

YANDRO

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GET YANDRO,
THE QUICK
PICKER-UPPER

august 73 XX:4

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This is the Just Before The Torcon, Mother,
issue.

AUSTRALIA IN '75

"Oh, we humped our blueys serenely, and made for
Sydney town...." (The con is in Melbourne, but I
don't know any verses about Melbourne.)



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ARTWORK

Cover by Alexis Gilliland

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And of course there are a few lines to fill out and I must try to be light and cheer-
ful when I'm positive we aren't going to get everything done that has to be done be-
fore we leave for Toronto, the temperature and humidity are both around 90, and the
announcements I had laid out to use here have vanished completely. Ah well, perhaps if
I rummage a bit.....ah yes, convention announcements.

EQUICON '74, subtitled "2nd Annual West Coast STAR TREK Convention" will be over East-
er weekend 1974, at the Marriott Hotel near the Los Angeles airport. For more infor-
mation (they have a pretty complete package) write Equicon '74, P.O. Box 23127, Los
Angeles, CA 90023.

COLUMBUS IN 1976 - a Worldcon bid - is already putting out fliers. For information
write Larry Smith, 194 E. Tulane Rd., Columbus, OH 43202. We support them; do likewise.

RAMBLINGS



Sometimes I have the feeling I've been rushing about doing last-minute packing and mimeoing to get ready for a con all my life. Not quite, but close to twenty years, which is a fair chunk. I wouldn't have been doing last-minute mimeoing in '53 because EISFA-YANDRO was hardly more than a newsletter then. I kept myself in cokes at the '54 Midwestcon by hawking EISFA/YANDROS -- the fanzine was only a nickel then, but so were cokes.

But I've long since reached the stage where I don't even (or rarely) make lists of stuff to pack for cons. Long experience has shown me that whether I make lists or not I'll forget something, so why sweat it? There's plenty to do without making lists with

built-in forgetfulness cues. I keep a vague mental tote sheet of what I want to take and find my success in remembering is virtually identical with those occasions when I committed reminders to writing. Besides, it saves paper.

I've long since lost track of the number of cons I've attended. Not the most anyone did, nor the least, I'm sure. I've packed suitcases and finished up fanzines while sweltering in the summer, freezing in the winter, afflicted with allergies, waddling with pregnancy and various other&sundry human conditions. I hope to continue this variegated pattern for sometime to come. Larry Nichols once twitted me about being a neo regards con-going, and at my age and old-fan-and-tired level. T'is true, though. I may have come to think of putting out a fanzine as akin to setting out the milk bottles (a simile we owe to Sid Coleman). I've seen fannish fads run cyclic courses, watched numerous noisy fannish exit scenes -- and numerous quieter re-entries into the milieu, und so weiter. But the con enthusiasm has yet to wane, and at this late stage I don't really expect it to.

I'm a city mouse, and basically a gregarious person. I'm not sure whether I'm social or not. Fandom-wise, yes. Mundania, probably not. I socialize against my will. It's a gift -- or a curse. Inheritable, since my mother suffers from the same blessing or problem. We both seem to have faces or natures that serve as magnets. I'll be sitting in a laundromat or bus station or whatever quietly reading and somehow a troubled soul always gravitates to me. No matter how many other sympathetic faces may lurk in a sea of humanity, mine's the one they head for. Psych's my discipline, and I once seriously considered finishing enough credits to go into clinical work. But I don't think I could take it on a steady basis. I'm a good listener, but the stuff gets to you, no matter how detached you try to stay. Believe it or not, I was once doing animal sketches for doughnut money -- at an antique show/flea market -- and a sad-faced woman beelined for me, demanding to know if I told fortunes. I could, but I don't, and told her so. To little avail. I got a half-hour outpouring of her marital problems and generally accident-prone family. If she wasn't exaggerating, she should have been supplying plots for soap operas. Why me? I dunno. But I never lack for people to rub elbows with -- as soon as I get within reaching distance of people, they attack my elbows, and my ears. Perhaps because I'm the sort who sits there and listens instead of escaping.

That sort of convention seeks me. T'ain't the same thing as me going hunting for one. I enjoy cons so it's fortunate I'm not an heiress or never won a Reader's Digest Make-A-Million contest. I'd spend all my time attending every con in sight and never get anything done.

I find the current mundane rage for preserving foods -- to save money -- rather amusing.

We've been preserving food ever since the opportunity to have a garden presented itself. Our philosophy, as a couple of Depression kids, has always been make do or do without. So the current squeezes and scrimps don't strike us with quite the same impact, perhaps, as most. When we first moved to an area that gave trading stamps, so long ago, I immediately started saving with one thought in mind -- to get a pressure canner. Still have it, still using it. Heavily. I count it a bad year when I can't put up at least 4 dozen quarts of tomatoes and similar amounts of pears (off my father in law's tree -- never turn up your nose at free fruit). I bought a freezer with a book advance several years ago when it became obvious that summer was going to be a bumper crop of everything and I wasn't going to be able to can everything before some stuff rotted. A tragic waste which was not to be permitted. The freezer has paid for itself numerous times over since.

And unlike a lot of people I don't consider a freezer a repository for meat. The high price of steak, etc., doesn't bother us much. Due to the restricted diets in this family the intake of meat is severely limited. I never could see wasting the stuff (and you might be surprised how little 3 ounces of meat -- a dietetic "serving" amounts to). So I buy very small quantities of meat and throw out almost nothing except bones and grease (bones go to dog, grease goes to the landlord's pigs, who love it).

I was rather amused to see lots of local how-to television programs this summer anent canning fruits and vegetables. The lecturers were usually pr people from the electric company (selling stoves) or local appliance store (selling everything, including the corers and peelers). Mostly this is amusing because a) the advice is so frequently wrong and b) I find myself envisioning people who've never gone this route before struggling through all the myriad mistakes possible in learning this craft. There's so much the demonstrators -- with their cute little clean aprons and unstained hands and giddy smiles don't tell you. Like burns, and cuts, and fruit flies, and minute rim chips on canning jars which prevent seals, and recalcitrant pressure cookers which eat your hard work and won't relinquish it, and permanently puckered finger tips. Welcome to the club, new members of the pinch-ponny club. You won't enjoy it, but you'll eat better. Hoping you are the same... JWC

a column bec

Preparing for Torcon has put everyone into a frenzy. The house has to be cleaned up, trash burned, dozens of other things have to be done, and the fact that we were gone nine weekends in a row didn't help much.

Television, despite what my father thinks of it, is getting better in some ways. For example, while watching the tail end of the Johnny Carson Show (waiting for another program to start) we saw some dizzy blonde talking and talking and talking and talking and... Carson's guests were Pete Seeger, who looked like he didn't believe any of this; Arlo Guthrie, who was trying to keep from laughing; another guest, who, like Carson, looked like he'd had a couple of quick ones. (And undoubtedly wished he'd had more.) We also got to see an unscheduled light show when the television reception fell apart.

Box prizes are getting better, too. I suppose most of you remember the dumb cereal prizes. (Free! An autographed picture of Wonder Dog!) Well, I passed one recently that offered a free chess set (made out of construction paper). It's a start.

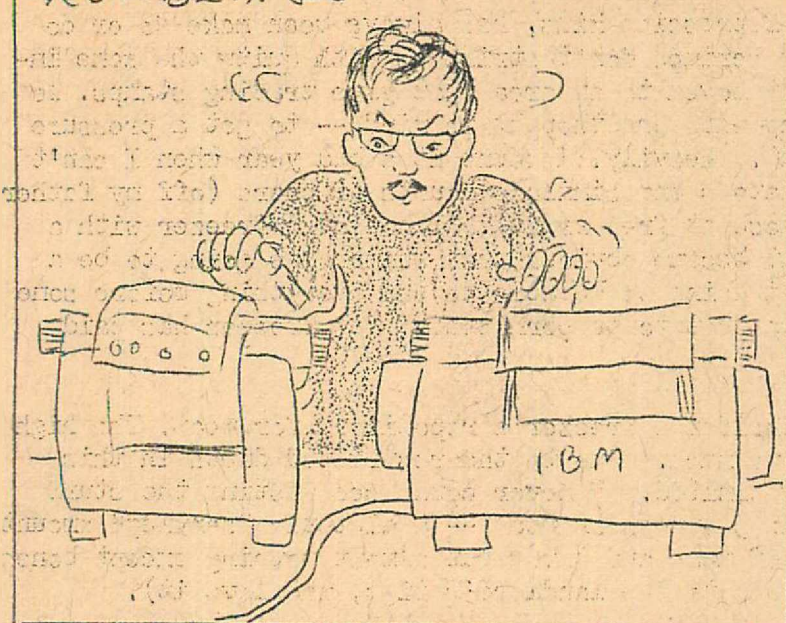
Another advertisement: Giant one-inch magnets.

Our driving teacher told us that we would come up against situations not covered in class. He didn't tell us that we would encounter them immediately during the first week of driving with our parents. While driving in North Manchester, a heavy rain drowned out the engine. And when I was driving to the Rambler garage in Rochester, the alternator burned out.

Next time, it'll be the brakes. (I hope not! JWC)

BEC

RUMBLINGS



I haven't quite reached the rocking chair stage yet, but the rest of it is quite appropriate. I keep thinking that next year I'll have more time, but I never manage it. (And if all these comments sound like the cry of a weary executive, it isn't my work that piles up; it's my social obligations and spare-time activities. Or in a word, fandom. Providing you include SFWA in fandom, anyway, and I tend to.)

Well, I'll get in some hunting this fall, anyway. With meat prices the way they are, I can't afford not to.

No new medical problems this round. Slow but more or less steady improvement on the bronchitis, blood pressure and diabetes, holding steady, abdominal muscles at least holding. Actually I think I'm looking for an ailment that will let me retire from work with disability pay without stopping me from writing or enjoying myself at home. I somehow don't think I'm going to make it.....now if I could just convince my subconscious.

Due to our mailing YANDRO bulk rate, most copies of this will be mailed out and you'll receive them after Torcon, though with luck they'll be mailed before. The overseas and Canadian copies, which can't be mailed in bulk, will probably be taken along and given to any subscribers in attendance, with the remainder being mailed after the con. (You get them anywhere from a month to 2 months after they're mailed anyway; another week won't hurt much.)

Awhile back, I got a note from Eric Bentcliffe, requesting that I help sponsor Peter Roberts for TAFF; his backers were short a sponsor and deadline for filing was almost upon them. Eric said as far as he knew, the only other candidate was Keith Freeman. Okay; I don't know Roberts all that well, but I don't know Freeman at all, so what the hell; it's not as though I had to put up any of the money. Then, after I'd sent in my agreement, Sandra Miesel said that Pete Weston had filed; I do know him, and I'd like to see him. And a couple days after that came a package from Alan Dodd, including Freeman's sub to YANDRO. Some months it doesn't pay to answer mail. (Oh well, with luck Freeman will loathe YANDRO and vice versa and I won't have to feel guilty about supporting his opponent.)

Either it is fearfully hot today or we have nonconformist sunflowers; I just went out and ours were all resolutely facing away from the sun.

Social engagements were at a minimum this month; we hosted an ISFA meeting one Saturday which coincided with a visit from Gene and Bev DeWeese, and next Saturday Maydene Crosby and Mike Harlan spent a short time here. Very short, really; we hardly got to show off the place. Next month looks big again, with promised visits from Don and Maggie Thompson, Kay Anderson, and Eric Lindsay, and possibilities of having Dave Locke, Bruce Gillespie, and Paul Anderson. May not have a September YANDRO - or maybe we can dragoon one of the Australians into helping with it. (I know Locke and the Thompsons are too wily to offer help.....)

For some reason, we always seem to be putting YANDRO out in a mad rush just before doing something else. The older I get the less time I have, and the more I appreciate one of Terry Gilkyson's songs:

"When I was a little boy, time traveled slow.

Couldn't wait till school's out,
couldn't wait to grow -

Long time to Christmas, birthday's late,

Dinner ain't ready yet; wait, child,
wait.

Now I am an old man, fixin' fer to die;

Settin' in my rockin' chair - time jest flies.

Winter comes early; summer don't last.
A day's too short; a minute too fast."

I don't know if the paper shortage will cut into our publishing or not. We don't have a lot on hand; I have 80 reams ordered, with a promise by the distributor (Mishek's) for delivery of all orders sent in before...etc., however much that means. That should take care of us for another year or so; after that it depends on what develops. Presumably Canadian strikes will be finished by then, but whether the pulp industry ever catches up with demand or not is debatable. (Irony if fanzines are dealt their death-blows just as Wertham's book about them appears.)

And I wonder how all the liberal fans will react if their hobby is curtailed in the name of ecology?

We're still recycling. Last time we took glass in we had 560-some pounds of it, and it's about time to take over another load of about the same size. Newspapers to the Boy Scouts, and magazines, which the Scouts won't take, into my target backstop for filler. Bones to the dogs, vegetable products to the garden, or sometimes to the landlord's pigs. We don't have coffee grounds or such totally unrewarding garbage - and we still fill up two huge garbage cans in less than 6 months, plus burning a lot of scrap paper. Plus anyone who gets letters from me has probably noticed my own private recycling; stuff at work which is headed for the incinerator gets rescued if it has a writing surface. (I have a couple of reams each of Crusader Service Center paper, old Thermofax paper, offset paper that didn't work in the company Xerox, and blueprint paper which for one cause or another was ruined for its initial purpose. In addition to which the heavy paper with which the blueprint paper is wrapped is salvaged and used for wrapping packages....lovely stuff with plastic reinforcing and a water-repellent treatment. And I must say I approve of the emphasis on ecology; I used to save all this stuff because I was cheap, but now I do it because I'm ecologically oriented.)

Somebody wanted to know if those fans who value me (at what valuation he didn't say) try not to show me that they like things that I disapprove of. I said not that I'd noticed, but it's an interesting question - do any of you have secret yearnings for pot or incest or the works of J. G. Ballard that you haven't told me about? Of course, I really don't disapprove of all that many things (my dislikes are legion, but that's not the same thing.)

Tch; I just checked part of the letter column and I'm going to be jumped on by a good dozen people. I told Lester Boutillier that the NRA never sent a notice to its members "telling them to write", and of course all gun organizations have been asking members to write for years, and they have done so. What that line should have been was "telling them what to write". Gun owners are no more a monolithic voting bloc than are blacks or property owners or insurance salesmen. Matter of fact, the NRA has been advocating for years a law providing a mandatory extra sentence for any crime committed with a firearm, which strikes me as the only way to get guns out of the hands of at least some petty criminals. (Burglary without a gun would get 30 days or whatever is the current sentence; burglary by a man carrying a gun would be 30 days plus say 5 years, and it would become much simpler to carry a knife or a blackjack.) But it's easier to stop legislation than it is to get intelligent legislation passed, so the average citizen never hears about this aspect of the case. Anyway, all the gun mags have ever told their readers is to write the congressmen and express their opinions, which is what all of you should be doing anyway. (The same people who object to successful letter-writing campaigns like that of gun owners are quite often the same people who say they never write their congressmen because "it wouldn't do any good".)

Wealthy American fans department. We no longer have 5 cars - we're down to 3, including the one owned by Juanita's mother. But we do have 10 typewriters, 8 of them in more or less working condition, 2 mimeographs plus a third that we have the use of, 4 record players, and 4 tv sets, and 2 power lawnmowers. Of course, a lot of this stuff is here only until I can make minor repairs on it and sell it, but still..... Sounds like we're absolute plutocrats, doesn't it? Well, a lot of it will be gone by next year, hopefully. We don't have room to store stuff we aren't using, and we can certainly use a little extra money, not that we'll collect much out of any of the disposable equipment. (Oh yes, I forgot the 3 tape recorders.)

Hopefully, I'll have seen many of you at Torcon by the time you get this, and even more hopefully, we'll be back with another issue next month.

Diffugally

column
by

DAVE LOCKE

"THOUGHTS WHILE DWELLING"

One of these days we'll have to get up the ambition, not to mention the cash, for moving out of this apartment-building life. I keep saying that, knowing full-well that owning a house means all sorts of unpleasant things like mowing the lawn, painting, fixing leaks in the roof and the faucets, taking care of miscellaneous carpentry and electrical problems, and suchlike. But at least I could put up a fence around the house and keep people out. It's not that I dislike people, you understand, it's just that I'm not overly fond of some of them.

Last Sunday I was awakened at the ungodly hour of nine in the morning by someone who was blowing a car-horn beneath my ear. (To be more exact, not to mention truth-ful, the horn was blowing in the driveway just outside our bedroom. But that's about the same thing.) I put up with that for about ten minutes. Toot. Toot toot toot. Tooooooot. Toot toot. Then I got up and wrapped a bathrobe around my morning body, put slippers on my sleeping feet, and went out for coffee. Phoebe was in church, as was Brian, and I enjoy my peaceful Sunday mornings. Coffee, Eggs over easy. Toast. The Sunday paper. Hit the showers, get dressed. Do some writing or stencilling un-til 12:25 when the gang gets home. Then a dip in the pool before a light lunch.

I enjoy my peaceful Sunday mornings.

Toot. Tooooooot. Toot toot toot.

I let the pot of water be cognizant of the fact that it had to boil, and went out-doors for the paper. Toot toot. The paperboy had missed our door by only about ten feet. I picked up the paper, but instead of returning I walked to the gate. Toot toot toot. I cut across the lawn, with my paper in hand, toward a blue car with its nose in the driveway. Tooooooot.

It was one-half of our apartment manager. The female half. Five-feet eleven, 250 pounds. Sitting in their car, blowing her horn. Toot.

I stood there on the front lawn, ten feet from her, and watched her play with the horn.

"You having a prob-lem?" I inquired, in my politest early-morning-thrown-out-of-bed voice.

"My husband. He's so deaf I don't think he can hear me."



I turned around and walked away, successfully choking down the comment that she could have walked to Riverside and got him in the amount of time she'd been leaning on her horn. Walking the fifty feet to Apt #1 didn't seem like too much of a sacrifice on a Sunday morning.

So I walked the fifty feet, opened the screen, and beat on the door with my fist. The other half

of our apartment manager, the five-feet two, 125 pound male half, came to the door and finished zipping up his fly.

"I have the feeling that your wife wants you," I told him.

"What did you say?" he asked, cocking his right ear towards me.

"I believe your wife wants you," I screamed at him. In a subdued manner, of course.

"I can't hear you over that damned car horn, son," he said. "What did you say?"

I stepped over to his ear, cupped my hands around my mouth, and shouted, "Your wife wants you?"

"Oh?" he said, stepping back, "what makes you think so?"

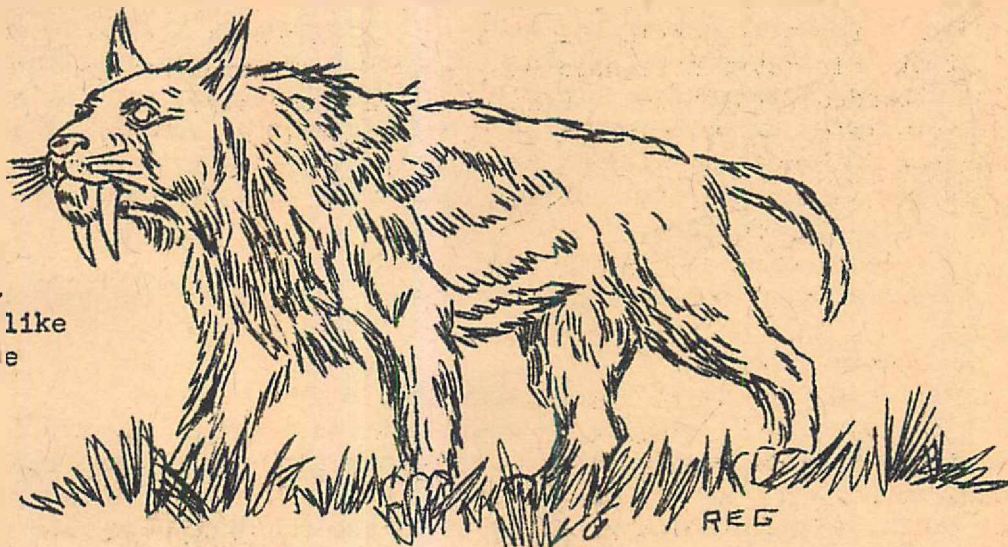
The male half of our apartment manager is often called upon to handle all the distasteful little necessities, like throwing people out. We had a couple here who seemed pretty nice when they moved in a couple of months ago. Their boa constrictor was something else again, though. I have no objection to seeing a couple walk hand in hand with a boad constrictor coiled around their necks, and I thought it was terrible that people would complain about this. Even I, however, had to draw the line at sharing the swimming pool with the damned thing. I had bounced out of the apartment and jumped in the pool, and when I surfaced I found the thing floating about a foot away and staring at me. I went back inside and took a shower.

Finally they got thrown out, and their snake with them. Our 1/2 manager proudly told us, during one of our twilight lounge-chair gatherings at the poolside, of how he had told them off and thrown them out. I had been outside at the time he did that, however, and it's a good thing he's so deaf. Otherwise he would have heard what they said back to him.

When we do get a house, and I suppose we'll come to that in time, it will be of the one-story type. I get tired of hearing the guy upstairs go to the bathroom, or his wife rearranging their furniture again.

Luckily we don't live in as cardboard an apartment building as does a friend of mine. He says he lays there at night, absolutely fascinated by the couple who are making love just behind his bedroom wall. He said he came home drunk one night, and after listening to their amazing performance he sat up in bed to applaud and cheer. He says they moved out shortly after that.

I checked-out the matter of buying a house, just to get a feel for what that kind of thing entails in this state (California). Not too far from this apartment building there's a big sign that says REAL ESTATE. The sign is about six or seven times larger than the structure which it is hanging over. The structure was about four standard door widths across, and maybe five or six door-widths long. I went there alone, because I didn't think there was room for the rest of my family.



As I opened the door, it swung into the front of the agent's desk. This at least had the effect of jarring him awake. He jumped up, trying to look alert, and the effect of this movement caused his chair to be thrown against the back of the building. It rebounded forward and caught him behind the knees, causing him to sit down again. He then leaned forward to his desk and picked up a pencil, as though the whole thing had been intentional. I felt like applauding his performance.

"I was just wondering," I told him, "what kind of house we could get in this area for around \$30 thousand."

"You're looking at it," he said.

Seeing that I looked rather depressed, he added: "But you only have to put \$250 down."

I went back home.

"What did they say?" Phoebe asked me.

"They said we'll stay in an apartment for a while longer," I told her, while listening to someone pushing their chair back from the kitchen table in the apartment above us.

"Why? Is the down payment too big?" she shouted, above the noise of someone using their garbage disposal in the adjacent apartment.

"No, the houses are too small," I screamed over the sound of someone bouncing down the stairs outside our apartment house.

"BE QUIET DOWN THERE!" someone hollered, through our ceiling.

I whispered to my wife: "But I'll try again tomorrow."

"Our astronomers had hitherto studied the stars from an impossible angle - infinity."
People of the Comet, by Austin Hall

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX (Clipping Dept.)

The Thompsons send one that says that the place to go for political training is USC; more USC grads were involved in Watergate than those of any other university. (If any of you out there know any Southern California students - keep an eye on them.) Alan Dodd sends one mentioning that your vinyl shoe soles are also made of petroleum, so the shortage will hit you even if you decide to walk. Joe Hensley sends an interesting clipping on Andy Offutt, in which the Louisville paper takes 3 columns and never once even implies that Andy ever wrote anything but science fiction. (I'm sure Andy wouldn't have hidden all the other stuff when the reporter came, so it must be selective blindness.) Bill Danner sends typewriter information and a photo of his raccoon visitor; he seems to get more wildlife than we do. Gene DeWeese sends a headline from the Milwaukee Journal, saying NIXON MAY BE INVOLED. Sounds almost like it might mean something esoteric. Thompsons sent one about PLAYGIRL being lifted from Cleveland newsstands by the distributor. (Interesting; in Fort Wayne, I believe it was, PLAYBOY and OUI were taken off and PLAYGIRL left. The intricacies of censorship.) Couple of people sent items on the Ugandan president wishing Nixon a speedy recovery from Watergate and advising him to keep his cotton-picking hands off other countries. Best international repartee I've heard in years, but of course Nixon doesn't have a sense of humor. Someone (Gene? Don?) sent a cut from a Billy Graham column in which the letter-writer starts off with "Many feel that the end of the world is near, but that's not what bothers me." There are more important things, obviously. The Fort Wayne paper had the account of the sheriff who shut down the oldest whorehouse in Texas - the place had been in operation since 1844, which is longer than Texas has been a state. Rather interestingly, the closing came over the objections of a majority of the residents of the community, who petitioned the governor to keep it open. The citizens feel that it is a historic landmark and a benefit to the community. You don't hardly find that sort of civic pride no more. Rick Brooks sends a piece of cardboard evidently cut from a box which says "GAYS - Shop The Gay Way And Save". Thompsons send in a question printed in someone's column; "How do we know that Kissinger isn't working in some secret way to sell the free world to Germany?" How, indeed? And there are loads more clippings; next issue may be entirely clippings and letters. For now, enough already.

THROUGH 8

THE WRINGER

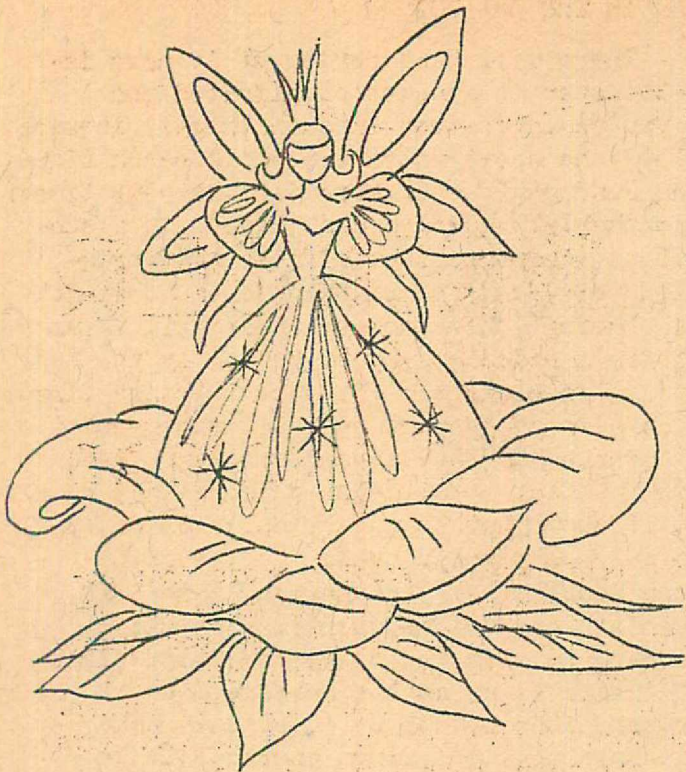
column? by ----- liz fishman

Andy Offutt has a point when he sneers at the radio and television spots that accuse you of turning cherubic teens on the prowl into car thieves by the mere act of forgetting your keys. I know how untrue and unfair this is because in the past three years 4 cars in this family have been stolen. (Ozzie's was stolen three times. The other car was so badly stripped on the last outing he had to junk it and get another. And that one has been broken into twice for the tape deck.) And at no time were keys involved. However, Andy, the police caught the offenders each time, and for each of those seven times there were three to five kids cornered and collared. Now this could mean one of two things, or even both: while not all kids are car thieves, most car thieves are lovable little tykes who just want to exchange hubcaps for bubble gum money; or, the Fishmans are going to have to learn to live with the hard fact that they've turned anywhere from 30 to 35 kids into car thieves just by owning cars.

Now me, I don't own a car, so my conscience is clear. However, I do own an electric typewriter, an early American chimney lamp, a Tim Kirk painting, a Gauguin print, and a copy of THE PASSOVER PLOT -- surely I must be in danger of leading some poor little darling onto the path of unrighteous burglary and mayhem. I swear, I'll belt the little creep. (Say, a thought just hit me: would it help if we were to pocket our cars and park the keys?)

While I'm still thinking of Andy Offutt: Buck, did I ever tell you about my gullibility concerning Andy at Midwestcon 1970? I may have, but I doubt it. I was a neo then, remember, not the hard-bitten old fan I am now, and I knew next to nothing about fandom or its members. So when Wilson Tucker introduced Andy to the banquet audience as an English writer who had come all the way across the sea just for this convention, I believed him. I believed it. With all my fannish heart and soul, I believed. Later that evening, during your party, I found myself staring at Andy, fascinated with the idea of a real English writer in the flesh and beard, but too shy to approach him for an autograph. It wasn't until months later, when I read Jodie Offutt's account of the banquet in some nowforgotten publication, that I learned differently. The flesh and beard were from Kentucky. Wouldn't you think he'd have more consideration for me than that? (And to think I've been keeping Wilson Tucker's autograph in my jewelry case all this time; think I'll relegate it to bookmark status.)

I came to Gene DeWeese's article while I was watching a Saturday afternoon Million Dollar Movie. It was about this little pink glob (our set isn't color, but I just know that little glob was pink) who grew up to be a big pink blob that vacuumed up everything in sight. The town's citizenry ran a lot and screamed a lot, pushed, trampled and kicked each other; this kind of behavior caused them to be sucked up in bunches. And rightly so, I say. While watching the blob promenade over the horizon, the town's rich and crabby banker remarked annoyingly, "Sumpin's gotta be done!" (He was losing customers, you know.) The remains of the town agreed, but hung their heads in dejected defeat when it came to finding the something to be done. It wasn't until the blob took over a grocery store that the town became incensed enough to shake off their fright and go into action (why was never explained, but does it need to be? On-



ward...)). They decided to lure it into an all-metal container and yes, electrocute it. Handily enough, there was this boxcar that had been turned into a hamburger joint, so they plastered the place with cheeseburgers (no, they didn't; I made that up, but it's the best part of this whole dumb story) and lured that big ball of yogurt into the car. Then the overhead powerlines were cut, dropped onto the roof, and sparks and yogurt rained all over the place. People screamed and ran, pushed, kicked, and trampled each other. The banker yawned and foreclosed them all. And rightly so, I say.

The Million Dollar Movie is featuring GORGO this week; I'm going to watch FRANCIS GOES TO WEST POINT.

Devra Langsam called you a mean, nasty, toothless, grumpy curmudgeon, did she? Well, you'll have to admit it does have a ring to it, though I'm well aware of its untruthfulness. After all, you're not toothless any more.

I'm not letting up on my writing, I'm really not (in fact, I'm working on a project now that I won't talk about to anyone until I know the final results, and then only if they're positive. I remember my father telling me that God takes it as arrogance if you talk about something before it's accomplished, so do it and don't talk about it, not even to Him. I know it's one of those silly superstitions that he inherited from his Old World Jewish parentage, but I somehow can't shake it; not even sure I want to. So you and He are going to have to wait.)). I'm holding two jobs -- sometimes three -- and that plus this wild family of mine make prolific writing difficult. But I have absolutely no intention of fading away; I love writing too much. Besides, how could I even consider such a thing when Juanita and Jackie, my brothers, my sister, my mother, my friends, my boyfriend ("Get off your ass, woman!") and even the dog keep after me to write. Nag, nag, nag. (What the hell does he mean, get off my ass? Is that any way to talk to a Sweet Flower of Womanhood?)

I'm finishing up a column and will have it on its way next week.

Editor's note: I'm not sure what a column is, but it must be immaterial, since nothing material has arrived from Kettering since April 4. RSC

"The arrival of two Tackett fanzines last week prompted me to speculate on whether he and Buck were cut from the same cloth. And John remarked that if so, tin snips would have had to be used."Sandra Miesel

NOTE: "I would appreciate it if you would advise your readers that I will mail them 1) back issues of HYPERMODERN, more or less, depending on the supply, for \$1.00."
Allan B. Calhamer, 501 N. Stone, La Grange Park, IL 60525

Science-Fiction Fan Club, Casella Postale 8, 30173 MESTRE (2), ITALIA, wrote to say that it (they?) was publishing a fanzine and would like to have "collaborations" from other fanzines (fiction, essays, etc.) I assume they mean reprints, but I'm not sure. Anyway, if you're interested in trading, getting your fanzine material reprinted in Italian, or just interested in receiving an Italian fanzine, contact the club.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

We have a new battle game called "Alien Space". There will be a review of it next issue, when we've had time to play it; at first lookover it appears complicated and lengthy (as most battle games seem to be). If you're interested in such things, inquire of Lou Zocchi, 388 Montana, Victorville, CA 92392; he seems to have a whole batch of games; "Lensman", "Colonial Skirmish", "Western Gunfight", etc. More details next time. Ballantine has reissued their Tolkien calendar; the 1973 edition must have been a success. This 1974 version has the same illustrations (reproductions of Tolkien's original artwork, mostly but not entirely from The Hobbit) but the text has been updated. (Yes, that was intentional.) \$3.95, presumably - hobbits have money, apparently. Alan Dodd sends a copy of RADIO TIMES, covering Britain's radio and tv programs for the last week in May. The tv isn't really as great as I'd expected; along with things like the Henry VIII and Elizabeth series, the British seem to produce just as much garbage as we do. But the radio is incredible. Not just reruns of 20-year-old programs that comprise our radio drama (in the areas where we have any at all) but original material; "Saturday Night Theater", an hour and a half show that this particular Saturday gave "Rupert of Hentzau"; "Afternoon Theatre" (which on Sunday presented installment #4 of Asimov's Foundation And Empire); plus such goodies as "The Changing Past", a half-hour devoted to archaeology. Dover sends an ad for H. P. Lovecraft's critical history of the horror genre; Supernatural Horror In Literature. \$1.50 and sounds like it might well be worth it. The Newsletter of the Natural Resources Defense Council mentions that the NRDC is suing an electric company in Connecticut (obviously as a test case) to prohibit it from giving rate discounts to high volume users. I'll go along with that; we have enough of an energy crisis without promoting a bigger one. And personally I'm pretty sick of electric companies that take out big ads to say how necessary electricity is and equally large ads to promote use of electric toothbrushes, carving knives, hedge clippers, and other such essential products. Chris Walker sends a batch of ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION BULLETINS, with articles on railroads, land ownership, the less-than-nutritious foods of General Mills, and the ecological activities of the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay. Interesting publication. (6 months for \$5.00 to Environmental Action Bulletin, 33 E. Minor St., Emmaus, PA 18049.) GUN WEEK is feuding with the YWCA over the latter's anti-handgun proclamation. GW might be considered a bit overzealous (in fact, it might be considered paranoid except that there really are people out to "get" gun owners), but the Y seems, from quoted statements, to be the epitome of "fuzzy-minded liberalism", a cliché I never really expected to run across in reality. My personal award for the most tasteless gadget of the year goes to "Musical Praying Hands". A plastic

music box, the hands, modeled from

the Durer painting, revolve as the

box plays "Bless This House". (I

find that I still possess a bit

of religious feeling, and I find

the gadget about as close to

sacrilege as one can get.)

Nostalgia Book Club

sends an ad; trouble

there is that I

don't have all

that much nos-

talgia. The Uni-

versal Life

Church now has its

own flag. I suppose

I ought to get one..

American Veteran's

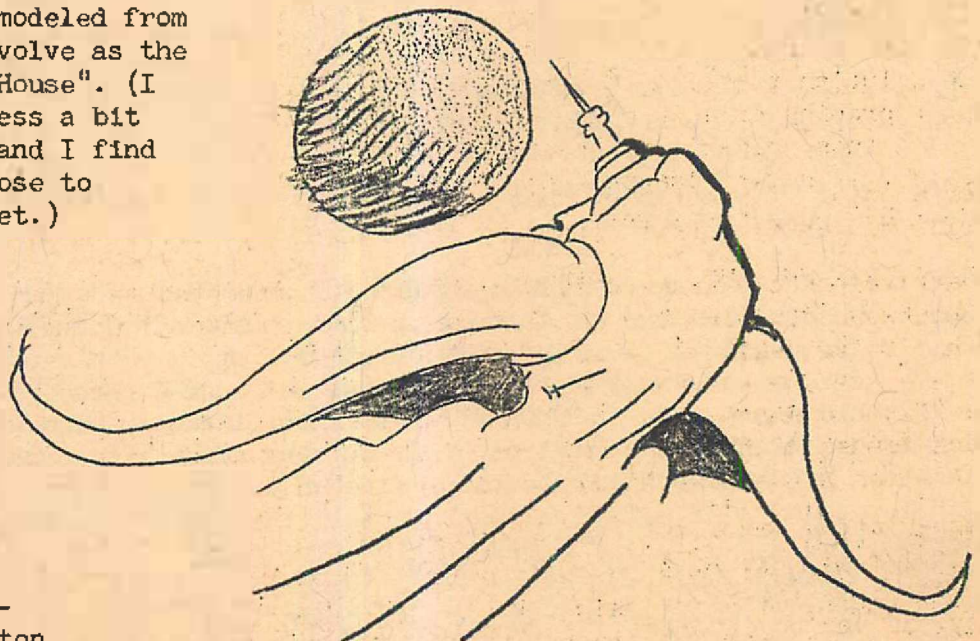
Committee, 1333 Connec-

ticut Ave. NW, Washington,

DC 20036 is a liberal veter-

an's group, if any fan veterans

are interested.....



GOLDEN MINUTES

BEYOND THE TOMORROW MOUNTAINS, by Sylvia Louise Engdahl [Atheneum, \$6.95] A juvenile, and a sequel to THIS STAR SHALL ABIDE, which I haven't read. However, it's perfectly intelligible even if one hasn't read the earlier book. It is terribly religious -- overwhelmingly so, from my point of view, but then I'm not particularly religious. The background is well done; seeming inconsistencies like the lack of metal are ingeniously explained, and the plot is a good one. These are settlers on an inhospitable planet; they are there because their home star went nova and this was the only world they knew that was livable at all. They are struggling to exist in the face of tremendous natural obstacles. Science and religion have become one, as they were in our Middle Ages, though the religious hierarchy here is a lot more noble than it was historically. The story is that of a young unbeliever who wants to learn, and his eventual conversion to Right and Truth and The Way, and it's all a bit sticky for me. But presumably we can use a little religious stuff to balance the generally anti-religious tone of the field, and this is at least reasonably well written, which puts it above most of its class.

RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA, by Arthur C. Clarke [Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95] Clarke's first science fiction novel since -- what? A FALL OF MOONDUST in 1961? -- is an Event. It is also a trifle disappointing, since we remember him for CHILDHOOD'S END and THE CITY AND THE STARS, and subconsciously expect another one of the same caliber. Nobody writes a classic every time around, and this is a good solid novel. It isn't going to be remembered as an all-time classic, but it just might be on the Hugo ballot next year. The plot combines a "first contact" theme with that of the exotic world. A giant alien spaceship is discovered entering the solar system, and a human ship is diverted from its regular scientific tasks to investigate it. It's a huge ship -- 50 kilometers long by 30 in diameter -- and the inside of it is either a miniature world or a giant machine or just possibly both. And where is the crew, since the ship is still functioning? Clarke chooses to stick to scientific probability, so the investigators do not discover slobbering monsters or a beautiful hibernating princess or the solution to all Man's problems, but they do make some interesting discoveries in their probing of alien innards. Rather a slow-paced book, but recommended, especially to those old-timers who wonder where all the "hard science" stuff disappeared to. (Actually, it never disappeared; it was never there -- but that's a subject for an article, not a book review.)

THE WIND FROM THE SUN, by Arthur C. Clarke [SF Book Club, \$1.75] Eighteen stories in 178 pages, which means most of them are pretty short. They include "Food of the Gods" (crisis in the synthetic food industry; a gimmick story with a cute punchline), "Maelstrom II" (physics on the Moon; how to rescue the doomed hero), "The Shining Ones" (underwater monsters, and the dawn of a new intelligence), "The Wind from the Sun" (spacegoing sailboats; not a lot of story but the scientific concept is fascinating), "The Secret" (the ultimate byproduct of life on the Moon), "The Last Command" (a vignette with a nice little gimmick that may tell the reader something about his automatic assumptions), "Dial F. for Frankenstein" (the power of the machine; this is cute, but Stephen Vincent Benét did it better), "Reunion" (another vignette; the punchline has less punch for me, possibly because it doesn't challenge any of my automatic assumptions), "Playback" (a rather nasty little item about a spaceman whose essence has been caught on an alien tape recording), "The Light of Darkness" (how to destroy a

dictator), "The Longest Science-Fiction Story Ever Told" and its non-fiction sequel "Herbert George Morley Roberts Wells, Esq." (story isn't all that thrilling, but the sequel ends on an interesting if slightly horrid note), "Love That Universe" (a somewhat blah gimmick), "Crusade" ("kill the alien" with a new but not particularly interesting twist), "The Cruel Sky" (problems with a new invention; mediocre story), "Neutron Tide" (a two-page shaggy dog story or, as they are known in the trade, A Feghoot), "Transit of Earth" (the last recording from a doomed Earth; supposed to be emotional and doesn't quite make it), and "A Meeting With Medusa" (which is rather disjointed but good nevertheless; discovery of aliens in the atmosphere of Jupiter). Overall; it isn't all good, but the average is high enough. And Clarke says in his introduction that it may be the last short story collection he has; these were originally published between 1962 and 1972, and he isn't writing all that many any more.

REPORT ON PLANET THREE, by Arthur C. Clarke [Harper & Row, \$6.95] These are Clarke's scientific extrapolations, originally published over approximately the same time as the fiction in WIND FROM THE SUN. A few are scientific popularizations, but most are speculative. What happens when... (the machines take over all the jobs, the aliens arrive, the "in" resort is a hotel in space, etc.) Plus a tribute to J.B.S. Haldane, a short article on making "2001", and so on. Wide variety, and most of the items are quite good. I do object to his reiterated comment that work was first encountered with the advent of farming, because "any hunter will indignantly deny that his occupation is 'work'." Of course they will -- because if they're civilized enough to know what you're talking about, it isn't work to them. "Work" is what one is required to do in order to eat, and to the people who earn their living by hunting, hunting is work; pleasanter than most, but still work.

HIERO'S JOURNEY, by Sterling E. Lanier [Chilton, \$6.95] Lanier has a lovely background here; one worthy of one of Jack Vance's better efforts. Several thousand years after an atomic war, with mutated animals and men and a whole new order of plants. Civilization is making a comeback in Canada, and to a lesser extent around Chesapeake Bay (the western part of the continent doesn't come into this novel at all), and both are hampered by a league of malignant sorcerers who have combined machinery and esp powers. The hero is sent on a mission to one of the old abandoned cities to find a weapon to aid in the fight against the powers of darkness; a computer. This is fine. and I was particularly intrigued by the notion of "The Unclean" being headquartered in Indiana. The plot grafted onto this background is similar to many of Andre Norton's works, with lots of mysticism and religious overtones (which is not all that bad; I have no particular fondness for Norton's mysticism, but I don't object to it). But the writing -- to begin with, Lanier does not have Vance's way with names, and after having the first four characters turn out to be named Hiero, Klootz, Grom, and S'nerg, I kept waiting for the whole thing to turn into a Goulart-type farce. For another, Lanier keeps throwing in unnecessary explanations, particularly at the beginning of the book. Once you get past the first couple of chapters, it turns out to be a pretty good book and I enjoyed it, but the beginning is awful. (I advise readers to keep at it; it does get better the longer you read. None of the text approaches the utter abomination of a dust jacket that it's been saddled with; God knows how many sales that will kill. Do not turn away just because the jacket is repulsive; the book won't be an award-winner, but overall it's entertaining. And if it turns out that it was a parody, it was too subtle for me.

FUTURE CITY, edited by Roger Elwood [Trident Press, \$7.95] Another in the recent upsurge of original anthologies, this one having the theme of future urban life. There is a preface by the editor, a forward by Clifford Simak, and an afterword by Frederik Pohl. The fiction starts with a poem by Tom Disch, which seems to be a trifle better than most modern poetry (but I admit to being no judge). Following are "The Sight-seers" by Ben Bova (the city as a super-carnival; a mediocre vignette), "Meanwhile, We Eliminate" by Andy Offutt (future prejudice, against gasoline-powered cars -- and I've read it before somewhere and can't think where -- it isn't original here, anyway, but still I rather like it), "Thine Alabaster Cities Agleam" by Laurence M. Janifer

(trapped by mechanical failure) not very believable, considering all the manual escapes required in new buildings -- or maybe "required" is the key word, since I can envision a contractor cutting corners), "Culture Lock" by Barry Malzberg (mandatory group homosexuality and a cast of characters who are all nerds), "The World As Will And Wallpaper" by R. A. Lafferty (the world-city -- not one of Lafferty's best; in fact, one of his worst), "Violation" by William F. Nolan (population control by return of the death penalty for minor crimes -- not terribly good), "City Lights, City Nights" by "K. M. O'Donnell" (the cheapness of life in the future again, told in Malzberg's idea of modern literary style), "The Undercity" by Dean R. Koontz (a day in the life of a shady operator; very well done despite a rather blah gimmick at the end), "Apartment Hunting" by Harvey and Audrey Bilker (carefully calculated to shock and failing utterly to do so simply because of the careful calculation), "As A Drop" by D. M. Price (another modern verse; one that I wouldn't publish in a fanzine), "Abenlandes" by Virginia Kidd (more verse; a vast improvement over Price but not exactly to my taste -- my taste runs to Kipling, Service, Keller, Benet and the like), "The Weariest River" by Thomas N. Scortia (an unpleasant form of immortality, but as there is no reason given for the basis of the plot -- that in an overcrowded world suicide is considered a major crime -- the whole thing comes out sounding dumb), "Death of a City" by Frank Herbert (the city planners of the future, but everything is focussed on the emotions of the planner working on her own city and nothing concerning the actual planning is given; there is no substance to the story, and the gimmick, that a city can be too beautiful, is stated without any attempt to prove it), "Assassins of Air" by George Zebrowski (a good background of future vandals who smash things in order to sell them to the recyclers; only partly wasted on the hoary old plot of the boy who wants a better life and the opposition of his peers), "Getting Across" by Robert Silverberg (the world-city again, this time broken into little competing districts; I suppose it has a moral for our time and all that, but in its own terms it's totally unbelievable), "In Dark Places" by Joe Hensley (where the blacks have taken over the cities and been bottled up in them; one of the better stories here), "Revolution" by Robin Schaeffer (a vignette of what is supposed to be a horrible future but is so understated that it doesn't come off), "Chicago" by Thomas F. Monteleone (robot cities and the decay of mankind; an old idea, but well enough handled), "The Most Primitive" by Ray Russell (moderately cute little story of the problems of one of Man's parasites when Man has gone), "Hindsight: 480 Seconds" by Harlan Ellison (another last report from doomed Earth; quite similar to Clarke's and no better), and "5,000,000 A.D. by Miriam Allen deFord (the death of Man; technically well written but I didn't see much point in it). Overall, the Offutt, Koontz, Zebrowski, Hensley, and Monteleone would be Class A (or at least B+), which isn't too bad for this sort of collection.

SEZYXY, by Michael G. Coney [Ballantine, \$1.25] A delayed review; I read this and then the book slipped down behind the bookcase before I reviewed it, and I just found it again. It's a very good combination of alien menace and murder mystery, with some strong comments on the way people behave. If it's still around and you haven't bought a copy, do so; it's one of the better books of the year.

TARZAN ALIVE, by Philip José Farmer [Popular Library, 95¢] Subtitled "A Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke", this is Farmer playing with the Tarzan stories and trying to make them scientifically acceptable, as well as tying them in to such improbable other series as Sherlock Holmes, Nero Wolfe, Doc Savage, and so on. Mostly, Farmer manages to "explain" Burroughs' inconsistencies and inaccuracies in a way to make them seem at least superficially credible, which is quite a feat. (But I notice that all he could do about Tarzan teaching himself English from a set of books was to call him a genius and hastily pass on to something else; some of the world's greatest scholars have failed to solve dead languages like Mayan and Cretan, despite knowing that they were languages, which Tarzan couldn't have known about his books). And I'm sure digging up "clues" relating Tarzan to Bulldog Drummond, Lord Peter Wimsey, Richard Wentworth, et al. was great fun, but when he includes Denis Nayland Smith in this list of "Great Detectives" he's going way too far. Smith couldn't detect his way out

of a dark closet; Farmer would have been better off in the intelligence line by relating Tarzan to Fu Manchu, though it might have proved a bit difficult. Anyway, it's sort of a fun book, though since I am not a Tarzan fan I found the retelling of the whole damned series more than a little dull.

THE BOOK OF PHILIP JOSE FARMER [DAW Books, 95¢] A nice fat collection. This includes "My Sister's Brother" (one of his early, brilliant stories about alien sex; aside from his humans all seeming over-emotional when confronted with the unusual, these are among the best things he or anyone else has done in science fiction), "Skinburn" (in its own way, more alien sex; an interesting story though not top-flight), "Alley Man" (survival of a Neanderthal to modern times -- or a lunatic who merely thinks he's a Neanderthal -- either way it's a powerful story), "Father's In the Basement" (a good little chiller), "Toward The Beloved City" (based on the idea that the "Book of Revelations" is literally true), "Totem and Taboo" (the reality of totemism), "Don't Wash The Carats" (a real gem of a tumor), "The Sumerian Oath" (doctors as the cause of disease; it has a certain wild plausibility), "The Voice of the Sonar in My Vermiform Appendix" (a new location of the Ultimate Truth), "Brass and Gold" (modern humor in Hollywood; I could have done without it), "Only Who Can Make a Tree?" (the Final Solution to the pollution problem), "An Exclusive Interview With Lord Greystoke" (more on the Tarzan series), "Sexual Implications of the Charge of the Light Brigade" (excerpted from "Riders of the Purple Wage"; excerpts are not my dish), "The Obscure Life and Hard Times of Kilgore Trout" (biography of one of Kurt Vonnegut's fictional characters; reprinted from Moebius Trip, where I didn't read it, either), and "Thanks for the Feast", an in-depth review of Farmer's work by Leslie Medler, also reprinted from Moebius Trip, where I did read it and liked it. A remarkably good book, marred somewhat by the fact that all too many of the stories have been in earlier collections of Farmer's work.

OCEAN ON TOP, by Hal Clement [DAW Books, 95¢] One of Clement's lesser works. It originally appeared in IF several years ago; I missed the middle installment and only tracked down the missing issue (got it from Howard Devore) and got around to reading it shortly before the book appeared. A new civilization on the ocean floor, complicated by spies and a love triangle. Clement doesn't write bad books, so this is worth reading, but it's not in the same class with NEEDLE or MISSION OF GRAVITY. Don't expect too much and you'll enjoy it.

VERUCHIA, by E. C. Tubb [Ace, 95¢] Another Dumarest story; good competent space-opera which I might well like if I didn't tire easily of endless stories about the same character. I tired of this one several books back -- but series are popular, so if you like them, here is a reasonably good one.

STAR GUARD, by Andre Norton [Ace, 95¢] Reprint of one of the earlier Nortons. One of her better ones, as a young mercenary soldier learns of wheels within wheels in the galactic empire.

THE WRONG END OF TIME, by John Brunner [DAW, 95¢] One that was in the magazines awhile back; a Russian agent infiltrated into a paranoid future United States to find a man who can solve the problem of impending alien contact. Not one of Brunner's best books, but a fast-paced spy novel with a stiff background and quite entertaining.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES, by John Brunner [Ace, 95¢] A rewritten and expanded version of his DAY OF THE STAR CITIES; the human reaction to aliens so far in advance of us that they can neither be harmed nor contacted. I can't say the rewrite was all that great an improvement, but then the original novel was pretty good. If you didn't see it, then by all means get this version.

BORN UNDER MARS, by John Brunner [Ace, 95¢] Reprint of an earlier Ace title. Not, rather surprisingly, rewritten. Fairly decent space-opera, but no world beater.

ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN, by Alexander Key [Pocket Books, 75¢] I reviewed the hard-cover a couple of years ago. This doesn't say so, but in effect it's one of Zenna Henderson's "People" stories, only written by someone else, and specifically as a juvenile. It's a very good imitation; if you like the People, you'll like this.

WHEN THE GREEN STAR CALLS, by Lin Carter [DAW, 95¢] A Burroughs imitation, sequel to his earlier UNDER THE GREEN STAR. It, too, is a very good imitation, but in this case I don't like the original, so I don't like this, either.

BATTLE ON VENUS/THE THREE SUNS OF AMARA, by William F. Temple [Ace, 95¢] Reprint of one of the earlier Ace doubles; first published 10 years ago. A couple of fairly enjoyable space operas; mildly recommended if you have the time to spare.

HIERARCHIES, by John T. Phillifent/MISTER JUSTICE, by Doris Piserchia [Ace, 95¢] The Phillifent is another of his Sixx and Lowry series; quite competent sf-adventure. The Piserchia is a comic-book story turned into a novel; It may even be a parody of the comics; I didn't get all that far in it. If it's done straight, it's terrible, and I didn't detect any intentional humor in the parts I read. (It is funny, though.)

PERRY RHODAN #25 [Ace, 75¢] More of Rhodan, part 3 of "Exile of the Skies" (which I read 10 these many years ago as a reprint in -- hrm, Fantastic Story, maybe? -- but which I suppose is new to the younger generation, plus a vignette or two, movie review, letters, and an announcement that "Perry" is going biweekly in August, which I assume means that it is a big success. Well, so are comic books, and I wish them both all the luck in the world, but I don't bother to read much of either.

1973 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, edited by Don Wollheim [DAW, 95¢]

BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #2, edited by Terry Carr [Ballantine, \$1.25]

BEST SF 72: 6th ANNUAL, edited by Brian Aldiss & Harry Harrison [Berkley, 95¢]

BEST SCIENCE FICTION FOR 1973, edited by Forrest J Ackerman [Ace, \$1.25]

I reviewed the DAW volume in detail last issue, but this was too good a chance to compare notes. In size, Carr leads the field with 373 pages and 16 stories, followed by Ackerman (259 and 9), Wollheim (247 and 10), and Aldiss/Harrison with 232 pages, 12 stories, 5 poems and 3 pages of cartoons. But of course, the main question is, which "Best" has the best fiction? Well, what stories were picked in common? Joe Haldeman's "Hero" was picked by both Carr and Aldiss/Harrison, and that's it. At least, you can buy all the "Best" volumes without worrying about duplication, though that puts the total number of Best Stories of the Year up to 46; the average reader is lucky to find that many stories in a year that he can finish. Lessee, Of top-ranked fiction, Wollheim has "Goat Song" by Poul Anderson, "The Man Who Walked Home" by James Tiptree Jr., "On, Valinda!" by Michael Coney, "Rorqual Maru" by T. J. Bass, and possibly "The Gold At the Starbow's End" by Frederik Pohl, and the rest are all good, if not perhaps my idea of the best. Ackerman has "Merchants of Venus" by Fred Pohl (and after an intro about how you would never see any non-science-fiction in his anthologies, he publishes Pohl's LACON Guest-of-Honor speech. It was a nice speech, but fiction of any kind it's not -- and I don't even know if it was the best Guest-of-Honor speech of the year and Ackerman doesn't know either.) Ah well. His others are "A Thing of Beauty" by Norman Spinrad, "What We Learned From This Morning's Newspaper" by Robert Silverberg, "Seventy Years of Decpop" by Phil Farmer, "Getting Together" by Milton Rothman, "By The Time I get to Phoenix" by Thomas N. Scortia, "Forever and Amen" by Robert Bloch, "Ernstz Eternal" by A. E. van Vogt. The Farmer is reasonably good, and thus the two best items take up over half the book, which is a bonus. But some of the rest I would rate fair-to-poor. Aldiss/Harrison have "Weihnachtabend" by Keith Roberts, which should have been on the Hugo ballot, Haldeman's "Hero", which is good, some stuff like Jonathan Eila's "From Sea To Shining Sea" from Sierra Club Bulletin, which is cute if not the best, a wider selection than the others, and quite a bit of garbage, including the poetry.

Carr has "The Fifth Head of Serberus" by Gene Wolfe, "Eurema's Dam" by R.A. Lafferty,

"Hero", and most of the remainder were good if not great. (I except the two Silverbergs because I not only dislike Silverberg's fiction, I don't think it's all that great; he's too mechanical. And the Bova is a clichéd story, competent but unexciting writing, and a gimmick that is original but hardly good enough to make the story the best of any year.)

Overall, if you agree with my taste, Wollheim gives you the best bargain for your money, with Carr second, Aldiss/Harrison third, and Ackerman last. Aldiss/Harrison have more stories that you're not likely to have read before, with Carr second in that category. In the also-ran groupings, Aldiss/Harrison have "In the Matter of the Assassin Merefirs" by Ken Purdy, "As For Our Fatal Continuity..." by Aldiss, "The Old Folks" by James Gunn, "The Years" by Robert F. Young, "Darkness" by André Carneiro, "Words of Warning" by Alex Hamilton, "Out, Wit!" by Howard L. Myers, "An Imaginary Journey To the Moon" by Victor Sabah, "The Head and the Hand" by Chris Priest, and two smarmy editorials. Carr has "The Meeting" by Fohl and Kornbluth, "Nobody's Home" by Joanna Russ, "Fortune Hunter" by Poul Anderson, "Caliban" and "When We Went To See The End Of the World" by Silverberg, "Conversational Mode" by Grahame Leman, "Their Thousandth Season" by Ed Bryant, "Zero Gee" by Ben Bova, "Sky Blue" by Alex and Cory Panshin, "Miss Omega Raven" by Naomi Mitchison, "Patron of the Arts" by Bill Rotsler, "Grasshopper Time" by Gordon Eklynd, and "Painwise" by James Tiptree, Jr.

THE PULP JUNGLE, by Frank Gruber [secondhand] Matter of fact, I bought it off Howard Devore at Midwestcon. This is one writer's account of his days with the pulp magazines. It's a short book, and an excellent one. It isn't, of course, a definitive study; Gruber was primarily a detective writer, and so Black Mask was the prime objective for him. As far as I know he never wrote any science fiction (though he's done a few fantasies) and apparently he never wrote for Bluebook. But there are comments about various figures in "our" field: F. Orlin Tremaine, Leo Margulies, Ian Ballantine, Mort Weisinger, Lester Dent, etc. And there are names of others, mostly people I have at least heard of, but sometimes... Gruber says that at one point Black Mask conducted a poll of its readers to determine its most popular writer. Dashiell Hammett came in third. Erle Stanley Gardner came in second. Carroll John Daly came in first. Carroll John Daly? Gruber obviously regards him highly; have those of you who read more mysteries than I do ever heard of him? In another place, he lists writers appearing in an early issue of Black Mask to prove that most pulp writing is ephemeral -- try those names on your modern mystery fans, he says. Not even being a modern mystery fan, I'd never heard of anyone on the list...except Grege La Spina. Gruber, obviously, knows none of them, and he was working the field shortly after they did. If you want literary immortality, obviously you'd better write science fiction or fantasy; it's the only field where anyone beyond a few Big Names is remembered.

THE TROUBLES WITH TRIBBLES, by David Gerrold [Ballantine, \$1.50] Juanita comments that Gerrold has got more mileage out of one tv script than any other writer; not even Harlan has done anything which yielded as many diverse benefits as "Tribbles" has for Gerrold. This is 270 pages on the production of one tv show, from the initial idea to for the story to the final shooting, with asides for various related subjects like fans and conventions. Now, I do not consider myself an ST fan. I watched the show until giving up midway in that abominable third season. I accompanied Juanita on set in 1968, and I thought "Tribbles" was a pretty good tv show; it ranks up near the top, not just of ST, but of US series tv in general (which is not, now that I think of it, all that much of a compliment). But I don't watch the ST reruns, I don't attend the conventions, and in general I'm pretty lukewarm to the whole ST phenomenon. Nevertheless, I thoroughly enjoyed "Tribbles" because Gerrold takes a subject of which I know very little -- script-writing and tv production in general -- and makes it both humorous and interesting.

IVAN SANDERSON'S BOOK OF GREAT JUNGLES [remaindered, \$3.95] Big thick heavily illustrated book on the jungles of the world. (Contrary to the implications of the title, Sanderson doesn't classify jungles as "Great", "Good", "Mediocre", etc; this is simply

a book about all jungles, the people and animals that inhabit them, the plant life, how to live in them with the least discomfort, Sanderson's personal experiences in them.) He has some fascinating quotes, most of them too long to cover here. But one; he is pointing out that most people, including primitives, are terrified of the jungle and never go near it, no matter what the provocation. During the blackbirding days in the South Pacific, one of the skippers commented that another ship's crew had "destroyed all the canoes, burned the village, killed a score of men and had driven the remainder of the inhabitants away from the island. Luckily for us, there was no missionary in the neighborhood to exaggerate the story and make another blood-curdling atrocity out of it." (Sanderson's point is that the islanders left their home island rather than flee to the jungle on the island, but he wonders idly what it would take to be considered an atrocity in that era...which came well after the civilized nations had supposedly abandoned slavery.) The book is utterly fascinating, and there is a generous helping of the Sanderson humor.

SUMMER ISLAND, by Eliot Porter [Sierra Club-Ballantine, \$3.95]
BAJA CALIFORNIA, by Joseph Wood Krutch and Eliot Porter [Sierra Club-Ballantine, \$3.95]
I have become an avid fan of Eliot Porter's photography. His text in SUMMER ISLAND is nostalgic and moderately enjoyable, but the photos are the reason for buying. About half are in black and white; the rest color. (I could wish more were in color, but they're all good.) BAJA CALIFORNIA is all in color, and includes some of the more exotic scenery on this continent. Text is okay, but I'm not a Krutch fan. Whether photographing a boogum tree or something that I might see out of my back window, Porter's photos have a clarity and authenticity rivaled by few photographers; the term "photographic detail" is nowhere more apt than in a Porter photo. This is the way the country is. (I first became a Porter fan on seeing IN WILDERNESS IS THE PRESERVATION OF THE WORLD, which contains large numbers of scenes that I have seen while hunting or just wandering in the local woods and fields, preserved in film so much better than anyone else ever did it. He is just as good on less familiar subjects.

THE WITCHING HOUR, by Florence Stevenson [Award Books, 95¢] These are the first
WHERE SATAN DWELLS, by Florence Stevenson [Award Books, 75¢] three of the "Kitty
ALTAR OF EVIL, by Florence Stevenson [Award Books, 95¢] Telefair Gothic Series.

I understand there is a fourth out, MISTRESS OF DEVIL'S MANOR, but I haven't seen it. The series in general is quite similar to Peter Saxon's "Guardians" series, except of course the central figure is female to fit the gothic formula, and for my money these are a shade better written. (Of course, I never cared all that much for Saxon's work.) Miss Stevenson's supernatural lore is accurate enough, her characters are fairly interesting, and while the humor is subdued there is a general air of irreverence for all the mystic paraphernalia which is refreshing. (At one point Kitty is trying to discourage an occult acquaintance from uttering a curse: "You know what happened to your ancestor Angus when he invoked it." "I know what happened to his adversary," John growled. "His skin covers our family grimoire." "Angus, if you'll remember, was scattered over a large wheatfield north of Edinburgh; they couldn't find a piece of his skin large enough to cover an address book.") They're short books, and fairly enjoyable light reading (if you can find copies; I had to order mine from the publisher and even then they sent the wrong book for one of the set.),

FLASHMAN, by George MacDonald Fraser [Signet, 95¢] A lovely series which chronicles
ROYAL FLASH, by George MacDonald Fraser [Signet, \$1.25] the adventures of the villain
FLASH FOR FREEDOM, by George MacDonald Fraser [Signet, \$1.25] in TOM EROWN'S SCHOOL -
DAYS from his expulsion from Rugby to his eventual retirement as a much-decorated hero of his country, beloved by all (well, almost all). Though the three books here don't take him quite that far; presumably more will be forthcoming. Now, I haven't read TOM EROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS -- I saw the British tv production -- but there seems one minor change in Flashy's character. In TOM, I gather he was depicted as a bully; his cowardice was more or less secondary. However, it's hard to make bullying seem funny, so in this series it's his cowardise and opportunism which get the play; he occasionally refers to himself as a bully, but is very seldom seen bullying anyone. It would detract

from the humor. The first two books are exceedingly funny. The first describes Flashy's adventures in military service, where his search for a soft berth gets him on a general's staff; unfortunately the general is Elphinstone, who is leaving for Afghanistan, and Flashman is dragged into the horrors of the First Afghan War and the retreat from Kabul (kicking and screaming all the way). Fraser's history seems accurate; I can tell more about that once I get a chance to read the book on the war that I picked up in Columbus. Naturally, Flashy manages to appropriate a few of the deeds of others and comes home a decorated hero. In the second book he becomes mixed up with Otto von Bismarck and Lola Montez and a lovely parody of THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. (In this version, when the noble Englishman rides off into the sunset, he doesn't have the Princess, but he has managed to make off with the crown jewels.) The third book isn't as good; the series may be beginning to run down a bit. But it's still worth reading, with Flashy involved in the slave trade, the Underground Railroad, plantation life (he finds his ideal work, as a slave overseer, until the master of the plantation comes home to find him in bed with the mistress and he has to run for it again), and a few overtones of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. The series as a whole is a parody on the type of historical novel where prominent people show up briefly. In the first two books Flashy has met most of the well-known Englishmen of his day, plus Bismarck and Lola Montez; in the third he becomes a friend of Abraham Lincoln and a few lesser American notables. (The appraisal of Lincoln is certainly masterly: "...in his way he had the makings of as big a scoundrel as I am myself, but his appetites were different and his talents infinitely greater.") In fact, there are quotable items all through the books. "It's a great thing, prayer. Nobody answers, but at least it stops you from thinking." "And what is there, I ask you, that a man will not dare, so long as he has a fast horse and a clear road out of town?" And one for Ethel Lindsay: he is commenting on the natives of India. "I liked them better than the Scots, anyhow; their language was easier to understand." A tremendous amount of research must have gone into the books; all the minor details of history, biography, and the life of the day. I caught only one minor error; a cap-and-ball Colt is not loaded "with powder and ball down the muzzle" but with powder and ball from the front of the cylinder. Probably there are other minor errors that I didn't catch, but almost certainly no major ones.

WILEY'S MOVE, by Lee Hoffman [Dell, 95¢] A pretty good Western. It starts off well, with one of the funniest stagecoach holdups in literature, but then becomes a bit overdone, with too many characters sounding like they are right out of Al Capp, before settling down to an enjoyable finish. Jesse Wiley, as the average clod faced with problems too big for him, is well handled, as is tomboy July Wiley. There are good touches elsewhere, but too many of the cast are more caricature than character to suit me. Still, it's a nice unserious look at some of the less heroic Western pioneers.

THE SPY AT THE VILLA MIRANDA, by Elsie Lee [Dell, 95¢] Lee is a terribly uneven writer; some of her books are quite good, and others border on the terrible. This is in between; a fairly straight gothic with a more than usually competent heroine, with the writing much superior to the average gothic but hardly more than adequate when compared to other fields.

THE LIGHTNING TREE, by Jeanne Crecy [Berkley, 75¢] Very straight formula gothic; not recommended.

ALL ABOUT BIKES AND BICYCLING, by Max Elth [Berkley, \$1.25] A quite comprehensive study of the care and feeding of the bicycle, from learning to ride (but doesn't everyone know how to ride a bicycle?) to disassembly of a 10-speed transmission. Could be quite valuable to the pollution-conscious.

THE NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM, edited by Norman Lewis [Berkley, 95¢] The primary advantage of the dictionary method of arrangement is a savings of time in looking up a word. Since I don't use a thesaurus all that much, my 1879 hardcover edition is quite adequate, though this one does provide a few more up-to-date terms.

Every writer, even if he's merely writing fanzine articles, should have some kind of thesaurus; there is always a time when one can't think of the particular word one wants to use. This is probably as inexpensive an edition as you're likely to find, and thus particularly suited to fandom; if you're going to use it a lot you may want a hard cover, but this should be quite adequate for most fans.

A SQUINT DOWN UNDER, by Bill Harnage [Both published by Review Publications, Pty Ltd., THE YELLOW PERIL, by Bill Harnage Sterling St., Dubbo, NSW 2830, Australia, \$1 each] But my copies were loaned by Ed Cagle. Some of the less advertised facets of Australian life. SQUINT covers primarily politics and censorship; humorous and quite familiar to US readers. We have less censorship than Australia (though the new Supreme Court decision will move us farther along that line), but our politicians are equally idiotic. PERIL is about racism, and there Australia is probably second only to South Africa; the US has much the same types of racism, but we've evolved a little farther toward accepting furriners as human beings. (Though that varies; in some localities we aren't a bit ahead of the Aussies.) SQUINT is particularly designed to be humorous, and I must admit that we don't have a single politician capable of matching Prime Minister John Gorton's confused verbiage, though we have several who do their best, and are prevented, probably, only by relying on their speech writers. ("What does result will result as a result of..." couldn't have come from a writer, nor could some of the other Gortonisms quoted.) Both books are quite entertaining, not to say informative, if you can latch onto copies.

THE FIERCE PAWNS, by Patrick A. Macrory [remaindered, \$1.95] This is the book I referred to in my review of the Flashman series, and it bears out Flashy's (actually Fraser's) testimony on the first Afghan War very well. It's an incredible saga of military and political ineptitude. The planning is fairly typical of British attitudes during the colonial period ("The Afghans were to be persuaded to become a bulwark against Persia and Russia by arranging for them to be conquered by their hated enemies, the Sikhs") but the manner in which it was executed can't have been typical, or the British would never have had an empire. It's a rare thing in any army for every officer above the rank of major to be afflicted with idiocy, but in this case the British managed it. (The author comments that when Brigadier Shelton -- the best of the lot of army commanders -- died in England some years later, his men "turned out on the parade ground and gave three hearty cheers".) The British did take Afghanistan -- but the officers who took it were replaced by men unable to hold it. (Macrory says it is doubtful if any army could have held it for long, but competent officers could at least have got out of the country without losing 15,000 men. In fact, it was only the British at the capital of Kabul who were wiped out; smaller British units in other parts of the country successfully fought their way out.) A tremendously fascinating book.

BOOKS I DIDN'T REALLY READ ENOUGH OF TO REVIEW

BERNHARD THE CONQUEROR, by Sam Lundwall [DAW, 95¢] Actually I did read a fair amount of this. It's a farce, somewhat on the order of Ron Goulart's books but not enough so. It's overdone to the point where it isn't terribly funny. Humor can be described as warped logic, or a cockeyed look at logical processes; where there is no logic at all there is no humor, either. BERNHARD does have some humor, but not nearly as much as if the author had applied a little discipline and restraint (as Goulart generally does).

MEMOIRS OF A SPACEWOMAN, by Naomi Mitchison [Berkley, 75¢] As is fitting for a memoir, this is a long, meandering book; presumably there is a point to all of it but I got bored long before finding out what it was. Quite philosophical, but the sort of philosophy with which I become impatient if I'm subjected to much of it.

TESTAMENT XXI, by Guy Snyder [DAW, 95¢] The blurb which compared this to the works of Thomas Disch, Mark Geston, and Harlan Ellison did not recommend it to me, but I

tried it. I didn't get far; I dislike works in which the author decides that to be profound one must be obscure. (Quite possibly it wouldn't have been obscure if I'd read farther than a few pages, but I quickly discovered that I didn't give a damn whether I understood it or not.)

THE EARTH TRIPPER, by Leo P. Kelley [Fawcett, 75¢] More modern humor. I'm surprised it wasn't billed as "now", "hip", "black comedy", etc. It reads rather like an imitation of Chester Anderson's stuff. A quite good imitation, I suppose, but then I didn't like the original. If you like the style (Cutesy Modern, as exemplified in some underground newspapers, etc.) it's probably a quite good book and you'll enjoy it.

RHAPSODY IN BLACK, by Brian Stableford [DAW, 95¢] Lovely Freas cover, but Stableford's writing turns me off faster than that of any other newcomer, so I didn't read it.

THE END BRINGERS, by Douglas R. Mason [Ballantine, \$1.25] Mason's writing affects me in the same way as Stableford's; either one sets me reaching for the next book in the stack:

THE SUNDERING FLOOD, by William Morris [Ballantine, \$1.25] Morris doesn't send me reaching for the next book in the stack; by the time I've gone through a few of his pages I'm sound asleep,

THE FABULOUS RIVERBOAT, by Philip José Farmer [Berkley, 95¢] Farmer is usually one of my favorite authors, but I do not like the "Riverworld" series. In fact, I do not, in general, like stories which recount fictional adventures of actual historical characters. I claim it's because their real lives are far more interesting, but I suppose a psychologist might say it offends my Puritanical sense of the fitness of things. (If a psychologist would ever use a sentence devoid of psychological jargon, that is.) Anyway, on this one I fell back on an old Moran and Mack line: "Even if that was good I wouldn't like it."

WARRIOR OF SCORPIO, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW, 95¢] Third in the newest of "John Carter" imitations. I rather enjoyed the original, which I read at age 20 or so; I can't stand the imitations and doubt if I could re-read the original these days.

And Juanita says that still doesn't finish off the stencil. Okay; we'll have a short book review column next time because I'll finish this off with some of my most-recent reading.

THE FIRST GLENCANNON OMNIBUS, by Guy Gilpatrick
THE SECOND GLENCANNON OMNIBUS, by Guy Gilpatrick
THE LAST GLENCANNON OMNIBUS, by Guy Gilpatrick
All originally published by Dodd, Mead & Co. back in the mid-1950s, but these were loaned me by Ben Keifer. Together they include 8 original books - Scotch And Water, Half-Seas Over, Three Sheets In The Wind, Mr. Glencannon, The Gentleman With The Walrus Mustache, Glencannon Afloat, The Canny Mr. Glencannon, and Mr. Glencannon Ignores The War, with a total of 67 short stories and one novel. To be honest, I didn't get them all read; that's not only a lot of wordage, it's a lot of wordage about one character. I became a devotee of Glencannon in the old days of the SATURDAY EVENING POST; one of the few series I ever liked. Glencannon is a drunken, brawling, swindling Scots engineer on a British tramp freighter. I'm sure the stereotype of the Scots engineer was set well before Glencannon's time (and it continues into the future, on the good ship Enterprise), but Glencannon took it to the ultimate. The "brawling" bit is perhaps an overstatement; Glencannon will fight when drunk or when pushed, but he prefers to swindle his way out of trouble, and the plot of most of the stories concerns his methods of putting one over on rivals and/or obtaining a moderately dishonest dollar. The plots are livened somewhat by the fact that every so often he gets taken by someone sharper than he is, but mostly they are a vehicle for humor and a flood of dialect. The humor isn't particularly subtle, but much of it is quite funny, nevertheless. When they were written, one assumes that the dialect was funny in itself; now it isn't, but it's acceptable.

G R U M P L I N G S

Gene Wolfe, Box 69, Barrington IL 60010

What the heck do you mean, "The usual midwestern 'fannish' pros"? And then lumping me with men like Hensley and Tucker. Did it never occur to you people that my children could have seen this thing before I had a chance to read it and destroy it?

I hear from all over that Haunt of Horror is dead. (Yet it still walks!) L'Aube Enclaves now pays 1/2¢ a word, or so Henry-Luc Planchat told me in a letter last month.

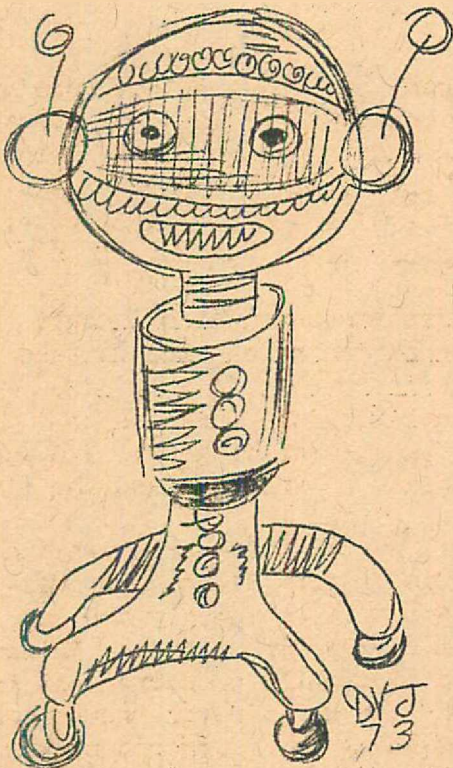
I agree with Jack Wodhams -- only the strong should have guns.

Do you know, I remembered Betty Boop just as you did -- that is, as terrible -- and then a few months ago saw one of the old films in a pizza parlor where they show that kind of thing (the old one-reelers, Laurel and Hardy, and so on), and I was astounded at how good, and how witty, it was. It may be hard to believe, Buck, but I think you and I were just too darn young when Betty was in her heyday. (I recently pulled out a collection of vampire stories I've had ever since I was a kid, and the stories I couldn't get through then are the only ones I can stand now.)

Your rating for Title is the highest I've ever seen you give. But not excessive.

That language you found in a Belgian fanzine was almost certainly Flemish. Belgium is a bilingual country -- the other one is French.

There is currently a big flap in Chicago about the adoption of black babies. The blacks say that they cannot adopt children because black kids are put into white homes. The authorities say that there are too few suitable black homes that want to adopt children. The basic problem would seem to be that many black couples live in black neighborhoods.



[Gee, I'm sorry; I wasn't thinking. Everyone change that comment in my last editorial to read "all the usual 'fannish' pros -- and one unusual one." RSC]

Lee Hoffman, 350 N.W. Harbor Blvd., Port Charlotte, FL 33952

That line "handguns are for shooting people, they are designed to serve no other purpose" rather blew my mind. Can anyone actually believe that? Obviously, handguns in general are designed for the purpose of propelling projectiles over distances, as are bows, long arms, atlatls, heavy artillery, and slingshots. There are many possible reasons one might want to propel a projectile over a distance. Like, for the fun of it. Admittedly a lot of people do seem to want to kill other people, and do seem to prefer the handgun for the purpose, but at least an equal number seem to like propelling projectiles just for the fun of it. It is unjust, not to mention weird, to deny the handgun as a sporting device. It is faulty logic to confuse its design purpose with one of its uses.

It's pretty faulty logic, too, to toss around statistics as if they were derived from situations wherein all other factors were equal. I don't have the figures, but I suspect that by comparing the murder rate in NYC where anti-gun laws are stringent, with the murder rate in Port Charlotte where handguns are quite legal, I could "demonstrate" that anti-gun laws encourage the use of handguns for killing. I could add further "evidence" by quoting statistics based on the number of killings per thousand population in some areas where warlike primitive tribes are still in the habit of slaughtering their neighbors with spears and stones.

But I think arguing with the crowd that's promoting anti-gun legislation won't do much good. No more good than anti-gun laws do. In fact, laws in general don't seem to do much good. Apparently social custom has a lot more to do with keeping people straight than the threat of the law. Look at anti-dope laws, prohibition, anti-bugging laws, anti-trust laws, etc. Look at leash laws and anti-litter laws and anti-speeding-on-the-highway laws. Even people who think of themselves as lawabiding break laws right and left when there's no social pressure from their peer groups for them to keep the laws.

In certain circles, anti-gun legislation would undoubtedly encourage the possession of guns. And those are the circles in which guns would most likely be used for such purposes as killing people.

Personally, I don't think more laws against guns, against dope, against sex, against racial discrimination, against vitamins, etc., etc., will solve the world's problems. Or even America's.

But what's to worry? If the French atomic tests don't solve our problems quickly, population pressures should succeed in time.

Dean Grennell, PO Box DG, Dana Point CA 92629

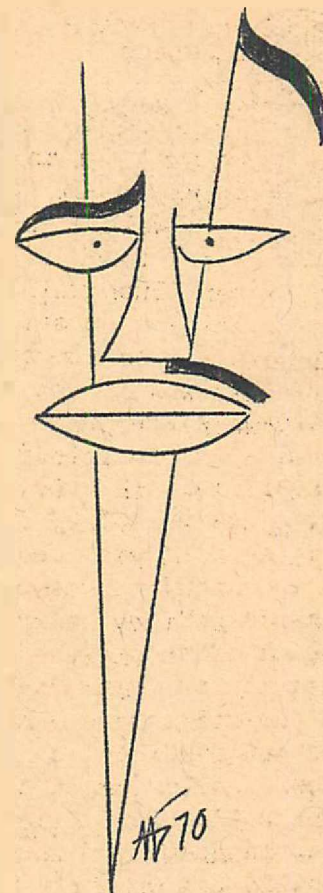
Once again, as so many countless times in the past decade or so, I reflect upon my singular good judgment and fortune in that it was Yandro with which I wound up permanently subscribed. As an associate recently remarked, in another context, the fringe benefits just go on and on... What if, 'way back in the out-of-sight when, I'd gotten a permanent sub to Thurban II, instead? Which's to say, I may not always write, (indeed, I often don't -- you'd noted?) but don't ever think for an instant I don't grok in considerable fullness!

You have at least two things in this, the (sheegi) 221st issue to which I could not remain mute, were my oral orifice packed with reinforced concrete. Let us take them in their order of going.

I'm pleased to note that Dave Locke (of the Panama Canal Lockes) continues to scrounge time for "Difugalty" over and above his current engagement at Awry. I'd worried about that a bit, in between worrying about the population explosion and the rising cost of curried ptarmigan.

And his current occlusion or embrocation or whatever it may be termed bestirs fond and rueful memories of the interlude in which we resided in Mission Viejo -- or Mission Improbable, as we often termed it. The second portion of the name, by the way, was (and, doubtless, still is) pronounced "V'YEHH-hoh," in the Spanish manner. Being almost as dedicated a boat-rocker as Buck Coulson himself, I usually pronounced it to rhyme with Bjo, as in Trimble, for the urchin glee it afforded me to watch the pained expressions flicker across listeners' faces like heat lightning on a summer's night.

Of course, it was but a temporary resting spot and we were thankful to depart from



Missing Banjo for the pleasant present seaside community which, if nothing else, can be spelled by most of the inlanders. Mission Viejo was almost as bad in that respect as Forid du Lac!

Dave's saga of that long-ago evening is remarkably close to the truth; at least for a Dave Locke column in Yandro, surely. Even the episode of the lady driving the pickup truck full of suddenly airborne beercans is almost 99.993 percent factual; I remember it well. And yes, I did give her a preëemptory gesture with the thumb -- perhaps with a touch of élan left from the days when I was an authentic, badge-packing fuzzster (Buck will recall those days, I ween). And she did pull over to the curb in meek - if wasted - docility. And she did trigger a corruscation of flaring stoplights and take about two lanes of highspeed traffic with her. The exact site of all this was at the juncture of the eastbound Riverside Freeway with the south-bound Newport Freeway.

On those rare intervals since then when I've naught else about which to speculate, I've theorized that Dave had been accustomed to arriving at an estimate of his Toyota's ground-speed by noting the indicated reading on the speedometer and multiplying it by some given correction -- factor: 2.000, perhaps. I've never driven a Toyota, so I can't verify this hypothesis. At any rate, he must have been interpolating 35mph, indicated, as 70mph, actual; or may have been. This would indicate why I had to keep my rear brake on all the time and my front brake on most of the time in order to stay within eyeball contact with my little caravan of cream-colored Buick Wildcats.

It was not until after we had come off the Newport Freeway and had headed down the last leg of the San Diego Freeway that I figured, well, we've got it made. I figured Don Fitch and Jean were in sight of the Lockes and they could shepherd them to the house with no problem. All this idling along in first and second gears had carboned up the jugs of the old Honda rather severely and I proposed to burn a bit of it out in the few remaining miles or so, with deep gratitude. I took my foot clear off the rear brake pedal and let the critter have its head, for which it seemed almost pathetically grateful. We worry mostly about being rear-ended, the Honda and I.

As for Jack Wodhams' diatribe, it impresses me as a steaming heap of high quality organic fertilizer generated by a sire of calves; the fertilizer, not the diatribe. Which is about as delicately as I can adumbrate it (we were rough and ready guys/but oh, how we could bowdlerize...). As I've sometimes had occasion to snort, if they'd had adequate handgun control laws in ancient Rome, Julius Caesar probably still would be alive today.

If your generally temperate comments on firearms get the tender Wodhams all that steamy-lensed behind his pince-nez, you should see how I come on when I hear the endlessly parroted refrain about "handguns are only good for one thing: killing people."

There is no ready response to that fleck of fatuosity that you'd care to print in Yandro. Trying to think of one, I get seventeen levels down before I come to "bush-wahl!"

The dig about Julie Caesar was no more than faintly facetious. People have killed other people quite successfully -- and very, very dead, indeed -- with an incredibly vast and heterogeneous array of weaponry, both before and since the invention of gunpowder, some 600 years or so ago.

An old friend, who happens to be coroner in Lorain, Ohio, tells me that handgun homicides were all but non-existent in his bailiwick during the '30s. The most popular quietus in those days was a spike or broken-off fork-tine, stuck into the end of a corneob and used as a dagger. The people just couldn't afford handguns -- or rifles, shotguns, and ammunition for same -- during the Depression. But they slaughtered off just about the same percentage of victims per capita then as in other times.

You hear an ungodly commotion about the toll in human lives that guns exact each year. You absolutely damn-well don't never hear about the number of lives saved by firearms, including handguns. It would be a difficult statistic to nail down, but I suspect it's not a nominal and trifling figure. A would-be rapist/murderer busts down some helpless old lady's door, only to be confronted by an unwinking caliber .38 eye and, quite prudently elects to ply his trade elsewhere. Does this get reported across the globe by the AP? Bet your beloved bippy it doesn't!

Please inform Jack Wodhams -- if he's still reading this -- that I, for one, and you for at least one other, have owned more handguns than he could bear to gaze upon and that we've fired a quantity of ammunition from same he'd never be apt to believe. Cite numbers? I've not really kept count, but it'd have to be well over 100 handguns and probably less than 300. And well over 750,000 rounds but I doubt if it'd exceed 3,000,000 greatly. If he says this's an average of 360 rounds/week for 40 years, tell him yes, I know.

During all that furious fusillade, stretching well beyond four decades, I've never yet fired a firearm at a fellow Homo sapiens. On but one lone occasion, I allowed a felonious intruder to gaze upon the maw of a .45 auto, held negligently in my hand as I asked him who the hell's hotel room he thought he was busting into. I did not point it at him. I didn't have to. He skedaddled like a cockroach when you turn on the lights. He didn't know -- as I did -- that all the ammo for the .45 was locked away in the trunk of my car, on the street three floors below. But it did louse up an otherwise unblemished record of using guns and handguns for recreational (and vocational) purposes only. I can't truly say I'm sorry.

During the rest of the time, apart from various sojourns in the military, in law enforcement, in duly subsidized research, guns have been nothing more, nothing less than sporting goods, so far as I've been concerned. Many sports pivot around projectiles: hockey pucks, baseballs, golfballs, tennis balls, archery, (of which, I presume, Wodhams likewise disapproves?), croquet balls, badminton (or ghoddminton) shuttlecocks...these and innumerable other examples are different only in degree from the sporting shooter's bullet. Most of the other projectiles are larger, heavier, and don't travel as rapidly; that's all.

Nor is shooting necessarily one of the dreaded and detested "blood sports." I did fire two shots at one wild hog -- with a handgun -- in 1973, despatching the critter without undue suffering on his part, or mine. And the hog was duly eaten. On another occasion, around 1959 or so, I shot a deer -- again, with a handgun -- firing two shots: one to put it down and another, seconds later, to put it out of its misery (most of which had been caused by a passing motorist who broke its leg with his automobile). Again, the deer not only was eaten but, as I can testify, was delicious. And the shooting was in line of duty, at the direction of duly elected authorities. But the years during which I fire at a target capable of bleeding, if hit, all year, are a minority these last 20-30 years, so please spare me your shuddering distaste on that score, Mr. Wodhams. One does his duty, as best he can and as clearly as he can perceive where duty lies. Meanwhile, one exists at peace with his conscience; at least, I do.

And, if Comrade Wodhams happens to derive his jollies from hurling burned-out television picture tubes down abandoned mine shafts -- or by any other channel as socially adiaphorous as my penchant for hurling leaden pellets through paper targets and into dirt backstops -- then I, for one, wish him well.

Far be it from me to presume the right to tell him what he can or can't do for amusement. If he likes to knit, for example, I won't wax foamingly wroth at the number of people since the dawn of time who've been stabbed with knitting needles or barbeque forks or whatever. If he likes to rope things with a lasso, I won't come unglued over the number of lives snuffed out by the hangman's noose. If he likes to build electronic gadgetry, I'll not chaff and chide about the hapless toll of electrocutes.

But, if he has to fill up pages of Yandro with idiot maunderings of this stripe, please forgive the occasional unstifled barf from this quarter, wasn't it?

[Thanks for including me, but I'm not in your class, either in owning or firing handguns. (I trail you by about 80 guns and several hundred thousand rounds of ammo.) But the only hostile act I've performed with a handgun was shooting into the air to scare off a stray dog which was fighting my dogs. I have killed a man, of course, but I did it with a socially acceptable weapon, the automobile, so everyone regarded it as perfectly all right. (I did have a couple of witnesses who stated it wasn't my fault.) RSC]

Larry Propp, 3127 N. Sheridan Road, Peoria IL 61604

First of all, you may tell Hensley that I have noted his constant attempts to disparage me in your pages. The doctrine of judicial forbearance has prevented me from replying, and it continues to do so, but he should be warned that I will not be intimidated. His obvious smear campaign will not work. It is apparent what he is trying to do -- destroy my credibility before my case is laid before the public -- however, I have faith that TRUTH will out and the fannish public will not be deceived. To paraphrase Mr. Justice Blackmun, the ship of State is sinking, and I must do what I can to restore buoyancy. Hensley will get his when I have finished gathering evidence and the Great Worldcon Contingency Fund scandal breaks.

Re your note on the "Holder in Due Course" problem -- I'm not sure what you mean by Poverty Law Reports. Is it the C.C.H. case reporter service or some layman's journal put out by one of the Poverty Law Activists Groups? Anyway, the thing is a real problem, as Hensley or any lawyer can tell you if he's represented a client whipsawed by the situation you described. The thing is, tho', that the concept of a holder in due course makes a lot of sense in most business transactions, as it provides for the required negotiability of instruments. Only in consumer cases do real problems arise on a steady basis. Consumer sales, like most commercial transactions,

are presently governed by the Uniform Commercial Code. However, due to pressure for laws relating strictly to consumer transactions, two "Model" codes are presently making the rounds of the various State legislatures. One is the U3C (the Uniform Consumer Credit Code) which is basically no change (minor ones, but no help to the basic problem); for instance, it still retains the HDC concept. The other is the National Consumer Act put out by the National Consumer Law Center, which is, depending on who you talk to, either a bill that balances the rights between parties or a Goddamned monstrosity that will drive merchants out of business. If your local legislature is considering a Consumer Credit Code, and most of them are, I urge you to support the latter bill.

Buck, being a fair man and great believer that all men should have their chance to reply (no matter how stupid their idea is) and, further, a man who has never had a consumer law problem in his life, will surely give equal time to anyone silly enough to try to defend the U3C. There, Buck, surely I can't make a fairer, more dispassionate statement than that.

Jodie -- for some of us the high point of a con IS NOT bitching; it is merely a lively bitch.

Buck, when did you become so interested in poverty law? Is inflation hitting Indiana harder than I thought?

The really interesting thing about that Supreme Court Bankruptcy decision was the reason they gave. If you remember, the Court had said a couple of years ago that a litigant could not be denied access to the divorce courts for lack of the filing fee for the reason that divorce was the sole remedy available; to deny the remedy on the basis of financial circumstances denied Equal Protection. Now they are saying that the same doesn't apply to bankrupts because they have other remedies, citing compositions of creditors and the like, all of which means making deals with the people you owe money to. Have you ever tried to deal with an outfit like HFC when you couldn't even come up with the \$55 to file a bankruptcy?

And while we're bitching about the Supreme Court, did you see where the State of Georgia applied the recent "local standards re obscenity" test to ban the showing of

the picture GARNAL KNOWLEDGE, an Academy Award nominee for Best Picture and a winner for Ann-Margret for Best Supporting Actress. Also the city of Ft. Wayne banned LAST TANGO IN PARIS on the same basis (I heard about that one while sitting in a Ft. Wayne bar featuring -- um, I believe they're called "exotic dancers" there).

I took Tucker up to the Stopas' for their 4th of July bash, and before we left we were doing the bookstore scene (or what passes for the bookstore scene in Bloomington) when I espied something you seem to have missed in "Golden Minutes". What follows is the direct, actual quote of blurbs from the cover:

First Time in Paperback//The Prophetic Novel of a Profane and Inhuman Love.

That was the front cover; turn it over and we find:

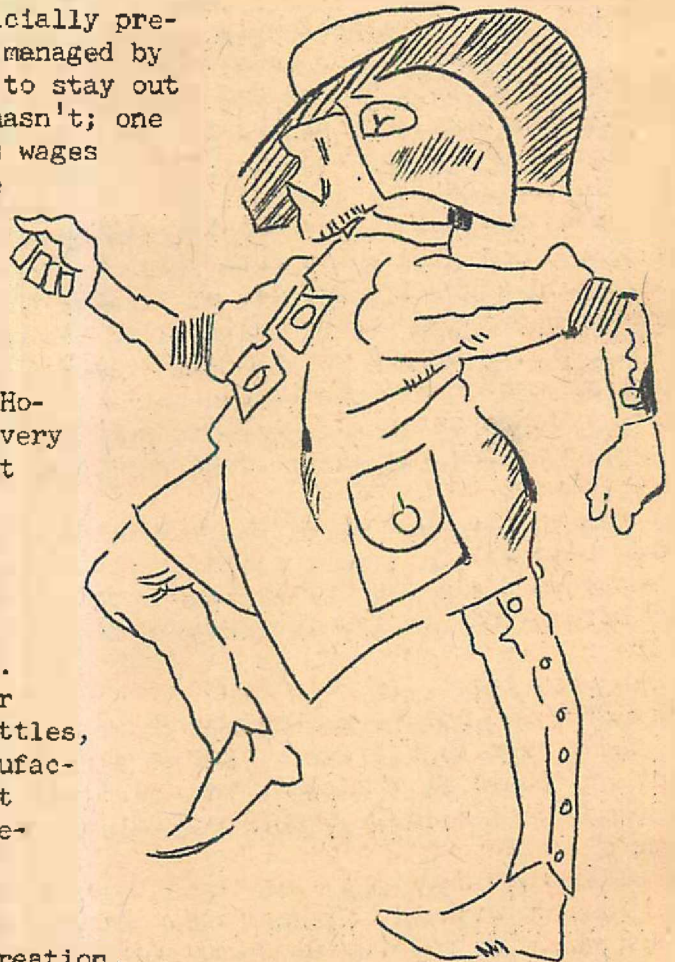
It was the first mating of a human female with a sensually self-programmed, murderously intelligent...COMPUTER// No woman had ever been violated as profanely// Subjected to the inhuman love of Proteus, she became a slave, forced to submit entirely to his will// At first, Proteus shaped her personality to suit his own obsessive desires. Then he began to prepare her for the most perverse destiny of them all// Proteus had chosen her to bear his child.

The book is DEMON SEED by Dean R. Koontz, obviously the offspring of an indulgent wetdream on Dean's part. Its is so Godawful it's funny; I couldn't stop laughing and thoroughly enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed the blurbs (which Tucker and I agreed were the best we'd read in long careers of blurb reading). If you're in that kind of mood, highly recommended.

[I saw the book in question and passed it by. If it's that funny, I'll see about picking up a copy. Poverty Law Reports is the newsletter of a Southern black outfit. Like The Sharecropper, which I also receive regularly. What makes you think I've just become interested in poverty law? I'm one of the Depression kids, remember, and my current salary is not all that far above the national poverty level as officially prescribed. So far, of course, I've managed by dint of an occasional firm letter to stay out of consumer law problems. Bruce hasn't; one outfit threatened to garnishee his wages 3 or 4 years ago (which would have been a good trick). Another firm letter from me settled that, though. RSC]

Jack Wodhams, Box 48 PO, Caboolture Q4510
Australia

Yandro 218 arrived yesterday. Thanks. Ho-boy. You are pro-gun men, I see, and I am very much anti. Specifically anti hand-gun, that is. You see, hand-guns are made for, and have only one very singular function -- wounding and killing people. A hand-gun is useless for any other purpose, is an inefficient sporting arm, and is more or less strictly modeled for close range unleashing. Certainly there are other artifacts familiar that may be employed lethally -- knives, bottles, baseball bats -- but such items are not manufactured primarily to be brought, or to suggest being brought, to cause injury to a human being. A razor may be misused to commit homicide, as also might be rat poison, or even a pillow -- but this is a vastly secondary feature to the intent of their respective creation. A hand-gun, intrinsically, is solely fashioned to provide



convenient means to maim and fatally injure humankind, has no least alternative excuse for existence. If you have a hand-gun, then look at it, and do not be blind to what it is purely for -- to smash human flesh and bone.

The need for an official ban upon such firearms should be a simple statement of recognized ethic. The Wild West is over. Legally banning the hand-gun, we know, will not eliminate the hand-gun from society, but it does clearly declare and determine the moral issue, does define the owner of an unlicensed pistol as the baddie, and therefore does establish a standard between right and wrong. Remember what a hand-gun is for. It is a moral issue and the young, particularly, require firm statutory values here. God help the young. The fragilely frozen codes of conduct have been melted, and they stand in a puddle of permissiveness. Nine-tenths of an iceberg may be hypocrisy, submerged, but the floating one-tenth of shining white is a gratifying island that precludes we need drown altogether.

For your information, from formation back in the last century, British bobbies have traditionally been a force never armed, except on rare and special occasions. The wooden baton has been considered an instrument of sufficient authority. Your comments upon rising violence recorded in the U.K. should have noted the disproportionate influence caused by the insanity occurring in Ulster. The Briton, in general, still views the possessor of an unlawful offensive weapon with extreme distaste.

Your remarks about the ending of the Apollo program. It may prove more affecting than just emotionally. One erudite theory I read somewhere postulated that the Pyramids were built not entirely to satisfy vanity, but for focal reasons to bolster full employment. If there is to be accomplishment, there must be a goal. The Apollo program demanded endeavor, indubitably created a great number of jobs. It is being overly simplistic to assume that huge funds devoted to the conquest of space may now readily be diverted to 'more worthy' causes. Things do not work that way. When a subtraction is made from a developmental potential, the circle shrinks, and the result is less. Other fields are already occupied, and redistribution to them overcrowds -- not financially, seemingly, perhaps, but intellectually, surely. Too many minds obliged to compound and confound upon fewer issues. NASA kept brains honed, occupied, challenged. A painter with wood and canvas may produce a daub that can never be worth less than its fabric -- but he may produce a work that far transcends the value of mere cloth and pigment. In a similar way, space exploration transcends the circumscriptions of material limitations. Art on a grand scale is nevertheless art, and is a dynamo that tends much to charge its own batteries. The economics of shutdown may well transpire to be an inverse ratio increasing to the benefit of nobody. When a country diminishes its efforts to create, then it must beware that consolidation does not blend into stagnation. Curtailing vision, blocking outlets for risk, depriving and frustrating within an absorbing area for exploitation, is very patent, real and practical folly. Notions with a gathering of such surplus energy resources in the past have commonly gone to war, to huge negative expenditures upon fire and weaponry. It might be a good slogan to make war upon space rather than upon each other.

[This letter was actually written before the one we published last issue, but it got mislaid; it is being published in full, despite the repetition of all the dubious logic that was in last issue, for reasons the reader will discover if he perseveres. RSC]

Jack Wodhams, see above

There is disappointment here. It was not realised that your bias was so strong as to preclude the democratic airing of a dissenting opinion. Your attitude towards gun control is critically narrow, your statistics so much crap. You invite no continuity, you enter no controversy, when you decline to offer your public the views of the opposition.

Okay, so it's yourmag, your work, your ego, so you print what you wish. I am anti-gun, specifically anti-handgun, and you are in receipt of my stated reasons. It would serve little purpose for me to go purple in reiteration. This is a sober issue that you have given prominence -- and now one-sidedly handicap by employing a self-righteous

editorial gag. The terms of such and like debate are unacceptable to me. While you persist to so loudly pound your own drum, and drown out the response of the critics you so aggravate, there seems scant point in troubling to formulate and send to you clear and explicit views, remarks of pertinent observation or challenge.

The subject is serious. If you do not want to be serious then do not raise serious matters so lightly, nor in conceit assume an indifference to the sentiments of others. If you do want to be serious in such an affair as this, then you must provide the anti-handgun section their legitimate half-share of the podium. To fail to be fair is to nurture a cynicism that the best of us make some effort to defeat.

You may not care what stature you have in my eyes. So be it.

With some regret,

[Since I don't believe Yandro 221, with your letter, had arrived in Australia when this was posted, I assume it was sent because your letter above didn't appear in #220, where your majesty felt it belonged. If gun legislation is such a serious subject, I'd advise you to learn something about it before shooting off your mouth. As a matter of fact, I don't give a faint damn how I appear in your eyes; why should I? Aside to the readers -- normally this sort of asininity is dealt with in private and not published, but Wodhams sort of asked for a full display of his unintelligent boorishness (he didn't need to inquire as to whether the letter in question might have been mislaid or even lost in transit; he knew it was willful censorship), so I'm giving it to him. RSC]

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison, IN 47250

Thanks for #221. The issue was highlighted for me by an article on how to please that ace reviewer, Bad Buck Coulson.

Jenrette says our collaborative article inspired him. Where did we go wrong? But his letter describing his association with Jim Williams was most interesting. I never really knew Jim, but I knew of him, bought some books there. Dave made him come alive.

I've finished a draft of the last Donald Robak novel, wherein the stops are more or less pulled. I'm still some time away from having it ready to go and show, but I'm lolling about not doing much with it, satisfied for now with what I have and five pages of notes on how it has to be changed.

All is well here. I got a copy of FUTURE CITY, the Elwood collection from Trident with my "In Dark Places" not too long ago. There's supposed to be a paper edition out from Pocket Books before too long, but I don't know when. DELIVER US TO EVIL just sold Danish rights and THE POISON SUMMER French to Gallimard. Then Hoskins picked up "The Run from Home" from Mf&SF for THE LIBERATED FUTURE, an anthology he's putting together for Fawcett.

[That's right; rub it in. Just because I haven't sold anything in two years... The Cagle article arrived as a letter, but I thought it was too good for the letter column. Same with the Fishman column this time. RSC]

Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce TX 75428

Your comments on the Hugo awards in your letter of May 28th have sent my mind galloping off in about half a dozen different directions, some of them mutually contradictory. Despairing of making order out of this, I'll just put down some of my thots on the subject at random.

1. I agree with you that too much is made of the fan awards; in contrast there is not enough in the fanzines about the professional Hugoes. One of the reason I started getting fanzines was that I thought there would be much discussion, even argument, about the comparative merit of the nominees for awards in professional writing -- the only kind of Hugo I knew existed. I was disappointed, outside of Yandro 219 and the lists of preferences in Locus 131 & 143 there has been little mention, let alone dis-

cussion, of anything but the fanzine and fan artist Hugoes -- or have I been reading the wrong fanzines?

2. Since this year is the first that I have qualified to vote, perhaps I tend to give the matter too much importance myself. I've known about the Hugo awards for years; to be part of the process of selecting them gives me a feeling of power and responsibility that must look ridiculous to an old-timer.

3. What irritated me about much of the discussion of the fanzine Hugo, was that most of it revolved around tearing down Locus, not the merits of the other nominees. This was particularly true of Energumen supporters. I should have looked at your list of recommendations -- since you did not support Energumen, I shouldn't have picked on you on that point (I also wrote, in somewhat the same vein, to Bill Bowers and Mike Glicksohn).

4. Could not the high circulation of Locus, Algol, etc., mean that they are providing what most fans look for in a fanzine? To meet the needs of the most people may not be all that goes into being "best", but it is at least a part of it.

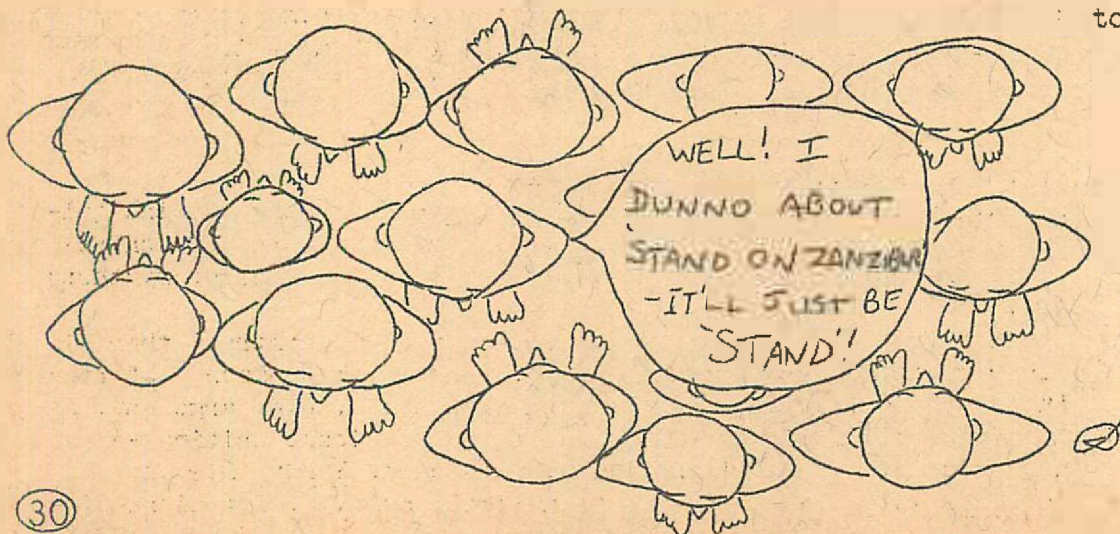
5. There is an important difference between the four professional writing Hugos and the others which is relevant to the question. I doubt if anyone, in considering the merits of "There Will Be Time" or "Goat Song" even thinks of how many Hugos Poul Anderson has won. It is the particular works that are nominated, and they haven't won before. If the other Hugos were based on a particular named accomplishment of the preceding year, the situation would be comparable. But it is not so -- in nominating a fanzine, or an artist, or a pro editor, then everyone thinks of the entire record, not just the particular accomplishment of the preceding year. Someone like Kelly Freas wins it year after year because the whole body of his work is more impressive than anyone else's. And so the attitude, which ought to be irrelevant, that so and so has already won, or won often enough, let's give it to someone else this year, begins to seem reasonable.

6. Is it possible to change the basis of the "other" Hugo awards, so as to name a particular accomplishment of the preceding year? This would be simple and quite workable for pro artists. The award could quite easily be given for the illustrations of a particular book or story, or a particular paperback or magazine cover. In fact the nominees and the convention could probably make a profit selling a portfolio of reproductions of the nominated works. But for the other categories it is not so simple. For pro editor it would be possible, but it would give undue advantages to the editors of anthologies. Harlan Ellison might be nominated for AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS (although I wouldn't vote for it) but the vote for Analog (or its editor) would be split over twelve issues. And I can't see any way this scheme could be made to work for the fan awards. Which Rotsler cartoon would you nominate?

7. Since it is the case already for the pro-editor and fan awards, that most people consider, not just the accomplishments of a particular year, but a body of work extending over several years, then why not recognize the situation and rewrite the definitions of these awards

to bring this out?

Then the winning of one Hugo for a particular accomplishment could very well preempt eligibility again for the same accomplishment. It would, of course, be unfair to make this retroactive.



But if, for example, Ben Bova wins the Hugo for editing Analog -- and this should be named as part of the award -- then he would only be eligible again for a significantly different job of editing, an anthology, or a completely different prozine. Similar rules could be applied easily to the fan awards. All that is required is to specify what exactly the person has done to earn the award, and to win again he would have to do something else.

8. Ted White, in a recent issue of Amazing, mentions that neos often propose sweeping plans for the reform of fandom, which embarrass them after they have had more experience. The above may well be an example of what he was talking about.

In Yandro 220; I agree with Sandra Miesel's comments about the Campbell Memorial Award. It seems a deliberate insult to his memory. Perhaps the fans can redress the balance with the Campbell award for new writer at the Torcon. Since this is the first time it is awarded, it would be a fitting tribute to the memory of JWC, and to his ability in developing new writers, to give the award to a writer who can be called the last of Campbell's discoveries -- namely Jerry Pournelle (this statement is based completely on the fact that his first appearances were in Analog during Campbell's last year; I know nothing about the personal or business relationships between the two, and I hope that there is nothing that I don't know about them that would make my statement inappropriate). Personally I think he deserves the award anyway, but it is worth considering that he alone among the nominees is identified with JWC's Analog.

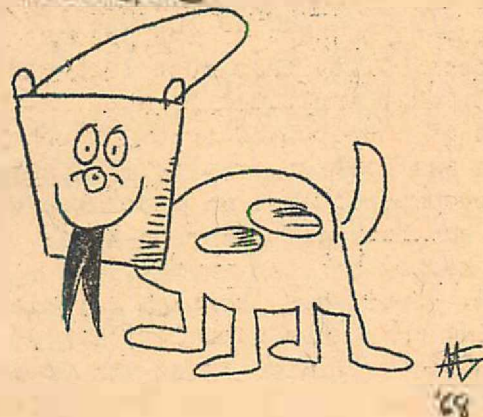
[Trouble with the nominess for the Campbell Award is that Campbell "discovered" most of his major writers so long ago that they aren't eligible for the award. Pournelle is a good competent writer, but so far he hasn't done anything that strikes me as top quality. (In the way, that, say, Michael Coney has done. Or, if you want to go back a bit farther, he hasn't made the same impression that Keith Roberts did in the same number of stories -- or Thomas Burnett Swann, or Bob Shaw, even if I don't like Bob's novels.)//The high circulations of Locus, Algol, etc., could mean that they're providing what most fans look for, but it seems more likely that their ads in the promags are drawing subscribers. RSC]

K. W. Ozanne, 'The Cottonwoods', 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge NSW Australia 2776

A little lower down, you will find a silk-screened questionnaire via which I intend to compile a new fannish "Who's Who". If possible, I would like you to run same in Yandro, not forgetting to include my name and address, since I presume you won't want to handle replies. And don't forget to respond yourselves! (Eric has my stencil cutting in hand, so you shouldn't fear that the finished article will look anything like my dreadful silk screening.)

1. Name:
2. Address: (May be withheld if desired)
3. Age: (may be withheld if desired)
4. Year you started reading SF:
5. Year you entered fandom:
6. Fannish activities:
7. Fannish claims to fame (if any):
8. Name as many BNFs as you can (minimum 10):
9. Which prozines do you read?
10. How many fanzines do you get?
11. Are you willing to reply to casual correspondence? YES/NO/MAYBE:

PALEFACE DOG SPEAK WITH
FORKED TONGUE



12. Are you willing to fill out a more detailed questionnaire? YES/NO

13. Add anything else you wish known.

Results of this questionnaire will be used to compile an interim "Who's Who in Fandom". It is hoped to include all actifen -- but if you don't reply you dnn't get included. Faneds are asked to repeat this questionnaire in their 'zines, but please, nobody resppnd more than once. And no hoaxes, folksas. Deadline is 31-12-1973, but please reply soon for possible earlier publication.

In spite of your being mean, tight-fisted types, I still manage to see Eric's copies of Yandro. Not as good as having my own, but bearable. He didn't know I was locating the fanzines I borrowed, so really couldn't warn me. (And I don't think he knew your policy on locs anyway.) I received a good many fanzines thus, and by requests, to the point where I would estimate that I get about 60 percent of the number you do, judging by your reviews. I'm aiming to contact at least 200 faneds with this questionnaire, so may go ahead of you if many of them decide to send their 'zines. (I loc every 'zine I get on the day I get it, so don't have any trouble continuing to get 'zines once they start.)

By the way, I enjoyed your remarks in Kwalhioqua. Feel free to 'insult' me thus anytime. I am serious, however, about "Waltzing Matilda" as a national anthem. It would be a nice change if evenone country could manage something other than a jingoistic epic. I doubt if your suggestions would have any chance of popular support, though some case might be made for their appropriateness.

One of these days I may try putting out a magazine of my own. Maybe then I will be able to ~~talk~~ talk you into trading for Yandro. It won't be very soon, since I think I should wait until I have been around fandom for a while and have enough people for whom I have written articles etc., to have a fair chance of getting some good material to start. I sure don't want to produce just another crudzine. May try to get into Anzapa later this year to get in some practice at the mechanics.

Did Yandro ever have any reviews while the prozines were still doing fanzine reviews? I'm starting to gather a fair collection of magazines from those days (was too poor at the time to keep up with anything but New Worlds) and find an extra fillip in every time I find reference to someone who is still active. If I were in the US, I think I would be chief prodder of Harry Warner to get out Volume 2. I have enjoyed matching up letterhacks with their descriptions in ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, but have far more magazines from the fifties. (I envy you all those compleat files. It will cost me a lot of time and effort((and money)) to get together a complete file of any of the long-running zines. I'll probably never have them all, unless I can sometime buy a large collection.) I enjoy the 'new' pulps rather more than the current magazines for the most part.

The Hensley article in #220 made me laugh till I cried. And your bit was splendid too. Virginia Kidd now has 3 copies of my story and has sent back 5.

AUSTRALIA IN '75! BANGSUND & ROTSLER FOR DUFF! Bheer for mel

[Since none of our loyal readers would think of dismembering a Yandro to send off a questionnaire, let's hope that some of them will type out their replies, enclose them in a plain brown wrapper, and send them off.// I'm backing "Bluey Brink" for Australian anthem partly because I think it's funny and partly because it proves I know more than one Australian song. (Quick now, how many of you out there thought "Waltzing Matilda" was the Australian national anthem?)// Yandro got reviewed by most of the prozine reviewers, but most of the reviews came while it was still Eisfa; by the time the name change occurred, we had quit sending out free copies to reviewers. (Belle Dietz and I believe Bob Madle reviewed it because they subscribed to it anyway, though Madle complained about our hard-hearted natures. That was probably 15 years ago, if any of you think that my ideas on cash payment are a passing fad.) RSC]

Murray Moore, Box 400, Norwich, Ontario, Canada NOJ 1P0

Whenever a couple of persons include in their exchange endearments like the first sentence of Wodham's letter and your phrase "obvious and occasionally ridiculous errors" I'm sure that at least one party is reacting to the argument with less than objective reasoning, with the result of faulty ripostes. I read Wodham's much differently than you did in the instance of his example of the difference of hitting someone physically and of hitting someone by proxy with a bullet. The point that I got was that if you punch someone you can see the result and decide to not kill the guy that night, whereas if you shoot someone there is a good chance that you will seriously damage him, at least, and there is no way to get out of it. The more involvement you have with your target, the less easier it is to hurt him. Once committed you cannot withdraw.

It seems like the way it reasonably should be v. the way it is.

P. S. Juanita: would you rather be punched around? Or shot.

[Your interpretation may very well be what Wodham's meant, but it wasn't what he said. If he doesn't make his literal meaning clear, that's his problem. (I've written obscurely more than once, and been called on it, and in those cases it's been my problem.). I gave up trying to "interpret" obscure meanings long ago; it's a singularly unprofitable pastime in fandom. (At the same time I tried to write so that I couldn't be "interpreted" by anyone; it hasn't always been successful, but it helps. RSC] [I'm afraid you misinterpreted my words. I wasn't suggesting an option for women's destruction, but their defense. The option should not remain, as it frequently does at present, in the hands of some bully of a male: whether or not he chooses to punch his wife to a pulp. The woman's almost never going to be able to compete on a muscular basis, but if it were known she's capable of equalizing the situation, the balance could even out. As a matter of fact it often does, in certain rural areas of the US, where women are skilled in the use of firearms. At least one local jury has recognized the fact that if a man is beating a woman with the probability she's going to end up dead she has a moral right to defend her life; one of them did, and the twelve men and true called it justifiable. Deplorable she had to go to such extremes. But I hardly feel it's preferable for her to have died instead; call it female chauvinism, if you like. JWC]

Lester Boutillier, 2726 Castiglione Street, New Orleans LA 70119

I enjoyed Yandro #220 even as much as I enjoyed Yandro #219, which was considerably, I liked the review of THE SHEEP LOOK UP, and I was disappointed that it didn't win or even place in the Nebula Awards. Sigh! And it's not even nominated for a Hugo at all! Again: sigh! Something standard like THE GODS THEMSELVES wins the Nebula as best novel and will probably win the Hugo for best novel, too, while an important and well-written work which really drives home the idea that man -- everywhere, but especially in the United States -- is destroying himself through pollution, And if the book is "anti-American" at all, it's probably because we're such blind fuggheads about things like pollution. If Brunner is critical of America, it's because America deserves to be criticized. And I, for one, agree with most of what he says about America,

I must take the side of Don and Maggie Thompson in defending graphic magazines (or comic books) in general against the prejudiced and unknowledgable attacks of people like Susan Kanyon (going by the Thompson letter, since I didn't see #218), but I must depart from their side when it comes to the comics code. Some graphic magazine fans still don't want to admit that Dr. Wertham may have been partially right or that some graphic magazines may have had some excessive violence, sex, gore, perversion, or depravity in the years immediately before the code. Actually some of the old crime and horror magazines, particularly the EC kind, were full of that. And they were aimed at teenagers and preteens, and they were readily available to kids younger than that. That's no longer in the situation now, though -- thanks to the comics code! It seems

to me that in the great debate between the fanatical Dr. Wertham and the fanatical EC magazine fans, the truth lies somewhere in the middle.

The Sandra Miesel letter was interesting, of course. (Incidentally, her believed first letter to a prozine, the one she and her husband had in the January, 1967 issue of If, was recently reprinted as a "great moment in letterhacking" in Wonder Gab #8, now out of print.) And the fanzine review column was the best feature in the issue.

As far as the United Kingdom is concerned, that's a very different culture and a very different situation from that in this country. The FBI statistics in this country show that "Saturday night specials" and other readily available guns are one of the biggest factors in the high crime rate here. And it was a "Saturday night special" that killed George Wallace and another one that wounded John Stennis, both ironically opponents of gun control. Don't believe everything Gun Week or the NRA tells you. Figures don't lie, but liars right figures. And the FBI, hardly a "bleeding heart liberal" or "leftwing commie" organization, says differently. And those individual gun owners who write letters you mention are for the most part members of the NRA or subscribers to one of the gun magazines. When they get an issue of one of the gun mags, which have large circulations, or a notice from the NRA, telling them to write, they write. That's a lobby!

On an entirely removed subject, can anybody tell me who holds the record for having the most fan letters printed in the prozines? I'd like to know that and also especially how many that person's had. Guy Lillian has already beaten me (with 105 to 19) in the race to get the most letters printed in graphic magazines, but I'd like to take a shot at the prozines. And I'm not pessimistic about it at all. The one thing that could seriously put an obstacle in my path would be the death too soon of Ted White or his early resignation as editor of Amazing Stories and Fantastic. But I'd like to know what the record is. Do you know, or do any of your readers know?

[According to the dictionary definition, anyone who writes a letter to his Congressman about an impending bill is "lobbying" so you're technically correct. However, since you never saw any of the pro-gun letters to Congress, you don't know what was in them, and you didn't see any notice from the NRA "telling them to write" because there wasn't any. I doubt if you belong to the NRA; I do, and if there had been any such notice I'd have received it. And if you believe any statistics the FBI has been putting out in the past few years, you're more gullible than most fans. (I may well believe what the FBI says in the future, just as I did what it said 10 or so years ago. But not in the recent past.) Of course government agencies want a disarmed citizenry; government agents who break down the wrong doors and bully innocent citizens are risking getting their heads blown off. The FBI is still far more professional than the other government police agencies (though even they occasionally shoot the wrong suspect) -- but I never expected either Hoover or Gray to issue statements undercutting their other agencies.// I only object when authors concentrate their stories on American pollution. Certainly it exists - but did you know that 75 percent (or was it 90 percent? I forget) of the dogs in Tokyo have black lung? (Presumably the people



THE ONLY GOOD INDIGENE
IS A DEAD INDIGENE.

do too, but dogs are easier come by for laboratory purposes.) But very few authors mention Japanese pollution, or German pollution, or British pollution. The water in much of Europe has been unfit to drink for years, and nobody but tourist information bureaus said anything about it; stf authors certainly didn't. I'd like a bit more objectivity in a fiction supposedly dealing with all time and space. (But as long as Brunner writes so well, I'll keep on nominating him for Hugos even if nobody else does.) // I believe this was the letter that had the "Protest Immorality in TV Programs" sticker on it. I this the group that wants to protect us from such horrendously evil programs as "Maude" and the "Carol Burnett Show"? Well, if I see any immorality on tv I'll protest it -- and when I see imbecility in print I protest that too.

Jerry Kaufman, 622 W. 114th St., Apartment 52A, New York, NY 10025

It has been such a long time since I last got Yandro. Two things strike me rather forcefully. One is that Yandro seems much the same as I remember it. The other is that this is quite refreshing. I like Yandro this way. I must admit that when I stopped getting it before I was bored with it, but that was three years or so ago, when I was bored with all of fandom. This does happen occasionally, doesn't it?

Bruce's columns are longer, and Juanita's shorter, I see. But Bruce just babbles on about nothing much. I do hope his chess playing gets better; my own advice is that he use whole gouda, because it rolls better than brick cheddar.

I have always felt that the "rightwing" nuts far outdo the "leftwing" nuts in general nuttiness. The extreme left seems to write more cogently and in better English. I have seen several letters from both types, though...one that Andy Porter received was from a man who believes that the Catholic church maintains a council of thirteen men who condemn victims in secret. His solution seems to be to have a legislature of 100,000 men in constantly changing squads. This is the gist of four confused and shifting paragraphs. I'd class this as leftist (anti-clerical and democratic) but absolutely mad. Steve Stiles once showed me a handout from a woman anti-communist in New York which made about as much sense, so there is a balance.*

Although I am not a writer, I can add a few libelous remarks to yours on agents: "If you have a really good agent he or she will leave you alone. This way you get to meet lots of fine editors, and after treating them to lunch and selling them your book, you can refer them to your agent. This makes you look even more businesslike. Imagine having someone who'll accept as little as ten percent for signing your checks and getting his name mentioned."

I ran across a shop here in New York that sells all sorts of herbs and spices. Besides the regular cooking stuff (pepper, saffron and so forth) they have healing, aphrodisiac, and good luck herbs, all advertised as curios. Ginseng (at about \$25 a pound), betel nuts ("Bloody Mary's chewing betel nuts. She's always chewing them."), and Southern John the Conqueror Root ("When held in the pocket this root supposedly brings good luck in financial affairs."). The shop is called Aphrodisia, the catalog costs a quarter; Aphrodisia, 28 Carmine St., New York NY 10014.

* This itself is a fine example of a "confused and shifting paragraph". I meant to say that since there are more rightist than leftist people in this country then just because there is a larger pool to draw from, there would be more rightist nuts, and they would tend to go father on their end of the bellcurve. And since leftism tends to be more intellectual than rightism, leftist nuts usually sound more...consistent, if not reasonable than rightists. This has been a nicely unquotable side issue.



[I've never really been bored with all fandom; it uncludes such a delightful assortment of screwballs. Large segments of it have boxed me from time to time, admittedly, but then out here in the sticks we don't have the scintillating brilliance of city life to contrast fandom with... I'd have to agree with Jerry's footnote; the law of averages does seem to produce more and weirder right-wing nuts. Incidentally, has anyone else noticed that in this country leftists defend freedom of expression while circumscribing freedom of action (gun ownership, of course, but also myriad laws on crimes against "the public welfare"), while rightists tend to support freedom of action (the right to make money even while polluting, the right to do what one likes with one's own property, etc.) while circumscribing freedom of expression? Or is anybody interested? RSC]

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

I know your mind often works in strange ways, Buck, but something you said in your editorial runs counter to your own grain. About fanzine reviews you say "I don't like to do them", and presumably this is your justification for going to an abbreviated version with your nextish. My obvious question is to ask you why you'd bother to do fanzine reviews at all -- your current lengthy version, an ensmallled version, or any version -- if you "don't like to do them". Damned if I'd do anything in Awry that I didn't really want to do, and I can't understand why an old iconoclast like you would do anything different. Of course, there may be some quite simple reason why you're writing fanzine reviews when you don't like to, and you just neglected to mention it. Maybe George Scithers wants you to.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR PART-TIME WRITERS was good. Humor aside, there are a lot of people who go through life believing that the intelligent thing to do is to shut up and listen. As an overstatement there's something to be learned by the "shut up and listen" philosophy. The people who can learn the most from it are, of course, those who never shut up and listen. The truly intelligent person knows that there must be verbal interaction if one is to absorb the most out of life. There are some fans you have to slap in the mouth to get them to shut up. There are others I feel like cuffing in the ears to get them to stop listening. It's the ones who "mix" the best who make the better company.

To Mike Coney -- it was in grade and high-school physicals that the short-arm inspections were most popular. It was also a great lot of fun when the school doctor would march down the standing rows of students and grab you by the nuts and ask you to cough. However, since the doctor used the same unwashed hand to cup everyone's nuts you began to get the feeling that everyone had worn the same jock-strap. Or athletic supporter, as they called them. I called them jock-straps, because to me an athletic supporter was a cheerleader.

To Kay Anderson -- How about "Lucas is kissed by a horse suffering from anthrax"? Or was THE RIFLEMAN series a relatively modern western?

[In a later letter, Dave says his last column installment wasn't either short a page and didn't end in mid-sentence. (Okay, but it appeared to end in mid-thought.) On the fanzine reviewing, I get piteous protests from people whose opinion I value whenever I threaten to cut out "Strange Fruit" altogether -- and there are so few people in the world whose opinions I do value that I hesitate to offend any of them. RSC]

I thought of using "Boyd Raeburn is a wino" as an interlineation, but I suppose it would be too private a joke.

AUSTRALIA IN '75

PETER ROBERTS FOR TAFF
