Wedgewood Lane, Carrollton TX 75006 - quarterly - 4/\$2) Outstanding reproduction; about average contents except for Howard Waldrop's book reviews, which are excellent. (They're also low-key and rambling, so don't expect a clinical dissection a la Knight.) The usual bad fiction, a movie article, and pretty good letter column. Deceptively small fanzine; the large typeface makes it look average sized, and then one reads it all the way through in 5 minutes.

Rating.....5

strange
fruit



Rats #15 (Bill & Charl Kunkel, 8445 121 St., Apt 1D, Kew Gardens NY 11415 loc, contrib, trade, 50¢) Sometimes I wonder if Walt Willis was a good thing for fandom. He had this ability to sit down at a typewriter and transform an unremarkable gathering of fairly ordinary fans into the most hilarious event in the known universe; and somehow this ability (I think it was connected somehow with blarney) became a standard of performance. Every really fan-nish fan should be able to do the same, it is rumored. Which wouldn't be so bad if they didn't insist on trying to prove it... Charlene's writing is the most interesting in here, with Ray Nelson's ode to bicycles almost equally good. All too much of the rest is unfortunately fannish (and interpret that either way you want to). One item by Gale Stiles is quite funny but not long enough to do justice to the subject. But to be fair, part of my dislike of the material is that the same attitudes -- and many of the same references -- have been around fandom for 10, 15, or more years, and they don't wear that well. A newcomer might well consider Rats a fabulous publication; the writing is at least as good as that in some of the classic fanzines of yesteryear. (Now Bill can tell me that my attitudes have been around fandom as long and don't wear any better...)

Rating.....5

Unterhelios #2 (Joe D. Siclari, 1607 McCaskill Ave., #4, Tallahassee, FL 32304 - loc, trade, contrib, 60¢ - irregular) Nice reproduction. Material is heavy on films, plus an article on underground comics. Neither rouses my own interest, making it harder to judge the quality, but it seems at least adequate. And you don't hardly get fanzines with two covers no more.

Rating.....4

Citadel #6 (George & Lana Proctor, 406 NE 19th St., Grand Prairie TX 75050 - contrib, loc, 25¢) Variety of material: books, movies, some rather dull sadism (or rather dull parody of a sadistic story, perhaps), article on writing style, and several fans trying to explain, more or less politely, why they don't think much of comics fans. (One of the explanations is from Ted White, and his idea of a polite, constructive criticism is always worth reading.) I always expect Texas fanzines to deal mainly with comics and movies, but Citadel is moving away from this tradition into mostly stf material. Offset reproduction.

Rating.....5

Moebius Trip #14 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - 50¢) Size and quality both seem to keep on increasing. This runs a bit over 50 pages, with a Paul Walker interview with Joanna Russ, the unexpurgated notes on Phil Farmer by Leslie A. Fiedler (the L.A. Times version was cut, it is claimed), a large amount of material on Australia and Aussie fandom, the usual reviews, letters, etc., plus a startlingly good rundown of British science fiction and fandom reprinted from The Guardian. One doesn't expect this sort of knowledgeable treatment.

Rating.....7

Dipple Chronicle V2#2 (Richard Benyo, 207 Center Street, Jim Thorpe PA 18229 - 50¢) Well, it's a different fanzine. Rich says if he doesn't get material he's going to put his own in, and his own is a wildly varied assortment; girlie photos, an article on wrestling, commentary on a South African news magazine, an account of a murder reprinted from a 1911 newspaper. Offset reproduction. With this came two APA 45 publications; general availability unknown: Albatross #4 carries fiction and mailing comments, fairly typical apa publication; The Letters of Rik Mann is more of a histor-

ical document -- letters from a fan just getting a good start in fandom, gradually leading up to the genesis of APA 45. I hope Harry Warner got a copy of this. Both apazines are dittoed and both have severe reproduction problems. Presumably the best copies went to the apa. Rating.....4

Twilight Zine #25 (Jourcom c/o MITSFS room W20-421, M.I.T. 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge MA 02139 - contrib, trade, loc - 25¢ - irregular) Major item here is the paraphrase (or parody?) of "Flash Gordon," which is moderately interesting, and proves that even updating it leaves Flash pretty ridiculous. Also an article on Elvish by Jean Berman and various local humor items. Rather thin mag. Lovely covers but overall rather poorly offset -- some pages perfectly sharp and a couple blurred to illegibility. Rating.....4

SF Commentary #26 (Bruce R. Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia - loc, contrib, trade - \$3 for 9 surface mail, \$8 for 9 air, USAgent Charlie Brown, 3400 Ullua St., San Francisco CA 94116) This one is getting out of hand; 120 pages, including covers. It takes a serious look at science fiction, marred for me by the fact that the editor and most of his reviewers partake of the "academic" view of the field, which would tend to leave me infuriated if I could work up that much interest. (Actually, it's simply a difference in conventions; Darko Suvin sounds like a pompous ass not because he necessarily is one, but because it's in the tradition of academic writing to sound that way. Of course, there are exceptions; I'm pretty positive that Franz Rottensteiner sounds like a pompous ass because he is one, and fans who have had personal contact with him tend to agree with me. I have never had any personal contact with him and have hopes of keeping things that way.) There are exceptions to the academic approach in SFC, too, but it's the self-righteous writings that stand out in memory, begging one to poke holes in them whether one originally disagreed with their conclusions or not. (Nevertheless, they are good writings of their type, and one reason I've never tried to poke holes in any of them is that I couldn't dash off a crushing retort from the top of my head; I'd have to spend considerable time that I don't have to spare to effect any sort of refutation -- if I could do it at all.) Anyway, it's an interesting fanzine, although if it gets much thicker I'll be reduced to reading nothing but the table of contents. Rating.....7

Speculation #30 (Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK - irregular - trade, contrib - 50¢) I keep thinking of Spec and SF Commentary as sort of interchangeable, and it's a minor shock to read one right after the other and realize how far apart they really are. The similarities are an abundance of serious criticism and a paucity of illustrations, but the approaches to criticism are strictly individual. Spec is a bit smaller, too; "only" 74 pages including covers. Spec is far more readable for someone like myself who dislikes the university-quarterly essay approach to criticism; the criticism itself is probably no more and no less valid. (I'm tempted to say Spec's is more valid because Peter's reviewer said harsh things about SOLARIS, but I'll refrain.) There's another similarity, too; I don't write letters to Spec because doing one worth publishing would take too much of my time. It's a good fanzine that doesn't appear often enough. Rating.....8

Corr #5 (Perri Corrick, 1308 Spring St., Apt 211, Madison WI 53715 - no price or schedule listed) Fine reproduction. Wide variety of material; reviews, verse, fiction, an artfolio by Glen Brock (I don't like the art presented; I don't know if it's any good or not). My favorite item is "Rules for Writers," reprinted from a 1971 Chem Tech -- a lovely little bit of humor. Fiction, on the other hand, is not really what I read fanzines for. Rating.....3

Funnyworld #14 (Mike Barrier, Box 5229, Brady Station, Little Rock AR 72205 - \$1.25) Is a magazine printed on slick paper, with full-color covers and interiors, and priced as high as a big paperback, really a fanzine? Particularly when the written material is of professional quality? Subject matter is comics and film animation; the two major articles here concern the career of Ub Iwerks and the filming of "Fritz the Cat." Neither subject is of great concern to me, but I enjoyed both articles. Rating.....9

Is #5 (Tom Collins, Fan Press, Lakemont GA 30552 - \$6/4) Another hundred-pager, off-set, excellent layout, good artwork. There is science fictional material by Samuel R. Delany and R.A. Lafferty, following which the issue is devoted to the history of SAPS, with comments by various members (and one non-member, Ted White). This has even less intrinsic interest for me than film animation, and the writing isn't of Funnyworld's quality, so I didn't find it all that great. Anyone who is interested in fan history or publishing associations, however, should by all means try to get this issue. Writing is good enough; just not quite pro caliber.

Kratophany #2 (Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118th St., Apt. 63, New York NY 10027 - irregular - trade, loc, 50¢) Interesting combination of humorous columns by Janet Kagan and Ginja Buchanan and a lettercolumn taken up with speculations on the prerequisites for technological civilization. Plus a comic strip which is original, artistic, and which I didn't like.. But mostly I enjoyed this one. Rating.....6

Syndrome #1 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown PA 18951 - loc, trade - 50¢) The editor says he isn't totally happy with this issue, and I can only say that he is very perceptive. Actually, Frank is still worrying about what sort of fanzine he really wants to put out, and each new idea he has takes him further from the sort of fanzine I enjoy reading. (The most entertaining line in the issue was Justin St. John's complaint about fans who only want to rant, rave, and carry on...) Material is fairly standard fannish stuff. Very good reproduction. Rating.....3

Cum Bloatus (Frank Lunney, see above - 25¢) This came as a supplement to Syndrome, and is mostly letters of comment on the last BeaBohema. These are fairly interesting as they stand (the mark of a good lettercolumn) and probably would be more so if I had the vaguest recollection of what was in the last BeaBohema. (Yes, I could go look it up, but...)

The Turning Worm #2 (John Piggott, Jesus College, Cambridge CB5 8BL, U.K. - first copy free on request) Con report, fanzine reviews, and letters. Much of the letter column is devoted to a discussion of British fandom, past and present; and why the past was superior. I can't comment, because I don't know British fandom present; the editor reviews 11 current fanzines, of which I have actually seen a copy of one only. (I used to be pretty well acquainted with British fandom; somehow I missed out on the last turnover of personnel.) This gives the impression of being written mostly for British fans, but at least it's a starting point for learning about today's British fandom, if one is interested.

Cor Serpentis #3 (Carey Handfield, 2 Banoon Road, South Eltham, 3095 -- Australia, I presume, though it doesn't say so - loc, trade, contrib, 50¢) This seems to be rather an anti-science-fiction issue. Andrew Edquist says stf is racist and should start propagandizing for the humanities, and Bruce Gillespie says today's stf authors don't know anything about the people who create the future, like radical educators, after which he proceeds to tell them. Gillespie's initial premise is a trifle silly, but the main article is good enough; Edquist's attempt to marshal stf to support his definition of a worthwhile cause is as fuggheaded as the cries of most fanatics. Christine McGowan wants nations to settle their differences literally on the playing fields of Eton; one of the ideas that would work beautifully if only we could remake humanity first. It's a nicely printed, half-sized fanzine, but this issue's contents seem a trifle odd, at least. Rating.....2

Dynatron #49 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107 - quarterly - loc, trade, contrib, 25¢) Okay; I give up. Hoosier politicians have their moments, but the New Mexican brand is crazier than anybody else. Roy's exposition of the legal tangles over filing for candidacy must be read to be believed. Otherwise we have comments by the editor and letterhacks on science fiction, archaeology, Alexander's horse, and Leviticus, and other such passionate interests of fans. A small fanzine, but extremely entertaining; one of the few that I read all the way through, as soon after it arrives as possible. Rating.....7

African #1 (Nick Shears, 52 Garden Way, Northcliff 4, Johannesburg, South Africa - contrib, loc, trade - 40¢) This is a Ray Bradbury issue, with several articles about him, a speech -- occasion unlisted -- by him, and reviews of several of his books. Plus a section on international fandom, and a letter column -- it isn't every first issue that can boast a letter column. Fair-sized issue, reasonably good material, if you're interested in Bradbury.

Amra #56, 57 (G.H. Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101 - 50¢) These arrived together. #56 is the serious issue, with a long article on archaeology and genuine "lost civilizations" by Lin Carter, a shorter one on stage weaponry by Michael McGowan, and numerous book reviews, many of them by de Camp. #57 features a long article by de Camp on the probable source of Lovecraft's racism, but also has such lighter items as Jan Strnad psychoanalyzing Conan, the output of an Aquilonian gossip columnist as interpreted by John Boardman, and a call by Ray Capella for better treatment for down-trodden wizards. Rating.....9

Space & Time #15 (Gordon Linzner, 83-10 118th St., Apt 4-M, Kew Gardens, NY 11415 - 50¢ - quarterly) A mixture of serious articles and fan fiction. Half-sized offset mag; very good reproduction, good artwork. If you really like fan fiction, by all means get this one.

Forthcoming SF Books #8 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson TX 77566 - bi-monthly - \$1.50/per year) This list covers publication from June to August; Joanne is a bit behind in her publishing due to extra work in her regular job.

A.R.A. Bulletin #104 (Dean Grennell, P.O. Box 341, Covina, CA 91722) Must be a success; it's gone to slick paper and offset. For the fan interested in reloading presses, target ammunition, bullet expansion, etc. (Which means Grennell, Jerry Hunter, and me -- anyone else?).

T-Negative #16 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417 - 50¢) Mostly devoted to a longish (for fan-fiction) "Star Trek" story by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, which I didn't read, so I can't review it. The minor filler items were interesting as usual, but I find ST fiction just as bad as most fan-fiction.

Star-Borne #1, and 2 (LL-LL & IGOR, 8043 Pinehurst, Detroit MI 48204) This seems to be the official publication of the "Star Trek Revival" group, which I wish well but have no intention of joining. Mostly devoted to getting organized, starting a letter-writing campaign, and ads for ST material. Probably a must for ST fans; not of too much interest otherwise, unless you have an interest in "other fandoms".

Nostalgia News #16 (PO Box 34305, Dallas TX 75234 - \$2/6) Movie material, a few book reviews, lots of ads. Recommended to film-fans and collectors. (Collectors of anything, I might add.)

Tolkien Journal #15 (The Mythopoeic Society, Box 24150, Los Angeles CA 90024 - \$1) Final issue, presumably; the Tolkien Society is merging with the Mythopoeic Society and Journal subscriptions will be taken over by Mythlore. This is a very well-printed magazine, but as far as I'm concerned there has already been more published about Tolkien than the subject is worth, and only Joe Christopher's article on the "Inklings" has much in it to interest me.

Green Dragon #13 (Tolkien Society of America, Belknap College, Center Harbor NH 03226) This Tolkien Society newsletter is also being folded. It is a one-sheet legal-sized fanzine printed in miniscule type, and covers news of Tolkien and of other fantasy items which Tolkien fans might find interesting, such as Ballantine's fantasy publications.

Mythprint V.5#6 (Mythopoeic Society, see above - dues \$6 a year) Monthly bulletin of the Mythopoeic Society. Half-sized, offset, and does much the same job as Green Dragon at somewhat greater length.

Rataplan #9 (Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183, Australia - irregular - trade, loc, contrib) Two major items; one a reprint from Starling (Leigh has

been using his fanzine to boost Lesleigh Luttrell for DUFF -- to good effect, evidently.). The other is a Biblical study attempting to prove that Satan, and not Christ, is our saviour. (As an agnostic, I can be entertained by these exercises in logic without having to take them seriously, so I enjoyed this one.) There is also a long and exceptionally bad poem. Rating.....4

Regurgitation Six #2 (Norman Hochberg, 89-07 209 Street, Queens Village NY 11427 - loc, contrib, 25¢) Skinny little thing; 8 pages plus covers. A major item is "An Index to Locus collators," which the editor says was intended satirically (he had to tell me because I didn't get it from the context -- I'm getting old). A few fanzine reviews, one letter, and editorial ramblings. All moderately enjoyable (not overwhelmingly so) but hardly enough there to rate.

Richard E. Geis #1 (PO Box 3116, Santa Monica CA 90403 - \$1) There's enough here, and more than enough; 44 pages by and about Richard E. Geis; his opinions on everything from the bombing of Haiphong harbor to his own sex life. He wants to get 900 subs so he can live off his fanzine -- can there possibly be 900 people in fandom who care enough for Geis's opinions on either subject (or any other) to shell out a dollar an issue for it? Probably, yes; all he has to do is find them. Saying that this told me more about Geis than I really wanted to know is so old a joke that I hate to perpetrate it -- but it's also accurate.

Afan #3 (Dave Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg VA 22801 - trade, loc, contrib, 25¢) This doesn't tell me more about Hulvey than I want to know; in fact it doesn't tell me anything about Hulvey because I don't believe it. Nobody could be like that in real life...real life as opposed to fandom, where you can be like that and Hulvey apparently is. (If you want to know what I'm writing about, get an issue and find out.) Hulvey is unique. His contributors -- Nick Shears, Gary Deindorfer, Bill Wolfenbarger, and Eric Lindsay -- aren't unique but certainly are fannish. I enjoyed this -- not because it made any sort of sense, because it didn't -- but because it is a fanzine which is original; the only fannish fanzine I know of which isn't doing reruns of earlier fannishness.

zEEn #1 (Earl Evers, Box 5053, Main Station, San Francisco CA 94101) This is to be a letterzine for political-social comment. Being a first issue, it's all editor-written this round; Evers provides plenty of items for letterhacks to work on next time. For anyone interested in that sort of thing.

Glop #1 and 2, I think (Jeff Schalles, 603 Barmore, Grove City PA 16127)- Thin little mag of editorial comments on this and that. (#2 opens with an apology for some of the comments in #1.) The reaction to this sort of personalzine is entirely subjective; if you like the personality you'll like the mag. Somehow I've never really acquired a good idea of the Schalles personality --probably because I never listened hard enough -- and so my reaction is mostly indifferent.

Starshambler #3 (Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St., Hobart, Tasmania 7000, Australia trade, loc, contrib) Thin, dittoed personalzine. What's there is interesting, but there isn't much there.

Title #1, 5 (Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St Louis MO 63131) The editor's talent's asking general questions and somehow getting a wide assortment of people to answer them for publication, thus providing an interesting rundown of fannish attitudes toward this, that and the other. Most issues run around 10 pages, with letters being edited down into their pith and broken up so replies can be grouped by subject matter. #1 is a super 40-plus pages issue which catches up everything left out of earlier ones and provides a whole round of new subjects for discussion.

Locus #115 thru 118 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco CA 94116 - 12/83) Still the major US fan newsletter. If you want to know what's going on in fandom without receiving huge piles of fanzines like I do, get a sub to Locus.