



YANDRO / 220

XX:2

may 73

THIS
HYAR'S
YANDRO
COUNTRY!

Published as often as we can manage it
by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3,
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"Don't trust your soul to no backwoods
southern lawyer..." ...pop song.
I wonder if that includes southern Indiana?

NOTICE - Any fan in the New York City area who
is willing to provide a home for a puppy get in
touch with Alice Hopf. Phone (212) 929-1773.
She has 4 to dispose of, and I hope, what with
the delay in this issue, that they can still be
called puppies....

The World of Fanzines: A Special Form of Com-
munication, by Dr. Fredric Wertham, will be pub-
lished in November by the Southern Illinois University
Press. Price \$10.00. Much of the press release seems to be devoted to comics fan-
zines; it remains to be seen whether or not the book is.

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ARTWORK

Cover by Dany Frolich; Cover logo by Richard Delap

Page 1 - Jackie Franke	Page 10 (logo) - Arthur Thomson	Page 30 - Dave Piper
" 2 - JWC	" 22 - Robert E. Gilbert	" 31 - Dan Adkins
" 4 - JWC	" 22 (logo) Sheryl Birkhead	" 34 (logo) Sheryl Birkhead
" 6 - Jim Cawthorn	" 23 - Jackie Franke	" 35 - Jackie Franke
" 7 - Dick Flinchbaugh	" 26 - Jim Cawthorn	" 38 - Alexis G1111-land
	" 27 - Jim Cawthorn	" 39 - Jackie Franke

(foulups caused by typing too late at night; sorry. RSC)

We finally have a pop song describing fandom. ("Dead Skunk In The Middle of the Road", of course.)



At this stage of the game I have finished the sub-assembly collating of the final 8 sheets, & am halfway thru the sub-assembly on the middle 8, as it were, altho the last collation will be of 6 sheets, not 8. The assembly of the last 8 sheets ended up with only three spare sheets on a few collating stations, which is remarkable for my Rex. I can only hope the rest of the assembly comes out so evenly. I can also hope that we didn't miscalculate and run short; because one thing I really loathe doing is running extras off already inky and limp stencils. For one thing that uses incredible amounts of ink, which gets more expensiver every day. But so far it is looking like an exceptionally smooth run. One can only knock plastic

and hope it continues, not just for this issue but in the future. Possibly the surprising efficiency of the mimeoing was due to unusually dry atmospheric conditions -- which are unheard of in this region at this time of year.

Torcon will be offering a fan history display, and we're trying to pull together a few memorabilia we have that might be of some interest to those who came into this bedlam after we did. But I hardly expect to spend my time at Torcon (not much of it, anyway) standing around and looking doddering and venerable. I've stayed in fandom all these years because I like it, and one of the things I like is the constant introduction of new and interesting people to the microcosm. Of course, while this is going on lots of old people are gafiating or semi-retiring, for which I think they're paying the penalty of missing all or some of the fun. Time is a river and all that, and certainly fandom isn't quite the same place that it was when I first discovered it, but I hardly think it's gone to hell in a centaur-drawn hand cart. Unless this fan history display puts me in contact with new fans as well as relics like myself, I suspect I'll split and find someplace more lively. We shall see.

The old days of fandom had some allegedly fabulous fannish incidents like Gem Carr and the elevator, the door incident, Dave Kyle says you can't sit here, and irritations, tragedies, embarrassments, etc., like Mrs. Bea(s)tley, the deaths of some good fans, a con or two which didn't make a profit -- quite the reverse, und zo weiter. Just like present day fandom, a mixture. Maybe collage, or considering the print oriented nature of fandom, a decoupage.

At any rate, I hope Torcon will keep the whole thing in perspective and not succumb to any nauseating wallowing in nostalgia -- because I was dere, Charlie, and it wasn't the Golden Age of anything in particular.

Which might be said of fandom and its so-called history in general.

Several people have called me on my comment on the abortion issue in last issue's letter column, and rightly so, since I phrased my feelings badly. Despite the Supreme Court decision this remains a grey area to a great many people. My own feelings are ambiguous and I like to think that emotionally I can see both sides of the argument from a female point of view. Religiously I'm afraid I don't see it at all, but I don't begrudge those who do abhor the question on the basis of religion their own opinions. Indiana's General Assembly rassled with the situation, having had their very restrictive laws junked by the recent decision; as might have been expected they came up with a rewrite which pleased no one and will undoubtedly be thrown out in the first test case.

While all this was going on local news media were being drenched in letters from anti-abortion fanatics -- and I use the expression firmly. There were a few -- very -- sane and rational pleas for the sanctity of life, interspersed with a few -- very -- sane and rational pleas for the understanding of need for freedom of choice in the matter...and at the other end of the spectrum a very few fanatical pro-abortion polemics. But the vast bulk of the mail was rabidly anti-abortion, fulminations

against any countering opinion whatsoever, even involving incestuous rape of a retarded twelve-year old or thalidomide and even, in a few cases, the standard argument of a genuine need to save the life of the mother, in case of serious heart ailment, for instance. Many of the letters parroted each other and many contained arguments on totally inaccurate scientific statements. Frankly, my own ambiguous position on the question was pushed further towards pro-abortion after reading this spate of hysteria. I for one, as a fence-sitter, am not going to be convinced by arguments that aborting a three month old fetus is identical with murdering a human being post partum. This may be incomprehensible to some people, but it is the way I think, and from what I have read I have company among some persons whose religious credentials are impeccable. I suspect my reasoning may coincide with that of some of the Justices, too. The noise, in this sector, has come predominantly, and at elevated decibels and lowered intelligence levels, from the anti-abortion segment of the population, arguing almost entirely on the basis of religious belief. It does not persuade. It turns off. In reaction one thinks of overpopulation, energy and food crises and attendant problems -- and a fence sitter, pushed by noise and fanaticism, begins to think the pro-abortionists may have something after all. I think those on the opposite side might do well to speak firmly to their proponents prone to yell the most. Like it or not, they're creating an impression of: you follow my ideas -- i.e., my religious interpretations -- or I'll have you tried and executed for murder. Apparently in that case murder is okay. Hoping you have a more rational explanation...

JWC

a coulumn

bec

Not that much has happened since last issue; this seems to have been a dull few months.

I am typing this coulumn on my father's old typewriter, which is now mine. Somehow my father managed to acquire an electric typewriter, and having no further use for his old upright, gave it to me. The only problem was in getting it to my room, since the thing must weigh 20 lbs.

Something seems to be wrong with my chess-playing; despite increased study, I only scored 2 1/2 points out of nine with my father for an average of 27 per cent, whereas before my study I was getting close to 40 percent.

Debate season has finally ended, with a last student congress. I didn't place so much as show, which is all I expected to do. My fellow congressmen were a talkative bunch, as they got into a note writing contest and were running the pages to death with all their notes. The only note I wrote was intercepted. Oh well!

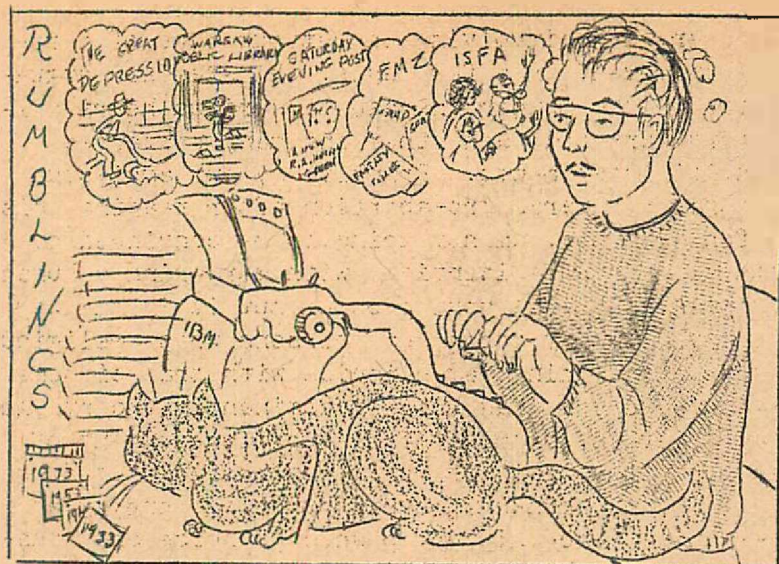
I managed to get a minor part in the school play (as a mayor; you think somebody is trying to tell me something?), and that shot a good many weekends. Most of the roles were typecast; the big, dumb son-in-law was played by a wrestling champion who managed to break up most of the rehearsals. I also discovered a stage cliché: the less make-up, the more objections. The son-in-law and several others were making a fuss over wearing a minimum of make-up, while I and the other cast members were quietly getting as much make-up apiece as they were altogether. The play, in case anyone, is interested, was "Never Too Late".

Somebody mentioned something about it being a little incongruous for me to say that it has been a dull month and then write so much. All that shows is my ability to take a dull month and stretch it out.

The school recently had an art show, all of the art being displayed in the gym. What got me was not the art (some of it rather good) but the prices. \$100 for a large pot. \$35 for a painting. \$10 for some drawings. I think some of the artists had an inflated idea of their worth.

I've apparently had an acceptance of material for the school literary magazine, Abraxas. At least, one of the officials asked me whether I would agree to a few changes in my story. I agreed to grammatical changes but objected to changing a passage in the story. I also asked about remainders; who knows, maybe I'll show up at a con with this early example of my literary talents.

So good-bye, and remember: Dei Tandem Vidiunt!



Here we are with what should have been the March issue....we'll try to do better in the future. (How many times have you heard that lately?) We have two riders this time, in the form TABEBUIAN #1 and 3. The reason you're getting two issues is that issue #1 was supposed to be included with YANDRO #219, only I forgot to put it in. About the promises to do better. One thing that always holds up every YANDRO is fanzine reviews, not only because they take time to do but because I don't like to do them. So beginning next issue, fanzines get a listing, a one-word description of type (genzine, apazine, newsletter, personal, etc.) and maybe a rating. Any fanzine editor not appreciating the change is free to quit sending me his fanzine. If that doesn't speed things up, we'll cut out the fanzine listing altogether. Also, cramming two or three month's supply of letters, reviews, and so on into one issue makes for larger issues. Add to this the fact that Rex ink just jumped in price from \$2.60 to \$3.80 per can, and you have the reason for the increase in price noted on the contents page. Regular readers can renew at the old rate up until the next issue appears (overseas have until July 31 or until the next issue, whichever comes later.)

Regular readers may discern a new typeface here. This is courtesy of George Sciethers, who presented us with an elderly but splendidly conditioned IBM model B. George sometimes does more to keep YANDRO going than we do. Seems to cut excellent stencils; much sharper than my old Royal manual upright.

I suppose all this slowing down of publication may look to the outsider as though we're becoming disenchanted with fandom. Not really - at least partly because I was never enchanted with fandom, or at least not after my first few months as a neo. I enjoy the correspondence and company of specific fans as much as I ever did, but they don't include the whole of fandom by a long shot. However, a combination of chronic illness, overtime work, and being SFWA Secretary have interfered with fanning. This may again be a slow year for YANDRO, but next year I won't have a SFWA office (and probably won't be in SFWA at all, though Juanita will be) and maybe other things will get done sooner. (I hadn't realized, when I ran for a second term as Secretary, that half the work has to be done between January and April; it had been a pretty easy job up until then.)

On his first lp record (which we received courtesy of Claude Hall), John Hartford has a song titled "I Would Not Be Here" (and a quick check of the jacket to confirm the title reveals it isn't his first record, but his third. Oh well....) This is a rather fascinating musical - more or less musical - account of why an individual happens to be at one particular place at one particular time. Why, for example, am I sitting here cutting a stencil for a two-months-late fanzine at 11:00 PM on May 7, somewhat less than a week short of my 45th. birthday? Considering my background and education, it is far more probable that I would be sitting in front of the tv, clutching a beer and watching the Knicks and Lakers have at one another. (As a matter of fact, being somewhat of a basketball fan, I did watch part of the game, but I'm not enough of a fan to watch all of it. In fact, if Juanita hadn't had the tv turned on I probably wouldn't have watched any of it....for that matter, if Juanita hadn't bought the tv, we likely wouldn't own a set. I don't dislike tv; in fact I like a lot of it. But I am apathetic toward it.) Anyway, it's sort of intriguing to speculate on what particular events brought one to this sorry estate. I suppose the biggest one for me was the Depression. Otherwise Dad wouldn't have lost his farm and I'd probably have followed the line of least resistance - being naturally lazy - taken an ag course at Purdue and today be a moderately prosperous southern Indiana landholder. (On the other hand, being naturally lazy, I might have left the farm as soon as possible - but I wouldn't be here.)

Next in chronological order comes the Warsaw, Indiana, public library. I haven't been in it in years, but during the late 1930s and the 1940s it was incredibly good for a town of about 6,000 population. (Hartford City is about the same size, and the Hartford City library today isn't nearly as large as the Warsaw library was 30 years ago.) In addition, there weren't the strict rules of the big libraries. A library card theoretically allowed one to take out 2 books at a time. We had one adult and one juvenile card and regularly once a week brought home a market basket full of books. In addition, if I at age 12 wanted to get something from the adult section, I did; no questions asked. So I developed into a fast reader out of sheer necessity; there were so many books to read that I was impatient to get from one to the next. (Selection was good, too. I recall reading The Hobbit at a very early age; must have been shortly after it was published in this country. It impressed me enough so that when I heard that the author had written a three-book novel, I ordered the hardcovers from Britain, years before most fans "discovered" Tolkien. I discovered Tolkien sometime in the late 1930s.) The library was my base of operations when I was in Warsaw. I recall once locking my keys in the car during a county basketball tournament. I had another set, but they were at home, and home was 12 miles away and we didn't have a telephone. (Dad still lives there, and still doesn't have a phone. Or inside plumbing, for that matter.) So I went around to the library, explained the problem, and asked the librarian if I could borrow her car. (I had gall, even then.) She okayed it- I doubt very much if I'd have been that generous, in her place.

So, when "The Green Hills of Earth" appeared in the SATURDAY EVENING POST and I read it and went looking for more Heinlein, I first tried the library. They still had a good selection; the first stf book I read was the Healy-McComas Adventures In Time And Space (still one of the best stf anthologies ever put together). And I was hooked.

Fandom was something else. The Standard mags had fanzine review columns, but the tone was pretty juvenile; I wasn't sure I wanted to be mixed up with something like that. Or with nuts like Chad Oliver, who wrote silly letters to the editors. But finally I tried a few, picking out Taurasi's FANTASY-TIMES, Bob Silverberg's SPACESHIP, and Dick Ryan's MAD (which is never referred to at all today, but which was pretty interesting to a neofan of the time). There things sat for awhile. I didn't have a lot of money, and what I did have I preferred to put into back-issue promags. The idea of receiving fanzines in return for letters of comment wasn't as universal then as it is now (and that's probably one reason why numerous people have been frustrated by not being able to get YANDRO that way.) Eventually, though, I got a package of magazines from Philadelphia huckster James Williams (my major source; Devore was barely middle-sized-hearted back in those days) and stuck in with the mags was a note saying that there was a stf club in Indianapolis, giving me an address to write to, and signed by Dave Jenrette. (Actually it was signed "Dave Hammond", but that's another story.) So, with deep misgivings, I wrote, and subscribed to the ISFA newsletter, and there things rested again for awhile. Finally, though, I took the big step of actually attending a meeting, telling myself that, after all, I was living 100 miles away; if I didn't like them they could hardly be much bother. All I'd need to do was not go again. I must say Indiana fans are a persistent lot. That first meeting I met Lee Tremper (now Lee Lavell), Jerry Hunter, Ray Beam, Joe Hensley, and Juanita Wellons; all still more or less active in fandom. It was a pretty good introduction, too. I didn't like Beam, but compared to some fans I've met since he wasn't such a bad sort, and the rest are pretty good people. Particularly Juanita....

Since then, the major influence in keeping me in fandom - aside from Juanita - has been George Scithers (he has so much invested in YANDRO by now that I'd feel as though I were insulting him if I dropped out). But it was all started by Heinlein, Jenrette, the Depression and two wonderful librarians whose names I have avoided mentioning because I can't for the life of me remember them. So you know where to send the bombs. A minor influence would be my high school science teacher, Chesteen Chapple. I don't know how interested I'd have been in science with a poorer teacher, but I am definitely interested in it - and when I got into fandom, some sort of interest in science was almost automatic. (One of the most fannish fans of the time was Greg Benford, who now writes a science column for AMAZING.) I had the "author bug" before learning about stf, but I probably wouldn't have done anything with it, so my writing career, such as it is, stems from the same causes. And maybe we'll get another issue out next month. Until then....

HELPFUL HINTS FOR PART-TIME WRITERS

by
H. J. HENSLEY, ESQ. WITH COMMENTS BY R. & J. COULSON

[R. Coulson's comments follow. J. Coulson, employing her mutter tongue, will sotto voce along the way whenever it seems impertinent.]

As the years have passed I have stored up ideas about how one becomes a success as a writer. These ideas I have held in secret, but Buck and Juanita Coulson have persuaded me to share them. I have agreed reluctantly and with the stipulation that they add notes from their own joint experiences, so that you, gentle readers, may fall heir to all our abilities and experiences and be aided.

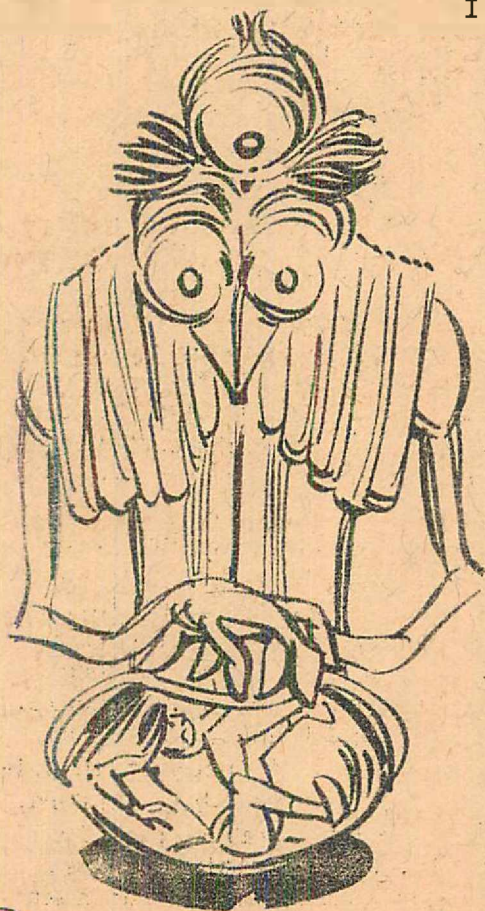
TALK & TALK

Most people wander courteously through life with open ears and closed mouth and believe that is the intelligent way. It is not the way of the successful writer. If a writer spends his time listening I'm firmly convinced his talent will dry up and he'll never have anything to write, so talk it up out there in the hinterlands, acolytes who desire writing careers. In college classes, for example, one should learn to do this. Outshout your professors. Most professors smoke pipes and therefore don't have a lot of lung power. By outshouting in my own college days I managed to become an illustrious alumni of nine colleges, none of whom send me invitations wanting me to return for homecomings or make speeches or anything. This is because they know I'm busy and important and must have maximum time for my writing.

Talking can also lead to such interesting results as charges of disorderly conduct and inciting to riot, all of which we writers should experience, if you've got bail money. (See H. Ellison and J. Hensley THE EVANSVILLE BAILMENT, Singleday 1933).

There are several times when it's better not to talk. Don't interrupt when the speaker is pretty and you prefer just sitting there open mouthed, breathing hard. And don't interrupt when the speaker is bigger than you are.

[Conversely, female writers who practice the art of talking -- a redundancy -- will sometimes get the disconcerting and annoying impression that males present aren't listening. Instead they're



admiring your uvula, the sexist pigs. When this happens prove to them that you are a fully liberated modern female writer who has studied Joanna Russ and divorced yourself from all atavistic hysteria and emotionalism: hit 'em with your purse. Hopefully, this will contain fifteen pounds of closely scribbled notes for your new novel. JWC;

STUDY THE MARKETS

I owe my great success to studying the markets. When I decided I wanted to hit Amalogue, for example, I immediately got out some old magazines and read them before I began the story for that guy who runs that magazine now and pays all that loot. Unfortunately I didn't have any Amalogues, but I did have some old Weird Tales, so I read those. Although that Amalogue editor didn't buy my story he did put me onto a kindly dealer in magazines in Detroit who took all of my old Weirds off my hands, even the ones for 1923, for 50 cents each.

Hal Hal More than cover price. One of the magazines was missing part of a back cover, too.

A writer should learn to recognize the categories of fiction he works in: e.g., if a story is written about a murder it's a suspense, unless it's done with a ray gun, when it becomes science fiction, unless there's a beautiful girl in danger and an old house with unpaid electrical bills, where it's a gothic, unless the killer is armed with a sword and there are fights and witches, where it's S&S.

If you study this you'll soon know as much as most of us.

PERSIST

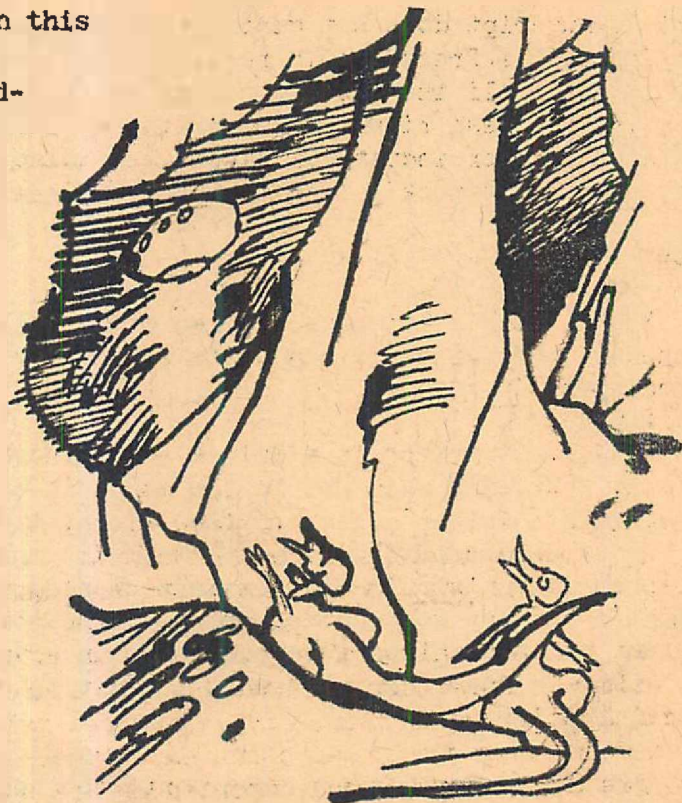
You've got to be persistent to excel in this business. If you give up and retire your material or spend your time rewriting it you'll just never make it up to the top of the mountain with me and Buck and Juanita.

One of the best ways to persist is to never give up and die on a story. I've got one story that he ought to buy that I keep sending to that fellow named Ed Fermented, who runs that magazine published on old cheese wrappers, The Magazine of Sanity in Fiction. He really ought to buy it. I know it, but he hadn't admitted it yet. I send a copy of this same story to him every month. He must be weakening. He now has three copies he hasn't sent back and has returned five.

Think and reflect now on having friendly Ed read your stuff over and over and so recognize your name and know you're someone to be reckoned with.

In sending stories out again like this take care! There's one editor named Ted Wyatt who edits a couple of beautiful fan magazines. I think he may be collecting me. He sent back my first copy, but he's held all the rest. Now this isn't all bad because it lets me write him nasty letters and also write letters to that guy who's the secretary of the science fiction writer's bourbon and marching society and raise general hell both places.

[You get persistency brownie points with oak leaf cluster in certain cases. Maybe you'll graduate to the stage where the editors don't return your mss but pass them along to other editors. The note will say, all cozy-friendly and encouraging, "Gee,



this manuscript does not meet our present needs, but good old Charlie Bluepencil over at Incredible Press should really be interested. Hence I am forwarding your sterling ms to him." If the thought occurs to you that good old Charlie Bluepencil is, in effect, a business rival of the writer -- and that forwarding your pearls-in-print has a faint odor of industrial sabotage -- slap it down. Think of Bramwell Bronte and have faith; it took a long time for his genius to be recognized, too. JWC]

WORK

You'll hear a lot of so called writers tell people that they ought to set up a schedule and follow it and write so much/everyday/every week. Like Andy Offutt, that spoilsport.

Not me.

No sir. A writer is a writer and we have to act brilliant and temperamental at all times. Writing when not in the mood can cause one to wind up like Tucker, for example, with a writer's bloch. (See Bloch, A WRITER'S TUCKER, First Coming Press, 1911).

We writers should only write when the muse is upon us. For example I write only when the moon is full and I'm left uncaged, when my weight is an even 297 pounds, when there's nothing good on the tv or at the movies, and when I'm out of alcoholic beverages. That's unless I've been paid in advance by a very large editor.

There is one other time when I admit to working: If someone suggests house or yard work, I write.

[Working materials are important, too, especially rough draft paper. I do my rough drafts on old Yandro crudsheets -- already rejected by the mimeo, which refuses to print them on at least one side. That way I keep the whole thing in perspective. JWC]

CONTRACTS

I've found, to my sorry surprise, that the best and easiest way to get a contract to do a book or a story is to be tall and willowy with a twist in your walk. I'm tall, but unwillowy, and everytime I try the twisty walk something goes out in my back. I've had a few nice offers even at that.

But some things have rubbed off and I will pass them on to you luckies:

(A) Don't ever give an editor anything in writing. They'll steal it and assign it to someone who is tall and willowy and has a twist in his/her walk. Talk your story out to them in person. Here you should refer back to the section on talking should the editor try to interrupt you.

(B) Never take an editor's first offer, even if legal between consenting adults. All editors are born thieves and hagglers and will gladly give you much more than the opening offer.

At least I hear it's that way. Last time I went to New York I really didn't get to see anyone. I did get to talk on the telephone to the building manager at Harpy and Road. He said he wasn't buying anything except detergents with phosphates. So I'm doing a book for him on those things, as soon as I find out what they are.

IN CONCLUSION

Now that you have learned the inner secrets best wishes for success in your assault on the markets.

And should you sell anything please send the customary fifteen per-cent. Send it direct to me. Don't send it to Buck and Juanita.

I will, of course, forward on their share.

[COMMENTS BY R. COULSON]

Actually, Joe has covered most of the bases, but he left out agents. Everybody should have an agent. Then you don't have to worry about editors any more; all you

have to worry about is your agent. What you do, see, is, instead of sending your story to an editor, you send it to your agent. Your agent writes back, telling you what a marvelous story it is, than he (or she, as the case may be) send it on to the editor. Same editor you would have sent it to, thereby reinforcing your good opinion of your own business abilities. And the editor doesn't send you the money; he sends your agent the money. The agent then keeps his percentage of what he says the editor paid him, and sends you the rest. This makes you look businesslike. Editors generally think writers are a scurvy lot with no business sense, and so if you don't have an agent, the editor may think he can put one over on you. Agents are special people, coming equipped with at least 3 jaws, all full of pointed teeth for shredding contracts. Editors don't mess with agents. Besides, editors like to deal with agents because they understand one another -- editors having at least 3 jaws, all full of pointed teeth for shredding manuscripts. Editors don't like to deal with authors, because they don't understand them. Authors are too busy trying to shred one another's reputations to think much about important things like contracts and manuscripts. Some agents are better than others. I happen to know that both Joe and Juanita have Virginia Kidd as agent. Virginia has at least 4 jaws full of pointed teeth, and intimidates editors right and left. That's the kind of agent to have.

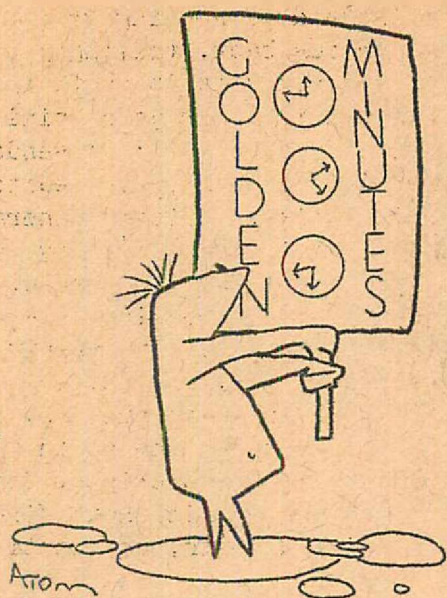
QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"University, May 11 - Dear Mother, I fear you may have some anxiety for me in consequence of the disturbance last night and of what may yet occur. I was not in the crowd when the military fired so shamefully..." Kent State? No, the date is May 11, 1849, and the student was referring to the "Astor Place Riot" outside the New York Opera House, in which the National Guard killed 31 partisans of a rival Shakespearian actor. (I certainly don't condone violence, but I think some of the people who protest the horrors of current US society should get some historical perspective.) The letter was published in OLD STUFF, a magazine combining a weird assortment of history, nostalgia, and kitsch.//

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Marty Helgesen sends more Library of Congress file cards of unusual books, such as Hydrodynamics of Micturation (I thought that was a joke), State-of-the-art of Wrongway Driving on Freeways and Expressways (very well developed), A Method of Analyzing Fox Squirrel Stomach Contents (for the naturalists in the crowd) and things like a collector's guide to poison bottles and one fiction item for juveniles which is described thusly: "Shy twelve-year-old Nina and fifteen-year-old arsonist Paul find they have a great deal to teach each other..." Yes indeedy. I assume they became warm friends.//As I mentioned last issue, Pat Goltz sent a batch of anti-abortion propaganda. If you're interested, the address is Feminists For Life, P.O. Box 5631, Columbus, OH 43221. Some of the items are very good, some aren't, some are informative, some are misleading. (Like the cartoon which states "Half the abortions kill our sisters" - I assume they can only be sneakily referring to the fact that half the fetuses would be female, since the percentage of women who die from abortion is a long way from half.) I can't comment on all of it; write for your own. There's a lot of chaff, but there are good points made. (They didn't convince me, but then I'm notoriously hard to convince, particularly when the program being promoted is one of forbidding people to do something.)//Alice Hopf sends a clipping mentioning the death of Ivan Sanderson. He's listed as "author and naturalist", with no mention being made of his occult books. Just as well; as a nature writer he was superb, but on flying saucers he was one more nut.//The people who caption AP Wirephotos are a little weird. In the past month, the Ft. Wayne paper has run one photo of an Indian at Wounded Knee holding a crossbow and the caption saying "a weapon familiar to his people in bygone days", and another of a sailing ship captioned "workmen begin dismantling the mast of the USSR Constitution ...". I sent sarcastic postcards to the paper on each one; rather surprisingly, they printed both of them. Hard up for humor in the letter column, no doubt.//

QUIET COMMENT ON CURRENT SOCIETY. In a recent issue of ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT, a trade journal was an ad for a "tote box". The sole advertising point made was that this box was so ugly that workers wouldn't steal it to use in their homes. (And these are the factory workers, backbone of "Law And Order" campaigns.)



THE SHEEP LOOK UP, by John Brunner [Stf Book Club, \$3.50?] It's been around so long I don't remember the price, but it was more than the \$1.75 Book Club standard. This is the Brunner of STAND ON ZANZIBAR and THE JAGGED ORBIT] Almost exactly the same, as several readers have remarked in annoyance. Well, yes, he is doing the same old thing over again, but he does it so well. There have also been objections to the fact that all Brunner's ecological novels have been so exclusively anti-American. But if they were anti-British, people, he wouldn't sell any copies; there's no profit in that. Only the Americans will pay consistently to read defamations of themselves in print, and even they won't pay much to read about defamations of Europeans. (Europeans, however, will pay to read defamations of America, which makes it a tidy little business all around.) Anyway, Brunner's polluted future is quite possible; I hadn't originally intended to include this in

my Hugo nominations, but just before I voted the tv news announced that the water supply of Miami Beach had been declared unfit for human consumption and I decided that any prophecy which starts coming true that fast deserves a mention. It's an excellent book, though if you didn't like ZANZIBAR you'd better avoid it.

THERE WILL BE TIME, by Poul Anderson [Book Club, \$1.75] In the July 1953 issue of Science Fiction Adventures Poul had a rip-roaring time-travel adventure novelette entitled "The Nest". I enjoyed it thoroughly, but I certainly never expected to see it rewritten into a Hugo-nominated novel 20 years later. "Re-written" is the active verb there; originally the time-travel was mechanical, now it's apparently psi-powered. Originally the time-travelers were a more varied lot, led by the bastard son of Duke Roger of Sicily, and hell-raising through time for the fun of it, while the hero was a Cro-Magnon who had somewhere along the way picked up an iguanadon to ride. Now the hero is American, the time-travelers are led by an American who pursues his rapine that right-wing philosophy shall not perish from the earth, and all the characters but one are changed. (The heroine has her name changed, but there is more than a casual resemblance between Leonce of Wahorn and Captain Olga Rakitin of the Martian Soviet.) Nevertheless, the central idea is identical. In general, the book version is better written (but Poul, I did miss the fireworks conclusion of the novelette, particularly the battle to the death between Iggy and the tank.)

THE ELIXIR, by Robert Nathan [remaindered, \$0.47] More time travel, this time fantasy, as there is no explanation for the ability whatsoever, and not really a lot of internal logic to the story; Nathan is more interested in presenting the universality of love, revolt against real or imagined oppression, and other such emotional outbursts than he is in telling a connected story. What he does, he does very well, and some of his parallels are striking. There is something basically right about Wat Tyler declaiming "Power to the people" or Guy Fawkes muttering "There are pigs everywhere in the Establishment" and complaining about the cold war in Ireland and the official injustice which interferes with his liberty, breaks up his demonstrations and puts down his riots.

THE ICE PEOPLE, by René Barjavel [Pyramid, \$1.25] previously Morrow and Book Club] The old, old plot of showing the defects of our society by introducing an outsider to view them; in this case, an outsider from an ancient super-civilization who has been buried in Antarctica for 900,000 years. A science-fiction novel without science; the geological theory used is the one presently being abandoned, while the gadgetry is either magic mumbo-jumbo or current hardware. The story is fairly original in that we are shown through the story of the revived woman that the ancient super-civilization had

its problems as well as we do and that international intrigue and love-triangles are not a modern invention. But a very slow-moving book to anyone used to American stf, and not really original or revealing enough to make up for the lack of action.

TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO, by Philp José Farmer [remaindered, \$0.47] The first of the "Riverworld" series. I can't really say that I care a lot about it, but it got a Hugo, so someone must. I don't think much of using historical characters in a work of fiction; as a case in point, Burton's real life was so much more fascinating than Farmer's resurrection of him that it makes the novel seem pallid. The idea of throwing the entire human race onto a new world so that residents of diverse eras of history can meet one another is interesting but presents problems in the actual writing that I don't think Farmer overcame. (For one thing, there are so many fragmentary episodes packed into the book that characterization is necessarily superficial, and personally I didn't feel that the episodes tied together all that well.) But a fair number of people thought it was the best book of the year, so... I see that Berkley has just brought it and the second novel in the series out in pb format.

THE EARLY ASIMOV, by Isaac Asimov [Stf Book Club, \$3.50] Big 550-page, 27-story collection, plus a chronological list of Asimov's first 60 stories (including the unpublished ones) and an introduction to each story here which tells somewhat of how it came to be written and sold, and, taken together, covers his first years as a writer. Stories included here are those which have not been included in other Asimov collections, though some have been anthologized. (Others like "Black Frier of the Flame" were previously available only in tattered copies of pulp mags; Planet Stories, in th this case.) As fiction, it is a long way from Asimov's best collection; the best stories were skimmed off long before. But for Asimov fans, or people who want to know how writers get that way, it's a must.

THE SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME, Vol. 2A, edited by Ben Bova [Stf Book Club, \$4.02] This time I have the exact price because I haven't paid the bill yet. These are the novelettes considered by SFWA to be the best of all time (or rather, these are half of them; Vol. 2B will contain the rest.) Vol. 1 covered the short stories, and I can foresee problems if there is a Vol. 3 on novels. In fact, there were problems this time. SFWA members were asked to nominate their choice of 10 novelettes, and as a participant I can say that I found it only mildly heart-wrenching to get my list down to 15, at which point I stuck for some time. I finally managed, somehow. And there was a condition which helped; only one story per author. Editor Bova admits to having the same problem in the final selection, which is why there are two sections to Vol.2 rather than one. The stories in here will, of course, be familiar to the veteran reader; they've all been anthologized more than once. For the beginner who wants the best, here it is; I stick by my claim that in practice the novelette has been the best form of science fiction. Stories included here are "Call Me Joe: by Poul Anderson (not one of my choices; I think Poul has done better, though this is a good story), "Who Goes There?" by John W. Campbell, "Nerves" by Lester del Rey, "Universe" by Heinlein, "The Marching Morons" by C. M. Kornbluth (again not one of my choices, though it's good enough), "Vintage Season" by Kuttner and Moore, "...And Then There Were None" by Eric Frank Russell, "The Ballad of Lost C'Mell" by Cordwainer Smith, "Baby Is Three" by Theodore Sturgeon, "The Time Machine" by H. G. Wells, and "With Folded Hands" by Jack Williamson (which as I recall was one of my 15 that eventually had to be cut out). And for anyone who doesn't believe that science fiction had a "Golden Age": 8 of these 11 stories have original copyrights between 1938 and 1954.

GATES TO TOMORROW, edited by Andre Norton & Ernestine Donaldy [Atheneum, \$6.50] I get so many book club editions any more that it's a pleasure to handle a well-made book for a change. This one is designed as an introduction to science fiction for young readers (Ms. Donaldy is a high school English teacher) and is not only attractive but designed to hold up under usage that would leave most of the above books in several

pieces.

Stories here were picked to provide a variety of "well-recognized themes" and apparently use-tested on Ms. Donaldy's classes before final selection. They are also mostly very good stories, and mostly little-known stories, which is hard to get in sf these days. Included are "Shape" by Robert Sheckley (freedom is the right to assume the shape of one's choice), "Rust" by Joseph E. Kelleam (with mankind long gone, a few robots try to stave off the inevitable end), "Command" by Bernard I. Kahn (personality problems on a spaceship; it's a trifle obvious for veteran readers but probably just right for the high schooler being aimed at), "The Naming of Names" by Ray Bradbury (one of his poetic Martian stories), "The Plague" by Keith Laumer (the individual versus creeping socialism; I must say I approve vastly of including this one), "A Pail of Air" by Fritz Leiber (a classic "idea story" of the family which survives Earth's departure from the vicinity of the sun), "Living Fossil" by L. Sprague de Camp (conservation versus exploitation; readers who think the present generation invented ecological concern might be interested in the 1939 copyright date), "The Flame Midget" by Frank Belknap Long (a fairly crude story from the days when the wondrous idea -- whether logical or not -- was everything), "Expedition Polychrome" by J. A. Winter, M. D. (one of the early stories of exotic diseases; problem with a simple solution, but reasonably well told), "Untouched By Human Hands" by Robert Sheckley (humorous bit about starving spacemen confronted with an alien warehouse and trying to decide what is edible), "Ultimatum" by Keith Laumer (one of the Retief series, never one of my favorites but generally well thought of), and "The Sheriff of Canyon Gulch" by Poul Anderson and Gordon Dickson (one of the Hoka series of interplanetary farces; a fun story with no redeeming social value whatever). Overall, this would seem to be a pretty good introduction to sf, not only for high school students, but for that Trekkie friend who wants broader mental horizons or any other beginner in the field.

MISS BIANCA IN THE ORIENT, by Margery Sharp [remaindered, \$0.47] Sixth in the juvenile series about Miss Bianca, the white mouse, and the Mouse Prisoner's Aid Society. Offhand, the series seems to be running down a bit; this wasn't as good as the earlier books. But it has occasional comments such as "all Ambassadors are called Excellencies, to encourage them to be excellent". If you find a copy for 50 cents or less...

ARRIVE AT EASTERWINE, by R. A. Lafferty [Ballantine, \$1.25] Lafferty is probably the best word-spinner in science fiction. Not the best story-teller (though he's reasonably good), but a man who loves words for their own sake. (If one does not love the words, one of his characters here asks, how can one communicate the words of love?) I don't like this novel as well as I do most of his shorter works; Lafferty is a conservative Catholic, and the book is loaded with religious symbolism which I mostly don't get. (And when I do get it, I disagree with it.) But it still has the Lafferty way of putting words together. ("The shape of the universe is an apocalypse and all of us are the foci." "...the E.P. is merely a receptacle into which Glasser deposited his brains for awhile and then, apparently, forgot where he had left them. (This leaves Glasser absent-minded in a special sense.)" This is the first novel-length treatment of the members of the Institute of Impure Science, whose improbable antics have appeared in several short stories.

STRANGE DOINGS, by R. A. Lafferty [DAW #50, \$0.95] A collection; Lafferty's short stories seem to be collected as soon as they reach book-length proportions. This includes "Rainbird" (a fairly straightforward story of the multiple problems of invention and mankind), "Camels and Dromedaries, Clem" (a unique approach to the problems of having a "double"), "Continued On Next Rock" (humanity and archaeology), "Once On Aranea" (an original idea for an alien invasion), "Sodom and Gomorrah, Texas" (the trouble that comes of including the "little people" on a town census), "The Man With the Speckled Eyes" (a wacky but fairly predictable tale of a Mad Inventor), "All But The Words" (one of the Institute of Impure Sciences stories -- with a whole castful of mad scientists and alien contact -- though no aliens are likely to be as alien as

Lafferty's normal run of characters), "The Transcendent Tigers" (power in the hands of children), "World Abounding" (one of his weirder stories, undoubtedly symbolic of something, but I'm not sure of what), "Dream" (beauty is in the eye of the beholder and all that), "Ride a Tin Can" (the joys of being exploited), "Aloys" (a short with no plot at all, that reads like part of an unfinished novel and is entertaining anyway), "Entire and Perfect Chrysolite" (the history of the creation and discreation of Africa and the Americas; we're all part of someone's disordered subconscious), "Incased In Ancient Rind" (a parable of pollution), "The Ugly Sea" (the lure of the grotesque), and "Cliffs That Laughed" (which I'm not even going to try to describe). Recommended; Lafferty is one of the few writers who is truly literate and intellectual -- as opposed to the pseudo-intellectualism of a good many Clarion graduates -- and simultaneously a writer whose best work can only be expressed in the fantasy field.

GODS AND GOLEMS, by Lester del Rey [Ballantine, \$1.25] A collection of novelettes. "Vengeance Is Mine" (the destruction of mankind, and the search by robots for the cause of it), "Superstition" (alien contact, and the things we know that just don't happen to be so; excellent story), "Life Watch" (the alien imitation of humanity who is a bit too good an imitation), "For I Am a Jealous People!" (the day God finally gets fed up and revokes His covenant with humanity -- very possibly del Rey's best story and worth the price of the book all by itself), and "Pursuit" (the problem of dawning uncontrolled psi power). Four stories that are fair to good without being especially memorable, and one that is a must. Get the book (unless you already have a copy of STAR SHORT NOVELS, where "People" first appeared.)

THE WORLD MENDERS, by Lloyd Biggle, Jr. [DAW #15, \$0.95] Nice alien background with a sociological plot; human secret agents dedicated to helping a humanoid race depose its cruel masters when the bureaucratic code specifies non-interference and the humanoids themselves don't seem to quite grasp the idea. Very nicely worked out.

BLOODHYPE, by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, \$1.25] Not mentioned in the blurbs, but this is a sequel to THE TAR-ATYM KRANG -- not involving the same characters but the same background of intergalactic politics. This one pits a couple of novice Church agents against the ultimate dope peddler and an all-powerful alien entity which literally scours the life off worlds. One of the better recent space operas. No social significance, just a lot of entertainment value.

CENTURY OF THE MANIKIN, by E. C. Tubb [DAW #18, \$0.95] The utopia of drugs, with a pill for everything including non-violence. Conflict has ended but humanity is not serene, which carries a nice parable for those preaching against the viewing or practice of violence today. (If "make love, not war" becomes a fact, what do you think the new pornography will be? Tubb has it quite well worked out, including the inability of any central legal force of controlling it.)

BUMSIDER, by C. C. MacApp [Lancer, \$0.95] Dissension between the poor rustics and the wealthy city-dwellers on a colonized planet. Like BLOODHYPE it is pure melodrama, but rather fun to read, and well worked out. Recommended.

THE LION GAME, by James Schmitz [DAW #38, \$0.95] A Telzey Amberdon novel, serialized in Analog back in 1971. Personally, I got tired of the series some time before this appeared, but Telzey seems to remain popular with a large segment of readers. A sort of psi-powered Supergirl, with the background of a puzzle-story, of the How-Do-I-Escape-The-Trap? type. The best thing about it in my opinion was the Freas cover, but then I'm not terribly fond of Telzey.

GENIUS UNLIMITED, by John T. Phillifent [DAW #16, \$0.95] The trouble with sf writers trying to portray genius is that it's difficult to characterize someone who is smarter than you are, even with the aid of hindsight and plotting: Phillifent's island of

geniuses never quite comes off as believable; otherwise it's a good sf adventure story. A "private eye" novel translated into sf; interesting but forgettable.

THE SKY IS FALLING/BADGE OF INFAMY, by Lester del Rey [Ace, \$0.95] The first half is reprinted from Beyond; a fairly good fantasy of the engineer dropped into a world where magic works, and his adventures therein. De Camp generally handles this sort of thing better, but this one is quite adequate. The second half is space opera; the Martian colonists rebelling under the yoke of the unionized medical profession. Both stories are moderately entertaining; neither is particularly memorable.

THE REGIMENTS OF NIGHT, by Brian Ball [DAW #19, \$0.95] Sf adventure, involving a hero on the run from a blood feud, a temperamental archaeologist, a spaceship load of tourists, and the legend of a robot army poised and waiting for the signal to destroy mankind. Ball puts it all together entertainingly, and perhaps a bit more memorably than the two books immediately above.

PLANET PROBABILITY, by Brian Ball [DAW #40, \$0.95] Sequel to THE PROBABILITY MAN. The series is quite reminiscent of van Vogt's Null-A novels; the plots twists may be tidied up a bit better at the conclusion, but I can't honestly say that I care enough to really notice. If you like ultra-complicated stories, here is one.

A WEREWOLF AMONG US, by Dean R. Koontz [Ballantine, \$1.25] I do believe that after producing a fair amount of remarkably tedious reading that Koontz is finally learning to write. This is a pretty fair adventure story, structured as a detective novel. There is a lot of rather phony-sounding soul-searching on the part of the hero, but otherwise it's quite competent. (Hero is a cybernetic man with a subconscious phobia against machines that help pad out the book when the action flags but otherwise offers no particular insights into humanity or any other benefits that I can see.) However, it was good enough that I finished it; which is more than I did for some of the other books reviewed this month.

A TALENT FOR THE INVISIBLE, by Ron Goulart [DAW #37, \$0.95] Another of Goulart's wacky novels, this time about an extremely secret agent on the trail of a Mad Scientist who goes around reviving political subversives who have been assassinated. The usual Goulart humor, which is generally enjoyable if a trifle overdone.

SHAGGY PLANET, by Ron Goulart [Lancer, \$0.95] When you read one Goulart novel, you are struck by the refreshingly humorous and candid dialogue. When you've read several, you begin to notice that they all sound alike, and the Hollywoodisms start to get you. This is another funny secret agent, on an alien planet this time, not that it makes much difference. It's funny, it's enjoyable, and it's recommended -- but don't ever read two Goulart novels back to back. Individually, any one of them is superior to the humor of, say, Keith Laumer's funniest book, but collectively they begin to be dull.

THE CITY MACHINE, by Louis Trimble [DAW #24, \$0.95] What F. M. Busby referred to as an overthrow-the-dictator story. In this case, a stratified (literally and figuratively) city society plus recalcitrant rural residents, and the hero's job is to get them all working together. Competent but not thrilling.

THE WANDERING VARIABLES, by Louis Trimble [DAW #34, \$0.95] A bit more interesting. A valuable woman scientist on a trip to a "vacation planet" is going to be kidnapped by the baddies, so a cultural specialist is pressed into service to prevent it. He does, after which they both fall into a third party's sociological experiment which uses real live people. Eminently forgettable, but enjoyable while reading.

THE MEN AND THE MIRROR, by Ross Rocklynne [Ace, \$0.95] Six rather elderly "scientific problem" short stories. Plotting is simple to the point of non-existence, and characters are pure cardboard. The entire interest focuses on the problems, which

are moderately varied. In "At The Center of Gravity", hero and villain come to rest (in space suits) hanging at the gravitational center point of a hollow planet Vulcan; problem is how, without any propulsive power, to get out. In "Jupiter Trap" they have to escape from an island in an ammonia lake on Jupiter which is surrounded by sheer cliffs. In "The Men and the Mirror" they are sliding around on a concave, almost absolutely frictionless surface. In "They Fly So High" they're back on Jupiter, this time trapped by surface tension inside a giant bubble on another lake. In "The Bottled Men" they're back on Vulcan, trapped in a "bottle" of a lava bubble above a lake of liquid mercury. And in "And Then There Was One" (which is not listed on the contents page -- I got the name from the copyright credits -- and not even titled at the head of the story but started out as though it were a second segment of "The Bottled Men") there are five men, dumped separately in a small area with the knowledge that only one will be allowed to survive, and the problem is to determine who is killing who and where the danger lies. One of the lousiest proofreading jobs I've ever seen, but otherwise a fair sample of stf of the Thirties, if you have a historical interest in it.

GRAY MATTERS, by William Hjortsberg [Pocket Books, \$1.25] The idea of people reduced to brains only, cared for by machines and entertaining themselves by way of a "dream machine" is fairly old hat in stf. Hjortsberg, rather surprisingly, does a nice competent job with it; if not great literature it's much better than I expected. The characters are a long way from reality, but they're better drawn than is usual.

THE BOOK OF PHILIP K. DICK [DAW #44, \$0.95] A selection of his stories from the early 1950s. "Nanny" (planned obsolescence with a vengeance), "The Turning Wheel" (Earth taken over by oriental Scientologists), "The Defenders" (the endless war, with the population moved underground), "Adjustment Team" (the human who wanders backstage while a new scene is being set on Earth), "Psi-Man" (more of the endless war; this time during a pause while both sides try to get technology back to the fighting level), "The Commuter" (one of Dick's earlier excursions into the how-do-we-discern-reality? problem), "A Present For Pat" (minor story about the problems of bringing a real live god home; Poul Anderson did the same thing much better in "Ashtaru the Terrible"), "Breakfast at Twilight" (why a vision of the future wouldn't help anyone), and "Shell Game" (perception of reality again; this time from the point of view of a group of paranoids). If nothing else, the book demonstrates beautifully the impermanence of "relevant" science fiction; the problem of reality will remain with us for aw hile, but most of the other stories are more dated than Rocklynne's scientific puzzles of 20 years before.

THE BOOK OF FRANK HERBERT [DAW #39, \$0.95] A set of stories of about the same age as Dick's. I doubt if they were as well received at the time -- and technically they probably aren't written as well -- but they wear somewhat better. "Seed Stock" (peasants have an intuitive "feel" for nature; one of the most dubious propositions I have ever seen in science fiction -- I suspect Herbert is a city boy because anyone born in a rural area would know better), "The Nothing" (set in a time after psi-pow-ered people have restructured civilization, and now the powers are dying out), "Rat Race" (an original alien use for a mortuary), "Gambling Device" (very minor "problem" story), "Looking For Something?" (the "we're property" theme), "The Gone Dogs" (a new plague that hits the canine population combined with interplanetary politics; not really very well done), "Passage for Piano" (cultural welfare versus physical; I'm afraid my reaction was that the central character was a spoiled brat, but the story is quite faithful to the way people do react), "Encounter In a Lonely Place" (very well done account of the problems of one-sided telepathy), "Operation Syndrome" (novellette about telepathy and madness and a Mad Musician; hackwork but quite enjoyable), and "Occupation Force" (vignette with insufficient punch in the ending). Totally unmemorably, but mostly enjoyable reading.

INTERPLANETARY HUNTER, by Arthur K. Barnes [Ace, \$0.95] This series had a moderately

interesting gimmick when it appeared in the Standard magazines circa 1940; an interplanetary big-game hunter who was a woman. However, due to the mores of the times, she had to have a man around to get her out of tight spots; the fiance is introduced in the first story here and continues (as a fiance; marriage was considered unromantic, as I guess it still is) through the rest of them. Not recommended to Women's Lib types... Characterization of the heroine seems moderately good to me, particularly considering the general level of writing at the time, but the remainder of the cast is pretty cardboardy. The animals hunted were as freakish as could be devised, with not much regard to credibility. Stories include 5 of the original series of 8; all have been retitled for book publication and I don't consider it worthwhile to spend the time necessary to run down original titles.

A SPACESHIP FOR THE KING, by Jerry Pournelle [DAW #42, \$0.95] Serialized in Analog last year, this is the first of what appears to be a series on the barbarian worlds after the fall of the galactic empire; the herc's world is resisting takeover by a new imperialism. Fairly standard space opera, competently written.

CHANGELING EARTH, by Fred Saberhagen [DAW #41, \$0.95] Final book -- I assume -- in the author's "Broken Lands" trilogy. In this the two superhuman powers backing East and West come into the open for a final confrontation and the result changes the world completely. It's a pretty good book; definitely superior to the second in the series, at least. Swords and sorcery; primarily sorcery, in this one.

DARKOVER LANDFALL, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [DAW #36, \$0.95] What the comics would call an "origin story". This tells of the initial human settlement of Darkover, by the crew and passengers of a wrecked colony ship bound somewhere else. This has a lot of Marion in it (including having one of the characters call Women's Lib "a pathological reaction to overpopulation" -- I decided on reading it that I am going to strenuously avoid ever being placed between Marion and Joanna Russ at any function), and on the whole I think it's one of the better books in the Darkover series, which means that it's highly recommended.

UNDER THE GREEN STAR, by Lin Carter [DAW #30, \$0.95] This is blurbed as "in the grand tradition of E. R. Burroughs and A. Merritt" and I thought when starting it that not even Lin could be that bad. He can, though -- I suppose if one likes Burroughs and Merritt one could say he could be that good, but I don't like them. It's one of Burroughs' idiotic plots, told in Merritt's somewhat less florid style, and the best thing about it from my point of view is the artwork; cover and interiors by Tim Kirk.

THE MAN WHO LOVED MARS, by Lin Carter [Fawcett, \$0.75] This isn't blurbed as being in the grand tradition of Emmett McDowell because nobody but Don Thompson and I remember Emmett McDowell, but that's what it is. A novel-sized version of Planet Stories; not to be taken at all seriously, but I enjoyed it tremendously (I don't know if it was nostalgia or if I'm just a sucker for Martian Lost Cities). It's a perfect recreation, even down to the hero being an Earth renegade who has helped the native Martians and thus has influence with them, and the heroine being a supercilious scientist who needs his help to locate the Lost City. I wouldn't call it good writing, but I enjoyed it more than I did any other sf book this round. I admire Lin not only for writing it but for getting it published in these days of relevance and psychological jargon so I could read it.

GARAN THE ETERNAL, by Andre Norton [DAW #33, \$0.95] Originally published in Fantasy Book and Spaceway, indication enough that it's not one of the Andre's better works. It's acceptable swords and sorcery, but nothing extra.

TRANSIT TO SCORPIO, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW #33, \$0.95] Another series of Burroughs THE SUNS OF SCORPIO, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW #49, \$0.95] imitations. I couldn't finish them, but then I'm not a Burroughs fan; I find the original generally ridiculous and the imitations doubly so. The books do have some nice Kirk illustrations.

CAPTIVE OF GOR, by John Norman [Ballantine, \$0.95] What experts in the field seem to consider the best of the Burroughs imitations. It's an extremely masculine series, which is par for the course -- except that this volume is supposedly narrated by a woman. I've found most of the Gor books overlong and a bit dull, but this one is unintentionally hilarious in spots; Norman's knowledge of women seems to have been mostly borrowed from Hugh Hefner, and his knowledge of conversation from a Dick and Jane primer.

THE DREAMING CITY, by Michael Moorcock [Lancer, \$0.95] Two more Elric books. The original Elric was one of the better and more original sword and sorcery heroes, but there are limits to the length that any series can run and remain interesting. CITY is an origin-story; it covers Elric's life in Melniboné and his initial decision to leave the city. SORCERESS continues the initial series where it left off.

SEVEN STEPS TO THE SUN, by Fred & Geoffrey Hoyle [Fawcett, \$0.75] Time travel into the near future. A fairly original social setup is postulated, but I just don't like the writing style of the Hoyles, and I am totally unable to summon any interest in any of their characters. (Which does not necessarily imply poor characterization; I am unable to summon much interest in the majority of people I know, either.)

THE RETURN OF THE TIME MACHINE, by Egon Friedell [DAW #22, \$0.95] I don't know why inferior writers have this urge to write sequels to classics. This is of some historical interest, but it's an abominably bad book; enough to send H.G. Wells turning in his grave.

ALIEN PLANET, by Fletcher Pratt [Ace, \$0.75] One of the lesser works from the early Thirties; I've never understood how Pratt could write such outstanding history, biography and fantasy and such poor science fiction. This is another look at human society through alien eyes. The writing is fairly typical of the stuff of its day, but far too turgid to wade through today, considering the few rewards of the journey.

THE MULLER-FOKKER EFFECT, by John Sladek [Pocket Books, \$0.95] I tend to start anything that's billed on the cover as "an outrageously comic novel" with a prejudice against it, because I dislike most of the overdone farce that passes for modern humor. This is an excellent example of the type, so if you do enjoy modern humor, by all means pick up a copy. For example, one of the main characters is a Hefner-parody who is prevented by his assistants from ever getting any sex because his empire-building is all sublimation and if he's ever allowed to have a girl he'll be fulfilled and the sex-publishing empire will crumble and they'll all be out of jobs. Now this is quite funny the first time around, but Sladek keeps on dragging it in kicking and screaming until by the time I'd read a third of the book it was boring the hell out of me. The same holds true for most of the other humor; it's funny, but it's a brittle humor that does not bear too much repetition, and definitely can't take the constant bludgeoning it gets here.

COLD WAR IN A COUNTRY GARDEN, by Lindsay Gutteridge [Pocket Books, \$0.95] This reads as though it was a pilot for a new "sci-fi" series on tv. Its logic is that of tv; our hero has been -- through great expense, one assumes -- miniaturized to the approximate size of an ant in order to make him a super-secret-agent. Once this has been accomplished, he is tested by being dumped in his own garden, with no tools, to see if he can survive. Nobody checks on him; if he can make it to the Morse transmitter in his study and get a message out he can receive all sorts of supplies. If he can't, presumably the military says "Tough luck, old chap" and goes through the same process with someone else. If he fails, they aren't even interested in knowing why. (This sounds like a satire on the Pentagon, but it's a quite serious adventure story, and the idiotic military is British.) I see by the back cover blurb that it's been bought for a film; I don't think I'll bother seeing it. The author's knowledge of weaponry

is shown in our hero's design for a defense weapon; "part crossbow, part lever-action Winchester, part telescopic hunting rifle, part Gatling gun." (I won't see the movie, but I'd love to see the expression on the propman's face when he reads that description.)

THE TIME SHIFTERS, by Sam Merwin, Jr. [Lancer, \$0.75] Time-travel adventure. The usual complicated plot; apparently anyone who writes time-travel stories likes to throw in as many extraneous factors as possible. Merwin has some original ideas and the writing is good enough. Worth the money but unmemorable.

GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF ADULT FANTASY Vol. II, edited by Lin Carter [Ballantine, \$1.25] Includes "The Woman In The Mirror" by George MacDonald (22 pages is hardly a "short novel", great or otherwise, but I enjoyed this fantasy more than I did MacDonald's longer works), "The Repairer of Reputations" by Robert W. Chambers (one of the excellent stories from THE KING IN YELLOW -- hardly a "find" since Ace reprinted the book not too many years ago, but a very good story if one doesn't already own a copy), "The Transmutation of Ling" by Ernest Bramah (a fairly long oriental fantasy, moderately enjoyable), "The Lavender Dragon" by Eden Philpotts (an enjoyable satiric fantasy, which for a change I hadn't previously read). Overall, the selection is perhaps not classic, but is at least interesting.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: 19th SERIES, edited by Ed Ferman [Ace, \$0.95] A thick one; 300+ pages and 15 stories, plus 6 Gahan Wilson cartoons and an editorial afterword. I'm not about to list every item; you should be subscribing to the magazine anyway. But the top item is undoubtedly Avram Davidson's "Selectra Six-Ten" (though I suppose some of the fun is lost on anyone who hasn't received an actual letter from Avram, because that is precisely the way he writes them...a letter from Avram is a joy to read; the problem comes later when you're trying to figure out just what he said.) Anyway, despite the fact that the F&SF book collections tend to be poorer than the magazine rather than better, it's a pretty good assortment of fiction and if you don't get the magazine you should be ashamed of yourself and buy the book to atone.

FOUR FOR TOMORROW, by Roger Zelazny [Ace, \$0.95] Reprint of an earlier Ace edition. Includes "The Furies", "The Graveyard Heart", "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth", and "A Rose For Ecclesiastes". Two prizewinners, one reasonably good story and only one dog ("The Graveyard Heart"). Not a bad average.

COMPUTER WAR/CODE DUELLO, by Mack Reynolds [Ace, \$0.95] Reprinted from a couple of earlier Ace Doubles. Big one for a Double; 300+ pages. DUELLO, as I recall, was part of a series about an interplanetary legal force like a super "Mission:Impossible" team; lots of fast, enjoyable action. WAR is overthrowing the dictator plus the man-versus-machine plot. The action keeps it moving; characterization is minimal and background non-existent. Something to read on the commuter train as you go to work.

THE BIG SHOW, by Keith Laumer [Ace, \$0.75] Collection of sorts. "In The Queue" (silly little "new wave" piece), "A Relic of War" (the fidelity of the old soldier, translated into robotics), "The Big Show" (more or less comic story of an actor recruited for undercover work), "Message To An Alien" (expressions of goodwill must be tempered to the intelligences receiving them), "The Plague" (individual initiative versus socialistic bureaucracy), and "Test To Destruction" (the ultimate test for a human). Overall, the last two are good; the rest acceptable.

THE SORCERER'S SKULL, by David Mas on [Lancer, \$0.75] Reprint of a fairly good sword and sorcery novel. Above average, at least.

ORDEAL IN OTHERWHERE, by Andre Norton [Ace, \$0.75] Reprint of one of the Warlock series. About average quality Norton.

ICEWORLD, by Hal Clement [Lancer, \$0.95] Reprint of a classic; contact with Earth by aliens from a much hotter planet, concerned because somehow Earth is the source of a dangerous drug. Very highly recommended if you haven't already read it; science fiction at its best.

THE TRANSVECTION MACHINE, by Edward Hoch [Pocket Books, \$0.95] I reviewed the hard-cover awhile back; I thought it was a pretty lousy then and I still do. Hoch is a mystery writer; the detection part of this is well enough done, but the rest is ridiculous.

THE LORD OF THE SPIDERS, by Michael Moorcock [Lancer, \$0.75] One of Moorcock's first excursions into sword-and-sorcery fiction; a pastiche of Burroughs' Mars stories. The originals weren't all that great; this imitation, like most, is pretty bad.

THE HUGO WINNERS, Vol. I, edited by Isaac Asimov [Fawcett, \$0.95] Fourth edition; previous ones were from Doubleday, Stf Book Club, and Avon. Nine very excellent stories, but it's likely you've encountered them before. "The Darfstellar" by Walter M. Miller, Jr., "Allamagoosa" by Eric Frank Russell, "Exploration Team" by Murray Leinster, "The Star" by Arthur C. Clarke, "Or All The Seas With Oysters" by Avram Davidson, "The Big Front Yard" by Clifford Simak, "The Hell-Bound Train" by Robert Bloch, "Flowers For Algernon" by Daniel Keyes, and "The Longest Voyage" by Poul Anderson.

TEACHING TOMORROW: A Handbook Of Science Fiction for Teachers, by Elizabeth Calkins and Barry Mcghan [Pflaum/Standard, \$2.20] This paperbacked book consists of 27 pages of reasons for teaching stf, with a few hints on methods, and 76 pages of checklists; lists of book dealers, book publishers, promags, fanzines, conventions, organizations, (N3F, SFWA, SFRA), movies, stf for girls (discrimination, says Juanita), critical works, indexes, recommended novels, and "supplementary books". There are a few errors -- Wilmar Shiras gets listed once as "William" and once as "Walter", and one of del Rey's short stories is Freudianly typoed as "Helen O'Lay" -- but in general it's a quite accurate compendium. It also has a few surprises, such as Phil Farmer's FLESH being in the recommended novel list. (They didn't study books like that when I was in high school.) For the teacher who is handed a stf course while knowing little or nothing of the field, it would seem to be an excellent handbook. Of interest to fans mostly as a curiosity, of course. I got it because teachers suddenly started asking for Yandro and I wanted to know what was going on. (The fanzines included in the list are Amra, Extrapolation, Locus, Luna Monthly, Riverside Quarterly, and Yandro, and I'm still not too sure what we're doing in that company. Oh, in case you wonder, I've acceded to all requests; the thought of bewildering innocent English teachers overcomes my dislike of sending out free copies.)

STARFLIGHT AND OTHER IMPROBABILITIES, by Ben Bova [Westminster, \$4.75] Very good juvenile on astronomy with emphasis on the possibility of other life in the universe and how we might get in touch with it. It's short -- 118 pages of text -- so explanations are pretty well simplified (which is just as well in a juvenile, anyway). I particularly enjoyed the theory that quasars might be the exhausts of interstellar ships, which covers both the unexplained red shifts and their variability. (I don't believe it, but I enjoyed it.)

A GENIUS IN THE FAMILY, by Hiram Percy Maxim [Dover, \$1.25] The Maxims are generally associated with firearms. Hiram Stevens Maxim invented the machine gun, his brother Hudson invented smokeless powder, and his son (the author of the present volume) invented the Maxim silencer. The book, however, is almost exclusively concerned with reminiscences of the author's childhood with an unusual father. ("He knew considerably less than nothing about children and had to learn how to be a father. He learned on me." I suspect Bruce will one day be able to appropriate the statement.) Mostly it concerns the elder Maxim's genius for coming up with original practical jokes. ("He gave every evidence of conceiving fatherhood to be a means provided by nature for perpetuating humorous misconceptions upon young and inexperienced offspring.") It's a

fascinating book, though I hesitate to recommend it; Dave Locke's children might hunt me down in my old age and do something drastic if it gives Dave any ideas....

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND RELATIVES, by Gerald Durrell [Viking, \$5.95, but I got it as a bonus from Natural Science Book Club] More reminiscences of the author's childhood, in an equally unusual family. The Durrells weren't addicted to practical jokes, they were merely addicted to getting into humorous situations. (Mostly, according to the author, due to his brother Lawrence's odd taste in friends, though his own experiences with a performing bear and dissecting a turtle on the front porch didn't precisely contribute to family harmony.) Highly enjoyable; now I'll have to see about picking up the earlier MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS.

WILD COUSINS OF THE DOG, by Alice L. Hopf [Putnam, \$3.86] Short survey of the canine family; presumably juvenile, though it doesn't say so. I'll have to admit that the raccoon dog and the bat-eared fox were new ones to me. Descriptions are brief, but it would seem to be a good introduction to the canines.

THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT, by Walter Lord [Military Book Club, \$6.62] This was the best book I read this round. A very thorough account of the military actions of 1814; mainly the burning of Washington but with other actions mentioned and extended up to the Battle of New Orleans in 1815. They don't make wars like that anymore, with the President taking his title of Commander-in-Chief seriously enough to offer to command a battle in person, the Secretary of War actually trying to, and the Secretary of State getting on a horse and scouting for the army. (All of which helped contribute to the disaster, incidentally.) Highly recommended.

THE BOWMEN OF ENGLAND, by Donald Featherstone [remaindered, \$1.98] The military use of the longbow, from Falkirk in 1298 to Flodden Field in 1513, with earlier chapters on its origin and design and an epilogue continuing its history up to its final use in war -- in 1940, during the retreat to Dunkirk. (A British captain who was also a competition archer carried his bow along and used it, particularly on night reconnaissance, with a confirmed kill of at least one German.) Also provides a logical explanation of why firearms supplanted the bow despite the fact that "the musket used at Waterloo in 1815 was inferior to the longbow used at Agincourt in 1415, both in range and accuracy". (It all comes down to the regrettable modern decline in individual fitness and training.)

THE ANARCHISTS, by Roderick Kedward [remaindered, \$1.00] One of the American Heritage Press brief surveys. A good book for anyone interested in why anarchists existed, who they were and what they did, without being interested enough to want to go into detail over it.

THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS, edited by Stephen B. Oates [remaindered, \$1.98] A large-sized (8 1/2 x 11) skinny book providing a brief outline of Texas history and lots of illustrations. Attractive format, but barely worth the remainder price.

COINS AND COIN COLLECTING, by Burton Hobson [Dover, \$1.75] A sort of introduction to the history of coinage which looked quite interesting in the Dover catalog. Unfortunately, it wasn't nearly as interesting as it looked.

MAINE BALLADS, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin [second-hand] I had hopes of discovering similarities to Martha Keller's work; instead this is a bad imitation of Edgar Lee Masters with a few codfish thrown in for flavor. Can't win 'em all, and at least I didn't pay cash for it. If there are any Coffin fans among the readership I'm open to offers; this is even an autographed copy.

SKYLINE QUEEN AND THE MERCHANT PRINCE, by John P. Nichols [Trident, \$7.95] This also looked interesting, and I still think it could have been, if done by a better author.

Nichols' style is reminiscent of the throwaways you get when making a public tour of an industry and which nobody reads unless they're addicted to print like me. It's the story of Frank Winfield Woolworth, and "5&10" industry, and the Woolworth Building. All the facts are there, presented with all the life and feeling of a corporation financial report.

TULE WITCH, by Jame Toombs [Avon, \$0.75] Curiosity will get the better of me yet. I saw this cover, featuring a dark-complexioned girl with an Afro hairdo running away from a crumbling mansion with a light in the window, and I was hooked. It's a black gothic nurse novel, with enough genuine supernatural elements to classify it as a fantasy if you care to. Writing is uneven -- it reads like the first novel of a promising but undeveloped author -- and the plot is of course Standard Gothic. Having the genial villain white and the surly hero black doesn't make all that much difference. Interesting as a curiosity, anyway; equality is not just voting and education, but the right to have stupid commercials and your own bad literature.

A CLUSTER OF SEPARATE SPARKS, by Joan Aiken [Pocket Books, \$0.95] I buy Aiken because THE SILENCE OF HERONDALE, by Joan Aiken [Pocket Books, \$0.95] she has written some THE FORTUNE HUNTERS, by Joan Aiken [Pocket Books, \$0.95] very interesting books, some of them fantasy, and everything she's ever done is coming out packaged as a Gothic, so it's hard to tell which is which. These, unfortunately, were all designed as gothics, and while the writing is superior to most of the breed, it can't overcome the rigidity of plot. There are nice touches (in HUNTERS, a puppy is named Spondee because he has such large feet, an association which must have confused most of the readership), but there aren't really enough of them to make the books worthwhile.

A BLUNT INSTRUMENT, by Georgette Heyer [Bantam, \$0.95] This seems to be the only Heyer mystery that really succeeds as a detective story. Most of her mysteries are neither fish nor fowl, combining too little actual detection, a truncated description of a romance, and far too little humor. The alleged romance in here is ridiculous, but the humor is satisfactory, the mystery well handled, and one feels sorry for Superintendent Hannasyde, saddled with one assistant who is a parlor psychiatrist and another who is a religious nut.

WINTER BLOOD, by John Roc [Pocket Books, \$1.25] A modern psychological novel, meaning the entire cast is composed of neurotics, psychotics, and garden-variety idiots. Witchcraft comes into it, but I'm afraid it's not my style. Understanding the characters isn't difficult; sympathizing with any of them is impossible.

A CAULDRON OF WITCHES, by Clifford Lindsay Alderman [Archway, \$0.75] A history of witchcraft designed for teenagers. Reasonably well done; slightly condescending but not as much so as many books of that type. Fan kids at the 10 to 14 age level should enjoy it, and there will probably be incidents in it new to their parents as well. There were certainly some that I'd never encountered before. Recommended.

THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED, by Charles Fort [Ace, \$0.75] Reprint of one of Fort's mish-mashes of alleged supernatural occurrences dredged up from newspaper files and the like. Hard reading because Fort found it impossible to stick with one subject for more than a paragraph or so, but basic reference material for either the occult fan or the professional fantasy author. Would be improved one hell of a lot by a good index.

THE ENIGMA OF REINCARNATION, by Brad Steiger [Ace, \$0.95] Fairly typical work. Bridget Murphy is hauled out as a prime proof of reincarnation, despite the total discrediting of the case, and much is made of another case where a purported reincarnation of a Revolutionary War soldier mentioned a song, "The World Turned Upside Down", which the investigators seemed to believe was terribly obscure. (In my day, standard high school history books mentioned it as the tune played during the surrender at Yorktown.) As ridiculous as most occult books.

GRR umblings



Mike Coney,

Re your flattering views on my last year's magazine output (due to concentration on novels, this only numbered three, as I remember it). First, "Oh Valinda." This was, and is, a story which I don't like and which caused me no end of trouble in the writing because I don't like to make Earthmen bastards to the profit of aliens (which may account for the revulsion I felt at CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES). And consequently, I don't like to waste undue space characterising aliens -- which I had to do in "Oh Valinda", otherwise there would have been no identifiable goody at all. Imagine my amazement when I got the familiar form from Don Wollheim saying he wanted it for WBSF 1973 -- just about when I was drooling with delight over the totally satisfactory (to me) "Esmeralda" in Jan Galaxy. It always happens that my favorite stories go unrecognized.

However things improved with "Susanna" in F&SF. Here everything went well. I was more than pleased with everything about it, so much so that the writing of the story was a mere formality once I'd mull-ed over the idea for a couple of days. It was the beginning of a new style for me, a style where I was able to think myself into a mood of total belief in the characters and situations of the stor-ilessas I was writing -- which makes things so much easier and more fun to write; and, I think, much more convincing for the reader too. "Oh Valinda"? I didn't believe a word of it. But with the first person style and the conscious thinking of myself, when writing, into the actual situa-tion; a sort of projection, I think I have something that works. For me, anyway. The natural result was a novel based on "Susanna" which I sent to Les Flood, my man in England, a couple of weeks ago. His response

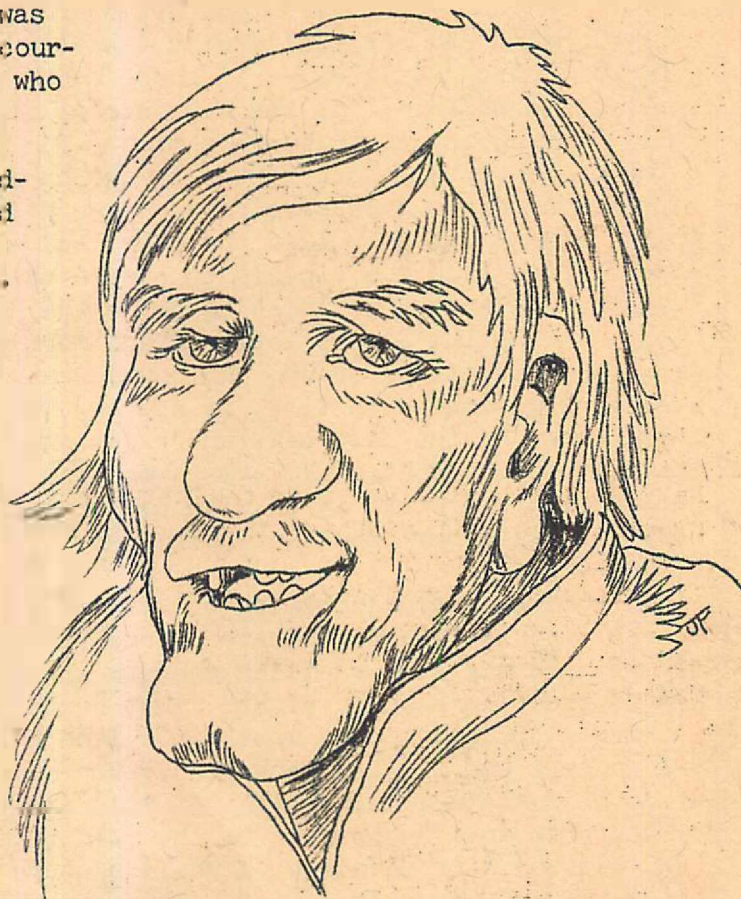


was so ecstatic that I wondered if it was Les writing. You can't imagine how encouraging this sort of thing is, for a guy who lives for writing sf.

You've mentioned a couple of times; in a letter and in Yandro, that you didn't like the ending of MIRROR IMAGE and I am compelled to admit that you are right. But consider the circumstances. I had three novels going at once (during my last year in the West Indies I had a lot of free time for writing and took full advantage of it). The first one actually to sell was SYZYGY and it might have been the first one finished, so technically my first novel. I took no chances with that one -- a straightforward plot, a simple ending, sound characterisation. Simultaneously I was writing a series of stories, two of which have been in If in the last few months, and which comes out in novel form from Wollheim in May. I took a few more chances here. At the same time the problems which I was facing in Antigua became blown up into a big political issue which threatened to get me thrown off the island

at any time -- and I was faced with a half-complete MIRROR IMAGE with no idea whatever of how to end it. It sat on the desk in front of me for six months, among the writs and poison-pen letters, while I finished SYZYGY and FRIENDS COME IN BOXES, and the thing was driving me crazy. Then the late Ted Carnell was unable to sell SYZYGY in England and although Betty Ballantine was interested, Ballantine was in difficulties. So one day I seized the ms and wrote in large capitals on a piece of card: WHAT AM I TRYING TO ACHIEVE? and I re-read the 1/2 novel and thought: I am trying to achieve a sale. In England. (At the time I had never heard of DAW although of course I had met Don some years previously.) And how does one achieve a sale in England? One has an English ending. If it's not a disaster story, then it must have Christ figure or some similar revelation at the end. English publishers are not sf readers -- they want something they can latch onto. Something they understand... And, by Christ, it worked -- because Les has just written to say that Gollancz have just bought it, whereas they wouldn't look at SYZYGY which was far more English in every way except for the Christ thing. So there we are. I'm sorry, and I agree with you, and it's not a good ending -- but it was the best one to use under the circumstances. And, after all, it was a logical development...

And so to Yandro. I found it fascinating and the articles and reviews very interesting and well done -- particularly Dave Locke. I remember just such an episode in my youth, in England. There was a difference, however; being British we do not have this asshole fixation which so bedevils the U. S. military -- in fact, nowhere in British military publications have I seen any admission that assholes exist... (But they did, of course, I found them all over the place.) Instead we had the genitalia parade. Beforehand we were briefed by an outspoken sergeant. "And when I say I want you clean, I mean clean, you know what I mean? You're going to stand in there stark bollock naked and a medical officer will examine you -- a decent man, an officer of the Royal Air Force. And if you think he enjoys the sight of two hundred pricks lined up there you can fucking well think again. The last lot that went through here were so fucking filthy that the M.O. threw up, that's how much of a gentleman he is. Right,



now get in those showers." And afterwards we stood in rows in a vast echoing aircraft hangar, naked and shrivelled with the cold of February, on long benches to bring our genitals up to eye level -- if there's one thing the R.A.F. won't tolerate it's a hunchbacked officer. As the M.O. strode slowly along the ranks I watched him carefully, trying to get inside his mind. The problem fascinated me -- I mean, what does a man think of, when confronted by two hundred pricks? There was never a flicker of expression on his impassive face; never a smile, never a gloating chuckle. Just nothing, deadpan as he walked the ranks and with the end of his leather-covered swagger stick lifted each man's penis to ensure that nothing grotesque lurked behind there. They were selective in those days, in the Royal Air Force.

So on with the Yandro letters, and more enjoyment although I sympathised some with Alexander Yudenitsch of São Paulo who wanted to know what the hell was going on. Understanding comes with time, of course. Then I came to a dead halt at the end of the last letter on the last page and experienced the joy of outright disagreement with Andre Norton. I watch UFO every week and I would go further than Andre and say the plots stink. I would agree with her that the gadgets are good. But I disagree wholeheartedly with her complaint about the 'good old theme of making all aliens monstrous menaces.'

Given the original premise of setting the scene on Earth, then it follows that the aliens must be menaces. There is one type of alien involved in all the UFO stories, right? And the most exciting gadgets are war gadgets, and the most exciting scenes are destruction scenes, right? (Not just in UFO, but in any popular visual sf.) So we have a choice. Do we make our aliens friendly, and lose the chance to show off our gadgets and our big bangs and, even more important, lose the element of conflict? Or do we make them nasty, and get some excitement into the thing?

And what does Andre mean by the 'old theme'? There are two types of aliens possible -- goodies or baddies. I would venture to suggest that the theme of the good alien is even older than that of the menace. God, shall we say, came before the Devil. Now, I feel it is not the age of the theme that concerns Andre, but the connotations of the theme. She feels that hiding behind the statement "all aliens are monstrous menaces" is the implied statement "blacks and Chinese and Jews are monstrous menaces." Andre has a lot of justification for this concern of hers -- I was very conscious of it myself when watching CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES and I found myself hoping they didn't release that movie in the West Indies, where I had recently been living.

But I don't think the makers of UFO intended to imply anything like that. British popular sf tends to be destructive and UFO is merely another example.

My disappointment lies in the fact that, with all that gadgetry available, they didn't put it to better use -- even more exciting use. They seem to have all the strange and wonderful machines used by FIREBALL XL5, THUNDERBIRDS, THE MYSTERONS and all those puppet things; that have good futuristic interior scenery, they have girls of incredible beauty -- but nothing ever seems to happen. The Mysterons would have blown up Moonbase by the second episode, and spectacularly so.

[I've just started David Niven's THE MOON'S A BALLOON in which he describes a Dartmouth physical. Everyone down in a racer's crouch. "Once in position, a large hand grabbed our testicles from the rear." After which came the command to "Cough!" "One poor little brute thought the man said 'Off!' and leaped eagerly forward. He was still being rubbed with ice when I was fully dressed..." (I suspect Niven of making that part up, but it's a graphic picture.) I haven't recognized "Esmeralda" because I haven't read the January Galaxy yet. RealSoonNow. RSC] [I early lost interest in UFO when this not-too-far-in-the-future society of Straker's lobbed a successful missile at an alien ship (or something) coming in from Venus at about 1.5 C. JWC]

Mike Deckinger, 649 16th Avenue, San Francisco CA 94118

I was particularly intrigued by your comments on AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS. You

see, I just had a rather unpleasant experience with that book: I read it. I happen to be on the side of Harlan Ellison, and what he's trying to do with his books, and I thought it was awful.

The introductions were tedious and overdone. Ellison indulged in an awesome amount of over-praise of his contributors. Few merited the accolades he bestowed on them. There was too much of the flamboyant build-up, devoted to too many would-be, inept writers.

Knowing how your opinions can be overly harsh and presumptive at times, I can only remark that you seemed disposed to being uncommonly generous in your story opinions. For instance, you thought Ross Rocklynne's "Ching Witch" was "a fairly hackneyed plot jazzed up with mod dialogue to the point where it's at least minimally interesting". If your commentary had concluded with the word "plot" I might have agreed with you. I found it to be a pathetic attempt by a writer of several generations past to desperately fit his 1930'sish orientation into a contemporary setting, with dismal results. Ursula le Guin can do no wrong, but with "The Word for the World is Forest" she came precipitously close. All she did was extract the skeletal structure of the vastly superior THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS and transpose it to a totally different setting. The writing was sloppier, the morality more maudlin, the resolution less serviceable. Some writers have to milk one plot for dozens of variations because they can't conceive of anything beyond this single, workable plot. Le Guin is far too talented to have to resort to this.

At least we agree on a little nothing like Evelyn Lief's "Bed Sheets Are White", which I would have rejected for my fanzine, were I publishing one, with the mental notation that this authoress would never amount to anything. I'm sure you would have done the same. But you shouldn't have skipped the Kate Wilhelm story. It was one of the best ones in the book, heads above most of its companions. I thought Piers Anthony had a reasonably well done piece, but Gahan Wilson's unnameable short conclusively proves he should stick to cartooning.

My total reaction towards ADV was of being cheated. Not in money, since I obtained the book from the library, but in time, and reading pleasure. There was so much mediocrity and third-rate ineptitude filling the book, that it was hardly worth the effort to struggle through it to find the handful of good stories. Predictably, the submissions by the biggest names (Bradbury, Wolfe and Vonnegut), the Clarion alumni, and the pretentiously convoluted young men who could not function unless the dot above the "i" was at the proper geometric alignment were the worst of the lot.

I was downtown this Saturday, crossing a street in a rundown area loosely referred to as the "Tenderloin" when I spotted a man who looked familiar. I moved closer. Bruce Dern. (He was the guy who shot John Wayne in THE COWBOYS, and the hero of SILENT RUNNING.) He's currently in San Francisco shooting THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN with

Walter Matthau. He has a thin, slanting reddish mustache which makes him look about ten years older than he did in SILENT RUNNING. This is a city of celebrities. A friend of mine wandered onto a street last week where Alan Arkin and James Caan were making FREEBIE AND THE BEAN. (When Caan first arrived he wanted to be as unobtrusive as possible. The hotel where he was staying, in order to generate some free publicity for themselves, strung an immense banner across its entire front reading WELCOME JAMES CAAN. It was removed the first day but he has been besieged by every female about the age of six since then.)

In your book section you ask if reprinting a story with a reprint line invalidates the copyright. If that's the case, then Bob Shaw is going to be screaming pretty soon. Ace has a new collection by him, TOMORROW LIES IN AMBUSH, and not a single story has a prior publication notice, or even a hint that it's a reprint. I don't know whether or not this may be legally acceptable, (I always thought it wasn't) but it certainly is an indefensible moral practice, as it will undoubtedly snare thousands of readers under the mistaken impression that they are purchasing a book of original, unreprinted stories.

Our local columnist, Herb Caen, recently ran a contest in his column. The object was to put together two unrelated movie titles to create a third, without changing or altering either of the component titles. The best entry was RUN SILENT DEEP THROAT,

a heartwarming story about a whale named Linda Lovely who swallows a German submarine.

Congratulations, too, on the 20th anniversary, though I'm tempted to observe that the wrong finger is upthrust on the "Battered Beanie Award".

And what about the past years? What were the most popular items you published? The most controversial?

[You're looking for egoboo. The most controversial item, far and away, was your "Revelation" (though I can claim part credit for running it in our Christmas issue), December, 1960. Probably wouldn't raise an eyebrow today, but that's the only item we ever ran than caused sub-subscribers to cancel their subscriptions; Most popular would be the Liz Fishman columns, probably; though one of Thomas Stratton's parodies made hard covers via Mirage Press, which presumes some sort of popularity.//I'd be more likely to besiege Arkin; it isn't everyone who can get nominated for an Academy Award (if he did -- our record book has vanished), have fiction published in F&SF, and make a half-dozen or so records of folk music as a soloist, member of group, and accompanist (on the recorder, no less) for Ed McCurdy).//I enjoyed the le Guin novelet, and I didn't feel cheated of time on ADV because I didn't bother to finish many of the items (or to even start a few of them). What was left was worth the Book Club price, if not the trade edition one. RSC]

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

Your 60-page 20th Anniversary Issue was excellent, even though the last few pages of Bruce's column disappeared somewhere off the end of the page on my copy. The best thing about the whole issue was the "End Discrimination - Hate Everybody!" button shown on the cover. I never heard of that one before. Second prize goes to the line "A herd of killer rabbits is heading this way! Turn on your lights and follow me!" I never heard that one before either, but now that I know which movie it appeared in I can carefully avoid it in the future.

J.R.Christopher's "On the 'Most Naked Lady Award' at Westercon XXV/Mythcon III Masquerade" was quite interesting. I didn't really think the verse was very good, but it was amusing to note that one of my inventions has not yet been lost to the ravages of time (cliché #847). It may or may not interest anybody to know how the Most Naked Lady Award came about.

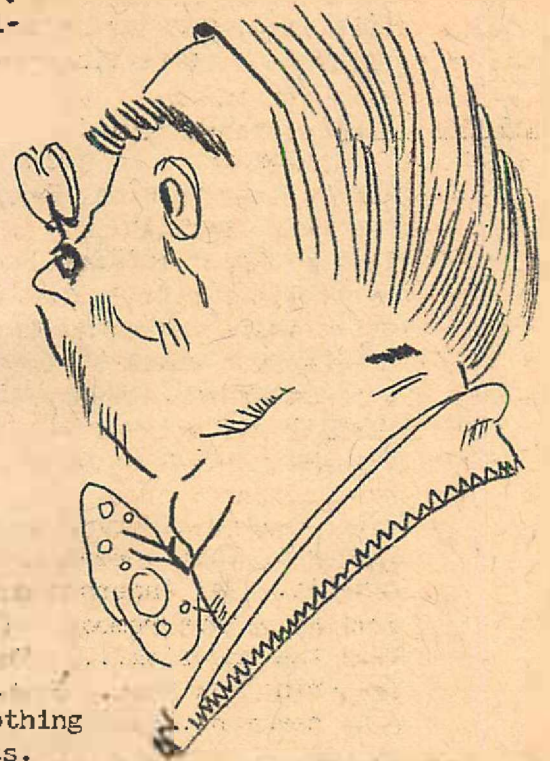
It was during one of our Westercon XXV Con-Com meetings that we were discussing the continuing scarcity of material in masquerade costumes, I retold the story, heard from some unremembered source, of how one fan held deep fear in his heart that at some future masquerade two women would both come out on stage stark naked. It wasn't the nudity that scared him. He feared what would happen when each woman realized that they were both wearing the same costume.

At this point I suggested the Most Naked Lady award; the creation of a new category to cover an increasing number of entrants who were otherwise uncovered. Read that line carefully. It seemed like a good idea, so we did it.

At the convention, but prior to the masquerade, I learned via the jungle drums that two undercover policemen had been in the coffeeshop the previous night and had been overheard discussing the Most Naked Lady



Award. They were also overheard saying that they planned to be there. I went to the hotel's Assistant Manager and discussed the matter with him. I went to him, instead of the Manager, because he enjoyed getting sloshed at our parties and was having as good a time as anybody at the Westercon. While I was in his office, he called the Long Beach Police Dept. and talked to one of his contacts there. The upshot was that the police weren't really interested. If we restricted the masquerade to our own people, we couldn't get in trouble. If we didn't a stranger might get in, dislike what he saw, and file a complaint. Of course, one of our people might complain, but we didn't consider that too likely. Undercover police were going to be there strictly for routine coverage of a convention, but there would be no problem unless there was a complaint. The Asst. Mgr. made the comment that he doubted there would be any complaints, as a few weeks previous the hotel had held a queers' convention and they'd had several hundred guys running around their ballroom in nothing but jock straps, and there had been no complaints.



A handful or two of naked ladies shouldn't bother anybody. I told him we'd restrict attendance to people with convention name-badges, and that made him happy except for one thing; he wanted to attend, too. I said ok. Then he asked, confidentially, if the belly-dancers would be at that function, also. He hadn't had so much fun since the J.C.s sent an elevator-full of naked girls down to the ground-floor, at a time when he was waiting for the elevator to take him up.

As a judge for the Most Naked Lady Award, I recall being offered a couple of bribes for my vote. Glen GoodKnight offered to buy me a drink, strictly in a spirit-of-fun bribe, to vote for his new-born baby girl whom he was entering in the contest. I won't discuss the other bribe, though it was interesting since my wife was sitting next to me at the time it was offered.

Gene DeWeese should do more articles for Yandro. Likewise Bob Tucker. Theirs were both enjoyable reading. And Jackie's humorous cartoons were a most desirable addition to Yandro with this issue. I hope she continues doing them for you.

To Maydene Crosby, psych tests aren't legal out here anymore. You can only give a test which directly pertains to the job being applied for (a typing test for a typist, doing some posting for a bookkeeper, etc.). Wonderlics are out, now. The main problem with the Wonderlic is that there are only two different tests. One is used by the employment agencies, the other by personnel departments of employers. After you've taken a couple of them, it's pretty hard to not get a good score. Practice makes perfect. But they're not very hard. I scored Class 40 on the first one I took, which means that no one scored higher than I did who had only 4 years of high school. Age 18-72, all educational levels, only 0.1 percent of all people who had taken the test scored higher than I did. This, of course, was based on the distribution of scores as of the time I took the test. People may have gotten smarter by now.

Maydene wants me to a column on psych tests, because it "should be a gas". Well, after telling you how I scored on a psych test, that should be amusement enough...

[What I actually have on the "End Discrimination" thing is a decal, currently stuck on the back door above the "Go Away" doormat. I bought it in a head shop in Cleveland (or Mentor or Painesville, or someplace in there). I decided it expressed the real me, and the Thompsons agreed with me. (The doormat, on the other hand, was a gift from Kay and Gary Anderson.) Dave also included a clipping

concerning an order from Mayor Berk of Cleveland that henceforth city policemen were not to wear swastikas on their uniforms while on duty. Interesting place, Cleveland. RSC]

Antonio Dupla, P.o M.a Agustin, 9, Zaragosa, España

The 3rd of February I am going to Palma de Mallorca, and island city and tourist resort, to give a lecture on "Respiratory mechanics and air flows in bronchial asthma". Impressive, isn't it?

Commenting on THE FOXFIRE BOOK in Yandro 215 you think that gingseng ashes could be good for asthma. I think you are right because gingseng, a Chinese plant highly appreciated of long, contains ephedrine. My information comes half and half from my pharmacological studies of years ago and from THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON, a fascinating book I remember from my childhood.

Last Yandro to arrive was 216, dated August and announced to get out in September. It seems the publication is getting out of hand. And oh, how I can understand it!

[Well, I know air flow is reduced in bronchial asthma...you don't have a copy of that speech around, do you? Juanita might be able to translate it. Kay Anderson mentioned that circa 1918 strychnine was considered an asthma remedy. (If one used enough of it, I'm sure it would stop the wheezing...) That was a new one on me, though I knew nitroglycerine had been. Even tried that one; the only result was a mammoth headache. RSC]

Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor OH 44060

If I'd ever considered home delivery of babies, Marion Bradley Breen's piece for the Whole Earth Catalog would have decidedly unconsidered me. The crises that can hit at birthing time are just incredible. And I'm perfectly willing to make things as convenient as possible for the doctor -- and as safe as possible for me and child. Stephen presented his side at delivery time and required forceps once he had been turned in the womb. I was totally delighted to be knocked out through that little game and let the doctor do his stuff -- and I'd have been ever more delighted to have been knocked out earlier, but that wasn't quite been worked out by physicians yet for greatest safety...

And recovery was delightfully speedy, especially compared with my experiences with Valerie's birth.

Hospitals for me, thanks. I find the nurses are as comforting as they can be, the people caring, and the atmosphere very pleasant. I realize this may be unusual for hospitals, but it was nice. And they've grown up here to the extent that husbands can visit at any time during the day in the maternity ward.

And that babies can be brought to the mother at any time.

(While I was in the hospital for that ectopic pregnancy two years ago, two children within two days had to be emergency rushed to a nearby hospital specializing in premature babies with heart trouble. From the moment of their births, they were under the best possible conditions. If they'd been born at home, they'd not have survived the trip to the first hospital alone. I'd have a hard time living with myself if I'd been a mother opting for home delivery for its supposed "warmth" whose child had died for my aesthetics.)

Susan Kenyon (in Y#218) says that comics weren't cleaned up, since "illustrated tales," "pictorial horror," and suchlike comics abound. She 'lows as how she "cannot honestly say I'd advocate a steady diet of them for children." (1) I wouldn't advocate a steady exclusive diet of anything for anyone. (She says children should be allowed a glimpse of life's sweetness -- indicating she means an exclusive diet above.) (2) These comics have never been aimed at small children, even in the hey-day of the horror comics (pre-code and all). Say, rather, they were aimed at the 10-year-old and older child. (3) The current horror comics I gather she's referring to by her terminology are black-and-white magazines, currently retailing for about 75 cents. They are not usually on newsstands among comic books. They are priced too high for

most children -- especially when the choice lies between them and the 20 cent color comics. Their circulation is only a fraction of the color comics' circulations -- and, at that, is mostly teenage buyers. (4) There are some "mystery" comics -- to use the industry's terminology -- among the color comics. They're all subject to the Comics Code -- with complete pre-publication review by the Code's board of censors. (This does not mean we're happy with what the Code does; that's another story.) (5) Aw, what the heck?

Yeah, Dr. Wertham has "battled against censorship for years." Right. Same way the head of the Comics Code has. He, too, has led the fight against censorship. Of the things he wants to read.

I'm considering leading a crusade to Make Buck Coulson List Code Numbers of paperbacks reviewed. (It has about as much chance of success as Making Buck Coulson Do Anything Else...) I think one can mailorder Signet Books from Signet, can't one? In which case, having the number might speed things; we're preparing an order for Florence Stevenson books.

[Holding firm to my conviction that one doesn't need code numbers to order paperbacks, I have just ordered a batch of Florence Stevenson books from Signet and...umm...Paperback Library, I believe. (She has at least 4 books out that I haven't read -- and you might look on the stands for BIANCA, by Stevenson and some other woman, though it it isn't as good as her others. Lavendar background, red-haired girl in green in foreground. Signet. Review next issue.) We shall see if I get the ones ordered. RSC]

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

I guess that the question of whether a baby should be born at home or at the hospital boils down to how important the first few days are in a baby's life. At the hospital, more often than not, the baby is separated from its mother, perhaps to be put with a number of other babies. Yet the presence of the mother is probably very important to the baby -- and vice versa. There are some birds that consider their mother to be the first object they see. I don't say that a similar circumstance happens in humans, but I can't see that the need for a mother is any less vital.

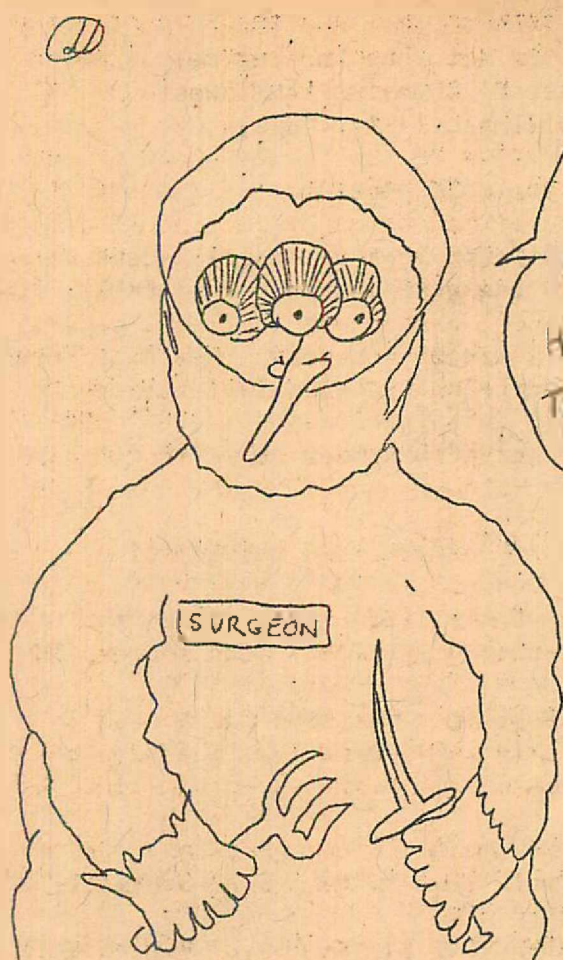
Perhaps the real problem lies in the dehumanization of a hospital, the mechanization. And somehow, all the little extras babies get to prevent disease in a hospital cannot be as important as human love. I'm not saying that babies shouldn't have these treatments (no one wants a kid to die because of VD germs from its mother, for example), but that baby should be in the mother's arms as soon and as often as possible.

This enters the question of what good parents are. Ones that teach their children love. Unfortunately, that really doesn't say anything since one cannot establish viable criteria to judge parents from this. Some cases would be obvious; most would not be.

Montague thinks that one of the mother's main functions is to teach a child how to love -- by loving the child. (It would be interesting to compare this with some of Skinner's findings, I imagine.) If this is true, then how can you say that neither mother nor child is affected by this early separation? (Of course, if it isn't true...but it's all theory right now.)

Humor is in the eye of the beholder. Yes, I can see now how "Do It For Mama" is a satire, but I still view it more as a sort of John Brunnerish look at the breakdown of society. Besides, why can't satire be frightening?

[Of course satire can be frightening -- though that particular story didn't frighten me. Actually, I don't recall ever having been frightened by fiction, even allegedly realistic, "this is the way it's going to be" fiction, because I generally doubt like hell that the author knows any more about the subject than I do. What frightens me are newspaper stories. Like anything else, love can be overdone. RSC] [One of



WELL -
YOU GOTTA
ADMIT I DO
HAVE ONE
THING GOING
FOR ME.

the best ways a mother can teach love to her child is to love herself, have respect and care for herself. And despite what impressions Hollywood and certain starry-eyed idealists may have given you, Frank, women do not emerge from childbirth -- at home or at the hospital -- with hair nicely coiffed, all fresh and dewy eyed and burbling with love and eager to get about the business of mothering. They emerge tired. Very. Exhausted, even. Try it yourself. Go through anywhere from 8 (unheard of) to 50 (common) hours of tremendous, painful labor where your insides have been churned and battered and you've lost a fair amount of fluid just thru sweat. Job's finally over. Okay, plop five to nine pounds of baby into your arms -- immediately -- and tell you from this instant on you must love and cuddle and spend every waking moment thinking of and holding that kid so he will feel loved. Have you seen a neonate, Frank? The appreciation level -- indeed the awareness level -- is not exceptionally high. I for one considered myself a quite adequate

mother. And after a little rest and pampering I would be willing to take up my cudgels and do my bit. But right then I wanted to collapse for a few days to recuperate -- and I had an incredibly easy birth experience. Have a little compassion, fella. The regimen you're proposing is going to leave subconscious resentment all over the engrams of every woman who goes through your ideal guaranteed-love theory -- like what did I do to deserve this and I never got a moment's peace. JWC]

E. L. Comeau, #98349, 500 Spring Street, Richmond VA 23219

I'm not entirely sure how I come to get Yandro #219. Though I am what people call an SF nut, I had unfortunately not heard of you before. However, I have my suspicions as to who the culprit is who gave my address to you. I think it's Howard Devore, a good friend who sells old pulp and paperback sf stories he lucks out on finding. If not him, I can't imagine who.

Have any of you read ORDEAL IN OTHERWHERE by Andre Norton yet? I just hooked a copy. Ace publication second printing. Haven't read it yet, but I'm about to start. At the moment though I'm reading one of Groff Conklin's collections, SEVEN TRIPS THROUGH TIME & SPACE. Wild! The first is "Flatlander" by the great Larry Niven. Yep! Another Beowulf Scheaffer story. But they're great anyway.

Anyone out there feel like writing to me, please do! I get lonely easily. And just so you don't feel tricked or anything, I'll tell you I'm in prison. I think Andy Offutt can dig the scene since he spelled my hassle to a T in #219. In any case, thank you for introducing yourselves to me and especially thank you for the Torcon 2 application for membership. Though it's a bit late for using the Hugo ballot, I promise I'll be ready next year!

[Yeah, Devore is the causative agent. He's very generous -- especially with other people's fanzines. (You knew that was coming, didn't you, Howard?) Knowing me, though, he even offered to pay for

the sub. Can't recall if I charged him or not, but knowing me, I probably did. (I'll pick up one of his \$1.50 books at Midwest-con that he paid a dime for, and that will settle it. RSC]

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

Did get around to THE GREEN PHOENIX and was surprised to enjoy it since I'd been disappointed by recent Swann. He really did an amazing feat in making Aeneas an appealing character. I loved the AENEID but always regarded its hero as a pallid fink. Indeed the most outstanding triumph of my high school career was writing a pageant version of the epic and playing Dido therein for a school assembly. Got so carried away by the role I stabbed right through my costume with the plastic letteropener and inflicted a bleeding scratch on my bosom.

Other news from Claresson that oughta jab your sense of wonder: the first Campbell Memorial award for best novel of the year went to Malzberg's BEYOND APOLLO! Poor JWC will surely spin in his grave.

I finally got around to reading THE BOG PEOPLE. Which raises the question, if there are bog Danes, are there also lace-curtain Danes?

Not having read that much SF in the past year, I may allow myself to be influenced by your choices, at least to the extent of nominating BLUE FACE. John scorned THE SHEEP LOOK UP as so much propaganda.

Something ironic: here Chirp has a lively-type reading textbook and access to a good public library in addition to her school library. So what does she keep bringing home of late? Outdated idiot type primary readers -- today an authentic DICK AND JANE. Why? Why? Why?

Some other funny historical nicknames: Tahir the Ambidextrous (Persian), Selim the Sot (Turkish) and Valdemar Another-Day (Danish). The latter, like Scarlett O'Hara, liked to think about things tomorrow.

Something you must not miss is ARCHEOLOGY DISCOVERIES IN THE 60s by Edward Bacon. It covers a vast array of recent findings

(mostly Old World) in condensed fashion

with, unfortunately, a lack of

illustrations. Madden-

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unknown. Weird



information like reconstructions of Bronze Age weapons conclusively proved that while an oxhide shield repels a bronze sword, a bronzeshield is sheared like a slice of cheese by the same sword; Bosnian soldiers of fortune established an outpost in Nubia (1) and held it against all comers for three hundred years; there was somebody in Australia before the Aborigines.

Poetic etymologies of current names can yield some really peculiar results -- my own works out as "The Black Warrior Maid, the Precious Helper of Men." Who can recognize the following SF people: "The Viking Spinning Wheel," "The Shining Man From the Silver Mountain," "The Precious Butcher," "May the Horse-Loving Husbandman Add on," (pro writers); "The Lord Is Gracious to the Beautiful Gentleman (pro artist), "The Dodlike Son of Luck," (fan writer).

[I gave up on the Campbell Memorial Award as soon as I found out who the judges were.// Of course THE SHEEP LOOK UP is propaganda, but it's such damned well-written propaganda, don't you know?// This was made up from several letters, because Sandra threatened me with a fate worse than death -- no, not that one -- if I didn't print one of her letters pretty soon. (If you'd quit marking all the best parts DNQ you'd get more letters published, Sandra.) RSC]

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

Yandro 217. That's an interesting cover by Alexis. And on granite paper, too. That's a change.

Ah, Juanita, you are evil. Go on for paragraphs about your favorite stf movie and never tell us what it is. Lemme see if I can guess: GREEN SLIME?

Skinny dipping and the kids -- I suppose it is egoboosting to them to think they have come up with something new. They find it hard to believe that we elder types quietly sipping wine on the sidelines did all the same things years ago. It is as I've said about the "new wave" in stf (is it still around)...what's new? Read -- and attempted to write -- the same sort of stuff for "little magazines" (remember them?) a generation ago.

I'm not at all sure about the federal government furnishing financial support for all primary and secondary education, Bruce. I'm beginning to think that education should be provided only for those who can afford to pay for it. What with the continuing trend to computer-automation it is obvious that there will be no jobs available for most of the mob infesting the schools these days. Fill 'em up with trank, plop 'em in front of the tally and forget about 'em. Why waste money to educate them?

Buck, I could maybe understand you using a riding crop to keep up your image but what was John Miesel doing with one?

Dave Locke's column helps to confirm the feeling I have that most of those involved in management are incredibly incompetent. Not referring to Dave himself, of course. He's merely incredible. Lives on a freeway offramp, you know.

Derek Nelson's article serves to remind us why so many ships sail under the flags of Panama and Liberia.

Which reminds me, hast heard of Minerva? That's a couple of reefs two-three hundred miles south of Tonga. Seems that some American businessmen have researched the situation and found that the reefs have never been claimed by any nation -- mostly, I suppose, because they are under three feet of water when the tide is high -- so they have claimed them and declared them to be the sovereign nation of Minerva. Plan is to dredge the lagoon and use the sand for landfill to bring the reefs above the high water mark and also to use buildings in the water itself. (Wonder if Filthy Pierre is in on this?) They say that in a decade there will be a thousand ships flying the flag of Minerva.

Like Pettit, I've never had any trouble getting along in non-English speaking countries despite language difficulties.

Sandra Miesel rightly points out the kicker in this Equal Rights Amendment. It's two-edged. The proposed amendment doesn't say a word about "female" rights but outlaws any discrimination because of sex.

All sorts of things hiding in the bushes there. Consider that the regulations concerning federal employees declare that women may not lift anything that weighs more than 25 pounds. That limitation doesn't apply to men. If the amendment passes then those regulations will have to be changed to either eliminate the limitation on what women may lift or else to apply it to what men may lift. Currently a number of states have laws which limit the number of hours women may work or the types of jobs to which they may be assigned. They are designed to keep the gals from being overworked or assigned to jobs for which they are not particularly suited (hmmm?). Those will be out. Also out, I imagine, will be all laws pertaining to alimony and support.

Pat Goltz comes on like gangbusters but not with too much logic. She's against abortion but once the kids are born wants to put them in day care centers. If the gals don't want to take care of the kids why bother to have them in the first place?

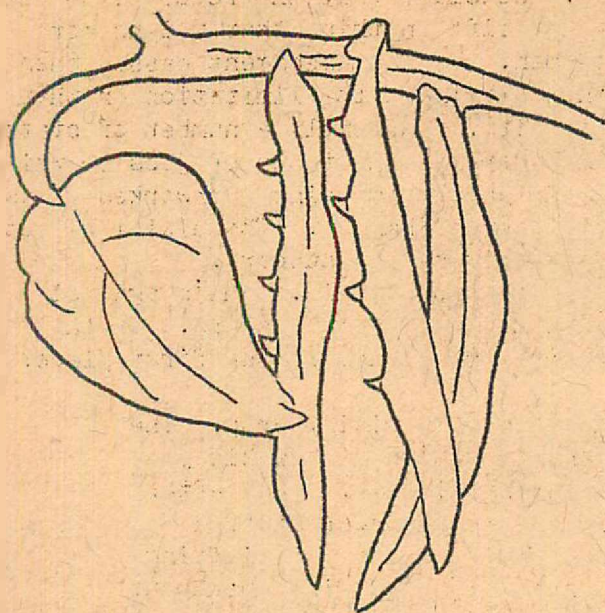
[No, no, John just suggested that I should have a riding crop. The actual crop belonged to Wally Franke and if you've met Jackie you know what he was doing with one -- defending himself. (And after that, next time we visit I'll probably get a hamburger stuffed with curry powder and alum...)]// If New Mexico has a law limiting the hours women may work you'd better not let Chryst find out about it; she seems to put in a pretty full day. Ever hear of a woman being arrested for picking up a child that weighed over 25 pounds? Ever listen to the average schoolteacher comment on the hours she works? If a woman isn't capable of doing a job, she won't be doing it for long. Alimony should be outlawed, and why should equal rights for women have any relevance regarding child support? Unless you expect the child to support himself (equal rights for children?) then it has the right to equal support from both parents, and if the woman is providing the home and cooking the meals, the man can damned well cough up the money. (Of course, if the man takes the child and does the cooking, then the woman should be assessed for support money.) RSC][For that matter, Roy, in the divorce cases with which I'm personally familiar, almost all the time no alimony was offered nor was any demand made for it. It left the women with a rough row to hoe, but none of them complained in my hearing. Maybe they figured it was a logical continuation of non-support from the marriage... JNC]

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

TVGuide synopsis on a re-rerun today on "The Rifleman" says "Lucas is bitten by a horse suffering from anthrax." I don't know why anthrax would make a horse do that, since it usually swells up the glands around an animal's mouth and makes it difficult for it to eat, let alone bite. But even if it did, I don't think it would have much effect on Lucas, other than startling him, since anthrax is an air-borne disease. I suppose it wouldn't look near as grabby if the squib said "Lucas is sneezed upon by a horse suffering from anthrax."

I acquired an old book on drug therapy from 1918 that makes me glad I live now instead of then. They had only a few drugs then, mostly deadly poisons, so reading the recommended medications for various ailments is hair-raising. Like for pneumonia they recommended what is essentially aspirin, digitalis, strychnine, nitroglycerine, and venesection. Buck will be delighted to know strychnine was also recommended for asthma, as were arsenical cigarettes, and more reasonable things like stramonium cigarettes, caffeine, epinephrin, and belladonna. The book also recommends rubbing frost-bitten parts with snow, which, we now know, is just about the worst thing you can do. Other treatments for frostbite, that would make a modern doctor shriek, are opening all the blisters and painting the raw areas with iodine.

The book, incidentally, was co-authored by Dr. Morris Fishbein, who I believe is still around, writing medical advice columns for newspapers.



STRANGE FRUIT

[Very short commentary this time; it's going to be more of a listing than a review. To anyone who feels neglected, my apologies, but I haven't had time to breathe this past month (and when I've had time I haven't had the ability, which gets nasty) and the choice is doing it this way or ignoring fanzines altogether. (And believe me, if it wasn't for a shrinking feeling of noblesse oblige I'd opt for the other alternative.) RSC]

Luna Monthly [Anne F. Dietz, 655 Orchard St, Oradell NJ 07649 - 40 cents a copy, \$4 a yr.]

#41-42, 43, 44. Digest size, printed, valuable checklist of coming events, lots of book reviews, columns on European science fiction, a little US sf news.

Locus #130, 132 thru 136 [Dena & Charlie Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco CA 94116 - 12/\$3] The best place to find out what's going on in professional US science fiction. Little if any fan news. Occasional columns. Very reminiscent of the old Fantasy-Times (back when F-T was coming out on time). Rating.....5

Son of the WSFA Journal #76 thru 85 [Donald L. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton Md 20906 - in the future subs to SOTWJ will automatically get you any WSFA JOURNALS when they're issued - 12/\$2, approximately bi-weekly] Mostly reviews (the only magazine reviews appearing at all close to the publications reviewed), with some news, concentrating on radio and tv. All sorts of reviews; mags, books, fanzines, film, etc. Rating.....6

Amoeboid Scunge #8 thru 12 [Jay Cornell, Jr., 105 E. Wilson, MSU & Seth McEvoy, Box 268, East Lansing MI 48823 - bi-weekly] Personalzine. Your reaction depends on what you think of the editors, so there is no objective way to review it. I enjoy it; for one thing, it's only 4 pages, so I have time to read it.

No ratings on personalzines.

Eney fanzines Curse You, Red Baron! & Shelta Thari 12 [Richard H. Eney, 578-42-8835, American Embassy/CG 4, APO San Francisco 96243] From Our Man In Viet Nam, except that he's in Bangkok in one of these. Describing such things as Buddhist religious postcards and Vietnamese land distribution. You always seem to get a few bonuses from Eney; I'm now the proud possessor of three Vietnamese lottery tickets. Very enjoyable.

Maybe #23, 24, & 25 [Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatt Bk Bg, Chattanooga TN 37402 - .50 or 6/\$2.50 - 7 issues a year, trades, printed contribs] General type. #24 has a letter by me which got me a phone call with a threat to punch me in the nose. At the time I was more bewildered than angry, but I reached the stage eventually, and I wouldn't advise Brosch to try and get close enough to punch me in the nose. Not until he pays his bills, anyway. Seeing the humor of a situation has never stopped me from getting nasty if I think the recipient deserves it. #25 has a list of fanspeak -- if Tucker gets his eyes back or I get some free time we'll update Neofan's Guide, but in the meantime this sort of thing is valuable for newcomers. Otherwise almost entirely letters and editorial comments. Rating.....6

Baby or Maybe #6 [Irvin Koch, address above] For the leftover letters from Maybe.

Chunder #1, 2, 3 [John Foyster, 6 Clowes Street, South Yarra, Victoria 3141, Australia - fortnightly for trade or contrib or show of interest] The problems of a newsletter; the article on the Australia "sellout" to San Francisco looks a bit odd when it arrives 3 months after publication and 2 months after San Francisco has withdrawn its bid. Can't win 'em all, and it is a lovely illustration of fandom's penchant for tempests in teapots. A sort of newsletter cum fanzine.

Kwalhioqua #4, 5 [Ed Cagle, Route #1, Leon KS 67074 - monthly - "available for the usual" ... a Michelob, please] Primarily a humor mag (which I hope everyone recognizes, or I may get a few more offers of violence -- at least they aren't likely to be phone calls, from Britain). Very much stamped with editorial personality, despite outside contributors. You may like it -- most people seem to -- or you may not.

Mundac 2 [Rick Stoker, 1205 Logan St., Alton IL 62002 - loc, trade, .25] Personal-zine, with letters. The startling thing was seeing a correspondent mention his grandfather fighting in Korea (along with his father) in the Canadian army. I was too old for the US army during the Korean war...

Amry #4 [Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive, Dr. #9, Duarte CA 91010 - accepted contribs, loc, selected trades, or six 8 cent stamps] One of the best of the humor mags, from Dave's description of spring pleasures as a child (going out to Lake George to watch the ice sink) to Tina Henwel's description of the history of Gaelic warfare. But I do not like a sideways lettercolumn, no matter who does it. If God had intended fanzines to be assembled in this manner, Dave, He would have mounted our eyes vertically.

Rating.....7

Rats 16 [Bill Kunkel & Charlene Komar, 84-45 121st Street, Apartment 1-D, Kew Gardens NY 11415 - loc, art contrib or written material, all-for-all trades - 1/50, 3/\$1] Fair-sized fannish type mag, just returning after an absence. (I had noticed it wasn't coming and assumed I had been dropped from the mailing list for some reason. I didn't bother to inquire, but I did notice, which is more than I'd do for most fanzines.) Variety; rock, puppet theatre, and R. Meltzer (who is describable but why bother?)

Rating.....5

Wanted: Alias Smith and Jones [Kathy Bushman, 1219 Gardena Blvd., Gardena CA 90247] Personally, I enjoyed the show, but not that much. If you did, this has photos, drawings, a quiz, list of episodes, etc. All very neatly done and recommended to S&J fans.

No 13 [Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417, trade, loc, or 1/.25 - irregularly, three times a year] Heraldry, a con report, letter from Ellison on spotting the eternal amateur (as opposed to the beginning professional), etc. Fair reproduction.

Rating.....5

Sofa 1, 2 [TANSTAAFL, c/o Rensselaer Union, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy NY 12181 - contrib, 1/.25]

College scientific humor, vaguely -- but only vaguely -- reminiscent of the early MIT fanzines, plus reviews

Rating.....2

Godless 3 [Sp/4 Bruce D] Arthurs, 527-98-3103, 57th Trans Co, Fort Lee VA 23801 - loc, trade, contrib, review, or 40 cents] A revival issue, hence no material on hand, hence contents consist of



letters and a review of Scaramouche. Quite interesting letters, I should say, even if one hasn't received preceding issues.

Rating.....4

Amra #58, 59 [George Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101 - 10/\$4, 1/50 cents] The premier sword-and-sorcery fanzine. Digest size, printed, good artwork, not a lot of text, but generally interesting.

Rating.....8

G.R.A.S. Logbook #3 [Maureen Wilson & Sheryl McNevin, 5933 Granada, Mission KS 66205 approximately three times yearly - \$2] Newsletter of the Gene Roddenberry Appreciation Society. You get a photo of your idol along with the 6 pages of text.

Dilemma #1 [Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher IL 60401] Personalzine, I guess; all editor-written, anyway. (From someone who swore she was never going to publish; fandom is insidious.) I enjoyed it.

Renaissance V4#4, V5#1 [John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Avenue, Berkeley Heights NJ 07922] Pierce and his writers are still overdoing their defense of the stf of the good old days, but otherwise it's a fairly interesting journal. (I hardly think a Damon Knight article in a Clarion anthology is worth 3 pages of rebuttal in a fanzine -- in a prozine, maybe, but not in a fanzine), but I have to admit the article itself disgusted me almost as much as it did Richard Hodgens.) Two-part article on H. Beam Piper will be interesting mostly to newcomers who haven't, as I have, read all Piper's stuff in the magazines.

Rating.....5

The Gamesletter #49 thru 52 [Donald Miller, address above - as with WSFAJ, he's combining subs of Gamesletter and The Gamesman in the future - 12/\$2] A newsletter for wargaming fans, covering chess, Diplomacy, and all the others. (Not much on chess, since the U.S. Chess Federation does a pretty good job covering that.) Many reviews of other wargame fanzines.

The Passing Parade #3 [Milton F. Stevens, 9849 Tabor St., #3, Los Angeles CA 90034, trade, loc, or 25 cents, 4/\$1] Personalzine and rapidly becoming one of my favorites. (Where else could I learn that UCLA offers a course in "Concepts of Power Volleyball"?) 24 pages; fairly thick for an editor-written zine.

Lurk #5 [Mike & Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Road, Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH, England - contrib, loc, trade, or 50p] First one of these I've seen. Offhand it would seem to be one of the better British efforts, despite the fact that I tend to disagree with every editorial opinion offered. (For an old and tired fan-editor, the interest is not in what is being said, but in how it's said, and Lurk appears to have above-average quality writing.)

Rating.....6

Phantasmicom 10 [Jeffrey D. Smith, 4102-301 Potter Street, Baltimore MD 21229 - contrib, trade, 75 cents, 3/\$2] A thick one, which I see the editor plans to kill after the next issue. Generally evinces a serious devotion to science fiction -- a bit too serious for me, much of the time. Quite a bit of material here on Roger Zelazny and on the Clarion workshops.

Rating.....4

Abattoir #1, 2 [Leif Andersson, Astronomy Dept., Indiana U., Bloomington IN 47401] Neither of these had an address on it, so we're listing the address of the member who sent them to us (and hoping Leif doesn't get killed by the rest of the group...) Official publication of the Indiana Univ. stf club. Some of the members (Andersson, Jim Dorr, Bob Roehm) have been around stf for several years, but the publication is geared for those who haven't, and therefore is a bit elementary -- or neoish, if you prefer. Some pretty good artwork. Not very good text, but it will improve.

Rating.....2

Twibbet 5 [Twibbet, PO Box 7241, Indian School Station, Phoenix AZ 85011 - 25 cents] Club publication; quite similar to Abattoir, except that since it's up to the 5th issue, it's progressed a bit farther. I t does have some incredibly bad "humorous" verse, but anybody who can fall on BRING THE JUBILEE with glad cries can't be all bad.
Rating.....2.1/2

Ashwing 11 [Frank Denton, 14654 8th Avenue, S.W., Seattle WA 98166 - loc, contrib - quarterly] Three major items, one by Phil Dick, all equally full of terrific emotional writing and bad logic. I can see why this became a tremendously popular fanzine among certain types, because the delineation of the emotions is excellent -- but it's obviously not going to be terribly popular with me. Anyway, next issue the editor says he begins the work of turning a middle-sized general type fanzine into a personalzine, so that next issue probably won't be too much like this one.

Gegenschein 7, 8 [Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia - locs, contrib, or 40 cents] #7 is an experiment with digest size and sideways layout; see my comments on the Awry lettercolumn. #8 is back to normal. #8 has several good articles and excellent artwork; it also has terrible poetry and John Alderson managing to be pompous and superficial at the same time. But generally I liked it.
Rating.....5

Sirruish 10 [Railee Bothman, 1300 W. Adams, Kirkwood MO 63122 - trade loc, contrib, or 50 cents] Con reports, book reviews, and humor, the latter including Dave Locke on Japanese horror movies.
Rating.....5

The Anything Thing 5 [Frank Balazs & Matthew Schneck, 19 High Street, Croton-on-Hudson NY 10520 - quarterly - loc, contrib, or five 8 cent stamps or 40 cents] Mostly letters and reviews, with the odd humorous item sneaking in here and there. Mimeography poor but readable, which is the main thing.
Rating.....4

Tandstikkerzeitung #1 [Don Markstein, 2425 Nashville Avenue, New Orleans LA 70115 - trades, loc] Personalzine; the editor commenting on various fandoms, Fred Brown, funny porno movies, etc.

Moebius Trip #16 [Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - 50 cents, 5/\$2] Primarily reviews this time; a long one by Paul Walker and short ones by various people. Plus letters, a con report (Syncon), and a rather unfunny parody by Walt Liebscher. Letter column in particular is very good.
Rating.....6

Gannetscrapbook #1 [Rob Jackson, 21, Lyndhurst Rd., Benton, Newcastle on Tyne, NE12 9NT United Kingdom - trade or loc, no money or contribs] This has the flavor of a one-shot turned out at 3:00 AM during the death throes of a fan party, but there seem to be intimations (threats?) of future issues. Of course, I'm prejudiced; anyone who claims to care about "fandom" (as opposed to those who care about fans) is down in my book as not too bright. But even for fannish-type writing, this stuff is pretty bad. (Like one-shots, it was, I assume, fun to write. But good fanzines are supposed to be fun to read.)
Rating.....1

The Alien Critic 4 [Richard E. Geis, PO Box 11408, Portland OR 97211 - \$4 per year] Another thick one. I rather admire Geis's garrulity; the only way I ever write that much in a month is to start work on a novel (and sometimes I don't make it even then). He seems to have struck a fairly happy medium between personal memoranda and comments on "outside influences" (books, letters, etc.). Lovely bit on the various "conspiracy" books (the U.S. is being taken over by...) I hadn't realized there were so many; apparently looking for sinister scapegoats for the problems of the country is big business. (Actually, all the problems are caused by a conspiracy of authors and publishers who plan to make their fortunes by palming off phony explanations onto the gullible public.) I'm even beginning to agree with Geis more than I used to; up to maybe 30 per cent of the time....
Rating.....8

Gorbett 1 [David & Beth Gorman, 3515 Lauriston Drive, New Castle IN 47362 - irregular

50 cents, 5/\$2 - contrib, loc, trade] Or, Gorman rising phoenix-like from the ashes of all those Indiana ~~*****~~ fanzines of a few years ago. Reasonably good. Juanita continues her column from Embelyon, Andy Offutt castigates the postal service, there's a reprint of a Disch speech and editorial comments here and there. Rating.....5

Title #12, 13 [Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St Louis MO 63131] #12 is the Anniversary Issue and about half articles and the like, designed to kick off a new round of discussions. #13 is back to the standard format; editorial comment, letters, and a very occasional column or article. I was going to say this is particularly recommended to opinionated fans, but then I decided that "opinionated fan" is a redundancy. Anyway, its primary purpose is discussion. Rating.....7

Outworlds #15 [Bill & Joan Bowers, Box 148, Wadsworth OH 44281 - 75 cents - contrib, loc, arranged trade - the colophon is so beautiful and well-hidden it took me five minutes' searching to find it -- JWC] One of these days Bill is going to publish a fanzine with such convoluted layout that nobody will be able to figure out how to open it. Once you locate the text here -- which may take a while -- it's pretty good. The 30-odd pages turned over to Bill Wolfenbarger are a dead loss (who would have thought, 10 or however many years ago, that neofan Wolfenbarger would eventually produce reams of such pretentious twaddle?) But to make up for it, there are Poul Anderson, Andy Offutt, and Robert A. W. Lowndes. Fine artwork and reproduction. Moderately good letter column. Rating.....7

Umbra #5 [Umbra, c/o ASSFS, Box 530 DD SUNYA, 1400 Washington Avenue, Albany NY 12222 40 cents, 3/\$1 Or the usual - quarterly] Club publication, which almost guarantees poor reproduction, college machinery being what it is. Humor, reviews, letters. Quality of the humor not the highest, but the authors are getting practice. Interesting letter column; best feature of the mag. Rating.....3

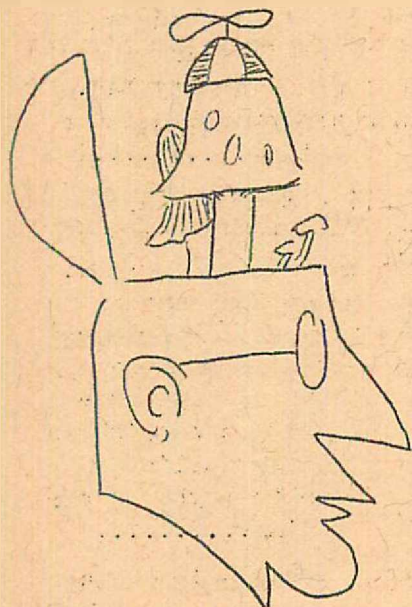
Twa Corbies [Frank Denton, address above - 25 cents] Personalzine with a vengeance; mainly a running account of what the Denton family has been doing. (Sort of thing I use the Yandro editorial for when nothing more pressing occurs.)

Sandworm 19 [Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112 - contrib, trade, 50cents] Thin issue; 18 pages. (And I can recall when the standard size for Yandro was 20 pages and it was a middling-sized fanzine; one of the changes in fandom.) But what's there is good; editorial ramblings, letters, and Al Snider being shocked to discover there are so many people in fandom who don't participate. (I tend to agree that they're cheating themselves, but that's their business; Al seems a bit outraged over the revelation.) Rating.....7

Netherpapers #1 [Leo & Annemarie Kindt, Mispelstraat 29, Den Haag 2025, Netherlands - trade, loc, news-item] Newsletter of Netherlands fandom, printed in English. Much of this issue devoted to Eurocon.

T-Negative #19 [Ruth Berman, address above - irregular 50 cents, \$2/5] "Star Trek" fanzine. I enjoyed the editor's "Notes on Uhura", Uhura being possibly my favorite character on the show (wonder why...?), but most of this issue consists of fan fiction, and you know my opinion of that. If one must have fan fiction, these are usually as well done as any.

Hugoes There? [Bob Vardeman, address above] Vardeman's reminiscences of Westercon, Bubonicon, the Worldcon, and Mile-HighCon. For an extended con report, it's pretty good. (If you want to know why fandom is not happy with George Senda....)



Speculation #31 [Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, UK - irregular - trade, contrib, 50cents, 4/\$2] As usual, a good issue, but all of it seems a bit anticlimactic after the cover of the 18-foot fiberglass statue of King Kong in Birmingham, and the explanation of same. The Spirit of Birmingham; fascinating. The main text, however, consists of letters, articles and reviews concerning science fiction. Primarily this is for serious readers in the field (which I admit I'm not; encyclopedic, perhaps, but not serious. But I usually rather enjoy it anyway.) Rating.....8

① JUST CAN'T GET OVER IT!
EVERYONE IS SIMPLY SO
HELPFUL HERE IN THIS
WONDERFUL 'SWEET OL' THING
CALLED FANDOM... ②



Finders Keepers #1 [Donald G. Jackson, 1043 Vine Street, Adrian MI 49221 - \$1] A note from the editor mentions that #2 should be out now, at 50 cents. This is a half-sized (4 1/4 x 11) printed journal of pop culture -- film, comics, records -- even a book or two. Major article this time concerns the Ann Arbor Film Festival. I don't know -- or care -- enough about film festivals to even know if the article is well-written, but it is at least literate. If you're a movie buff, check this one out.

Starling #24 [Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main #1, Madison WI 53703 - quarterly - 50 cents, 3/\$1, trade, contrib, loc] A somewhat more fannish version of the pop culture fanzine. I like it better than F-K, but that's probably because I know the people involved in it. I have no more basic interest in Raymond Chandler than I do in the Ann Arbor Film Festival. (Though the letters and Joe Sanders' column usually touch more on my interests.)

Uranian #5 [U.of R. Science Fiction Society, Todd Union, University of Rochester, Rochester NY 14627 - twice yearly, 50 cents or the usual] Beautifully produced fanzine; silk-screened cover and all. The editorial is a fine example of what fanzine publishing does for one's sanity... Otherwise the material is mostly serious -- fine interview with Sturgeon, criticism, fan fiction (well, it's a college club publication, after all). I especially recommend it to publishers of other club fanzines as an example of what can be done within the somewhat confining limits of club publishing.

Rating.....6

The Pointed Stake #7 [Ed Connor, address above - 25 cents] An apa journal, with editorial ramblings, letters, and a piece of anthropological fiction by Mae Strelkov. (It isn't all that well written, but the idea is enough different from most fan fiction to make it far more interesting than the average.) Rating.....5

Talking Stock #6, 7, 8 [Les Sample, 627-15th Ave E., Apt 4, Seattle WA 98102 & Loren McGregor, Box 636, Seattle WA 98111] Personal-type. It's a bit hard for a fast reader to tell which personality is which (is everything not signed the work of McGregor?), but then I suppose the fast reader doesn't really need to know. Thin; moderately entertaining.

Forthcoming SF Books #12 [Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct, Lake Jackson TX 77566 - bimonthly, \$1.50 a year] By the time I get around to reviewing it, they're no longer "forthcoming"; ask for #13 if you're interested. A checklist to give you an idea what to save your lunch money for.

The WSFA Journal #81 [Donald Miller, address above, also sub info] Still a little something for everyone; Alexis Gilliland on possible scientific futures, editors Edelstein and Gregg promoting their semi-pro magazine, Eternity, as the equal of F&SF in an alleged article, plus a Ted white rebuttal of same (and once again I'm basically on White's side), a bibliography of Strange Tales, lots of reviews of books, fanzines (Yandro is listed as "staid and dull", which is a welcome change from being either

too fannish or not fannish enough), magazines, movies, what-have-you, and an editorial explaining past problems and asking for future support. I think the Journal gets too little recognition in fandom, possibly because of its variety; it's too hard to "type" and doesn't get the automatic following of sercon, fannish, neofan, or other group of readers. This issue isn't one of the best, but it's readable.

Rating.....6

Inworlds 2, 3, 4 [Bill Bowers, address above - 25 cents, 5/\$1] Personal-type, plus occasional fan news. Impeccable reproduction. Lots of fanzine reviews. Fairly thin fanzine.

Placebo 3.5 [B. Smotroff, 147-53 71 Road, Flushing NY 11367] Letters of comment on Placebo 3. (Primarily of interest, of course, to those who received Placebo 3 (and can remember what was in it), but a fairly interesting item even to someone who doesn't know what all these nuts are writing about. 20 pages; pretty fair-sized letter column.

Scottishe #64 [Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL UK - 3/\$1] Couple of trip reports, which are not my favorite literature. But Ella Parker does pretty well by her visit to the Apollo launch, and while Brian Varley tries a bit hard for humor in spots, he makes it often enough to keep me reading. Plus reviews, letter and editorial. Fairly small fanzine, but good.

Rating.....6

Haverings #54 [Ethel Lindsay, address above - \$1/6 - USAgent Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St, Apt 3-J, Brooklyn NY 11201] The best set of fanzine reviews around, in a fanzine all to themselves where they won't contaminate more important material. (And I see British fandom knows what's good for it; I wondered why I was suddenly getting all sorts of British fanzines, then I got Haver and saw that Ethel said they should send them. Thanks a lot, Ethel. I think you've satisfactorily got even for my snide comment about you chasing British males now you'd got your driver's license...do you suppose an apology would halt the flow?)

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin #6 [Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham AL 35223 - \$1 a year] With a title like that, you can't really do a lot besides provide news of southern fandom. Which this does, for 20 pages. If one is at all interested in the subject, this is the place to find out about it.

Pataplan 10 [Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183 Australia - trade, contrib, loc, 40 cents of \$1.60/4 - quarterly] Editorial comments, letters, and (since it's now a FAPazine) mailing comments. Much of the issue deals with the creeping fascism of fans trying to organize fandom in their own image. Which is of course ridiculous; if they'd just listen to me...

Rating.....5

Chao #11 [John J. Alderson, Havelock, Victoria 3465 Australia - 50 cents - arranged trades, contribs] Closer to the variety encountered in a US genzine than most Australian fanzines. Fairly good con report -- as such things go, article on the future, of magic by an apparent believer, verse, reviews, letters, editorial comment. (One thing most Australian fanzines have is lots of editorial comment. Comes from being out there among the sheep and/or wallabies so much of the time, I suspect.)

Rating.....5

Wombat 4 [Shayne McCormack, 49 Orchard Rd., Bass Hill 2197, Australia - loc, contrib, trade, not sale] More variety. Lots of verse, very little of which appealed to me, several con reports, account of a trip through Cambodia, lots of letters. One of the better letter columns around, in fact.

Rating.....6

Siddhartha #1 [Ian Williams, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland SR4 7RD, Co. Durham, U.K.] Personalzine -- reads a bit like a condensed version, very condensed, of one of Geis's efforts. (Writing isn't up to Geis's level, though, but it's not bad. Maybe I'm nosier than I thought I was; I seem to enjoy personalzines despite a general lack of interest in other people.)

Zymurgy a [Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque NM 87105] With that labeling

system I assume they're going to quit after 26 issues. Published by the Albuquerque club. This gives it a head start on most club fanzines because it can lead off with a sample of Bob Vardeman's humor. After that, things get more typical. Very thin issue; 6 pages. Perfect reproduction. Rating.....3

Smile Awhile #13 [Florence Jenkins, 13335 S. Vermont Avenue, Gardena CA 90247] Alcoholics Anonymous fanzine. It's different, anyway.

X #1 [Rod Frye, PO Box 7374, Hampton, VA 23366 - \$1] Witchcraft fanzine. Actually, I'm not sure they want a review; the box asking for contributions was checked. Unfortunately I doubt if I know enough about witches to write an article on them (no fiction wanted) and I'm pretty certain that I'm not interested enough to find out. If you are, this is printed on slick paper, allowing photographs to be used. (Including some of Shaver's rock pictures -- I wonder if Shaver has considered trying to discover the mystic significance of wood veneer? It produces just as authentic pictures as his rocks do.)

Shattered Like a Clockwork Orange [Meade & Penny Frierson, address above] A sort of science fiction/political parody which, for me at least, doesn't quite come off. Good try, but no cigar.

Huitloxopetl #8 [Meade & Penny Frierson, PO Box 9032, Birmingham AL 35213 - \$1.00] A thick one of the lot this round; 102 pages. All sorts of material, from how to publish a fanzine to fan fiction to a long review of BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE (a recording, in case any of you are as square as I am and wouldn't know). Oddly, my personal favorite was the checklist of underground comics, despite my dislike of comics in general and what I've seen of the underground variety in particular. An article by Wetzel, which I mildly deplore, but otherwise the only way to review this is to tell you to get a copy and see for yourself. Rating.....5

CONVENTIONS

D-CON '73 - June 27/July 1, Dallas - mostly films and comics, apparently - Andy Cffutt, Harlan Ellison, Bill Gaines, Burne Hogarth present in various capacities - write D-Con 73, P.O. Box 242, Lewisville, TX 75067 for information.
EQUICON '73 - oops, that one's over. As is MINICON. Problems of late publication. In fact, all the con announcements I have seem to be for past conventions.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

The new Lincoln Enterprises catalog covers both "Star Trek" and "Kung Fu". (Now if it was "Alien Smith And Jones" instead....) Plus a few items from "Search", "Genesis II" and "Questor". Scripts, photos, etc. (plus from ST, letterheads, a calendar, insignia and other items). P.O. Box 69470, Los Angeles, CA 90069.//Rich Benyo sends along samples of his work; he's editor of STOCK CAR RACING, plus editing and publishing, I believe, a quarterly newspaper-type racing mag called STOX. I have virtually no interest in the subject, but it's a bit interesting to note how many fans and ex-fans wind up as editors of one sort or another.//Mary Schaub sends several clippings from WALL STREET JOURNAL; one criticising the price-support program for tung-nut oil (didn't know your taxes were paying for that, did you?), one on the financial condition of pillow-stuffing (feathers are down, but down is up), and one describing Tony Boucher's robot bartender of "Q.U.R.", which is now being marketed by the National Cash Register Co. of Dayton. It's called a computer instead of a robot, but....//Several people noted that Hartford City made TIME with the article on the kid who "desecrated the flag"; Jackie Franke sent me the clipping. A few readers asked if it's really that sort of town. Yes, it is.//Woman's Lib is going too far when I get a set of address labels made out to "Miss R Coulson".//Andrew Zerbe sends a half-page article on gothics, which credits the rise of modern gothic romances to the popularity of Phyllis Whitney's Thunder Heights in 1960. The Montgomery, Alabama, Public library expects to purchase from 50 to 100 new gothics each month to keep up with the demand. Zerbe also sends one on British author J.T. Edson, who writes westerns without ever having seen the west. (Very bad westerns, incidentally, but they sell.)

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Thanks to GUN WEEK I have a few statistics on British violence and firearms. All figures here are taken from a speech made by Inspector Colin Greenwood, of the West Yorkshire Constabulary. The first law controlling firearms was passed in England in 1903, but it merely required that one purchase a license before purchasing a pistol; one's right to have a licence - and a pistol - was unquestioned, which is hardly what the anti-gun lobby considers "control". Under these regulations, during the years 1911 thru 1913, the use of firearms in crime - any firearm, any crime - averaged 41 cases per year in London. Between 1915 and 1917, still with no restrictions, the number of cases dropped to 15 per year, but the British anti-gun lobby rammed through a real control act in 1920 anyway. (Incidentally, New York's "Sullivan Act" was passed in 1911, so that between 1911 and 1920 one could compare the violence in New York with guns strictly controlled as opposed to the violence in London - which was then a larger city than New York - with free access to firearms. So far I haven't turned up any statistics for the New York of that era, but anyone who has read any US history and thinks that New York's firearms cases came anywhere close to 15 - or even 41 - per year needs his head examined.) Following Britain's control laws, use of firearms in crime remained low - approximately 20 cases per year, which is higher than the number before the law was passed but not significantly so - until 1957. Since then it has been rising steadily - despite ever-stricter gun laws (or because of them?) until in 1971 there were 310 cases of robbery in which a gun was used...previous statistics have been for any crime in which a gun was carried, whether it was used or not. In 1968, increasing use of shotguns in crime led to strict controls on shotguns. In 1969, the use of shotguns in crime doubled over that of the previous year when they were unrestricted.

Incidentally, since handguns have been under control in all England for so long, it is possible to say precisely how many legal handguns there are in the country, and the figure is 63,000. "Since the end of World War II the police have confiscated a quarter-million illegal handguns, and the number confiscated year by year doesn't get any smaller."

So next time, think twice before glibly reciting how gun controls reduce crime - or even reduce the number of guns floating around - and citing Britain's example to prove your point. The British appear to be less naturally violent than Americans, but it turns out that all those beautiful gun control laws have no bearing on the subject at all; they're irrelevant.

So what is relevant? TV: How many tv sets were in London and New York in 1915? The National Rifle Association agrees with Dr. Wertham that tv violence is a contributing factor to national crime and violence, but I'm not totally convinced. I'm sure Dr. Wertham is sincere, but I'm equally sure that the N.R.A. is looking for another scapegoat to throw to the anti-gun lobby, and I have severe doubts that patterns of violence running back to the foundation of the country can be too much affected by even a mass communication device like tv, considering that it's only been around in force for 30 years or so. I think we're going to have to put in a lot of study to find the underlying cause, and looking for the quick and easy answer isn't helping.

Incidentally, liberal newspapers have talked a lot about the "gun lobby", usually crediting the National Rifle Association with heading it. It might be of interest to note that in 1971-72, the N.R.A. employed 3 - count 'em, three - lobbyists, who spent a grand total of \$1,155.03 to block firearms legislation. I'm surprised the highway lobby, oil lobby, and so on aren't sending in agents to find out the secret of our success; they sure as hell don't spend any puny thousand dollars a year to achieve their results. The fact is, the "gun lobby" is composed of gun owners who are willing to write letters to their Congressmen - and to vote said Congressmen out of office if necessary. The liberals might - if they were bright enough - reflect that this would not seem to be very good evidence for their trumpeted statements that "an overwhelming majority" of Americans want gun controls. If an overwhelming majority of their constituents wanted gun controls, a good many ex-Congressmen would still be in office. The fact is, a noisy minority of Americans want gun controls - for the good of everyone, of course.

"Vroom, vroom - you've been run over."