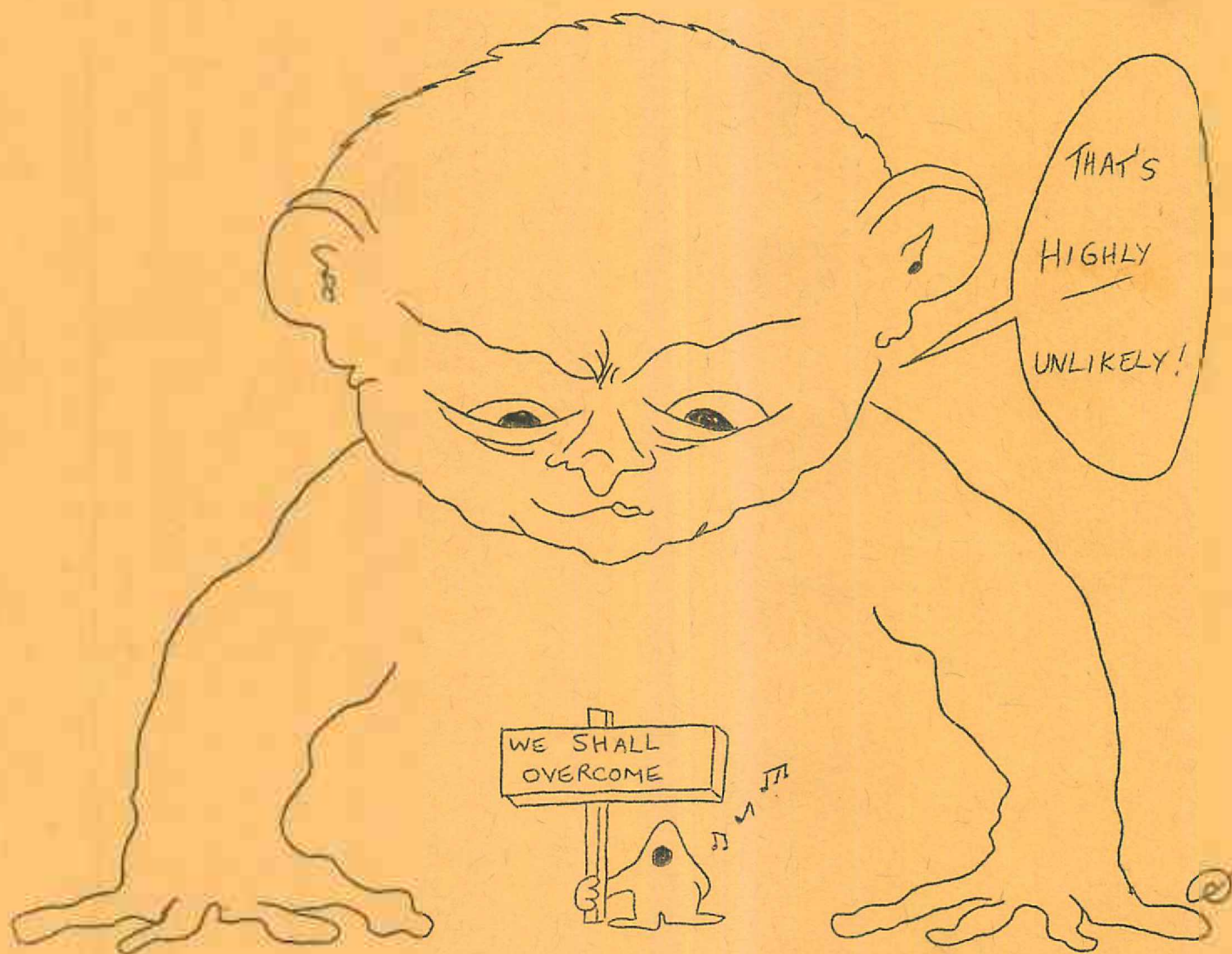


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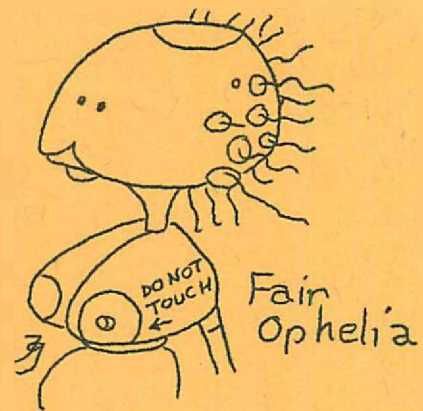
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No, we have not turned it into a letterzine. See Rumblings.

ARTWORK

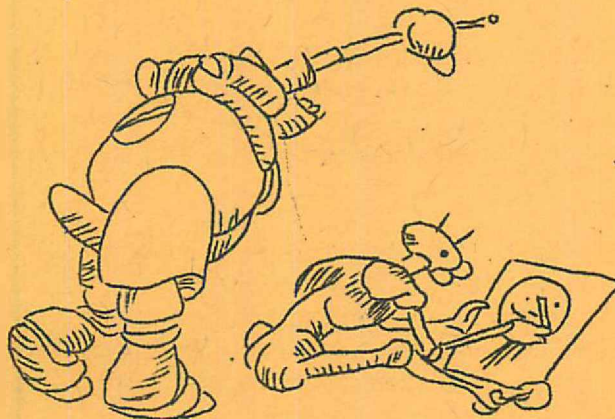
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interpreted by Jack Gaughan

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LOUELLA PARSNIP AND HEDDA CABBAGE AT CHAMBANACON, or:
The Plowboys of the Midwestern World



What prominent St. Louis fan swore that
everything was on the up and up after a
scantily dressed Big-Name Pro and the wife
of a midwestern fan fell into his room
when he opened the door? Hmmm?

Which svelte fem-fan compelled what well-
known raconteur and BNF to strip to his
underwear (at least) in her hotel room?
Has the passion of midwest fandom been un-
derrated?

Then there was the midwestern publisher
who left a party with another fan's wife
for a pack of cigarettes and came back with
a candy bar, which he presented to his
wife as proof of innocence. Never become so
inflamed you can't remember your own story,
people..... Ta ta..see you at Midwestcon.



This has not been the easiest issue we ever produced. And I want to apologize to the readers for the lousy appearance of some pages in this issue. Particularly I want to apologize to the artists whose work may have been ill treated or letter writers whose golden prose may be a bit smudgy in places.

Illness and machinery problems complicated producing this issue, almost beyond belief (or it would be if I hadn't been through this sort of thing before, unfortunately). The issue has been, for the most part, on stencil for over a month. Holiday preparations slowed matters somewhat. Then various of us, including yours truly, fell

sick. Now other people can cut stencils and collate and whatnot; but I've made the mimeo my province. There are tricks of the trade, and nobody else around here has learned them.

(The illness, a recurring nuisance, seems to have been diagnosed, finally. What we have here is in effect arthritis of the jaw. Well, at least it's nice to know why all those sinus remedies didn't work well. I guess. I would say I might have been better off with the sinnsitis; they've got medicines that break that up. Aspirin doesn't do much but knock the sharp corners off what I've got. I could say I'll just have to grin and bear it -- except there are times when grinning hurts.)

Any poor idiot out there who has ever tried to publish a fanzine knows there are things that can go wrong. Especially with machinery, either your own or your printer's. This time it was mine. I had my Rex tuned up in late October or so, thinking this would save me emergency trips to the repairman. What fools we mortals be. I started running this issue. And pages started feeding slaunchwise, consistently. I have a small body of expertise in these matters, and all the available remedies failed. Forty mile trip to the repair shop.

The repair shop has a young new repairman to take the load off the older men. Young repairman is a product of modern technology incarnate; been to school and everything. I brought in my machine and complained and got a condescending and contemptuous superior smile. (The one male chauvinist repairmen reserve for stupid incompetent women.) We went through the "Did you try..." "Yes, I did" "Hmm" routine until he became grudgingly convinced maybe I did know what I was talking about and there was something seriously amiss -- not a mere failure to plug in the machine. I felt like telling him I'd been operating mimeos longer than he'd been alive, but some male egos are so fragile.

I was given a loaner machine which drove like a truck and underinked on the edges, particularly the left. I plowed grimly ahead for several pages, then received a bright and bushy-tailed postcard telling me my machine was all fixed. I drove down to the repair shop, clutching a stencil and a ream of paper. I insisted they test run for me before I took it back.

What I should have insisted on was a lengthy test run. The machine performed nicely in the shop, and for about a thousand sheets after I got home. Then it started doing the same thing again. I spouted a fair amount of expletive and gritted my teeth and determined to cope. Gas was getting expensive and time was way past short. Unfortunately, everything I could do to cope with the slaunchwise feeding resulted in nervewracking numbers of sheets being creased while feeding.

just read
The situation got progressively worse, to the point where I have expected one of the Rex's double drums to come loose and roll onto the feed table. Finally, I gave up. I took the stencils that remained and went through a tedious procedure of punching holes for a nine-hole header. (I could have applied some spare cardboard heads, but for me punching holes is quicker.) I used the SFWA mimeo, which we've been storing, to finish up. I don't like to use a machine which doesn't belong to me, but maybe it qualifies as recompense for space rental. The SFWA mimeo is a Gestetner 360 and a lovely machine. I wished I given up on the Rex sooner.

So you have your choice of bad copy. Underinked on the left, pages crooked, creased, or overinked where I had to run the stencil a second time, after it had taken a battering.

I am hoping you are not the same. I'll try to do better the next time, after speaking sharply to Joe Business Machine College at the repair shop.

One of the penalties we pay for our lovely rural isolation (fresh air, no neighbors who complain about the stereo, our own garden, etc.) is distance from places like repair shops. Tanstaaf!, I guess.

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I've finished a manuscript on contract for Lancer. No word yet whether it will be finally accepted, but I had an advance. And I determined I would see the last Apollo launch in color and splurged on a color tv. I'm sure to some this is the height of frivolity, but I consider I more than got my money's worth during those days in December. Better, of course, would have been being there. Best would have been going myself. Unlike Frank Magee and cohorts, I approve of the program. One of the more mind-rotting incidents of the coverage was watching Frank Magee saying (to millions of people via the wonders of electronics) that he was happy the program was over because he thought technology was dehumanizing and if ghod had meant man to fly he would have.... Now rub your stomach and pat your head, Frank. JWC

a coulumn

Hello. This was supposed to be the December issue. If it is, I'll be doing a flash-forward and talking about January. See?

December: This was a good month for me. In debating I went to Student Congress (Call me Senator Coulson) and took an award. On the mercenary holiday of Christmas I received books and money. During Christmas vacation (which my father said was longer than it was in his day) I sat around a lot and played two games of "1914", an Avalon Hill game where you re-fight WWI. (I say it's a rigged game; the Germans can't win under the rules given.) I also got into Postal Chess. Postal Chess is, for the benefit of those of you who don't know, a game in which you send moves by mail to your opponents. I am now playing five out of six games. One contestant hasn't started yet.

What is this billing on the contents page? A Coulumn -- Chit-chat, indeed! And "Occasional help from"... what's this occasional business? I always help.

January: This is a hectic month (going to be). Every single weekend something is going on. The first week a debate meet (and going to an Isfa meeting the same day; we've decided that my parents will pick me up after the debate and we'll go on to the meeting.). The second weekend, another debate. The third one, going to Milwaukee. The fourth one, playing in a Chess Tournament at Ball State University. I am going to pick the school team, and then go into the singles section. I feel I will have better chances if I'm not tied to a team composed of members who really aren't all that good.

School: Wasn't as bad as I'd though it would be. So far I'm taking everything in stride.

Re Liz Fishman's letter: I can too remember the Mickey Mouse Club. Of course, I was so young I only watched the commercials, but... BEC

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This issue has been delayed mostly because of my putting off doing my editorial. The bulk of the contents were on stencil before Thanksgiving, but I didn't get around to finishing it up. Maybe it was letdown when I saw we wouldn't get it mailed in November - or maybe the loss of my teeth left me afraid to face the wilds of fandom. Anyway, this is being typed on Dec. 5, and we end up with 6 issues in 1972. Not a good year. Next issue is our 20th Anniversary, so we should have a slightly larger issue. Material on hand by Tucker, Offutt, DeWeese, and Christopher; presumably Locke will have a column ready, and maybe we can

persuade Liz to do something for the occasion. Actually we have even more material; our slow schedule this year let it pile up. We'll try to do better on that next year, too; first catching up on the older stuff. Plus lots of letters, of course. Rather surprisingly, to me, the two arguments generating the most letters are the ones on feminism and foreign languages (neither of which I can participate in, as I'm not female and have spent a total of perhaps an hour in a non-English-speaking country.

(Hey, I miscounted up there; 7 issues this year. Still not too good, but....)

Last issue, I was just getting out of the hospital. Shortly after I got out, Dr. Dudgeon went in (I realize I've been somewhat of a problem patient, but really....) Then just as I was ready to have impressions taken for my new teeth, my dentist had a stroke, and is still in the hospital. So we found another dentist and I have faint hopes of getting the teeth in by Christmas. Otherwise I've been faring pretty well, despite picking up one of Bruce's colds and going back to coughing up green slime for awhile.

Despite being somewhat behind in work around the house, we couldn't pass up Chamban-acon, though we did cut it down to Saturday and Sunday. (Though I gather a good time was had by all Friday night.) That's becoming my favorite convention, I think. Not so much because it's small as because I like almost everyone who attends (and in two years I have yet to find anyone there whom I wished to avoid in the future, which is more than I can say about any other convention). We spent our time with the Frankes, Passovoy, Tucker, Wolfe, the Hansens, Ann Cass, and various other people. So many people there to see that we barely got a chance to say hello to the Stopas and Larry Nichols. Maureen Gillespie turned up Sunday; I never see her anywhere but Chamban-acon (or hear from her, either). Official program consisted of a panel discussion, the most important result of which was the decision that the best way to preserve old books, manuscripts, etc., is to can them. (In case you really want to know...) I didn't attend the banquet; did attend the art auction but didn't buy anything. One southern fan arrived with some beautiful stuff, but it was all so huge that we wouldn't have had any place to put it. Bruce did bid in one painting, with the aid of half the people in the audience when his own funds ran short.

Con-going is now over for the year and we can concentrate on housework. Like finishing the straightening-up of the library, cleaning up my corner of the office again, doing Christmas cards, fixing a couple of light switches and most of the faucets, etc. Maybe even get back to writing some time - at least now I feel like doing some work, which is more than I've done all year to date.

I've just started reading all the 1972 sf mags, beginning with AMAZING. Recommendations for Hugos next issue. (So far, I'm not much impressed, but then I haven't read very far. Rather startled to see my name in a Rotsler story - why Haldeman and Coulson out of all SFIA officialdom, I wonder?)

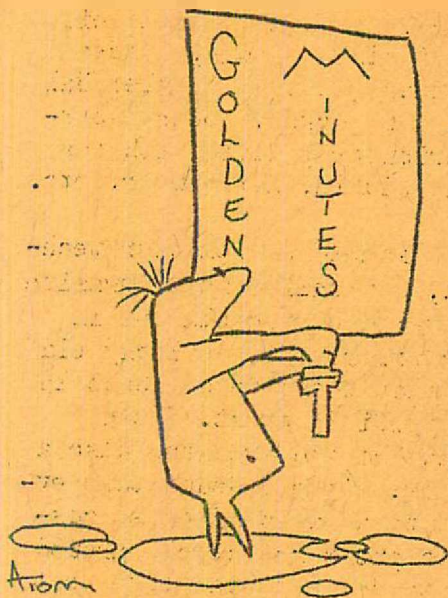
The Conan Grimoire is out. This includes "John Carper and His Electric Barsoom", by "Thomas Stratton"; the first appearance of DeWeese and I in hard covers. Not bad, considering we wrote it originally for YANDRO in 1956, with no expectation of it ever

roughly all on the line

going any farther. We've even been paid for it now - not much, but every little bit helps. Of course, 1956 was a pretty good year for YANDRO, Skimming through, I note the names of Robert Bloch, Betsy Curtis, Lee Hoffman, Hal Annas (anyone remember Hal Annas?), Dan Adkins, Bill Harry, Eddie Jones, Brian Lumley, Bob Tucker, Robert Abernathy, Marion Zimmer Bradley and Kent Moomaw among the contributors, along with the regulars, Coulson, Adams, DeWeese, R.E. Gilbert, DEA, Chuck Spidell, Marv Bryer, etc. We've had worse years.

Things still appear in the mailbox. One is an interesting example of computer technology. It's an ad for "White Mountain Paradise" in Arizona, but unlike most townsites ads it has a new gimmick. The promoter, it says, just discovered one unsold lot in his townsite, and in order to finish things off neatly he's offering it to lucky old me at a tremendous bargain. (Only \$1200 for a one-acre lot that looks to be about 15 miles dead - and I use the term advisedly - south of the Petrified Forest. I can hardly resist.) Anyway, the promotional packet includes a map of the area and also a map of the townsite with my lot dutifully circled in red. Now, since I doubt that even the most rapacious land-sellers would offer the same lot to a thousand or so customers, I assume that what was done was set up a computer to put a red circle around every lot in the development, in succession. Too expensive to do something like that by hand, but computer technology puts it within reach of the average land company. The wonderful world of technology,....

To complement the above, Ross Peterson sends an article on mailing lists; fairly interesting, but nothing quotable. Gene Wolfe sent a copy of CATHOLIC WORKER, but I think I'll put it in with the fanzines to review at more length next issue. SOUTHERN POVERTY LAW CENTER NEWS reports gleefully that the U.S. Supreme Court has forced Alabama to redistrict in single-member districts, thereby giving black voters a chance to elect a few of their own representatives (Julian Bond was getting lonesome there in the state legislature.) A British clipping (from Dodd, presumably - or maybe Piper?) mentions the struggle of a few citizens of a British hamlet to get the name changed; they think it's undignified, while other old residents prefer to keep the old traditional name. It's a little down in Dorset called Shitterton, located on the River Piddle. Jackie Franke sends a clipping about a girl who was jailed in Maryland because she refused to have the abortion her mother wanted her to have. Dodd sends a Daily Express article expressing righteous horror because of the ease of obtaining guns in this country. Which is a nice lead-in for a clipping of my own; it seems that in gunless British society, held up to all liberal Americans as the epitome of calm rationality, the number of crimes of violence (murder, manslaughter and assault) rose from a total of 1,706 in 1938 to 12,304 in 1961 to 29,874 in 1971. Still below the U.S. total, of course - but considering that such crimes have more than doubled in the last 10 gunless years, how long are they going to stay below the US total? And a British fan was calling our society violent? Sure-banning firearms will reduce crime. - just look at Britain. When did the British ban handguns, anyway? I have the impression it was before 1938, which would bear out the testimony of the British cop who said they have 10 times as much violence now as they did before the ban. Another clipping from Dodd berates the commercialization of the Dallas memorial to Kennedy; I've never seen the place, but it sounds pretty ghoulish. Mary Schaub sends a batch; I particularly liked the story of the National Military Vehicles Collectors Association; as a collector in a small way myself I regard with mild awe anyone who has the money - and room - to go in for collecting Sherman tanks, jeeps, tank destroyers, and so on. (In fact, considering some of the nuts I see on the roads every day, I would not mind having a Sherman tank myself.) Also according to a Schaub clipping, Michigan is now going through soul-searching on the Daylight Saving Time problem. Indiana has hers settled, now that we got rid of our idiot governor who fouled things up worse; Indiana (except for enclaves around the borders) doesn't change the clocks back and forth spring and fall; we're on Eastern Standard the year around. Which means that in summer we're on the same time as El Paso, and in the winter we're with New York City. Good luck, Michigan. Then there is the one about the problems of the New York City Sanitation Department, which is on occasion called upon to remove dead animals. Such as, one year, 110 horses, 6 ponies, 5 deer, 5 mules, 2 camels, 2 sea lions, 1 elephant (one would seem to be enough), 1 bison, 1 sheep, 1 wolf and 1 whale. No elephants so far this year but they've had a yak and 3 llamas. Hoping you are the same.....



SOWN IN THE DARKNESS, by William Richard Twiford (Orlin Tremaine Co. 1941) Purchased secondhand, obviously. Mainly because I never heard of the Orlin Tremaine Co. and it isn't listed in the Chalker-Owings index of publishers. Any of you collectors out there know anything about it? Text and illustrations are both 1930-Gernsback, coupled - in the text at least - with a vicious racism. ("This policy resulted in 'jamming the United States with hordes of mentally deficient black, brown and yellow people.' "...a wave of interracial marriage was producing a mongrel, half-witted American citizenry.") In fact, I can't imagine why Tremaine - who was one of the best sf editors of his day - ever published the novel. It isn't saved by the quality of the prose, certainly; it's stiff and occasionally downright awkward. Plot is pure melodrama - so pure that it becomes fairly interesting at times to see if the author is going to have the gall to drag in one more cliché. (He usually does.) It's topped off with an 83-page appendix explain-

ing the social and economic theories propounded in the novel. All in all, it can make a strong claim for the title of the worst science fiction novel ever written. As for the "science" - "It is a biological fact that the blood of the dark races is the stronger and will predominate." (But in the middle of laughing at the arrogant ignorance of the author, one should stop and shudder at the idea that anyone - even William Richard Twiford of Miami - could ever believe this garbage.) An instructive book, in its way....which is not the way the author intended it to be instructive.

SHIP OF DESTINY, by Henry J. Slater (Crowell, 1951) I'm rather surprised that the paperbacks have never reprinted this one. Not that it's a classic, but they're reprinting much worse. Slater has a fair share of intolerance himself, but he's a better writer and keeps in bounds better than Twiford does.....a phrase like "his negroid lips did not meet", as part of the description of a despicable character, could easily be missed entirely by a rapid reader. (The fact that the character in question is a stereotyped rich Jew is harder to overlook, admittedly....) Most of his characters are stereotypes of one sort or another, but he throws them all into a ship which survives a cataclysm which submerges our familiar continents and gets a fairly interesting story out of the results. I can even forgive some of the stilted conversation. Not really a good book, but an interesting idea.

THE GREEN PHOENIX, by Thomas Burnett Swann (DAW, 95¢) The author's original title, "Love Is A Dragonfly", fits the story better but probably wouldn't have sold worth a damn. Too bad. This is another of Swann's gentle fantasies, with Aeneas the Trojan figuring as central character, along with a younger Mellonia, who later in life becomes the heroine of Where Is The Bird of Fire? (I suspect that eventually everything he has written is going to interlock, one way or another.) I think I enjoy Swann's books so much because he's an expert at providing interesting characters - they become people I'd enjoy knowing. This is one of his good ones, and the society of the dryads is far more entertaining than that of the usual sf alien. It's topped off with a lovely cover and nice interior illos by George Barr (appreciative comments by the author on Barr's work should appear somewhere in our letter column).

THE IRON DREAM, by Norman Spinrad (Avon, 95¢) I think Avon chickened out, because really the book is Lord of the Swastika, by Adolf Hitler, the German sf writer who emigrated to America in 1919 (to escape Willy Ley?) and became a popular author. There is a short biography of the author in a prologue, and an "Afterword" which is mostly a critique of the symbolism of Hitler's fiction, plus a list of his other works; The Master Race, The Thousand Year Rule, Tomorrow The World, etc. A claim is made that the novel won a posthumous Hugo in 1954 (obviously from nostalgic voters, since the plot is that of the 1930s rather than the mid-Fifties; quite similar to Twiford's work.)

It becomes, in fact, rather dull after the first 150 pages or so, but continues for another 100 before giving in. There is the occasional excellent sequence - such as the hero's reaction to his first motorcycle gang. ("Magnificent!" Feric exclaimed.) All in all, it's a fascinating idea, reasonably well worked out.

MENTION MY NAME IN ATLANTIS, by John Jakes (DAW, 95¢) Jakes is doing a parody of his usual sword-and-sorcery epic here, and does a pretty good job of it. His central character is the fat, devious, con-man with a healthy regard for his own skin, a type that has been popular in science fiction at least since Giles Habibula. Rest of the cast includes a somewhat degenerate noble family, a scheming homosexual general, various females on the make, and the ultimate in crude, smelly barbarians, one Conax. I have seen better parodies in short form, but keeping it up at book length is harder to do, and Jakes has done a quite adequate job. Certainly the best thing I've ever read by him (not that I've read all that many of his books).

THE INNER WHEEL, by Keith Roberts (Playboy Press, 95¢) This has been around awhile; Playboy Press isn't even publishing original stuff any more (too bad; they had some excellent items). This one is good; three connected novelets detail the origin and growth of homo gestalt. It doesn't equal Sturgeon's More Than Human, but it's well handled right up to the end. Unfortunately, the conclusion gives the impression of being forced by the author rather than a natural development - or maybe the British mind doesn't work like mine. I didn't particularly believe it, anyway - but despite this flaw I enjoyed the book, and heartily recommend it, if you can find a copy.

AT THE SEVENTH LEVEL, by Suzette Haden Elgin (DAW, 95¢) The prologue here was a short story in F&SF in 1969, and an enjoyable one. From there we get into another "Coyote Jones" novel, which is a bit of a let-down, but still fairly good light fiction. The society of male chauvinist pigs is amusing if not terribly believable. Again there is George Barr art; both cover and interiors. I think YANDRO's female chauvinist readers will enjoy it if they're able to laugh at the social problems.

HOLDING WONDER, by Zenna Henderson (Avon, 95¢) Twenty stories, of which 12 seem to be original (no copyright and I don't recall ever reading them before). "The Indelible Kind" (a "People" story from F&SF), "J-Line To Nowhere" (the sterility of city life and discovery that country and room still exists, from F&SF - I think I like Henderson's stories because she has the same opinion of cities that I do), "You Know What, Teacher?" (family tragedy hinted at by a child's remarks to her teacher, from EQMM and an excellent story), "The Effectives" (the power of prayer, from WoT), "Loo Ree" (the "imaginary" playmate - a well-worked theme, but well handled here, from F&SF), "The Closest School" (an original idea on the alien contact theme, from FANTASTIC), "Three-Cornered and Secure" (repairing flaws in the continuum), "The Taste of Aunt Sophronia" (space-borne disease and a hex-doctor; a fairly slight effort), "The Believing Child" (the power of positive thinking, quite literally, from F&SF), "Through A Glass - Darkly" (seeing through time, and a personal tragedy, from F&SF), "As Simple As That" (the post-Diaaster society as seen in a schoolroom; minor), "Sweet And Garnished" (the view from an insane mind; excellent), "One of Them" (problems of identity of a telepath, plus a murder mystery), "Sharing Time" (the problem of children - but not adults - getting esp powers; solved in a way only a grade-school teacher would think of), "Ad Astra" (an unlikely but intriguing solution to overpopulation and space travel), "Incident After" (the ultimate city-dweller in the wide open spaces), "The Walls" (the incredibility of our lives as viewed from the past; good), "Crowning Glory" (an actual minor problem extrapolated into the future - the sort of story that makes me wonder "why didn't I think of that?" - but I didn't, and Henderson did, and makes a pretty fair story of it), "Boona On Scancia" (a somewhat different form of interplanetary sex), and "Love Every Third Stir" (trying to duplicate a witch's formula). Overall; quite good - pick up a copy.

ENTRY TO ELSEWHEN, by John Brunner (DAW, 95¢) Brunner is still rewriting his old fiction from the Carnell magazines. This has three novelets. "Host Age" looks at the problem of sacrifice for the future good from the point of view of the people being sacrificed; "Lungfish" is a minor story about evolution and a generation gap; "No Other Gods But Me", covering almost half the book, is a thoroughly enjoyable alternate

worlds story with no discernable moral, symbolic allusion, or any of the other alleged benefits of modern stf. I liked it. As for the rewrites, it's been a long time since I read the originals; my fallible memory didn't show me any important changes.

THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW, by Gerard Klein (DAW, 95¢) Translated from the French by P. J. Sokolowski, who seems to have done an excellent job. The story is much better than I expected, at any rate, and the writing flows easily. The problem is the familiar one of individuality opposed to bureaucracy (like most stf writers, Klein is opposed to the growing mechanization of our souls and can think of no solution not depending on miracles). But it's an enjoyable story, despite an occasional thought that I seem to have read much of it before, by various writers. Klein's bureaucrats have achieved the ultimate status quo by changing the past to stabilize the present - until one of the time control teams runs into unexpected problems.

WARLOCK, by Dean R. Koontz (Lancer, 95¢) This is by far the best Koontz book I've read to date - for almost the first time, his characters and their Quest are fairly interesting, and there is less awkward phraseology. Plot is fairly simple; post-Bomb society, with the villains having resurrected scientific gadgetry from the past to oppose the mental talents of the heroes, and the ruler of the Good Guys despatches an expedition to put a stop to the mining of antique lore. Plenty of varied action. Background is the usual exotic sort of thing one finds in swords and sorcery; good enough if not terribly exciting.

SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD, by Gordon R. Dickson (DAW, 95¢) Dickson was tripped up by the Kitchen Sink Technique in this one. Not satisfied with a mysterious side effect of broadcast power that puts people to sleep, he throws in a sentient wolf, an evil mutant child with the power to cloud men's minds, a hero with an extra brain, or at least the effect of one, including colloquies between under- and over-minds, villains who cast their shadows before them, The Old Man Of The Mountain, and a final confrontation between Ultimate Good and Ultimate Evil. It starts out well enough, but passes the bounds of my credulity about page 70 and keeps on going. Lots of action and a nice Freas cover, but aside from that.....

DARK SATANIC, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Berkley, 75¢) A gothic with a real witch-cult. (Marion's ~~modern~~ ~~witchery~~ background should be accurate, considering she helped edit SYBIL LEEK'S ASTROLOGY MAGAZINE for several months....) I can vouch for the authenticity of some of her drug lore; Juanita was on the "headache remedy" that she mentions on page 145, and says that's the way it works. (Marion's husband also had a bad experience with it - worse than Juanita's.) Prescribed for migraine. The plot is fairly standard gothic; there is enough of the supernatural element included to put it in the fantasy category.

7 CONQUESTS, by Poul Anderson (Collier, 95¢) I reviewed the book club edition awhile back (after which I forgot I had it, or I wouldn't have bought the paperback). Includes "Kings Who Die" (IF, 1963), "Wildcat" (F&SF, 1958), "Cold Victory" (F&SF, 1957), "Inside Straight" (F&SF, 1955), "Details" (IF, 1956), "License" (F&SF, 1957), and "Strange Bedfellows" (GALAXY, 1964). Good? Nearly all of Anderson's stories are worth reading if you haven't already done so (and can locate a copy of the book - Collier doesn't have the world's best distribution).

THE BOOK OF BRIAN ALDISS (DAW, 95¢) Includes "Comic Inferno" (I assume this would be classed as black humor - I didn't laugh), "The Underprivileged" (somewhat slightly overdone irony, with humanity cast in the role of Neanderthal to a galactic civilization), "Cardiac Arrest" (an experiment in which the disjointed thoughts of the central character are interpolated with his speech and action; as far as I'm concerned, the arrest didn't come soon enough), "In The Arena" (fairly standard action-adventure; somewhat - deliberately? - over-emotional), "All The World's Tears" (an early story; bitter and more than a little maudlin, but a pioneer in an area that David R. Bunch made his own some time later), "Amen and Out" (computers turned into quite literal gods; nicely done story), "The Soft Predicament" (very mod story about humanity and society, I think; I didn't read enough of it to be sure), "As For Our Fatan Continuity" (a vignette; I managed to miss the point of this one completely and I don't much give a damn), and "Send Her Victorious" (a study in psychiatric jargon). Overall - save your money.

ORBIT 10, ed. by Damon Knight (Berkley, 95¢) Includes Gene Wolfe's thoroughly weird novelet, "The Fifth Head of Cerberus" (heredity as the continuation of identity, fate, and the history of an odd family in an odder civilization), "Jody After The War" by Ed Bryant (the traumas engendered by war; I didn't find it terribly convincing), "Al", by Carol Emshwiller (an exceedingly dull story about differing cultures and universal human symbols and all that there stuff), "Now I'm Watching Roger" by Alex Panshin (lunar lunacy in the conflict between the unrestrained individual and the brainwashed martinet), "Whirl Cage" by Jack Dann (the horrors of overpopulation, not to mention the overwriting), "A Kingdom By The Sea" by Gardner Dozois (I didn't read it - I read one or two of his stories and that was enough), "Christlings" by Albert Teichner (the miracle psychiatric cure and the problems involved in too much of a good thing; fine story), "Live, From Berchtesgaden" by George Alec Effinger (use of the "possession" theme to run some old war atrocity footage; Effinger should be writing for the movies), "Dorg" by R. A. Lafferty (a bit saner than Lafferty's usual ideas, but still enjoyable), "Gantlet" by Richard E. Peck (more overpopulation, coupled with class warfare - a fairly straight story for this collection), and "The Fusion Bomb" by Kate Wilhelm (which I didn't read). Overall - still some good stories, but the series is getting less readable as it goes on.

BEST SCIENCE FICTION FOR 1972, ed. by Fred Pohl (Ace, \$1.25) God, another one. At least, this has little overlap with the Wollheim and Carr "Bests" - which is nice if you get all of them, but not so nice if you happen to believe the title. Oh well; here you get "Inconstant Moon" by Larry Niven (an extremely slight story about humanity in the face of disaster), "The Sunset, 2217 A.D., by Ryu Mitsuse (fairly familiar background of culture conflict and prejudice, but well handled), "Mother In The Sky With Diamonds" by James Tiptree, Jr. (intricate space-opera, reasonably good), "Conversational Mode" by Grahame Leman (lovely little item from NEW WRITINGS IN SF about computer psychoanalysis and conformity), "Sheltering Dream" by Doris Piserchia (the problem of identity; a little sticky, but otherwise reasonably well done), "At The House Circus" by Harlan Ellison (the usual flashy writing and, rather surprisingly; not much else), "Silent In Gehenna" by Ellison (symbolic and all - very good if you like that sort of thing), "Too Many People" by H. H. Hollis (one more experiment that ends the world; well enough done but a little dreary after so many others), "The Easy Way Out" by John Brunner (the psychology of the will to live), and "The Gold At The Starbow's End" by Fred Pohl (very good novelet of the creation of the super-race). Overall - I think he'd have had a better anthology if he hadn't been so loyal to his days as a GALAXY editor.

THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES, ed. by Richard Davis (DAW, 95¢) It was a bad year for horror - actually, from the copyrights, a bad three years. We have "Double Whammy" by Robert Bloch (rather pedestrian and not very logical), "The Sister City" by Brian Lumley (moderately good Lovecraft pastiche), "When Morning Comes" by Elizabeth Fancett (the horror of abortion and liberal politics - unintentionally amusing), "Prey" by Richard Matheson (nice impact, but none of the characters has any reason for any of his/her actions; maybe I should have said it would have had nice impact if it had possessed even a shred of internal consistency), "Winter" by Kit Reed (excellent story of love and survival - not horrible at all, but by far the best story in the book), "Lucifer" by E. C. Tubb (fairly nice conclusion, though the beginning strains the old Sense of Wonder to the utmost), "I Wonder What He Wanted..." by Eddy Bertin (a different sort of haunted house and the other really good story in the book), "Problem Child" by Peter Oldale (moderately good story of the child with super-powers), "The Scar" by Ramsay Campbell (could have been excellent if any reason had been offered for the events; as it is, mediocre), "Warp" by Ralph Norton (scientific horror; fairly well done), "The Hate" by Terri Pinckard (somewhat amateurish construction), "A Quiet Game" by Celia Fremlin (pretty good story of insanity brought on by the claustrophobia of crowded apartments; of course, I'm biased in favor of the idea), "After Nightfall" by David Riley (another one with no explanation), and "Death's Door" by Robert McNear (good story of a haunted basketball team on the Door Peninsula; make that 3 really good stories in the book). If you want to spend the money for 3 good stories and two (Oldale and Fremlin) reasonably good ones.....

THIS SIDE OF INFINITY, ed. by Terry Carr (Ace, 75¢) Includes "The Reality Trip", by Bob Silverberg (the power of love....), "This Mortal Mountain" by Roger Zelazny (the mystique of mountain climbing - which I still don't understand), "Sundown", by David Redd (alien contact, with the human as villain; good), "Toys" by Tom Purdom (the ultimate in affluence and generation gaps; a sardonic look at permissive child-rearing), "Ride A Tin Can" by R. A. Lafferty (only Lafferty could come up with alien contact in which one group makes the other into breakfast food), "The Last Crusade" by George H. Smith (the dehumanization of war), "Resident Witch" by James Schmitz (one of his Telzey Amberdon series), and "...And The Stagnation of the Heart" by Brian Aldiss (how overpopulation and starving brings out the humanity in man - I keep wondering if Aldiss really means all he writes, or if he's being sarcastic). Overall, reasonably good if you haven't read them all before (which I had, which possibly leads me to downgrade the book a bit; only the Silverberg, Redd and Lafferty, and perhaps Purdom bear up under much re-reading.)

EIGHT STRANGE TALES, ed. by Vic Ghidalia (Fawcett, 75¢) Interesting assortment of fantasy. "Subterfuge" by Ray Bradbury (interesting idea, but not at all believable), "Dark Benediction" by Walter M. Miller, Jr. (a disease that changes people - for the better, or worse?), "A Wig For Miss DeVore" by August Derleth (a haunted wig? interesting idea, if a bit far out), "The Second Interment" by Clark Ashton Smith (the somewhat overblown horrors of premature burial), "Dig Me No Grave" by Robert E. Howard (Satan and Yog-Sothoth in the same story; moderately interesting), "The Yellow Wall-Paper" by Charlotte Perkins Gilman (a classic and often-reprinted story of insanity), "By Water" by Algernon Blackwood (how to drown in the desert) and "The Snout" by Edward Lucas White (somewhat of an antique; when not much fantasy was necessary, and the longer-winded the explanation the better). Overall; mediocre.

TO CHALLENGE CHAOS, by Brian M. Stableford (DAW, 95¢) I'd read one Stableford book and not liked it, so while I was in the hospital I gritted my teeth (I still had some, then) and tackled this one, figuring I'd have to finish it because there was nothing else to do. I was wrong; I did skim it to the finish, but gave up actual reading about halfway through. I shall avoid Stableford in the future. Authors who name their characters Craig Star Gazer, Julius Watchgod, John Wrath and Dark Aura give me a pain to begin with, and Stableford couples this with pseudo-profound writing which actually has very little content once you dig into it.

A DARKNESS IN MY SOUL, by Dean Koontz (DAW, 95¢) This is more what I think of as typical Koontz. It's technically competent, full of ingenious wonders, and dull as ditch-water. I lasted 40 pages before I started to skim, and I don't recall finishing it at all. Mostly, I think, because his characters are all robots, or perhaps wooden Indians; stiff and mechanical, mouthing philosophic platitudes.

THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, by Philip K. Dick/DR. FUTURITY, by Philip K. Dick (Ace, 95¢) Reprint of a 12-year-old Ace double. First side is an intricately plotted interstellar spy story (well, not exactly, but it has that flavor). DR. FUTURITY is quite applicable to the present, with its fanatic Indian family of the future plotting to go back via time machine and wipe out the white invaders. Dick was often ahead of his time... recommended if you haven't read it before.

PERRY RHODAN #17: The Venus Trap, by Kurt Mahr (Ace, 75¢) In addition to the Rhodan episode we have several of the most amateurish short stories I've ever encountered (except for "Weaver Wright" Ackerman's, which is simply one of the worst shaggy dog stories I've ever encountered....), plus a movie review, editorial, and letter column.

THE NAKED SUN, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 95¢) The umpteenth reprint of Asimov's second sf-detective novel featuring the agoraphobic detective Lije Bailey and his robot partner R. Daneel Olivaw. It's a good novel; if you haven't read it (and it's been almost constantly in print, in one edition or another, since 1957) get a copy of this latest printing.

PELLUCIDAR, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 75¢) Another reprint of the #2 (?) book in the hollow earth series. If you've never read Burroughs, you should by all means lose your innocence; if you have, you either have a previous edition or you can't stand the writing; there seems very little middle ground.

THE JEWELS OF APTOR, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace, 75¢) Reprint of Delany's first novel. Quite poetic, though perhaps not as much so as his later works. In the general category of sword-and-sorcery, but not at all like the standard s&s model.

THE HARD WAY UP, by A. Bertram Chandler/THE VEILED WORLD, by Robert Lory (Ace, 95¢) The Chandler half puts together 6 of his shorter works about John Grimes into a novel. The shorts fit together rather well to begin with, and a little extra material has been tossed in where necessary; the result is more cohesive than one might expect, especially since the stories originally appeared over a several year period. They all deal with Grimes in his younger days, getting into trouble with the Survey Service. All are more or less humorous, and all seem more interesting than some of the later Grimes novels. Included are "With Good Intentions", "The Subtractor", "The Tin Messiah", "The Sleeping Beauty", "The Wandering Buoy", "The Mountain Movers", and "What You Know." The Lory half is a fairly standard space-opera; if you buy the book for the Chandler half you might also want to read this.

1972 WORLD CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP (Dell, \$1.95) I first saw this at the Lavell's; I should have read Jim's copy before dashing out and buying my own, but like a sucker I relied on the "Icelandic Chess Federation's Official Commemorative Program" line. It may well be, for that matter, but whatever else it is, it is blatantly anti-Fisher. (This may be a natural reaction to Fisher's personality, but it could also be because most of the credits seem to go to people Fisher offended, or vice versa - photos are credited to Chester Fox, for example.) And while Fisher is certainly unpleasant enough at times, I object to attacks on him being based on the fact that he isn't a "well-rounded personality" - there are worse defects, even if Middle America hasn't heard of them. It does contain some nice photos, but they aren't worth the price. Not recommended.

DARWIN AND THE BEAGLE, by Alan Moorehead (Harper & Row, \$15.00) But I got mine for joining the Natural Science Book Club - it's one of the reasons I joined. This is a coffee-table book for small apartments; beautifully bound and fabulously illustrated, but somewhat smaller in overall dimensions than the books of this type that I'm used to. There isn't all that much text - 275 pages, at least half of which are illustrations, and large print - but what's there is good because Moorehead is one of the best non-fiction writers around. (The author notes that it was developed from an original film treatment which he wrote, which presumably explains the format.) Emphasis is on Darwin's voyage in H.M.S. Beagle; his life before and after the trip is synopsized to give the reader a general idea of the whole man. I'm quite pleased with it, all in all.

THE WASHING OF THE SPEARS, by Donald R. Morris (Military Book Club) This is one of the books I joined the MBC to get. It does have text - 700 closely packed pages - covering the history of South Africa from the initial settlements to the British-Zulu war of 1879, which opened with the battle of Isandhlwana, the worst defeat ever suffered by a major nation when fighting primitive tribesmen, and ended with the destruction of the Zulu nation at Ulundi. (And the whole slaughter brought on, apparently, because a British commission had upheld Zulu land claims and the governor of Cape Colony felt the Zulus as a result might get uppity if they weren't chastised. Morris tries to explain the reasoning behind this idiocy, but there isn't really a lot he can do with it.) A thoroughly fascinating book; highly recommended. I keep wondering if it's available in South Africa; I'd almost bet on it being banned. But perhaps not, as the British come off as the worst offenders.

BLACK AND WHITE IN SOUTH AFRICA, by G. H. LeMay (American Heritage Press, \$4.95) But I got mine on sale for \$1.00. This is a small - 120-page - heavily illustrated book which gives a rough outline of South African history from the first settlements thru 1966, with emphasis on race relations. I got it as a framework on which to locate my more detailed books on various South African incidents. Most space is spent on events since 1900, with the political infighting leading to apartheid and independence from the British Empire being fairly closely detailed. The original price is a bit steep, but it's well worth what I paid, to see how one of the world's more peculiar nations got that way, and for the photos of the people and events that shaped the history.

Thomas Burnett Swann

I wish you would quote me as feeling that Mr. Barr is my favorite illustrator. He really reads a book before he illustrates it, and every detail in his drawings comes right out of the text, tho they are blended in his own unique way. For example, the bee on the cover of GREEN PHOENIX. Most illustrators wouldn't even have known there was a bee in the story.

Ron Bleker, 3554 DeKalb Avenue, Bronx NY 10467

In response to Sandra Miesel's charming article "The Game of the Name" (Yandro 216), I feel compelled to add yet another epithet which the Byzantines, who apparently had a genius for this

sort of thing, bestowed -- the father of the Emperor Romanus I was known to his contemporaries as Theophylact "the Unbearable". (Source: Sir Steven Runciman, THE EMPEROR ROMANUS LEGAPENUS AND HIS REIGN (1929)).

Doug Wendt, RR 1, Whitefish MT 59937

While I feel that most of the "propaganda" on the gun-laws issue comes from the pro-gun side (I've failed to see any threat to my gun ownership rights in any of the recent proposals that had even a fair chance of being passed), I'll agree that a magazine such as American Heritage should strictly avoid this kind of subject. Even a treatment that was fair and objective would be less than proper.

I can't quite see the "tax structure cause slums" bit. Sure, improvements raise taxes -- why not, the building is worth more, and has more income potential, at the least. Since nobody seems to have done much for it yet, the slum problem is obviously a tough nut to crack.

[Sure, both sides propagandize. I'd even say that gun-owners are somewhat paranoid except that a fair segment of the population is "out to get them". Quite a few influential people including several Senators have stated openly that they want to abolish all private ownership of guns, and they're smart enough to know they can't do it in one fell swoop. If the "Saturday Night Special" law had gone through, it would have done nothing to prevent crime, so the way would be open to try to ban all handguns, and then when that didn't change anything...// One problem is that, at least in black areas, improving the building does not raise the income potential, because with restricted housing the blacks have to take what they can get; they can't move out because there is no place to move to.RSC/

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania NW, DC 20037

In Yandro 216 Gene Wolfe calls attention



to a misprint in Orwell's "Homage to Catalonia"...a 26-inch pistol. I got out my copy of HtC and sure enough there it was. HOWEVER; at that time Orwell had already put four years in as a policeman in Burma and was well into his tour of the Spanish Civil War. The error is patently a typo.

Your comment: "...but then liberals pride themselves on knowing nothing about guns" applied to Orwell betrays an innocence of which I should have hardly thought you, Buck, guilty. You have put Orwell in the same class that he spent a great deal of energy fighting. He was anti-Stalin when such a position was anathema to liberals, for instance.

In a small way you are rather like Orwell, and to my mind that is high praise. You should read him.

Joe Christopher, 820 Charlotte, Stephenville TX 76401

About Penny Hansen's letter: I have an aunt in Oklahoma who puts canned fruit in crocks with syrup, sugar, and fermenting agent (actually, I don't know where the fermentation started -- she has been using one batch to start the next for years now); it makes a nice, fairly mild topping for vanilla ice cream. We've had a jar of fermented fruit (if that's the proper term) sitting in our kitchen for several years, ever since she gave us our start; we feed it more canned fruit + sugar as we use it. I suppose if one were not to use it fairly frequently the fermentation might be killed by the alcohol, but it hasn't happened to us yet.

The review of L. Ron Hubbard's OLD DOC METHUSELAN brought back memories. The series was running in Astounding when I first started reading sf -- or when I first discovered magazine sf, at least. I'm not certain I want to go back and re-read those stories; they probably wouldn't be as much fun now. And you're quite right that Ed Cartier's illustrations were part of them: I used to read the stories he illustrated first when I bought each issue. Perhaps the fact that Campbell announced that Cartier was stopping his illustrating at the first (and only) world con I attended has discouraged me from attending others. (That was in Chicago about 20 years ago.)

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

Last weekend the buildings-and-grounds people at the College finally got around to installing locks on the doors of our new offices. Of course, they didn't give us any keys for the locks, but that may have been too much to expect. It turns out there is only one master key on campus, in the hot clutch of the security force (the name makes it to laugh), and no individual keys at all; the outside contractor who did the renovations during the summer has all of the keys, and has not yet turned them over to the college. And guess what some bright janitor did the night after the locks were installed -- he cleaned the offices (in itself an unusual occurrence) and then carefully locked all the doors. Next morning: two dozen furious people (the entire mathematics and speech departments) found they could not get into their own offices. And two dozen furious people simply cancelled their classes, informed the college president of the reason, and went home. Next day the offices were open. But we still don't have any

Or telephones. Or windowshades. Or radiators. Most of the johns in the building



were dismantled during the summer and have not been put back into service. And in the ancient building where we exist there is no functioning fire-alarm system. The latest development came today, when we found that the "renovators" had removed all of the old double-width doors on the ground floor and were in the process of replacing them with narrow single doors. We laugh at these things, because there isn't anything else to do; but when you get about halfway through that list, things really cease to be humorous.

SFBC never sent me my copy of AGAIN DANGEROUS VISIONS. Reading in Locus that the copies were defective makes me wonder whether I want the book club edition after all. This isn't the first time that SFBC has fouled things up in recent months -- my copy of Brunner's FROM THIS DAY FORWARD was defective, and I returned it for replacement last July, but never received the replacement. Foo!

/So far I haven't had any problems with the SF Book Club. I'm considering dropping my membership because I currently have 8 of their selections sitting around unread (including 3 by Brunner and 1 1/3 by Poul Anderson, who are among my favorite writers), and there's no point in simply adding to my stack of unread volumes. But their service has been okay. RSC/

Aljo Svoboda, 1203 Buoy Avenue, Orange CA 92665

I feel like I've gaffiated. Strange, how what you receive in the mail (at least if you're a fan) affects your moods so deeply. Every once in a while, I get the sort of mail I like to receive. Apa mailings with lots of mailing comments with lots of ego-boo (but not so much as to look patronizing), fanzines that print my locs...they make me feel Well Known. But then I receive Yandro and Mota before I've locced the last issue and a disty with exactly one comment to me (and in ApaL, with a thousand contributors every week) and the only other things are 43¢ interest in my trustee account in my father's name at Bank of America and a "past due" payments notice from the Science Fiction Book Club. I feel like I've gaffiated. Bury me in a simple pinewood coffin...

I also write unfinished locs. I write unfinished locs like other people write unfinished Symphonies or unfinished Novels. Yes, I have quite a stock of them lying around, ranging from ones that never got past "Dear Joe," to one to Terry Hughes that reads "Dear Terry, I'd always wondered how the Luttrell's (sic) were able to get such willing contributors and such beautiful repro..." to one or two full-pagers. Oh, I don't do it deliberately, not to even one of them. It's just that at times holding the pen between my fingers, feeling fannish things practically fighting to get out from under my nails, my fannish passion dampens rather quickly. A sentence to Terry Hughes here, a paragraph to Donn Brazier there. It's only holidays like Columbus Day that save me. And when, occasionally, I run out of paper and have to retrace my steps, that helps.

About a year ago, Ralph Story did a very tongue-in-cheek program on all things related to the occult and guess who. Criswell made spot predicitions at various times during the show in an even more tongue-in-cheek manner than Story, doing things like rising up out of coffins and making really ridiculous predictions in a marvelously overdone theatrical tone of voice. I'd first read a book of his predictions (I refuse to call them prophecies, even for the sake of using a different word for variety) around 1968, and a year later Burt Prelutsky wrote a segment of his column in West about him; and I'd believed what he said implicitly in 1968, but by his television appearance I was a confirmed skeptic. But still...even the Greats can laugh at themselves, once in a while. Oh, he ended up with a beautiful prediction-to-end-all-predictions that I can't even remember, unfortunately.

I suppose, if the monsters become a fad, that every town will have its personal monster which it would support in exchange for a front page article in the local papers every month or so, and a back page clipping every other day, or week, or however often that town's newspaper comes out. All in the spirit of good clean fun, of course, tho I wonder about each separate burrough or "ghetto" (voluntary or not) wanting its own monster, and what kind they'd want. In the end I'm sure they'd hit on sticking them in the sewers (though then they might walk to Florida, with the alligators).

Is it possible that housework isn't "work" to most people because of the equating of work with money in wages? In the same way volunteer work on a part-time basis isn't really "work". Maybe in the days when subsistence farming was more widespread, people were more willing to recognize any type of physical labor as "work". Finally, previous to just a few years ago, were there labor laws restricting where a woman could "work"? I don't know, but if so, the fact that the scrubbing of floors and tables had no legal restrictions on and that there was no maximum 8 hours a person could "work" without overtime turned it from real work to sort of play work. Perhaps housewives should be classified as hired people, housekeepers for themselves if no one else, and given a minimum wage by Unka Sugar. (Juanita, you use such words, such well chosen words, I hesitate to use new ones.)

I'm glad you gave almost-egoboo to Dave Hulvey, all five of him. Sustains him thru cold winters in the streets under stolen hubcaps.

/The monster fad seems to have died out locally, but at least one town in northeast Indiana has been promoting its local monster for years; 30 of them that I know about and probably more. Town bears the unlikely name of Churubusco, and the critter is a giant turtle, said to inhabit a small lake nearby. Enthusiasm varies, but every few years a new story makes the papers -- or at least the Ft. Wayne paper, Ft. Wayne being the "big city" around here. I think their annual get-rid-of-that-junk-in-the-back-room sale, usually known as a "Centennial", or "Pioneer Days" or whatever is called "Turtle Days" in Churubusco.// I nearly always get something interesting in the mail, but then I find junk mail fascinating, which helps. Just yesterday, for example, I got a promotion from another "development", this one called "White Mountain Paradise" and featuring a new gimmick. According to the letter, this townsite promoter recently found just one lot -- #104 to be precise -- "re-available" and is offering it to lucky old me at a tremendous bargain just so her can close his books on the deal. Nice little brochure including a townsite map with lot #104 dutifully outlined in red. Aside from the gullibility of plot buyers implied in all this, I find it an interesting testimonial to the growing use of computers. (Obviously they couldn't offer 5,000 or so people the same lot, so I assume a computer was programmed to turn out maps with each plot in succession circled in red.) I'm tempted to write them back saying that for less money than they're asking for one acre I've been offered 20 acres in West Virginia with a house on it, but it probably would be a waste of a stamp. RSC/

Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183, Australia

After a few years exposure I have gotten used to the references I always seem to see in US fanzines about junk mail; it was a concept which I had never thought about much before, possibly because I'd never come across it. Well, when I think about it for a moment I do suppose that I do get a little junk mail but not so much that I tend to think of it as much; and anyhow it all seems to be delivered by hand so I don't suppose that in the strict sense it is mail at all. On the other hand, it does come in my letter box so maybe it is after all.

Of course, a few years ago I did get a bit from the Time/Life people, having been good enough to subscribe to Time for a few months. They used to send me little brochures for all sorts of useless things and since I ignored them with a studied patience they got sick of it and went away.

One time Paul Stevens (when I was living with him) got a little letter from the Encyclopedia Britannica people asking if he were interested in what they had to offer; it was just dropped in our letter box so that people didn't know who we were. So Paul filled it out and sent it in and a week or so later he got back a letter, a duplicated letter with the name typed in, saying: "Dear Mr. Heronimus Piglust, we were glad, ... etc." Fortunately, they never followed it up. Fortunately for them, because Paul had a lot of other ideas he would have liked to try out.

I'VE FOUND ALL SORTS OF SWELL,
GOOD OL' BUDDIES IN FANDOM,
LIKE JACK DANIELS, HIRAN
WALKER, MR. BOSTON, RON BACARDI,
HARVEY WALLBANGER.



You may have gathered by now that since I am not plagued by junk mail I find the whole concept rather fascinating, and I will probably continue to do so until I start to get too much of it.

I was considerably amused to read in one of Howard Devore's SAPSazines (Devore for TAFF!) that in his part of the world they have a commercial junk mail post office which is not at all connected with the US POD. They come around and leave little plastic bags of junk mail attached to your front door-knob. In a way it seems rather decent of them to at least stop littering your letter box and to put it in a nice little, easily disposable plastic bag. Why, you don't even have to open it, just heave it right

into the rubbish bin.

Maybe I've not got my head screwed on the right way or something because it never occurred to me that SEETEE SHOCK was a Western in disguise. I guess it is because I don't read Westerns. I do agree with you about the book. I really enjoyed it. Sometimes I amaze myself at the kind of stories I do like. Here I am, able to hold an intelligent conversation with Bruce Gillespie and yet FOUNDATION is still my idea of really good science fiction. People had led me to believe that books like TAU ZERO and RINGWORLD were my kind of books, so I went and read them and... I did read them all the way through, so I guess that means something. On the other hand, I sometimes think that I could write just as good characters myself even if I couldn't think up such wonderful plots, and I'm afraid that no matter how good the idea is, there has to still be characters in the story who don't drag it down to the stage where it makes you feel sick. Sometimes I really feel like going back and reading the LENSMAN books over again, but I hold nostalgia too high to demolish it like that.

/Never read the Lensman series after your neofan days unless you have no taste at all. Or maybe that's just my bias talking; I find Williamson's early stuff often worth re-reading and still enjoyable, while I couldn't take Doc Smith or most of Edgar Rice Burroughs even as a beginner.. (I encountered Tarzan at age 12 or so and was too old for him then.) RSC/

Andrew Zerbe, 3054 Dupont Street, Montgomery AL 36106

On the subject of books being dragged into the gothic genre, I recently got around to reading a couple of the books Ace has been billing as Inspector Finch Gothics. This is gross misrepresentation. The books are relatively straightforward mysteries and most of the action revolves around Inspector Finch, not the girl shown on the covers. A very literal interpretation just might get the books into the genre, since the ones I've read all take place in gothic settings, and Inspector Finch, who is a seventh son, is a very gothic type hero -- only he apparently has very little common sense. From DON'T LOOK BEHIND YOU this describes the relation between Finch and his best friend:

"He had for Freddie the fascination of the snake-charmer for the snake, the dancing stoat for the rabbit. No disaster could quite break the tie between them. No misfortune free Freddie from his fatal allegiance."

Finch, of course, thinks of these disasters as good times that they've had together.

I may get a cassette recorder one of these days, but I think that for my next machine will get a cartridge tape recorder. Have just brought a player and enjoy it so much that I would like to put all my records on cartridges. Hopefully will have better luck at that than I am at trying to put them on tape. For some reason I cannot get good sound. Am certain it is my fault and not the machine's. Wish I knew of a good book on using a tape recorder.

Since getting the cartridge player, have been buying more records than ever before. Including the albums being offered over the radio. These are all good buys and you definitely get your money's worth, but it came as a shock to me the first time I saw one of the records. I never knew that there was such a thing as extra long playing.

records before. These get 25-35 minutes worth of music on a side. No wonder you can't get them in any store as the ads say.

That pseudo-Biblical style Hodgson used in THE NIGHT LAND is excellent for reading aloud. Instead of carefully preserving my Arkham House copy, I used to take it to speech therapy sessions and read aloud from it. When you have to practice public speaking, one discovers how few books there are that can be easily read aloud from.

You would have to recommend THE CURSE OF THE CONCULLENS so heavily. I recognized the title, so knew that it had been on sale here. Which meant a hunt at every drugstore for a copy of it. I was exceedingly lucky and found one at my first stop. Very good; best book I've read this month.

If you are ever in a city with one, a stop at a GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE BOOK STORE is a must. These are absolutely fascinating places to visit, and ones which it is impossible to leave without purchasing an armful of books.

Another book worth looking for is THE GALVANIZED YANKEES by Dee Brown (Curtiss, \$1.25). It shattered one story I read in an old WMA anthology, which had them riding around in their old Confederate uniforms. The chapter on John T. Shanks, the only man to serve as an officer in both the Union and Confederate armies, was especially good. Unfortunately, it did not tell what happened to him after he left the army, though I can't imagine him not going into politics. Looked in the sources and notes, hoping that there would be something like LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE HONORABLE JOHN T. SHANKS which would tell me what I wanted to know, but there wasn't. It's things like this that make me wish I still attended the University of Alabama. I feel certain that Dr. Johnson's would have known about Shanks and what happened to him. It's the sort of thing he would have known.

Just back from an extended vacation during which I mostly did nothing but drive and hunt for books. Made my first visit to Huntsville and visited the Alabama Space and Aeronautics exhibit there. Fantastic sight. You can't really get an idea of the size of those rockets or the smallness of the space capsules until you get up next to them. Well worth a visit. If you ever go through, I recommend doing it during a school day when all the kids are in school. While I was there they had all the good working exhibits tied up. And I so wanted to make a practice Moon landing. The souvenir stands sell a lot of non-fiction books devoted to space travel, but they have one rack devoted to science fiction paperbacks, the only fiction on sale there. Andre Norton and Perry Rhodan were well represented.

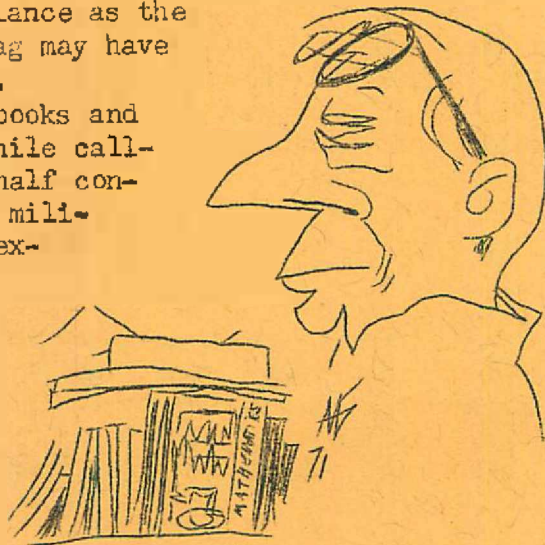
Was driving along the highway when I passed a Transylvania High School. Slammed on the brakes and checked the road map. The town I was passing through actually was called Transylvania.

THE CLOAK OF AESIR came out quite a few years ago in a Dell paperback.

Walter Lord was a guest on an Atlanta radio station and made a few interesting comments. One concerned the flag that flew over Ft. McHenry. The only account he could find was a British one which said that the enormous Ft. McHenry flag was raised as a gesture of jubilation and defiance as the British were sailing away. Another and smaller flag may have been the one actually flown during the bombardment.

Had a good trip this time. Picked up about 40 books and a lot of miscellaneous items. One of them, a juvenile called A SON OF SATSUMA, by Kirk Monroe, has its first half concerned with what was apparently the first American military expedition into Asiatic water. The punitive expedition of the frigate Potomac to Qualla Battoo in 1832. I had heard of this cruise before, but this was the first account of it that I had seen.

Most of my friends seem to prefer cassettes for home recordings. The only advice I got favoring a cartridge tape came from a co-worker. Since he stated that he preferred the tapes to records



for their magnificent sound and later heard my cassette and complimented me on the sound quality (when the sound quality was lousy because the stereo I was taping from needed an overhaul), I tend to discount his preference for cartridges.// A good many classical LPs get 25 to 35 minutes per side, and all the early 12" ones did. The first 10" LPs had as much playing time on them as current 12" pop records do. RSC/

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

I have a number of clippings to refer to but they are not handy at the moment, so I will just comment on the reports that saw print down here on the somewhat Sense of Wonderish "Holyland" in Alabama. One report was headed "Mammon, How I Love You..." Somehow I doubt if that will get me to go near Alabama if I pass through on my way to Torcon next year. I can just imagine some person having a heart attack or other in the pseudo Hell (on the way to the Wailing Wall on the way out), and finding one in the real Hell. The 12,000 seat amphitheater is also someone unusual, with its program of chariot races, gladiator fights, and Christian vs Lion matches by day and Passion Plays at night. Will you be at the opening next year, as the Reverend and Mrs. Coulson? "All the big Southern religious figures will be there," and Governor George Wallace has promised to make it. The official dedication is planned for Palm Sunday. Beards and long hair will be discouraged. I wonder if the 110 foot illuminated fiberglass statue of Christ will have a short back and sides haircut? I feel rather sick after reading that once again, so to turn for Y for other commentable items.

Y213. The reference to the low temperatures was a little nostalgic for me as lately our spring weather has not been much above 15° maximum. Of that is part of our conversion to the metric system and they are now rated in Celsius or centigrade. It's a damn nuisance converting it back into F to see how hot or cold it is in familiar terms. What is worse though is the coming intrusion of litres and grams, as just about everybody seems to think that the changeover will be a wonderful opportunity for the price rises to be slammed on in either higher prices or smaller quantities for the same price as before. But I suppose that we may survive it.

I am not sure now if I told you of the expensive edition of the Bible that was appearing in a lot of weekly issues, but it has now been semi-remaindered. The series has been collected between covers and is sold as a 4-volume set for \$39.50 plus postage. They have a lot of good artwork in them, but at that price? The Australia's Heritage series of 98 parts is also being sold in book editions at a reduced rate for about \$1.50 each, but no upper limit on the number of volumes to go.

The Bob Briney letter was interesting in that he at least referred to it as a myth -- which it is now. I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER had a short run in the city after it got a good reception at a Film Festival. But not so long ago we had the situation where the version that was shown in Australia was longer than that which was shown in the UK! Of course, with the restricted certificate we are getting a lot less cuts in our movies. Otherwise we could have missed out on A CLOCKWORK ORANGE or half of THE LAST PICTURE SHOW. Still, with the usual film being released it is still a rare occurrence that the theatres are normally flooded with puerile stuff for the under-12 age group. The 13 to 18s are pretty well forgotten, as most of the better-made movies get an R or your equivalent of X-rating, e.g. THE GODFATHER, KLUTE, etc. One minority political party came up with the idea of restricting the number of R films that a city theatre could show in a year, though no details were suggested on how it could be policed.

Norm Hochberg, 89-07 209 St., Queens Village, NY 11427

Your comment that you're in fandom because "there are so few people in the general population that I feel comfortable with" reminded me of Moshe Feder's editorial comment in Placebo. He noted that the only people he could get close to were adults. Fandom seems to be full of people who can't make it in mundane society.

I know that this isn't a new theory. But everytime I read it I see people answering "it's not true". I mean, I may be a misfit, but don't draw a lot of conclusions from it."

= The columns are as usual, interesting if not overly so, and both Smith and Locke are often clever. Sandra, on the other hand, writes articles that I can never finish. I just feel so damned ignorant because I don't know all of it and so damned inferior because I don't really want to either.

/Depends on what strata of fandom you're in -- most of our friends "make it" quite easily in mundane society as far as employment, getting along with the neighbors, etc., goes. They simply choose fandom in place of the rather sterile recreations of mundane society. A fair percentage of the younger fans could be classed as misfits, considering the number who have told me that fandom "helped me grow up". (Or on occasion their parents have told me; considering all the tales of parental opposition it's a bit startling -- and heartening -- to be thanked for helping set a teenager on the right path.) RSC/

Mike Deckinger, 447 15 Avenue, San Francisco CA 94118

Reg Smith seems to have the same impression of Criswell that I do. He used to appear on the TONIGHT show at odd intervals, and after much heraldry would deliver a list of pronouncements that invariably caused much embarrassed snickers at the pathetic spectacle of a grown man determinedly and good naturedly making a fool of himself. One of his better predictions was that a new form of seaweed would be discovered which devoured its neighboring fish, thereby causing calamity in the fishing industry. Another suggested that candle wax would be discovered to have highly nutritional qualities. On and on he went.

In the February 1955 issue of Spaceway, Criswell began a column that lasted several issues. You might be interested in what he has to say about the not too distant future:

"Shortly after man has reached the moon, the all-out War, which everyone has been expecting -- yet dreading, will occur...and it will leave earth (sic) a radioactive ruin -- a place which will become more dangerous to man with each passing year.

"I further predict that all the people who have not been destroyed in this 20th Century Armageddon will unite and, working against time, will construct a huge cube in outer space which will be ten miles in height, ten miles in width, and ten miles in depth. This gigantic, colossal monstrosity will be held in position by the conflicting laws of gravity between the sun and the planets.

"This floating island in space will be inhabited by a selected group of people, who will be scientifically, medically, and morally chosen through a mechanical screening device, operated by an electric brain the size of a thimble. I predict that when these people are chosen, they will be propelled into outer space by tiny individual rockets, which will land them unharmed on the more rarified atmosphere of this new, man-made world.

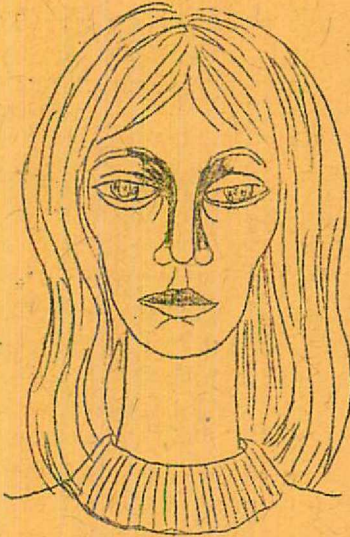
"I predict that there will be only four things remembered out of the 20th Century -- four things they can definitely prove existed. This four things will be a mechanical egg beater, the music of Liberace, Mae West, and someone by the name of Eisenhower."

There's more, but why go on? On the next page there's a review of a new film by "Charles Wireman" (Forry Ackerman). The film is "Criswell Predicts to 1999." Wireman found it a terribly shocking and stunning film. Grim bits of prediction will be vividly portrayed. "This picture predicts that the hydrogen bomb will soon be nothing but a memory, since it will be rendered useless by a weapon which freezes the atmosphere and all within it." ... "Frankly I was glad when the intermission was announced, for it gave me a chance to catch my breath." "People with weak stomachs won't return for the second half."

"When the picture opens for national release, there will be nurses in attendance, for it was felt that some people might possibly require medical attention." To say nothing of the medical attention Mr. Criswell requires. If anyone has ever heard of this picture being released I'd like to know about it.

You'll be pleased to know, however, that in the June, 1955 issue of Spaceway, Criswell nimbly exonerates himself of all charges of crumbling mental processes. In that

column he bravely prophesied that in 1965 President Mae West will travel to the Moon and declare it to be the fifty-first state of the U.S.A.



/You neglect to mention that Criswell and Mae West copped the cover of that Spaceway -- or that the following issue didn't appear for 14 years, presumably to allow time for the readers to recover. RSC/

Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Drive, Des Peres MO 63131

I always like the editorials -- getting a three pronged view from the Coulson home. You say "I think that's why I stay in fandom; there are so few people in the general population that I feel comfortable with." Yet, in your comment in the letter to me re Rose Hogue's lonesome bit you indicate -- somewhat at least -- that you were plenty ok without fandom for 21 years and still don't need it as a crutch.

Dave Locke was amusing about the typewriter and thoughtful about marriage. No arguments. It would be nice, though, if my wife shared more interests. Or I with her. Works both ways.

Criswell knows how to make a buck! I could predict all manner of things for the year 1999, because I won't be here...if I am it'll be in a rocking chair and hot water bottle. Long ago in my first sfanac I corresponded with LORETTA, a carnival palm reader who admitted that psychology and close observation of hands, clothes, reaction to tentative probes, etc., would permit miracles to be wrought. Ever hear of LORETTA? Wonder where she is? Loretta Burroughs, I think.

Sandra Miesel okay, but you know me and history. However, mayhap I can steal some of her name-genitive principles in the Title thing about the value of character's names toward aiding or detracting from a story.

The SF books you review are OK, but why do you stick in mysteries, etc., that have no sf connection?

Laurine White: you have a back and the part that goes with it like the girl on Yandro 214? Good for you. That illustration made me think of a starlet I used to love from afar -- Dona Drake. Wonder what happened to her? She had a face like the illo, too. What can you say about that part, Laurine? As it pertains to you?

/I don't see any particular compatibility in those statements. When I was younger I used to love sugar cubes; I would sit down (with a book, of course) and eat half a dozen or more at a time, "raw", or at least not mixed with anything. But having to give up the habit when I got diabetes merely took away a pleasure; it didn't blight my life. I find fans as a rule more fun to be around than non-fans, but that doesn't mean I can't find any pleasure at all in "normal" society. (And, of course, I was never all that interested in having a lot of friends; if I didn't make very many outside fandom it certainly didn't bother me...sometimes I get the feeling that I have too many friends in fandom, and not enough time to myself.) RSC/

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

Yandro 215 had come the day before your letter. I adore the mechanical Hamlet and his poor junkpile of a father's ghost (that cartoon immediately makes me think of a companion piece -- can't you see the famous speech from JULIUS CAESAR? "Friends, robots, countrymen, lend me your nuts and bolts.")

I hope that you did get to see at least some of the Olympic Games. We've been watching almost all of the coverage, ducking out when the boxing or wrestling came on. The gymnastic competition was particularly spectacular; the swimming and diving has

also been great, and we look forward to the equestrian events, and fencing, and the judo, not to mention the archery.

For the real main event excitement here lately, I have to relate our own, true, gripping story of the Mad Poltergeist. Unfortunately for our hopes of selling the account as a gothic piece, it took place on a warm, sunny day when we had all the windows and doors open, with nary a shred of damp fog to be seen. Daddy and I were in the back livingroom when we heard a strange, vibrating noise. I thought at first that Mother was using the electric mixer, but the sound changed to a thumping thud, then to a loud "Bonk! Bonk!" (as Poltergeists go, this one was vigorous). I narrowed the source down to the front furnace vent, grabbed a flashlight, and peered into the duct. The noise promptly stopped, but I could see no sign of kobolds or wedged trolls. Daddy went down to the basement to investigate from that end, and returned to report that we had a possum nesting behind the duct pipe, and its moving around was causing the bonks.

Armed with trusty broom, I sallied down to help evict the creature before it settled in for the winter. It had wedged itself behind the duct, and we could see only its beady eyes, long nose and shiny teeth on the one side of the pipe and a tuft of fur and a long naked tail dangling on the other side (it had also thoughtfully brought its own bedding -- pine needles and oak leaves). When gently prodded, it grudgingly scrambled up on a cross duct and made for the other side of the basement. With flailing broom, I parried it to keep it from getting atop the overhead door, but to no avail. We chased it back and forth for a while, but it finally slipped from a wire, and was last seen, disgusted, lumbering for the cover of the woods. We later heard that the proper way to deal with possums is to grab them by the tail, at which action they will promptly play dead; I fear that this animal hadn't heard that news. It hissed and snarled and displayed a fine set of dentures to all comers, rather discouraging closer acquaintance. It wasn't very large -- probably 8 to 10 pounds, nothing like the huge possum that settled in at the top of one of the pine trees beside our front porch a few years ago. It perched there for several days, peering down at onlookers and showing its teeth (or tongue...it was a decidedly stubborn possum). Not wanting it to land on anyone's head unexpectedly, we finally tried the hose on it. Madder (if possible) and certainly far wetter, it retreated down the tree and left, muttering to itself.

Nothing like living in the wilds of the city limits. I saw my first hummingbird of the season a few days back -- an iridescent green one came to inspect the hanging basket of fuschias and bougainville vine on the bird feeder pole out front.

/Now if you'd kept those possums and trained them properly, you might have attended the Alabama Possum Show and had a chance to become Miss Possum of 1972. RSC/

Frank Balazs, 19 High St., Croton-on-Hudson NY 10520

I like Lord Dunsany. I was glad to see that you mentioned Carter's latest round-up of Dunsanian treats; I was glad that you stated your general dislike of Dunsany as opposed to giving it a bad review; I wasn't glad to see you pass off Dunsany as being only a prosmith. He does more -- much more -- than just put words together nicely. In THE GODS OF PEGANA he creates myths. Creates them. Successfully. I don't know anyone else who has done that. All of his work is like a cool breeze you can never get enough of. Tolkien you may reread to learn more about Middle Earth; Dunsany you reread to become part of his reality -- to make it part of yours. Final note: "King Argimenes" was my least favorite piece in the collection.

"Do It For Mama" from THE RUINS OF EARTH is a funny story? One of us had better reread it -- and



I don't think it's me. Mundis (and I don't know who he is) has written a straight, factual, like a newspaper article story. It is because of this all too impersonal style that a deep sense of horror is evoked. I don't see any humor in it at all. It's a damn good story that should have been on the Hugo ballot; I think it suffered since it appeared in a garbage anthology and hardbound to boot.

The same day (today) I received Yandro, I also got a newsletter from The National Anti-Vivisection Society. They are against laboratory experimentation that causes pain of any kind. Some of the things they report are truly incredible. High school students experimenting with live animals: a fifteen-year-old boy "show(ing) how cutting the supply of oxygen to a pregnant mouse for 5 hours can lead to deformities in the babies and interfere with their growth." Or a seventeen-year-old that administered toxic substances to rabbits to see the effect. Babies produced by these rabbits were nicknamed "Scabby Baby" and "Minibaby." I'd be afraid to see what they must have looked like. These experiments in no way contribute to "scientific advancement".

But they cover much more. Monkeys locked into chairs 24-hours a day for two years for the "convenience" of the experimenters, who cannot say what the implications of the experiment may have for humans. Also discussed is dognapping to supply these experiments. (I can almost understand experimenting with primates but canines?)

The MAVS bulletin also offers replacements to animal experimentations, giving sources, quotes, and newspaper articles. Computers can solve many problems more efficiently than lab experiments. "In fact, computer analysis now explores new biochemical frontiers for which no satisfactory methods of laboratory analysis now exist!" In addition, robots and cultures are cited. And why fill animals up with tar and nicotine, when there are millions of people doing it every day? Study the effect of alcohol on alcoholics instead of force-drunk chimps.

Read THE HUMANIZATION OF MAN by Ashley Montague. It's chock full of excellent stuff like the relationship of the mother to child and how she brings out the child's potential for love. His treatise on having a baby at home makes 100% sense. How's that idea sound to you? The old joke: "Where were you born, Timmy?" - "I was born in the hospital." isn't funny -- it's frightening. (Hospitals washing your baby in some sort of anti-bacteriological agent that turns out to cause brain damage.) Whose baby is it? Yours or the doctor's. Expert or not, when was the last time he had a baby? Who's making the \$\$\$ from you?

All this makes me think that not just anyone should be allowed to raise a child -- a human being. Montagu says that the creation of a human being is the most important thing in the world. I agree, except to say "in the human world." It isn't the least important in Nature; humans contribute nothing to the ecology. Idiots shouldn't be allowed to raise children; neither should people who don't want them. (This is one of the reasons I support not only adoption (not much controversy there) but abortion, too! Until we get human parents (i.e., loving parents) we won't get human children or a human world.

And you, I don't think that there's that many of these ogre-parents around, but I see enough on the streets and in the stores. These kind would treat their cookbook better -- if they bothered to cook.

/"Do It For Mama" was a satire, and a reasonably good one. (If your local newspaper commonly prints stories like that, you'd better move to a better locality.) Animal experiments are overdone -- because animals are cheaper than computer time and schools worried about having enough money to stay open can't afford to be squeamish -- but you can't get away from them altogether; not for basic research, at least. I'd rather have people experiment on animals than me. As for having babies at home or in the hospital, I don't think it makes a damned bit of difference; certainly not to the baby and probably not to the mother (except that in the hospital she gets a few days of welcome rest which she wouldn't get at home). As for not letting just anyone raise children, I fully agree with the idea but have yet to encounter a practical means of implementing. (What criteria do you use, and who does the judging as to precisely which people will be

responsible parents? RSC // Come tip that, Frank, when was the last time you had a baby? Think a bit before you blithely toss around those phrases. Home delivery might be fine, if everyone's certain there'll be no eclampsia, toxemia, uncontrollable hemorrhage, or little things like that. If such occurs, you can bet any female concerned about herself and the child will hope she's in a fully equipped hospital, in the hands of a dedicated and well-trained doctor who can handle such an emergency. Most of the time the obstetrician doesn't have to do a lot, but in a crisis, you'd be damned glad to have some professional help. What retort do you have for a female obstetrician -- and there are some, you know; she not only might well have had a baby but be a lot more sympathetic of what the expectant mother is going through. Even so, midwife or obstetrician, I'm betting most women delivering would prefer to have that hopefully unneeded insurance of all those cute life-safing gadgets a hospital can provide. JMC/

Chris Walker, 609 South Fess St. #2, Bloomington, IN 47401

Home again, home again, jiggety-jig. Actually, I took 21 hours, portal-to-portal, to get from the hotel Daguerre to my parents' in Ft. Wayne. Know what the worst stretch was? Walking from the hotel to the nearest Metro station with 2 suitcases full of books. (Including Tolkien, Asimov, Lewis Carroll, Poe, and Walter Miller (CANTICLE) in French translations.) But none of the trip was fun; other jolly activities included an emergency landing to refuel at Halifax, Nova Scotia, keeping track of a pair of fiftyish Belgians on their way to Berrian Springs, Michigan, neither of whom spoke more English than "Please" and "thank you", and listening to the astonishingly rude remarks of a customs-man who ransacked my baggage looking for dope. I don't use it even in the States and wouldn't try taking any thru Customs if I did.

But I'm back now, and I've seen gargoyles and a real castle and Titians and Van Goghs, and the Marc Chagall ceiling at the Paris Opera, and I've tasted some fabulous food; altogether I had a superlatively enjoyable vacation.

Maybe I'm weird, but I'd rather read about a statesman than about a military leader. And I'd rather read about an artist or author than either.

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth IL 61745

On page 30 of the newest Yandro, Rick Brooks mentions "Anton York" being a pen name for John Creasey, and that name brought me up short for it sounded very familiar. Al-though I've checked Don Day's Index and the Bleiler Checklist without satisfying re-sult, "Anton York" continues to nag me. My first thought was that York wrote for the Palmer twins in the Fifties, and then that he might be the author of one of those ter-rible novels which the science fiction book-boom of the Fifties produced, but every clue evades me. Can you place him? Has Creasey written science fiction? "Anton York" is firmly rooted somewhere in the past, if only a Captain Future magazine.

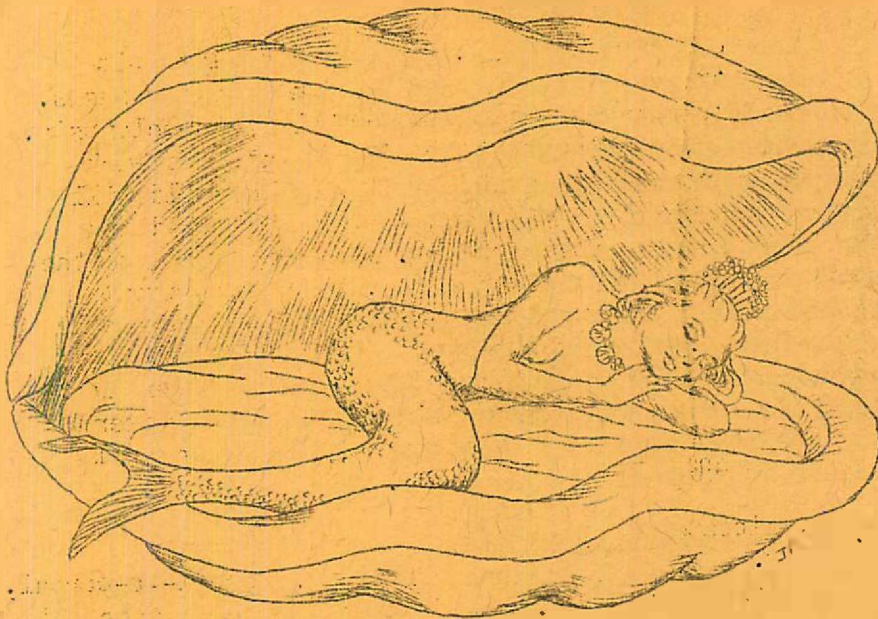
Maybe Creasey and Ed Hamilton took turns writing Captain Future.

Did I tell you that the SF book club published a second edition of TIME MASTERS with the missing last page restored? It isn't the same last page in the Lancer edition but that is my fault; I wrote it from memory and sent it off to the club editor. If there are any rabid collectors around in the future (or even healthy ones) think of the fun they can have tracking down the three or four variant last-pages of that book.

It reminds me of the differences between the first and second Shasta editions of Campbell's WHO GOES THERE? The first edition is dedicated to the woman who was his wife at that time while the second printed is dedicated (in an offhand way) to the man who wooed and won her away from Campbell. I think the title was also changed to "The Thing" to take advantage of the movie publicity.

I'm pleased you had a fine time at the con. You've both waited a long time, and remember you would have made it a few years ago if I hadn't been so cantankerous as to vote for another city. That teaches me a lesson. This was the year, though, with you and Juanita taking this one and Lesleigh going to Australia. Would you care to work another twenty years for Pro Quest?

I remember Sally Rand. I attended the Chicago World's Fair during its second year



(1934, I think) but I didn't see Sally, and doubt if they would have let me in if I'd had the available money.

/Didn't know Shasta even had a second edition of WHO GOES THERE? (Note to possibly confused readers; this had been assembled from two separate letters, written two months apart.) RSC/

George Flynn, 27 Sowamsett Avenue, Warren RI 02885

If I remember right, the use of "Democrat" as an adjective started as a deliberate campaign by the Republicans in the early 50's. I think the idea was to

break down the association with the good connotations of small-d "democratic", and maybe they also had the non-euphonicness in mind. Anyway, for a long time Republican publicists had orders to say only "Democrat party". Whether this is still in effect and finally winning, or the usage spread by way of reporters who can't write, I don't know. I see it now and then in the press, but that's one offense I don't recall the (Democratic) party hacks here committing.

Thomas Burnett Swann

CLOCKWORK ORANGE is in town and I'm almost tempted to see it twice. Practically everybody I know has seen it, and they all say things like "disgusting" and "inexcusable" and "Fascist". Well, it wasn't pleasant, but it certainly was a consummate work of art. I felt it held out more hope for the future than BRAVE NEW WORLD and 1984, both of which indicated that the human spirit could be snuffed out completely and everybody turned into a robot. But Kubrick's anti-hero, in spite of massive brainwashing, gets back his devilment and proves his individuality, whether good or bad, can survive anything. Personally, I would rather have some wicked Malcolm McDonalds around than an entire world populated with well-behaved automatons.

Andre Norton

Elizabeth Peters makes a specialty of writing mysteries with an archaeological background -- the best is her Egyptian one, THE JACKAL'S HEAD. I think this came out in pb some time ago. If you can find a copy I think you might enjoy it. She also did one on the finding of the tomb of the real Arthur in England; unfortunately I can't recall now the title of that one. But if you like archaeology and mystery together she is good to watch for.

Aljo Svoboda, address above

Even though I've never witnessed a launch first-hand, and only a few live on the tube, I still find it impossible to envision anyone being blasé about it. Don Markstein, especially, has written two beautiful descriptions of seeing the thing go up, and, especially, hearing it go up, and the exhilaration that follows the lift-off, in fanzines for the apes he belongs to. But, I suppose the newsmen, who I privately suspect of originating on the same assembly line the next-door-neighbor's car comes from, can be blasé about anything they think is beginning to pale on the Public, hastening the process. Still, I remember Walter Cronkite when the Apollo 11 lifted off. And you say there are Republicans you can vote for. Let's hope for a little more Sense

- of Wonder...

/The sound of an Apollo lift-off, even when filtered through the poor audio of a television set, has always brought me to the brink of tears. In the same way that scenery of incredible grandeur does, or music of aching beauty. Possibly in the case of Apollo my emotion of exaltation (as a human being -- that's my species that's leaving its own planet, that had the brains to put together that awesome piece of machinery) is mingled with a subconscious stab of loss: I'm not going, and I never will. Envy is not a sufficient word for what I feel for the astronauts. The realization that humanity is willing to turn its collective back on what I consider one of its most important achievements since the discovery of speech appalls me. JWC/

Derek Nelson, General Delivery, Main Post Office, Amsterdam, Netherlands

Enclosed is the article I wanted to send you from Gib. I don't know whether you'd be interested or not, but I do assure you as to the truth of the items discussed (to be big wordy about it -- it's so nice to be back at the typewriter). What the article leaves out, because it would take too long to explain them, are things like running out of fuel in mid-ocean, breaking down off Espichel (or however it's spelled), passing St. Vincent twice going one way on a voyage, the Seasick Helmsman, etc., etc.

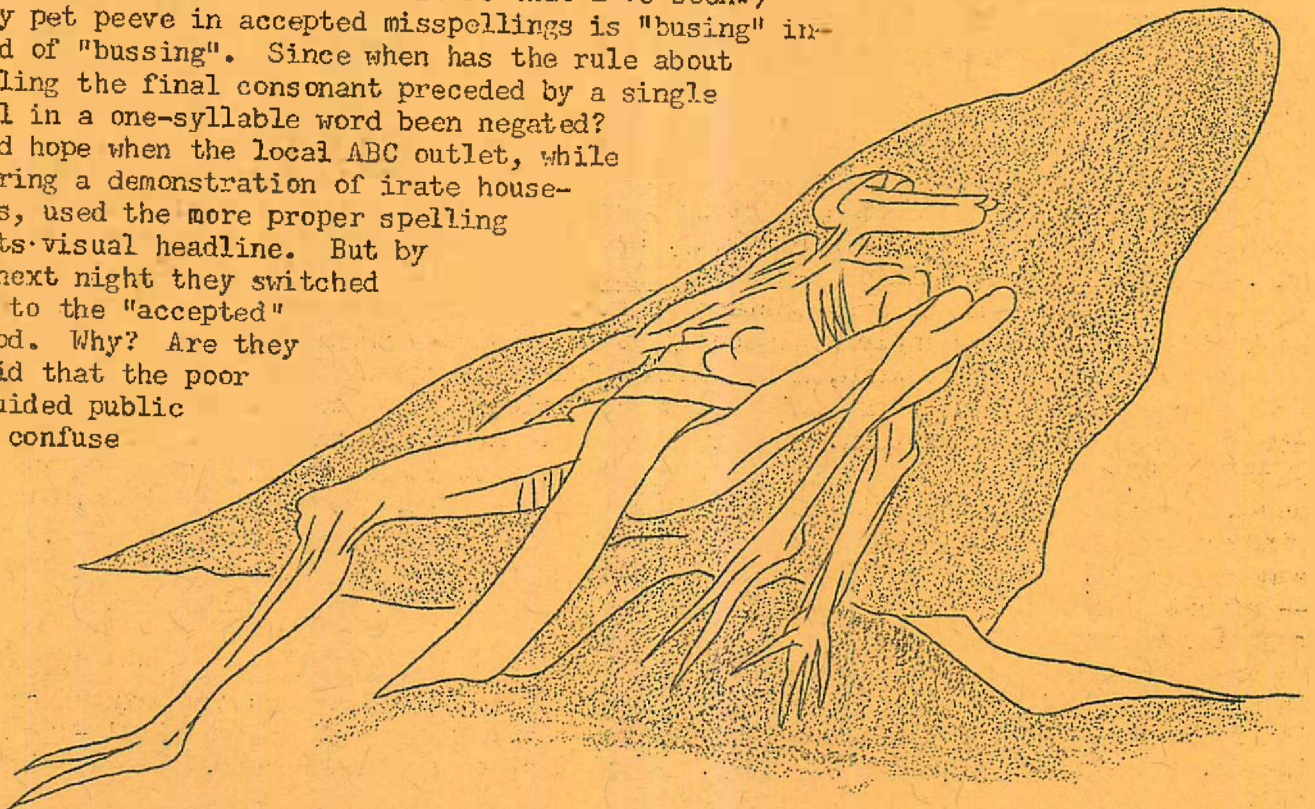
Ah, it's great to be an ex-Panamanian. Now to drink my way to northern Europe for the summer.

/This, of course, came with the article we published last issue. RSG/

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

Regarding Juanita's fears about a lost apostrophe on page 11; it's bright and clear on my copy. But her mentioning it makes the word "jaws" for "jars" further down on the same page stand out a bit more, as well as the missing word in Terry Hughes' letter (7th line, page 21). Presume it was supposed to be "Arthur C. Clarke's" or, more simply, "Clarke's". There were a few more, but we shall be kind, shan't we. (You still do far better proof-reading than 99% of fanzine editors that I've seen.)

My pet peeve in accepted misspellings is "busing" instead of "bussing". Since when has the rule about doubling the final consonant preceded by a single vowel in a one-syllable word been negated? I had hope when the local ABC outlet, while covering a demonstration of irate housewives, used the more proper spelling in its visual headline. But by the next night they switched back to the "accepted" method. Why? Are they afraid that the poor misguided public will confuse



an anti-bussing group with a group who opposed kissing? Everytime I see "busing" I mentally pronounce it like "abusing", minus the "a". I'm agin that, too, for that matter. People shouldn't beat up other people.

I'm glad that Bruce finally found something memorable in PeCon. Can't say that we did, except for having the rattiest hotel/motel room I've ever encountered. (We had to sleep on the floor; the mattress was full of chuckholes, so help me ghod!)

Buck, I'm ashamed of you. You misquoted me. When you protested about my comment regarding professional representative, I said that you don't represent yourself as a pro. You did agree at the time. But if you want to point me out as a thoughtless, inconsiderate boor, it's your prerogative. Sniff.

Don Blyly's article was interesting. I recall the blow-up andy had with the manager in Champaign. We were just toting our things to the car when the manager (or more properly, the assistant manager) was rather huffily demanding for "Mr. Offutt" to come to the front desk. Andy, in the meantime, was stalking out of the lobby with the most grim un-"positive-thinking" expression on his face that I've ever seen him wear. Going back to the con suite, we passed by Blyly gesticulating angrily at the taken-aback-young-executive-on-his-way-up man. We didn't stay long enough to see how matters were settled. Glad to see that they wound up satisfactorily. (I will quarrel with Don's boasts about Champanacon's banquet; think Midwestcon offers you the best deal for your money. You can load up on what you like there.)

What to say about Gini's piece? It was funny, very funny. (Though I still hold a treasured spot for her sexy snail tome.)

I got a chuckle out of the Thompsons' solution to family transportation, a new compact and a used station wagon. We did the same thing, and considering the over \$400 clams shelled out since July 1st it was a rotten idea from our viewpoint too. (It looks so nice on paper; nice inexpensive, new (since it should mean fewer repairs) compact for Wally to haul back and forth on that 60 mile round trip daily, and good roomy station wagon for when we have to go as a bunch, or for when I have to drive the kids to town because they missed the school bus. But what happens when it's the compact that breaks down. 120 miles a day, is what it means, if I have to have the car for some reason or t'other. Bah! Humbug!

/I wonder if "busing" began to be used when some editor realized that his none-too-bright readers might interpret "bussing" in the slang sense and become even more outraged over integration? (The kids probably never heard "bussing" used as a synonym for kissing, but their parents have, and it's the parents who throw rocks at school busses.) RSC/

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

Just read an article on the editorial page of the LA Times, about how some dastardly city planners are thinking about letting the old Hall of Records be torn down. Hall of Records looks like a French mountain resort (and according to the article the upper floors are decorated in French Brothel), but it's a landmark as well as a relic. Anyway, the article was bylined So-and-So, Times Architecture Critic. I find it comforting that the Times has an architecture critic. Nothing much can be wrong with the world if a major paper employs someone just to criticize architecture.

Saw a Western this weekend, A MAN CALLED GRINGO -- and he was, too, in just about every sentence. In one scene this fellow came riding into town on the most conspicuous horse I ever saw in a Western. A white Arabian. A very Arabian Arab, too. All the show points of the breed: small head, big eyes, nostrils with red showing in the depths, arched neck, long silky tail, fancy mincing walk, everything. I couldn't imagine why the hero wasn't murdered for the horse the first night he was in town. I assume he was on the side of Right and Justice; no outlaw would ride a horse like that -- a white horse is visible for miles. People in the film were falling out the windows staring at that beast.

On a recent trip to the Southwest I found the most beautiful huge square black safe in a curio shop in Farmington. It was enormous, with landscape scenes painted on both inner and outer doors, little shelves and boxes and drawers of golden bird's-eye maple inside, and the date, August 12, 1683, in goldleaf on the inner door. It sat right

behind the counter of the shop, in plain sight, and was obviously a proudly treasured and exhibited item. I asked if I could take a picture of it and was told quite coldly no, because if I had a picture of it everyone would know what kind of safe it was and someone could rob it. Geez, I know what kind of safe it is without a picture: it's a Master Safe Co. safe, made in August 1883. The identification's right in plain sight, for ghod's sake. I didn't even want the lock or combination dial in the picture. But no, I might rob their goddam safe. I would if I could, now.

In another place I asked a man if I could take a picture of his horse. Out here in mean, nasty old California people seem quite pleased that you think their horse is pretty enough to take a picture of. Not this guy. He'd heard of people going around taking pictures of horses, then they gave the pictures to horse thieves so they'd know which horses to steal.

If that's how friendly the friendly Southwest is, I don't think I could stand New England.

Incidentally, I flew out on Texas International, which just recently changed its name from Trans Texas. Mostly, I think, to get away from the initials which converted so well to Tinker Toy or Tree Top Airlines.

Last week I took our white cat Harry Snow to the vet for another shot of Depo-Provera, since he'd started spraying on things again. Harry is no intellectual supercat, you understand. He sat on the front seat of the car on the way over, looking mildly bemused (my other cats have hysterics in the car). Then he sat on my lap in the waiting room full of dogs. Purring. Sat on the vet's table, purring. And purred while and after getting his shot. What, me worry?

I was reading a book on the history of anesthesia, and in the chronology section I found this entry, which I quote for you in its entirety: "1852 - Sir Richard Owen, while dissecting a rhinoceros, discovers the parathyroid glands." There is no further information of Sir Richard and his rhino in the entire book. It must be one of the un-gung epics of medicine, though. Can you imagine how long it would take to dissect a rhino? You could make one rhino last your entire medical career.

Was browsing at the newsstand the other day and started to read the blurb on the backcover of a Western by a Spur Award Winner. When I got to the part about Sheriff Sam Good's horse "riding into town with blood on the saddle", I quit. That's what it said -- "riding into town" -- on Sam Good's back, no doubt. In another passage the stalwart deputy looks at the banjo clock on the wall and sees that it shows "the hour of 3:15". Yes, indeedy. And howcum it's always blood on the saddle, never blood on the horse? Seems to me that unless the character got shot in the rump you'd be more likely to get blood on the horse; and it goes without saying that no one ever gets shot in the rump in a Western. No one ever dies of tetanus or blood poisoning either; remarkable. Roy Huggins is one of the few writers who ever implies that injuries had a more drastic consequence in those days -- like his sheriff in a tv script, who lost a leg after falling off a two-story building. Probably an open fracture that got impossibly infected, says the medical detective.

Joe Green, 1390 Holly Avenue, Merritt Island, FL 32952

Thanks for the copy of Yandro. I've only read your reviews of MIND to date, but will get to the rest. I have some comments, and am deliberately writing on a card so I won't get carried away with defending the book. But you did make a factual error. On page 86 I stated that the Hilt-Sil were larger in proportion to their vegetation than animals on Earth. Everything is not identical to Earth but simply larger in size. As for the doubtful physics and biology...when you exceed the speed of light you're already out of the bounds of real science; after that giants are easy to accept. As for Dr. Asimov -- isn't that the guy who squeezed a whole submarine down to pin-head size and sent it roaming through a chap's blood-system? Yeahhhhhh! Fact is, Buck, all our sf is mostly fiction!

/No, as a matter of fact, Asimov isn't the guy who squeezed a submarine down to pinhead size; the guy who wrote the screen play did that. All Asimov did was take money for novelizing the movie script. RSC/

G. C. Edmondson

Haven't seen the fanzine or review, but welcome to the club. Unless some editor got his chopsticks into it, I never came right out and spelled insulin since I was referring to DBI-TD, which is taken orally twice a day by thousands of people among whom you may include me.



/Some editor has been at work then. I haven't seen the hardcover, but the DAW edition refers specifically to insulin; at least twice. As far as I know, it could be any editor along the line who made the change; I only saw the end product. RSC. Don Wollheim seems to get copy editors who do things like that -- alter a carefully-researched item in the text to something incorrect (presumably because they have a low opinion of the readership and want to reduce matters to the simplest, if wrong, common denominator). In one of my books my research went out the window when a copy editor substituted "Cro-magnon" in the text -- to explain a possible instinctual trait homo sapiens might have evolutionarily acquired from a pre-hominid ancestor. LMC/

Liz Fishman, 4339 Meadowcroft Road, Kettering OH 45429

New Castle Publications just came out with a reprint of Gypsy remedies and recipes called, ROMANY REMEDIES AND RECIPES, by one Gipsy Petulengro -- I would never buy a book like this, but since it was sent to me, what the hell. I looked through it, and it's full of herbal mixtures for just about every disease and rash available. To me the most fascinating section dealt with the care of dogs: to cure distemper, small doses of ordinary brewer's yeast; a piece of raw potato now and then prevents distemper altogether; a piece of hard tobacco wrapped in dough will wipe out worms, etc. But the best one, my absolute favorite of anything in the book, reads: "To make a 'new' dog follow you and never leave you to follow others -- place a piece of soft bread under the armpit until it is permeated with your perspiration. Then give it to the dog."

I wonder, is once enough, or do you constantly keep a bagle in your armpit?

With all the Women's Lib discussions that have taken place in Yandro I think just about everything there is to say on the subject has been said; suffice to say I am in agreement with some of it and have my own ideas about the rest of it. There is, however, one thing; I refuse to be addressed as Ms. It really didn't bother me when I first started getting mail addressed to Ms. Liz Fishman -- titles are no big thing as far as I'm concerned. But that's before I knew the pronunciation of those two letters. No one is going to call me Miz Liz and get away with it.

You most certainly must have been in some hurry to get this last issue together; mine fell apart page by page.

Ed Conner asks if Bobby Fischer really is more than eccentric: Fischer's former roommate revealed that he moved out when he could no longer stomach Fischer's love of capturing grasshoppers and crickets and killing them ever so slowly. Delightful bit of eccentricity there.

Someone sent me both of Juanita's book and I did enjoy them. I am puzzled though as to the definition of gothic. THE SECRET OF SEVEN OAKS seems to be a murder mystery with a bit of the occult, and DOOR INTO TERROR seems to be a good old-fashioned ghost story, with occultish overtones. I always thought gothic had to do with medieval castles and gloomy sorcery. Wrong, huh?

What does Bruce mean he has to stop watching programs for nostalgia? Nostalgia?

Why he's not even old enough to remember the Mickey Mouse Club. Now that's nostalgia.

/One of Liz's letters seems to have disappeared; well, we found Tucker's missive eventually, so maybe it will turn up. Like science fiction, a gothic is whatever the readers point to when saying it. (Or more likely, whatever the publisher decides will sell better with "Gothic" on the cover.) RSC/

Susan Kenyon, Whitney Animal Laboratories, Aurora NY 13026

I happened to see a copy of your Yandro publication recently and found it quite interesting, particularly your remarks concerning Dr. Fredric Wertham's Critique on the Surgeon General's Report on TV and Behavior.

With all due respect, I think you must have given Dr. Wertham's article a very shallow reading, for your comments do not jibe with what I have always understood Dr. Wertham's position to be,

For instance, I get the impression you consider Dr. Wertham an advocate of total censorship of the media, which is simply not true. Quite the contrary, he has battled against censorship for years and was the first psychiatrist gutsy enough to testify as an expert witness for the defense in a Federal Court where the Government sought to impose censorship in the 1920s!

In the article you have referred to in your publication, it is not Dr. Wertham, but the Surgeon General who is guilty of censorship -- Dr. Wertham was trying to point out what a masterpiece of censorship that Report itself really was. It reached its conclusions that violence on TV is unharful, by the simple expediency of eliminating all studies where the results proved otherwise.

Incidentally, concerning the alleged "clean-up" of comic books -- surely you must know they are alive and well and living under assumed names such as "illustrated tales", "pictorial horror" etc. Although I am a big fan of horror comics (magazines) myself, I cannot honestly say I'd advocate a steady diet of them for children. Children should be allowed a glimpse of life's sweetness, at least. We owe them that much, I think, even tho as you say, "people have a way of getting what they want" and "a majority of people in this country want to watch ever-increasing amounts of violence."

The "problem", as I see it, is not so much how to make people want the right thing, as how to give them a chance to choose. So it goes.

/This is obviously an older letter, held until I got permission to publish. Susan and I have had at one another in various letters since, so I'm not about to recapitulate all my answers here; it's up to the readers. (I wanted a defense of Dr. Wertham on record, and this was the only one offered, so....) RSC/

Andre Norton

That was a very difficult book to write -- the moreso because a very stupid copy editor so "edited" the historical portions I had to recopy forty-five pages before I could deal with it -- and then I had to replace practically all the conversation: because in each section the dialogue was taken from direct translation, and the editor neatly changed all that to modern speech! I had such a bad time I vowed I would NEVER do another book for that company.



But I had to rewrite it as I originally had it before they slashed it up and then have a discussion with the head editor about NOT altering historical material which was carefully researched. It wore me out.

/Andre insisted that this letter be edited to omit any identification of title of publisher before it could be used, but even so I think it may be valuable to any would-be writers in the audience. This is one of the things you'll run into -- even if you become a big name. RSC/

Ken Faig, 421 Kungs Way, Joliet IL 60435

I was interested in Robert Briney's comments on TARZAN ALIVE. I read the New York Times review and decided that I didn't want to read the book. It didn't strike me that the reviewer was trying to approach Farmer's B.S.I.-style scholarship from a viewpoint which made his opinion of the book inevitably negative. I hope there will be more reviews -- for if sufficiently clever, such a book ought to be very entertaining indeed.

By the way, the Tarzan saga seems to be entering an entirely new phase in "gay" movie theaters in large cities around the country: witness the enclosed advertisement from the Chicago Tribune: A recent issue of Luna Monthly had it that the movie was being advertised as "Tarzan the Fearless" in New York, to avoid possible rumblings from ERB, Inc.; I always did wonder whether Tarzan ever did meet up with Bomba the Jungle Boy; so I suppose "Tarzan the Fearless" will be answering questions even Farmer didn't come to ask.

Joe Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

For Sandra Miesel: One prominent politician wanted a peek at the book before it was published and there was some minor rumbling (if you'll pardon the expression, Buck) here and there when the book came out. But the book is fiction, unbased on fact, and so no one seems to be mad about it (with one corporate exception, which doesn't upset me much).

I think that I enjoyed Bob Hoskins' letter more than anything else in the issue. An interesting look into the editorial mind and an insight into the publishing business from a place most of us will never stand. Doubleday has never changed my titles, but Ace changed MURDER IN BROWN AND WHITE to THE COLOR OF HATE, which was all for the better as far as I was concerned. I like the title THE HOUSE OF COUNTED HATREDS. Frequently I buy books just on titles, and I'm sure I'd find that one hard to resist, and you know I'm not much of a gothic reader.

W.G. Bliss, 422 Wilmot, Chillicothe IL 61523

Oh, technology is restoring the equality of the sexes. The hubby will work watching (overseeing) completely automated machinery whilst his frau will oversee an automated household go through its paces.

Bruce's Column -- Bobby Fischer using poison gas at chess? No doubt the Russians made a big thing out of some innocuous Yankee thing like a pressure can of RALD.

Rumblings -- that 500 buffalo might start a rash of such practical jokes. Imagine the reaction of someone getting an official-looking notice:

Dear Sir:

Your bid at Fort Blitz has been accepted for one hundred thousand World War II surplus contraceptive/prophylactic kits. They have been dispatched by Railway Express, collect.

Sincerely,

General Bunting.

Ah, but farming has become just another factory system. The ones who have enough land and capital and tooling are making out. For these days the tax structure makes for critical sizes of business.

Difugalty -- I never buy a new typer, but quite a few old ones. Commonly use an ancient Harris double-shifter. The nicest sounds are made by Oliver model 9s. Almost musical when they have just had a lube job. Speed typing on a Hammond Selectric sounds like a woodpecker.

Gosh, I read through the rest of the zine without thinking of any zany comments, just dull ones. Too dull to include here. A sure sign it is late enough in the day that my brain cells are frazzled. I am still madly pursuing the art of making Shaver-type rock photos. He has been using the "brute force" method of exposure lately, flash-cubes close to the rock. Necessary for short exposures with double bellows at F28. Think I'll quit semi-gaffiating and renews my sub to Locus.

/According to one chess-player, Fischer liked to eat beans before a chess match; as likely an explanation of "poison gas" as anything. RSC// It's a pity typewriter addicts and repairer-tinkerers like you and Bill Danner live so far away. My very first and very lovable Royal Portable of 40-41 vintage has a broken E key linkage. Repair shops around here won't even look at it, saying it's too old and parts are impossible to obtain. As far as I know, that broken linkage is the only thing wrong with a very fine little machine. If one of you guys were closer, I'd happily pay you to explore the damages and hopefully put it back in operating condition. JWC/

Chris Walker, 609 South Fess Street #2, Bloomington IN 47401

My furshlugginer Remington is out on strike! This is my roommate's Smith-Corona, itself still recuperating from a total breakdown. There for a while I was without a typewriter of any kind, and I felt as if I'd lost an arm, or my glasses, or some other equally crucial organ (yes, my glasses are an organ; you should see me blunder about without them). I was getting 'way behind on crank letters. Under normal conditions I am a ferocious writer of crank letters: letters to the Kroger company about packaging; letters to Coca-Cola about nonreturnable bottles and cans; letters to Congress about whatever piece of proposed legislation really interests me. If some piece of proposed legislation really gets me excited, I generally write four letters about it: to Senator Bayh, Senator Hartke, Congressman Myers (of the district where I live), and Congressman Roush (of the district where I vote).

I remember writing to you once about my enthusiasm for Henry James's novels; I've just finished reading a superb one: PORTRAIT OF A LADY. Rarely have I so much wanted an already long novel to be longer and tell more. He tells just enough to satisfy and yet leave one hungry.

/Being a cynic, I only write to the congressman who may agree with my stand, figuring that the others won't pay any attention anyway. (No pro-gun letters to Birch Bayh, for example, and no pro-ecology letters to our conservative congressman David W. Dennis, but lots of vice versa.) RSC/

Tommy Cobb, P.O. Box 3767, Dallas TX 75208

To remove myself from the group of ingrates known as non-responsive subscribers, I decided to write, finally.

The idea Joe Hensley expressed in a letter waaay back in Yandro 211 prompted me to write, also. He wrote that he was planning to encourage Jim Coleman to write suspense stories incorporating Coleman's background. That would be great, giving the stories a feeling of authenticity. With the addition of reality, the suspense would be increased.

After reading nearly all of the books in the "Tod Moran" series by Howard Pease, I've always been curious about freighters of the tramp or independent class. Most of the Moran titles came out in the 1930's and '40's so I'll bet the state of shipping has changed in the U.S. since then. Much of the personnel involved in shipping has been unionized so I guess working conditions have improved over the way they were in Pease's day. In the U.S., that is. Thanks to Derek Nelson I have an inkling that conditions are still the same in other parts of the seafaring world. Freighters that are loners may not exist any more, but life as a seaman still seems to be as precarious and as grueling as Pease indicated.

One of the advantages in reading fanzines is illustrated by the comments you made concerning the way editors handle gothic mss. "Insider" information like this

is always valuable to outsiders. Outsiders then know what they may encounter.

/Lord, I hadn't thought of Howard Pease in years. I certainly didn't read all the "Tod Moran" series, but I read quite a few Pease books. Can't even be sure of titles now. THE BLACK TANKER sounds right for one, but as for the rest... RSC/

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

Since being to Italy in May (which I won -- the trip, that is -- in a competition) I have had my first paid holiday this year a few weeks back. To Germany, East and West. Flew to Hamburg and then by motor coach to Berlin via the frontier, and inside Berlin through Checkpoint Charlie into East Berlin, which is not so colourful -- you do not, for example, in East Berlin see street ads for homosexual bars, sex films in boutiques, and sausages and chips on the street corners, and of course very well dressed ladies walking around. But East Berlin does have the television tower, the Reichstag, the Hitler Bunker (which these days they do not show the tourist because they want tourists to think only West Germans were Nazis). There is a very impressive Soviet Memorial too in a park of its own, great statues and long paths going up to a central place. The Berlin wall, incidentally, is quite unimpressive; it's just concrete planks on top of each other and on top a new innovation -- concrete tubes about a foot in diameter mounted in a loose metal hoop. As anyone makes a run at them, the tube is grabbed, and it revolves in its hoops and deposits the runner on the ground, long enough for the guards to shoot him. Simple, but very effective. At some street endings sealed off by the wall there are, on the West German sides, a sort of wooden scaffold; like you see men hanged from in Western films, but minus the trapdoor. You walk up the rickety steps, and at the top you can look over the wall; and a few yards back there are two fellows with binoculars looking at you. So we get out our binoculars and look at them and they look at us. Then we take photos, then walk back down the steps and honor is satisfied. All the guards, Volkspolizei, Schutz Polizei, are very young; they are not quite as young as the American sailors in Hamburg, who seem hardly out of kindergarten, but they are very young men. Our coach went eventually into East Germany and was welcomed along the way with a custom familiar in the U.S.A. too -- we were fined for speeding by the Volkspolizei.

We had a very charming East German lady as our guide in Dresden. Her husband taught mathematics at the University there and she was doing this job for the first time. And for our meal one evening among the cold meat delicacies were smoked eels. She said she had not eaten these for 10 years! She said they were usually reserved for Western Capitalists -- though I find it difficult to think of myself as one somehow -- mainly because I haven't any capital.

/Since I've never tried smoked eels, I'd be willing to taste them, but this western capitalist would shed no tears if the East Germans ate them all and left none for me. RSC/

Thomas Burnett Swann

I'm glad that GREEN PHOENIX cheered you a little. I knew it's just a middling book, a twilit book, but I'm still attached to it, maybe because of the George Barr cover. As for the title change, I guess Don Wollheim does know what will attract readers and I was willing to give up my first flowery title, but I didn't like having the phoenix inflicted on me. That bird has been in so many titles lately. What I really wanted was ALWAYS, AENEAS, but it may be that people just don't read Vergil anymore.

/People not only don't read Vergil, they don't read about him, as Avram found out. I'll have to side with Wollheim; GREEN PHOENIX isn't the world's best title by a long shot, but I can't imagine any newsstand browser buying something titled ALWAYS, AENEAS. (It does fit your book better, but what good is a book that nobody buys?) RSC/