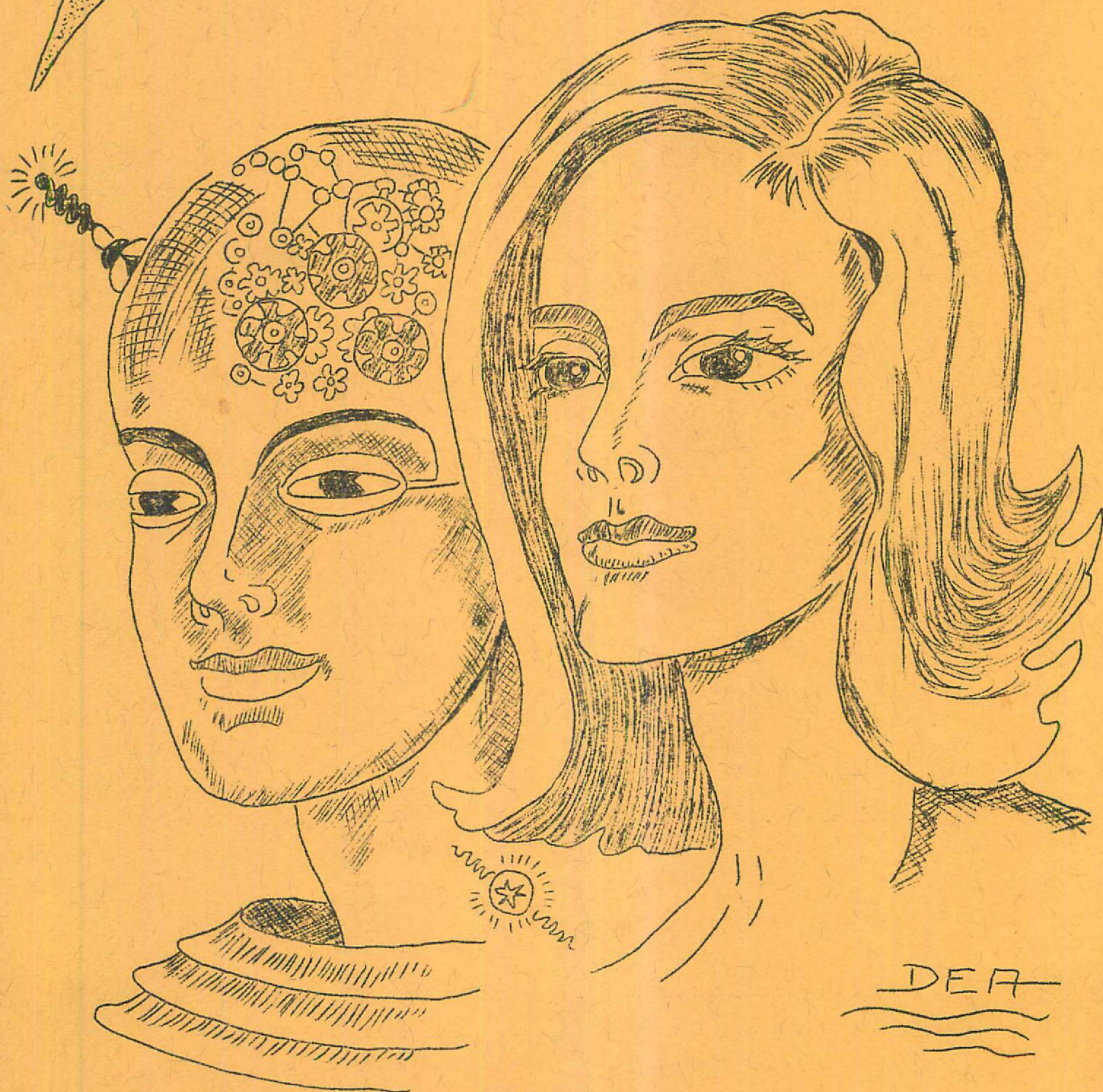


YANDRO

225



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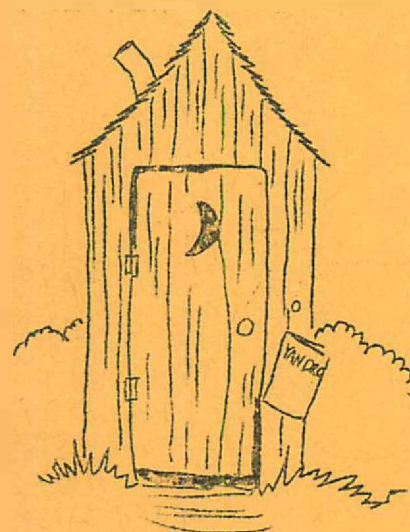
British Agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road,
Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain.

Occasional aid contributed by Ruth Wellons and
Bruce Coulson.

Official Good Fairy is George Scithers, and don't
read any double entendre into that.

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COME BACK...

COME BACK TO NATURE.
USE YANDRO!

"The cull thought to have loped by breaking through
the crackmans, but we fetched him back by a nope on the
costard, which stopped his jaw." (1811 Dictionary of the
Vulgar Tongue.)

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ARTWORK

Cover by DEA

Page 1 - - - - -	Jackie Franke	Page 20 - - - - -	Bjo Trimble
" 2 and 4 - - - - -	JWC	" 21 - - - - -	Freff
" 6 - - - - -	Freff	" 22 (logo) - - - - -	Sheryl Birkhead
" 6 (logo) - - - - -	Dave Locke	" 27 (logo) - - - - -	Richard Delap
" 7 - - - - -	Alexis Gilliland	" 28 - - - - -	Alexis Gilliland
" 12 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn	" 29 - - - - -	Alexis Gilliland
" 13 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn	" 32 and 33 - - - - -	Jackie Franke
" 16 - - - - -	Jackie Franke	" 34 - - - - -	Richard Flinchbaugh
" 17 - - - - -	Dave Jenrette	" 36 - - - - -	Bjo Trimble
		" 39 (logo) - - - - -	Richard Delap

* Published by permission of copyright holder, William Orr. This was originally published in a dittoed pamphlet and sold at St. Louiscon (Orr says that Harlan was one of the few people to buy a copy.) Jackie Franke brought my attention to it, and about 6 months afterwards I ran across Orr and acquired reprint privileges. Copies of the original are still available from William Orr, 1205 Shorewood Blvd., Madison, WI 53705. Negotiate price with him. Extra copies of this issue of YANDRO are probably not available from anybody.



Debating whether a 20th or 21st anniversary issue is the most important -- particularly of a fanzine -- seems not only an exercise but a 4-minute-mile of futility. Depends on where you count from, I guess. I feel a personal fondness for February, since that was the month the first Eisfa/Yandro came out. But then with the new enactments on 18 as an age of majority, I could think of us as well past any anniversary of significance. Or if you're a nitpicker, you'll wait till January/February of '76 to offer any congratulations, since that'll be twenty years after the first use of the title Yandro. I wouldn't make any point of it, since fandom specializes, or should, in

the enjoyment of trivia, and hopefully takes the perspective that as trivia, none of this is important, only entertaining. Hopefully.

But I confess to a bit of recalling the past, since DEA's cover inaugurated the use of the title Yandro. Seemed only fitten to let her usher in the...er...second childhood of these pages.

Yea long ago during some convention Sid Coleman twitted us about slogging along seemingly forever in publishing this thing. Never trying to be spectacular or fandom shaking, because that way leads to Roman candle bursts of mayfly longevity. He summed up our attitude by saying apparently we put out Yan with the same enthusiasm we set out the milk bottles. Which might also explain a creaking decline of frequency as well -- not failure of spirit, but the slowdown of aging bones. Only tottering, grandfan...

As long as they make electricity -- which seems a reasonably safe bet in the coal-rich Midwest -- we'll keep right on plodding along. Without an electric mimeo, I durno if the weakening flesh could manage it. I'm no longer capable of running 300+ copies on a dinky hand-crank mimeo. I started out this thing because I like to produce print. My motives may be unique in fandom, Gutenbergish. Since I first learned the marvels of the printed word, I've had an abiding urge to create mine own versions. The subject isn't always important. It's a drive quite apart from the one that leads me to tell stories on paper and occasionally luckily sell them. This falls in the same category as weaving or painting, I think. The words can be anybody's. I enjoy putting them on stencil -- just as I enjoy putting art on stencil, even if I don't have enough time to do much of it by hand, anymore. I like to proof-read and get annoyed with myself when a virus or too many phone calls or whatever louse up my concentration and make me overlook errors. And I enjoy running the mimeo, checking the emerging printed pages and trying to keep inking steady. I don't mind collating, even. Part of the donkey work of producing the printed word, in my books. And from that point on, my interest in an individual issue drops off rapidly. Oh, I enjoy letters of comment...but mostly as possible new copy to type onto stencil for the next production of the printed word.

When I was a tad, during the second World War, I organized a neighborhood "Junior Red Cross" club, solely in order to produce a "newsletter". I seriously doubt we did anything helpful toward the war effort, but I had a lot of fun with carbon paper and pencil. The infection was enduring, and I see no end of it yet.

But then all fans are a little weird or we wouldn't be here, right?

I feel sorry for the young fans of enthusiasm who publish for several years and then drop out: They're missing all the side benefits of plodding longevity. Maybe it's the Achilles Syndrome, and we've opted for a long and less spectacular fannish life. The short-lived heroes miss the fun of having an almost-forgotten name pop out of the woodwork of the post office, a letter that's tracked you down over years of changes of address...a familiar name saying after ten year's of gafflation the fanning bug has re-bit, and he/she hopes/assumes if anyone can get them back into the swim, it'll be us. Right, too. Like bumping into an old acquaintance on the street and taking him along to your private social club to re-introduce him or her around. I hope they enjoy the second times around as much as the first. But I feel kind of sad they missed all the fun in between.

If I'd dropped out after less than five years in this madhouse, I'd have missed so much. Like a memory of sitting around in the Sea-sick room at the North Plaza and discussing "The Devil Commands" with Robert Bloch, or remembering a midwestern convention where Asimov and Bloch took turns twitting Lou Tabakow about "Sven", or the bagpiper opening the masquerade at Discon I, or The Door Incident (no, that was less than five years after I'd gotten hooked on fandom, admittedly), or the first fan art show, all the various worlcon incorporation broohahas -- which were great fun to watch from the sidelines for dedicated non-con-committee types, watching the innovation of things like all-night films at cons, and the gradual and unlamented departure of those abominable ricky-ticky "bands" at the costume shows. Staying around gives one a nice perspective, keeping the doorway open on a constantly changing show, a door I hope to keep open another 21 years at least... JWC

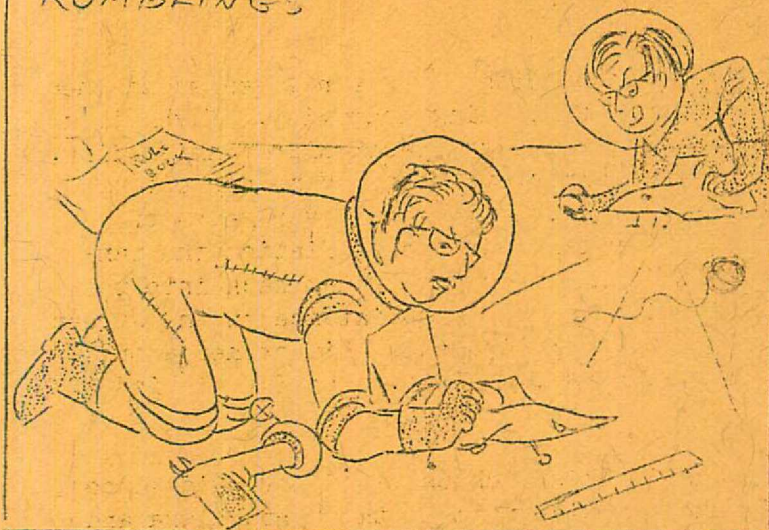
a column

I have an assignment for (Honest Joe)(Chicken Joe) Hensley. You see, most of the chess tournaments I've been attending have been held at the Atkinson Hotel, a run-down place near Union Station in Indianapolis. I recently sent in advance registration to a tournament, and about two days before it was scheduled to start I received a card from the sponsors saying that the Atkinson had thrown us out for "Causing repair costs to exceed revenue", and other things. (Although I suspect the revenue complaint was the real reason; chess players are not known as spendthrifts.) The sponsors were complaining that they received written confirmation on the use of the hotel and that there had been no previous complaints. So I decided that Hensley, with his vast experience of hotels failing to live up to their obligations, would be ideal for suing the hotel. (The proceeds could be used as a prize fund.) I don't know, though; I did better at this tournament than at any other. Maybe the change is good for me.

Do you have trouble with your subscriptions dept.: I, shelling out a good portion of my Christmas loot, got a subscription to a chess magazine in December. In January I received the November issue. I came to the conclusion that it didn't publish in December or January, until I received the December issue in February! If I receive the January issue in March, a complaint will be in order. (Maybe the Scientific American people are getting back at me this way. When I subscribed to it I wrote them that my occupation was Columnist for Yandro magazine, put out by Coulson Publications.)

Referring to the game described in my father's column...I thought it was a great game, as I won both times. But my father had a considerable handicap the second time by having the Rojun ship. It is the weakest craft in the game. The weapon it possesses cannot, except by some wild stroke of luck, hit anybody. And its defenses are hopelessly inadequate. All you have to do is circle and keep firing; eventually you'll hit it and finish it. BEC

RUMBLINGS



This first part of my editorial is a belated review of the game "Alien Space" (\$4.00 from Louis Zocchi, 388 Montana, Victorville, CA 92392). I got this 3 or 4 months ago, but put off playing it for one reason or another; especially during the time Dad was here I didn't feel like playing games. Anyway, Bruce and I got it out today and went through it. The basic idea is a space battle. Eight ships are included: one each of the Earth, Repazoid, Rux, Dort, Zark, Rojun, Kuzi and Zeron Forces. Rules are a bit obscure, but it appears that they may be aligned as combined fleets in any combination, or fought as single ships in a giant

free-for-all. As cautious beginners, Bruce and I each fought one ship, and my first comment is that this isn't the way to do it. If you only have two players, each player should handle at least two ships; while we didn't try it, it appears that the quality of the game improves in direct ratio to the number of ships involved, and two ships are definitely too few. (Though it would probably be too time-consuming for one player to handle more than two ships.) We tried, more or less at random, Zark vs. Kuzi and Rojun vs. Zeron. There was one immediate drawback evident; in some circumstances, the Zark is invulnerable, and those circumstances included a one-ship action against the Kuzi. Badly crippled in the initial exchange, it could not be eliminated until we changed the rules. (It couldn't win, either, but it could go on forever.) Similarly, in a two-ship action, the Rojun has no chance at all - in fact, it has very little chance in a free-for-all. It needs allies. Each ship has different capabilities. Each has one or more "special weapons" and speed and firepower vary considerably. You'll need to count on playing several games before you get all the rules straight. You will also need to count on two hours for initial set-up, if you're using all ships, including manufacture of some equipment, especially for the Rojun. Some large pieces of cardboard, thread or string, and either the suggested plastic sheet protectors and one grease pencil per player, or substitutes such as Bruce and I used; tracing paper and ordinary pencils. You had also better count on a large room, as the ships theoretically start around the perimeter of an 8-foot circle. Not having 8 feet of unimpeded space in our house, we shortened the distance. There are minor ambiguities in the rules, such as the location of special weapons for the purpose of calculating damages, but these can be resolved by the players. Overall, the game is mediocre when only two ships are used, and probably quite good in larger actions. We'll have to take it down to an ISFA meeting sometime and try it.

The book review column is somewhat small this issue because I spent most of the time reading all the 1973 stf mags. Hugo recommendations follow, despite the fact that I haven't read all the possible qualifiers. (Still on the pile are Time Enough For Love, two Roger Elwood anthologies of original material, New Writings #21, The Eternal Frontiers by Schmitz, and several books by lesser-known authors. And of course I don't even have all the stf published in 1973. But as far as I've read, these are the stories that intrigued me the most.)

NOVELS

Syzygy, by Michael Coney (Ballantine) my probable final choice

People of the Wind, by Poul Anderson (ANALOG/Signet)

Rendezvous With Rama, by Arthur C. Clarke (GALAXY/Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovitch)

Friends Come In Boxes, by Michael Coney (DAW)

NOVELLAS

"The Stone That Never Came Down", by John Brunner (AMAZING)

"To Walk With Thunder", by Dean McLaughlin (AMAZING) my probable choice

"The Doomsday Gene", by John Boyd (GALAXY)

NOVELETS

"The City of Ul Chalan", by Richard K. Lyon (ANALOG)

"e Trouble With Project Slickenside" by Dean McLaughlin (F&SF)

"Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh And All", by Reginald Bretner (F&SF)
 "The Women Men Don't See", by James Tiptree, Jr. (F&SF)
 "Susie's Reality" by Bob Stickgold (IF)
 "Alien Stones" by Gene Wolfe (Orbit 10)
 "The Eddystone Light" by Lawrence Yep (Demon Kind) my probable choice
 SHORT STORIES

"How I Lost The Second World War and Helped Turn Back The German Invasion" by Gene Wolfe (ANALOG)

"The Hellhound Project" by Ron Goulart (ANALOG)

"The Alibi Machine" by Larry Niven (VERTEX)

I haven't really decided much on short stories.

"Blackberry Winter" by Doris Pitkin Buck (F&SF)

"The Bridge On The Scraw" by Michael Coney (F&SF)

"In Dark Places" by Joe Hensley (Future City)

It was a good year for novelets; not a particularly good year for anything else. On best editor, if that's still on the ballot (I'll have to look up one of those ballots) two of my last year's choices are gone, so I'll stay with Ted White and Don Wollheim, and maybe add Ed Ferman. I don't have any particular opinion on best drama. Pro artists would be David Hardy, Kelly Freas, Mike Hinge, Alicia Austin, Karel Thole.

Fanwise, my fanzine choices don't change much. TITLE, KWALIOQUA, STEFANTASY, SCOTTISHE, WSFA JOURNAL. Fan writers; Ethel Lindsay, Dave Locke, Sandra Miesel, Bob Vardeman, Dennis Lien, Milt Stevens, Ed Cagle, George Turner. Artists; James Shull, Arthur Thomson, Jim Cawthorn, Grant Canfield, C. Lee Healy, Dennis Dotson, Bill Rotsler, Kathy Bushman, Jackie Franke.

As to TAFF and DUFF, all right-thinking people support Pete Weston and John Bangsund.

We haven't been terribly active in fan activities lately. In the last YANDRO I mentioned that my father was staying with us. He was here for six weeks, during which time most normal activities were suspended. After he almost set the house on fire, just about all activities were suspended while one of us kept an eye on him. Eventually we were turned down by every possible institution - an interesting commentary on the thinking of government agencies is that the state mental hospital turned him down because he wasn't violent and the county farm wouldn't keep him because he was violent - and I gave in to the advice of the local mental health authorities and let him go back to live by himself at Silver Lake. This seems to be working about as well as I thought it would and I'm trying another round of appeals to the state, this time from long range. This sort of thing takes up a lot of time. Every couple of weekends I kill most of a day going up to see how he's getting along, make sure he has groceries, etc. Technically, he can care for himself; he just won't always bother to do it. Senility is not nice, particularly when it's coupled with arrogance. I'll probably be a real hellier if I last another 35 years. (Someone asked if my father wouldn't be a little young for onset of senility. No; it's just that Coulsons approach everything with great deliberation. Dad is 81; I'm 45, Bruce is 16.)

We did manage to get to Milwaukee - and of course to bookstores - one weekend. Mostly we visited with Gene and Bev and with a rather interesting character who was a friend of one of Gene's coworkers. He is blind, deaf, a computer programmer and a science fiction fan, and one of the sharpest people I've met. Communication is by means of a typewriter gadget; as you type, he puts his fingers into the other side of the machine and each key struck causes the equivalent Braille letter to pop up under his fingers. He can speak normally in response. I gather that one of his problems is finding anyone who can type fast enough to hold his attention, and he has a disconcerting habit of picking the kernels of fact from my sloppy, type-infested typing and then replying before the sentence is completed. The most brilliant surmounting of a handicap that I've encountered. (And being both blind and deaf is a hell of a handicap.) The books I got were mostly non-fiction; once I get this stack of review books out of the way they'll show up in the review column. (Probably some of them will show up before I read all the books sent in for review; I can only read so much stuff before taking a break. In fact, one of them - the Ryfield book - is in this issue's reviews.) The one which looks like something every fanzine editor should have is Libel, by Phelps and Hamilton. Now, by golly, I'll be ready for you.....

RSO

DIENEGALTY

COLUMN
BY

dave locke

"DAVE IN TOYLAND"

Christmas is over now, and our living room looks like Toyland. It happens that way, with a six year old.

Small tendrils of the energy crisis slithered into our Christmas this year. Or, more specifically, into our Christmas tree. Los Angeles' Mayor Bradley went on television and requested that no one use lights on their trees this year. He acknowledged the minuscule amount of energy to be saved in such an endeavor, so what he was trying to say was that we should get into the spirit of the energy crisis as well as getting into the spirit of Christmas.

This was fine with me. I had no particular enthusiasm for symbolically celebrating the shortage of our energy resources, but I did rise to the idea of conserving my own physical energy. It's a tremendous pain to hang lights on a tree.

The rest of the decorating is relatively easy, but I curse more at stringing lights than at almost anything else I can think of.

Brian, our six year old, was somewhat indignant about the whole idea of skipping Christmas tree lights. "Don't pay any attention to that guy," he told me, "let's put up lights."

I tried to explain to him the reasoning behind the act (the Mayor's reasoning, not my reasoning), but he looked rather distant throughout the rationalization. So he sat there silently for a few seconds, and then asked: "Who is this man?"

"He's the mayor of Los Angeles," I told him. "Mayor Bradley."

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know," I confessed. "All I know is that he works downtown."

"Take me there," Brian insisted.

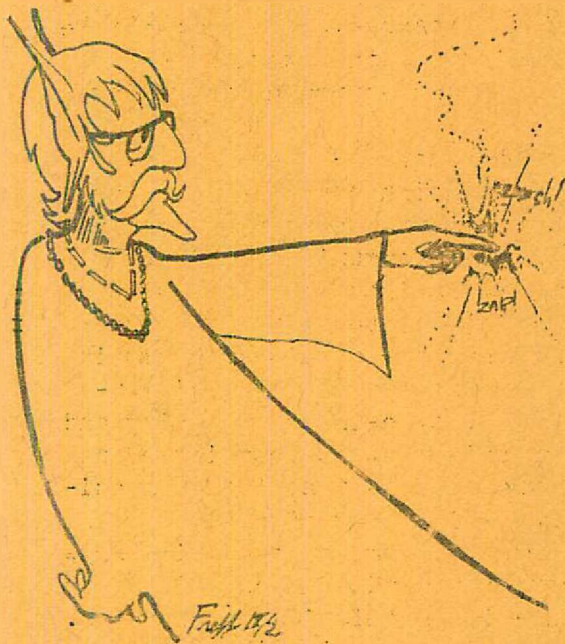
"Why?" I asked, trying to figure out where he was leading this conversation.

"Because I want to punch him right in the mouth."

So much for the spirit of the energy crisis. But we didn't use lights, anyway. I enjoyed not putting up lights so much that I may even skip it again next year.

On the day before Christmas we took Brian down to the park to see Santa Claus. Brian was desperately faunching for a three-wheeled vehicle whose primordial ancestor was something called the Tricycle. What Brian wanted, though, went under brand names like Trail Cycle, or Cheetah. Bucket seats, and large slicks for back wheels. He wanted to be the terror of the sidewalks.

We got to the park a bit early, and sat around waiting for Santa. Ten thousand other kids sat waiting around



for Santa, too. Finally Santa came, riding on the back of a pick-up truck. He Ho-Ho-Ho'ed his way into the park building, tripping over the kids who were grimly hanging onto his legs. Once inside the building, Santa plopped his huge red buttocks onto a folding chair while his assistants forced all the kids to queue up. An adolescent female, dressed in red sweater and blouse, placed a gigantic box of candy canes next to Santa's chair.

Santa's fireside manner consisted of grabbing each child and lifting him or her onto his knee. He would then stuff a candy cane into the child's hand while asking the question: "And what do you want for Christmas, little boy/girl?" The child would answer Santa's question and would immediately be propelled off the knee as Santa bellowed: "Next!"

I was leaning against a nearby wall, listening to all the youngster's requests. They were all pretty typical. "I want a Barbie doll." "I want a choo-choo train." "I want a gun that shoots sparks." Etc. And then Brian was on the knee.

"And what do you want for Christmas, little boy? Ho Ho."

Brian clutched his candy cane tightly, and looked up at Santa.

"I want a Cheetah."

Santa hesitated in the act of performing his knee-trick stunt. He thought for a second and then he said: "Well, we'll have to see about that..."

When Christmas came, all the presents under the tree were for Brian. Our five-week vacation, spent touring the country, had ended just a couple of months previous, so we figured that dropping a grand in various places around the country was sufficient to swell the tide of Yuletide spirit, and that we would refrain from gilding the tree any further. Just a week ago, however, the radiator on our Fiat came apart at the seams. Over \$50. We're going to tie a fancy red bow to the radiator, and then take our Christmas tree out to the carport and set it on the engine lid.

I had hidden the presents in the carport, and on Christmas Eve I brought them all in. Everything went under the tree except for the Trail Cycle (a Cheetah didn't look sturdy enough to last until New Years Day, so we sprung for a sturdier-looking vehicle instead) which we sequestered in our bedroom closet. Brian, all this while, was sleeping peacefully.

On Christmas morning we were awakened by an earthquake which probably would have registered '9' on the Richter scale. It was caused by a small boy who was jumping up and down in the middle of our bed.

While Brian was opening presents, I stole into the bedroom and removed the Trail Cycle from our closet and trotted it into Brian's bedroom. Then I went back out to the living room while he opened the rest of his presents. I'll give him great credit for not acting disappointed over the absence of the three-wheeled vehicle; he calmly stayed in the living room and played with the rest of his toys.

One of those toys was a coin-sorting bank, and Brian announced that he was departing for the bedroom to appropriate his small horde of coins, at which point he would turn and feed them into the bank. Then he exited. We sat quietly as he trotted into the bedroom, waiting patiently for the warwhoop which we knew would be forthcoming at the moment he executed visual contact with the Trail Cycle. Then we heard it. It sounded something like: "Ya-hoo! Oh boy!" He came running out to tell us all about it, all the while pointing back over his shoulder in the general direction of the bedroom.

We followed him to his bedroom to review this major miracle with our own eyes. When we got there, however, he suddenly became quiet and inwardly contemplative.



"I don't think that was there when I got out of bed this morning," he reflected, scratching his nose. "I don't think it was, or I would have tripped over it."

"Well, maybe it wasn't," Phoebe said.

Brian looked at the Trail Cycle and said, slowly: "I wonder if Santa Claus was hiding on the other side of my bed when I got up this morning? I'll bet he was. I'll bet that's it." And then he got on the Trail Cycle and roared past us, running over my foot with the left rear tire.

Now that Christmas is over with, it's time to start working on our New Year's resolutions. I make mine every year for the sole purpose of seeing how long it takes before I break every last one of them. So far I haven't made any unbroken records. I think January 8th is the record to beat.

This year I'm going to take a different tack about it all. I haven't yet figured out what it's going to be, but it will be different.

One of my ideas is to resolve that I will not make any New Year's resolutions. Let's see how long that lasts.

The other is to resolve to not do things that I would never do anyway. I've worked up a few resolutions in this regard.

Resolution No.1: I resolve never to step on John Wayne if he falls off his horse.

Resolution No.2: I resolve never to molest any women who weigh over 400 pounds.

Resolution No.3: I resolve never to vote for Richard Nixon if he runs for the Presidency of FARA.

Resolution No.4: I resolve never to disclose the fact that I chew my hangnails should I ever find myself in a Confessional.

Resolution No.5: I resolve never to waste my energy by purchasing an electronic dildo.

Resolution No.6: I resolve never to participate in an orgy with less than two people.

Resolution No.7: I resolve never to dust any sand castles which I might find lying about on the beach.

Resolution No.8: I resolve never to burn my draft card unless my trousers catch on fire.

I haven't time for any more resolutions. I have to leave for work now. Gasoline is too expensive, and it takes a long time to get to work on the Trail Cycle.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Alan Dodd sends a batch of clippings on the British petrol shortage. Elective governments think alike; one clipping is a huge affair explaining the rationing system and at the same time assuring everyone that it won't go into effect. (I thought only Washington was that idiotic.) Another clipping - probably from the Daily Mirror - informs the palpitating reader that he'll be allowed to drive 10 miles a day after rationing. (No explanation on how this is to be enforced equally on drivers of a Honda cycle and a Rolls-Royce.) Several others recount minor riots at gas pumps. He also sends an article on how marriage is out of fashion in the U.S.; the sort of thing that was in our Sunday supplements 4 or 5 years ago. No wonder some of the British fans have an odd idea of Americans. Rose Hogue sends a fascinating clipping which unfortunately would take a page to reproduce. Joanne Burger sends an editorial from SCIENCE relating the way the country may go if the energy problem continues; a lot of southerners are talking about keeping their oil production for themselves and let the rest of the country go hang. Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi and Oklahoma are particularly mentioned. (Well, Indiana has its own oil wells. Tough about all you people in the east, but.....) The Oblate Fathers of The National Shrine of Our Lady of the Snows offers me a Lourdes Holy Water Font with a bottle of genuine Lourdes water for any donation of \$3.00 or more. (I won't report what Sandra Miesel said about this.....) I was tempted to buy one and present it to the Miesels at a suitable occasion, but right now \$3 is too much for a gag. THE SHARECROPPER reports that beef, milk and dairy products, rice and potatoes will be scarce in 1974. Maybe we'll plant less popcorn and more potatoes in our garden. RURAL ADVANCE reports surprisingly good success in experimental plots of organic crops on "worm-out" soil.

EVERYFAN'S INSTANT LOC*

(SIGNED)

bob tucker

() Sir I have just received the _____ issue of your fanzine and you
Dear () Ms. may judge by the passage of time how () efficient, () sloppy,
() Neutrino () incredible the postal service is these days.

The first overall impression received is that your fanzine is () readable, () fair, () I barely managed to finish, () you are illiterate. In view of this reasoned judgment I suggest that you () keep up the good work, () concentrate on your mimeography, () learn to type and spell, () keep your damned fanzine to yourself hereafter, () gaffiate -- it will be a pleasure to miss you. Generally speaking and in the best spirit of constructive criticism your editing talents are () impeccable, () in need of polishing, () sadly below the fannish norm, () what talent?

I think you () show considerable imagination, () dare to go where no fan editor has gone before, () are too much of a copyist, () are churning out hackwork, () remind me of a cretin.

Speaking of the editorial, I found it () inspiring, () fair to good, considering the source, () a waste of space, () if you own a dictionary look up the word "cretin".

The inking and show-thru were () non-existent, () irritating, () very pronounced, () obviously the result of cheap castor oil and a poor grade of lampblack, () but didn't the salesman tell you it was necessary to use ink?

Having a tin eye as I do, I'm a poor judge of artwork, but I thought the illustrations by

() Franke	() Cawthorn	() JWC
() Gilliland	() Rotsler	() Birkhead
() Adkins	() Gilbert	() Schalles
() Kinney	() Yaffe	() Kirk
() Canfield	() Scott	() anonymous

were, when taken on balance and judged against the text,
() fair representation () remindful of hen scratchings
() passable for a neo () you must be desperate.

The best () article, () column, () fan fiction, () verse in this issue was by _____ but that () isn't saying much, () once again reveals his shallow immaturity, () proves his inability to read and comprehend the English language, () is an obvious effort to start a new feud, () is an admirable exercise in pure logic, () reflects on your stupid judgment. In the future if you really desire to improve your fanzine, you will () listen more closely to my good advice, () teach your contributors how to string simple sentences together, () delete the naughty words, () choose people who read a book before they review it, () reject con reports by fans who were drunk or high the entire weekend, () admit your ignorance and print everything submitted to you.

() You do anyway.

* Not to be used by Harry Warner.

I would like to see some good articles or columns on:

- () Dave Locke's boils
- () Trenchant analyses of the Watergate affair.
- () The politics and lifestyle of Dave Hulvey.
- () New directions in dope and acid dropping.
- () Comic book collecting.
- () The 1972 worldcon financial report.
- () An entire issue devoted to a dirty pro discussing his own works.

It is my belief that you print far too many letters from your readers, and I am moved to wonder if () you are desperate for the egoboo, () you have nothing else fit to print, () you are trying to start a new feud, () you have just read your first issue of a certain prozine and wish to become the Sergeant Saturn of fandom. Despite this gentle criticism however, your handling of the letter column and your replies to the individual readers was () superb, () competent, () run of the mill, () idiotic, () you are a knee-jerk liberal.

You may or may not have seen a copy of my own fanzine (when I was a prolific publisher) but I successfully learned the technique of fan publishing way back in () 1972, () 1965, () 1898, and I was once rewarded with a () Hugo, () Nebula, () Upthrust Finger for use as a doorstop. Considering this background, I feel competent to judge your fanzine on its overall merits and to judge the effort you put into it. In sum, then, you

- () Are doing a damn good job, but
- () Don't know the difference between a fanzine and a yo-yo.
- () Have delusions of being another Ted White.
- () Give fan publishing a bad name.
- () Your son writes better editorials than you do.

This Instant Loc may be torn out and submitted to the editor; and other editors may copy it verbatim for use by their readership.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Hyperion Press has an offer for the fan who has everything; 23 classics of science fiction in hard covers at a pre-publication price of \$175.84 (or in pb for \$81.22). Actually it's not too bad a deal, if you have the money; not that anybody that I know does have. The novels look anywhere from interesting to moderately interesting (if you are at all interested in turn-of-the-century efforts; if not, they look terrible). Though why things like Cummings Girl In The Golden Atom and particularly Metal Monster were included I couldn't say; they aren't that rare. Neither is Wylie's Gladiator, which has seen several pb printings. But the rest seem interesting enough; I'll have to pick up a few. (Not all, by any means.) I have a sample copy of Washington Watch, subtitled "A Private Newsletter". A Private Innuendoletter would be more accurate, though a few nuggets of fact are embedded in this sea of insinuation. The Thompsons send a clipping on a restaurant that sounds ideal for an SCA convention; once a year everyone puts on costumes and enjoys a medieval style feast. (An Irish medieval style feast, since the originator is Liam Clancy.) Interesting...but fattening. Mary Schaub sends several clippings. One is on Pepper's Ginger Ale, a small concern which has been going since 1873, is one of the few ginger ale companies to use real ginger, and mixes each batch in a 40-gallon kettle. It's supposed to be the acme of ginger ales; if I ever go through Ashland, Pennsylvania, I'll have to try some. (The owner not only doesn't advertise; he asked Dun & Bradstreet to give him a bad credit rating "so people don't bother me". That's a man after my own heart.) Mary also sends a clipping on Hunza, a "semiautonomous principality" in Pakistan. (It starts off with a "map of the world" as seen from Hunza which looks even odder than the writer thinks it does; I suspect someone - probably the writer of the article - of misplacing China and Russia.) Nice place to visit, but no fanzines.....

Writer. He is not incapable of writing a bad story. Half of the writers in the field can write better than Alan. My thirteen-year-old daughter can write better than Alan. But no one -- and I repeat, no one, living or dead -- can surpass Alan in what he does best -- whatever that is.

To a young man like myself, it is encouraging to see the direction of science fiction changing, from the science-ridden stories of the older generation of venerated pros of the Early Days, such as Artie C. Cluck whom I admired so in my childhood, to the dynamic, hard-hitting stories that speak to today's generation, however badly written they may be. It is almost enough to make me sit down and write some science fiction myself. I may, someday, gentle reader. *

Ac Isomorph, the famous
science fiction writer

FORWARD: THE PRIME MOVER

Who is Alan Harlison? What is Alan Harlison? A phenomenon. Everywhere one looks today, from science fiction to television and movies, from the underground press to Texas A&M, one cannot escape his ubiquitous presence. When I was asked once why so much of today's science fiction is written by Harlison, I replied with the now-famous Surgeon's Law: "Ninety-percent of science fiction is Alan Harlison, because ninety-percent of everything is Alan Harlison." But who is Alan Harlison? What is Alan Harlison? Perhaps that is best answered by referring to a review I did for National Refuse of his book THREATENING EYESIGHT. I received the following letter from a right-wing Bircher in Brooklyn:

You say Alan Harlison is a Science Fiction Great. I think his writing stinks. I've read every word he's written and its (sic) all trash.

He writes in sentence fragments with bad grammer (sic), and lousy spelling. Disgusting. He thinks by using four-letter words and flowery sentences he can make a crappy story better. His stories are sloppily written, unorganized, unimaginative, and dull.

And so is Bill Bucky's cheep (and again, sic) magazine, too.

* Harlison here. I feel it only right that I should clear up some errors in the Good Doctor's introduction, which are, perhaps, due to a loss of memory in his advancing years. In the first place, I did not say "You're a -- schmuck!" I said "You're a -- fink!" Besides, I did too get Roy Broodbury's autograph, and I'm at least three heads taller than Tom Thumb. So there too.

- A. H.



I answered the psychotic gentleman as follows:

You fail to see the point of my article, sir. I did not deny that Harlison is a lousy writer. I proclaimed it. And this is his strength. It is because he is sloppy, unorganized, unimaginative, and dull that he is Great. The fact that he writes trash, and does so on purpose, succeeds in making his point, in communicating his ideas, as nothing else could.

And so you ask, who is Alan Harlison? What is Alan Harlison? He is a compulsive writer, wild, violent, biting, insane, unpredictable, pregnant, irreverent, ridiculous. His yarns carry that strange mood of drug-induced fantasy, though I hasten to add that Alan does not take drugs. He just looks that way all the time.

He is a free soul, so devoured by his own compassion that he spends hours at a time walking down the street, punching beggars in the mouth. The story that you hold in your hands defies belief. It will shock you, disturb you, frighten you, bore you -- but it will earn your respect. Is it badly written? Remind yourself that Alan can write badly only because he knows how to write well. He is a New Phenomenon, savage, morbid, brooding, offensive, amateurish, verbose, cutting, and, one hell of a good writer. Watch him!

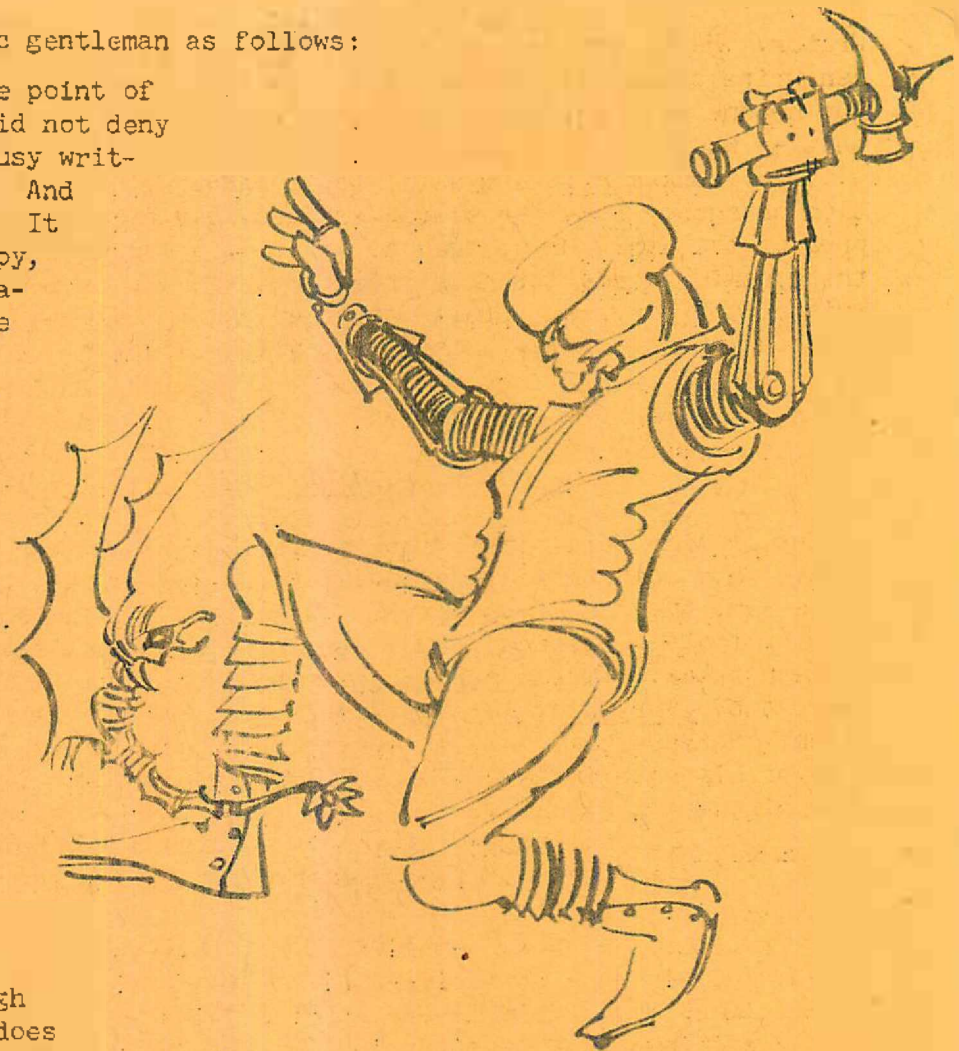
-- Theosoph Surgeon
New York (ah!) N.Y.

PREFACE

I have a mania for writing prefaces to my works, because I feel that the reader is entitled to know something about the writer, what makes him tick, what political party he belongs to, why he writes. So I write prefaces to my stories and prefaces to my novels, prefaces to my letters, prefaces to my shopping lists, and prefaces to my prefaces. Only Gene Boobleberry refused to allow me air-time to read my preface to my Star Dreck script, "The City On The Brink of Infinity". But his show isn't as good as everybody says it is anyway.

I sat down twenty-six times to write a preface to this story. And each time I began to write about the immorality of war, the mind-draining meaninglessness of our society, the horror of the Bomb, the corruption of industry, the blood-bath of Chicago, and each time I rushed to the bathroom and vomited profusely into the antiseptic ivory bowl. Take the story as it stands. I will write no more.

I was first drawn to science fiction in my youth in Puncatella, Idaho, when I



would retreat from the blows of school-kids who beat me savagely as they gleefully cried "Christkiller!" I would hide in the basement and avidly devour books of Ac Isomorph, the famous science fiction writer, or the myriad pulp magazines, and there I saw a vision of a different world. I vowed I would be a Science Fiction Great, and now that vow has been fulfilled.

But only after years of blood, sweat, and tears. I moved to New York -- ah! New York, my city, my mistress, my home, my life -- ah! New York, the Village, Broadway, Times Square -- ah! my New York! -- and began writing, submitting, never quite making it, but always knowing I had what it took. It was my good friend, Laser du Roi, who first took me in, fed me, nurtured my talent, and though at first he sentimentally asked why I wrote such "lousy trash", as he put it, he eventually saw the light.

And the next year at Hobocon, the World Science Fiction Convention at Hoboken, N.J., I cornered my now-good friend, yes, John W. Camel, in the elevator, and sold my first short story, "The Elf in the Feathered Hat", later anthologized under the title "Gnome de Plume". I had taken my first faltering steps on that long, long road that has led me to where I am today.

Since then, I have published hundreds of stories, many under pseudonyms. (I followed the Science Fiction tradition of inventing ridiculous names to publish under, thus the story that you hold in your hands, by "William F. Orr".) And I eventually moved to that glittering cesspool, that neon cemetery, that sugar-coated monster known as Hollywood, where I broke into the movies with my screenplay for "The Obie", one dark skeleton in my hall closet that I am doing my best to forget. And then television, that crystal breast, that plastic nipple, from which the American public sucks its culture. Television people are dumb, reactionary, unimaginative, vicious, greedy philistines. So there I found my home, doing scripts for the short-lived Inner Boundaries and constantly harassing the producers of The Label of the Racket to let me write them a dirty story that would show up the star of the show for the pig he really is.

Now I have left New York -- ah! my New York, I desire you as a man desires a woman -- my city! -- my people! -- ah! my New York! -- for good, it seems, and now divide my time between writing ten short stories a day, playing hippie on Texas campuses, and writing a weekly diary in the L.A. Re-Press. But am I truly happy?

Science fiction is today in birth pangs. A literature of the future is in the making, and the story between these covers is the vanguard of that literature. I am only being modest when I say that this story will cause a stir in science-fiction "fandom" (the world of science-fiction "fans") whose repercussions will be heard in every corner of the world. This is the New Wave. It is not the new wave of Judy Morel, or Sifford Climax's Old Wave. It is the Nude Wave, the New Wave of Guts, Truth, Relevance, and those admirable qualities in which I abound. This goes far beyond my good friend John José Felipa Agricola's novel-length dirty jokes, and my good friend Maius Feinstein's bourgeois attempts at liberalism. It comes from somewhere deep within my innards. It comes from the slums of Chicago; from the fifty-mile hike Lennie Nemo and I took in our silk scarves and love-beads to squash the Grape; from the gutters of New York -- ah! my New York! my city! my life! my love!

My good friend Futs Libra found it "shocking"; my good friend Fleg Pole and his beautiful wife Barbara (who must be beautiful for me to like her with the same name as a girl I once tried to lay in San Antonio, and whose brother attacked me with a horse whip -- but I digress) found it "nauseating".

I wrote it because there is deep within me a fear and a hatred of all the materialistic decadence of this world, of the pretensions of the name-droppers on the roof, of the immorality of a \$30,000 suburban house, and most of all a hatred of the violence that gnaws at the intestines of America. I hate violence! I abhor violence! This is why my stories are all so violent.

I learned about violence in the army. I was always a rebel, and the mind-laundering, mechanistic discipline of the military caused my mind to rebel. One day I refused to go to KP, punched my Neanderthal sergeant in the nose, and stuffed my ass into a pay phone-booth, phoned my lawyer and good friend, Joel Thusly, who, besides being a maniacal driver and former congressional candidate is also a damn good science

fiction writer, and began shouting "Halp!" (that's how Jimmie Hatlo spells it) "Rapel" into the receiver, until the war-mongering lackeys dragged my ass from the phone booth, kicking and shrieking and tossed me into the stockade. By 4:00 that afternoon the base commander had received seven congressional inquiries, a phone call from the President of the United States, and a telegram from the Secretary General of the United Nations, all telling him to stop picking on Pfc. Harlison. My ass was honorably discharged the next week. But not until my Neanderthal sergeant had been court-martialed (courted-martial?) because he made more noise than the Rolling Stones (whom I know quite well) about the affair.

But I digress. Read on, reader. For the story that you hold in your hands will take you to a new and uncharted land, into my mind. Here I stand before you, a humble man, colorful, intrusive, abrasive, irritating, hilarious, illogical, inconsistent, unpredictable, and one hell of a writer. Watch me!

-- Alan Harlison
Hollywood (That glittering
cesspool), California

PROLOGUE

"Where do stories come from?" I am often asked. This is a question so earthshaking in its import and as difficult to answer as "Where do babies come from?" My stories come from the mystical deep streets and alleys of Inspirationville, just south of Compulsiontown on Highway 26 in Subconsciousland. I write like I breathe, and I breathe like I write, involuntarily and under protest.

But this particular story, which is one of my favorites, is easier to explain. I was in a hotel room in Miami, where I had been flown with the cast and crew of "The Obie" for which I wrote the screenplay, one dark skeleton in my hall closet that I am doing my best to forget, when I picked up the Gideon Bible and began reading. I was suddenly struck with the amazing and world-shaking thought that the sufferings of Christ on the Cross, though they have been used by the exploitive Church Hierarchy to enslave the masses, were actually symbolic of the sufferings of all mankind! I was stunned. And at that moment this story sprang Athena-like from my full-blown head. I could not but write. I dashed to the public library, put a quarter into the coin-operated typewriter, stripped off all my clothes (I always write in the nude, in case you chicks are interested) and began feverishly to write. Two days and thirty quarters later, I had finished the masterpiece you hold now in your hands.

The title came to me in a moment of equal inspiration while I was looking at a painting of the same name at Oshcon, the World Science Fiction Convention in East Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

The science-fiction world is a strange up-tight society, and for the next three years, as I submitted the manuscript to one publisher after another, I discovered that, alas, this story is too Honest, too Forthright, too Daring, and too Dangerous for any of them to accept it. They were frightened and could not face Truth, could not face Honesty in writing. And, hypocritically, they didn't even have the courage to admit their gutless fear of printing anything Meaningful and Relevant. Instead, they all returned it, saying it was "a lousy story", or the "most disconnected jumble of sloppy writing I've ever seen", or, in one case, "a big pile of crap", rather than give their real reasons.

So when people ask me why I don't write for Fantastical Fantasy, Obnubulating Stories or Supernova, but rather lesser-known magazines in the field, such as Real-Life, True Actual He-Man Detective Stories and Sexy Broads: the MAN's Magazine, the reason is because these magazines accept avant-garde, socially conscious stories as they are. And I would rather go down to half-a-cent a word than sell out to the spineless panderers of pabulum who run the big publishing firms.

This story is a far cry from the gee-look-at-the-keen-machine stories of the Hughie Halfback era. I am speaking to today's generation on Meaningful Questions. Some of my comments may be acid, but I hasten to add that I do not take drugs. I am try-



ing here, in my own way, to comment on the war in Viet Nam, the Exploitation of the Black Man, the Lie of Liberalism, the Generation Gap, the Alienation of Youth, the Censorship of Television, the Hypocrisy of Government, the Corruption of America, the Human Condition, Man's Inhumanity to Man, The Brotherhood of All Men, the Sisterhood of All Women, the Existence of God and the questions of Lawncorder, Goodnevil, and Death. If what I say disturbs you, don't turn away from me, but ask yourself what's wrong with you. you may see a mirror of your own life in.....

I HAVE NO NOSE AND I MUST SNEEZE

"Ne ekxistas terno, sen nazo...."

-- Zamenhof

The city, cold, dark, bleak, smooth, powerful, cunning, heavy, evil. The city spread out before him. The city, evil, powerful, heavy, cunning, smooth, bleak, dark, cold.

One long, empty, frozen, lifeless, brooding street stretched in front of his smoke-heavy eyes, lit by a monotonous continuum of dusk-lamps, drugged, staring, waiting, patient, insanely logical. The street, long, empty, frozen, lifeless, brooding. The lamps, drugged, staring, waiting, patient, insanely logical. The city, cold, dark, bleak, smooth, cunning, heavy, powerful, evil.

It was night.

Jess Christopher, soldier, murderer, rake, thief, pimp, gambler, drunkard, Presbyterian, crouched like a beast in what few shadows the staring dusk-lamps afforded, his left hand gripping the long, hard, shining, merciless knife beneath his grimy, tattered, blood-soaked shirt. He shuddered...

He shuddered at the city. His left leg ached. His mind was numb, his lips dry. And he wondered how he had come here, why he had come here, when he had come here. Here. To the city. The city, that held him in its fist, played with him, teased him, tortured him. The city that desired him as a man desires a woman. The city that he desired as a woman desires a man. The city that he loathed and could not escape.

Jess Christopher had always been either a winner or a loser. In the army, he was a winner. In gambling, he was a loser. As a thief, he was a winner. In the Presbyterian Church, he was a loser. As a pimp, he had broken even. That is, until now, until Maggie had left him. And now he was a loser. Because a pimp without a whore is like a Fuller man without a brush. A winner or a loser. And now a loser, at the end of that long, muddy road that had led through the jungles of Viet Nam, the bars of New Orleans, the tables down at Morrie's, the houses of Chicago, the waterfronts of New York, the pews of Christ Our Shepherd Presbyterian Church. Jess Christopher, soldier, murderer, rake, thief, pimp, gambler, drunkard, was a loser.

He had not noticed the shop on the corner before, with its flashing neon sign, reading REFUGE, but suddenly his feet had taken him to its doors, as he ran blindly from the alley, where the woman lay, oozing life among the trash cans, her purse lying empty beside her, where it had fallen when Jess had suddenly grabbed her, as she ran in panic, a panic that had communicated itself to his own fear-crazed brain, upon seeing the long, hard, shining, merciless knife clutched in his left hand, only

as a threat, not to be used -- no, not to be used, for he wanted only money, the money that he needed for his drinks, his bets, his crepes suzettes after Maggie, lithe, vicious, savage, sexy Maggie, had left him and moved to Los Angeles with a rich trick, to be free of his jealous rages and his searing hands -- and which had plunged almost of its own volition, dragging his left hand with it, into her chest, and repeatedly slashed and thrust his hand at her already dead and lifeless corpse, until his mind awoke to the fear of capture, of prison, of death, and then he bolted out of the alley, down the street, and into the door of the bare shop whose neon sign flashed REFUGE.

Picture this: A room with no walls. A room with corners, but no walls. A room whose polished wooden floor stretches on and on with no end. A room with no ceiling. An old Coca-Cola Tiffany lamp suspended in the air. Below it, an old man, with waist-long white beard, wearing jeweled tunic.

"You seek refuge?"

Jess turned toward the door, but it was not there, only a door-frame, and beyond it infinite, eternal, mind-devouring, endless lengths of space. His mind boggled. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

"We offer you refuge. Your time-zone has no need for you. We have."

And now, as he crouched like a beast in what few shadows the waiting dusk-lamps afforded, that moment seemed hours ago, days ago, weeks ago, months ago, years ago. The moment when he had entered the shop on the corner with its neon sign flashing REFUGE seemed centuries ago. In fact, it was.

"We of the twenty-sixth century have need of you, Jess Christopher. We have need of your brain, your mind, your central nervous system. Will you come with me, or will you go --" he pointed a gnarled finger at the empty, gaping gorge of space beyond the door, "--back there?"

And now, crouching like a beast in what few shadows the drugged dusk-lamps afforded, Jess Christopher remembered, as in a dream, for it had seemed like some fantastic fantasy, some nightmarish nightmare, seen through a glass darkly -- he barely remembered that he had agreed to travel to this antiseptic century, to leave his own life, his home, his country. For what remained for him there? Prison. Or, if not prison, only the tables of Vegas, the bars of New Orleans, the houses of Chicago, the jungles of Viet Nam. But here he was offered refuge, and he took it.

He had stepped into the weird alien machine, the Temporal Transference Apparatus, and after that his mind was a blank, until he awoke, strapped to a chair with a spider-web of wires attached to his eyes, his skull, his arms, his ears, his nose.

"Where am I?"

"In the Internal Neurological Research Institute." The voice seemed to come from inside his head.

"Who are you?"

"We are only the humble slaves and willing servants of the City."

"What do you want?"

"Information. And your brain, you mind, your central nervous system will give us that information."

Then the pain began. The burning, freezing, shrieking pain in every cell of his body. He screamed. He had a mouth, and he screamed.

"Bless you," answered the voice.

And then the nightmares began, the horrible, seven-headed, bat-winged, fanged monsters gnawing his throat, the tentacled, scaly, three-eyed goat clawing at his entrails. A hundred thousand million billion horrors that attacked



the deepest recesses of his mind, and cruelly, viciously boggled it.

Years it seemed. Centuries. He had stood on the edge of the city forever. And now he crouched like a beast in what few shadows the insanely logical dusk-lamps afforded, his left hand gripping the long, hard, shining, merciless knife beneath his grimy, tattered, blood-soaked shirt. Soaked with the blood of the guard he had killed when he escaped from the Internal Neurological Research Institute of this mechanized, inhuman twenty-sixth century. He could see it vividly in his mind as if it had been yesterday. In fact, it had.

He had driven the knife through the guard's uniform, deep into his sternohyoideus, turning toward the left, into the omohyoideus, severing the subclavian artery and the descending branch of the transverse cervical to the costal surface of the scapula, and ending in the sternocleidomastoideus. On the second stroke, he had carved downward through the clavicle and the pectoralis major, into the pectoralis minor, and across to the subscapularis and the teres major, slicing the acromial branch of the thorocircumflex artery. He paused only a moment before raising his hand and bringing the long, hard, shining, merciless blade into the rectus abdominis, slashing the obliquus internus abdominis, the fascis transverse, the annulus inguinalis subcutaneous, down, down, down into the serratus anterior, ripping the tela subserosa, gashing the intestinum jejunum, the plica umbilicalis lateralis.

It was a bloody mess.

Jess Christopher ran in panic, blindly down the hall, breathing heavily.

CLUMP!

CLUMP!

CLUMP!

CLUMP!

PUFF!

PUFF!

POOF!

POOF!

CLUMP!

CLUMP!

CLUMP!

CLUMP!

CLUMP!

He found a door.

RATTLE!

SQUEEK!

CLUMP!CLUMP!CLUMP!CLUMP!

..... ISLAM!

The woman before him was tall, cool, and savage; smooth, Michelangelo-sculpted neck, a pillar, proud; and alla that face. And for a microsecond he thought -- but no! -- MAGGIE!! Oh, those eyes, them eyes. Ah, them eyes. Iiiii, those eyes. Deep purple pools of loving rage. But it couldn't be Maggie, not in this insane world, in this mad world, in this mad, mad, mad, mad world. The woman wore one thin, loose garment to her neck. Only her right arm and hand were visible, and alla that face, and her smooth, Rodin-sculpted neck. Her face unchanged, her hand rose to her neck, to her Cellini-sculpted neck, and pulled the shimmering, flowing, cascading garment from her body. What lay below caused Jess Christopher's eyes to dilate in terror, his sweat to turn to vinegar, his jaw to drop, his nose to twitch, his legs to buckle, his palms to itch, his gorge to rise, his head to burn. What lay below ripped through his fang-fucked brain and scorched his aching entrails. It was not what he had expected.

Below her smooth Picasso-sculpted neck, the woman's body was made of cold, hard, smooth steel. Her left arm was a handle, like the handles Jess Christopher had known so well in Vegas, when moon-monster octogenarians hunched with single-minded determination over miles and miles of cold, hard machines of dream-promises, and pulled, eternally pulled the handles, pulled. But just below her smooth, Warhol-sculpted neck (and alla that face!) the true, ungrippable horror lay, which blew his head. Two perfectly molded, sensually symmetric teats of glass! Jess Christopher screamed a shriek that echoed through the living, evil, alleys of the city. He shrieked a scream that pierced into the city's alien mind, down into the depths of the living creature that was the city, and it bellowed back in rage. Jess Christopher screamed,

THE HERD

MY OYSTER

BY MICHAEL G. CONEY

A science-fiction writer must have a working knowledge of most of the sciences, but he will always have his own preferences, those little angles on a plotline which will characterise his stories. My personal favourite science is psychology -- and a good thing too, because it enables me to recognise the fact that my son, Kevin, aged fifteen, is challenging me for leadership of the herd.

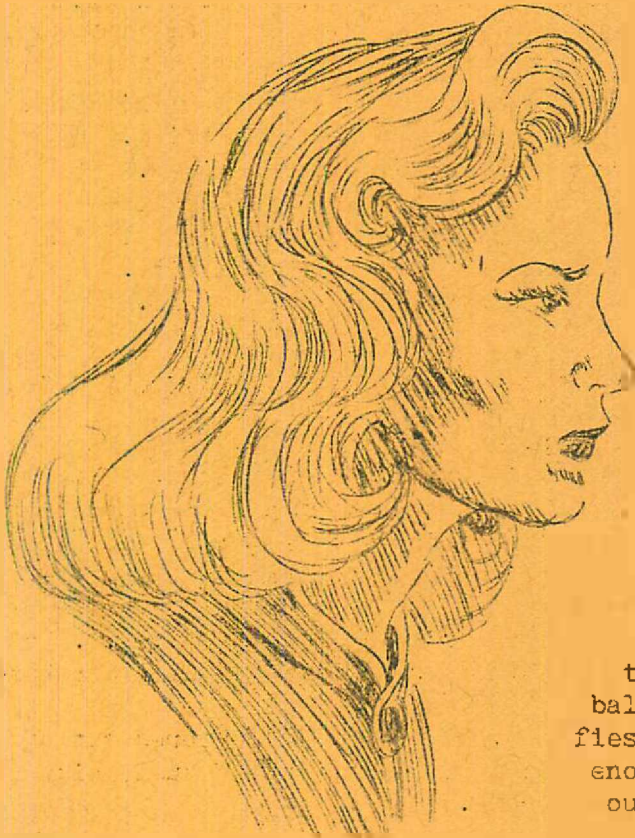
Our herd is small as herds go. It consists of myself, my wife Daphne, my daughter Sally, and, until recently, Kevin. But now Kevin is standing on the outside, as it were, snorting and pawing the ground. The moment I get up he steals my favourite chair. The moment I leave the room he switches the TV channel. He punches me with rough affection in the ribs, after beating me at Bobby Orr Table Hockey. It is taking all my energy just to keep up with him. I am feeling old and tired, and my antlers are brittle.

Sometimes I like to just sit and think -- God damn it, I'm over forty -- and he comes looming over me, tall and hairy and lanky, munching a peanut-butter sandwich and trying to get me to do things. I know what he wants to do, of course. He wants to play a game that he can beat me at. At the Torcon I bought 4000 AD thinking that

this game, which was new to both of us, would give me a sporting chance. But I can't seem to get the hang of it, and his spaceships seem to be everywhere at once, and he beats the shit out of me, every time. I've hidden the box, now.

He keeps driving the car. Of course, he can't drive on the highway; but as soon as we reach a campground and I get out to check in, he slides behind the wheel and away he goes, wheels spinning, trailer bouncing behind in a weird ritual of burgeoning manhood. Often he will disappear while the actual task of erecting the tent trailer is in progress -- but he's soon back, tall and obscenely acned. "Whadde we gonna do now, Dad, huh? Huh? Huh?" At each grunt of

interrogation he kicks the flimsy aluminum thing I'm lying on. He bounces a huge red ball right by my head. I think the ball signifies something but I just haven't gotten far enough in my psychological studies to figure out what.



His feet are enormous and wherever I am it seems I hear this awful drumming of hooves as he hunts me down and challenges me. "Game of football, Dad, huh?" His voice sort of trumpets about the place and the other day I found clumps of hair on the furniture and I swore he'd been moulting, but Daphne said it was the cat. For his own good I have to exercise the remnants of my authority and tell him to get the hell out from time to time -- because I can't figure out what he's going to do with the herd when he's got it; and incest, though interesting in the abstract, is not good for the species.

It is not always realised how much authority is vested in the senior cow of any given herd -- in this instance, my wife. Often she will tackle Kevin where I have failed -- or where, in a bizarre example of mistaken identity, he has challenged her instead of me. I still recall the evening she took him severely to task after he had beaten up Sally. I heard the shouting at the other end of the house, and huddled within myself, feeling suddenly cold. Within minutes he came stamping into the room, virtually in tears, crying, "So far as I'm concerned, you can keep the lousy herd, Dad!"

I, too, have had my modest successes, though few indeed. A major triumph occurred some months ago in a Simpsons-Sears department store, when a giant Winnie-the-Pooh approached him and gave him a toy balloon. I have often laughingly reminded him of this occasion -- in fact I find it a useful thing to remember, whenever the going gets rough. I have never bothered to tell him that it was I who engineered the event, I who spotted the Winnie-the-Pooh, quietly went up to it and said, "You see that tall boy over there with the bad complexion? He's my son. It would mean a lot to him if you gave him a balloon. He's not very...bright, you know..."

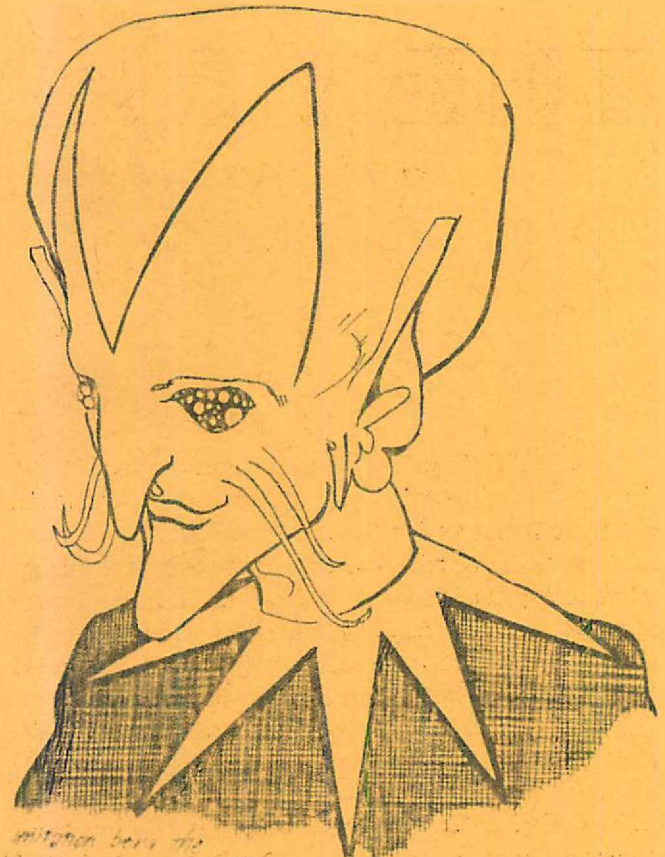
But Christmas has come and gone and he's got a table-tennis table, and things are becoming worse. He stands there snorting on the far side and he sends an endless stream of fierce smashes towards me, the ball a white blur like a comet, like...like white sperms, a torrent of sperms issuing from his flashing paddle, insulting my flagging manhood, vying for supremacy, winning, winning...

I can say no more, the humiliation is too great, my fetlocks too sore. It's snowing outside; maybe I'll wander off into it.

 Highbrow scientific humor department: Have you heard about the nearsighted zoologist who failed to differentiate between his onager and a scalopus aquaticus in its natural habitat?

 And a literary outrage: "He cut the best bon mot I ever made because he doesn't understand Aramaic." (Sandra Miesel, in a complaint overhead by your editor at Cham-banaccon.)

 Names on the Land Dept: Alan Dodd sent a batch of stamps, one of them with the postmark of Uckfield, Sussex, affixed. I wonder who named it - and why?



*With a bear, the
 highest form of soullessness*

HSC

reading ('redin')

derived from

books

Golden Minutes

THE GALACTIC REJECTS, by Andrew J. Offutt [Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., \$5.50] The idea of a juvenile by Andy was intriguing. But somehow, he managed, by superhuman control, to write a novel without any sex in it. (Or at least, not much...) Three thoroughly spoiled, nasty products of galactic civilization are stranded on a more or less primitive planet (horsepower and primitive industry era) and gradually learn how to get along with people and make themselves useful. The finish, with alien invaders and all, is a wee bit melodramatic, but in general it's a good straightforward story, well told. It's encumbered with lousy artwork, but there is a nice dust jacket photo of Andy in a characteristic pose, counting on his fingers. Recommended for teen-agers.

THE WAY HOME, by Joan Phipson [Athenaum, \$5.50] As there is no explanation at all for the supernatural elements in this, it would be classed as a juvenile fantasy. Very bad fantasy, as a matter of fact. The characterization of the children, lost in time and trying to get home, is fair, and I approve of the moral that Man was not meant to stray too far from nature. But the deus ex biologica of Mother Nature is simply not very well handled. Joan Phipson is called "one of Australia's leading writers," and she possibly is -- when she does non-fantasy books. But she needs more than a conviction that Nature's Way is right in order to handle a fantasy based on the theme. This is not a book for young people, it is a book for young girls, of the type who enjoy saccharine dialog and will grow up to read gothics.

THE PREPOSTEROUS ADVENTURES OF SWIMMER, by Alexander Key [Westminster, \$4.75] This is juvenile month. Key has much the same theme as Phipson, but then he has it in all his books and has had plenty of practice in handling it. If you can suspend your disbelief long enough to handle a talking otter, the rest falls into place nicely. The story-telling is of the old-fashioned type (reminiscent of books I read when I was a boy, which probably prejudices me toward it) with blackly evil Villains and virtue triumphing and the whole lot. Not nearly as ambitious as Phipson's book, but better realized. I've read the whole thing before, only it was a dog story when I was a boy -- a dog story by Albert Payson Terhune, probably. It's been ecologized but not changed noticeably. Recommended for 10 to 12 year olds and adults with acute nostalgia.

THE PECULIAR EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER FELLOWES, by Sterling Lanier [Walker, \$5.95] This was a Christmas present -- the first one I read. I had read all the stories previous in F&SF, but I reread all of them and enjoyed them all over again. These are the sort of well-told, solidly based fantasies that I used to get in book form; the Dorothy Sayers collections and other such classics. The gimmick of having the Brigadier relate these tales at his club doesn't impress me much, but the stories do. Each concerns an adventure with a particularly malignant or horrifying creature. Stories include "His Only Safari" (African monsters with overtones of "Who Goes Here?" among other stories), "The Kings of the Sea" (mermen), "His Coat So Gay" (the Wild Hunt), "The Leftovers" (proto-men; for some reason this is the story of the lot that I remembered the best, though "His Coat So Gay" is probably the one I

liked best while reading), "A Feminine Jurisdiction" (medusae), "Fraternity Brother" (Cro-Magnons; the slightest story in the book), and "Soldier Key" (giant crabs). All, except possibly "Fraternity Brother", are well worth reading, and then rereading at regular intervals.

THREE FACES OF SCIENCE FICTION, by Robert A. W. Lowndes [Nesfa Press, \$5.95] Small book for the price, but then it's a 500-copy edition and I wanted it partly as a collector's item. (Mine is copy #117, and for some reason it's autographed.) These are the essays on the purposes of science fiction which Lowndes first wrote when he was editing Famous Science Fiction. While I have them in magazine format, they're worth hard covers. I don't always agree with Lowndes' judgment -- at one point he cites Burroughs' THE MOON MAID as the one Burroughs book he disliked, while it's the one Burroughs' book that I do like. (And thus I look on the entire line of reasoning he illustrates with it with a somewhat jaundiced eye.) But on the whole this is a very well-reasoned study of the field.

BREED TO COME, by Andre Norton [Ace, \$1.25] Here's one for the cat-lovers in the audience. Man has gone -- to the stars -- and a ravaged Earth is inherited by the mutated cats. (With some aid from the pigs, some dubious help from dogs, and vicious opposition from mutated rats, who serve to point up all the evils of mankind.) Essentially it's a barbarian-civilization book, and certain feline characteristics -- such as the fact that the females of the species are generally the best hunters -- are avoided in order to bring the story closer to the barbarian-human norm. But while the depiction of a realistic feline civilization is avoided, it's a good adventure story for teenagers and old Planet Stories readers like myself.

CATHOLICS, by Brian Moore [Pocket Books, \$1.25] Expensive, for 115 pages. This was on tv some weeks ago. It was an excellent show (at least to this non-Catholic critic) and an extremely close adaptation of the book. In fact, about the only difference is that where the books shows the thoughts of the characters, the tv show had to translate this into dialog. It's only claim to being fantasy or science fiction is that it's set in the near future, but it's a very good story. I have to assume that the religious practices depicted are accurate, but the theme -- individualization versus obedience to law or authority -- is not specifically Catholic or even religious.

THE PRITCHER MASS, by Gordon Dickson [DAW, 95 cents] Actually this is the old van Vogt plot of the superman who doesn't know his own strength until his enemies force him to use it. Gordy ties up the loose ends better than van Vogt did, but he never really suspended my disbelief. Further, I'm getting tired of stf writers ending all our pollution problems by magic in the last chapter. This is a pretty good adventure story, but Gordy has done a lot better.

THE TIN ANGEL, by Ron Goulart [DAW, 95 cents] Another of Goulart's fumbling secret agents, this one harassed by a smartass cyborg Cocker Spaniel with delusions of being a showbiz star. Aside from the alleged action (rescuing a newspaper reporter who has uncovered a Plot) it read much like any other Ron Goulart book. Which, if you don't make the error of reading more than one Goulart book a week, makes for quite enjoyable reading. I thoroughly enjoy his dialog, if I'm not exposed to too much of it at a sitting, and I approve of his theme that the glorious world of the future will be just as irrational and prone to malfunction as this one.

TIME-JUMP, by John Brunner [Dell, 95 cents] A collection of his more humorous short stories. Includes "Speech is Silver" (sleep-learning, psychotherapy and salesmanship; a moderately bitterly story, actually), "The Warp and the Woof-Woof" (an interplanetary invasion goes to the dogs), "The Product of the Masses" (a frigid female scientist makes a slight error in studying an alien species), "Death Do Us Part" (legal contracts for ghosts), "Coincidence Day" (alien contact with a difference),

"Whirligig" (another reason for time travel), "Nobody Axed You" (video realism carried to the ultimate -- and nasty, not to mention quite accurate, comment on viewer mentality), and three "Galactic Consumer Reports" (parodies of the current consumer magazines; not terribly funny but much better done than similar items by other sf authors). Overall, a pretty good collection. Three of the stories have only British publication listed under copyrights, so will probably be new to most US readers.

JUPITER, edited by Carol and Frederik Pohl [Ballantine, \$1.25] An anthology of fiction about the big planet. Includes "Bridge" by James Blish (an engineering story which is a minor classic in the field), "Victory Unintentional" by Isaac Asimov (a very funny story about literal-minded robots which I get out and reread every now and then), "Desertion" by Clifford Simak (a fine little item on the wonders of alien life), "The Mad Moon" by Stanley Weinbaum (fairly typical of the heavy-handed humor and romance of the 1930s, except that since it's by Weinbaum it's better written than most), "Heavyplanet" by Milton Rothman (one of the earliest stories from an alien -- if humanoid in thinking -- viewpoint; good), "The Lotos-Engine" by Raymond Z. Gallun (another early story, of the problems in using an alien artifact; fair), "Call Me Jpe" by Poul Anderson (a somewhat longer story on the same theme as Simak's -- probably better written than Simak's, but I enjoyed the earlier version more), "Habit" by Lester del Rey (an early-day adventure story with a scientific gimmick and gobbledegook masquerading as engineering talk), and "A Meeting With Medusa", Arthur C. Clarke's recent novelet which garnered more fan praise than I thought it really deserved. Overall, a pretty good anthology if you haven't already read most of the stories -- I'd previously read all of them, but some of them stood up well to re-reading.

SWORDSHIPS OF SCORPIO, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW, 95 cents] Burroughs-type sword and sorcery, with the usual impossibly noble, supermannish hero. Not my dish of tea, at all, but if you like Burroughs this is good enough for you.

THE PHAETON CONDITION, by Douglas Mason [Berkley, 95 cents] I no longer read Mason, but if you do, here's a new one from him.

THE TELZEY TOY, by James H. Schmitz [DAW, 95 cents] I read the Telzey series longer than I do most series, but it started to bore me some time back. This was in Analog in 1970 and 1971, where I didn't read it.

STAR HUNTER & VODOO PLANET, by Andre Norton [Ace, 95 cents] Reprints of two Norton novelets. I found them mediocre.

SWORDS AGAINST DEATH, by Fritz Leiber [Ace, 95 cents] Second book in the Fafhrd and Mouser series, reprinted. Quality of the stories varies, but on the whole this is as good a sword and sorcery series as one can get.

THE SILKIE, by A. E. van Vogt [Ace, 95 cents] Reprint of a 1969 item in which van Vogt proved that he still can't write very good novels.

PERRY RHODAN #35 and 36 [Ace, 75 cents] More of the endless German science-fiction serial, combined with short stories, movie reviews, an incredibly poor letter column, and Forry Ackerman's puns. Not my type of book, but an interesting phenomenon of the sf publishing world.

MY FAMILY AND OTHER ANIMALS, by Gerald Durrell [Viking Compass, \$1.45] This is a companion to BIRDS, BEASTS, AND RELATIVES, which I purchased and reviewed some time ago. It deals with a year in Corfu spent by the rather incredible Durrell family when the author was about 10 years old and a budding naturalist and his older brother Lawrence was about 20 and a budding writer, and it is a fabulously funny book. From their arrival at the hotel, accompanied by half the stray dogs on the island,

through Lawrence's attempt to light a cigarette with a live scorpion (Gerald had imprisoned it in a matchbox and left the matchbox on the mantel) to one of the most hilariously disastrous dinner parties ever chronicled, the book makes the Durrells sound like fascinating people to know -- from a safe distance. There is natural history in the book, but mostly it's humor and a little nostalgia, and it's great.

THE BLOODY BENDERS, by Robert H. Adleman [remaindered, 47 cents] Which is about right; I wouldn't have wanted to pay the original \$7 price. At that, I thought when I bought it that it was non-fiction; it turns out to be a semi-fictionalized account of the mass murderers of Kansas in the 1870s. As a novel, it's quite good; as history, I wish it was less of a novel.

WANTED!, by Frank Gruber [Bantam pb, secondhand, 10 cents] Gruber occasionally wrote entertaining Westerns, but this exceedingly fictionalized account of the same Bender family encountered above is not terribly good. The hero is not only cardboard, but unsympathetic cardboard at that.

1811 DICTIONARY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE [Digest Books, \$1.95] But I got mine as a bonus with some gun books. A reprint of a dictionary of 1811 British slang, and quite interesting. The blurb makes much of the fact that "Pig" is defined as "a police officer" but of more interest to me were such items as a Baker's Dozen being 14 (presumably some ancient inflation lowered it to 13 before it came into common usage in this country), Gibberish being "the cant language of thieves and gypsies", &c. To Giggle is "to suppress a laugh". An ambidexter is "a lawyer who takes fees from both plaintiff and defendant", which might be an interesting idea to bring up in conversation with Propp and/or Hensley. There is the occasional item in which the definition is no help; "Little Barbary" is defined as "wapping". And there are many of the terms used in Georgette Heyer novels, as well as a lot more that are much too vulgar for Heyer's most depraved characters. Not a book to read straight through, but fun to dip into. I was intrigued to find that "Buck" was either "a gay debauché" or "a dead horse".

LADY OF QUALITY, by Georgette Heyer [Bantam, \$1.25] Another romance with a hero I can identify with. (He comments that he finds it difficult to understand why some people are unable to get rid of bores. "Perhaps," offered Miss Mychwood, "it is because very few persons -- if any at all! -- are as rude as you are!") Mostly, though, I enjoy many of Heyer's novels because she stresses the importance of two qualities, intelligence and humor. Since that's what I look for in the people I meet, I enjoy Heyer's characters, even in their rather improbable romances.

DIED ON A RAINY SUNDAY, by Joan Aiken [Dell, 95 cents] One never knows, with Aiken. This turns out to be a more than usually improbable gothic; definitely not one of her best efforts, though she does manage a magnificent set of villains.

CLOUDS OVER VELLANTI, by Elsie Lee [Lancer, secondhand, 10 cents] Fairly standard gothic, though better-written than most. European setting.

SINISTER ABBEY, by Elsie Lee [Dell, 95 cents] I'm loyal to my correspondents... Another European-setting gothic (have you ever written a gothic set in the US, Elsie?) and again a much better-written gothic than average, but not particularly recommended to science fiction fans..

HARBOR LIGHTS, by Anne Duffield [Berkley, 95 cents] Ms. Duffield is listed THE GRAND DUCHESS, by Anne Duffield [Berkley, 95 cents] as "Queen of Romantic Fiction" on the cover, so I skimmed enough of these to find out if she posed any threat to Georgette Heyer. She doesn't. God, are these bad! I expect they will be terribly popular with the sort of mundane housewife who watches soap operas, and they're thick books, so you get

a lot of crap for your money, but characterization, plot, dialogue, and anything else you want to name are ridiculous. I can see some gothics. Writers like Elsie Lee and Joan Aiken can be entertaining even at their worst, and there are times when I want something totally light and frothy, and a gothic or a Western (there isn't much to choose between the genres as to quality), if well written, is just what I'm after. But I just don't have any contact with the sort of mentality that could enjoy Duffield; or most of the other gothic writers, for that matter.

THE BEST OF NATIONAL LAMPOON #3 [\$2.50] MAD magazine with sex added. Like MAD, the material ranges from incredibly dull to remarkably funny. Actually, I bought this at the request of Alex Yudenitsch, but as long as I had it, I looked it over.

THE GLASS HARMONICA, by Barbara Ninde Byfield [remaindered, \$2.98] This is also out in paperback as THE BOOK OF WEIRD, but when I asked the girl on the paperback counter about it she said "We don't have any yet, but we have the hardcover on sale upstairs". She also volunteered the information that it was on the juvenile table (which is why I hadn't noticed it previously in my perusal of the sale books upstairs) and that it was "a great book". (Since I'd already been told this by Florence Stevenson, Maggie Thompson, and Robert Bloch, I was reasonably convinced, but it's nice to get another confirmation.) If you look for it on remainder counters, it's a squarish book with a tan dust jacket, and it is well worth looking for. I wonder how well it sold, since it's a juvenile for intelligent children, and U.S. publishers just don't publish that sort of book. (Juanita remarked that it would be a pretty sharp kid who would understand the comment that alchemists "are people who live in stone houses and blow glass".) Ostensibly it's an encyclopedia of juvenile romantic literature -- fairy tales, fantasy, gothics, swords and sorcery, etc. and it manages to be both factual and whimsical at the same time. (There is a diagram of a castle, with all the parts labeled; bailey, bastion, ravelin, crenel, machicolations, barbican, bartizan, etc. A totally sober description except for the (labeled) figure of a partisan standing on the bartizan.) In fact, it's the ideal book for fan children, ages 12 up to however old fan children get (70, didn't they say Tucker was...?).

APPALACHIAN WILDERNESS, by Eliot Porter [Ballantine, \$4.95] But mine was Christmas present. This is the newer, large-size Ballantine nature-photo book, and one of the best they've done; just possibly the best. The photos are as good as any Eliot has done; if the ones in IN WILDERNESS IS THE PRESERVATION OF THE WORLD are more to my taste, the larger size of these allow more detail and better viewing. The text by Edward Abbey is quite possibly the best in the entire Ballantine series; humorous, nostalgic without being maudlin, ecological without too much of the idiotic mock-poetry endemic in ecological writing and technophobia that is bearable if irrational. In fact, this is one of the few books in the series in which I actually bothered to read the text. Highly recommended.

THE ANATOMY OF MENTAL ILLNESS, by Arthur Janov [Berkley Medallion, \$1.50] More on Primal Therapy, for those in the discipline. (This is one ballyhooed about like Bloch's post-PSYCHO works are; at first glance you would have thought the title of the book was THE PRIMAL SCREAM, until you read the smaller print and discover it's by the author of...) Technically, I guess, psych is my discipline, and my attitude toward all such variations in theory is a firm, well...maybe. Very subjective, just like the field itself. Interesting if not convincing. JWC

THE NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM, edited by Norman Lewis [All Berkley PUTNAM'S CONTEMPORARY GERMAN DICTIONARY Medallion Books, all 95 cents] Check PUTNAM'S CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN DICTIONARY for possible under-inking in any copy PUTNAM'S CONTEMPORARY FRENCH DICTIONARY you buy; the Roget's we received is unreadable on some pages. Dictionaries include useful appendices on verb conjugations, etc. Type-face a bit small. JWC



GRUMBLINGS!

Robert Bloch, 2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles CA 90046

Now there's a slammer for you -- that modest little sentence on the editorial-contents pages, which begins, "Next issue will be our 21st Anniversary Issue"...

"Can't be," I said to myself. "Impossible." And then I began crawling down memory lane on hands and knees till I got back as far as 1953, and -- bang! -- bumped my nose on Yandro #1, or at least a reasonable facsimile of same.

I do hope that everyone takes due cognizance of this coming-of-age: you deserve not only congratulations but the heartfelt thanks of every reader for all you've contributed to fandom through the years.

And you still have a faculty for putting it all together -- I was recently exposed to THE BOOK OF WEIRD and made a note to mention it: now here I find a mention already in print. To say nothing of other odd items, like that poem by neofan deCamp, or the letter from Betty McLaren in which she mentions her brief contact with Harlan Ellison: "...and so we passed, Queen Mary and a tugboat, in the night." Fancy comparing Harlan to Queen Mary!

Speaking of letters: I recall being asked, several years ago, for my nominations for the detectives to be honored on that Nicaraguan airmail stamp set -- because of my association with Mystery Writers of America, I guess -- but this is the first I heard that the issue had actually appeared. Nicaragua must be riddled with male chauvinism, Juanita; that's probably why Miss Marple and Hildegard Withers aren't represented.

Enough. I started this note to say thank you for 21 years of Yandro -- and to wish you, and the 'zine, a long and flourishing continuance.

[Yes, time certainly does pass. I recall that when Bruce was born you gave us a bit of fatherly advice on child-rearing. Bruce is now 16 years old and starting to make incursions on my shirts as well as my books. (He lasted that long partly because we studiously ignored your advice.) He probably speaks of me as "the old man" when I'm not around to defend myself...well, Michael Coney has a whole article on that sort of thing.]

Fredric Wertham, M. D., Kempton R#1, PA 19529

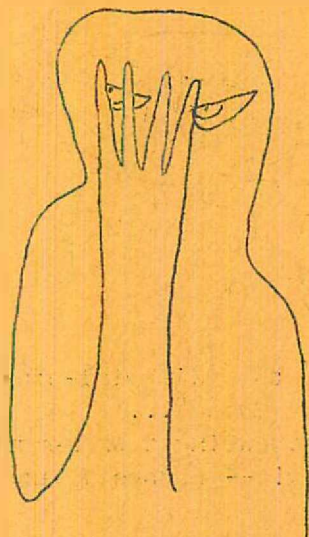
I've been called a "fanzine touter",
Been roasted in Granfalloon;
So to find understanding in Yandro
Is certainly a boon.

Alexis Gilliland, 2126 Pennsylvania Avenue NW, Washington DC 20037

Re 224: Maggie Thompson says canned vegetables are cheaper than fresh? Not here in Washington, D.C. Of course, a pound of green beans (fresh) cost 39 cents last summer while a pound of green beans (canned) only cost 30 cents, but that can drained 1 1/4 cups liquid.

Yesterday green beans were 70 cents/lb. fresh and 36 cents/lb canned. Fresh are ~~at all~~ cheaper, even out of season. Of course, maybe the can didn't have all that water in it this time...I didn't look.

Peterson on That Old Time Religion, very interesting. Ji is living proof that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. I have seen a copy of And It Is Divine, his glossy full-color fanzine. He, Ji, is Supreme Editor-in-Chief. And he is



on a full-color centerfold, riding a horse.

However, to judge by what he selected to print, Ji is an unreconstructed MCP. M for male, P for pig. He also, as befits a perfect master, has an authoritarian streak. Plus a big, fat ego.

I don't much care for him, even if he is a local sport.

David Jenrette: The reason that Conan gets clonked on the noggin so often was that it was his only weak point. Besides: it makes a nice transition, waking up chained in some foul dungeon.

Polish terrorists send postcard bombs.

Bruce has just encountered the bureaucratic game of Buck-passing. Wups, sorry Buck. If he thinks Leech to Beaver to Ross to Leech to Said is weird, he should try to get something done between say, the Federal Supply Service and the Veteran's Administration.

Strange things are moving in the WSFA Journal. Strange, I say. Bill Hixon appears to be taking it over as Don Miller gaffiates into FAPA, the Son of the WSFA Journal, various gamezines, and who knows what else. Hixon moved an offset press into Miller's basement, and we seem to have another era of hyperactivity getting ready to eraise(or

whatever eras do).

The world will end not later than close of business on June 30, 1976.

Freff, 314 W. 88th St., New York NY 10024

You people have a very comforting fanzine. I know this because it cradled my head for an hour or so during emergency treatment at Roosevelt Hospital not two days ago. The last two issues it was, underneath my lengthy hair and shock-fevered brow, the smell of mimeo paper and ink curling around my head to tickle nostrils: ~~mixed pleasantly~~ with the coppery smell of blood, the odors of betadyne and hospital antiseptic, all in all very stimulating. I mean, really, Buck and Juanita, it helped. Particularly when -- I was trying to read "Strance ~~Print~~" and waiting for my doctor to show -- a red-haired lady intern wandered in and looked at me (my pants were off, that section of my body being where the cuts were) and said after a slight pause, "You're not Mrs. Pheeney." "No, I am not Mrs. Pheeney," I said. "I hope you find her." Really, Buck, you ought to admire my devotion to your critical abilities. I didn't put the fanzine down until they started to apply anesthesia.

Oh, I suppose I ought to tell you what happened. Silly me. It's almost embarrassing. I went walking in Central Park for the first time last Friday, and it was after dark as I left. And just as I stepped into the shadow of a wall near the exit, my foot landed on nothingness where a subway ventilation grating was supposed to be. Whoops! Catching myself at the waist I climbed out, climbed an icy wall to where there was light so I could check myself over, and saw neat parallel rips in the right thigh of my jeans. And blood. And a larger hole inside. Joy and salutations for the New Year! The third taxi to pass stopped for me and \$1.20 later I was at the emergency ward of Roosevelt Hospital, where they stitched me up. On the left thigh not much: a scrape and a cut that required no stitching. On the right thigh, though, two severe lacerations, one of which went down to just a fraction above muscle. Maybe twenty cell layers, and cells aren't overly thick. Around twenty-five stitches.

Later, after calling various people and waiting as the police finally decided what precinct was responsible for that area, I subwaysed to Brooklyn and managed to show up at the Fanoclasts meeting I had been intending to go to all along. In the meantime I hobble around (call me Gimpy), dance and yoga lessons are shot for a month (which means the last two months of work are lost as well), and I don't know what this does to my travel plans. Tomorrow they check for infection, maybe apply a soft cast, and tell me how long the stitches will be in. Tomorrow I also check into the possibilities of a negligence suit.

You and Dave Locke don't have the only hospital stories, you know, Buck. (Bizarre images of the evening: Looking away from the doctor as he began the stitching I had a mental image of him licking the gut and then carefully, precisely threading the needle...also, most painful thing of the evening came when he accidentally scraped me with some scissors. That hurt! Hurray for epidermal responses.)

quibble...quibble...with this dread sound the comments start.

Nice feeling of boredom on the cover, but Jackie's choice of line shading technique makes her robot seem made of vegetable matter, and somehow that doesn't quite fit. I am also tired/jaded of non-cartoon robots with pipestem arms and knobby joints. Non-humansque robots are even so much more practical.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones but I have nerves of latex."

Bruce is incredibly accurate in his analysis of David Gerrold's problem, although some in this world (far be it from me to name them, or hint that I am in their number) wish that the David had become a pro after he had become a human being. But then, we're the idealists.

Ah, Torcon! Aside from the unforgettable experience of a Buck Coulson ZAP ~~the~~ there were many pleasant experiences for me. First was the hotel -- charming! Even at its most crowded it never really felt that way. Occasionally, yes, in the central room; for example, the night of the masquerade. But rarely did I feel constricted, which was very good. Perhaps my favorite thing about the hotel, though, was the fact that they were in the middle of renovating.

This must be explained. Westcon last year was at the St. Francis Hotel, a sumptuously rich place of gold and crimson and mirrors. The initials "StF" are stamped into the ashtrays every few hours, which is very fannish, but excessively anal. And the gold and crimson, gold and crimson, gold and crimson every-goddam-where! I nearly went crazy. I felt like splashing turquoise paint on the walls just for contrast. At last I was reduced to falling down several flights of stairs, early in the morning, to regain my composure. (Repeat performances of this last event were run at varying times for appreciative audiences.)

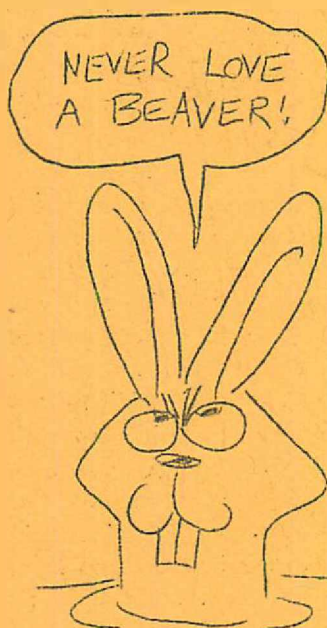
But the Royal York...here was a rug missing and concrete exposed, there a splotchy, waiting-to-be-painted wall, and on the floor above wires dangling from irregular holes in the ceiling. Loved it! (And where it was in shape, it was tastefully in shape, thank God.)

Many other good things made this con; the people, the nearby City Hall (extremely science fictional, and those who walked toward it not missed something. Best at night), certain biting experiences between acquaintances, getting to know Jacqui Treas, seeing Susanna Jacobson, and seeing THE RAVEN for the first time. I seem to recall that a chubby little boy dressed in violet (purple?) sat next to me through that one and chortled obscenities under his breath. "Fuck you, bird," is all I can distinctly recall. His name was Collsa, Coleson, something like that...

Something to tell you about the plaque given Joe Green. There was a pseudo-crest at the top, of an astronaut and a fan, etc., with the following motto: "We came in peace to drink your beer." As a veteran of two Joe Green parties, only one of which (sadly) was an Apollo one, I heartily cheer his getting what he deserved. (Then there was that time that Nita Green found out that my father used to work for her company's major rival in the Florida cement business...)

It's really a pity that I'm three months too old for an APA 55 membership, or I might just contact Bruce after all. Now if they could make that APA 54...

Tucker is as delightfully crazy in person as in print, and I was glad to meet him



finally (albeit glancingly) at Torcon.

We may never speak to each other again. Not only did I find THE BUTTERFLY KID well-written and humorous, but I have even enjoyed some of the works of J.G. Ballard. At least we agree on pot and incest (I have utterly no inclination to make it with either of my brothers).

To Lee Hoffman: I am an agnostic, with no fear of death. On the other hand, tho, I have a strong love for existence in this life and as long as there are things I wish to do and haven't I'll "fear" death -- I'll fight and struggle and kick and scream and whatever, if it will help me survive. And as long as my mind was all right I would rather be physically crippled -- even bedridden -- than dead. And when you consider how much I value my ability and inclination to bounce, move, and dance -- then that shows how much more I value my subjective existence.

I have to disagree with George Fergus about the conceptual firmness of the first animated STAR TREK episode. It had, when I saw it at Torcon, at least three major lapses of logic that would have been easy to avoid with a little forethought, And these were major lapses, ones that made the entire story untenable! The show also had a poor quality of animation and dreadful voice work. The actors were taped separately, each doing his/her part, and then spliced together. As a result there was no dramatic continuity and the feel of the episode was of catatonia. Hearing a shout of terror done monotone is just delightful. (Pardon me, but my performer's gorge rises.)

Ah, Denis Quane; a car per se is not a dangerous item. Inertia, and all that. Granted, it may fall from a building or go rolling down a hill, but these cases are rare. It is when you add a driver to the car that the potential for danger becomes definite. And even then, there are exceptions. Many good drivers exist. However, when one adds a taxi driver to a taxi cab one obtains a creature that is larger than the sum of both, and evidence accumulated over the last four months in New York City leads me to believe that this synergistic beast is definitely carnivorous, in several senses of the word.

I might question you, Buck, that knives were originally designed for killing people. That's assuming a hell of a lot, huh? I might accept that specially chipped stone fragments were originally made to hack, shift, cut, and kill a variety of different things, people included, but the process of design and design growth leading up to the knife did not have solely and distinctly the aim for usage as a person-destroying tool.

That seems to cover the issue, which I enjoyed immensely. Jerry is right, you can always come back to Yandro and it hasn't really changed. Buck just wears tiger stripes instead of black, but wothehell, that's just fashion.

[Okay on the knife quibble; but handguns were originally "hand cannons" and were used to blow holes in a variety of things, people included.]

Michael G. Coney, 1016 Cypress Road, RR #1, Sidney, B. C. Canada

Victor Gollancz have bought the novel WINTER'S CHILDREN (provisional title) for British hc, but no US publisher found yet. This novel is based on the continuing adventures of a group of bums in a new Ice Age (Galaxy published "Discover a Latent Moses" and "The Snow Princess"). Wollheim didn't like it because of the rapidly-switching viewpoint and the lack of a hero to identify with. This novel represents the end of Stage I of my novels, I think. The three written since have been much more realistically characterised and with a less obvious plotline, I think... Wollheim has bought a collection of shorts with introductory blurbs entitled MONITOR FOUND IN ORBIT for publication later this year.

Bob Briney, 4 Forest Avenue, Salem MA 01970

I thought you would have heard about the Nicaraguan Interpol stamps. Not terribly attractive (printed in washed-out blue and brown, so how could they be?), but interesting. The decision as to which 12 detective personalities to picture on the stamps was the result of a poll conducted by Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. (Is it a

coincidence that Fred Dannay, the surviving half of Ellery Queen, is a stamp collector?) (Rhetorical Question of the Month.)

It seemed to me that the villains should be represented too, so I voted for Fu Manchu, Prof. Moriarty, Blofield, and a couple of others. But those worthy gentlemen were outnumbered by the representatives of law and order.

Either the stamp designer was lazy, or he was deliberately playing up to the U.S. stamp audience -- most of the portraits conform to ideas established by movie and TV performers: Perry Mason is Raymond Burr, Sam Spade is Humphrey Bogart, Father Brown is Alec Guinness, Charlie Chan is Sidney Toler, C. Auguste Dupin is Steve Forrest; and Nero Wolfe's portrait matches the one used on the covers of the Bantam paperbacks of the Wolfe books.

What Robert Joseph couldn't see from the stamp affixed to the envelope was that the back of each stamp contains a potted biography and critique of the author. (One of those gimmicks that encourage the collector to buy two stamps, so that both front and back can be displayed in an album...)

As for similar things in sf, there is a set of stamps from Monaco picturing scenes from various Jules Verne novels. And recently one of the African countries (I believe) issued a series of stamps picturing assorted BEMs.

It is fortunate that you get to a lot of the current sf books before I do. Saves me a lot of time and money.

The Edward Page Mitchell book, THE CRYSTAL MAN, was published by Doubleday, not Don Grant. It's a fascinating book, the most interesting thing about it being that these 90-year-old newspaper stories are good.

[I first saw a notice of THE CRYSTAL MAN in Don Grant's catalog, and while he does handle other items I generally assume the books listed are his unless he says otherwise. Sounds like I'll have to pick up this one sometime. RSC]

Sandra Miesel, 8744 Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis IN 46240

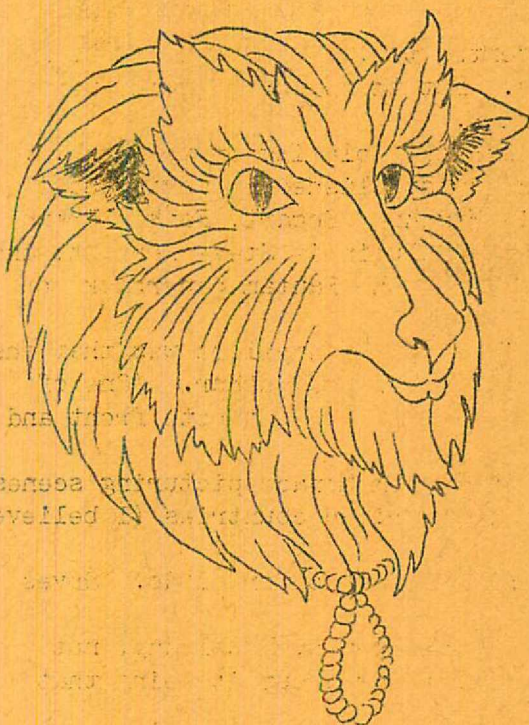
Ross Peterson's article reminds me of the one -- and I trust only -- time I've seen the Guru's flock. They were holding a rally on The Circle downtown one day in October when I was called for jury duty. Made quite a fetching spectacle at the foot of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument until they discovered the crowd had been infiltrated by Jesus-Freaks who were proselytizing for their rival Cause.

The jury duty was a terrible annoyance because I had to make complicated arrangements to have the children fetched from their schools while I was downtown. The summons required us to be prompt but the clerk kept us standing in an overheated corridor for the better part of an hour before letting us into the courtroom. (More properly the other people stood. I made a cushion of my coat and sat on the floor reading an Andre Norton.) Eventually the judge came out and told us we weren't needed after all. And here I'd been prepared to writhe on the floor and froth at the mouth to escape being impaneled.

Obviously the Conan pastiches are inferior to the original. Carter and de Camp labor under the insuperable handicap of sanity. Especially de Camp.

Since you asked me...to the best of my knowledge, WAR OF THE WING-MEN/"The Man Who Counts" is the earliest Van Rijn story in the internal chronology but the second one published. In the series it is followed by: "Margin of Profit," "Hiding Place," "Territory," "The Master Key," "How To Be Ethnic in One Easy Lesson," "The Three-Cornered Wheel," "A Sun Invisible," "The Trouble Twisters," "Supernova," "Satan's World," "Birthright," and "A Little Knowledge." By Flandry's time, a thousand years later, Van Rijn is a character in folk tales.

The most interesting thing we've read in the past month has been GOLDEN TIMES by E. Royston Pike, an anthology of documents in Victorian social history. Accounts of ghastly living conditions in the original florid language of that day can amuse even as they horrify. . e.g., this description of a village in rural Northumberland: "It would require the multitudinous seas ensable to wash the outsides of Birtley, and were the Black Hole of Calcutta placed in the crater of Etna, it would but present



the row of cots called the Red Row at Birtley... Had countless generations of gannets laid ad-dled eggs instead of guano in the Chincha Is-lands their odour would not have rivalled that of Red Row the day I visited it." This was in 1864. Let's hear it again for the idyllic life, the pure air, water, and food of the Good Old Days. The book is filled with such quaint de-tails as the reading habits of Scottish coal miners: they would gladly skip meals to buy books, their favorite title being THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

In re your review of LOBO GRAY: did War-tham's praise go to your head, O brief-and-brilliant Buck?

What, no attempt to hitch Bat to the sled? We may have to reconsider the wisdom of taking our kids to cons. Monday after Chambana-con I heard five-year-old Mite saying "Smoo-ooth!"

[Bat is far too intelligent a dog to be caught hitched to a sled. Or for hitching to a sled. Mostly, I was disappointed in LOBO GRAY; I read it

because I was in the mood for a good Western, and I didn't get one. And I don't see much point in a lot of wordage on non-stf items unless they're good; a simple warning should be sufficient. RSC]

Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor OH 44060

The day after reading Larry Propp's letter in Yandro #222 (say that aloud -- trains passing in the night.-- "tooo tooo tooo!"), I came upon an article in New York which bears on it. Larry says, "Have you ever tried to deal with an outfit like HPC when you couldn't even come up with the \$55 to file a bankruptcy?"

I quote from Jerome I. Meyers' "How To Go Bankrupt and Start Over" (New York, Sept. 10, '73):

What is the cost of this relief? Just \$50 -- plus \$15 after the first hearing for the court reporter's minutes. This \$65 represents the total fees and disbursements, and it doesn't have to be paid immediately upon filing. The bankrupt can request permission to pay the filing fees in installments over a period of six months. Referee Babbitt says, "I ask a bankrupt, 'How much do you think you can pay? Are you sure you can pay it?' I have given a bankrupt six months to pay at \$10 a month. That That's less than \$3 a week." Referees Ryan and Parente do not grant periodic installment payments. Instead, they ask the bankrupt when he thinks he will be able to obtain the \$50, and grant the bankrupt an ex-tension of up to six months to get it together. If the bankrupt needs additional time, for good cause, the referees will grant an additional three-month extension. Both Referees Ryan and Babitt feel that without the burden of having to pay past creditors, the bankrupt ought to be able to muster up the filing fee. They also feel that considering the relief obtained -- most of the cases that come before Ryan and Parente involve sums between \$7,000 and \$10,000 -- it is not unreasonable to require a bankrupt to pay a couple of pennies on the dollar for that relief.

Oh, a P.S. to the above dissertation on bankruptcy is that the article recommends a good lawyer, too -- and the cost on that for bankruptcy cases is about \$300-\$450. (However, Legal Aid will do it for nothing, if the sufferer qualifies.)

Andy Zerbe, 3154 Dupont St., Montgomery AL 36106

Buck, your theory that battles are lost by the side that makes the fewest mistakes is borne out by BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR. Have started on the first volume. Makes fascinating reading and provides a picture of the war from the viewpoint of the men who fought it. A slightly different one from that currently being presented in most histories. There are four major and two minor accounts of First Bull Run and I still am not sure of what happened. The Confederate accounts can't even agree on who was in charge. Shiloh is even worse. Nine different accounts by soldiers who fought there, including Grant and Beauregard, and none of them agree on what was going on. The only thing that seems clear is that the Confederates were on the verge of a major victory until the death of Albert Sidney Johnston. Am looking forward to finishing this book and the remaining three in the set.

You once mentioned lancers. There is a brief reference to them in the book, but there is also mention of something even better. The 79th New York (Highlanders) wore kilts.

Among the paperbacks was Florence Stevenson's latest KILMENY IN THE DARK WOODS. At a glance it appears to be a bit more serious than previous books. Hope it isn't too serious. Also showing up here at the same time is THE CURSE OF THE CONCULLENS again. This time in its third printing, so people must like it. Now if Signet would only reprint OPHELIA so that I could get a copy.

Have you been listening to CBS Radio Mystery Theater? I have found most of the shows so far worth listening to. Or at any rate I like them better than what is being offered on television at the same time. Most of the shows have had a considerable amount of fantasy in them.

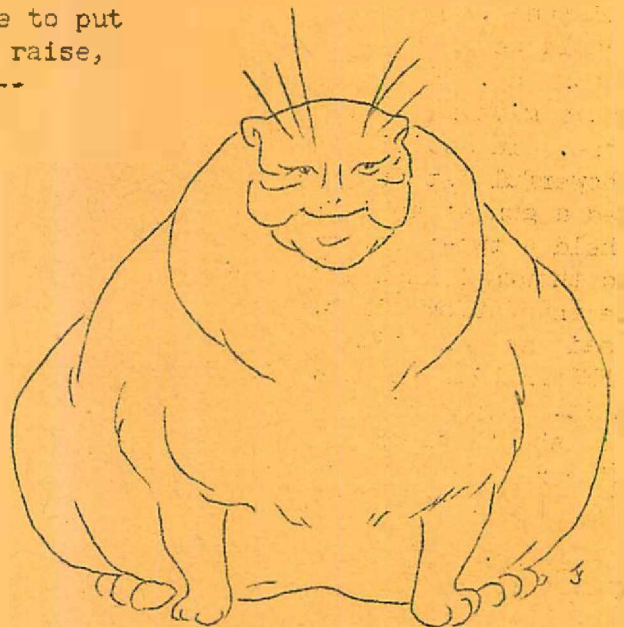
[I don't think any of the stations here carry "Radio Mystery Theater" (and if they do, I'm positive that none of them put out any sort of schedule so we could find out about it). In his book on Pickett's Charge, George R. Stewart mentioned a problem of modern historians: at the time of the Civil War the country had no standard time zones, so each regiment kept the time of its home area. Thus, reconciling accounts, even of soldiers on the same side, in order to find out what happened when, is extremely difficult. RSC]

George Barr, 1569 Christopher St., San José CA 95122

It's been a long time, I know, since I've responded to the Yandros which arrive with such appreciated regularity. I feel the impulse to write everytime a copy arrives, but there just never seems to be enough time. I don't understand at all how you two manage to put out a fanzine, write novels, make a living, raise, a teenager, and still have time for living -- let alone all of the reading you must do. You have my profound admiration.

I especially enjoyed deCamp's "The Ameba" and Dainis Bisenieks' "Colonel Santa". I'm surprised that this obviously well-researched study happened to miss Santa's continued connection with the traditional holiday libation in the funny green glass bottle. The greatest proportion of the representations of him in the red-suit-long-beard phase of his career quite clearly show him enjoying or offering this drink.

I've been following the discussion of firearms with a great deal of interest. I have no connection at all with any gun group, the rifle association, or



the like; I deplore the number of senseless killings which guns have contributed to; and I don't own a firearm of any kind. But I would most strongly oppose any kind of legislation which tried to deny me the right to have one if I so chose.

-- I have an aversion to violence which goes beyond the natural wish to avoid hurt either to oneself or someone else. I don't know why, where it began, or even if it's good or bad. I just know how I feel. I got rather badly beat up a couple of times in school, in circumstances where most kids my age would have put up a rather good fight. Certainly I was afraid of being hurt; I think most people are. But even while I was taking good solid blows about the face and abdomen, I was holding back, pulling punches, for fear of hurting the other guy. And one of them I hated actively enough that I could quite cheerfully have attended his funeral. I was called coward, and felt the part. But I've long since ceased worrying about it. It's a facet of me which I accept. I just cannot lay hands violently on someone. The few times I have -- in punishing a child, or the like -- I've felt sick and guilty for a long time afterward:

I have a heavy, old, ornamental dagger hanging as part of the decor in my front room. I guess I was aware even as I put it on the wall that it was a very handy defense against a housebreaker or burglar. But though I'm sure I could brandish it as menacingly if not as convincingly as anyone else, I seriously doubt that I'd ever be able to ram it into someone's stomach. I hope that if it became necessary to protect myself or home that I could overcome my reluctance, but I have no great belief that I could. And it wouldn't be much, if any, easier to use a chair leg or a walkingstick. The front room is full of potential weapons. There is a four-pound bronze toad on the floor by the heater; a two-foot, twelve-pound, solid iron candlestick on the organ; numerous sculptures of wood, alabaster, and ceramic; a marble ashtray, a bronze-headed cane, any number of things which could kill. But I really wonder if I could use them for that purpose.

But a gun...that I could use. There's no violence in pulling a trigger. It's a simple, easy movement of the finger. I've fired guns before, and haven't been half bad at it either. I'd be sick for weeks after killing someone, even if it had been necessary to save my own or a friend's life. But I could do it.

Axes and hammers as weapons give me quite literally the cold horrors. The climactic scenes of the young hero taking his revenge on Vincent Price with an axe, in the ghastly film THE CONQUEROR WORM, caused such a violent physical reaction in me that I came near passing out. And I KNOW it was all acting and special effects.

But I could shoot someone. It's a very impersonal way of killing. It can be done at a distance. One needn't even confront his opponent. And I realize that this very fact could be one of the best arguments against owning guns...and it's part of why I don't own one. But if the time comes that I feel the need of the protection a firearm could give me, a law against it will not stop me from making every effort to obtain one. In addition to its being a relatively easy way to kill, the threat of it is a powerful deterrent -- much more so than a knife or chair leg would be. If I pointed a gun at an intruder, I would expect him to take me much more seriously than if I held a two-foot, twelve-pound, solid iron candlestick shaped like a dragon.

And though I know it's a ridiculous argument, guns in the U.S. kill far fewer people than automobiles, despite that they were made specifically for killing. It's been said so many times that it has become a ridiculous cliché, but it's still true that PEOPLE kill people. As long as the motivation exists, and the means to accomplish it, people will go on killing people, for all of the laws we pass. If someone were to shoot someone I loved I doubt it would change my feelings. I'd still deplore the circumstances and the motivations. But I'd not blame the weapon. It's comforting, in a way, to know that if I should need a gun, I could get one. No, I would not look kindly on a law which denied my right to that comfort.

Though it's late commenting on something said in your pages over a year ago, I appreciated both your and Thomas Burnett Swann's comments on my illos for his book GREEN PHOENIX. His works are an illustrator's dream, full of fabulous characters, and fascinating situations. A new one will be coming out from DAW in a few months:

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN, in which he reverses Mary Renault's process of de-mything an old story. He takes the love story of David and Jonathan and sets it in his own private universe of myth and monster, in a manner to delight iconoclasts and dismay the serious Biblical scholar. Jonathan's genealogy and David's theology run rather contrary to accepted and standard versions...to say nothing of their personal relationships. Yes, I KNOW it's right there in the Bible, but you'd be surprised how many people have read the story and never seen what it was talking about. In Sunday School I was taught that the two young men exemplified all that was good, desirable and ideal in friendship. Maybe they do. It's a fascinating book and should cause a good bit of comment.

[The gun argument is finally bringing forth some interesting (i.e. unusual) commentary. Or maybe I'm the unusual one. Since carrying firearms in a vehicle is illegal in most of the states I drive in, I carry a "garden implement". This is the business end of a five-tined garden cultivator, fastened to a handle. (The cultivator broke at the shank, rendering it useless for its original purpose. It will be used in flower gardening, but if I was being menaced -- an unlikely contingency -- I wouldn't draw back from bashing someone in the face with it. (Say, if the other guy was carrying a knife, which a lot of thugs do these days.) I'll probably get more use out of it as a gardening implement than I will as a weapon -- out here in the country I don't really need it as a weapon. Matter of fact, I dislike laying violent hands on anyone, and in school I had very few fights. But if I'm pushed hard enough, I'll push back. (And being basically a coward, I'll push maybe harder than necessary.) RSC]

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

Well, an airing as warm as this gun business makes us all pull in our horns a bit, to usefully make us rethink, revise, to seek to be more precise in our phrasing. It would seem that some would erroneously assume me to be a dove, which is quite funny, really. For all the pother about handguns, I do not necessarily decry their use for determined murder. People will murder each other, deliberately and with malice, by any of the many and varied methods that they may conceive. In some cases a handgun might have been a preferred, a quicker and less painful means of killing -- but, in fact, comparatively few premeditated murders are committed with a handgun. I mean, if I planned to kill someone, then a revolver, for many reasons, would be the last thing I'd want to use. We'd want to be cleverer than that, wouldn't we?

Thus I may contend that most homicides by handgun are fundamentally unintentional. Even a criminal who packs a rod has no inherent wish to use it to do harm, can hope that his bluff will not be called. If pressed, he may feel obliged to blast a total stranger, to live to regret the price for his haste in his fear. Shoving an unwanted relative over a cliff at least gives a conscience some opposition.

We have gunshops here, you know, and there are several in Brisbane. No handguns, but sporting rifles, shotguns, repeaters, ex-army .303's, etc., can be bought over the counter, no license required, no restrictions upon possession. Put it on record that I like it this way, and object not to the firearm that, broadly, has to be considered before being used.

Liked your Torcon comments (Y223), sounded a mess. It is common to go to a con anticipating to yarn with luminaries like Frederik Pohl, say, or even James Tiptree, but instead to spend three days or so cornered by various odd and hairy fools, and to arrive at the wrong parties, just as the grog gives out. Once, at one Sydney shindig, for instance, a loquacious fellow held my ear for half-an-hour, before I discovered that he was not Captain Bert Chandler, after all, but a man who'd come to read the gas meter. He'd called at the right time. Not that his conversation was uninformative to anyone interested in how, and where, to dig for bait, and what worms were regarded as most savory by which fishes.

We can hope that Melbourne '75 may be better organised to ensure that apprisings occur well beforehand, that those who may wish to meet may be able to do so with fac-

ility, and those who may not wish, may not. On the other hand, a smooth-running, well-regimented and punctual program, while undoubtedly abating the twitches of its planners, cannot possibly have the charm of an agenda screwed to become largely informal. Possibly we could have a Press-the-Flesh Day, some noon, to oblige all the attending notables to line up and be 'presented', as it were, to their subjects. It could be like a royal progression, the fans queueing to get a brief shake at some of the most celebrated mitts in the field, also perhaps to receive a smile, and maybe even to hear a few special unforgettable words murmured by their favorite master.

The '75 Con is still over a year away, but assuredly it will gather momentum, and it will be surprising if it provides no surprises. We hope that you will be able to make it. You, c'h'm, will have to leave your heater behind, naturally.

[Well, Torcon was a mess, but I enjoyed it. Actually, for the last several years I have not had any problems about being cornered by fools, hairy or otherwise -- learning how to cut them off is how I got my fannish reputation. If I talk to someone for over 5 minutes or so, it's a good bet that I am enjoying the conversation. (It sometimes takes a few minutes to decide whether the other party is a fool or not, which is why I prefer to try out new acquaintances by mail first.) RSC] [Several U.S. worldcons have experimented with the meet-the-notable (read "author", if you will excuse the expression) gambit, with varying degrees of success. Early attempts to call it a cocktail party cast a pall, understandably. I've been at these grundgings on both sides of the roster, and I much prefer the more casual give and take of parties and sitting around the lobby and getting to know you sessions on an informal basis. Occasionally the meet-the-notable bit provides unexpected entertainment -- such as one where Sprague de Camp made a comment in Latin to a fawning circle of fans and bev DeWeese replied in kind; the two of them happily chatted away in the classic patois for quite some minutes while the rest of us ignoramuses stood around bemused and admiring. JWC]

Gene Wolfe, Box 69, Barrington IL 60010

Much as it goes against my grain to loc a fanzine, I pay money for, I have to congratulate you on #224, the best issue I can remember. Three excellent articles ("That Old Time Religion," "Colonel Santa," and "Fort Yukon Yule"), editorials, a column, bookreviews, and letter column, all in a slender little unpretentious 34 page magazine. Darnit, I'm going to nominate Yandro for (another) Hugo.

Now that I have you sweetened up, one-gripe -- I am getting pretty tired of the gun debate in the letters column. Why not declare an "arms moratorium" for a year or so, then open the whole thing up again?

May your plumbing never fail; may your roof be safe from leaks; may your property be overrun with bunnies all winter and may you never see another after the vegetable garden is planted; may someone send you a fatt of books (that's four bales).

[Okay; we'll knock off the gun commentary for awhile after this issue. (Unless I come across something particularly outrageous; with Ann Landers and the Reader's Digest on the other



side, I hate to give up any possibility of influencing a few people.) RSC]

Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge NSW 2776, Australia

As usual the editorials were interesting, particularly as Paul and I were mentioned. I don't think we really bought the store out, although if I had been able to work out some way of getting the contents home with me I may well have tried to do so. Paul had trouble with those Cooks Travellers Cheques all over the USA. I don't think they were refused at any place, but he usually had several people looking

at them with varying degrees of curiosity. I had First National City Bank checks, as I assumed this would be easier for me to change than one on some smaller bank. Working for a bank gave me a choice of several possible types of checks, but since I could get FNCB without paying any commission charges as a staff member they suited me fine.

I see a letter from Denny Lien (page 12) mentions that you got him started on Kirst, and I'm wondering if that is HH Kirst, and if so what the non-fiction he wrote was. Everything that I have by him is fiction (including THE SEVENTH DAY, which came in the packet from you, and which I hadn't even known the title of until I saw it in the store there).

Acquiring a handgun for a contingency, like shooting people, is not the same as getting one to shoot people. The intent and the use are what matters, not the potential use. All goes back to the people getting the thing.

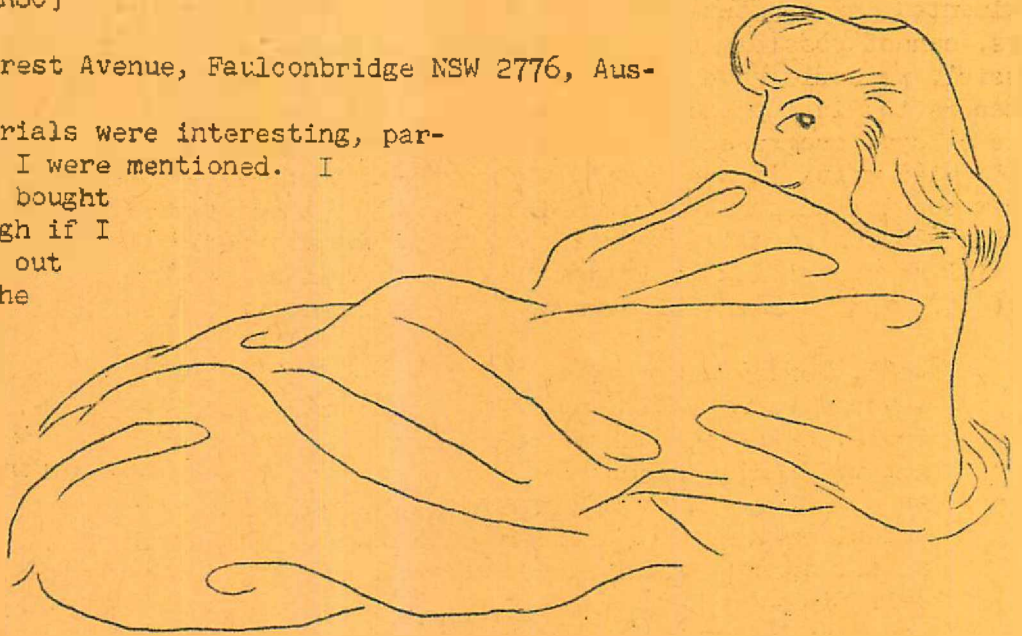
[Come to think of it, I didn't know Kirst wrote any strictly non-fiction, either. THE LAST CAR and SOLDIER'S REVOLT (and for all I know, HERO IN THE TOWER) are basically factual, but have been given what I think of as the Harold Lamb treatment (fictionalized conversations, etc.) to make them more interesting to a mass audience. RSC]

Sue Clarke, Flat 2, 159 Herring Road, North Ryde, NSW 2113 Australia

In reference to Ken Ozanne's letter in Yandro 223, I am really ashamed that such a learned man as himself does not know his own country's anthem. If he searches the files of Parliament he would find that Australia has no national anthem, which makes the choosing of a national anthem even more imperative than when everyone simply assumed it was the same as the United Kingdom's "God Save The Queen". As the anthem of the British Commonwealth, I myself heartily applaud this anthem, but for Australia with its character totally unique from the British stereotype character, it would be a crime to burden us with it for a national anthem. You're right about the anthem that is to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda", but with the words "God Save Australia"... goes something like...

"God bless Australia, God bless Australia,
Home of the Anzac and Land of the Free,
It's our Homeland, Our Own Land,
To cherish for eternity.
God bless Australia. The land of the free..."

Anyway, that's the chorus, the rest is even...well, I like "Advance Australia Fair." It sounds Australian.



But the words of "Waltzing Matilda" tell of a swaggie (a hobo in your language) who steals a sheep (jumbuck in our local language) by putting it when the unsuspecting sheep comes to drink at a billabong (an arm of a river which has been cut off from the rest of the river to form a sort of lake) in his knapsack (or tuckerbag). (Oops, tucker means food.) Now this sheep belongs to the local squatter (a rather rich one at that) who just happens to be riding around with the local constabulary force (the troopers...don't forget that in our colonial days there were no policemen, the troops of the New South Wales Corps were the only law enforcement agency...I think this is why that even now the police force is a corps belonging to the states, and to no local powers, who have no say in the law and its enforcement). Anyway, they see the mischief this fellow is up to and ask him what's squirming there in his tuckerbag, but the wild fool that he is, the swaggie rather than be caught jumps into the billabong and promptly drowns. So you see, it's a story of a mischievous and probably very foolish layabout. Would this be a fitting national anthem for any country?

We have found an anthem from the 1880s which is rather fitting I feel, and Ron suggests that it is more fannish than any other, since it has reference to witches, and things. Anyway, it goes...

"There is a land where summer skies
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes
Blending in witching harmonies;
And grassy knoll and forest height
Are flashing in the rosy light,
And all above is azure bright -- Australia!

There is a land where honey flows,
Where laughingcorn luxuriant grows,
Land of the myrtle and the rose.
On hill and plain the clustering vine
Is gushing out with purple wine,
And cups are quaffed to thee and thine -- Australia!

There is a land where treasures shine
Deep in the dark unfathomable mine
For worshippers at Mammon's shrine;
And fabled wealth no more doth seem
The idle fancy of a dream - Australia!

There is a land where homesteads peep
From sunny plain and woodland steep,
And love and joy bright vigil keep;
Where the glad voice of childish glee
Is mingled with the melody
Of nature's hidden minstrelsy - Australia!

There is a land where, floating free
From mountain top to girding sea,
A proud flag waves exultingly;
And freedom's sons the banner bear -
No shackled slave can breathe the air;
Fairest of Britain's daughters fair -- Australia!

Of course, if we ever get desperate enough, there is always John Bangsund's "Orstrill-strillial" Loved Yandro, anyway.

[Sure I know what "Waltzing Matilda" is about; seems a perfect song for expressing the Australian national character to me. Of course, you could go with "Bluey Brink" or "Wallaby Stew", but they seem less well known. Unless your 1880s song has a very good tune to it, it sounds every bit as dreary as most anthems, I'm afraid. RSC]

STRANGE CRUIT

Moebius Trip #18 [Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 \$1.50] The book-type format is still a lot of work to go thru just to outwit the post office (and publish something different). It's also a trifle unhandy to read, mostly because I keep being afraid the pages will fall out if I open it too wide. (Staples are God's Way, Tucker.) However, it's a good fanzine, with a lot of wordage,

good variety of material, reasonably good writing, and reproduction, etc. Reviews, interviews, articles, serious comments on science fiction and a fannish trip report.

Rating.....7

Tabebuian #8, 9, 10 [Mardee Sue Jenrette/Dave Jenrette, Box 374, Grove, Miami FL 33133 - 6/\$1] Small, thin offset mag from an old-time fan who is muchly interested in the academic world. Very oddball sense of humor; I am occasionally not sure whether a particular article is supposed to be funny or not (sometimes I'm not sure whether it is funny or not).

Rating.....4

The Alien Critic #7 [Richard E. Geis, Box 11408, Portland OR 97211 - \$1] I still don't like the format. Geis has integrated all his material so that the individual who reads straight through from cover to cover will be diverted by a variety of items and -- presumably -- not become bored with too much at a time on one subject. But I don't read fanzines that way, and finding a particular item in this is damned near impossible. However, the stuff is interesting, and probably my cavils are strictly individual. Digest-sized, offset, fairly thick, very little (and surprisingly poor) artwork.

Rating.....8

Prehensile #10 [Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342 - contrib, 50 cents] Also digest-sized, offset, and fairly thick. Better art than AC -- even when the art is by the same artists, Prehensile has the better stuff. Written material, tho, is somewhat different. Mike is not (as far as I know) trying to make a living from his fanzine, so the material is much more fannish than that in AC; there is less of a conscious effort to be profound and impress the academic crowd. Material isn't, on the whole, quite as good as AC, but it's quite readable. (Not that I read all of it. I do not, for example, read long articles that start out with "What is sf? Why do people read it? What makes it unique?" Since I already know the answers, there seems little purpose in reading the article.) Still, there's a fair mixture of fan humor and serious material in here.

Rating.....6

Organlegger #9, 10 [Mike Glycer, address above, - 7/\$1] Digest-sized printed newsletter, emphasizing fan news. (Emphasizing con reports, in these two issues, but then there seem to be more conventions than anything else in fandom these days.)

Rating.....5

Space and Time #21, 22 [Gordon Linzner, 83-10 118th St., Apt. 4-M, Kew Gardens NY 11415 - bimonthly - 60 cents, 6/\$3] Digest-sized, printed, devoted to fan fiction -- largely swords and sorcery. (Probably because s&s is easier to write, and considering the quality of some of the professional stuff the fan variety looks better in comparison.) About half of #22 is devoted to a **very badly**-drawn comic strip of swords and sorcery.

Rating.....2

Cthulhu Calls #2 [Robert J. Barthell, Northwest Community College, Powell, WY 82435

quarterly, free] This is a college literary magazine devoted to fantasy; one of what will become an increasing flood of such publications, I suspect, until the paper shortage kills them. Professionally printed, lots of amateur fiction and non-fiction attuned to the academic reader. (Semantic note: I almost said "academic mentality" there, which would have been a slur; I looked around for a synonym with no odious connotations. But since the meaning is much the same, why...?) The editor seems interested in fan as well as professional activities, but doesn't have too much in this issue to interest a fannish reader. (Unless you're interested in fan-fiction.)
Rating.....3

Stefantasy #73 [William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell PA 16374 - less than one Balboa] The only fanzine that I know of put out by letterpress. Material is humorous and well-done, but not "fannish" (some day I'm going to have to figure out the precise difference between fannish material and mundanely humorous material, since there is considerable overlap). It's all entertaining, and I bet Danner is the only person who reviewed Wertham's WORLD OF FANZINES from the standpoint of the typeface and paper quality used. (He didn't like either one.)
Rating.....9

Uchujin #172 [Takumi Shibano, 1-14-11, O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan - quarterly] Offset, digest-sized, excellent reproduction, and Japanese language except for an English page at the back telling you what you just missed, and giving some news of Japanese fandom. (Part of the news is the death of a Japanese writer from a heart attack brought on by asthma, which is moderately disquieting to me. I could be next.) Several photos of a convention look quite familiar.

Film Index #15, 16, 17 [John Howard Reid, 2E Mosman St., Mosman Bay, Australia 2088 S10/12] Just that. The index, providing producer, cast, year, technical data, and some critical comments on each film, seems to have started alphabetically with the first issue and by #17 they're still in the "A" category. Looks like a long-run publication, if the index is actually completed. There are various sub-indices of various types, all serialized together and separated only by different page-numbering, so it's hard to come in in the middle and figure out what's going on. (Of course the serious film fan wouldn't want to do that anyway; he'd want a complete file.) Lots of photos of big and little-known actors, not all of them identified.

Algol #21 [Andy Porter, PO Box 4175, New York NY 10017 - twice yearly - \$1, 6/\$4] Porter, even more than Geis, seems to be going for the serious academic reader. Algol is large-size, offset, with good art and lots of ads. Material is mostly serious and informative; articles by and about Ursula le Guin and her writing, John Brunner on writing science fiction, etc. If there is a flaw, Jack Wodhams puts his finger on it in the letter column; it's bland. Now, I'm not all that favorable toward controversy, particularly not in publishing it for the sake of stimulating the readers, as Jack seems to want. But still, Algol is a wee bit ponderous. Even Ted White contents himself with a favorable play review, with only a backhanded slap at SFWA in passing. On the whole though, ponderous or not, Algol is a pretty good fanzine. And it has a marvelous letter column.
Rating.....8

Starship Tripe #5 and Banshee #6 [Michael Gorra, 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford CT 06385 - both contrib, trade, or 35 cents] Now we get into mimeographed fanzines (the way God meant them to be). Material is quite similar to Algol's, tho there isn't as much of it and Banshee lacks Algol's excellence in the letter column. It's improving all the time, including the title.
Rating.....5

Antithesis #1, 2 [Chris Sherman, 700 Parkview Terrace, Minneapolis MN55426 - contrib, trade, or 16 cents postage] Rather thin, probably because he's just starting out and material is hard to get. Serious articles, many of them not too good, fan fiction, letters. Not at all a bad start for a fanzine; it will take a few issues to see how it develops.
Rating.....3

Crossroads #14 [Al and Sally Snider, B-19 889 Edwards Rd., Parsipanny NJ 07054 - printed contrib, trade, 75 cents, 2/\$1] Been awhile since the last issue. A thin fanzine (looks bigger because it's only printed on one side of the paper), but there are some good short articles, as well as Henry Bitman trying to define science fiction again. Or maybe it's the same article Bitman did in his own fanzine; it's equally boring, certainly. Generally, tho, a good small fanzine. Rating.....6

Decal #4 [Don Cochran, 151 Valley St., Jackson MS 39209 - irregular - 35 cents or 3/\$1] The star item here is the reprint of the U.S. Signal Corps' specification for an airplane. There are also fan fiction and some rather fannish speculations about the fantasy classics. Rating.....5

Vorpall #1 [Richard Brandt, 4013 Sierra Dr., Mobile AL 36609 - 35 cents, 3/\$1 - contrib, loc, trade - irregular] The beginning fanzine, with the usual poor reproduction, an upside-down page (I bet he did that deliberately to keep in the Tradition), and an apologetic editorial. But first-issue material is getting better than it was in the Good Old Days. Major item is a long review of Kaufman's INSIDE SCIENTOLOGY by Perry Chapdelaine. Very good item. Rating.....3

Rune #33 [Minnesota Science Fiction Society, 2301 Elliot Ave. S #2, Minneapolis MN 55404] Major item here for non-members of Minneapolis fandom is the photo-pages. (Is the photo-pages? Hmm...yes, that seems to be correct if awkward English.) Shots of Torcon. (My favorite is the one of Bob Passavoy; the maniacal gleam has been caught precisely. Would you let this man remove your appendix?) Text is mostly concerned with the club, though there is a con report. Rating.....5

Maybe #33 [Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt. Bk. Bldg., Chattanooga TN 37402 - 50 cents, 6/\$2.50 bimonthly] And the major item here is the simply incredible letter from the American Nazi Party member. (One of the more incredible things about it being that this letter which mentions that the writer wants correspondents but will not write to Jews was sent to a fanzine editor named Irvin Koch. Another is that the writer is a "Star Trek" fan. Lessee....Nimoy, Shatner, Nichols...who is she a fan of? Maybe Takei; he's an honorary Aryan.) Otherwise, there's some moderately interesting text and a Sheryl Birkhead portfolio. Rating.....6

Powermad #3.5, 4 [SP4 Bruce D. Arthurs, 527-98-3103, 57th Trans Co, Fort Lee VA 23801 available for the usual or an 8 cent stamp] Personalzine, largely commenting on military life. Since I never indulged in the military life I find it hard to comment. But it's interesting. Bruce is a good writer. Rating.....5

Godless #5 [Sp4 Bruce D. Arthurs, address above - irregular, 35 cents] General type. Bruce complains that he wants serious constructive material and all he gets is humor. (Not even terribly good humor, from the sample here.) Good letter column. Rating.....4

Checkpoint #42, 43 [Peter Roberts, Flat 4, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2-UK - news, letters, 10/50p - USAgents Charlie and Dena Brown, PO Box 3938, San Francisco CA 94119, 4/\$1 air or 10/\$1 sea] British newsletter. Primarily fan news. Seems perfectly adequate, and what else can one say about a newsletter? #43 has a rider by Eric Bentcliffe, whom I haven't heard of in the fanzine wars in years. Nice to see it. Rating.....5

Siddhartha #3 [Ian Williams, 6 Greta Terrace, Chester Road, Sunderland, Co. Durham, SR4 7HD UK - trade, loc, 50 pence]. Letters and reviews intersperse with editorial comments, somewhat in the style of Alien Critic, though the subject matter and general tone are different. Very personal type fanzine; whether you like it or not will depend on how you like Ian's personality.

Defenestration #1 [TANSTAAFL, c/o Rensselaer Union, R.P.I., Troy NY 12181 - trade, contrib, loc, 25 cents] Fannish type, with a large proportion of letters to contents. I was particularly amused by Frank investigation of the reasons for "hanging out" in a particular area of town. I've often wondered about that myself, but never bothered to try and find out... Rating.....3

Kwalhiôqua #9, 10 [Ed Cagle, Route #1, Leon KS 67074 - 50 cents, loc, trade, contrib bimonthly] One of today's best humor fanzines. Very little material of any redeeming social value, but lots of enjoyment. Rating.....7

Philosophical Gas #25 [John Bangsund, Parergon Books, PO Box 357, Kingston ACT 2603 Australia - quarterly - A\$1.50, cheques preferred] Lots of letters and an occasional article that I could disagree with. I think this issue told more of the doings of Australian fandom than any Australian newsletter I've ever received. Rating.....5

Lurk #6 [Mike and Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Road, Spondon, Derby DE2 7QH England - contrib, loc, trade, 50 cents] Primarily reviews and letters, though there is a transcription of a convention panel discussion, editorial, etc. Moderately long reviews, for people who don't like my type. Rating.....4

Plunt #2 [Selene, 131, Coxtie Green Rd., Brentwood, Essex, CM14 5PT UK - contrib, loc, trade, 20pence, money to R. Smith - twice yearly] With the thickness and all the electrostencilled headings and photos, this looks more like the "typical" Australian fanzine than it does a British one. Approximately half the issue is devoted to articles, factual and fanciful, on fan art; all you unappreciated artists out there should get a copy. A couple of articles on "the good old days" are contrasted with a couple of articles on current fan gatherings, and there is a long and largely dull lettercolumn. All in all, not bad. Rating.....6

Die Hard #3 [Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Drive, Wickliffe, OH 44092 - trade, loc, contrib, 25 cents, 5/\$1 - irregular] General type, from Denis Quane's article on the possible age of neighboring civilizations among the stars to articles on fandom and flying saucers. Rating.....4

The Chemistry Dept. #1 [Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce TX 75428 - irregular - contrib, trade, loc, 25 cents or 3 8 cent stamps] And another upright citizen succumbs to the insidious urge to publish... Small and personal; one scientific article and commentary on science fiction, all by the editor. Rating.....3

Smile Awhile #17, 18 [Florence Jenkins, 1515 N. 135th, Sp 32, Gardena CA 90249] Alcoholics Anonymous fanzine. I hope none of your readers fell off the wagon over the holidays, Florence; some of the combinations of red ink and green paper -- and vice versa -- in your holiday issue will send them running for the bathroom. I felt a little queasy after looking at the issue, and I was cold sober. But it was Christmasy, if a bit hard on the eyeballs.

Funnyworld #15 [Mike Barrier, Box 5229, Brady Station, Little Rock AR 72205 - \$1.25] I always have this problem with Funnyworld; if a magazine is better printed, higher priced, and has better written material than most magazines on my local newsstand, is it really a fanzine? This is a comics fanzine, but it contains articles about comics and comics writers, not amateur strips. (There is one strip, and I didn't like it, but it was definitely professional quality.) A majority of the material is on movie cartoons. Rating.....9

Dynatron #55, 56 [Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road, NW, Albuquerque NM 87107 - show of interest, trade, or otherwise - 25 cents] Commentary from one of the more

SF Commentary #35, 36, 37, and 39 [Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001 Australia. Price probably \$1 a copy by now] 35-36-37 is a giant combined issue, with somewhere over 140 pages. #39 is a brief post-Torcon issue, published with the cooperation of Dave and Beth Gorman while Bruce visited them. It is small, contains some travel notes, quite a bit of George Turner's reviews, and a rather asinine letter from Phil Dick, who can leap from a valid -- or partially valid -- criticism of society to pure idiocy faster than anyone else on the stf scene today. The big issue features Stanislaw Lem, who doesn't even get as far as valid criticism, largely because of his premise that anything not espoused by European academics is literary trash. (It's rather interesting that such an aristocratic viewpoint comes from a nominally socialist country.) There is also a lot about Lem -- about ten times as much wordage as his ponderous fiction is worth, in my estimation. There is a long and exceedingly dull article on Russian stf by Darko Suvin (I'm not saying it's inaccurate; I'm saying that by the time I plowed thru some of the verbiage I no longer cared whether or not it was accurate.) Phil Dick has a somewhat paranoid letter; why would anybody in the federal government give a damn about him, one way or the other? They were after effective opposition. Well, there are good things in here, but SFC is becoming more and more the journal of stuffy academics, like a left-wing Riverside Quarterly. Which I'm sorry to see, because I rather like good old Bruce and I hate for people I like to put out fanzines that I find largely unreadable. Rating.....5

It Comes In The Mail #6, 7 [Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News VA 23605 - no price or schedule listed] Personalzine, much in the style of Alien Critic. Ned, however, sticks pretty closely to letters containing tidbits of fan news interspersed with fanzine reviews and the like. Quite a bit of material on the small stf publishers, unusual books, etc. Rating.....5

Proper Boskonian, #10 [Tony Lewis, NESFA, PO Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge MA 02139 trade, contrib, 50 cents a copy] A long fan-visit-and-con report, enlivened by some good cartoons, moderately humorous fiction by Dian Crayne, and a short mod comic strip I could have done without. Overall, not bad. Rating.....4

Awry #6 [Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #9, Duarte CA 91010 - \$1] I note this thing keeps getting thicker. One of the top humor mags; anything with a Dean Grennell column is one of the top humor mags. The editor and Tina Hensel manage pretty well, and the letter column is good. (Note to serious constructive fans; material here includes "Hernia Night At the Faith Healer's", a column on limicks, violin recitals, and evidence from Robert Lindner that fans are psychopaths, and a trip report.) Rating.....6

Syndrome #3 [Frank Lunney, Box 251, Lehigh University, Bethlehem PA 18015] Long article by R. Meltzer on nostalgic juvenile amusements like comic books and bubble gum cards and so on; none of which I ever had the slightest interest in, even at age 5 or 6. Moderately funny article on discovering sex by Darrell Schweitzer. Some mediocre Kinney-Canfield cartoons (relying for their alleged humor only on the point that they're jointly done; a bad imitation of a feud). And some good letters. Rating.....3

Dilemma #3 [Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher IL 60401] Personalzine plus letters. Topics range from how to boost (don't knock) crudzines to the size of conventions to Joe Hensley's lack of memory. (You should have been a Republican, Joe; an elephant never forgets. Unless he's on the witness stand.) Rating.....3

Chao #13 [John J. Alderson, PO Box 72, Maryborough, Victoria 3465 Australia - quarterly - 50 cents a copy American] The more I see of Alderson's writing, the more he strikes me as the Ted White of Australia. (Not in career or viewpoint, or even writing style, but in personality. Like Ted, Alderson's literary criticism bristles

with personal attacks, which makes for lively if not terribly authoritative reading. Also, he seems to be not too certain why the individual being criticised becomes offended (though I may be wrong there; he may be like me, knowing and just not giving a damn). Anyway, it makes the editor-written Chao interesting reading.

Rating.....5

Forthcoming SF Books #16 [Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson TX 77566 bimonthly - 6/\$1.50] Checklist of forthcoming science fiction books, plus an article reprinted from Publishers Weekly which gives a much more detailed version of the Lancer dispute than any of the fan newsletters have done.

Masiform D #3 [Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn NY 11225 - 50 cents] I'm tempted to raise Devra's blood pressure by calling this a trekkie fanzine and quitting. Actually, it's a big thick trekkie fanzine, with some good material in it. Marian Turner's verse isn't as good as previous efforts, but I did like "O Little town of Collinsport, how still we see thee lie. Above thy shallow, troubled sleep, A bat goes winging by." Sandra Miesel has an Arthurian fiction and there is other interesting material...I'm sure...

High Denver [Devra Langsam, address above] A six-page report on the MileHiCon; don't know about its general availability. Not badly done for a con report.

Amra #60 [George Seithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101 - 50 cents, 10/\$4] Mostly reviews, of both common and obscure volumes, plus humorous verse, in this issue. The most intriguing of the lot is the review of NILS HOLGERSSON, which sounds like a vastly enjoyable book, plus John Boardman's limericks.

Rating.....6

Gegenschein #11 [Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia] Mostly letters, on fairly serious subjects; the alleged values of speed reading, spelling reform, poetry, etc. All literary, if not particularly sciencefictional. Enjoyable, though none of them particularly moved me to comment.

Rating.....5

Sensawonda! #1 [John Robinson, 1 - 101st St., Troy NY 12180 - 16 cents or two 8cent stamps - quarterly] Fanfiction and verse. The idea of a sciencefictional play (opera? Is it to be sung, or is that just imitation Shakespearean dialog?) is interesting, but the execution fails to do much for me. An item by Donn Brazier is cute.

Rating.....3

SF Commentary #34 [Bruce Gillespie, address above - no price or schedule listed] Reviews separately because this is also John Foyster's Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology. The whole thing consists of quotes from various more or less eminent scholars and writers on what science fiction is, what it should be, etc. Pages and pages of the stuff. Kendall Foster Crossen asks "Must we flounder through sixty thousand words of a less than mediocre novel in order to learn that someone guessed we were going to have electronics?" I feel much the same way about this fanzine. There are pertinent comments in it. However...

Rating.....3

NO #14 [Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417 - trade, 10c, or 25 cents - irregular, three times a year] Primarily serious material. A critique of FAN SAGITTARIUS, analysis of Paula Marmor's fan poetry, short article questioning why any of the protagonists in Cthulhu-type horror stories seek out the unpleasant lives that most of them seem to do, an extrapolation on TARZAN ALIVE!, Even the letter column is mostly taken up with comments on a previous letter by Ellison which defined -- to Harlan's satisfaction, anyway -- the difference between amateur and professional writing. Only John Berry's vacation report is fannishly humorous, and looks a trifle odd in the midst of all the serious material. (It's quite good, for a trip report; I don't really care all that much about accounts of trips, especially if they're long accounts.)

Rating.....8

The Despatch [Ruth Berman, address above - \$1.50 a year] This is the official publication of the MLIFC, whatever that is. Material is about "Star Trek", mostly reprinted. (Which is how we got it; an illustration from ST-File was reprinted.) You want to know anything about the MLIFC [[Mark Lenard International Fan Club - JLC]], write Ruth.

Kallikanzaros #7 [John Ayotte, 3555 Norwood Avenue, Columbus OH 43224 - 4 issues per year - \$1 a copy] Moderately serious approach; major item of interest was Jack Gaughan discussing everything from art technique to pulling poison ivy. Long favorable critique of BUG JACK BARRON by Mike Glicksohn; I disagree with it, but then I generally disagree with Mike. Article on African philosophy which I also disagreed with; not that I know much about African philosophy, but the examples don't strike me as all that wonderful and different from any other philosophy. Rating.....5

Title #20, 21, 22 [Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis MO 63131 - sample copy 25 cents, after that the usual.] Interesting to have all three together and note the sudden decrease in size; from 46 pages to 33 pages to 9 pages. But the material is all good; if anything, the issues where Brazier has worked hardest to condense the paragraph of sense from a page of writing are the best. Most fans -- myself included -- tend to maunder somewhat. Wide range of subject matter. Rating.....9

Electric Bumblebee Sandwiches #15 thru 18 [Denny Lien, 2408 Dupont Ave., S., Apt 1, Minneapolis MN 55405] A Minneapa publication; availability doubtful. Denny's sense of humor makes them fun to read, though.

The WSFA Journal #82 [Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton MD 20906 - irregular - this issue is \$1] Huge fanzine, with a little of everything included. Article by Mae Strelkov on "old sounds" which sounds remarkably like Shaver's hypothesis of an ancient proto-language from which all modern tongues have evolved -- at least Mae doesn't, like Shaver, try to say the original language was English, but it's a good example of why I read everything she writes with one or both eyebrows climbing into my hairline. Harry Warner describes Sannazaro's "Arcadia" and its influence on European literature and classical music; Jay Klein has a report on the Nebula Awards Banquet; Alex Gilliland has a short article on the dragon as symbolism for kingship; there is humorous fiction, lots of reviews, and a letter-column largely taken up with comments on a rather asinine article in the previous issue from the editors of Eternity. Rating.....9

Son of the WSFA Journal #104 thru 118 [Don Miller, address above - 25 cents a copy, 10/\$2 - biweekly] A frequent newsletter published to fill the gap between issues of the parent magazine. Primarily book, magazine, fanzine, movie, etc., reviews, with local and some national fan news, occasional letters, and sometimes other items; ads in #104, promag index in #107, list of Mystery Writers of America awards in #113, etc. Rating.....5

The Gamesletter #62 thru 69 [Don Miller, address above - 25 cents, 10/\$2 - biweekly] Official organ of the ~~NSF~~ Games Bureau. Games rules, reviews of books and magazines about games, comments on new board games, etc. I'm not enough of a wargaming fan to get a lot out of it, but if you are, I recommend it for you.

Science Fiction Research Association Newsletter #25-26, 27 [Fred Lerner, 7 Amsterdam Avenue, Teaneck NJ 07666] A newsletter for the serious, academic, and bibliographically oriented fan. (What I'm doing with it, I don't know...) Reviews are heavy on non-fictional items -- which is nice, since most fanzines don't bother with that type material. (And there is the first favorable review of Aldiss' BILLION YEAR SPRBE that I've seen; most fan critics claim Aldiss made too many factual errors in the book. I haven't seen the volume myself, though from Aldiss' writings that I have seen I get the impression that he doesn't know nearly as much about science fiction as he thinks

he does.)

Rating.....5

Talking Stock #13, 14 [Eoren MacGregor, Box 636, Seattle WA 98111] #13 is a tribute to Cry of the Nameless, which seems to have become a legendary fanzine since it ceased publication. (Interesting to watch the process of myth-making at its inception. Not that Cry wasn't an entertaining fanzine; it was. It's the process by which one good fanzine becomes legendary and another equally good one is forgotten that is fascinating, and Cry comes in the first category.) #14 is back to the standard format of short, amusing, personalzine.

Rating.....6

Locus #150 thru 152 [Dena & Charles Brown, Box 3938, San Francisco CA 94119 - single copy 40 cents, 18/\$6 - approximately twice monthly] Still the major newsletter in fandom. Primarily devoted to what the professional writers and publishers are doing, plus convention reports, reviews, and contents of upcoming magazines and anthologies (surely the most useless and persistent material ever to appear in newsletters). I liked Locus better when it had more news and fewer reviews, but then I'm not publishing it.

Rating.....5

Flawol V2#1, 2, 3 [Arnie and Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt 6B, Brooklyn NY 11201 biweekly - news, loc, trade, address and stamp] A specifically fan-oriented newsletter, as opposed to the professional bias of Locus. So it features party and convention reports (the second most useless and persistent material ever to appear in newsletters). Either fans aren't making much news these days or they aren't letting the newsletter publishers find out about it.

Rating.....5

Fosfax #1, 2, 3 [Bob Roehm, FOSFA, PO Box 8251, Louisville KY 40208] Newsletter of the Louisville, or Falls of the Ohio, stf club. Mostly local news, with some general items reprinted from Locus. Quite well done for what it's trying to accomplish.

Rating.....5

Paradox #9 [Bruce Robbins, PO Box 396, Station B, Montreal 110 PQ Canada - irregular available for the usual - \$1.50 samplecopy, 4/\$4] An example of why one can never quite be sure that a fanzine has ceased publication; this is the first issue of Paradox in 6 years. Bruce has a bibliographic bent. Material here is an early review of FRANKENSTEIN coupled with a parody, "The New Frankenstein", published in 1838, and some of the original artwork from the 1831 edition of FRANKENSTEIN. These are followed by an article on paperback reprints of Arkham House books, and a few letters. Very well done; aimed mostly at the collector, historian, and any reader interested in unusual material like 1838-style stf parodies. Offset on one side of the page only, so reproduction is flawless but there isn't quite as much material in here as the thickness of the issue would indicate.

Rating.....7

Starling #26 [Lesleigh and Hank Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison WI 53703 - 5/\$2; 50 cents for sample copy - trade, contrib, loc - quarterly] Really deserves my comments about being the fanzine of popular culture this time. Two articles on the human breast, and what's more popular than that these days? Juanita writes about pop music, Joe Sanders does excellent book reviews, Lesleigh has an article on comic artist John Stanley, and the letter writers cover even more esoteric subjects. Excellent reproduction and artwork.

Rating.....7

It isn't a fanzine, but Australian fanzines have been coming lately with issues of Rats as riders. This would seem to be the Australian version of our satire mags such as National Lampoon. Somewhat more fannish, since we have book reviews by Bruce Gillespie, quite a bit of material by Paul Stevens, and even an AussieFan strip in one issue. I didn't find it all that funny, but then I seldom find professional humor in magazines all that funny -- I've been spoiled by fanzines -- and these issues did contain some interesting material.