

YANDRO-217

NOVEMBER 72

XX:6

"Reproduce the
signals, I pray
you, the way
I broadcast
them to you."

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(with repeated assurances that we'll get
back to a monthly schedule RealSoonNow)
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ARTWORK

Cover by Alexis Gilliland

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RAMBLINGS



In re explanations in Rumbings on the lateness of this issue, I'd like to say the final dental slum clearance project has taken place -- and it seems to be helpful already. Everyone skip widdershins and burn a goat that we've got it licked at last.

Being Fan Guests of Honor is egoboosting and a lot of fun, but it sure is exhausting, especially when you have to make a round-trip of somewhat over 5,000 miles to get there and back again. Especial thanks to the LA Con Committee for being nice enough to ask us and for giving us our very first glimpse of a west coast con (which we never could have made, otherwise). We'll try to make it the first of several, now

that we've seen how it works.

The trip there and back was enjoyable, scenic, and at times nervewracking. Going out the Couches, the Scotts, and the Tacketts hospitably invited us in for pleasant fannish conversation and free crashing space; the Scotts in particular are to be thanked, since they'd never met us before and were willing to accept three untried quantities as overnitters in their nice home (and I discovered yet another food I love -- fried okra -- thanks to Mrs. Scott). We took our cold, rainy Midwestern weather along with us almost all the way; the Arizonans and New Mexicans seemed to appreciate the fact, since numerous motorists pulled off the road to take photos of the unusual downpour, while we drove on by, muttering. It is a proud and lonely thing to drive through the southwestern desert of the U.S. in August, wearing jackets, car windows rolled up, and wind-shield wipers going like mad. Bah! Not even the Mojave was very hot.

Because time was of the essence we saw very little of the traditional tourist offerings of either the L.A. area or scenes along the way. We did make Grand Canyon and the Creek Council House in Okmulgee and Meteor Crater. Second time for the last, and the spell is not diminished for me. I have a thing about Meteor Crater -- possibly the aura of being so near something that was Not of This World ---the closest I'm ever going to get to the larger part of the universe out there. Bruce took the walk down into the Crater, which the brochures laughingly call "strenuous". I studied the situation and decided if I tried it, I would be carried out in a basket. So I sat up on the rim and thought stfnal thoughts while those younger and hardier made the descent and ascent.

Particular thanks on this trip go to an inanimate object: old/new faithful white 67 Ambassador -- Moby Dick. It never quite broke down, despite much punishment. I think SFWA owes us a reimbursement for shock absorbers. We were overloaded going, and in LA a two-drawer file cabinet was foisted upon us as part of Buck's SFWA Secretarial equipment. As a result we not only broke two shocks but had gas station attendants in six states telling us the differential was slowly being chewed to ribbons. The only way we could have carried more weight was to tow it along behind us on roller skates.

Thanks to the straight-through drives, we did little before and after the con but collapse, and not too much immediately after we got back home. But it was fun.

The Art Show was one of the biggest and best I've ever seen. Made me quietly proud that I'd had a teensy part in helping get the show on the road way back when. I wonder if anybody adequately appreciates what the Trimbls have done for the classy flavor of more recent worldcons. From me, anyway, muchas gracias.

Being an old con attender, I didn't make much of the program. I would have liked to, but I didn't know when I'd get a chance to meet some of the West Coast people again, so I spent most of my time in the lobby and rooms, talking. I did make the Rockwell presentation; the industry fellow was a trifle too Rotarian for my taste, but I was glad to see some of his slides and hear his statistics (which I hope opened a few heads in the audience; I am very tired of hearing complaints that we should take "all that money" we're spending in space, and put it into social programs). The exotic dancing was timed right, so I saw that; unfortunately none of my pictures came out well -- maybe

by next con we'll have an available light camera. This was also the first worldcon banquet I'd attended since '53, and I have no complaints about the food -- of course we weren't paying for it, so...hoh heh. One of my headier moments was that feeling of raw power which occurs rarely to the old and tired fan; I discovered the one film I'd wanted to see of the all-con program was scheduled during the banquet. So I went to Pelz and complained. And they changed the timing! Just for me! All my adult life I've been complaining about ill-scheduled events at cons, but this was the first time it ever produced results. Being a co-Fan Guest of Honor could be addictive, you know?

All in all, I enjoyed myself thoroughly. Met old and new friends, went swimming, tried to explain fandom to two interested non-fans, both chicano -- a restaurant waitress and a swimming pool attendant (I suspect my first name on the badge convinced them I was simpatica), saw my favorite sf film (uncut), folksang, art show gawked, masquerade ball watched (one of the very best I've ever seen), etc., etc., etc. Great!

One of the most amusing incidents of the entire con happened one night while we were fan chatting with Sally Rand. (See Buck's column for more detail.) The skinny dippers came dripping to the cabana door and shouted enthusiastic things like "last one in's a rotten egg" and "c'mon, are you a buncha prudes?" -- while we sat across from the original carrier-to-the-heights of beautiful nudity. Miss Rand's still in pretty good shape, too, I might add. It was all kind of pathetic, having the skinny dippers trying to desperately to get some kind of reaction from us, as if they had just discovered something new.

I did discover something new, exhaustion, driving bat-out-of-hell, not having time to really see the scenery and all, it was a most enjoyable two weeks bracketing Labor Day. We'll have to do that again sometime, and thanks again, fellas.

And remember: Australia in '75!

JWC

a column

bec

The latest thing in school today is teachers who don't know their assignments. Our Algebra teacher made a homework assignment of four problems. I worked the first one easily, but ran into difficulties on the second one. So naturally I went up to our teacher for assistance. When he tried to work that one out, he got the same wrong answer I did. After about 15 minutes of this, he cancelled the assignment, to the irritation of those people who had skipped the second problem and gone on to finish the assignment.

School clubs are almost more trouble than they're worth. Latin club had a scheduled meeting, but it was cancelled because of the football game. The Debate Team, so far, has forced me to miss two suppers and has gotten me up at 5 o'clock in the morning on a Saturday. The Chess club has heard of my reputation and people are constantly forcing me to defend it. I don't know what the other clubs would demand of me since I don't belong to them (fortunately).

My first official debate went off rather well, considering I was in the highest level of debating. Our four-man varsity team took third place out of 18 teams, which is fairly difficult. The two-man team I was on had 3 wins, 1 loss. (It came out that way no matter how we sliced it; we lost to one team that we shouldn't have, but we won over a team that should have beaten us, so it evened out.) For those of you who may be interested, here is the debate topic for this year -- Resolved: That governmental financial support for all public elementary and secondary education should be provided exclusively by the Federal government. (I think they picked such a dry subject so that there won't be fistfights after the debate.) Arguments for raising money have varied from eliminating tax loopholes to legalizing marijuana and taxing it.

My major birthday present this year was a war game. I decided that it was a good game after I won the first battle with it. Its name is Kriegspiel, which is German for war game, and it's sold in all the better... My other presents were a book on unsolved mathematical problems, money, and a book on the Fischer-Spassky match.



Bi-monthly again. We might get out a November issue by virtue of omitting the fanzine reviews and cutting down on book reviews; we shall see. This issue will be a pleasant surprise to Mike Glycer, anyway; I'd told him his article was lost. (It should have been in last issue, to benefit Worldcon attendees, but I couldn't find it for last issue. It turned up in the material file; I think it was hiding.)

Trouble is, this bronchitis I have been having has not stopped me, but it has slowed me down considerably. Proper filing just doesn't get done - a lot of other things don't get done, either.

I've promised 4 fan articles that I've done no work on, and I'm not completely caught up on my SFWA duties, though I'm gradually getting there. God knows when I'll get any pro writing done; good thing for our finances that Juanita is selling regularly.

By the next time most of you see me, I should have all my teeth out. (Hopefully, I will have false ones in by Champanacon - bottom teeth have been out since early October, and I'm already sick of soup. Not that I eat it all the time, but there is a limited variety of possible meals.) Sandra Miesel suggested that the replacements should be stainless steel and pointed, which is an idea I like.... I am hoping that the slum clearance project on my dental work will remove some of the pockets of infection that are working with the bronchitis - but no luck so far.

Spending two weeks driving out to California and back for the Worldcon sort of cut into my time, too, but it was fun. On the way out, we started on Saturday noon, stopped Saturday night with Norb and Leigh Couch, south of St. Louis, spent Sunday night with the Scott clan (Bill, Randy and Steve have all had artwork in YANDRO), Monday night with the Tacketts in Albuquerque (the Scotts are in Norman, Oklahoma), Tuesday night crossing the Mojave, and rolled into Kay and Gary Anderson's place in Oxnard early Wednesday morning and collapsed. Then the convention, another day or so with the Andersons, small party at Dave Locke's place which included the Grennells, Alex Bratmon, Dave Hulan and Tina Hensel, and back home. Couldn't time things to arrive at a fan residence for a free bed on the way back, so we stayed at motels. Had some thoughts of getting to St. Louis Saturday night in time to look in on Ozarkon 72, but couldn't make it; gave up at Sullivan, Missouri.

Con was pleasant enough. I can't say how the program went because I didn't see much of it; I was in the huckster room trying to sell things and not succeeding too well. My stuff, SFWA material, some books of Billy Pettit's and a few fanzines for Tom Collins. I saw the one panel on fanhistory that I was on - it seemed to go well enough, but the audience was minuscule (which is hardly surprising; I had to have help finding the room it was held in), plus the belly dancing (don't tell me Trekkies have never done anything for fandom), masquerade, and banquet. First banquet since 1953, as I recall (first Worldcon banquet, that is. We've gone to Midwestcon banquets since then.) A little different sitting at the head table, and being insulted by Bloch, but not all that much, really. Had more fun discovering that the Secret Master of Fandom wasn't the secret master of the catering service; I'm not sure if Charlie Brown ever got any food or not. Masquerade was one of the best I've seen; there wasn't the quantity of costumes that other Worldcons have brought out, but the average quality was much higher.

 "Masquerades bring out more high priests than an Ecumenical Council." ..Sid Coleman,
 circa 1960

 I was busy photographing costumes with my cheapie camera; shots came out pretty well. Never did get Astrid Anderson as Dejah Thoris, though; she never got across to the lowly area where the flash photographers worked. (Gotta get an available light camera for the next con.) Kay and Gary sent us a copy of an underground paper with a lot of

con coverage and a photo of Astrid (but I still want a copy of your photo, Gary.) I'd give you the name of the paper, but it seems to have disappeared somewhere on Juanita's desk, which is in almost as bad a shape as mine. On the whole, the coverage was a slight improvement over that of the major newspapers. Still not overly accurate, and tended to view the con as a group of ST fans and comics fans - I was even more amused to note a headline proclaiming drug use when the article under it didn't so much as whisper about drugs. (I suppose there was some pot smoking going on at the con; with my nose constantly dripping, I didn't get a whiff of it.) Oh yeah, I attended the official SFWA business meeting, too; couldn't get out of it, since I was secretary. Not to mention the officer's meeting the day before when we decided ~~what the meeting agenda would be~~ what the meeting agenda would be. On the whole, SFWA was the duller part of the con, tho I enjoyed meeting Joe Haldeman and Alan Dean Foster. (I'd already met all the others that I spent any time talking to, except Norman Spinrad.) I even got along well, if briefly, with Harlan Ellison - we've discovered someone we mutually despise, and between us we should be able to wither him away into cobwebs before spring. Harlan's continuing meddling with the Hugos annoys me mildly, but not half as much as the apparent willingness of fan voters to go along with whatever he says does. (But I didn't show up at the business meeting to vote myself, so I can't complain too hard.)

Parties seemed rather scarce - or maybe everyone assumed we'd know about them and nobody bothered to inform us. Ann Cass donated her room for a folksing one night. (Now if she'd just help sing; she's got a pretty good voice.) Spent parts of two nights in the Australian suite, talking to Bill Wright, watching their "Aussiefan" movie, and getting loaded down with souvenirs and Australia In '75 propaganda. (Dammit, if I ever shake off this bronchitis and get some profitable writing done, I'm going to be there in '75.) Spent most of another evening in Henry and Martha Beck's room, discussing science fiction and stuff with Sally Rand. (Martha, how come in the 10 or 12 years I've known you, you never whispered that you even knew a celebrity?) In addition to being surprisingly knowledgeable about stf, Rand went to school with Heinlein and talked a little about him. Fascinating character - F&SF missed a bet back in those years when they were running the "famous people read science fiction" ads. For the first time ever we had a little money to spend, so I attended the final Fan Art Show Auction. We had bids in on several paintings - naturally, the ones I'd forgotten about were brought up and went for the written bid after I'd bid in several others at the auction. Got a couple of Freas preliminary sketches, couple of Barbi Johnson miniatures, one by C. Lee Healy, one by Bonnie Dalzell, couple of gorgeous color photos by Clyde Jones, another item or two. Auction wasn't too bad, but getting the stuff collected and paid for afterwards was a mess, complicated by the fact that I was also collecting the unsold work of Jackie Franke and Sandra Miesel that we'd brought out with us. Well, less-see. People I met for the first time included Dave Locke, Sheryl Birkhead, Rose Hogue, Tom Collins, Bratton and Hensel mentioned earlier, George Wells, Joe Siclari, Lois Newman, (In fact I don't think I'd met any of the Con Committee previously except Bruce Pelz and Elaine, Tom Whitmore and Drew Sanders). Before the con - at the Midwestcon, in fact - Sandra Miesel had been worrying about my ability to keep up my "image" thru an entire convention. John Miesel suggested a riding crop, and Wally Franke promptly loaned me his. So I flourished it at the banquet; I don't know how well the gag went over, but at least Linda Bushyager came up after it was over to say hello.

I can see why the L.A. area is pollution-conscious. I was there in 1953 for a few days and didn't notice any smog at all (though I understand it was there, on bad days.) By our 1968 trip, the smog belt extended beyond L.A. proper, halfway to Oxnard. When we arrived this time, I mentioned to Kay Anderson that I noticed the smog had reached Oxnard by now.

"Oh, that isn't smog; that's sea fog. Fog is white; smog has a brownish tinge."

"But that out there has a brownish tinge."

"Don't say things like that; you'll upset our Chamber of Commerce."

I say it's smog and I say....yessir.

Lessa the dog died rather abruptly in mid-October. She was sick one day and we thought nothing about it; country dogs are apt to "go off their feed" after eating overripe carrion, or tangling with a skunk at close quarters, or other various reasons. But when we got up next morning, she was dead. Could have been poison left out for wild animals, except I shouldn't think poison would take 24 hours to work.

RSC

"Take All Your Cares And Go"

Two weeks after the bone-wearying spectacle of WESTERCON XXV I attended a three-day Management Training Seminar, which was sort of like sensitivity training in low-key. I really needed this. Three and a half years ago I began work for my present company in an office-help position, a year later I was a department manager, two years later I was manager of two departments, and now I'm manager of three departments. The purpose of this seminar was to show me what I'm doing wrong...

It was a grueling session, and the hours were long. There were eighteen of us, and together or in smaller groups we would sit around and analyze our weaknesses. I've never been in one room with so many basket-cases in my life. All were management, from presidents on down to supervisors.

At our first meeting we each had to state our name, our company, and one of our problems. On camera. It would be played back to us later. One guy took 45 seconds to say his name, and even then he didn't get it right.

The purpose of this seminar was that everyone should discover, as a great revelation, some kind of fantastic insight into his own character. In other words, we should discover that we had a weakness which we had not previously known existed, we should acknowledge that this weakness can be corrected, and we should announce to the Group that we will Do Something About It. The Group will then kick it around and see if they think what we have said is valid.

After two days at this seminar, one fellow stood up and announced; "My problem is that I do not listen to other people. I will correct this by consciously striving to be more receptive to what other people have to say."

One fellow commented: "Do you really feel that you want to be receptive to..."

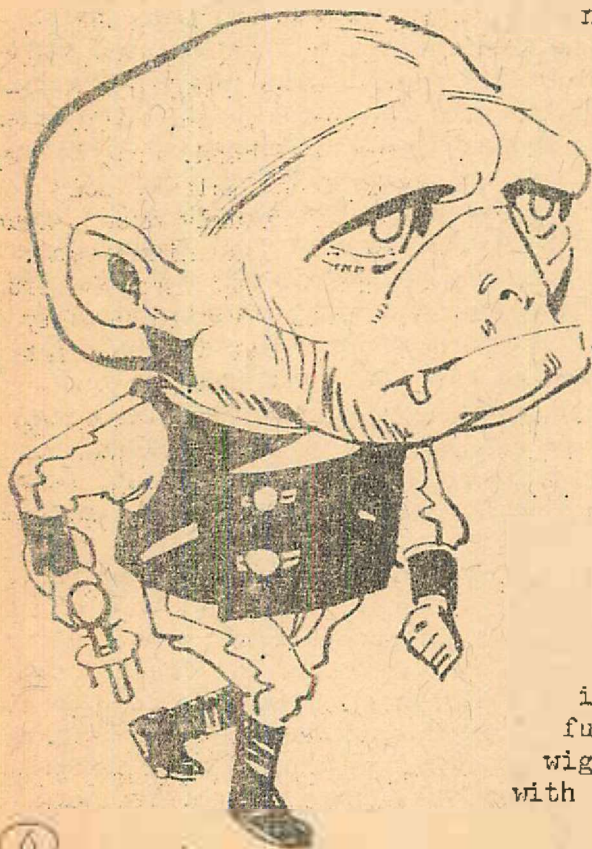
"Wait a minute. I'm not finished. I know this is my problem and I feel that by keeping it in front of my mind I'll soon be able to overcome it. Other people's opinions are just as valid as my own. I recognize this, and so I should listen to what they have to say."

"Yes, but do you have any real empathy with what they're..."

"You know, I never really understood before why communications was always such a problem in my company, but now I do."

And so on.

Another fellow acknowledged that he was not authoritative enough, and stated that he would definitely present a more forceful image when he returned to the office. He carefully made a slight adjustment to his powder-white wig, then picked up his cigarette and, holding it with a limp wrist, he giggled.



A president of a company declared that he should give his managers more authority, and not do things like firing people without telling them. Now he would tell them, presumably. "After all, these idiots will never learn anything if I don't let them hold the reins once in a while."

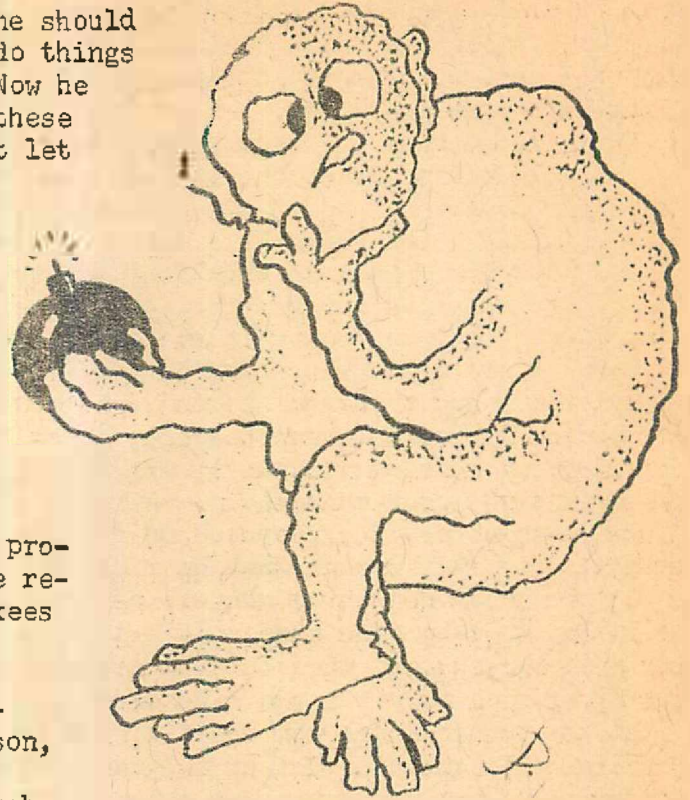
My weakness? I told them that my problem is that I have too much apathy. But I don't care...

Everyone applauded my honesty...

Overall, this seminar went the way of most sensitivity training: nowhere. Moreover, it even lacked the graceful failing of the in-depth evaluation found in most group therapy. As we split off into groups of four or five we had ten minutes to attack one person's problem and provide him with a solution to it, and then we reformed into the main group and these attackees would get up to restate their problem and then tell everyone what they were going to do about it. I consider this somewhat useless at best, and harmful at worst. A person, in listening to these three or four other people bombast him with solutions to his problem, will likely grasp at any solution just so he won't walk away empty-handed. This can be harmful to a weak person, who may feel compelled to carry-through on one of these uninformed solutions because he has so stated that he will, and all such statements are relayed back to his immediate superior. I presume it would be bad enough to return from the seminar and try to explain to your supervisor that your statements weren't for real. Others, realizing the infinitesimal odds against receiving valuable input in ten minutes on a problem that they may have been struggling with for ten months, took it all with a grain of salt and structured their responses accordingly. Still others, although realizing this, bitched about the superficiality of it all and did so in vain; management consultants are extremely thick-skinned and there isn't anything you can say to them which will topple their ivory tower.

At least the superficiality of this seminar keeps away the boredom that can be encountered in typical group therapy. There you sit around letting it hang out in depth, telling each other, in depth, why you should let it hang out in more depth. The basic idea is that you, and everybody else, pull your subconscious out of your body and beat it to death. Once dead, there is supposedly no place for mental illness to hide. This is all quite reasonable, except that most people who come out of group therapy now have their mental illnesses in plain view. I'd rather they keep it inside.

Our Personnel Manager ran into one of the drawbacks incurred with group therapy. She started a regular series of interviews with our non-exempt personnel, closeting them one at a time with a period of perhaps ten minutes allotted to each person. One of the questions she would ask, during the course of this ten-minute chit-chat, was: "Are you having any problems?". After being asked this same question at each interview, four times a year, people started creating problems. Morale was down in virtually every department because each employee knew that he had all these damn problems... Productivity started nosediving. The Personnel Manager was ecstatic; employees started coming to her, inbetween the regularly-scheduled interviews, to tell her about all these problems. Finally we found out what the hell was going on and cut-off all the interviews. Each manager told his people that if they had any problems to come to him with them, and to go to Personnel only if they couldn't get satisfaction after trying him first. The problems, which had taken on great importance when told to a person with a crying-towel on her shoulder, suddenly came into the proper perspective, and



most of them dissolved into nothingness. The rest were real problems, but for the most part were necessary evils that went with each person's particular job. Productivity rose. Morale returned to a happy level. And people came forth with problems only when legitimate problems arose.

In group therapy you hear people say "you know what your problem is, it's...". When people walk out of group therapy you hear them say, "Boy, have I got problems...". You empathize anything, and it can get blown out of perspective. If you want good therapy, just be honest with yourself. Write down your biggest problems in order of importance, but don't write down more than four or five. Tackle them one at a time, starting with #1. This is called perspective, and organization. Don't blow your mind by trying to comprehend all your faults in one swell foop, and don't run around trying to erase all of them at the same time. You'll wind-up overwhelmed by your problems, and will be in much worse shape than you started out in.

The one virtue of group therapy, since I'll state that it's theoretically possible for anything to have virtue, is its usefulness to people who are not basically honest and objective about themselves. As soon as this point is driven home, however, group therapy has served its purpose and that person should get out and handle his problems on his own. It's enough that he realizes a need for introspection and becomes willing to try it in an objective manner; beyond that point group therapy can do you no good or it can mess-up your mind. It's like not realizing that you need to eat something and get nourishment, then turning around and eating until you are sick instead of eating until your body's needs have been satisfied.

Everybody needs to face reality, but nobody needs to drown in it.

I did get something out of the management seminar, though. The President of our company, who has never been to this seminar, insists on spending several hundred dollars plus room and board for each of his managers to attend this sort of nonsense, which is quite a lot of money to subsidize a fanzine article, but...

I told one company president, who had an inferiority complex, that he really was inferior and so he shouldn't worry about it too much. I then promoted my philosophy of apathetic incompetence (see Difugalty #6, Yandro #198), and asked if it sounded worthwhile to him. He said it might be, but that he really didn't care.

I hooked another one.

MII-TORIAL, or: "Do You Want to Take Your Bath Now?" by RSC

Further delay on this issue because I spent the 4 1/2 days from the afternoon of Oct. 26 thru the afternoon of Oct. 30 in the Blackford Co. Hospital being treated for emphysema, "Pneumonitis", and a white cell count of 14,400. Lungs flushed out beautifully, so I was let out (despite the fact that my white count went up to over 15,000 while I was in - well, 2 out of 3 isn't too bad) so I could go have the rest of my teeth removed on the 31st. (Ever have a doctor you suspected of being a sadist? Tho I suppose it could have been sentiment, letting me out for Hallowe'en.) While I was there, I spent most of my time ingesting something - two shots of ACTH per day, 4 Keflex (antibiotic) pills, one shot of insulin each morning, blood pressure pill once or twice a day (I lost track on the pills), and twice a day getting oxygen and Godknows-whatmedicine forced into my lungs via a Bennett Breathing Machine. Despite all this, my weight - which was already down from a fairly steady 180-185 when I entered to 175, went down another 5 to 170 while I was there - I think he cut down a little too much on my diet to make room for the pills. (I did get two blood samples removed while I was there, but not 5 pounds' worth...) Maybe I coughed up that much phlegm, though.

Interesting sidelight; I got X-rayed when I went in, and it disclosed that among other things I've broken 3 ribs since February, when I was last X-rayed. Presumably done while coughing, but the most interesting part is that I didn't know about it at the time. Juanita recalls that I complained of a sore back a couple of nights, and had her rub Baume Ben-Gay on it, which is all we can think of. They healed up beautifully according to the expert who checked the X-ray, so if you want a sovereign remedy for broken ribs.....

Did get a bit caught up on my reading, after the first day or so when I didn't feel like doing much of anything. But I'm still a long way behind.....

FIRST LESSONS IN SEACON

ONE: SPEAKING TO THE PRO

MIKE GLYER

Let's say you -- yeah, you, Gantwell Brentry (don't slouch boy!) -- have just stepped into your first convention: Noreascon, 1971. Your history is simple and this is a tremendous first, a new science fiction experience.

Like others in your reasonably cozy and intimate group of 1700, you subscribed to SFR as an opening fannish experience. Having started reading sf in the late 1960s, chiefly Bradbury and Asimov, there is still a soft spot in your heart (matching the one in your head) for Poul Anderson, whose books were the very first things you read. The first prozine you ever bought for home consumption (Galaxy's better than Zig-Zag) you happened to read before lighting up since it had a Flandry story within.

. And now? Now you experience the following...

I stood in the lobby of the Noreascon hotel, an airy location, a mixture of air conditioned soot and day-bred B.O. Parading before my eyes, hucksters were hustling fans, fans were hustling pros, and pros were hustling away. As much a fixture as the butt-filled potted palm at my left, I stood hands in pockets, surveying, recalling the ill-lit face-on photos of various pros I'd seen on hardback dustjackets, hoping to see somebody. The stationary figures in the lobby were in pairs or trios, generally male and female. Two goomers I didn't recognize went past with name badges that said "Kentucky" on them. But then something clicked. Across the way, speaking to a bearded guy -- almost as if he were regular people -- was Poul Anderson! What a start to my fannish career! When I saw Mr. Anderson the first thing I wanted to do was go over and shake his hand. It's a reflex with me; I collect handshakes. I once shook Larry Niven's hand. He lived through it, suffering no permanent harm. I later shook Harlan Ellison's hand and in character he delivered one of those machismo specials, which left me so injured I was unable to make an obscene gesture at somebody who called my favorite writer, Robert Moore Williams, a hack.

But no, hold it, I thought. I don't want to go up to Mr. Poul Anderson like some fan who thinks he owns the place. Not that I'm a shrinking violet. There are just too many fans trying to make the Big Impression. I had to figure out carefully beforehand what to say.

All right. I'd walk the ten feet over to old Poul and the bearded guy, whoever he was. Then they'd notice me. I'll call him Poul, of course... Of course? Well, no sense in calling anyone Mr., as the standard form of address seemed to be "Why y'old schmuck, how'ya been?" But...how do you pronounce Poul? There was the problem. See, I once had this friend who ran a crudzine, and he tried to get Poul Anderson to do him a column. When he got back a postcard from Orinda that said no, he went and printed the card; it was something, anyway. But on the postcard Anderson's signature looked like it had an umlaut over the 'u'. That would make it Po-ool; he was taking high school German, said he ought to know. He didn't, but by the time Poul Anderson had straightened him out that it was a diacritical mark, not an umlaut, it was too late to help. So how do you pronounce Poul? Poul as in swimming pool? Poul as in Dick Powell? Poul as in beanpole?

Hello, Mr. Anderson, I'd start off, Could I have your autograph?

Big deal. There was a dumb speech anybody could have and has made, to nearly every published writer. No, I sighed internally, Mr. Anderson is a learned man. You can see that from his Beer Mutterings. He needs another callow neofan like he needs doubles on Gibbons' DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. What I'd have to do, I decided, would be to spring on him something heavy from a philosopher. It was a natural. Somebody like Nietzsche. Yes; Spengler for Blish, Charles Fort for Heinlein, and Nietzsche for Anderson.

Hello, Mr. Anderson. 'Insanity in individuals is something rare -- but in groups, parties, nations, and epochs it is the rule.'

That would floor him, if he remembered who said it, and knew how I meant it. He might just ask what in hell was I talking about and would I care to step outside? And what if some fan heard it and thought I was running down the convention? Oh well, nobody ever made an omelet without breaking eggs.

But about that time the guy in the beard laughed and reminded me of another homily -- haste makes waste. Before I could get moving he and Anderson had parted company, going one to the elevator and one to the barber shop. And at the barber shop six fans in their teens cut down Anderson in his tracks, hemming him in with outthrust pens and a shield of paperback TAU ZEROS.

Jeeze!

"Give her an abortion for Mother's Day."

....Dean McLaughlin

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Got an ad the other day; "You can help provide more multiracial housing..." Okay, I believe in integration, so I looked over the prospectus. At least until I got to the part where it said "I am interested in buying _____ shares at \$1,500 each". (I believe in integration, but I'm not fanatic about it....) Laura Clark sent us another of those fake announcements. This one said "The Society of Concerned Parents invites you to our Annual Child Swapping Party on Thursday at 8 p.m. Please bring your own child." Now, that's the sort of appeal I could go for. (I showed it at work and one of the women asked if I wanted to swap for hers.) Bob Briney sends an ad for a plexiglass toilet seat with coins "including silver dollars and Indian head pennies" embedded in it. At least, it's for an appropriate location.... Andy Zerbe sends a newspaper clipping headed "MAN PAYS \$10,540 FOR PRIZE POSSUM". (I wonder if he'd be interested in investing in multiracial housing?) Account went on to describe the second annual International Possum Growers and Breeders Association fair in Clanton, Alabama, including the crowning of Miss Possum, Junior Miss Possum, Little Miss Possum, and Wee Little Miss Possum, and the information that possums were judged on "character, bearing and degree of training". Gee, the Couches have a possum and haven't even housebroken it yet - you aren't doing something right, people. The president of the IPGBA predicted that possum would one day replace beef on the supermarket shelf, which strikes me as on a par with Criswell's predictions - especially since I'm told the meat is closer to pork, anyway. I got an announcement of the company Christmas party: "The party this year has been changed from last year and hopefully we can have the type of party most of our employees would enjoy." (I didn't go last year, but it must have been a bomb.) And another ad from the Modern Microfilm Company, Box 1884, Salt Lake City, UT 84110, which publishes anti-Mormon papers and books. I'm thinking of passing my copy along to George Barr..... A touch of humility is good for you; we got an ad for Equicon addressed to "Ron and Juanita Coulson". Con advertises "something for everyone - even for Ron Coulson, whoever he may be, one assumes. Clipping from Jackie Franke that reproduction rate in the US has hit 2.1; the goal of Zero Population Growth. Now to keep it there....RSC

WE SAIL

THE OCEAN BLUE

article byDEREK NELSON

I'm a Panamanian, and all that implies (to steal a phrase from Kipling). It makes me a member of a tribe referred to lovingly by Gibraltar bar owners as "drunken Panamanian gits". It licenses me to be a seafarer, fueled by alcohol ashore and tea afloat, short of sleep and money, to whom a newspaper is something you wrap Gib fish and chips in.

Sundays are your day off, except at sea, and you're always at sea on Sundays. Your day averages 12 hours, unless the captain can find more things for you to do.

A Panamanian vessel touches the pinnacle of the seafaring art. It has to, since it ignores science. Uncorked lifeboats won't float (in the true sense, nitpickers), and the agent clears you from Lisbon harbour by holding his thumb over the date on an obsolete safety certificate.

You chip the rust from the stern, or the boat deck, or the outer bulkheads in the passenger cabin -- and accept the daylight you see as normal. Your sacrificial plates long ago burned on Neptune's altars, and 1943 Polar engines labor at 2/3rds the knots they produced in their glory.

But you're seaworthy. You have to be to keep running and make money for your Gibo owners. Besides, as an ex-matelot aboard insists -- "it's British built, and British is best." His fingernails testify to his optimism.

You also have to be seaworthy because of your captain. A former yachtsman, he doesn't yet realize he's a Panamanian. The lookout spots a whale (others say it was a porpoise or a submarine), the captain grabs his home movie camera, and a coastal tramp cargo ship does circles in the Atlantic. To impress the boss we overload 250 ton -- all in the bow. We waddle through a Force 6 gale like a pregnant duck -- our tail wagging with each swell, dinner served on the galley floor, an improperly fixed foam fire extinguisher painting the dishes. The cook and steward now own clothes soaked in animal blood.

Still, we have some advantages of a liner. Movies last night. The captain showed pictures of the ship before and after he began the Great Painting Binge. Within a month the paint was coming off in chunks, but that gave the crew something to do. They coat the decks with WWII vintage anti-foul paint, that never properly dries, but does keep off the barnacles.

Navigation is tricky on a Panamanian. The gyro-compass won't gyro (or perhaps, for those interested in technical terms, won't compass). This leaves the ship with two compasses, which unfortunately give different bearings. Panamanians are lucky the sun consistently sets in the west.

The captain plots a course, and you pray. You pray he's on, and you pray the helmsman doesn't compensate for what he calculates are the captain's errors. Next trip the captain, puzzled by how we arrived where he didn't aim, or aimed wrongly but won't admit



it, then undercompensates his new plot, which once more brings the helmsman into the act. Still, we've never taken more than 70 hours for a 36 hour voyage, or been lost more than 50 miles out into the Atlantic.

Which is nothing to a Panamanian. One of the breed once made the interesting choice of steering to port for Portugal out of Gib. Another, ordered by a Lisbon harbour pilot to go left, and not liking the man's tone, yelled "starboard". Whereupon the Panamanian plowed manfully into the side of the pilot boat, ending one captain's Panamanian career. Another tried to dock his vessel for hours in Gib, finally gave up, got a lift ashore, and hasn't been seen since. The best Panamanian skipper is an American called Red Dog, with flaming beard and a gold earring in one ear.

The nationality of Panamanian crews vary, but English, Marocs, and Portuguese are the most common. No Gibo is that stupid. Many are veterans of WWII. This is easily proved, since they have not lost the habit of dodging submarines when they steer. Even the 18-year olds.

A surprise check of a Panamanian crew mess revealed: 11 bottles of wine (one full), four empty beer bottles, one jug of wine, one can of paint (originally meant for the funnel but now on the walls or rutsheads), five slices of bread (stale), a spoon to spread the butter with (if we had butter), an almost empty HP sauce bottle (issued the same day, a comment on the cooking), several empty cups and full ashtrays, a WWI recruiting poster, ("Britain Needs You At Once" decorating one bulkhead, a framed picture of Ava Gardner (at 21) on another, while the first mate's cap dangles from the scuttle (more commonly known as the storm shutter on the window or porthole).

A Panamanian lives on his resources. He has to. The ship is allotted a weekly food allowance somewhere between the equivalent in a Soviet labor camp and Mississippi food stamps.

Mister Rat, our single likeable passenger (cockroaches ain't) finally left the ship, we're sure, because he would have starved to death otherwise.

Panamanians develop a certain cunning, necessary for survival. They know how bad a storm is by how much the portholes leak. The engineers, lacking a log, guess the speed by the garbage dumped overboard.

But the bright spot in a Panamanian's life is Gibraltar, with its one bar for every 250 Gibo men, women, and children. Gaunt sentinel of a by-gone age, some call the Rock. Last relic of colonialism in Europe, the Spaniards mutter across their blockade, reinforced by Smoky Joe, a converted coal-burning mine-layer that plays the sovereignty game. (It's said two husky Maroc smugglers in a lifeboat once outran it). Only free democracy in the area, the Gibos say.

But to a Panamanian it's the "asshole of the universe". The ultimate desire of every Panamanian is to become an ex-Panamanian. It's the wages that keep us -- 55 quid a month.

MORE MAILBOX CLOGGINGS, or: JUNK MAIL CAN BE FASCINATING

by HSC

I got one get-well card while I was in the hospital - from the local Rural Loan and Savings Association. (I don't deal with them, but they obviously feel that when it comes time to pay my bill, I'll have to...sorry, boys, I have insurance.) BankAmericard is certainly a go-getting lot; I just got my card, used it once, and got a congratulatory letter from them..."Our records indicate that you recently used your BankAmericard for the first time. It is our pleasure to welcome you as a charge customer..." and so on for 3 paragraphs. Talk about forcing credit on people - but I'm not going to use it all that much, pressure or not. Handy at times; due to inflation I never seem to be able to hold back enough money when I'm depositing a paycheck to take care of everything, so the BA saves me writing extra checks near the end of a pay period. Otherwise I prefer checks. Jackie Franke sends a couple clippings on an experimental cancer vaccine. Something called BCG, which has been used as a tb preventative since 1921. Recent studies showed that children vaccinated with it had only 1/3 the normal incidence of leukemia, so it's now being studied as a cancer specific, with early results showing that it also shrinks tumors, though it's still in the animal-experimental stage for that purpose. Supposed to stimulate the white blood cells to attack cancer cells. Sounds promising, anyway.

THE LEAPING EXERCISES

OF THE PRIESTS OF MARS

j r christopher

Recently, in reading Seneca's Epistulae Morales ad Lucilium in Robin Campbell's translation (Penguin Classics, as Letters from a Stoic), I came across the following passage in Letter XV:

There are short and simple exercises which will tire the body without undue delay and save what needs especially close accounting for, time. There is running, swinging weights about, and jumping -- either high-jumping or long-jumping or the kind indulged in by the priests of Mars, if one may so describe it, or to be rather more disrespectful, by the laundress. Pick out any of these for ease and straightforwardness.

Despite some checking, I have not been able to learn what kind of jumps the priests of Mars indulged in. Nor do I know why a laundress would be likely to do the same kind of leaps.

At the time my mind wandered. Who had described the leaping of the priests of Mars? Bradbury had put sober Episcopalian priests on Mars in "The Fire Balloons", but they had only jumped at conclusions. No doubt Burroughs had Martian priests who leapt about -- my vague memories of his John Carter books included a large number of leapers, usually with swords in their hands. But I was not about to re-read the Barsoomian history to find jumping priests. Then I recalled the pfiftriggi in C.S. Lewis's OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET. They were not priests, to be sure, but they certainly jumped:

The creature's face was long and pointed like a shrew's, yellow and shabby-looking, and so low in the forehead that but for the heavy development of the head at the back and behind the ears (like a bag-wig) it could not have been that of an intelligent creature. A moment later the whole of the thing came into view with a startling jump. ... It was much more insect-like or reptilian than anything Ransom had yet seen. Its build was distinctly that of a frog... All the time it was working on a carving of Ransom it kept up a sort of hissing whisper to itself; and when it was excited -- which it usually was -- the end of its nose wrinkled like a rabbit's. At last it gave another startling leap, landed about ten yards away from its work, and said: "Yes, yes. Not so good as I hoped. Do better another time. Leave it now. Come and see yourself."

(from Chapter Seventeen)

Thus, until I have reason to think otherwise, and despite the fact that Seneca described the exercise as easy and straightforward, I shall picture his priests of Mars as frog-hopping.

LITTLE GERMS GET BLAMED



RAYMOND L. CLANCY

The doctor fought a little germ,
And then he fought another,
And when the germs became immune,
He turned and fought their brother.
Little germs get blamed for all our ills --
And Don Quixote, he fought windmills.

GOLDEN MINUTES

THE CRYSTAL GRYPHON, by Andre Norton (Atheneum, \$5.50) Much the same background as Spell of the Witch World, but otherwise unrelated; not really part of a series. This is a sword-and-sorcery romance, set in a civilization crumbling under the assault of better-armed raiders. Norton is noted for writing juveniles, but this is no more juvenile than most swords and sorcery, and better written than most. (She uses a technique I detest - the two protagonists relate alternate chapters of the book - and I still liked the results.) Undoubtedly too "feminine" for young males unsure of their masculinity, but I think most other readers should enjoy it; it isn't great literature, but it's fun.

TIME:110100, by Leo P. Kelley (Walker, \$5.95) I have never cared much for Kelley's novels. He has too many pseudo-poetic lines like "Love is loose in the night. Can you hear it mewling? Can you see its haunted face out there among the sheltering trees?" If you do go for that sort of ~~zany~~ writing, here it is, along with equally profound philosophical concepts. The question postulated by the book is whether or not the human race deserves to live; it's certainly a valid enough basis for a book, but the phrasing of the arguments is not one that I admire. There is lots of action, all of it symbolic, as the central character wakes up minus his memory in a land of androids.

THE GOD OF PLANET 607, by Edward Pohlman (Westminster, \$4.95 hardbound, \$2.95 paper) Basically this isn't a novel at all, but a philosophical argument about the existence of God. (The author says he has never seen this particular line of discussion developed in print before - neither have I, but it's been in plenty of bull sessions and just possibly in a fanzine or two that I haven't seen or don't recall offhand.) Not my type of literature, but possibly yours.

PHANTOMS AND FANCIES, by L. Sprague de Camp (Mirage Press; \$5.00) De Camp's second volume of poetry. In a Foreward, the author says that since Demons And Dinosaurs had a print run of only 500 copies and went out of print almost immediately, he has included some of the items from that volume plus "about 40 more". (In the back, the publisher says that this has a print run of only 1000, so if you want one, don't delay.) This has a dust jacket and 5 interior illos by Tim Kirk in addition to the verse. YANDRO, AMRA, and F&SF are the prime original sources, with 12, 8, and 7 verses respectively, but 13 other magazines, books, and fanzines are also listed in the credits, and some 18 verses appear to be original with this volume, or at least no credits are listed. So if you've been reading YANDRO, you know what these are like, and my recommendation is superfluous (but I'll make it anyway; this is a highly enjoyable book).

SF BIBLIOGRAPHIES, by Robert E. Briney and Ed Wood (Advent, \$1.95) A bibliography of bibliographies, in a slim (50-page) volume, paperbacked. Useful to the collector, even though incomplete (I have on my desk 3 indexes not covered, though 2 of them were published only by carbon-copy and might not count). It does include everything from hard-bound volumes to a YANDRO Bibliographic Supplement.

THE WEIRD MENACE, ed. by Bob Jones (Opar Press, P.O. Box 550, Evergreen, CO 80439, no price listed) A 68-page, digest-size, saddle-stapled paperback which reprints "Man Out of Hell" and "Frozen Energy", both by John H. Knox, from DIME MYSTERY MAGAZINE, complete with original artwork. In addition there is an article and complete bibliography of the Popular line of "weird menace" pulps by Bob Jones, illustrated by photocopies of 7 covers of the period; and a couple of new illustrations by Neal MacDonald (who has yet to learn how to depict the human figure) used as frontispiece and endsheet. The stories are good samples of the sadism pulps of the Thirties (generally referred to as sex-and-sadism pulps, but they had very little sex in them), if you're smitten with nostalgia or want to know what the "good old days" were like.

THE WOODEN SOLDIERS OF OZ, by Alexander Volkov, translated from the Russian by Mary Langford (Opium Books, \$5.50) This was written in 1963 as a direct sequel to The Wizard of Oz. It's an interesting variant. In an introduction, Douglas and David Greene point out that the book contains much more violence than the usual Oz title, and that Oz fans

will find familiar characters subtly changed. Since my contact with Oz begins with the movie and ends with a few copies of the BAUM BUGLE and attendance at one Oz convention, the book seemed quite similar to Baum's work to me - I haven't read enough to understand all the delicate nuances. An unusual item, at any rate. Profusely illustrated.

THE CASTLE KEEPS, by Andy Offutt (Berkley, 75¢) The near future, when population pressure has turned cities into jungles and farms into embattled forts. As far as I'm concerned, it's a far better and more logical future than Harrison's often-praised Make Room, Make Room, because unlike Harrison, Offutt realizes that the world of the future does not begin and end with New York City or Los Angeles. It will be downgraded by the littry sorts for a contrived more-or-less-happy ending and because Andy champions an individual solution to problems (up to and including shooting people in defense of the home), but the latter at least is one reason I liked it. (Being sorry for the underprivileged does not extend to letting them take advantage of me, and I'm sick of people who think it should.) This is a good action book, a frightening future, and if the characterization isn't great it's at least acceptable and believable. Recommended.

LORD TYGER, by Philip Jose Farmer (Signet, 95¢) I enjoyed this Tarzan pastiche more than I ever did the original stories, and far more than Farmer's Ace Double on Tarzan and Doc Savage. This story of a youth manipulated by a madman determined to produce a noble savage, is both good entertainment, and a logical look at what someone raised in that sort of environment would be like. Ras Tyger is out to discover the secrets of his ancestry, and he does; though by that time they are hardly secret to the reader. Along the way he indulges in sex, adventure, and genocide.

BLUE FACE, by G. C. Edmondson (Daw Books, 95¢) Archaeology and aliens. I don't know enough about the Yaquis to tell whether Edmondson has all his facts straight, but they certainly appear authentic. (I caught him in only one error; on page 127 the hero, who is in constant pain, discovers that he cannot inject himself with morphine, due to alien influence, and then on the same page congratulates himself that he has a couple of month's insulin left. Sorry, G.C.; insulin can only be taken by injection. There are pills for diabetes, but they aren't insulin, and they can't be taken by everyone.) Plot is quite simple; archaeologist in Mexico runs across an alien. Story isn't simple, because of the fascinating characterization, background, and various subplots. One of the best books of the year.

WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE, by David Gerrold (Ballantine, \$1.25) I just reviewed the Book Club edition last round; I said it was an excellent book then, and I'll repeat it here.

THE DAY STAR, by Mark Geston (Daw Books, 95¢) I rather object to the metaphysics here, but it's a good story of a worn-out world and a boy who journeys back into time to a period of past glory. Nice cover and some very nice interior illustrations by George Barr. Somehow Geston has never quite achieved the promise of his first book, but he does fairly well here. Very individual style of writing.

LIFEBOAT, by James White (Ballantine, \$1.25) Good competent adventure story; hinging on the physical problems of a shipwreck in space. The ship's medical officer is the protagonist, but the story contains less medicine than it does elementary physics. The psychological insight could have been handled just as easily - or more so - in a sea story, but the physics couldn't. Unexciting, but competent and worth reading.

YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN, by David Gerrold (Dell, 95¢) This is science fiction only by courtesy; it's the war story about the weak commander, the martinet second officer, the mutinous crew, and their reactions to one another. Handled well enough, but it could have been a navy ship in World War II just as well - matter of fact, I think it was, one time around. (By another author; it's been done several times.) No, I am not accusing Gerrold of plagiarism; just of putting a well-worn theme into space-opera. Recommended to anyone not surfeited with war-fiction.

THE GOLD AT THE STARBOW'S END, by Frederik Pohl (Ballantine, \$1.25) Includes the title story (the chances one takes in producing supermen), "Sad Solarian Screenwriter Sam" (slightly ham-fisted irony with stock characters), "Call Me Million" (a new and not terribly interesting twist on vampirism), "Shaffery Among The Immortals" (a little better irony, but terribly cardboard characters), and "The Merchants of Venus" (pioneering and transplants). Well, the novelets (first and last stories) are good, even if the short stories aren't, so you get 150 pages of readable stuff for your money.

THE STARDROPPERS, by John Brunner (Daw Books, 95¢) Back in 1963, this was half of an Ace Double, titled Listen! The Stars! Brunner says it's been rewritten, but aside from the improvement in the title I didn't notice much difference - of course, it wasn't an especially memorable novel, then or now. Average-quality stf.

THE SONG OF RHIANNON, by Evangeline Walton (Ballantine, \$1.25) The third book in the author's series on the Mabinogen, and quite possibly the best so far, in that the characters usually seem to have some sort of reason for what they're doing (if you've noticed, the old national epics are usually pretty short on reason). Moderately interesting.

THE GWL SERVICE, by Alan Garner (Penguin, 22½p) "Not for sale in the U.S.A.", it says, but I bought mine at the Worldcon. It's a "Peacock" edition, presumably for teen-agers; maybe teen-agers are more advanced in Britain, because this is a re-enactment of the story of Lleu Llaw Gyffes and Blodeuwedd (it's Mabinogen Month), with the reader pitchforked into the middle of the problem and left to work it out. It's very well written, with one irritating exception; nobody who knows the answers will, on pain of death, reveal anything to the protagonists. Otherwise there wouldn't have been a book, because the re-enactment has been repeated in this Welsh valley every generation, like a stuck record, and of course the older generation knows all about it. (The problem is to make it come out right this time, and I admit the solution surprised me.) A complete understanding of the novel is only possible with more knowledge of the Mabinogen than I have, but I enjoyed it anyway.

CYBERNIA, by Lou Cameron (Fawcett, 75¢) This is packaged as science fiction but isn't; it's a detective novel set in an ultra-modern computer-run community. Comes the explanation, and there are no elements of science fiction in it at all. It's a fairly entertaining story, though.

THE UNDEBLOCKED MAN, by Jeff Sutton (Daw Books, 95¢) This is fast-action stf without a lot of content. The protagonist is missing his memory; various people are after him for various reasons, and he has to find out why he's important. Eventually he does, of course.

THE OMEGA POINT, by George Zebrowski (Ace, 75¢) This has both action and content. That the action seemed arbitrary and I disagreed with most of the content is a personal judgment; you might well enjoy it. Basis of the book is that the ultimate rebel finds The Better Way.

THE CHARIOTS OF RA, by Ken Bulmer/EARTHSTRINGS, by John Rackham (Ace, 95¢) The Bulmer half is another of his "Ironium" series, this time from the contessa's side. The series as a whole reads a bit like Bulmer had taken the basic idea of Leiber's The Big Time and stretched it into an entire series (and I didn't like it much to begin with). The Rackham half is standard brand space-opera, competently handled and moderately enjoyable.

PERRY RHODAN #18: Menace of the Mutant Master, by Kurt Mahr (Ace, 75¢) Plus part 3 of Edison's Conquest of Mars, a short story reprinted from IMAGINATION, a vignette which is apparently original and definitely terrible, a plea by Ray Bradbury to continue space exploration, and Torrey Ackerman's "Scientifilm World", this time reprinted from a 1954 British magazine. Now you have an opportunity to subscribe to PERRY - at only 50¢ above the newsstand price for a 6-issue sub. Real bargain.....

THE 1972 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, ed. by Don Wollheim and Art Saha (Daw Books, 95¢) Pretty soon every publisher will have his own "best" anthology. Only two stories here duplicate Terry Carr's choices for Ballantine; "Occam's Scalpel" by Sturgeon and "The Fourth Profession" by Niven (both enjoyable, though I'd never pick the Sturgeon as one of the best of the year). Otherwise we have "Gleepsite" by Joanna Russ (vignette about a nasty future and human aspirations), "The Bear With The Knot On His Tail" by Stephen Tall (a rather pedestrian space opera which for some unknown reason caught the fancy of the readers), "The Sharks of Pentreath" by Michael Coney (vacationing in an overpopulated future where there is no room for sentiment; excellent), "A Little Knowledge" by Poul Anderson (scientific problem coupled with the-alien-is-not-what-he-seems; good), "Real-Time World" by Christopher Priest (the problem of reality; some of the theorizing

about mental powers is silly, but the basic problem is real and intriguing), "All Pieces of A River Shore" by R. A. Lafferty (one of Lafferty's usual imaginative and insane items; a lovely story), "With Friends Like These" by Alan Dean Foster (the sort of story Eric Frank Russell might have written - which from me is pretty high praise), "Aunt Jennie's Tonic" by Leonard Tushnet (nice little fantasy), "Timestorm" by Eddy Bertin (the occasional necessity for violence), "Transit of Earth" by Arthur C. Clarke (the thoughts of a scientist abandoned to die on Mars; well done), "Gehenna" by Barry Malzberg (which I didn't read), "One Life, Furnished In Early Poverty" by Harlan Ellison (the daydream of coming back big and important; well done, but I keep wondering...). Overall - none of these "best" anthologies contain all my choices (any publisher out there interested....?) but there is some pretty good fiction in here and not too much mediocre stuff.

STRANGE TOMORROWS, ed. by Robert Hoskins (Lancer, \$1.25) Five of the longer novelet or "short novel" stories that used to be the mainstay of science fiction, before changed publishing practices required them to be padded out into novels or chopped down into short stories. "Shadow On The Sand", by John D. MacDonald, is almost long enough to be half of an Ace Double. It's a fairly good, fast-paced story of an invasion from the... future? "The Comedian's Children", by Theodore Sturgeon, is the shortest of the lot; novelet length. Like most Sturgeon stories, it's about love (or, in this case, a perversion of the emotion). "Firewater", by William Tenn, was written about culture shock in 1952, before the term had been invented. It's a good story (but even more than having the story, I'd like to have the van Dongen cover that illustrated it in the original magazine version.) However, even without the cover it's probably the best story in the book. "The Greatest Invention", by Jack Williamson, is basically described by the title. The story is fleshed out with action, but it's about the first great invention of humanity. (What was it? Read the story.) "Planetfall", by Hal Clement, is about an alien contact that doesn't quite come off; understanding alien thought-processes is not as easy as some writers would have you believe. These are good samples of the fiction of the 1950s; earliest publication is 1950, latest is 1958. It's a pretty good book.

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF ADULT FANTASY, ed. by Lin Carter (Dallantine, \$1.25) Interesting assortment. Here we have "Wall of Serpents", by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt, the final story in their Harold Shea series of modern men enmeshed in the classic fantasies; the Kalevala, in this case. Following is "The Kingdom of the Dwarfs" by Anatole France, a more or less adult fairy-tale, with the usual lapses of logic that critics despise in mere pulp writers but hail as marks of brilliance in those they consider great. Then there is "The Maker of Moons", by Robert W. Chambers, an interesting semi-Oriental fantasy which isn't as rare as Carter makes out (it's currently available in the Dover edition of The King In Yellow), but is as good as he says it is. And we finish with "The Hollow Land" by William Morris, which is historically interesting as one of the first fantasies, but doesn't have all that much else to recommend it. Overall - this is worth the money, but given a choice I'd take the Hoskins book above.

ALPHA 3, ed. by Bob Silverberg (Ballantine, \$1.25) Another anthology. Here we have "The Gift of Gab" by Jack Vance (another alien contact; well done but not exceptional), "Beyond Lies the Wub" by Philip K. Dick (I always liked that title; and it's an interesting gimmick story), "Nine Hundred Grandmothers" by R. A. Lafferty (typical Lafferty), "Total Environment" by Brian Aldiss (compensations for overpopulation), "Day Million" by Frederik Pohl (a non-story that every editor seems to love and I cannot for the life of me understand how it got printed once, let alone 10 or 15 times), "Aristotle and the Gun" by L. Sprague de Camp (the little problems involved in changing history; very good), "Under Old Earth" by Cordwainer Smith (fairly typical Smith story, in his unusual and individual style that I never really liked very much), "The Shadow of Space" by Philip Jose Farmer (imaginative but not terribly plausible story of alien dimensions), "Come To Venus Melancholy" by Thomas M. Disch (even his machines are emotional), and "Rescue Party" by Arthur C. Clarke (fairly early tale of Man's indomitability). Overall - reasonably good if you haven't read them all before, but a long way from the "superb" touted on the cover.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?, ed. by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, \$1.25) This one is a different approach, anyway. Asimov has annotated the stories to serve as a supplementary school text (and not for a science fiction course, either; for a science course.) The stories are mostly familiar, and mostly "hard science". They include "A Martian Odyssey" by Weinbaum (extra-terrestrial life), "Night" by "Don A. Stuart" (anti-gravity and time travel), "The Day Is Done" by Lester del Rey (anthropology), "Heavy Planet" by Milton Rothman (gravitation and pressure), "--And He Built A Crooked House" by Heinlein (topology), "Prcof" by Hal Clement (extraterrestrial life), "A Subway Named Moebius" by A. J. Deutsch (topology), "Surface Tension" by James Blish (physics and microbiology), "Country Doctor" by William Morrison (biology), "The Holes Around Mars" by Jerry Bixby (astronomy, physics), "The Deep Range" by Arthur C. Clarke (oceanography, biology), "The Cave of Night" by James Gunn (psychology), "Dust Rag" by Hal Clement (physics), "Pate de Foie Gras" by Asimov (physics), "Omnilingual" by H. Beam Piper (extraterrestrial life, communication), "The Big Bounce" by Walter H. Tevis (thermodynamics), and "Neutron Star" by Larry Niven (astronomy, physics). All of them, incidentally, are good stories, but they're in here for their scientific value (or lack of it, in some cases).

THE DYING EARTH, by Jack Vance (Lancer, 95¢) Reprint of a fantasy classic. Six stories, set in a common background, make up one of the great imaginative books. If you haven't read one of the previous editions, get this one.

THE FALLING TORCH, by Algis Budrys (Pyramid, 95¢) Reprint of a good novel of an interplanetary Underground, the political realities of fanatic movements, and the imperceptible, gradual changes that time works on a Cause. Worth getting.

NEEDLE, by Hal Clement (Lancer, 95¢) Technically a juvenile, this is adult enough to have first appeared in ASTOUNDING (23 years ago, and I read it when it first appeared; incredible). A blend of science and detection; highly recommended. (But not to anyone with a bias against teen-age novels.)

ARMAGEDDON 2419 A.D., by Philip Francis Nowlan (Ace, 75¢) A reissue of the novel that introduced Buck Rogers to the 25th. Century and to readers. It creaks somewhat - it was first published in 1928 - but it's still moderately entertaining and definitely a historical work in the sf field.

KING KULL, by Robert E. Howard and Lin Carter (Lancer, 95¢) Twelve stories and a verse about a typical Howard hero. Reasonably good swords and sorcery, if you care for that sort of thing and haven't read either of the previous printings....or if you've seen the Marvel comic and want to try the originals.

AT THE EARTH'S CORE, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 75¢) First - if I recall correctly - of the Pellucidar series. Moderately enjoyable, if you can approach it in the right mood (that is, not expecting decent writing). God and Vern Coriell know how many editions there have been of the thing.

KISS KISS, by Roald Dahl (Pocket Books, 95¢) I'm positive that this was previously paperbacked by someone else, but Bruce appears to have made off with my copy. (If you want a library you can find things in, avoid having teen-age children.) Anyway, few of the stories in here are outright fantasy, but most of them can give you a quiet shudder or two. Sophisticated horror. Stories include "The Landlady"; "William and Mary", "The Way Up To Heaven", "Parson's Pleasure", "Mrs. Bixby and the Colonel's Goat", "Royal Jelly", "Georgy Porgy", "Genesis and Catastrophe"; "Edward the Conqueror", "Pig", and "The Champion of the World". Highly recommended.

ENSIGN FLANDRY, by Poul Anderson (Lancer, 95¢) I've never cared much for the Flandry series, but this one, as a sort of "origin story", is more interesting than most. Interstellar action and intrigue - even a moral, unpalatable though it may be to fandom's young radicals.

THE DICE MAN, by Luke Rhinehart (Pocket Books, \$1.25) Could be regarded as borderline fantasy, I suppose, but primarily it's a "black humor" novel; psychiatrist protagonist decides that the only adequate response to today's world is to submit to the laws of chance and govern one's actions by rolls of the dice. Reasonably good.

OF TIME AND SPACE AND OTHER THINGS, by Isaac Asimov (Lancer, \$1.25) Another book of his columns from F&SF. Each item is individually interesting, but I'd like all these books a lot better if they had indexes - finding a particular column in order to look up some information is well-nigh impossible.

BUILDING BLOCKS OF THE UNIVERSE, by Isaac Asimov (Lancer, \$1.25) This one is indexed - and has less need of it, since it's entirely about the elements. (The "basic" elements, according to the cover blurb; I hadn't realized there were non-basic ones.....) The treatment is fairly elementary, to coin a pun, but thorough. The writing comes closer than usual to being patronizing, but the book is a handy reference work for anyone who doesn't need to be an expert on the subject.

SPACE PUZZLES, by Martin Gardner (Pocket Books, 75¢) This is an introduction to astronomy for bright children, mundane teen-agers, and even adults who haven't kept up with their science. The question-and-answer format is not one to appeal much to me, but may to others - and it would make a different parlor game or discussion period for a stf club meeting.

THE STORY OF THE PHANTOM, by Lee Falk (Avon, 75¢) Actually I bought this in the hopes that in a few years I can sell it as a collector's item, but also the first appearance of a comic strip in book form is an event. (Note the event, buy the book if you want to, but don't try to read it. The writing is terrible.)

NIGHT FALL, by Joan Aiken (Dell, 75¢) A long way from the best Aiken's I've read. DARK INTERVAL, by Joan Aiken (Dell, 75¢) Both are closer to the typical gothic romance than she usually writes; NIGHT FALL in particular appears to have been hastily written and poorly characterized. (Oh, it's still better than most gothics, but it isn't up to Aiken's standard.) INTERVAL is better, though the protagonist and heroine is terribly weak-willed and unattractive.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN, by Elsie Lee (Dell, 75¢) Andre Norton recommended Lee's historical romances. I can see why; they're well-crafted, and presumably historically accurate. But they lack - or at least, this one lacks - the humor that Georgette Heyer gets into her books, and I'm not quite yet at the point of reading romances for the sake of the romance. Not my type, at all.

THE PURSUIT OF INTOXICATION, by Andrew I. Malcolm (Pocket Books, \$1.25) A concise, thorough account of the use of drugs in religion, medicine, war, and recreation. Malcolm is a psychiatrist with the Addiction Research Foundation in Toronto, and a good writer. The Canadian background presumably explains a few items that seem puzzling - his comment that patent medicines containing cocaine can be obtained without a prescription (not in the U.S.) and a couple of similar statements that seem "dated". He has some lovely pithy comments. Cigarette smokers are grouped into three categories; neurotics, conformists, and addicts (with the comment that members of the first two groups eventually join the latter one). In briefly covering the background of brainwashing, he lists John Wesley as a pioneer practitioner, which got a chuckle from me but should outrage any staunch Methodists in the audience. His thoroughness is illustrated by a few paragraphs on "the nutmeg experience", which was a new one on me (he doesn't make it sound very pleasant). He presents what seems to be the obviously logical idea that "Any drug potent enough to reduce severe pain will always create dependence in some of its users" and therefore the search for an "ideal analgesic" is mostly a waste of effort. ("Far better yo' pain than be caught on co'dine"...Buffy St. Marie) He has a succinct description of belladonna alkaloid intoxication that makes me certain that one of my favorite cold/flu fever remedies contains a fair amount of the stuff, even though it doesn't admit it on the label. (And he ignores the fact that these drugs did work on asthma; I'm still a bit annoyed because the asthma cigarettes were taken off the market. They caused fewer side effects than some of the prescription remedies I'm forced to replace them with - and were cheaper.) Apparently they haven't been taken off the market in Canada - wonder if I can find some during the Toronto Worldcon next year? Anyway, the book is highly recommended; put it on your reference shelf.

A HOG ON ICE, by Charles Earle Funk (Paperback Library, \$1.25) Inquiries into the origin of various popular and folk expressions. It would be more interesting if the author produced more facts and fewer speculations, but it's still of some interest.

TALES THE WESTERN TOMBSTONES TELL, by Lambert Florin (Bonanza) I picked mine up on sale in Los Angeles. A collection of western anecdotes, illustrated by photos taken in old cemeteries and at isolated graves. The photo that croggled me was the one showing an inscription, "In loving memory of TOM HORN, 1861 - 1903". Loving memory? Of a man executed for shooting a 14-year-old boy in the back? It takes all kinds.....

THE KENNETH ROBERTS READER (secondhand) Too much of this consists of excerpts from novels, but there is also quite a bit of material taken from For Authors Only, which is non-fiction, and if I ever get a chance I'm going to have that book. There are somewhat jaundiced views of Oxford University, the Great North Woods, Italy, dieting, writing ("....some such charitable organization, to perform a truly great service to American letters and to struggling authors by financing a scheme to have all rejection slips printed on oatmeal cakes or bran wafers, or even on thin slices of dried beef.") and British authors. ("The characters in all recent English novels, barring mystery novels, are usually undergoing a tremendous amount of internal agony over something pretty unimportant." Or over a disintegrating marriage, if it's a science fiction novel.)

ROCKET FIGHTER, by William Green (Ballantine, \$1.00) Part of their Illustrated History series. The development of the Messerschmitt Me163, which startled Allied pilots at the close of World War II. Interesting sidelights, such as the test pilot who was blown completely out of the plane the first time he switched on the rocket motor - and as soon as he got out of the hospital went to Ernst Heinkel to plead for a new prototype to try out.

CARPATHIAN DISASTER, by Geoffrey Jukes (Ballantine, \$1.00) Another in the Illustrated History. This is the World War I Russo-Austrian front, a section of history about which I knew next to nothing. A very well-written account of a little-known area of conflict, covering both the actual fighting and the background of the two armies (which often had more to do with the victory than their fighting qualities).

THE MEN OF BASTOGNE, by Fred MacKenzie (Ace, 95¢) Reprint of a very good book about the Battle of the Bulge, by a reporter who was there at the time and did extensive interviewing afterward. Recommended.

LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURE, by Leland Lovelace (Ace, 95¢) I will say the author is thorough. There are the "common" lost treasures; the Lost Adams Diggings, Lost Pegleg, Lost Dutchman, etc. Then there are the lesser-known ones, which actually make up the bulk of the book; lost Spanish mines, buried outlaw loot, a lost opal mine, etc. And finally we have the really far-out "treasures"; the Seven Cities of Cibola, which he claims did exist in northern Mexico, and "The Lost Treasure Vaults of the Lemurians", which he says were found in 1904 and then lost again. Of course, he also quotes Churchward to prove that Lemuria existed, which throws some doubt on the factual content of his story. (Next time you're in California, Sprague, you might have a look for that one.....)

THE FINAL INEQUALITY, by L. J. Ludovici (Tower, 95¢) I haven't read this Woman's Lib book. I asked Juanita if it was any good and she shrugged and said she wouldn't recommend that anyone go out and buy it. (Presumably if some Amazon forces a copy on you, it won't hurt you to read it.) Primarily concerned with sex, probably because that sells better.

And for a dime I picked up a graduation annual from the United States Army Training Center Armor, Fort Knox, Kentucky. Innocent civilian that I am, I hadn't realized that the army felt that its graduates would want souvenirs of their glorious training experiences, so it came as a bit of a shock. (Secondary reaction was wondering how much of my tax dollar goes to support such idiocy.) Sort of cute, though.....

"Walter Bryan" (Walt Willis), sends an appeal for funds for a new political party to try and heal the breach between Protestant and Catholic in Ireland. Donations must reach the party in time for it to make an impact in the late-November local elections, which doesn't allow you much time to dither over whether or not to send anything. Contributions to: Alliance Party, Walter Bryan Appeal, 6 Cromwell Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

ASTRONOMICAL ART

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Announcing a Catalog of **GREETING CARDS**

An illustrated catalog on two pages of fine paper showing 16 designs, and a sample card, is 25¢; or for first class mailing, 50¢. The cards are printed in various shades of blue ink, on white or light blue paper, some with deckle edges, all with matching envelopes. Prices of this series are 15¢ each, plus a bit for postage, since the rates have gone up. Most of the designs are from my astronomical paintings, while a few are from scratchboard drawings; some are of symbolic subjects, especially fitting for the holiday season, tho many are useful all the year round.

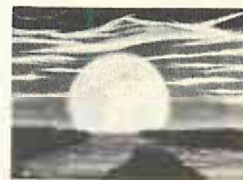
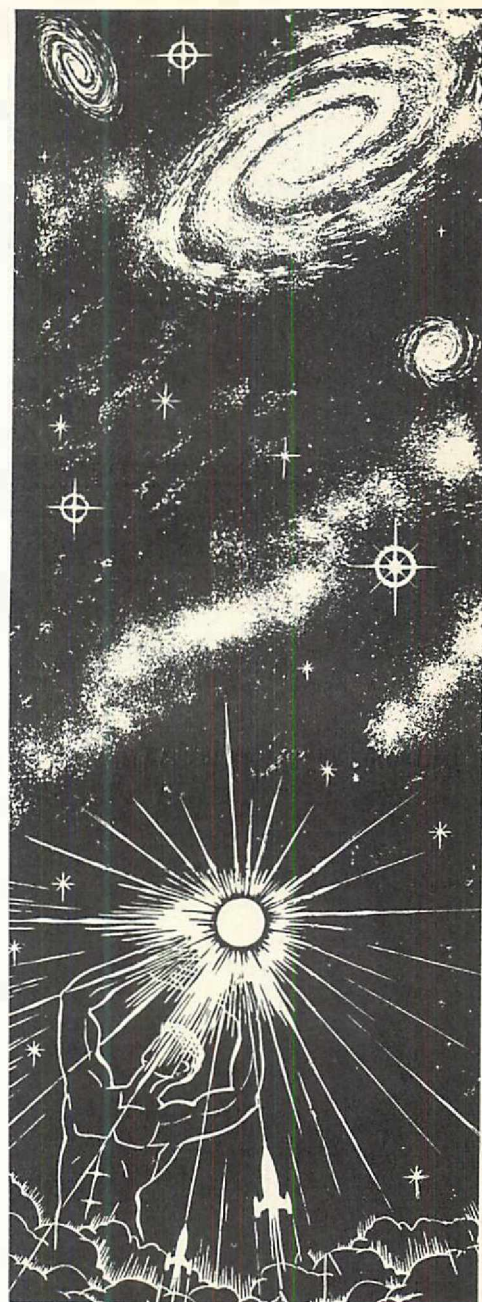
Some of the designs of the cards are available as note papers, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2" in size, to fold once, with one picture on the cover, one design or mixed, 20 for \$1.50, with envelopes. A few designs have been adapted, with additional drawings, as letterheads, giving an outer-space heading on the paper. A showing of these designs is included in the greeting card catalog, or you may have this sheet if you enclose a 4x9" self addressed 8¢ envelope.

COLOR SLIDES from paintings

of 208 subjects: planets, exploring space, symbolic paintings, are shown in black and white in a fully illustrated catalog, and including a sample slide, ready now, 50¢. If you desire it sent first class, send 75¢. The slides themselves are 2x2" cardboard mounted, at 25¢ to 35¢ each, depending on quantity ordered.

A second catalog, showing at least 400 new paintings done in the past three years, is in process, hopefully ready by November, 75¢. The new catalog consists of straight planetary landscapes, without rockets or people, suitable for assembling a show about the prospective scenes on the various planets and moons of our solar system, with an additional series of alien worlds of other star systems, giant red suns, etc.

Thousands of these slides have been sold to collectors, science fiction fans, schools, planetariums, in the last few years. The colors are brilliant on Ektachrome film.



Science Fiction Radio Plays on Tape



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

A descriptive catalog of those available (many more are listed) is \$1.00, which will be refunded if requested on your first order, of reel tapes or cassettes. Wrap coins or stamps well; make checks payable to Morris Dollens.

ORIGINAL SPACE PAINTINGS

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



OTHER PUBLICATIONS FOR THE FUTURE: Due to the great number of new paintings done in the past three years, I have been unable to do all of the printing work I planned; a slowly degenerating neighborhood has depressed the ambitions so eagerly aroused some three years ago, when I first announced my plans for my magazine, ARTS AND INFINITY, and its smaller News edition. Working for long hours, morning to midnight every day, has left little time or energy to handle all of the plans, but a lot of work has been done on these and other planned booklets. Some of them may have to wait until relocating in a new place in the next few months, but I am definitely going ahead with the printing, tho it may be slightly further delayed. Other items planned are a program booklet for the 1972 Dracula Society Banquet; various portfolios of my work; the second slide catalog, bookplates, and possibly reprinting two booklets of photo-montages I did originally in 1950. Comments and inquiries welcome.

MORRIS DOLLENS, 4372 Coolidge Ave., Los Angeles, California, 90066.

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I was very saddened to see you print the letter from Chris Walker. For two reasons; first because he is completely, totally wrong and second, because you thought you were doing a public service by printing his letter.

Point by point, let's look at Chris's mistakes. First, the "Ugly" American Tourist can be just that: ugly, boorish, and especially loud. And of course thousands go to Europe every year. But from all of my experience, each was dealt with courteously and as an individual. In otherwords, you were "ugly" only when you made yourself so, not because you spoke only English.

I will tell you that you can go to Europe speaking only English and have a great time. This is where Chris is being naive and shortsighted. He is missing some incredible adventures by being afraid to leave the nest. Some of my best memories are from evenings spent with people who did not share language with me.

I think your own attitude and prejudices are far more important to the pleasure you get when traveling than the number of languages you speak. If you're willing to try new foods and drinks, smile and be tolerant, then you're going to have fun. Humor and good nature are infectious.

I'm certain that he had trouble even with 7 years of French. That is because he is not French and therefore doesn't think like the French. (And most nationals have told me that Americans always have the worst accents when they learn a foreign language, French and Hebrew especially.) Yes he can probably communicate to a degree. But so can I; and anyone else who is interested and is trying to do so. It's a challenge and can lead to some good times. We can speak the dialect of each peasant, of course, but most peasants don't have a lot to say that's interesting.

My waistline attests my love of good food. I regard the French cooks as the best in the world. So Paris is one of my favorite places. It's a marvelous city. My first trip there, I spoke no French at all and had a fantastic time, 3 weeks of great evenings, never in the company of an American. The third day, I scouted out 3 science fiction shops and met some fans. (Did you manage that much, Chris?)

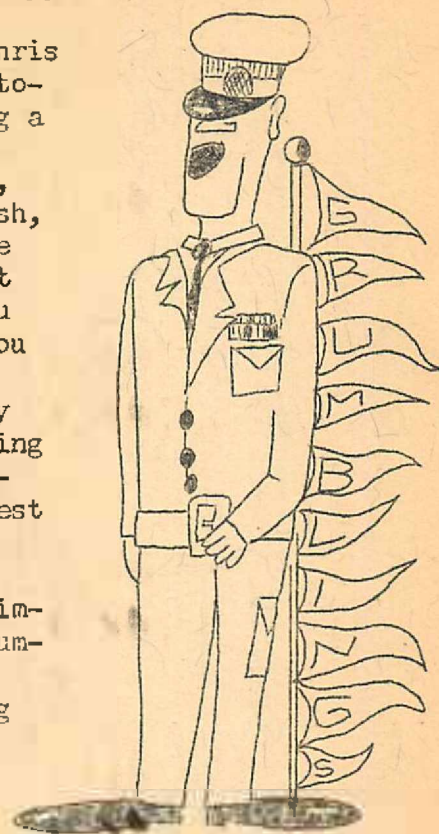
Later, my fiancée (now wife) and I went to Paris on most of the Bank Holidays or 4 day weekends. We both love the city, the food, and the indescribable esprit de Paris. My lack of French never took away the slightest pleasure. Altogether, I've probably spent 6 months in France. I still don't speak French, but my only bad memories are a few hangovers.

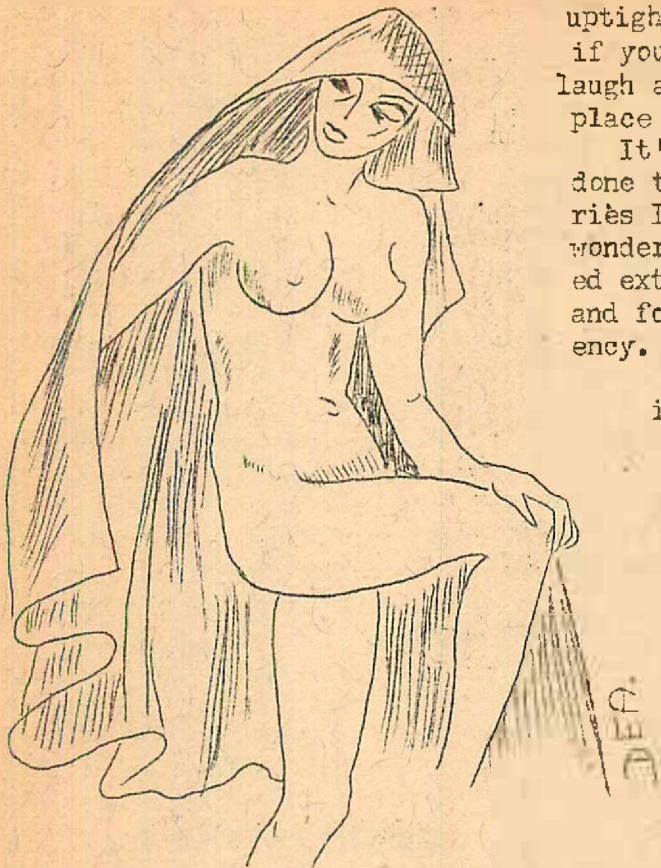
Berlin was a bad example, by the way. It has large British and American sectors, so English is in far greater use than German. It is also a great place to visit and Chris is cheating himself out of some lovely memories.

I wonder if he feels qualified to go to London? Because if he is an average American then he does not speak English or anything remotely resembling English. To understand and be understood throughout the British Isles will take several years of hard work on accents and slangs/dialects.

I think this letter is extremely unfair to Europeans because he assigns his prejudices to them. Perhaps he wears large self inflicted blinders, but they don't. In all of my travels, I found Europeans (and the Middle East and Africa) friendly and unbelievably helpful. The lack of common language never tainted their hospitality.

So forget his silly idea on not going without speaking the language. It comes only from narrow horizons. Pack your best smile, some tolerance and lots of sense of adventure and go to a country where you don't speak the language. And until you get all





uptight about it, you'll have a great time. So what if you don't always get what you want; if you can't laugh at life then go back home, 'cause you're out of place anywhere in the world.

It's incidental to the discussion, but I have done this and found it works in the 30 or so countries I've worked in the past 5 years. I've had some wonderful times and pleasures. My wife also traveled extensively during summers when she was a student and found friendliness far more important than fluency.

Buck, you've done a disservice by publishing his letter if it discourages anyone from traveling. Don't let one man's biases be considered facts. People do about the same things everywhere in the world. Human nature can be perverse, but it is always based on the same desires, food, sex, security. It's a wonderful world. Live in it. Don't build walls where none exist.

/Since I've never been in Europe, I'm staying out of this one. RSC/

Bob Hoskins, Lancer Books

Yandro 215 at hand, and speaking as an editor who has packaged (and read) some

200 gothics in the past 42 months, I comment on your varying comments.

First, to answer the most persistent question, gothic artists rarely if ever have the chance to read the story before they illustrate it. The way it works here at Lancer, the editor prepares an art order form, which gives time and setting of the story, a brief synopsis, a description of the heroine and any other major characters who should be played up, a description of the house and background, and a capsule comment on important items (such as ghosts) that might play into the cover. Of course, even then the artist frequently goofs -- or we end up using a sample because there isn't time to get a cover painted. Then all bets are off.

As to your original title being used as the back cover headline -- this again is something that happens frequently. (You should consider yourself lucky in that the title change was cleared with you. At Lancer, frankly, we don't bother in most instances -- usually because we're working so close to the deadline that we don't really have time. And usually, too, we consider our judgment better than the author's -- speaking corporately, that is; not necessarily just for myself.) But many titles can work into an intriguing blurb, but not be right for a gothic -- DOOR INTO DEATH is a mystery title. Gothic titles include such choice terms as DARK, TERROR, EVIL.

I of course write gothics, too -- EVIL IN THE FAMILY is my third for Lancer, following THE DARKEST ROOM and A PLACE ON DARK ISLAND. The first title came from Evan Heyman; thereafter I learned the trick of gothic titling (my original title was BLUE WIDOW, a mystery title.) At the moment I'm finishing up a contracted gothic for Avon, THE HOUSE OF COUNTED HATREDS, which I consider my best gothic title to date, for myself or for the scores that I have retitled.

One thing I try to get my gothic writers to do: describe the heroine, and if possible the house, on the first two pages.

Frequently, because of a heavy schedule, gothics will be passed on to another editor for actual packaging; they do not have time to read the book to pull out the art order information. Even when I'm doing the order myself, I like to have as much of the pertinent descriptive information near the front. I did a book by Sharon Wagner once, where she didn't describe the fact that the heroine had red hair until page 188. I was rather cursing poor Sharon by the time I tracked the information. Even more in-

furiating is the writer who describes the heroine as 'dark', with nothing more definite.

I've noticed a couple of your Berkley titles at Brentano's -- I haven't bought them. I see enough gothics here without going out and shelling out money for the competition. But they look like good packages. We have found that the gothic reader usually wants the same old formula cover -- frightened girl, usually running away from something, and the old house with the light in the window. One of our bestsellers is Angela Gray -- who is Dorothy Daniels, and who consistently does 20% better on sales than the average (probably because on every one we've said "writing in the tradition of Dorothy Daniels and Virginia Coffman." If Dorothy Daniels can't write in the tradition of herself, I don't know who can.) I did a book called THE GHOST DANCERS, with a lovely piece of artwork by Charles Koll -- who is doing a lot of s-f for us right now: STAR WOLF, STARBLOOD, the two Moorcocks you'll be seeing shortly -- one of the nicest covers I've ever seen. Unfortunately the book is selling one-third less than normal for that by-line. So in a year or so we'll reissue, with a conventional cover.

The art director has been experimenting in recent months on photo covers, and has done some nice effects. It's too early to tell yet how they are doing -- the heaviest returns on a book come in the 6th thru 10th months -- but the salesmen are nervous. For the time being we are killing that approach; if sales hold up on those titles, we may go back to it later. If sales are exceptional, we'll go to it heavy.

At the moment, gothics are the 'hot' category -- virtually every hardcover house is looking for them. I have my regular stable of writers, but it's useless to ask agents to send someone new -- the good stuff is grabbed off by the first house to see it; what's left is absolute drek. At the moment we're doing anywhere from five to eight gothics a month, but I can see the time coming when we just won't have the material to feed the machine.

/I notice that some companies are experimenting more in the way of covers.

Ace and Lancer remain pretty traditional, but Dell in particular has unusual covers. (Of course, with Joan Aiken writing for them, they have some pretty unusual plots, too.) One cover -- from Paperback Library, as I recall -- looked like something off one of the cheaper sf mags of the Thirties. Very nostalgic, but I wonder how it sold? RSC/

Gary Grady, 520 Orange Street,
Wilmington NC 28401

I once had an experience similar to Don Blyly's affair with the hotel management. It seems that the university I attend sent me a bill for tuition amounting to just under \$200. I promptly paid it in cash (now I know better) and managed to misplace the receipt. Somehow or other the goons in the registrar's office sensed this and notified me a couple of days before the start of classes that I would have to re-register and pay my tuition as I had not paid by the deadline date. I protested. They demanded to



see my receipt. I told them that I had enough naivete to believe that the university's administration bordered on the competent. They fumed and informed me that had I indeed paid, they would have it in their records. I demanded to see the records. Sure enough, there was the notation that I had paid my tuition and fees. But did this make them in the least apologetic? Of course not. They said, "Here's what you'll have to do. Take these cards and walk all over campus and get them signed by the appropriate individuals and then by your advisor and then bring them back here."

Convinced that this would appease them, I decided to give them their Studentenland. It took me two days to get those cards signed. When I finally got back to the registrar, I was told, "Oh, those cards are the wrong ones!"

"They're the ones you gave me, dammit!"

"Well, yesterday they would have been the right ones, but now you have to use 'add' cards because registration has already ended."

The difference between the cards amounted to one of color, so I gave up with that office and went over everybody's head. I went to the computer center. A couple of words to Don Trivette (the director) and soon the computer was convinced, irrevocably, that I was registered. And that was the last I heard of the matter.

I take issue with Chris Walker. I have never personally been to France, but I know of several non-French speakers who have and who loved it. I have had enough experience in dealing with non-English speakers in this port city that I am convinced that only the most uncouth, ignorant, ill-tempered Frenchman would 'dislike' someone merely because they do not happen to be fluent in the tongue.

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

While I share Buck's enthusiasm for AMERICAN DAWN, (almost enough to send one out to knap a few flints) I'm surprised he didn't cite its choicest bit of trivia: how certain primitive Indians liked to snack on boiled rabbit droppings. It's something to mention the next time one hears a gushy tribute to the Indians' "simple, natural foods." (As Brennan put it, "It was alimentary, my dear Watson.")

Have you read the latest Andre Norton juvenile, BREED TO COME? It's one of her best in a long time, featuring a race of sentient felines whose culture is developed with considerable imagination. (The book is dedicated to several of her own cats.) There's even a thread of Women's Lib sentiment. I wish our poor Pussums had a better approximation to sentience -- she was convinced one of Peter's new toys was a live animal and made a pitiful spectacle of herself cringing from same. But what can we expect of a cat that runs out into the rain?

We also enjoyed Hensley's LEGISLATIVE BODY (whoops, that sounds compromising). When I mentioned his realistic mysteries to the wife of a local Democratic politician, she became positively alarmed.

An extraordinary book that ought to be brought to the attention of Heyer fans is THE WORLD OF HOGARTH, a new translation of 18th C. German commentaries on his famous print series ("Harlot's Progress," "Rake's Progress," etc.). These are exhaustively detailed, deliciously witty, and studded with refined double-entendres. What would Hogarth have done with farmish subjects? "Bheer Street" where jolly convention fans frolic contrasted with "Corflu Lane" where starving fan editors pawn their last wretched belongings to buy mimeo supplies? It boggles.

There is one thing worse than reading a Darko Suvin paper, I understand: hearing him read it aloud. (Perhaps his autobiography should be titled THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN TO COGNIZE.) The latest Riverside Quarterly carries a singularly delightful anti-Suvin piece.

Patrick McGuire, a friend of ours who met Rottensteiner this summer, insists that he isn't the dyspeptic wretch in person one would expect. (But I wouldn't believe that if an angel from heaven revealed it. I know Franz-baby must have eyes like sheet-metal screws. We should hang him from the nearest sour apple tree and while he moans out his death rattle "Lem, Lem lama sabacthani" the spectators can join in a rousing chorus of "Glory, glory Robert Heinlein, SF goes marching on.") But according to Pat, Rottensteiner 1) claims not to be a Marxist and 2) is deeply puzzled why everyone despises him.

I beg to disagree with Jackie Franke on the impact of the "equal rights" amendment. The track-record of federal judges for deadly literalness and/or social adventurism in applying existing civil rights amendments and legislation does not foster optimism. We might expect each and every form of distinction to be forbidden as discrimination eventually as cases by the amendment are decided by the courts. What Jackie and other people I've heard defending the amendment overlook is that legislators cannot make exceptions to the US Constitution! Laws can be easily amended or repealed if unforeseen complications arise; ratify this sweeping, unnuanced "equal rights" amendment and we'll be stuck with it for years, like Prohibition. If it were in effect, strong women would not only have to be drafted, they'd have to serve in mixed combat units, no way to exempt them. The amendment is being used to circumvent the difficulties of fighting the draft and abortion controversies through the normal legislative and judicial channels. I fail to see what benefits it could have that proper enforcement of existing federal legislation could not accomplish equally well.

/Kay Anderson writes about her cat purring all the way through a shot from the vet; sounds like you have a kindred spirit in Pussums. Or kitred spirit, maybe. RSC/

Jack Wodhams, Box 48 P.O. Caboolture 4510, Queensland, Australia

Owing to a great shortage of paper (not to mention cash), but better late than to drop dead from over-exertion. If you're not Forum, you're not necessarily Aginem, but Yandro. What busy people you must bees. Thanks for Yandro 215 (215, as many as that?) Vol xx:4, its says, and so, you see, they do arrive eventually. We even get a Forum occasionally, how about that?

But to C & D of H.M. The best way to get any kind of service, hotel or otherwise, is to expand the bill outstanding as swiftly as practicable, and to delay payment until the ultimost possible moment. The greater the anxiety of a creditor can be fostered to become, the more the service should improve. The trick to be managed is to the maintenance of continuity of commitment, to endeavor to carry forward debt into promisory investment of assets against future return to the supplier. Thus English gentry would have their tailors irretrievably cut cloth for two more new suits, before settling a proportion of the account run up for the previous lot.

The greatest success, remember, is the man who dies owing the most. So at your next hotel convention, try to get every damn thing put onto just the one tab, right from the word go. The more speedily the various charges centrally coalesce to frighteningly mount, the more assurance you may display towards the flunkys, to extract the maximum favorable interpretation of the terms as understood to be implied in the contract agreed. Privately, of course, you would need the full support of the gang, for nothing can distress a Godfather more than to have the base of his security undermined by some thoughtless abuse of privilege. It would peeve to have some not-so-dumb female grock chalking up a sable and a year's supply of Avon to the firm, huh?

...The natural corollary to the whole idea is that the treasurer should make 100% sure that he gets paid in advance -- preferably with plus a deposit to be held as a bond against good behavior, underestimates, and defalcations in general. Also it could be psychologically advantageous to appoint the largest and ugliest attendee to serve as an impervious temporary medium through which all financial matters have to be negotiated.

Really, roading of some of these affairs, their organization seems to be so unscientific as to reflect most adversely upon the very product being extolled. But fancy being at all bluffed by a mere executive plebe. Ah me, for machinelike precision, and the cohesive coordination to fully utilise each moment to the utmost of its potential, memberswise, peopelwise, factorswise, availabilitywise, we shall have to contain our impatience, I'm afraid, until Australia in '75. No regimentation, tch-tch, but anyone who is not in for breakfast by 7.06 a.m. is going to have to forego more than just chunky-weets and milkchips. We run a tight schedule here, and if our hotel manager should so much as try to step out of line, he'll be an integral ingredient in the Hamburgers for Hottentots In Need food relief campaign before he can say CTHLON.

/This was written on the back of a SFWA ballot, hence the references to Forum, plus various virtuous comments on saving paper. Shot the hell out of my filing system, but I think I got all the comments successfully categorized. (Won't do to integrate SFWA with a mere fanzine; Jim Blish would faint dead away at the thought. Judy Merrill would have a hissy, except she's no longer a SFWA member anyway.) RSC/

Dr. Charles A. Dudgeon

I feel as if I should be granted equal space to clarify Bob's aminophylline injections. I thought of employing a ghost writer to do this in as much as I am not a professional writer and I would hate to clutter Yandro with amateurism. However, all the professional writers I know are currently busy editing a fan magazine and turning out gothics (whatever they are).

It's true that I changed syringes on the first injection, because for a while the biggest disposable syringes available were 10cc and the injection is 20cc. The reason we didn't get an air bubble is because I'm damn careful -- another reason is that my malpractice insurance carrier frowns on air emboli. The second injection with a 20cc syringe where I changed arms was done in this fashion for no known reason except the needle slipped out of the vein. This happened because of any one of the following: 1) I wasn't careful, 2) Bob has lousy veins, 3) God ordained it. Frankly, until I read about it in Yandro I had forgotten about it. I wish to assure all of Bob's loyal fans that I'll do better the next time.

Yandro's readers might be interested in the details of Bob's hospitalization for the regulation of his diabetes. The first two days were relatively uneventful. Soon after that his room began taking on the appearance of an IRS audit of General Motors: books, papers, etc., strewn about the room in such profusion the poor nurses couldn't find a bed pan, let alone his thermometer. They also found it odd that he didn't shave for one week. We had to condemn his room during a visit from the state Fire Marshal, but it didn't help any as they condemned the whole place. We have a new hospital now, so we're all ready -- TV in each room (where on Channel 4 we can get Oral Roberts).

Perhaps these words will reassure all of Yandro fandom...

Howard Devore, 4705 Weddel St., Dearborn Heights, MI 48125

You mentioned buying a book for 10¢ and selling it for \$2 to me at the Midwestcon, and you wondered what I sold it for.

I have checked my records and find that on July 14th, 1972 I sold the book for 10¢.

If you should have more in stock we would be interested in buying them, presumably at trade discount.

/That's why he's known as Big-Hearted Howard, folks.../

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417

A note on creeping illiterate-ism -- do you see a question and answer column for kiddies, "Johnny Wonder," syndicated in a number of newspapers? Tonight's answer (to "What is a duckbill platypus?") includes "the mother platypus feeds her babies with milk, much like a cat does." So I'm sending in a question for them: "What is the difference between like and as?" I realize that the distinction is rapidly dying and soon will be as dead as the 18th Century singular/plural differentiation of "You was/You were." But as a reader I appreciate getting grammatical clues to what's being said, so I thought I might as well put in a small protest for the sake of poor as.

I bought SECRET OF SEVEN OAKS, but haven't gotten around to reading it yet, being afflicted with a sudden craving for Horatio Hornblower. At this point I think



I've read all but three, and am working my way through C. Northcote Parkinson's (yes, that Parkinson) THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HORATIO HORNBLOWER. It's quite a charming biography -- similar in tone to William Baring-Gould's life of Sherlock Holmes.

I find Ms. rather useful for addressing my students. I wouldn't feel right calling people in college by their first names unless I told them to call me by my first name, and so far I don't want that.

Addressing the females as Miz saves me the bother of having to memorize which of them are married. I have enough trouble just memorizing their names. For written material, though, like addresses on letters, I agree with Jodie Offatt that any honorific title in front of the name is a waste of space.

I checked the dic on monies, and found that it's not something that is new, but a return to an older plural -- the Middle English form of the word was moneie. The dic said that "monies" is especially used in the sense of "sums of money." I can't think of any other case where one would be using "money" in the plural, anyway, but if there are other cases then it's perhaps more useful to have the distinction available than it is annoying to have another irregular plural in the language to remember.

In reply to Larry Nichols' queries offering clues to his existence -- I have actually seen Harlan when he either was feeling mellow or at least seemed to be feeling mellow. For the matter of that, I have seen Larry Nichols feeling joyful at the sheer stupidity of it as I reached for a book falling off my lap and spilled my lemonade into my shoe. An actor would have to rehearse for days to get that right on stage, but I can do it naturally. Isn't that grand?

/So far I've been spared "Johnny Wonder." RSC // Somehow I suspect the people who annoy me by using "monies" in place of "moneys" are not doing so because they have discovered the former is Middle English, but because of an education in grammar even more inadequate than mine own, if that's possible. JMC/

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

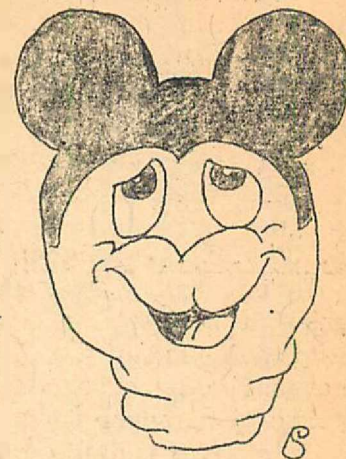
Amen to Juanita's comment about being bothered by misuse of its/it's. (At least the spacing of letters on page 11 of Y215 proves her good intentions.) Things like that irritate me too. I am also bothered by people who misspell Edgar Allan Poe's middle name. (See Y215, page 15; nyah!) But probably the greatest single source of aggravation comes from the pervasive use of the non-word "miniscule." If there were such a word, it could only be a barbarism denoting a small scule. ("Scule days, scule days, dear old golden rule days...") Writers who use the correct form, "minuscule," or better yet find a synonym, automatically rise a few notches on my scule, I mean scale.

Here is one vote for a reversion to the previous practice: putting the issue number on the cover of Yandro. Makes the magazines easier to keep in order.

Just noticed that in Rick Brooks' letter in Y215, someone got John Creasey's pseudonyms mixed up. He writes as "Anthony Morton" (the Baron books) and "Jeremy York". The only Anton York I know of is an immortal, in Eando Binder's pulp stories (and a Belmont paperback of a few years ago).

What do you think of the Apollo 15 astronauts taking some 400 unauthorized souvenir covers to the Moon, and giving 100 of them to a friend (who sold them in Europe for an average \$1500 each)? NASA seems very embarrassed about the whole thing.

/And British radical-type fans and pros have been complaining that the



Yeah, I was at the
L.A. Con, how'd
you guess?

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astronauts don't exhibit any normal human qualities...RSC/

Pat Goltz,, 1440 Byron Avenue, Columbus OH 43227

Well, I just gotta open my big mouth. Chances are, I'll never shut it again. Beware. Unfortunately, I didn't get to see the previous Yandro (#214). If I've got it, it's in the pile all the rest of my junk got thrown into after I moved. To start with, I have somewhat to say to Don and Maggie Thompson. Namely that I'm all in favor of more day care and certainly we need to plan them better for the safety of the children. But I can't agree with the description of free centers that they give, notably points 3 and 4. Concerning (3): what's wrong with teaching kids something -- anything in a day care center? One of the troubles with this country is that even the schools think they're day-care centers and don't feel obligated to teach anything either. I'd rather see a variety there. Some might do things like teach Montessori, some might fit the Thompsons' description, etc., etc. Point (4) is even more obvious: it's not practical for children to bring food from home and not nutritionally wise either. Most children who need day care, their parents can't afford 3 decent meals a day either. Although goodness knows I'd rather send food for my children because what they serve isn't very nutritious either. But then I'm the kind of nut who pays for day care and education even when I can get it free. Maybe it's because I'd like to have something to say about what kind of day care my kids get.

I can be a little (but not very) encouraging about the Equal Rights Amendment in Ohio. A bunch of us recently formed a group called Citizens for the ERA. We're doing a booth for the Ohio State Fair (for which I drove all the way to Zanesville to get 10,000 matchbooks we plan to stamp "A Strike For Equality." No offense intended, but I think Zanesville is a crummy town, at least the side of it I was on, especially in the deluge that greeted me.). We also polled the legislators and hopefuls and most of them like ERA, but the mail is discouraging. I have heard the cockeyedest reasons for not wanting ERA, but I think the worst was mouthed by a slovenly woman I met in the State House: we don't need equal rights -- the only important thing is to be a Child of God. So, I ask her, who says you can't be a child of god and equal too? It's people like that which scare others away from Christianity. In case there's any question, let me note that Jesus is a feminist.

And to show I have no sense at all, I'm going to get involved in the fray with Claude Hall and Juanita. So, Claude-boy, you find debates about titles for women amusing, eh? Is it because you find women amusing? Don't you take us seriously? Well, you'd better before someone forces your hand. I can't agree that feminism promotes breakdown of marriage, as you imply. Most of the feminists I know are married, and I don't know many with children who aren't, particularly who weren't when they had them. I quite agree with Juanita about the reasons for throwing out all the old titles. My own pet peece is credit cards which come made out to Mrs. John Goltz. First of all, I'm not anybody's Mistress (which is, after all, what Mrs. really means), and my name is not John. But the one that took the cake was the one from Sears. It had me as Mr. John Goltz. The way things stand now, if I want to start a school (which I do), I can't get credit rating enough to borrow the money to do it. Arizona may not legally be a paradise for women, but at least all my credit cards had my name on them.

The idea that liberalizing abortion is a feminist thing to do has got to be one of the craziest things I think I have ever heard. Not to mention the psychological problems involved in having an abortion, which can be considerable, 25% of all legal abortions result in complications, much of which means becoming sterile. The plans that peddle abortion don't tell poor (3rd world types) women about such things. Abortion wasn't a feminist idea anyway. It came from the Zero Population Growth people. What it amounts to is they used to use women's bodies to increase the population; now they use women's bodies to provide sexual gratification for men without allowing the women to keep the children. Why should it be almost impossible for a girl to say "no" without being regarded as unliberated? And why should she be forced to have surgery because the playboy types won't take responsibility for birth control or make sure she has? And what of the girl whose parents force her to have an abortion against her will? Hasn't she got any rights? In most states the only protection she's got is the

"archaic" law. I got so fed up with the whole thing I up and formed my own group. We are calling it Feminists For Life (PO Box 5631, Columbus, OH 43221). Barely had we formed our group when we got an invitation from a feminist pro-life group in Minnesota to form a coalition! The whole batch of us are sick and tired of everyone assuming that because we're feminist we are pro-abortion. After all, half the abortions kill our sisters!

Am I imagining things, or are male fan male chauvinists and female fan feminists? I am not imagining things when I say the 99.9999% of all sf involves a male hero surrounded by dumb girls, even the new stories and even most of that written by women. How about a poll, Yandro? How much of your readership is feminist? The best feminist sf I ever read was LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS by Ursula K. LeGuin.

Speaking of women authors, I have had a dickens of a time finding anything written by the female half of Yandro's editorial staff. The only thing I've found so far was THE SINGING STONES which I enjoyed muchly. What with going to school full time, playing judo, swimming, being the co-head of a feminist group and editing their newsletter, gaffiating, doing a con now and then, and raising two pre-schoolers, one of them 4 mos. old, I never got into gothic lit yet. Someday, someday....

Next time you go by the old site of Publix, Maggie, spit on their parking lot for me. Somebody should have told me about that place long ago. Cleveland isn't so very far away. Oh well, just think of all the money I saved.

You know Columbus doesn't have a one decent used bookstore that sells sf? The only one that does, all the front covers are torn off. That's gotta be the most barbaric practice there is, tearing front covers off perfectly good books. So Tucson, with a third the population of Columbus, had 3 bookstores with seeds of used sf. One place was selling old hardbounds for 95¢ each, and another was selling paperbacks for 13¢ each. Columbus is a disgrace. It's about to break me buying all that stuff new.

/The Thompsons were trying to refute a claim that day-care centers would be too expensive for either working mothers or the taxpayer; while your ideas are fine, they have a few economic flaws in them.//Since nobody has promulgated the idea of forcing women to have abortions whether they want them or not, I fail to see your anti-abortion stand. Weak-willed girls can be bullied into getting an illegal abortion just as easily as they can into getting a legal one. Until the "Star Trek" fans came along, 99.9999% of sf was sold to males, so it naturally had a masculine orientation. Yandro is probably more feminist than most fanzines, but a poll is fine by me. How many feminists are there among the readers?

Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher IL 60401

I don't know if the use of the word 'working' in the sense of holding a job outside the home is a matter to be handled by semanticists. It's due to improper usage. Somehow 'employment' has come to be interchangeable with 'work'. Employ may be a synonym, but 'employment' is not. If you hold a position you are 'employed'. You can 'work' anywhere, whether paid for it or not. As for social security, I don't know how that could be altered unless it is altered into something more similar to welfare. They really are making a big concession by paying unemployed women a portion of their husband's pension if they die. The program is supposedly paid for contributions - taxes - on salary. If you don't receive the salary, obviously you can't contribute. Perhaps if they altered the regulations so that a person, instead of establishing an individual account, could have his contribution placed in a 'family' account, where the husband and wife have equal shares. A married person, since more than one individual would be drawing benefits, would pay a proportionately higher percentage of salary into the fund. Then if one or the other partner dies, or the marriage is dissolved or whatever, the rate would be reduced. Upon retirement, each would receive a pension, but also be awarded a portion, say one-third, of the deceased partner's pension (operating on the theory that the living costs for one are not simply half of that of two). If something were worked up along those lines, it certainly would be far more equitable to all concerned...married and single alike.

Some of the more radical Women's Liberationists want wives to receive salaries from their husbands for work done. For most families, about all that would mean is more involved bookkeeping. The wife would have to pay her share of household expenses from her 'salary', and since most families' income just meets expenses, the whole matter is just a waste of time.

Bruce's column gets more interesting with each passing month. Either he will have to start his own zine, as Gene predicts, or you'll have to give him a whole page to himself. With his story-writing ability improving, sooner or later he'll want something printed in a fanzine, and since you have such a notorious dislike for fan fiction, imagine that putting out a zine of his own would be more likely.

I wasn't aware of Willis's remark about fans and mail, but it's certainly true. When discussions come up about cutting back 1st class mail deliveries (to every other day), my stepfather, who works as a mail carrier, agrees with the notion. He says there's not enough 1st class mail to make daily deliveries worthwhile. Obviously he hasn't got any fans on his route! He estimates that most homes only get one or two pieces of 1st class mail a week, and those are generally bills, which could be mailed at other classes. That parody on Bradbury's stories that John Sladek had in F&SF just might come true...post offices abolished because people don't use them.

Dave Locke's column was the most serious in tone I've seen him write. Some good ideas there. His remarks concerning Chad Everett were appropriate to his recent contact with W/L adherents (and I imagine some feathers are going to be ruffled again), but he reported the situation accurately. Radfemlibs (for those of you in love with abbreviated terms) will bristle at the notion of someone 'owning' anyone. But (as with the 'work'/'employ' bit) the rub lies in word usage, not intent. Everett is a chauvinist pig, all right. Some of his views on females in general could be taken for any Victorian gentleman's philosophy verbatim. But in this particular case, he wasn't behaving as such.

I must say, though, that I don't consider marriage as an either/or proposition. I don't believe that "marriage is a necessary institution" when considering society as a whole. Things will continue quite nicely with couples merely living together; their number is growing daily and have few far-ranging effects. Why can't marriage survive right along with less formal relationships? I think it should be a matter of individual choice, and it does seem to be evolving in that direction.

Dave says that fewer marriages are made, and fewer of those last. Not having hard and fast data on that subject, I won't dispute it. But, from our contact with non-fan-nish couples, most marriages aren't based on the old romantic notion of love and concern for each other. People seem to get married because it's the thing to do. If living together were more widespread and acceptable in so-called Polite Society, the marriage rate would drop, all right. But those who did decide that being wedded was what they wanted, would be doing so for the right reasons, feeling that they are more complete together than apart, rather than because Society says you have to in order to bed down together.

When you see all those married couples who can just barely tolerate each other, where the husband stops off at the corner bar after work and stays till that last possible moment, where both partners spend their time figuring out ways to manipulate the other, it becomes impossible to consider marriage as a blissful institution that is best for all concerned. How happier so many lives would have been if, when burning with desire for another, they simply moved in with the other, and then parted when the fires waned rather than be trapped in a situation where all caring has gone. Those who truly are a 'couple' will stay together, formalized wedding or not. Those who don't fit in that group may stay together, but can hardly be called a 'couple' by anyone except the State.

Articles were interesting. Must admit I'd never heard of Criswell, but after Reg's observations, am not woebegone about the fact. How about checking up on other reknowned seers and seeresses? Think they'd all have about as lousy records, though Criswell seems 'more weirder' than most. Sandra's piece on Middle Ages naming practices was very enlightening. When you translate many modern-day surnames, you can see how the appellations began. Most are close to being as outre as the examples she gave; but thankfully they can't be applied to one individual as they were then.

Speaking of names, did you see the article (Time? Saturday Review?) concerning Chinese surnames? There are only one hundred names for all those millions of Chinese, and some colorful designations have evolved for differentiating between one 'Chow' and another. ("Are you the Chow of the Flowering Peach Tree or from The Heavenly Abode?") Now that's confusion for you!

Gene Wolfe's anecdote about being summoned for Jury Duty struck a responsive chord. In 1970 I received such a notice, with all the grim warnings about what would happen to you if you did not report in person to the court house. We piled the kids in our VW and set out across the frozen prairie on a 10'-below-zero January day to explain to the Authorities that I'd be happy to serve on a jury, if only to escape the kids for a while; but babysitting would be a problem. Midway to Joliet, the fuel line froze (we were driving directly into the wind), and we were stranded in the middle of nowhere. Thankfully, a farm house wasn't too far away, and we only got frostbitten on our noses getting there. After hiring a tow truck to take us to a heated garage to thaw out, we finished our trip just in time to catch a clerk of the court as he was closing the offices for the day. He listened to our little tale and then peered at us in wonderment. "But all you had to do was send back the form, telling us you had young children. They don't use married women with youngsters, you should know that," he said in a mystified tone.

"But it states quite emphatically on this form that I'm required to show up!" I retorted, more than a trifle angry. After all that trouble, to be spoken to like a simpleton was just a bit more than I could take.

"Well, one of these days we have to get around to changing that," he said cheerfully. Yeah. Seventy mile round trip, twenty bucks for towing charges, and it wasn't necessary; but they hadn't gotten around to changing the form. Grrr. Bureaucracies!

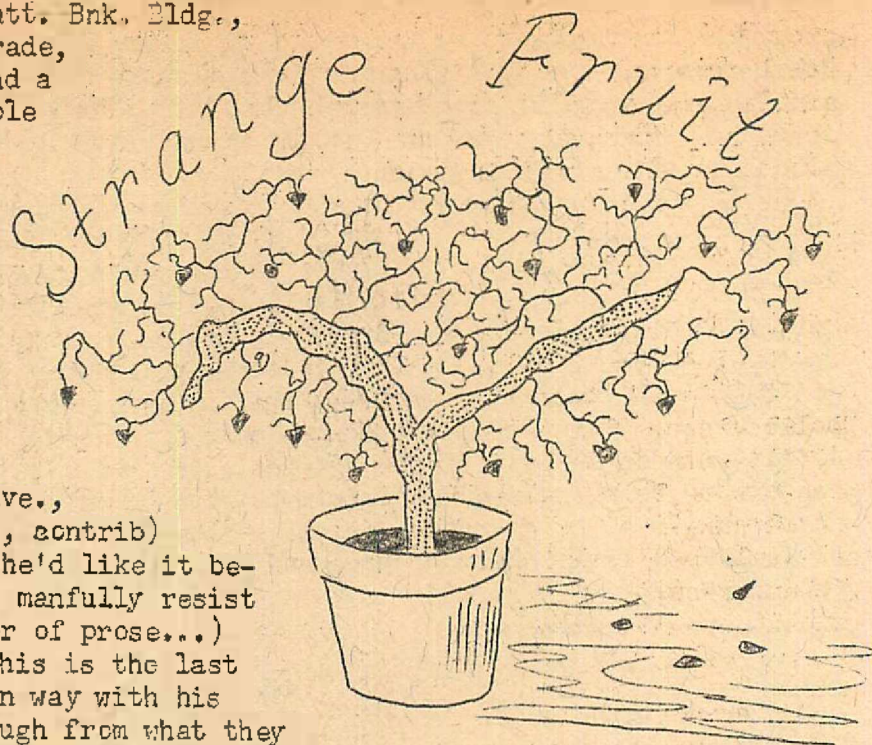
Think the reason little *sf* is translated into English in this country is directly attributable to the rotten pay rates. Translating can possibly take more time and talent than writing the story itself. It would have to be a labor of love to go thru all that work for the monetary reward derived. Much better to expend the energy on work with your own name on it and get all the dough, what little there is of it. John Andrews, who is fluent in Russian, was complaining that so little Russian *sf* has been translated, and then pondered on the notion of translating a few himself. But it would have to be done as an aspect of his hobby, not with financial gain in mind.

Don't imagine that is the whole answer to Glycer's question; differing literary styles from one language to another would bear a portion of the blame as well. But I think it basically is due to poor paying practices of the publishers. It's not all their fault, either, of course. How can they afford to pay decent rates to two people, author and translator? The market simply isn't that lucrative.

/If women get salaries for housework, then divorce laws will have to be changed so they can be fired for incompetence -- burning the soup, say, or failing to vacuum at prescribed intervals. When I see a married couple who can barely tolerate each other I get irritated at people who leap before they look. If marriage goes, laws on the "legality" of children -- as regards inheritance, etc. -- will need some drastic changes. RSC // I think some of the worriers about the possibilities of changing or declining marriage customs have forgotten that Western civilization doesn't have the final solution on human living arrangements. I suggest they read a bit of anthropology. Throughout human history a great many different combinations have been experimented with in nature's crucible. Until quite recently, of course, the end object had always been the same one nature put first: progeny, the survival of the species. Humanity could think of itself as a Darwinian groundbreaker, as it were. But expanding population, technology, and the means to control conception have altered that situation radically in the last few decades. In varying stages of arrival at this point, humanity around the globe is going to cope with the same problem. I suspect in a hundred years the Western style insular family is going to change a great deal. But not necessarily for the good or bad, or even for the new. JWC/

Maybe #21 (Irvin Koch, --835 Chatt. Bnk. Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37402--50¢, trade, contrib) Reviews, letters, and a few news items take up the whole 26 pages. Well, we've done the same thing on occasion, but Irv says he didn't get any articles and he wishes people would write him a few. Get busy, people. Offset repro is legible if not neat.

Rating.....4



Diversity #3 (Greg Bridges & James W. Harris, 3711 Poplar Ave., Memphis, TN 38111 -- 50¢, loc, contrib) Should let Bruce review this; he'd like it because of the purple paper. (I manfully resist the urge to remark on the color of prose...) According to the editorials, this is the last issue; each editor goes his own way with his own fanzine from now on. (Though from what they say about how lazy they are, one wonders if either new zine will actually appear.) Varied assortment; couple of more or less humorous items, paean to Alaskan spring by Tom Collins (I could say he made me want to see it for myself except that I've always wanted to see it for myself), term-paper type thing on stf and the future by Dr. John Beifuss; rundown on radio stf by Meade Frier-son, and an article on the Holy Modal Rounders by Grant Carrington. Plus a long, amusing, and more or less comprehensible letter from Andy Offutt. Beautiful reproduction, good artwork, text except for Collins and Offutt didn't much strike my fancy.

Rating.....5

Interplanetary Corn Chips #7 (James E. McLeod Jr & Dale A Goble Jr., 9109 Kendrick Way, Orangevale CA 95662 -- 50¢) Moderately thick (50-pager). Good repro and art; lots of electrostencilling. Leon Taylor presents a fabulous fannish reprint, which is at least better than most of the ones Terry Carr has been presenting; there's a surprisingly good poem by Darrell Schweitzer; fanzine reviews by Lapidus (who admits that he likes fanzine reviews; shame on you, Jerry), humorous fiction which unfortunately isn't very, book reviews by various people (the reviewer of THE GODS HATE KANSAS misses the point that it was written before all the other books it resembles and th that's why it's important; because people like Heinlein borrowed ideas from it), long and reasonably good lettercolumn including quite a bit of serious comment on art by artists.

Rating.....6

Eridani Triad III (Gail Barton, Doris Beetem, & Judith Brownlee -- Barton's address 31 Rangeview Drive, Lakewood, CO 80215 -- \$1, 30¢ postage) 120 pages of "Star Trek" material. Fiction which I didn't read even if James Tiptree, Jr. did write part of it, couple of quite good articles (one by Hal Clement), and artwork ranging from mediocre to terrible. This was one of two ST zines we picked up at the Worldcon. The other one, Grup, was hilariously bad, but I'm not going to bother to review it. This one is acceptable, though the sheer bulk is more impressive than the quality.

Scottishe #62 (Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 6QL United Kingdom, USAgent Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt 3-J, Brooklyn NY 11201 -- 3/\$1) Very thin fanzine, but one of the few that I read word for word. Book reviews, letters, an article by Ella Parker on seeing an Apollo launch, and the editorial. I enjoy it because I like the personalities of the writers.

Rating.....7

Haverings #52 (Ethel Lindsay, see above -- 6/\$1) Nine pages of fanzine reviews --

among the best reviews going -- and a page or so of comments. In both this and Scot, Ethel comments on the advantages of a husband-and-wife team in fanzine production; single British males had better be on their guard (especially since she's learned to drive now, and can come after you). Recommended for those who want a guide to fanzines and those nosy individuals who want to know what's being published.

The Mystery Trader #4 (Ethel Lindsay, see above -- 4/\$1.25) Small mag, largely taken up with sale lists, but also including reviews, letters, an editorial and an article. Recommended to mystery fans.

Quija #1 (Mike McInernery & Brad Balfour, 2237 Sutter St., San Francisco CA 94115 -- trade, loc, contrib, 60¢) This is for the hip fans (or whatever the term is now; I don't know and I can't say that I really care). Pot, rock, verbal assaults on the police, etc. Quite well written -- more so than the few underground papers I've seen -- but without much intrinsic interest for me. (Though I could sympathize with Mike's account of being raided, at least partly because if I lived in San Francisco I would be in danger of being raided myself -- though not for drugs, of course. In my case it would be the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms boys.) If you are interested in the "counter-culture", try to pick up a copy of this. With it came Gak!, the lettercolumn of the last Conglomeration, stapled separately, and also a folio of fan cartoons.

Maya #1 (Ian Maule, 59, Windsor Tce., South Gosforth, Newcastle on Tyne, NE3 1YL, UK -- 50¢ or "all the usual fannish reasons") This has the avowed intention of getting British and American fandom together again. Seems worthwhile; Yandro has always favored integration (all kinds) but I note that our British contributions in 1972 have been restricted to three artists; Jim Cawthorn, Arthur Thomson, and Dave Piper. Plus several letter writers, of course. (We do not go out and ask people for material, but it used to be that it would come in uninvited from Britain as well as the States. It doesn't, any more.) Nicely reproduced. Artwork is skimpy, but there is a nice back cover by Alan Hunter, who I hadn't heard of since he was art editor of Nebula (the magazine, not the award) 10, these many years ago. Fairly good letter column takes up over half the issue. Good article by Darrell Schweitzer and not-so-good material by others.

Rating.....5

South of the Moon #7 (Larry Nielson, 1506 N. San Antonio, Pomona CA 91767 -- trade, 1/16¢, 2/24¢, 3/32¢) This is simply a list of apas, with a short paragraph of description about each. Seven pages of apas, which is a trifle nagging to me. (I see somebody else is actually collecting money for Apa 55; Bruce had ideas along that line, but never got very far with them.)

Swales and Forrests Grand Stud of Racing Horses and Flying Cockerals #1 (Frank Denton, 14554 - 8th Ave., SW, Seattle WA 98166 -- 4/\$1) I hate people with titles like that (long and misspelled). A little quarter-sized personalzine. Because, Frank says, Ash-wing is getting big and "It's not something in which I can say Hi to" his personal friends with. (A -- why not? I can do any damned thing I want to with Yandro, 300 circulation or not. B -- if this one is to remain small and personal, why are you sending it to a fanzine reviewer?) Moderately interesting editorial ramblings.

Prehensile #5 (Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola Street, Sylmar CA 91342 -- 35¢, 3/\$1, trade, contrib) Fairly standard type, moderately thick (45pp) fanzine. Very good informal symposium on the problems of international fandom, article on what scientific investigations have been made of esp, a fan history quiz (oog), some very good and some not so good reviews, and letters.

Rating.....6

Gepheid Variable #7 (Bob Stahl, PO Box 4072, College Station TX 77840 -- loc, contrib, trade, 50¢) Very nice repro; offset, presumably. Nice artfolio by Doug Potter. Written material didn't strike my fancy. Varied -- from how to sell to prozines to personal natterings -- but none of it seemed terribly interesting. Rating.....4

Forthcoming SF Books #9 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, TX 77566 -- 4/\$1, \$1.50 per year) Other activities are cutting into Joanne's fan time (welcome to the club). So this covers 5 months, June thru October, and very few of the titles

are still "forthcoming". Still, it's a handy item for checking what's available; if your local newsstand carries it all, you're lucky.

Outworlds 3.4 (Bill & Joan Bowers, PO Box 354, Wadsworth OH 44281 -- accepted material, arranged trades, printed locs, 60¢) Surprisingly -- because it doesn't usually -- this one had two items I enjoyed hugely; Susan Glicksohn's account of buying a styrofoam lion and Jodie Offutt's comments on various and sundry reading material, along with senses of wonder and childhood reflections. (But when you say Flinch was not around when you were a child, you should specify that it wasn't around you, Jodie; I had a deck at age 8 or 9, and if you're older than I am you're remarkably well preserved. Matter of fact, I still have that deck; I was a remarkably quiet and non-destructive child. Probably because I realized we were poor and when something was destroyed, that was it; there wouldn't be any more forthcoming.) The usual outstanding repro and varied artwork. Rating.....7

Starling #23 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main #1, Madison, WI 53703 -- 50¢, 3/\$1, trade, contrib, loc) This seems to be a nostalgia issue, with Hank discussing old comics and Chris Couch doing a fairly long article on old tv "science-fiction" series. Jim Turner defends John Wayne, Joe Sanders reviews a borderline stf book that I never heard of before, and there is a long, excellent letter column. Excellent repro. Rating.....7

Mota #6 (Terry Hughes, Route #3, Windsor, MO 65360 -- loc, trade, contrib, sample for 25¢) Variety of material. Creath Thorne has some pertinent remarks on "What's Wrong With Fandom" (Terry says it isn't all that way, but that isn't the point; some of it is that way), Lee Hoffman contrasts the Indiginous American Folk Criminal with the Organizational Criminal, Grant Canfield reveals his shameful secret, and there is a letter column that doesn't seem as interesting as usual. Rating.....6

Columbia Fandom: The Last Shot (Doug Carroll, 1109 Pequin St., Columbia MO 65201) Commemorating the Columbia Fan Center, as the Luttrells, Terry Hughes, the Thornes, Chris Couch, and Claudia Parrish all move. For a one-shot, it's remarkably good; even Hank's history of Columbia fandom is readable if not inspiring. All the more fannish members contribute articles, and Jim Turner is exposed as a hoax. (Obviously the biggest hoax in fandom...) Remarkable. I've corresponded with fan hoaxes before, but this is the first one I've ever sat around at a convention and talked to. One might even get the impression that they're kidding; but Hank and Terry would never do a thing like that... Rating.....6

Vertigo #15 (Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Road, Durham NC 27707) Local and national news items, an index of the works of Otis Adelbert Kline, and the major item of interest, a long review of the movie WHO FEARS THE DEVIL?, which does everything but list the movie's name (I've heard several, at one time or another, none of them as good as the book title). Mainly, the reviewer thinks it wasn't as bad as might have been expected from the producer of DANIEL BOONE but isn't exactly a classic, either. I guess the lead role is taken by a genuine folksinger, but one I'd never heard of before -- Hedge Capers. (Why, since logical choice Gisco Houston is dead, they didn't pick Hoyt Axton for the part, I can't say; Axton can act, which the reviewer says Capers can't. Alan Arkin also started out as a folksinger, but undoubtedly was too expensive for this outfit.) Rating.....5

Yellow Balloon #6 (Richard Small, 117 S. Meridian St. #3, 32301 -- presumably in Tallahassee, FL. 20¢, 6/\$1) Mostly this is a rundown of Tallahassee fandom, and mostly it isn't very interesting. (I have found biographies of unknown fans totally useless, and histories of local fandoms not much less so. I can learn more about a fan by reading a postcard written by him than I can from several pages written about him...possibly due to the fact that fan biographers aren't very good at it.) Rating.....2

(Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia) This is to sort of fill in the gap between issues of Gegenschein; why he just didn't call it Gegenschein is beyond me. Editorial material and letters; moderately interesting. Rating.....4

Warm Heart Pastry 1.5 (Neal Goldfarb, 30 Brodwood Dr., Stamford CT 06902 - loc, contrib, trade, 35¢) Very thin personalzine. Rock, tv, and fannish catch-phrases are three items I have very close to a total lack of interest in, so I didn't think much of the fanzine.

- Yaazz #3 (Dave Hulvey, Rt 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg VA 22801 - loc, contrib) Also thin. Piece of faan fiction, which is perhaps the most original treatment of the genre that I've seen -- not the best, but the most original. Plus letters, at least two of which I suspect of having also been written by the editor.

No 11 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417 -- trade, loc, 25¢) Article on religious -- particularly Jewish -- stf by Dave Hulan, very good poem by Nan Braude, article on Kenneth Grahame by Mary Schaub, piece of fan fiction -- long thing for a 12-year-old to write, item on Owen Barfield by Ruth (you want to know who Owen Barfield is, get the issue and find out), one of John Boardman's outrageous puns, and a few letters. Rather small fanzine, but enjoyable. I'm not too thrilled by much of the artwork, but fascinated by the two samples from Rae Ladore, whoever she is.

Rating.....6

- T-Negative #18 (Ruth Berman, address above - 75¢) A "Star Trek" fanzine, featuring both articles and fiction -- I read the articles and ignore the fiction, except occasionally for what Ruth writes herself. This issue also has a "Guide to Fandom" for Trekkies who have matured (yes, that was a nasty crack). But you left Yandro out of the list of fanzines, Ruth; it won a Hugo, is still being published, and is open to new subscribers, even if we don't go out and beat the bushes for them. We've had a fair number of ST fans among the readership and contributors in the past several years too. (I'd sooner have a Trekkie paid subscriber than someone who tells me what a hopelessly worthless, uninteresting, out-of-date fanzine Yandro is, and then complains that he's being persecuted when he's cut off the trade list.)

Warehouse #3 (D. Gary Grady, 520 Orange Street, Wilmington NC 28401 - loc, contrib, 25¢) Small fanzine, about average repro. Poor repro on artwork (not badly cut, just not enough ink). Fine editorial, good reviews (books, fanzine, and "A Clockwork Orange"), short, but good lettercolumn.

Rating.....5

SF Commentary #27 (Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001 Australia -- loc, contrib, trade, \$3/9) Very thin issue, devoted entirely to part of a critique of J.G. Ballard's THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION, which as far as I am concerned is a ridiculous thing to waste paper on. (Though I'm struck by a quote from Ballard in which he admits that he has only a vague idea of what he's doing.)

Scythrop #26 (John Bangsund, PO Box 357, Kingston, ACT 2604, Australia - 6/\$3, Andy Porter, address above, USAgent - or trade, contrib, loc) In a clever plastic disguise that imitates SF Commentary. Even the contents. John says it's his way of saluting SF Commentary. I guess so.

Renaissance VI #3 (John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922 -- 25¢) Major items are the editor's rundown of Hugo nominees, Darrell Schweitzer's assault on the Berkley paperback, NEW WORLDS, and Richard M. Hodgens' dissection of Disch's THE RUINS OF EARTH (which I thoroughly agree with; Disch is the sort of ecological protagonist who makes me yearn to defend the Army Engineers). Then there are more or less standard reviews, including the interesting information that WE (the one by Zamiatin, not Lindbergh) is available in a new translation by Mirra Ginsburg for \$6.95. It's a good book, but I think I'll stick to my Zilboorg translation in a Dutton pb; \$6.95 is a bit much.

Rating.....6

Placebo #4 (Moshe Fder & Barry Smotroff, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing NY 11355 - contrib, loc, all for all trade, 35¢) Personalzine; all editorial ramblings. Moderately, but only moderately, interesting.

Rating.....4

Kyben #2, 3 (Jeff Smith, 4102-301 Potter Street, Baltimore MD 21229 -- 3/\$1) #2 is

mostly turned over to Darrell Schweitzer's Catholic education, and I must say he makes me feel as though I'd missed something. (Or possibly that something akin to one of those cement-mixing trucks had missed me...). #3 is the travelogue issue; James Tip-tree on the glories of Mexico (plus a couple of warnings), and Charlie Hopwood on Austria. I envy, somewhat.

zEEn #2, 3 (Earl Evers, Box 5053, Main Station, San Francisco CA 94109) Evers is pushing Kelsonian Capitalism in these issues. Sounds interesting, at any rate; I'm not enough of an economist to have a good idea of how it would work in practice. Worth picking up copies and reading them.

Science Fiction on Radio (Meade & Penny Frierson, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham AL 35223) A 50-page survey of all the sf radio programs -- or at least all those that were part of a regular series. Each individual program is listed, with scriptwriter, actors, and any other pertinent information. Fantasy series, such as "Lights Out" and "Inner Sanctum", which featured some science fiction, are noted briefly. What the editors consider strictly juvenile programs are ignored, which pretty well restricts it to "Dimension X", "X-1", "2000 Plus", "Tales of Tomorrow", and "Exploring Tomorrow".

Twilight Zine #26 (JOURCOM c/o MITSFS, Room W20-421, M.I.T., 84 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge MA 02139 -- contrib, trade, 25¢) Two major items, both fiction. The updating of "Flash Gordon" begins to pall somewhat, probably because I never followed the original, and thus the revisions become just one more crappy space-opera. "Charley Tool and the Submarine Bushwackers" is an amusing parody. Nice Dollens cover.

Rating.....5

The Anything Thing #3 (Frank Balazs & Matthew Schneck, 19 High Street, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520 - loc, trade, contrib, 25¢) Very thin, containing editorials, letters, and fanzine reviews. Editors announce that they're new to fandom, so presumably the paucity of material and rather poor reproduction will improve in time. (Though they are so pleasant about it that I cynically wonder how many fans will pay any attention to them.)

IS #6 (Tom Collins, Fan Press, Lakemont, GA 30552 - \$1.50) Here we have the precise opposite; an 80-page offset mag, fairly bristling with professional contributors. Transcript of a speech by Asimov which reads much like one of his F&SF articles. Article full of formulae proving that Niven's Ringworld is unstable. Account of the Tulane Writers Workshop by Grant Carrington that leaves me even more uninterested in attending one than I was before, if possible. Description of an Apollo liftoff by Poul Anderson. Couple of not-too-amusing fiction items. Item by Carl Jacobi, reminiscing on his past writing. Article by E. Hoffman Price on astrological influences on Lovecraft. First installment of "A Clairvoyant Looks at Drugs", which is such an idiotically "in" title that it should be in one of the underground papers, for the benefit of their emotional, unthinking readers. Various other items, including a piece of incredibly bad modern fiction and a series of letters from R.E. Howard to Lovecraft. Mostly a well-written assortment.

Viewpoint #8, 9 (Fred Hemmings, 20, Beech Rd., SLOUGH, SL3 7DQ Bucks., U.K. - trade, loc, or 10p + postage) The usual variety -- only from what I gather, it isn't usual in a British fanzine. The Irish Problem, large amount of comment on the BSFA, fiction, an interview with apparently every British author who wandered through the Globe within reach of the interviewer's microphone, long and uniquely arranged con report, letters, etc. Varicolored paper; reproduction too light on the darker colors but otherwise okay. Quality seems about average.

Rating.....5

Smile Awhile #10 & 11 (Florence Jenkins, 13335 S. Vermont Avenue, Gardena CA 90247) The Alcoholic Anonymous fanzine.

Norstrilian News #2:4 (John Foyster, PO Box 96, South Yarra, Victoria 3141, Australia 11/81) About what it says. Mail is a little late getting across the Pacific, so that you're reading about what happened a couple of months ago, but otherwise much like any other newsletter, Repro not so hot.

Rating.....4

Sanders #18-19 (Dave Nee, 977 Kains, Albany CA 94706 - 4/\$1) News, fanzine reviews, an opera column by Quinn Yarbrow, and reminiscings by E. Hoffman Price.

Rating.....5

Son of the WSFA Journal #51/60 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, MD 20906 - 20¢) Some news; lots of reviews and lists of new books.

The Gamesletter #34-41 (Don Miller, address above - 6/\$1) Official organ of the N3F Games Bureau. News of new board games, games fanzine reviews. Presumably valuable for board games enthusiasts.

Luna Monthly #37, 38-39 (Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell NJ 07649 -- 35¢) This former newsletter is gradually getting into the field of serious articles on specific writers, interviews, etc. Still a fair amount of European news, a list of forthcoming books, list of coming fan events -- conventions, club meetings and the like. But mostly reviews, interviews, and articles. All reasonably well done. Digest-size offset format; beautiful repro.

Rating.....5

Son of Grafan #17-19 (Walt Stumper, 8764 New Hampshire, St. Louis MO 63123) Newsletter of the St. Louis comics group (and with the demise of the Thompsons' fanzine, the only comics newsletter that I know about). Also some stf and movie news; a few letters, and so on. Worthwhile for anyone interested in comics fandom.

The Passing Parade #1 (Milton F. Stevens, 9849 Tabor St. #3, Los Angeles CA 90034) FAPAazine. I'm not sure how available it is to the general public, but Stevens' account of the Los Angeles police department work (mixed in with the account of having his own car stolen) is very well done and makes it worthwhile trying to get a copy of the mag. The account is both amusing and appalling, and makes me happier than ever that I don't live in a city.

Pfennig-Halbpennig #6/8 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta T1J 2N0, Canada 100 pages for a dollar) A postal Diplomacy journal, primarily for carrying the moves of game 1972BC.

Barataria #1/4 (John McCallum, address above, same price) This one covers game 1972BD. (If you want to know what all these terms mean, write McCallum, not me.)

Title #6, 7 (Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley, St. Louis MO 63131) Nice little fanzine dedicated to discussions of just about everything. Not at all editor-written, but very strictly editor-controlled. Enjoyable.

Rating.....6

Locus #119/124 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco CA 94116 -- 12/\$3) The major fan newsletter.

Fantasy Trader #10 (Ron Bennett, British School, B-7010 SHAPE, Belgique, BFPO 26 -- USAgent Robert Coulson -- 6/\$1.25) Entirely composed of sale lists for collectors.

Got a few more read while I was in hospital, so we'll finish out the page; anything else recently received will have to wait until December issue.

GEGENSCHNITT #6 (Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia - 35¢ or 3 for \$1.00 - no schedule listed) Becoming a quite respectably thick little fanzine; 40-plus pages this time. Material is generally good, opening with an undecipherable bit by Jack Wodhams, then a Final Solution to the Irish Problem by Paul Harwitz, Nick Shears' South African column, Sheryl Birkhead's con report, the publisher's Revelation concerning the origin of CYPHER, lots of fanzine reviews, a few book reviews, editorial, and a regrettably short letter column. Oops; and a light but probably accurate article on the workings of the Scientific Method in practice. And verse, the less said about which the better. This one has been steadily improving; give it a try.

Rating.....6

REGURGITATION 6 #4 (Norman Hochberg, 89-07 209th. St., Queens Village, NY 11427 - bimonthly - sample free, after that respond or pay 25¢ each) Thin but moderately interesting. This and future issues will all have themes, says the editor. This one is on NY fandom; viewpoints from Norm and Hank Davis are not the usual ones. A few other snippets of material and letters included.

Rating.....4

