

YANDRO 226









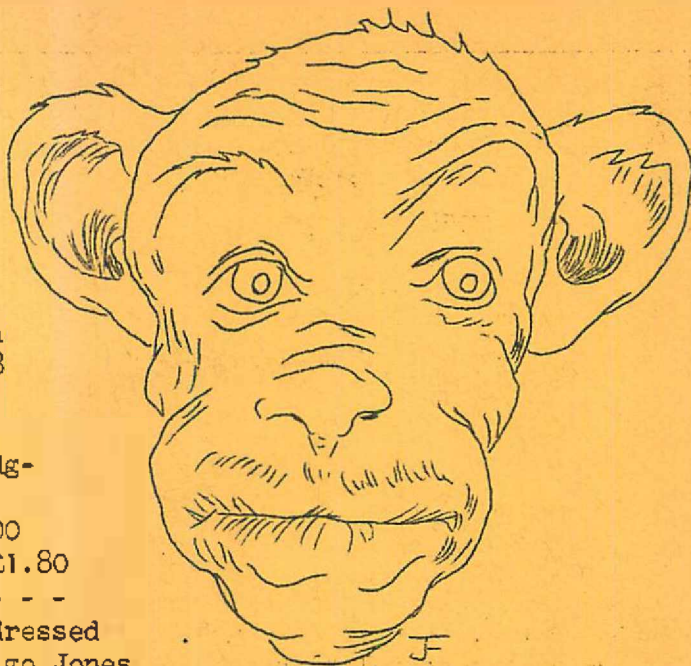
# YANDRO

APRIL 74

226

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A couple months ago we got a wrapper, addressed to "Mr & Mrs Coulson", with a British Inigo Jones commemorative stamp and a stamped note saying "Received without contents at Indianapolis Ind". So if we haven't acknowledged your fanzine, that's why.

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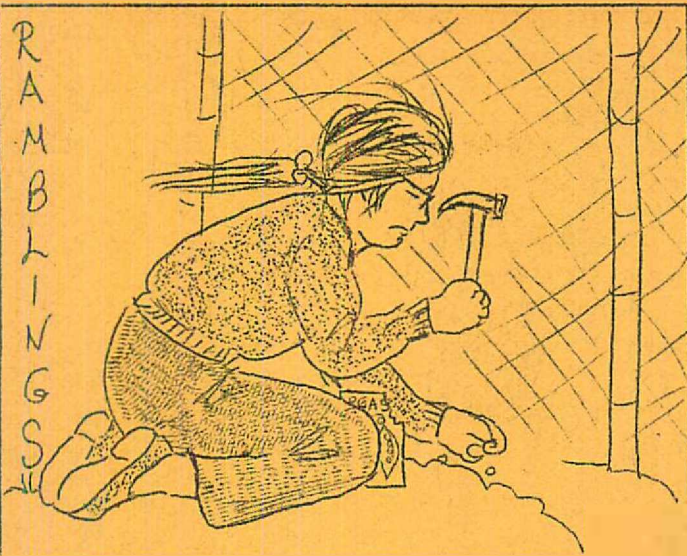
## ARTWORK

Cover by Ken McIntyre\*

Page 1	Jackie Franke	Page 11	George Barr
" 2	JWC	" 13 (logo)	Sheryl Birkhead
" 4	JWC	" 22	Arthur Thomson
" 6	George Barr	" 23	Richard Flinchbaugh
" 6 (logo)	Dave Locke	" 26	Jackie Franke
" 7	Cynthia Goldstone	" 27	Freff
" 10	Dave Jenrette	" 30 (logo)	Richard Delap

\*Cover came to us via Alan Dodd and a defunct fanzine. Anyone knowing McIntyre's present address please let us know so we can send him a contributor's copy.

The march of academia. I'm rather fascinated that to date we have had requests for YANDRO from the following high schools, all of which presumably give courses in science fiction: West Plains, MO; Madison, WI; Chambersburg, PA; Woodbine, IA; Brookwood School, Statesville, NC; Natick, MA; Goshen, IN; Seward, AK; Elwood, IN; Mahopac, NY; Belton, MO; La Porte, IN; Canoga Park, CA; Lawrence HS-North, Trenton, NJ; Salina, KS; Oxford, MI; Alleman HS, Rock Island, IL; Cathedral HS, Indianapolis, IN; South Park School District, Library, PA; Willow Glen HS, San Jose, CA; Oswego, NY; Longview, WA; St. Albert, Alberta, Canada; and the Young Adult Services Division of the American Library Association. (And not one response has any of this brought us - except from Rock Island, after I corrected the English of the English teacher making the request. But the thought of all those bewildered teachers sustains me.) RSC



Since Yandro is sometimes regarded as a genzine dinosaur this issue's cover only seemed appropriate. As Buck points out elsewhere herein, we acquired the original via a circuitous route -- namely we aren't the ones McIntyre submitted the cover to. Hence, track has been lost and please if someone out there knows Ken's whereabouts let us know so we can send him his contrib copy.

This is the time of year when my pioneer wife syndrome strikes. Gardening time. I see, as last year only worse, all the johnny come latelies are plowing their lawns and sidewalks and putting in "inflation gardens". So I was anxious to get

started early, to beat the rush. Mainly because last year by the time I went to buy seed -- at the normal planting season -- the newcomers had almost bought out the stores. I had better luck this time, stalling only on my bedding plants -- tomatoes. No rush on them yet, which is just as well since freezing temperatures are predicted tonight and tomorrow night. Won't hurt stuff under the ground but tomatoes would get their noses nipped, and they tend to scream and yell a lot when that happens -- and turn black.

We have somewhere between  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{5}{8}$  of the garden planted, with of course part reserved for those tomatoes and second plantings of corn and beans...and an attempt at okra. When we drove to LA in '72 one of our bonuses was a marvelously pleasant evening spent at the Scotts in Norman, Oklahoma; and there it was that Mrs. Scott introduced me to fried okra -- which was fatal for my taste buds. Ever since then I've been dreaming of repeating that gustatory delight. Only okra, according to everything I've since read, is a sub-tropical plant. However a recent issue of Organic Gardening had an article on some experimenters successfully raising okra in Maryland. Hi, Harry. Well, Maryland's summat south'rd from here, but I'm sufficiently encouraged I'm going to give it a try. Maybe I'll get lucky and eat okra all next winter. If I can find room in the freezer to store it, between the beans and beets and snow peas...

I planted the snow peas in a 35 mph wind. Not a process I'd recommend. I wanted to get the little blaggards in the ground before it rained -- because if I didn't it would most likely be another week before I had a chance and every little bit counts. I got most of them buried, and part of the seed is most likely in eastern Ohio by now. Disconcerting to have the stuff snatched out of your fingerbones before you can put it in the furrow.

As Buck mentioned we weren't much scathed by the waves of tornadoes. Lost a few shingles and branches and so forth. But by now people in Indiana are getting very nervous everytime Easter approaches. In 1965 we got creamed by a wave of severe tornadoes on Palm Sunday. A lot of the current meteorological predictions and authoritative warning systems in this area were developed as a result of -- and unfortunately, necessarily, after -- those '65 tornadoes. This is good, bad, and useless. We have tornado "watches" and tornado "warnings", depending on whether conditions are merely favorable or a thunderhead hook and funnel has actually been eyeballed. But in the sort of collision patterns of air masses and moisture found through the central US this means as much as 12 to 18 hours can be spent in constant fingernail chewing. The tv and radio and where convenient sirens blare and warn and yell for hours on end. A steady claxon of predicted calamity. This most recent wave was typical. One wave of warnings right after another, overlapping in many cases. And when you look out the window it all



seems pretty ominous and wind-blown and black scudding clouds thirty feet off the ground. In one sense that reinforces the warnings. But after so many of them people tend to say what the hell. Not precisely the cry-wolf reaction, but a blunted edge. Makes for fatalism, sometimes...er...fatal. It all begins to slough off. So many warnings and cautions. Even people who are lucky enough to have a shelter don't bother running up and down into them every time the radio says whoops here comes another one.

So I guess we're as blase in the Midwest about tornadoes as West Coasters are about earthquakes. Theoretically, one can do something to avoid being hit by a tornado. But in practice -- in part due to the problem mentioned above -- very little is done. If you happen to be looking in the right place at the right time and haven't gotten completely groggy from repeated warnings, and you see a funnel coming, you'll hopefully head for the basement or a ditch or your car and drive like hell at right angles to the track. But few people do. They get it. And shrug and say it's life.

Of course right in the middle of these waves of tornado warnings the Midwest had an earthquake. About a 5 at the epicenter, I believe. Maybe a smidge higher. You must realize now that those we aren't used to. We got long spiels from tv meteorologists on theories connecting tornadoes and earthquakes, incidentally. The postulation that dropping the air pressure off the scale tends to let faults get twitchy. And we here in the Ohio-Mississippi basin sit on one of the real dandies in the fault line. New Madrid taking a small stretch there. Nerve wracking. Some poor soul wrote his Congressman and a local action line complaining about his precious tax dollars going to a federally funded earthquake research study -- on the argument there were never going to be any earthquakes in the Midwest. Be nice if he was right, but...I'm afraid the next time the New Madrid cuts loose it may decide to move the Great Lakes south and hock them up with one of its prior creations, Reelfoot Lake. Or not only make the Father of waters flow backward but funnel the whole thing into the St. Lawrence. Anybody for some brand new and even more spectacular additions to Niagara?

If we don't get drowned in Lake Michigan, South, by next issue I should be sitting around munching new sprouted radishes and fresh lettuce and admiring the Moon rising over the pole bean teepees and feeling sorry for the city slickers nursing their flower boxes full of runty rutabagas. That is, between liniment and heating pads and massages. I mean, 100 feet of garden is a lot of garden, especially come weeding time. You earn your tasty li'l vegetables, yes.

a column

bec

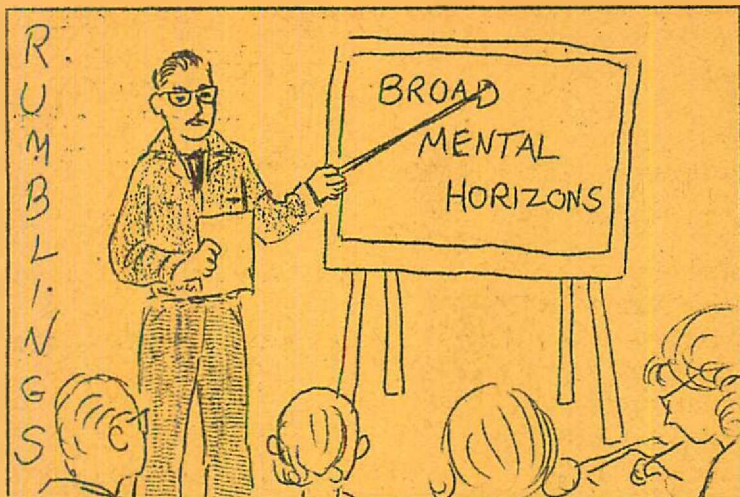
Being in the spring play this years was a mistake. In addition to missing the second half of "Judgment At Nuremberg" and a chess tournament, the play itself is not going too well. In our premier performance the lights came up while I was still shifting scenery; and in another scene when I went to answer a doorbell there was the sound of tinkling glass before I got there. (I felt like yelling, "Wait a minute, dammit! I'm coming as fast as possible!") All this is in addition to the fact that I have to keep my glasses off, and keep running into furniture and stages.

Prize money in tournaments just escapes my grasp. Twice now I have gotten excellent scores, only to be beaten out, or to win in non-cash award categories.

I recently read a book, THE TWILIGHT OF THE PRESIDENCY, by George Reedy. It doesn't refer to Watergate but to the institution of the Presidency in general; and Reedy claims that it is too powerful and too obsolete to be effective for the country. Although you can argue with some of his examples all in all he paints a compelling picture.

Oh, can anyone give me some details on what a golem is? I wasn't able to find the information in any of the encyclopedias we have.

BEC



We seem to be, rather involuntarily, on a bi-monthly schedule. Sorry about that. I don't look for much improvement until after mid-year, when I drop SFWA officership (and probably drop out of SFWA altogether. Currently I'm debating on whether I get enough free books to make two memberships worth while. I certainly don't get enough other services, though being an officer has its interests because I get in on some of the behind-the-scenes idiocies - which I am not going to reveal to you, so quit panting.)

Juanita will keep her membership; she has more fraternal spirit than I do, even if her opinion of SFWA is the same as mine.

We were invited to speak on science fiction to a graduate seminar at Ball State University in March. Aside from being rushed in order to make it in time (actually we arrived late and then ran over our appointed time limit), it was enjoyable enough. Especially since we actually got money for saying much the same things that we expound to neofans for nothing. I must say it was a bit croggling to see people taking notes when I spoke, though. (And I felt mildly intimidated about giving a lecture at a university when I never went to one, but that didn't hamper me.)

The tornados missed us. I haven't heard of any midwestern fans being hurt; being such a widely scattered minority does have its advantages. Joe Hensley told the De-Weeses that the tornado that hit Madison did some damage on his block but missed his house - I suspect that not even a tornado dares set foot on Hensley's property without permission.

In addition to the books reviewed in this column, I have 13 more already for the next issue, plus an even 50 in the to-be-reviewed stack. I'm catching up; I was 68 behind around the first of March. I have been concentrating on magazines lately, though; NATURAL HISTORY, NATIONAL WILDLIFE, INTERNATIONAL WILDLIFE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, AMERICAN HERITAGE, OUTDOOR INDIANA, WALKABOUT, AMERICAN RIFLEMAN, OLD STUFF, WASHINGTON MONTHLY, THE CRISIS, ARIZONA HIGHWAYS, plus some scattered issues of BLACK ENTERPRISE sent by Bev Boles and PRIVATE EYE (a British humor mag) sent by Dainis Bisenieks. Once that foot-high stack is finished off I'll be back reading books for awhile. (I dislike reading magazines efficiently, in large batches, but it seems the only way to get them read at all.)

According to LOCUS, Ben Keifer died recently. He was a long-time YANDRO subscriber and correspondent, and we used to get together regularly at Midwestcons. He'll be missed in midwestern fandom.

For those interested in getting back to the simple life of the soil, a recent "Farm & Fleet" catalog might be of interest. Particularly the veterinary medicine section, which lists such things as swine wormer, foot rot spray, several different medications for scours, an insecticide for lice and hornflies, antibiotics for mastitis, erysipelas serum, blackleg bacterin, "Isolite" for shipping fever, buffered iodine for ringworm, teat dip, udder wash, vaccinating needles, castrating knife, balling gun, ear notcher, bull-rings, and various other necessities, for those thrilled with the idea of living off the land. (And that's all for cattle and hogs; chickens require another set of medications.)

I assume most working fans have run into the problem of not looking at things the same way as their mundane co-workers. It was recently brought home to me - again - when orders came down from on high that in the future we would not weld inside covers to our steel doors; they would be attached with strips of polyvinyl moulding. As far as the actual practice goes, that's an engineering decision and I couldn't care less. But this must be reflected on drawings; from now on all my drawings of steel doors (or at least those with inside covers) must show polyvinyl moulding, and the word itself strikes me as funny. I tend to snicker when writing it down, and am inspired to



perpetuate it in some form more lyrical than an engineering drawing.

I come down here for to draw a door,  
Using polyvinyl moulding all the way;  
Engineering fancies to explore,  
Using polyvinyl moulding all the way.  
Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well the welded way;  
While the other draftsmen hover I will go and draw a cover  
Using polyvinyl moulding all the way.

Of course, the trouble is that nobody else at work would even consider that a perfectly good descriptive term could possibly be funny in itself, and they would tend to think I was trying to make fun of the product. (Aside from not knowing what song I'm parodying; fans may not know it either, but most of them will assume that there is one.) Whereas fans won't understand the references.....frustrating.

Awhile back I noticed someone marketing a "Bicentennial Chess Set". The makers lacked imagination in delineating the pieces, though. I'd like to see a set made up of the following (I might even buy one:

	Red (British)	Blue (American)
King	George III	George Washington
Queen	Queen Charlotte	Martha Washington
Rooks	Lord George Cornwallis	Nathaniel Greene
	General William Howe	Benedict Arnold (or the Comte de Grasse)
Bishops	Lord North	Benjamin Franklin
	Lord Germain	Samuel Adams
Knights	Patrick Ferguson	Francis Marion
	General Burgoyne	George Rogers Clark
Pawns	British Private	Minuteman

Alternate on one American rook because de Grasse, of course, was a French naval officer (while the rest of the pieces are soldiers or politicians), and Arnold's reputation stands against him. But Arnold won Saratoga and de Grasse won Yorktown and one or the other ought to be represented. Anybody out there interested?

Don and Maggie Thompson send us a battered copy of STRANGE ADVENTURES comic #49, with the lead story being "Invasion From Indiana". Right. Alan Dodd sends a list of hotel rates in Bulgaria. Sandra Miesel sends a review of The Saturday Night Special from AMERICA magazine that is anti-gun enough to raise my hackles. (Incidentally, WASHINGTON MONTHLY, a leftist-oriented publication, reviewed the same book and if the book's title hadn't been listed I wouldn't have recognized it. The WM review followed the middle-ground of the book; the AMERICA reviewer followed his prejudices.) I've read parts of the book; I'll have to get it finished one of these days.

NOTICE: A group of US fans, aided and abetted by Australians, has begun the Tucker Fund, to get Bob Tucker to Australia in 1975. Information on the Fund will be carried in FIAWOL (Arnie and Joyce Katz, 59 W. Livingston, Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201), and TUCKERBAG #1 is available from Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401. Australian fans contact Bruce Gillespie. Jackie is one of the organizers of the Fund, along with various Illinois fans whom I won't list because I don't know who they all are. Needless to say, the YANDRO editors heartily endorse this tribute to the esteemed author of "The Princess of Detroit" and other science fiction classics, the power behind Hoy Ping Pong (a sort of early-day Kung Fu), member of the Room 770 Club, ~~the~~ raconteur, and otherwise eminently worthy fan. There will be a special reprint fanzine of Tucker's memorable works (which will have to be limited in size; Advent could publish an entire book of Tucker's "best" fan material), an auction of various and sundry sundries, and several fanzines have offered to donate the receipts for a particular issue. (This fanzine stands on the sidelines and applauds all such efforts) We'll furnish all details here that we can, but with our current irregular schedule we can't guarantee to be up to date. We recommend getting on the mailing list of FIAWOL and/or TUCKERBAG. The goal is \$1,000 (~~WILL BE PAID TO THE FUND BY THE END OF THE YEAR~~).

We will earnestly endeavor to get out the next YANDRO in a month, but we don't promise anything. Gardening will start pretty soon, and with prices the way we are, I don't intend to neglect the garden for a mere fanzine. Until then.....

RSC

DAVE LOCKE

When I was a teenager, in the strange little town of Indian Lake, New York, my favorite hobby was tourist-watching. People from far, exotic places such as New York City would travel to the Adirondack Mountains or upstate New York just to drop a dollar or two at my parents' tourist business.

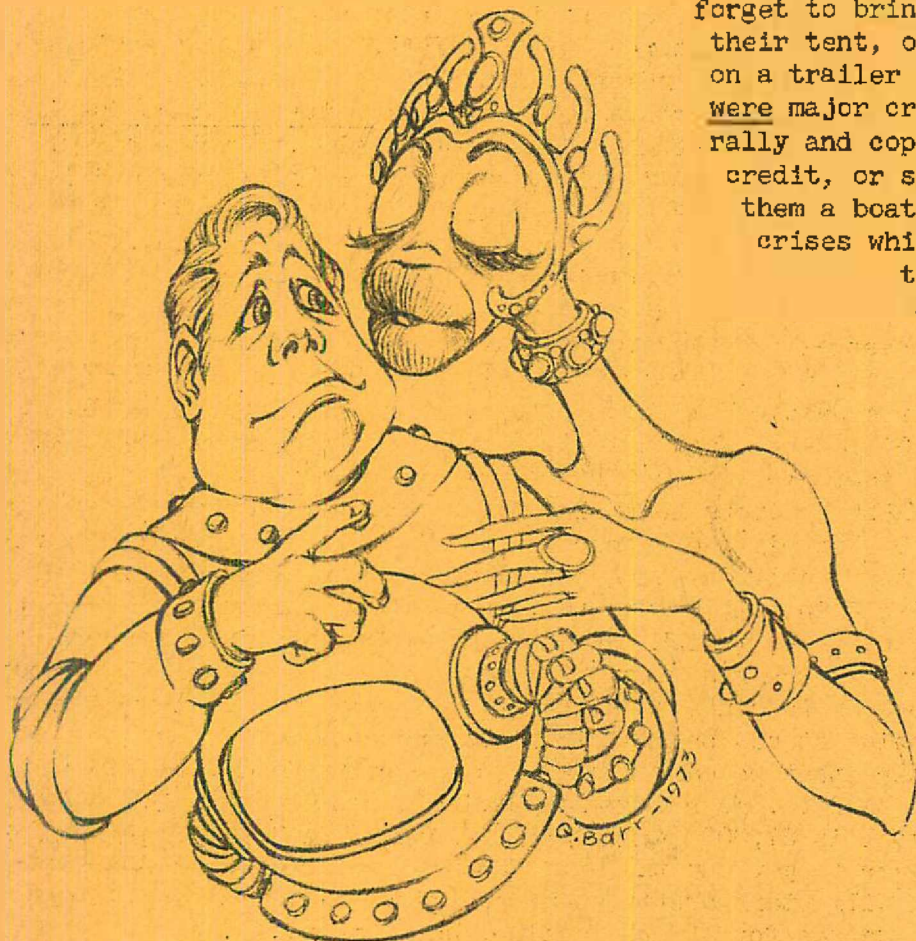
Locke Harbor was, and still is for that matter, located on the shoreline of Lake Abanakee -- which is one of the many lakes squeezed into the immediate vicinity of the village of Indian Lake. I've lost count of the exact number, because the people of Indian Lake keep building new lakes for the purpose of meeting tourist demand. It's relatively easy to build a lake. You take a stretch of river, put a dam at either end, and let a heap of water flow in without letting it flow out again. Then you stock the lake with fish, and stock the shoreline with boats, cottages, and campsites. Presto: instant tourist attraction.

And the tourists were fascinating to watch because, like most anyone on a vacation, they tended to work so hard at having a good time. They rarely did, of course, because the least little thing that went wrong seemed, to them, a harbinger of doom. All flaws in the Master Plan were treated as major crises, and they would curse that fate was against them.

And things always went wrong. People would drive two or three hundred miles and forget to bring their money with them, or their tent, or leave their boat sitting on a trailer in their driveway. These were major crises, towards which we would rally and cope. We would extend them credit, or scrounge up a tent, or rent them a boat. But it was the minor crises which were always the most interesting, and these occurred as frequently as statistics.

At least three times a month someone would fall into the lake while trying to get their outboard motor into the boat.

Their usual procedure was to put the boat parallel to the dock and, while holding the motor, try to get into the boat. With one foot on the dock, and one foot on the back of the boat, the boat always had a tendency to begin moving away from the dock. There's





probably even a scientific principle involved here. While the boat moved away from them they would clutch the motor tightly and look slightly panicked over the fact that they were doing the "split". Sooner or later they would tumble face-forward into the water (probably because they were holding the motor in front, instead of in back of them). What was interesting is the fact that they would always hold the motor all the way to the bottom of the lake before they let go of it. I never knew whether this was attributable to possessiveness, or simply because they wanted something to hold onto.

I'll always recall the fisherman who lost his motor in just such a manner, and who gave me \$5.00 for fetching it back to him. After getting the water out of all the undesirable places, the motor seemed none the worse for wear and, after a change of clothing, neither did he. He zoomed away to the middle of the lake, set anchor, and proceeded to demonstrate that his luck at fishing wasn't very good that day, either. As a few of you may know, sound travels extremely well across water. We could hear him cursing and moaning for hours. The volume of his pettishness increased rather dramatically, upon his decision to return to shore, when he discovered that his motor wouldn't start. I don't know whether the cursing or the pulling on the starter rope wore him out first, but eventually he gave up both and began rowing at a rather discouraged, or discouraging, pace.

As he was rowing in, I walked down to the dock to meet him. As the bow touched the edge of the dock I tied the boat and then pulled it alongside the dock so that he could get out. He greeted me with a friendly; "There aren't any goddam fish in this goddam lake."

"I guess this isn't your lucky day," I stated, unnecessarily. "What happened to the motor?"

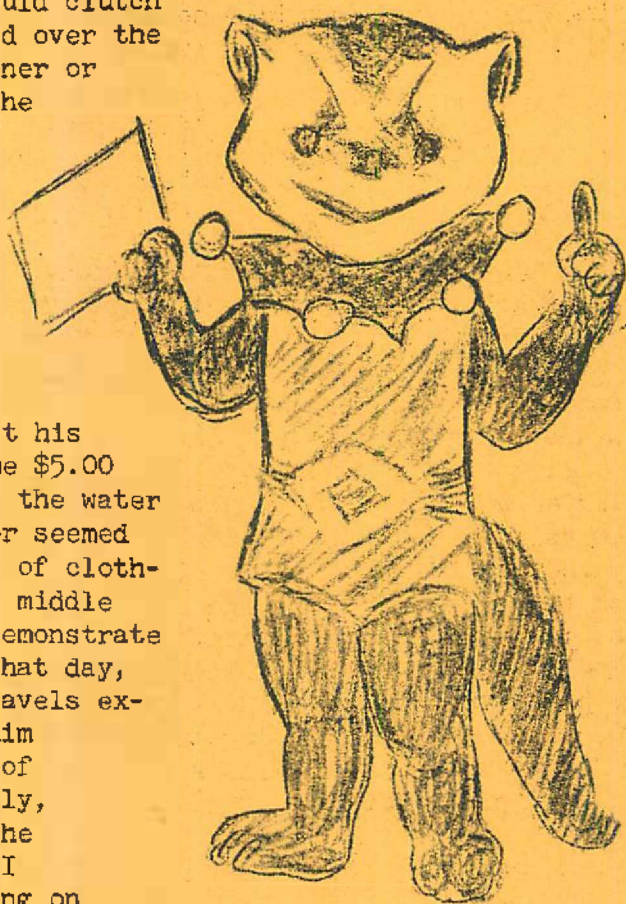
"Ah, there's probably water in the gas. It wouldn't start worth a goddam."

"That's too bad. I know someone who's pretty good with outboards. Let me give him a call and see if he can take a look at this today,"

"Ah, to hell with it," he said. "And to hell with your goddam boat. Goddam hardest rowing boat I've ever been in. What's it made of, lead?"

That was a new complaint. I didn't know how to answer that one, so I held the boat while he got his gear out and huffed away. When he left I sponged the boat clean and then looked for the anchor for the purpose of putting it away (we had different kinds, with different lengths of rope, for people who were fussy about such things). I found the anchor. He hadn't pulled it back into the boat when he was through fishing.

Then there were the two couples who wanted two canoes, so they could paddle romantically around the lake. I was always a bit leery about renting canoes; they're rather dangerous if you aren't aware of how to handle them (personally, although I don't fish out of a canoe I'd rather use it for pleasure riding than any other kind of water craft). Anyway, I warned them about being careful with the use of their canoes, and then pulled two canoes over to the dock. I left the canoes sitting partly on the dock and sitting mostly in the water at right-angles to the dock, and then I walked away to get the paddles. That was a mistake.





Getting into, and out of, a canoe isn't an exercise that should be taken too lightly. My customary practice was to assist the tourist in this particular activity, by placing the canoe alongside the dock and then holding it steady while all passengers boarded. At this particular moment in time, however, the tourists decided to board while my back was turned. As I grabbed the paddles and started walking back towards them, my eyes spotted the seeds of destruction as they were thrown to the wind. One couple was just standing there, doing nothing but talking. The other couple should have been doing the same. Instead, the fellow had placed the canoe fully in the water, still at a right-angle to the dock, and the girl was getting into it. The image fused into my mind. She was tall, blonde, and made to look even taller by a mammoth beehive hairdo. She had a cigarette in her lips, and she walked out into the canoe and over the center bar. How she got that far I don't know. I shouted "stop!" but it was much too late for that; she was no sooner over the center bar than the canoe started rocking back and forth and turned over faster than I could blink.

When she surfaced, the beehive hairdo didn't exist any longer. The cigarette, however, was still between her lips.

While the other couple paddled romantically about the lake, they returned to their motel for a change of clothing and then came back and rented a rowboat. Not as romantic, maybe, but safer.

Northern Pike was the Fish To Catch in the Adirondack Lakes. It gave a hell of a nice fight when you tried to bring it in, but it went down rather peacefully when cooked in butter. To be a legal catch, the pike must measure 18 inches in length (the ones that got away, however, had to measure at least 18 inches between the eyes or you were considered a very unimaginative liar). I recall one fellow who spent the better part of two hours in landing what he had imagined was the largest Northern ever to inhabit the lake. He was quite used to bringing in at least one Northern per day of fishing, and judged by the size of the battle he was prepared to bring in enough fillet to last everyone in the Vatican for at least eight Fridays. When he finally netted it into the boat, it was rather disillusioning to find that the fish was one inch under the legal size. The reason it had put up such a vigorous and sustained fight, he discovered, was due to the fact that it had never tried to eat his lure in the first place. It had, though, the misfortune to be swimming in the vicinity of the lure and one of the hooks snagged it in the bunghole. Consequently, instead of being reeled in head-first it had the power advantage of being able to swim away from its attacker. If I had been in the same sore predicament as the fish, frankly I don't think I would have put up any fight at all. The whole business sounds rather painful.

Then there were the people who would tip their tackle boxes into the lake, or fall into the lake when they were trying to net captured fish (and lose the net, their rod and reel, and even the fish), or fail to dig a trench around their tent before a rain and consequently get floated out of the tent while still in their sleeping bags, or get thrown off the beach when I saw that they were trying to soap themselves up while others were trying to enjoy the clean water.

And the tourists always seemed to have a lot of problems with bears. Of course, we did too. One of our neighbors took a pick-up load of garbage cans to the town dump, and a bear crawled in the back of his truck while he was starting the truck for the return trip. So he wound up taking it home with him, although he didn't know that until he went to remove the garbage cans.

Some of the tourists were just plain ignorant (that's the worst kind of ignorant), and didn't realize that the bears at the dump were not cut from the same mold as was Gentle Ben. They would do incredibly dumb things, like trying to pet the bears or get close-up photographs. One couple smeared strawberry jam on their little boy's hand and sent him over the bank so they could get a photograph of the bear licking the jam off. Luckily some people yanked the kid back before the bear had an opportunity to chew his head off. One fellow, totally smashed, broke a beer bottle over a cub's head. He was also lucky. The mother took off after the cub instead of after him.



It was a standard problem trying to get rid of your garbage during tourist season. There were so many tourists around, you couldn't get in to dump your garbage. When politely asked to move aside for a moment, the tourists would get rather indignant that you were trying to infringe upon their rights to enjoy their vacation.

The tourists would line up around the bank of the dump, and there would be a constant dazzle of flashbulbs popping as bears would come out of the woods and start climbing the banks to sort through the garbage. One fellow from Indian Lake (one of the many strange people who lived there), took a camera and circled through the woods until he came to the edge of the woods near the dump. This was rather foolhardy, due to the close proximity of the bears, but it resulted in a rather mind-boggling experience for the tourists. There they were, facing the woods and taking pictures of the bears when, of a sudden, something in the woods began taking flash-pictures of them.

One day at the dump there occurred an incident which caused the tourists to lose much of their enthusiasm for bear-watching. There was a rather scraggly-looking cat which had joined the bears in scrounging through the garbage for food. The cat didn't pay too much attention as to where its foraging took it, and wound up poking through garbage right next to one of the bears. The bear was on its hind legs at the time, looking around for tidbits, and then it looked down and saw the cat. Promptly, the bear swept up the cat in one paw and began chewing. I never saw a place evacuate so fast in my life.

Most tourists came from the cities, to revel in the natural beauty of the country. At that time, living in the country, when we took vacations we always went to the cities. Makes sense, doesn't it? It's all a matter of what you're not used to. Now that we live in the city (I guess Duarte, California is a city; it sure as hell isn't "country") we take our vacations in such places as Yellowstone, Kings Canyon, or even Indian Lake.

There's only one problem with taking your vacations in the country; the place is full of tourists.

#### ----- CONVENTION CALENDAR

Midwestcon - June 28 - 30, Quality Inn Central, 4747 Montgomery Road, Cincinnati, OH 45212. Registration \$3.00 at door only. Rooms \$20, Banquet \$6. (That's for double rooms; singles \$15.) No program except parties, hucksters, and banquet. This is one we always try to make.

SCIENCE FICTION RESEARCH ASSOCIATION ANNUAL MEETING - July 12 - 14, Univ. of Wisconsin at Milwaukee Campus. Papers will be presented; emphasis on teaching science fiction. Just the thing for anyone wanting to be bored out of his skull. Major speaker will be Phil Farmer; Ursula Le Guin may be there. (And if she is, Juanita and I may be there, briefly.) For information, write Dr. Robert Galbreath, Center for 20th Century Studies, UWM, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

Equicon '74 - oops, that's over with; April 12 - 14. Along with Minicon 8, same time. I have a progress report for Westercon 8, which seems to be sometime in 1975, and a flier for Kansas City in 1976 (Worldcon bid). Write KC In '76 Committee, P.O. Box 221, Kansas City, MO 64141, if you want information on that one.

#### ----- THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX - I

Alan Dodd sends an ad for the "Coulson Juvenile Buzz Bomb". Sorry, Alan; we already have one of those. We named it Bruce. Ad for Digest Books, Inc. advertises "2 BOOKS FREE" with a single purchase. "For each of the above giant, best-selling, DIGEST BOOKS you purchase we will give you two additional Bonus Books from the other titles offered in the brochure. For each FREE Bonus Book you select add \$2.00 for the first Bonus Book and \$1.00 for each additional Bonus Book to cover postage and handling." I guess inflation has hit everything, even free book offers. The Thompsons send an "Action Line" clipping telling one how to spot pirated tapes. Among other things, one of the clues is "a tape that says, 'All legal fees and royalties have been paid.' Legitimate companies do not have to make this statement." I always suspected it... I think it works that way on books, too. SISU Publishers, P.O. Box 14126, San Francisco, CA 94114, sends an ad for Showcase of Fantasy Art, price \$10.50. Looks like it could be good if you have the money.



# ALDEBARAN & KRA-DREDURNI

touted by  
dave  
jenrette

Please rush to your local newsstand and look for an Ace Double science-fiction book called FALCONS OF NARABEDLA and THE DARK INTRUDER (& OTHER STORIES) by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Not only are these good stories -- Marion Zimmer Bradley's name guarantees that -- but your own, beloved David V. Jenrette is the co-author of DARK INTRUDER. Here's how it came about: I once had dreams of being a great science fiction writer and often submitted stories -- this was in the late forties, early fifties in my late teens, early twenties. I did not have much luck; Galaxy sent back a story with a rejection slip that said You'll never see it in Galaxy; Astounding once sent back a story marked opened by mistake. Planet Stories (when Jerry Bixby was editing it) once rejected a story by me because it was too melodramatic! There were

a few, small successes: like when the first issue of Infinity published my "Siren of Saturn" story, which undoubtedly influenced Kurt Vonnegut's story, THE SIRENS OF TITAN. \* I have since lost my copy of Vol. 1 #1 Infinity with the story, but I do have number 2 in which some of the readers made rather unkind comments on the story. I am sure this was mostly jealousy from fans who wished that they could be professional writers too. If there is any great demand perhaps we could reprint that great classic, "The Siren of Saturn" in these pages??? Ok, ok, Buck. My idea of success in writing science fiction was if a magazine kept my story for more than a week.



Anyway, I joined the USAF in '53, and during the following period I corresponded and visited with Marion Zimmer Bradley; she had a story she couldn't get to come out right so I rewrote it and then she rewrote it

again (as I recall) and it sold to Planet Stories. The story was never published because Planet folded; for years I have thought of "The Dark Intruder" as The-Story-That-Killed-Planet-Stories. Anyhow, it came out, I wrote to Marion (who thought I was dead!) and now I have some money (and fame) coming. But Marion, what happened to my fantastic opening line for that story? For the first time, here it is:

"Night descended on Mars like a lid closing on a coffin."

Now go buy the book. "Too melodramatic." HA!

"The Siren of Saturn" originally appeared in Lee Tremper Lavell's Merlin, a fine fanzine.

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"Shamrock Lakes Requests City Sewage"....local newspaper headline. Now if you know of a city with some sewage to dispose of.....  
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Silver Scarab Press, 500 Wellesley, SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106, is selling Reader's Guide To The Cthulhu Mythos, by Weinberg and Berglund, for \$5.00, and Ahasverus, a book of Helmut Wenske's fantasy art, for \$8.50.



# BOOK REVIEW

by

GENE COMEAU

Robert A. Heinlein: *TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE*, G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York 1973,  
605 pages, Hardcover -- \$7.95

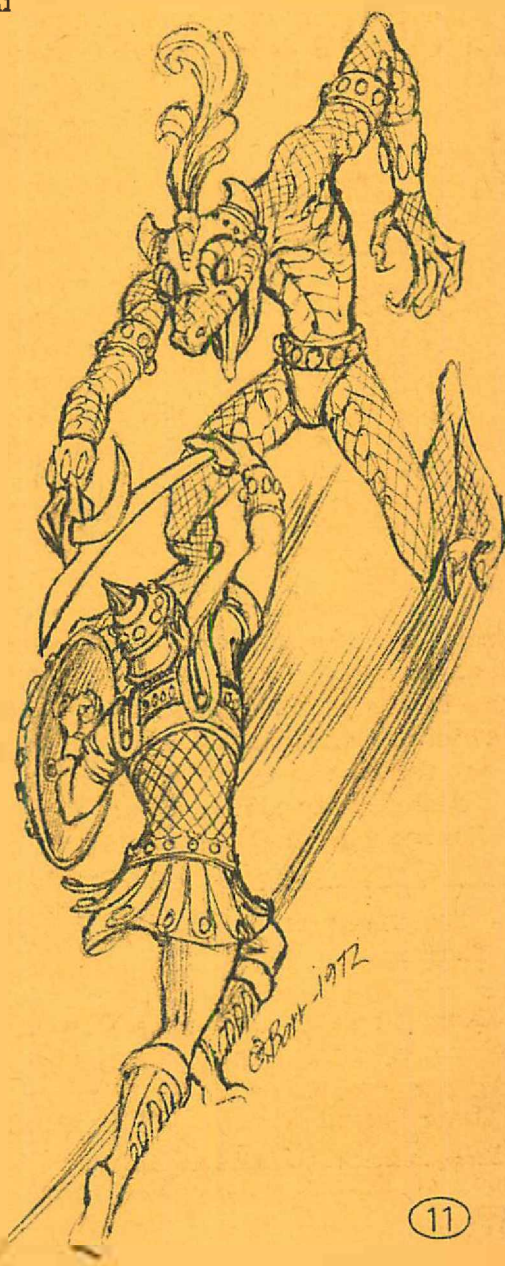
*TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE* is, at the moment, the most ambitious novel to be written by the master. On his "Future History" chart it would be listed at the Da Capo or bottom. The story or actually series of stories has been in the making for the last thirty years, though Mr. Heinlein may not wish to admit to that fact. The book is comprised of several stories, essentially independent of each other yet acting as a more informative whole. As a whole, the book is slightly less than you would expect of the Master, but the parts are of such quality as to discount any criticism of the whole.

*TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE* is the popular version, abridged, of the memoirs of Lazarus Long, the oldest member of the human race, first encountered in *METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN*. His long life is owed to both his unique genetic inheritance and the clonal and other rejuvenation techniques used from 2210 to 4272 AD when the story takes place.

The story opens in 4272 with the Chairman Pro Tempore of the Howard Families asking for help and wisdom from the oldest man alive. Long gives the Chairman Pro Tem the answer which is equivalent to "Bullshit!" Long does not consider himself as a wise man, just one who has used what little common sense he was born with. In the Chairman Pro Tem's words: "That is the wisdom I seek, Lazarus."

The reasons for Lazarus' returning to Howard territory are simple in extent. He simply wants to die. However, as time progresses he is persuaded to accept another rejuvenation in exchange for "Something new. Something I haven't done before." The search is conducted by Minerva, a slightly familiar type of computer such as MIKE, encountered in *THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS*. Minerva however has developed more human emotions than had MIKE. Eventually Minerva turns up that something new: Time Travel into the past. Having this proved to be a fact by Minerva, Lazarus decides to make his first trip to Kansas City in the 1920s, the time of his childhood.

There is a slight miscalculation, which puts him down in 1916, right on the brink of the First World War. Before he even has





time to analyze his predicament he meets and falls in love with his mother. The experience is something new to him, though looked at from another point of view not so new. As interesting and entertaining as this last chapter is what goes first is more of what makes the book a "Novel Experience". (I'm not ashamed of the pun.)

During his rejuvenation Lazarus propounds three stories. One, "The Tale of the Man Who Was Too Lazy to Fail," illustrates the Long/Heinlein Principle of Least Effort. The other two, "The Tale of the Twins Who Weren't" and "The Tale of the Adopted Daughter" (this one worth a Hugo Nomination alone), are tales of two events of importance in Long's life. These and some lengthy notes from Long's notebook limn the philosophy which made his life happy and most importantly possible.

In addition to being a banquet for those who've been screaming for something new, like Lazarus, TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE is a gold mine for any Future History nut. It adds two more millennia to the chart. It also lets those who have read METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN know what happened to the Howard Families, to the extent that they were indeed superior stock of the race which went to the stars, while the culls stayed home and died off. It is more the Heinlein projection of the Ultimate Destiny of man. It is possible that he wanted to get every last thing into this book, thereby eliminating anything but pure fantasy. It does everything that fiction should do, but rarely does; it grabs you and transports you into a plot in which it grapples with the truly important matters. The book may make quite a lot of people angry, especially those with Utopian ideas. But when in all history has anything that was worth saying been pleasing?

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"Oh, those are the male pretzels." ...conversation at ISFA meeting  
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#### THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX - II

Chris Walker sends a form letter from Citizens Committee for Clean Water and Clean Laundry which lists among the Committee membership one Dr. Andrew C. Offutt, Former Indiana Commissioner of Health. Your secrets are coming out, Andy. Chris also sent something called INTERPLANETARY NEW PAPER WITNESS, which seems to be a religious paper about space travel. Address is Interplanetary Press, P.O. Box 20573, Chicago, IL 60620. It's sort of weird; lots of sentences like this one about Jupiter: "With a great rush, pulled by hands of gargantuan gravities, we've made a sweeping glance at the vast storms of atmospheres, the great tidal seas of sky that man would lose his Earth with simple plunk should it tumble into such a cauldron." I wonder if they have van Vogt writing for them? Dodd sends a cutting of a British police raid on a "Battle of Britain museum". It seems that the guns, even though "smashed beyond repair" and "buried for more than 30 years in 15 feet of soil" required permits for possession which the museum didn't have. The Fort Wayne paper has an item on our stupid Indiana crooks. Seems Fort Wayne patrolmen saw two men throwing paper from a motorcycle. So they arrested the men for littering - and then discovered that the paper consisted of checks stolen in a recent burglary. The men promptly implicated others and the case closed with 13 arrests, the clearing of 54 burglaries, 100 cases of vandalism, and recovery of over \$4,000 worth of stolen property. All because two of the burglars tried to dispose of some of the unwanted property on a public street. Pass another gun law? In New York City, where the mayor is demanding confiscation of handguns and the laws are the toughest in the country, criminals arrested for carrying loaded handguns on the city streets are being turned loose without any penalty, according to a police department study. Let's try enforcing the laws we have now, hun! A copy of TRI-STATE TRADER lists a new book published; a price guide to cast-iron seats for farm implements. It also has an article on the cracking of a stained-glass window theft ring which had its headquarters in Indianapolis. (When Hoosier criminals aren't being stupid, they're being weird.) Mary Schaub sends a clipping of an interesting occupation; Joe Davis of Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin, operates "The Finders". He agrees to find anything you want, for a price. (The column says so far he's failed to obtain a genuine 15th. Century circumcision knife for a museum, and a two-wheel wooden cart used to haul victims of bubonic plague in London.) But he did come with 350 human skulls for an antipollution campaign.....



## Golden Minutes



Washington Irving. I would have preferred far more illustrations and far less text; the illustrations are excellent but I wouldn't want to pay full price for the book to get them.

THE BERSERKERS, edited by Roger Elwood [Trident, \$6.95]

Another original "theme" anthology; the publishers seem to like themes, but the idea doesn't seem to produce very good fiction. This includes "The Berserks" by Arthur Tofte (a fair historical fiction, but not fantasy at all), "Trial of the Blood" by "K.M.O'Donnell" (Elwood apparently likes Malzberg, but I don't), "The Horsemen from Hel" by Gail Kimberly (Norse gods in a Canadian monastery, again mediocre), "The Price of a Drink" by James Blish (witchery, told in the bald and exceedingly dull style of a medieval legend), "As In A Vision Apprehended" by Barry Malzberg (I didn't read it), "And Mad Undancing Bears" by R. A. Lafferty (the righteous triumph of conservatism, which Lafferty's usual wild style turns into a fascinating story), "Thaumaturge" by Raylyn Moore (a very nicely done soul-to-the-devil piece), "Coincidence" by William F. Nolan (an interesting if unbelievable time-travel fantasy), "The Patent Medicine Man" by Daphne Castell (fairly good tale of a miracle cure with a unique side-effect), "A Freeway for Draculas" by Richard Lupoff (the question of reality, not really told very well), "Night And Morning of the Idiot Child" by Virginia Kidd (verse which seems well enough done but is not my type), "Skinflowers" by David Gerrold (what I think of as "New Wave" writing; the attempt to create a mood without a rationale -- it tends to bore the hell out of me), "Form In Remission" by Robin Shaeffer (same thing; only a bit better done than Gerrold's), "Echo" by James Sallis (a drawback of telepathy; pretty much the same thing has been done before, but Sallis handles it well), and "The Genuine Article" by Adrian Cole (an old-fashioned horror story, like unto what you might have found in Weird Tales). All too many of these stories -- particularly the first few -- have simple-minded plots which are not saved by any particular characterization or insight into the human condition. But inasmuch as the theme of insanity was not always followed by the authors, there is a fair variety here, and some very good stories, particularly the Lafferty and Moore. Watch for the paperback.

WORMS OF THE EARTH, by Robert E. Howard [Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston, RI 02892 - \$6.00] A bit much, one might think, for a book containing all but one of the stories from the paperback ERAN MAK MORN and nothing else. But the Howard collectors like their master preserved in hard covers, and book lovers like well-made books, and this is both. Dust jacket and 4 interior illustrations are by David Ireland, who has a "busy" but quite excellent style. Stories are "The Lost Race," "Men of the Shadows," "Kings of the Night," "A Song of the Race," "Worms of the Earth," "Fragment," and "The Dark Man." -- the title story being the best of the lot. It's some of Howard's best work.

THE NARGUN AND THE STARS, by Patricia Wrightson [Atheneum, \$5.50] After the last juve-



nile fantasy by an Australian woman author that I read, I approached this one with caution and was pleasantly surprised. It's an excellent book for the intelligent young reader of age 10 or 14 or so (though older readers may enjoy it too; I did). I stress "intelligent" because it is not written down, and while the intelligent child should be delighted by the occasional Australian turn of phrase, the stupid one will be bothered by it. (But then, none of you have stupid kids, right?) I don't really know how many of the aboriginal spirit-creatures depicted here are genuinely mythological; I'm going to have to read that book on the aborigines that's down in the stack. The Potkoorok sounds vaguely familiar, though. I'm a bit suspicious of the ease with which city kid Simon adapts not only to bush life but to the Putkoorok, Turons, Nyols, and Nargun, but otherwise it's a very well handled fantasy. The Nargun is the irresistible force, and if the climax involves more than a little coincidence it's at least believable and fits the context of the story. (You can't kill the Nargun -- so what do you do with it when it starts killing your sheep?)

THE TEMPLE OF TEN, by H. Bedford-Jones and W.C. Robertson [Donald Grant, Publisher -- \$5.00] Another finely-made book. Beautiful dust jacket and colored frontispiece by Richard Robertson, though the black and white interiors aren't outstanding. As for the story, though...I hope it's a sequel to something else and the original story provided all the motivation and most of the character, because otherwise it's one of the most idiotic things I ever read. Nobody has any motivation at all except the villainess, and while she is out for revenge it is stated at one point that her enemies have been in her hands once before and she did nothing at all to them. And the background details...in the course of the story we learn that "no plant bearing a cross is injurious to man" (p 65), that a "treasure" made up of bank-notes issued by Kublai Khan is "not worth the effort of carrying away" (p 147, and the statement made by an expert on China, museums, and the like), that you can make a jar that is a combination of pottery and porcelain, "partaking of the qualities of each material" (p 154), and that dynamite works like a shaped charge (p 155). Oh yes, not to mention that a leper can transmit the disease by biting his victim. The story is fairly typical of old adventure pulps, and it's beautifully presented. But surely there are better stories mouldering in the file of Adventure magazine.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF #23, edited by Ken Bulmer [Sedgwick & Jackson] But I got my copy from Ethel Lindsay. This includes "The Lake of Tuonela" by Keith Roberts (the grand -- and rather pointless -- gesture; a character study rather than a story), "Wagtail In The Morning" by Grahame Leman (the horrors of the laboratory; in this case total conditioning -- it's horrifying enough, but the author can't resist overdoing the propaganda), "Made To Be Broken" by E.C. Tubb (the know-it-all superior who gets his -- her, in this case -- comeuppance), "The Eternal Theme of Exile: Three Enigmas II" by Brian Aldiss (the foreword says these are "glittering dominoes masking the faces of human experience and exile and the agony of eternal farewell" -- I doubt very much that Aldiss knows anything about any of those subjects and if he does he's definitely unable to convey anything to me), "The Five Doors" by Michael Stall (puzzle story, moderately good), "Sporting On Apteryx" by Charles Partington (the evils of witch-hunts, an awfully obvious story for this day and age), "Rainbow" by David Garnett (the uglier side of humanity in a crisis; unpleasant but well done), "Accolade" by "Charles Grey" (a gimmick story; mediocre), and "The Seed of Evil" by Barrington J. Bayley (the evils of immortality -- Bayley likes florid writing but he never manages to quite convince me). Like Orbit, this series seems to be going gradually downhill (but it's taking a lot longer to do it than Orbit did).

CASE AND THE DREAMER, by Theodore Sturgeon [Book Club, \$1.81] Three of the author's most recent novelettes; "Case and the Dreamer," "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?" and "When You Care, When You Love." Like all Sturgeon material lately, these are concerned with varying types of love. Some of his ideas fail with me because he's trying to shock his readers and that doesn't work, but even with the impact diminished he turns out excellent, polished fiction. I have read better stories by Sturgeon than any of the items in here -- but there aren't all that many authors who have done better.



FANTASY CLASSICS #4 [Fantasy House, 6045 Vineland Avenue, North Hollywood CA 91606 - \$1.95] Bedsheet size, heavy slick paper (damned near polished cardboard), gorgeous wrap-around cover and one excellent full-color interior (and another mediocre colored interior and mediocre-to-good black and whites), 48 pages including covers. Major item of fiction is "Ancient Sorceries" by Algernon Blackwood. This is one of the "John Silence" series, and while I'm not fond of either series or "Psychic detectives" this turns out to be an excellent story. With it is "Vanguard Of Venus" by Landall Bartlett, which was better than I expected it to be when I learned it had been originally a give-away bonus with Amazing Stories, and "A Hand From The Deep" by Romeo Poole, a vignette which is abominable. Overall, though, this is a good publication and worth you money -- particularly if you enjoy horror-fantasy.

THE POISON SUMMER, by Joe Hensley [Crime Club, \$4.95] A good mystery, despite the fact that I picked out the murderer the moment he appeared on stage. The background of small-town Indiana politics is fine, and the characterization good, and the murder clues well handled. (I didn't pick the murderer from the clues; I just figured that with Joe writing it, this had to be our boy.) And I enjoyed one of the minor off-stage characters being a sinister magazine publisher from Hartford City. Mostly, though, it's a good story and an interesting puzzle.

THE COMIC-BOOK BOOK, edited by Don Thompson and Dick Lupoff [Arlington House, \$8.95] Lee Lavell suggested that for their next in the series Don and Dick stick to funny-animal comics and call it ~~THE~~ COMIC COMIC-BOOK BOOK. She was talking to Don at the time and he refused to dignify the suggestion with an answer. Anyway, here is another whole volume of comics nostalgia, sort of a sequel to ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME. Don has articles on "Plastic Man" and the E.C. Comics, Dick has two articles on airplane comics (one mostly on Wings and one mostly on Blackhawk, but with others mentioned), Bill Blackbeard writes of the little-known adventure-comic series of "Mickey Mouse", Don Glut follows "Frankenstein" through various incarnations, Maggie Thompson covers "The Spirit", Dick O'Donnell writes about various and sundry magicians, Mike Barrier details the career of Carl Barks and "Donald Duck", Juanita Coulson covers the super-heroines, Camille Cazedessus writes on "Tarzan", Chris Steinbrunner has an article on comics heroes on radio, and Ron Goulart has an article on the small-time superheroes, like "Tornado Tom", who lasted 5 issues of a forgettable comic, or the various "Owls" who enlivened the comics era. Since I don't have any nostalgia for comics, I have to judge the book on how interesting the writing itself is. I can't trip the authors on facts, since I never read any of the comics they're writing about (except for a few of the E.C. line, and I was an adult when I read them and have no nostalgia whatsoever). So -- I thoroughly enjoyed the material by both Thompsons, Lupoff, and of course Juanita. Blackbeard had interesting material and I learned something, Barrier was technically good but he never really got me interested in his subject, and the rest I could do without. Cazedessus in particular is one of the duller writers I've ever encountered. Goulart is a good enough writer, but he was going through too much subject matter to provide much interest for a casual reader. (If you're a comics fan, presumably your reactions will be different.)

WHAT DID I DO TOMORROW? by L. P. Davies [remaindered] A British schoolboy, required to choose -- now! -- between going on to Oxford or entering his father's business, is trying to find his answer when he is apparently transported forward in time. He sets out to see the results of whatever decision he made, only to find himself a social outcast, working for his father's major business opponent and suspected of murdering the man he rooms with. Plus the \$64 question -- has he actually been transported in time, or has someone for some unknown purpose been tampering with his mind? It's very well worked out, and part of the suspense comes from the fact that Davies writes both fantasy and mysteries in which the fantasy element is explained at the end, so the reader doesn't know ahead of time how it will be resolved. (And I won't tell you; it's worth some of your time and effort to find a copy of the book. Davies is one of the best popular writers today.)

THE ROYAL CHEETAH AND THE UNTOUCHABLE, by Elsie W. Strother [Westminster, \$4.95] I thought from the title this might be a fantasy, but it isn't. It's a quite good



juvenile adventure story set in India, however. The only drawback is that the author sometimes seems a bit confused as to what age level she's writing for. There are a few passages (not many) which read like my old grade-school geography books ("now, children, the term 'curry' means..."). But mostly the writing is on a more adult level, and since at one point the prince's troubles come from the fact that his father found him behind the purdah screen with one of the concubines it can't be intended for too small a child. (Or, considering the growing sophistication of ten-year-olds, can it?). Anyway, it seems fairly good for the 12 to 14 age level; possibly older if the kid isn't too bright.

THE GODWHALE, by T. J. Bass [Ballantine, \$1.25] Another (belatedly reviewed) candidate for the Hugo. This is set in the same universe as the previous HALF PAST HUMAN. Part of it, under the title "Rorqual Maru", was in Galaxy in 1972, but the whole is much better than the excerpt. Hive-man is still the villain, and for his "Nebishes" Bass has taken Silverberg's Urbmon residents a step farther. The Good Guys this time are the islanders and coastal scavengers, resisting Hive attempts to exterminate them.

TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, by Robert A. Heinlein [Berkley, \$1.95] This one shouldn't be a Hugo candidate, but it probably will be. I suspect Heinlein of cleaning out his desk on this one. He had all these bits and pieces, fragments excised from longer works, unrelated ideas, and none of them quite added up to a story by itself. So he tossed them all into one huge novel -- where they still don't quite add up to a story. Among other things, I object to a novel which relates at tedious length the elementary facts of genetics -- and which includes descriptions of male and female mules. (Sure, he needed an animal of specific characteristics and it was easier to say "mutated mule" than to dream up something original, and anyway, the mundanes he's writing for now probably don't know the difference anyway. I do, and I say the hell with it.) Stuck in among the alleged story are little lists of distilled wisdom, which are occasionally cute and occasionally idiotic. ("Democracy is based on the assumption that a million men are wiser than one man. How's that again?" How's that again, indeed -- no wonder Heinlein has been accused of being anti-democratic; he doesn't even know what the underlying assumption of democracy is.) On the subject of love, which the book is presumably about, Heinlein sounds very pontifical, but when you try to boil one of his ideas down to get the essence, it evaporates. Oh, this isn't his worst book; overall it's about his third worst, or maybe fourth worst.

FANTASY READER #1: ALIEN CARNIVAL, by Walt Liebscher [Fantasy House, \$1.00]

FANTASY READER #2: FOOD FOR DEMONS, by E. Everett Evans [Fantasy House, \$1.00]

Publisher's address listed under FANTASY CLASSICS. These are odd-sized (4 x 8 1/4) saddle-stapled booklets of 72 pages each plus fairly good covers. #1 includes 10 stories (mostly vignettes, obviously) and 6 verses. No previous copyright; some of it reads like reprinted fanzine material while some may be original. One of the verses ("Brown Thumb") is quite good; the rest aren't. Fiction is a varied lot; some of it amusing, some amateurish -- in general the humorous material is best. I've read worse collections from the major publishers (of course, I've read better ones, too.). #2 includes 5 stories, all reprinted from their original appearance in Los Cuentos Fantásticos; this is their first appearance in English. All but one are fantasy-horror; one is more or less science fiction. None are particularly good. There is interior artwork by H. M. Eichner which is incredibly bad; the sort one finds in a first-issue crudzine. READER #1 is recommended; #2 is recommended only to horror-story fans. (The fiction in it may not be terribly good, but it's as good or better than the stuff you're getting in the semi-pro horror mags.)

TRAITOR TO THE LIVING, by Philip José Farmer [Ballantine, \$1.25] Interesting idea; what happens to the world when somebody invents an electronic device for communicating with the dead? The plot doesn't quite live up to the theme, being mostly bang-bang type action, but it's acceptable. For some inscrutable reason of the author's the hero can't find enough wrong with the device as it is described, so he insists all the way through the book on a complicated theory about the device not contacting the dead but a group of sinister aliens (the theory naturally gets holes shot in it every time he brings it up, but he clings to it, leaving him looking more than a little stupid).



It's a readable enough book, but I wish Farmer had taken the same idea and done more with it.

URSUS OF ULTIMA THULE, by Avram Davidson [Avon, 95 cents] Most of this was in Fantast- is a couple of years ago, a fact which the book carefully does not reveal. The magazine version was cut somewhat; the book provides more background and generally improves the story, which was rather stripped down to essentials of plot in the magazine version. It's a good sword-and-sorcery novel, and far more authentic than most.

THE WITCHSTONE, by Victoria Graham [Pyramid, \$1.25] The cover and blurbs make this sound like a bad amalgamation of THE ENFORCIST and a Harlequin Romance, but it turns out to be surprisingly readable. Fairly standard plot -- villain steals vital item from hero who must pursue him through as many weird lands of sorcery as the author can think of in order to recover it. But there are fairly refreshing differences. For one thing, the villain steals the Witchstone from the hero just after the hero has stolen it from the heroine, and for a more important difference, the hero is an evil sorcerer who needs the stone for his Final Solution to the problems of city life, and the heroine is a five-hundred year old psychic vampire, who needs the stone back to continue her immortality. The various lands they travel through in uneasy partnership are described interestingly if not very believably, and all in all I rather enjoyed it. (Though it would have been better off without the Epilogue, which destroys all the credibility that has been built up through the book.)

KILMENY IN THE DARK WOOD, by Florence Stevenson [Signet, 75 cents] A fantasy gothic. All gothic heroines must have a Problem, of course; Kilmeny's problem is that she's an "Elvish changeling. The book has less humor than usual in Stevenson, but it's still worthwhile. (Compared to the average gothic, it's outstanding; compared to the average fantasy, it holds its own.)

BEANSTALK, by John Rackham [DAW, 95 cents] Robert F. Young had a period of rewriting fairy tales into science fiction, and I disliked every one of them. Now Rackham tries it, with much better results. Oh, you won't vote it a Hugo; it's pure space opera with no pretensions to "quality". But it's entertaining space opera. (Giants, you see, are one side of an interstellar war, and the beanstalk is a spaceship launcher, and...if you don't look too closely at the framework, it's fun to read.)

PROTECTOR, by Larry Niven [Ballantine, \$1.25] Alien contact with humanity split between Earth and the asteroid miners. The alien race is described in detail, and is well done. The human participants are a good grade of cardboard, and the plot tends to ramble. Fair but not exciting.

THE LORD'S PINK OCEAN, by David Walker [DAW, 95 cents] Religious and personal conflict in an after-the-pollution story. The characters aren't terribly pleasant, but they're believable. Moderately recommended.

THE WIZARD OF ANHARITTE, by Colin Kapp [Award, 95 cents] I bought this because Kapp has written some interesting stuff, but this is pretty much big-business-versus-exploited-natives, with the fairly good twist that the businessmen aren't being ruthless for the fun of it but because they're afraid of the results of the unsettled conditions which would result from the natives improving themselves. And it's told from the business side. Neither originality is worth the price of the book, though.

MISTRESS OF DEVIL'S MANOR, by Florence Stevenson [Award, 95 cents] I wish the company would get better distribution for this series; it's almost impossible to find. These are #4 and 5 of the "Kitty Telefair Gothic Series". I got #4 after an impassioned request to Bob Briney, who had located a few in Boston, and then returned the favor when I found a few copies of #5 in an obscure drugstore in Indianapolis. Kitty is an investigator of occult menaces -- possession and vampirism, in these two. One drawback of the difficulties of acquiring them is that I read these in succession, which pointed up the unfortunate similarities in them. The villains are damned near carbon copies of one another -- and Kitty's reaction to them is identical -- although Buck Chalmers in #5 is a stronger character than Darius Flynn in #4. (I'd be flattered by that "Buck"



except I know better.) All in all, #5 is the better book; #4 is probably the poorest of the series, being humorless and with not all that strong a plot. SORCERER is quite good, and I appreciated the little logical touches. (A woman is describing a ghostly appearance: "It happened on May 29, 1907, and it's kept on happening each May 29th since then. I used to watch it every year until I got my color tv." And later on the leader of a Black Mass, after intoning the standard ritual "Great Master -- Lord of the Abyss" and all that for some length, breaks off with "Now will the congregation repeat after me..." and goes into the responses. Lovely.) If at all possible, get SORCERER, MISTRESS is only for those people like me who want a complete set.

TOMCROW'S ALTERNATIVES (FRONTIERS 1), edited by Roger Elwood [Collier, \$1.50] This is supposed to be a series of original anthologies, similar to Orbit, but with each volume having a more or less specific theme. Since it's from Collier, I wish you all (not to mention myself) luck in finding this and future volumes. This includes an introduction by Frank Herbert (leftist but uninspired), "Those Wonderful Years" by Barry Malzberg (which I didn't read), "Univac: 2200" by Clifford Simak (individual rights versus the good of the race, not really too well worked out), "Mommy Loves Ya" by David Charney (one of the nastier post-collapse stories; well-written), "Peritonitis" by Gene Wolfe (a weird fantasy, surprisingly unimpressive for Wolfe), "Ship-Sister, Star-Sister" by Robert Silverberg (the emotions of star-travelers and particularly of a telepath -- with a physical problem which is resolved too obviously), "Harriet" by Stephen Goldin and C. F. Hensel (the future of euthanasia), "Mutation Planet" by Barrington J. Bayley (a unique alien), "Jacob's Bug" by Richard Posner (a nasty future brought about by one man misunderstanding the portents, if you can believe that -- I can't), "Getting Around" by "K.M. O'Donnell" (which I did read because it was short, and it was just as pseudo-intellectually ridiculous as always), "The Answer" by Terry Carr (a mediocre vignette about the humble and lonely thing it is to be a man), "In Outraged Stone" by R.A. Lafferty (more of Lafferty's aliens who are almost human and his humans who are definitely alien), and "The Morning Rush, Or Happy Birthday, Leah" by Lee Saye (an amusing minor item on the future of the automobile which was presumably more amusing before the current oil shortage). Well, Lafferty, Goldin/Hensel, and Charney are good and most of the rest are acceptable; as good as you would get from a single issue of a magazine, and more of it.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF #21, edited by John Carnell [Corgi, 35 pence] This is presumably the last material edited by Carnell before his death. It's a reasonably good finish. There is "The Passing of the Dragons" by Keith Roberts (humanity's penchant for destroying what it doesn't understand), "Algora One Six" by Douglas Mason (an inept Pygmalion with some "scientific" gobbledegook thrown in), "Commuter" by James White (one of the problems of trading through time; excellent), "The Possessed" by Sydney J. Bounds (time war from the viewpoint of the civilization being fought over; very good), "What The Thunder Said" by Colin Kapp (interesting concept of alien weather control), "Tangled Web" by H. A. Hargreaves (fairly well done problem story involving manipulating the human environment), and "The Tertiary Justification" by Michael G. Coney (the problem of adjusting to an alien environment, with a nice little twist in the last paragraph). All stories "good" or better except the Mason, which makes this the best original anthology by anyone that I've read for some time.

BREAKING POINT, by James Gunn [DAW, 95 cents] A collection of short stories, including the title story, "A Monster Named Smith," "Cinderella Story," "Teddy Bear," "The Man Who Owned Tomorrow," "Green Thumb," "The Power And The Glory," and "The Listeners." Original publications in If, Galaxy, Vanguard, Worlds of Fantasy, and Space Science Fiction, from 1953 to 1970. In his introduction Gunn calls these his "serious stories," and he's done an excellent job with them.

THE QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS AND OTHER STORIES, by Poul Anderson [Signet, 95 cents] The award-winning title novelet plus "Home" (originally "The Disinherited" in Orbit 1), "The Alien Enemy" and "In The Shadow" from Analog, "Time Lag" from F&SF, and "The Faun" from Boy's Life. Primarily, these are about human problems; individual and group rights, conflicting philosophies, magic versus science, the problems of understanding aliens. It's nice to recall there were this many good stories published in the 1960s.



GOOD NEIGHBORS AND OTHER STRANGERS, by Edgar Pangborn [Collier, \$1.50] The first collection of Pangborn's shorter works; long overdue. Previous publication credit isn't given (except to the hardcover edition) so I don't know if any of these were originally written for the collection; most of them seemed rather familiar, but then that's Pangborn's stock in trade, after all. Stories are "Good Neighbors" (alien contact with a considerable difference), "A Better Mousehole" (more aliens, with inscrutable plans of their own), "Longtooth" (the tragedy and violence of love; one of Pangborn's best), "Maxwell's Monkey" (visible consciences), "The Ponsonby Case" (an official inquiry into a case of accidental streaking; not fantasy in the usual sense), "Pickup For Olympus" (a rather charming incident rather than a story; adaptation to our mechanical world), "Darius" (a rather strange story of -- alien encounter?), "Wogglebeast" (the granting of a desire; a story rather reminiscent of Heinlein's "Requiem"), "Angel's Egg" (a classic story of alien contact with a man of good will), "The Wrens In Grampa's Whiskers" (more aliens; Pangborn has spent a good bit of his career writing about do-gooding aliens; and doing a fine job of it.).

GALAXY OF THE LOST, by Gregory Kern [DAW, 75 cents] Besides being an addict of all SLAVE SHIP FROM SERGAN, by Gregory Kern [Daw, 75 cents] literature, "Gregory Kern" MONSTER OF METELAZE, by Gregory Kern [DAW, 75 cents] is the author of the "Cap ENEMY WITHIN THE SKULL, by Gregory Kern [DAW, 75 cents] Kennedy" series of space JEWEL OF JARHEN, by Gregory Kern [DAW, 75 cents] operas, of which these are are the first five samples. (He's also supposedly a pseudonym, but of whom, I don't know.) The first book could have just as easily have been a Cap Future novel; only the names were changed to protect the author. Not only Cap but all his followers are taken more or less bodily from the Futuremen. Possibly either the author or Wollheim objected to this, because the later books are less concerned with the Kennedymen and feature more solo exploits of the gallant Captain. They're all pure space opera, more or less well constructed, and with lots of action to appeal to the younger set. In fact, they're much better written than I really expected they would be -- not well enough to make me a fan of the series, but well enough so I'm not writing the put-down I expected to. For their type, they aren't bad at all -- though of course their type is hardly high-class literature even for the pulp field.

BEYOND APOLLO, by Barry Malzberg [Pocket Books, 95 cents] If you like Barry Malzberg PHASE IV, by Barry Malzberg [Pocket Books, 95 cents] here is his work. I couldn't THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE, by Barry Malzberg [Pocket Books, 95 cents] read them, though I tried to get through BEYOND APOLLO just to see if giving it the John Campbell Award was as much a miscarriage of justice as I suspected. I decided that it was before getting very far into the book.

ASSIGNMENT NOR'DYREN, by Sydney van Seyoc [Avon, 74 cents] Another one that I couldn't get very far into, so I can't really tell you what it's about. After 20 pages of van Seyoc's writing I don't care what it's about.

WONDERMAKERS 2, edited by Robert Hoskins [Fawcett, \$1.25] A fairly good reprint anthology. Includes "Dominions Beyond" by Ward Moore (lovely little story about an expedition to Mars from Victorian Britain), "Living Space" by Isaac Asimov (a practical use for alternate worlds -- or is it?), "The Gun Without A Bang" by Robert Sheckley (a problem of too-sophisticated weaponry; great story), "We Never Mention Aunt Nora" by Frederik Pohl (a special sort of alien contact), "And Miles To Go Before I Sleep" by William F. Nolan (a sciencefictional version of "The Gift of the Magi"), "Eastward Ho" by William Tenn (a fascinatingly warped look at a future America -- and I approve of stories with catchy first sentences like "The New Jersey Turnpike had been hard on the horses."), "Report On The Nature Of The Lunar Surface" by John Brunner (a trifle dated but still an amusing fantasy), "The Horn of Time the Hunter" by Poul Anderson (the problem of human mutation), "The Monster and the Maiden" by Roger Zelazny (a certain mythical event from a different viewpoint), "Computers Don't Argue" by Gordon Dickson (the classic extrapolation of the problem we all have with book clubs), "I Have My Vigil" by Harry Harrison (a psychological vignette, which is probably the worst kind), "The Twelfth Bed" by Dean R. Koontz (another story of the computerized future; more serious but not as good as Dickson's), "High Weir" by Samuel R. Delany



(contact with a dead but still potent civilization and a psychological study of the contactee), "Adventure of the Martian Client" by Manly Wade Wellman and Wade Wellman (Sherlock Holmes versus Wells' Martian Invaders), "The Falcon and the Falconeer" by Barry Malzberg (not read), "The Evergreen Library" by Bill Pronzini and Jeff Wallman (producing books the natural way), "Xong of Xuxan" by Ray Russell (the maunderings of the last woman on Earth, which I'm afraid I found less poignant than dull), "Vaster Than Empires and More Slow" by Ursula le Guin (psychological study, quite well done), and "Caught in the Organ Draft" by Bob Silverberg (the ethical implications of increased organ transplants). All in all, not bad if you haven't read most of them before; two of them were new to me.

THE BOOK OF FRITZ LEIBER ([DAW, 95 cents] A book which alternates fiction and articles, in such a way that each item is more or less connected to the one preceding it. Fiction includes "The Spider," "A Hitch In Space," "Kindergarten," "Crazy Annaoj," "When The Last Gods Die," "Yesterday House," "Knight To Move," "To Arkham and the Stars," "Beauty and the Beasts," and "Cat's Cradle." Articles include a convention speech, an article originally for Science Digest, a synopsis with commentary on "King Lear," and various other items. Interesting, but I don't believe any of them are Leiber's best work.

THE WORLDS OF JACK VANCE [Ace, \$1.25] A fairly thick assortment including five stories from the earlier collection THE WORLD BETWEEN AND OTHER STORIES and three from THE MANY WORLDS OF MAGNUS RIDOLPH. Ridolph, perhaps the first of the interstellar con men, never impressed me much but he used to have a lot of followers, who should be pleased to see "The King of Thieves," "Coup de Grace," and "The Kokod Warriors," reprinted. "The World Between," "The Moon Moth," "Brain of the Galaxy," "The Devil on Salvation Bluff," and "The Men Return" are good examples of Vance's varied imagination. And the final novelet, "The Brains of Earth," apparently hasn't been reprinted since it originally appeared in 1966 (or at least that's when it's copyrighted). Overall, a good collection, if you don't already have most of it.

ATTA, by Francis Rufus Bellamy [Pocket Books, 95 cents] I thought this had gone to a well-deserved oblivion after Ace published it. If it had been written in 1890 it might have the charm of an antique, but a first publication in 1953 makes it merely grotesque. It's the old plot of the man reduced in size so that he mingles on a level with insects, and particularly the "civilization" of the ants. Both the scientific validity and the writing style are circa 1890.

A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA, by Ursula K. le Guin [Ace, 95 cents] Reprint of a rather adult "juvenile", in a class with Heinlein and Norton. Sorcery and an alien world.

UNDER PRESSURE, by Frank Herbert [Ballantine, \$1.25] Running a war with an oil shortage, and secretly pirating underwater wells in enemy territory. Ballantine certainly picked a topical story to inaugurate their "Classic" series. It's a good story, too.

MIDSUMMER CENTURY, by James Blish [DAW, 95 cents] A far future fantasy; the sort of thing that would have gone great in Startling Stories. I reviewed the hardcover a while back.

DENVER IS MISSING, by D. F. Jones [Berkley, \$1.25] Too bad the book isn't.

SPACEHOUNDS OF IPC, by E. E. Smith [Pyramid, 95 cents] One of the grandiose and extremely bad space operas of the 30s. Somewhat recommended for its historical value.

ORBIT UNLIMITED, by Poul Anderson [Pyramid, 95 cents] An interesting but unmemorable sci adventure of future Earth and overthrowing the tyranny. Has been reprinted several times.

THE WALL AROUND THE WORLD, by Theodore Cogswell [Pyramid, 95 cents] Reprint of the first collection of Cogswell's fiction. Stories include "The Masters" (one type of Earthman the aliens can't kill), "The Specter General" (classic of the uses of military virtues in combating barbarism), "Wolfie" (a miscarriage of werewolfery), "Emergency Rations" (the jungle law of eat or be eaten applied to space), "The Burning"



(a perverted future barbarism), "Things" (failure to outwit one's fate), "Test Area" (difficulties in testing time travel on your neighbors), "Prisoner of Love" (the problems of consorting with demons -- from the demon's point of view), "Invasion Report" (interstellar contact), and "The Wall Around the World" (the rebel who wants to build machinery in a world of magic). Most of the stories are ironic-humorous, most are good, and one is a classic certified by the SFWA membership.

THE SECRETS OF NUMBERS, by Vera Scott Johnson and Thomas Wommack [Berkley, 95 cents] Numerology for the beginner. It's extremely detailed and extremely silly, but presumably the latter will help its sales rather than hinder them.

INVEIGHING WE WILL GO, by William F. Buckley, Jr. [Berkley, \$1.25] Buckley is always fun, and I even agree with him probably more often than most fans would. Of course, he isn't always correct or even sensible -- it's amazing how many males develop an affection for alimony the moment ERA is mentioned -- but he usually has interesting ideas, at least, and quite often more honest -- but less workable -- alternatives to present practice. Another blind spot is school prayers, but I suppose that's to be expected of a conservative Catholic. Anyway, it's easier to list his failings than his virtues because he has fewer of them, and I shorely do admire the way he flangs them high-falutin' words around.

DESPERADO'S GOLD, by L. L. Foreman [Belmont-Tower, 95 cents] Foreman has written some excellent Westerns; usually when he has an actual historical basis for background (the Alamo in THE ROAD TO SAN JACINTO, Sand Creek and the Little Big Horn in THE RENEGADE, and the Mier expedition in this one). Unfortunately, quite in keeping with their shoddy publishing practices, somebody at Belmont-Tower edited this one down to publishable size by cutting out entire paragraphs, so the action is extremely difficult to follow. They didn't quite ruin the book, but they certainly tried.

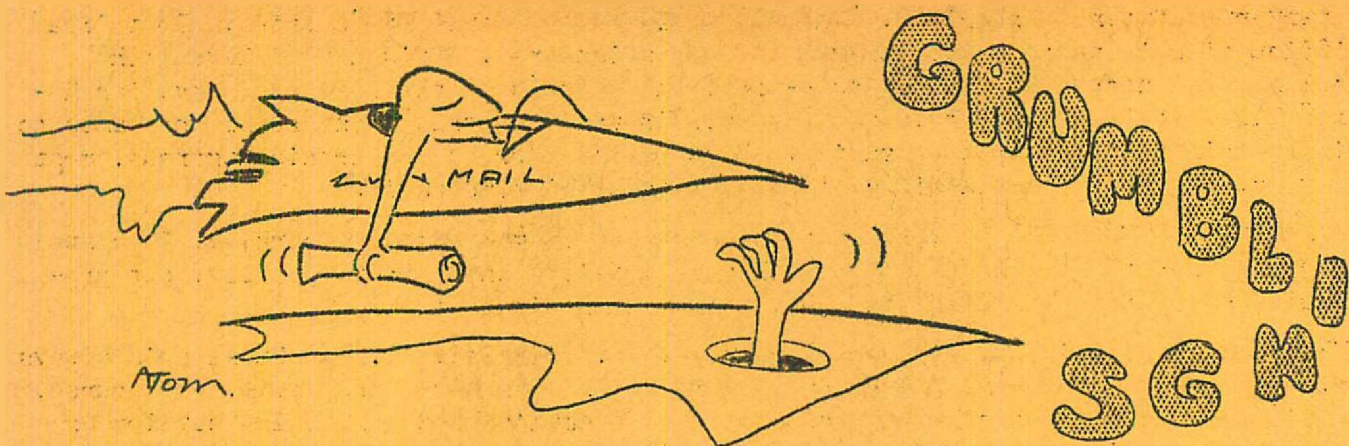
WESTERN ROMANCES, edited by Peggy Simpson Curry [Fawcett, 95 cents] I admit to a high share of curiosity, and with more and more Westerns aimed at the audience of would-be two-fisted heroes it was interesting to see one take the opposite trend. There are 12 stories, with 4 (the poorest 4) from Ranch Romances and the rest from such various markets as Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, American, MacLeans, Progressive Farmer, and Star Weekly. Reading it was interesting, but I don't think I'll try any more.

GRAND NATIONAL, by Richard Petty as told to Bill Neely [Berkley, 95 cents] for stock-car racing fans.

MEMORIAL TO THE DUCHESS, by Jocelyn Kettle [Berkley Medallion, \$1.25] Fictionalized historical biography, following the life of Alice Chaucer throughout a fair chunk of the 15th Century. Nothing extra for history buffs, but mildly intriguing in some of its simpler authenticities. Certainly some quick and interesting reading here. The cover is a different matter. Entertaining in a ridiculous way. The Elizabethan ruff on the 1450ish gentleman is the last straw...

FOOD IN HISTORY, by Reay Tannahill [Stein and Day] I'm not sure of the price because it was a gift. A somewhat unusual approach to history. Tannahill is a sociologist who obviously decided to make use of a side-line of her historical research. She couldn't cover all the various branches of mankind's food growth and use, of course, but she makes a fair skimming stab at it. Such as cutting down the claims of the "Roman Meal" bread makers that they manufacture the stuff the Legions functioned on; to the contrary the Roman foot soldier and peasantry of the era seemed to have dined largely on a form of instant glop, grain and water approximating the consistency of stiff mush from her description. Probably adequately nourishing, but hardly anything you'd want listed in Duncan Hines. She also comes up with the possibility (reasonably well documented) that the eastern nomads developed a form of powdered milk centuries ago. Mare's milk, most likely, with a little goat's milk now and then. Sun dried, mixed with whatever local water was handy, put in an animal skin canteen, and further reconstituted by the rocking motion of the horse's gait. La plus ca change... If you are interested in sidepaths of history, the evolution of human diet, or just fannishly curious, you might check into this one.





Betty McLaren, 234 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles CA 90012

I will always be grateful to you for saving my schizophrenic life and I KNOW I owe you more money so if I pay for my subscription on St. Patrick's Day that way I'll always remember. Also, I love you, I'll come right out and say it; I LOVE you. Of course I know I could never possibly compete with a girl probably half my age who likes to operate a mimeograph machine as just yesterday ALONE I went downtown and spent a hundred dollars on an Estes Lauder lipstick and nail polish that don't even MATCH, although of course they're very close. And you have given my life PURPOSE as just last Wednesday I came home from work and looked out my luxury high rise with white carpeting and no kids leaving the refrigerator door open any more or dog poo on the bathroom floor to step on with your bare feet and said to myself "Carolyn, what is this all about, where are you GOING, what are you DOING and is this all it adds up to?" and I did something I never did before in my life I called a fellow who lives in the building just to TALK. Then after we TALKED and TALKED and TALKED he said, "Carolyn, I can't BELIEVE you're depressed, you've got everything." Well, it's easy for a black architect brought up in Mississippi who's living here because he's building himself an all-glass house overlooking the Pacific Ocean to make a statement like that, but what does he know about living on food stamps -- it was his MOTHER who had to stand in line for them. What have I got, I said. You've got your children. Don't give me that shit, I said, they're grown and gone and if they need me I've REALLY failed as a mother. Well, you've got your career he said. What career I said, I sit and smile all day and redirect people and answer the telephone by saying EXECUTIVE office. Well what about your writing he said. So then I did another thing I've never done in my whole life -- I hung up on him.

How could he have known that the most beautiful children's story anyone has EVER written, the most tightly constructed, whimsomely narrated, charming-and-adventurous little girl never even POSSIBLE before Betty Friedan...could have been returned with a PRINTED notice that they made a copy of it, entered it in their contest and here it is back without even a FINGERPRINT on it.

So the next day I had a call about a MARVELOUS job and I said to myself, I'm sitting at this desk because I wanted to be FREE creatively but if that's all it's going to add up to there's no point to ANYTHING. So for fifty bucks a month I walked across the street to do something RELEVANT. I'm going to work in the Mayor's office (that's Tom Bradley) with his Committee on the Aging. I finally figured out I got so depressed because I'm probably going through my change. Do you think I should send my story out again? The lipstick and nail polish did help also and I got these very good looking black and white PAJAMAS and I'm going to wear them to the OFFICE Tuesday with these seads of silver chains. Also the next day I got my copy of Yandro and when I opened to the first page and saw the cartoon I KNEW it was dedicated to me. The shade of nail polish is called "Early Peach" and if you want I'll send you a color picture of me wearing it.

The whole issue of Yandro was simply MARVELOUS. I once knew a fellow with a name similar to Alan Harlison and the same phlegmatic style he was trying, I felt. He walked into the office (where I worked for a well-known English producer) one day



dressed absolutely to the TEETH in English knickers, hat, hunting jacket, etc. He had a story deadline and was looking for an empty office and I found one for him whereupon he engaged himself with the producer's secretary who was wearing, at the time, I believe Norell's "American Red" nail polish; however just as I gave up he's even looking at me he came over and said he didn't like her because she has beady little eyes. So I asked the story editor if he wouldn't give him an assignment to write a tellyplay for MATT DILLON. However the story editor -- who never lets ANYONE forget that he wrote something called THE 27th DAY in THREE days and whereupon untold riches have fallen at his feet -- said what th-fuck you doing trying to lay my secretary? And the poor little fellow simply dissolved into the night. I've always wondered about that shy little flower. I mean did he get depressed and look out his window because he didn't get to write a tellyplay for MATT DILLON? Did he go out and buy a pair of new boots and feel better? But most, does he have a friend who sends him things like Yandro to help him keep his perspective? I worry about things like that.

The sun has come up now and my view is marvelous. Somebody up there has kept them from building more highrises out my northeast view and I can see mountains and things and OH GOD for the sound of a lawnmower or a cricket. But what is that compared to doing something RELEVANT in Mayor Bradley's office?

The lipstick is called "Sunny Copper" -- four dollars worth of camp. When did I ever get to the point I'd pay four dollars for a laugh? I know perfectly well: when I wrote that simply marvelous story last year about that simply marvelous man who had that simply marvelous experience that was UTTERLY relevant and could well have changed the entire Reader's Digest conscience of the entire country and TWO people sent it back stating it wasn't their style. I think I'll send it out again. If Estes Lauder can sell "Sunny Copper" for four bucks with a straight face America has GOT to be all right. Maybe I'll change the title.

I'll warn you in case you're ever tempted, Bob, sometimes I listen to rock.

P.S. It wasn't a hundred dollars for just the lipstick and nail polish; actually the nail polish was two seventy-five, but the pajamas were \$48 and I got this other simply marvelous pant suit on sale for \$50 marked down from \$96, so actually I SAVED \$46.

[What you ought to do is keep carbons of your letters and then when you acquire a suitable stack, retype them (neatly, double-spaced) as a manuscript, and send it out. You could be the new New Wave. RSC]

L. Sprague de Camp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova PA 19085

About your addendum to Mr. Wodhams' letter in Yandro 225, p. 36: I must disclaim a conversational command of Latin. Languages fade without constant practice, and I have had few occasions to polish my Latin since graduating from high school nearly half a century ago. While I don't remember the incident in question, the fan and I may have been talking in French, Italian, or Spanish.

About this perennial argument over weapons in the home: statistically, if there is a gun in the house, there are many (something like 20 or 30) times the chance that one member of the household will shoot another member, accidentally or on purpose, than that the gun will be used to shoot a felonious intruder. American crime being what it is, however, it were useless to try to disarm American households. The guns make the house-





holders feel safer even if they do not make them safer in fact. Trying to disarm them would be going at the problem wrong end too. If crime were less, they would have less yen for guns.

Crime, alas, won't abate while most Americans subscribe to certain beliefs, such as: that criminals are "sick" or "abnormal" persons who can be "cured"; that there must be some way whereby they can reliably be "reformed" or "rehabilitated"; that there must be some painless method of law enforcement, which will not cause pain or suffering; that fear of punishment is not a deterrent; that human life is "sacred," whatever that means; that inflicting physical pain or death is "barbarous" and to be avoided at all costs; that one can effectively enforce laws and at the same time indulge the Judaeo-Christian virtues of mercy, compassion, and forgiveness; that it is possible effectively to enforce laws that allow wide discretion and therefore consistency on the part of judges, or that take "extenuating circumstances" into account; and that one can effectively enforce laws without the risk of occasionally punishing the wrong person. As far as my own limited observation goes, these assumptions are simply dead wrong.

[Matter of fact, the fan in question was Bev DeWeese, and we have her word for it that it was Latin. In this part of the country, of course, a very small minority of guns are kept as protection; most are for potting a rabbit, destroying pests, slaughtering beef, or banging away at defenseless tin cans. But if anyone wants to argue morality, it will be a change from guns. Matter of fact, again, I suspect that criminals probably can be cured -- I'm just not too sure that we know how to do it, and definite that I want the criminal off the streets while the cure is taking place. (Off my streets -- or roads -- anyway; any of you want him on yours, you're welcome.) RSC]

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

René bought me a new fluorescent desk lamp. I quote from the box:  
Hamilton Industries, Inc., Chicago, Ill., USA.

USI

A U. S. Industries Company

And that makes a world of difference.

Made in Taiwan.

[You didn't know we had 51 states now? That was the secret deal when we recognized Red China; we gave Chiang U.S. citizenship. RSC]

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

Thanks for #225, which arrived a few days back.

I lived at the Atkinson Hotel (which was then the Severin Hotel) when I was in the legislature, Bruce. For 61 days I never could get the window in my room up. My telephone seldom worked (and then only in the wee hours of the morning) and the food was bad. But I don't know about a law suit against them, despite all these fond memories. There still may be a contract out on me in St. Louis. If I again come to public notice it might be the end of me.

I blush at "In Dark Places" being in your list of recommended Hugo possibles, Buck. I'm glad someone liked it well enough to recommend it. I worked on it a long time. I am, as I approach my doddering years, becoming peculiar. If I don't like something I don't send it on to Virginia. I mean I don't have to do this for a living (yet) and so the only person I really have to satisfy is me. "In Dark Places" did satisfy me. It's the only short story I've sent on for a long time. But there were better stories around. I liked the Buck and the Wolfe plus some others you didn't mention -- I'm afraid lots of them. But it's nice someone noticed IDP.

In the novels I agree on SYZYGY, but haven't read the Poul Anderson yet. I'm poorly read in novellas and novelets.

The Ellison satire was pretty good. I hadn't seen it before. And it's nice that Tucker has sobered up again and is back at it. I understand that his last fall was caused by a misunderstanding. Thought AA meant "alcohol always". You can always tell



when he's off. Jim Beam stock falls ten points. Seriously, it's good to see something from him.

Rick Brooks, RR #1, Box 167, Fremont IN 46737

Received an interesting ad some time back. United Surgical Supply of LA is pushing a "Scandinavian 'Sex Machine' Doll." Lest you get the wrong idea, this is "Not a toy but a complete doll for serious-minded adults only." It comes in three models of which Doll C has the "fantastic electronic vagina that simulates actual vaginal movements -- as near lifelike as is possible." And to think that I gave up being an engineer. The research and development must have been something.

Fremont is a fantastic place. Not only do we have the Gays Market ("Shop the Gay Way and Save!") but we also have the Vice Sisters, Cin and Lissa. I know because they worked as waitresses when I was a cook at the Toll Road. However the Fink Sisters who worked there were from Montgomery.

Your typo of Wertham's one-time supporter as "The 20th Century Fun" is inspiring.

And your gun control argument is fun, but I doubt that I'll join. I'd prefer a crossbow as an anti-personnel weapon. It's quiet and it really packs a wallop. In case of a mob scene my fond dream is a shotgun converted to automatic fire and several large magazines crammed with slugs.

I will bring up one point. After looking at all humanity has done, can anyone argue that they deserve shooting less than any other species? After my experiences with people and animals, I honestly think that I could shoot a human easier than I could a dog or cat. Just the opposite with cows and chickens, tho. Where my stomach is concerned... We had a steer calf that we made a pet out of when we were kids. As I remember, I ate him without any qualms.

Maggie Thompson makes a good point on how farmers ought to get together and swap their specialties. In the latest Mother Earth News they have an excerpt from FARMING FOR SELF SUFFICIENCY by John and Sally Seymour, an English couple who make the same point. We get chicken and eggs from a neighbor. All they get from us tho is free ice. Ask me why people come over in the middle of winter to get ice. Very simple, to make homemade ice cream.

About the only time I can remember being ready to destroy another living being was when the raccoons got in the sweet corn. A pistol would be handy for butchering a cow if you lack the muscle (or the guts) to stride up and knock her in the head with a sledge hammer.

A few issues back in The Mother Earth News there was a mild fuss over killing animals for food. I trust the poor bastards haven't read up on some of the plant experiments that indicate that plants have feelings too. They might starve. Our family never really went hungry, but I can remember a few times when we ate leftovers from the leftovers. When you can see that your stomach is intimately involved, it's hard to feel bad about killing for food. It is often messy, but that's life.

I second Lee Hoffman. I'm not too upset about dying (but still not curious about a possible afterlife enough to try it), but there is a hellish difference between going fast and slow. I'm an agnostic, so I don't have the damndest idea where I'm going. It might even (God forbid, if there is one) be worse than here.

Now a brief commercial. Could you run a notice to the effect that my collection of Yandros is short #218, 219, and 220, and I'd appreciate buying the same?

[I want to pick up a crossbow one of these days. Mostly to play with, rather than for any serious purpose. My father always killed beeves with a .22 rifle, but we did the butchering outdoors and it isn't all that easy to walk up to a 3/4 grown bull calf waving a sledgehammer. (In fact, with my desk job and all, it wouldn't be easy for me to wave a sledgehammer at anything.) RSC]

Denny Lien, 2408 S. Dupont Ave., Apt. 1, Minneapolis MN 55405

Yandro 224: Ramblings: Actually, Minn-Stf did its bit to try to revive train fandom by looking into the possibility of chartering a special train car to take us to

the Washington worldcon. Amtrak wasn't interested, so we'll probably charter a bus instead. There was a suggestion also made that Frank Stodolka convert his minibus into a boat and sail to Australia for '75 but this I somehow suspect of being a put-on.

Rumblings: What means "the palsied hands of Don Blyly"? Said palsied hands are editing Rune, running "Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Book Store," co-chairing Minicon, getting through law school, and serving as co-caretaker of their owner's apartment building all at once. Busy hands; mine should only be so palsied.

How can Don Grant also be publishing a collection of Edward Page Mitchell stories edited by Sam Moskowitz? Someone must have crossed wires there.

On "Conan the Emasculated," I'm in basic agreement with Dave Jenrette but he has left off his list of Howard-surrogates the best of the lot: Roy Thomas, who writes the Marvel comic book version. As for problems involved in taking over Conan, see (I think) IMAGINARY WORLDS, in which Lin Carter at one point solemnly assures us that one of the problems of doing pastiches is that he feels an obligation to faithfully imitate an author's faults as well as his virtues -- hence the names in a Carter-out-of-Howard story are supposed to be poorly chosen, etc. I can't wait to see Carter do a Hugo Gernsback pastiche. (THONGOR MEETS RALPH 124C41 PLUS?)

"Colonel Santa" brought back memories of Anthony Boucher's "The Greatest Tertian," (on the history of Sherk Oms, also known as Sherk Sper), which is praiseworthy.

Peterson and Collins pieces and de Camp verse all enjoyed, but no comments present themselves.

"Golden Minutes": I hadn't heard the term "slixies" before (or had mercifully forgotten it), and your note that Wertham accepts "sci-fi" almost turns me off from the book before I read it. (I have toyed with the idea of starting a Holy War a la Save Star Trek letter campaigns to protest use of "sci-fi" in mundane media -- but so far haven't gotten beyond a couple of letters to the local University newspaper and a lot of lectures to acquaintances, which is probably as far as I can get and remain an anarchistic insurgent-type.) On terms "too cute for words", during debate in Minneapolis as to whether to call the collected issue-productions "mailings," "distributions," or whatever, Blue Petal came up with "disty-wisty-poops." ("Pumpkins," in a variety of variations and misspellings, seems to have pretty much won.)

Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Bookstore has copies of Andy Offutt's MESSENGER OF ZHUJASTOU; just another reason to come to Minicon.

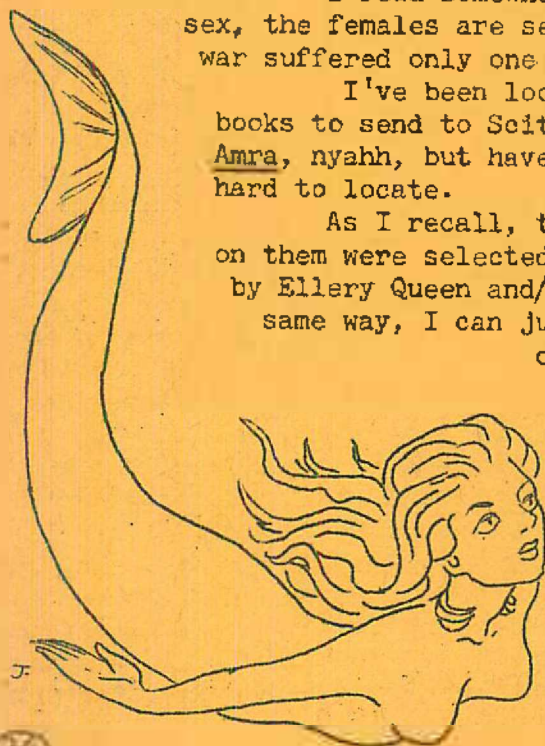
"Grumblings": Wertham's project was in part sponsored by the "20th Century Fun?" I'll bet it was too.

I read somewhere that while the Israeli army is integrated by sex, the females are seldom or never in combat units and during the 1973 war suffered only one casualty. Can't prove it though.

I've been looking for 2d'hand copies of the Augustus Mandrell books to send to Scithers, even if he didn't send me the last issue of Amra, nyahh, but haven't found any yet. He's right; the beggars are hard to locate.

As I recall, the Nicaraguan air mail stamps with the detectives on them were selected (that is, the choice of 12 subjects was selected) by Ellery Queen and/or such advisors. As for commemorating sf in the same way, I can just see Nicaragua looking for recognized sf authorities to tell them who is Important and coming to (choose one) FSJ Ackerman, Vern Coriell, Rod Serling, or the selection committee for the JWCampbell Awards. How would you like to collect stamps bearing the likenesses of Otis Adelbert Kline or Barry Malzberg?

Anyway, sf hasn't produced twelve great continuing characters to depict upon stamps (according to series haters like Buck, it hasn't even produced one), and who would buy a stamp depicting the likeness of, say, A. Merritt?





[Well, if you include fantasy (as I would) you could come up with several characters. John the Minstrel, Frodo Baggins, Joe-Jim (remember him from Heinlein's better days? Of course you do), Iroedh, Tweel, Mnementh, I suppose you'd have to go with Conan and the Lensman (or Blackie Duquesne), and...Giles Habibula? Grag? Wilbur Whateley? Coeurl? Fafhrd and the Mouser? Professor Challenger? (Hell with Conan and the Lensman, I can get 12 without them.) Which gives me an idea. We haven't had a poll for awhile; I hereby request Yandro readers to send in a list of science-fiction or fantasy characters (maximum 12) that they would like most to see on postage stamps. RSC]



Frank M. Halpern, Haddonfield House, Book Publishers,  
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An INTERNATIONAL CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY OF DEALERS IN SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY BOOKS AND RELATED MATERIALS is being compiled by Frank M. Halpern, R Reference Librarian, Rare Book Department, Free Library of Philadelphia and will be published by Haddonfield House, (address above) in the fall. All dealers, full or part time, wishing to be listed, should contact the publisher, giving the following information in the fullest detail: address, telephone, store or appointment hours, frequency of catalogs, willingness to search, and specializations in such areas as authors, publishers, languages, time periods, paperbacks, pulps, posters, artists, comics by title, pulps by title, dime novels, Big Little Books, fanzines, film stills, tapes, novels by subject, general SF and F, general pulps, etc.

Larry Propp, 3127 North Sheridan Road, Peoria IL 61604

I am now the secretary of the local ACLU chapter here in Peoria, which is a good comment on Peoria and the times -- i.e., that I am one of the "new bright liberals" in this predominantly Republican metropolitan area. How I got there is another nice comment on the ACLU and Women's Lib in general.

First of all, you must understand that I have an aversion to meetings. I join all sorts of organizations whose goals I either agree with or enjoy (I really enjoy, for instance, the goals and mailing materials of outfits like the Flat Earth Society. And it's good insurance against becoming un-sane and getting involved in weird pursuits like politics; even a cursory investigation of my background showing such diverse affiliations would automatically disqualify me.) (However, there are times when I begin to feel like the hero in Lawrence Block's THE THIEF WHO COULDN'T SLEEP series, where Evan Tanner belonged to thousands of radical, fringe political groups; I don't do it on that scale, but if I quit fandom today, my mailbox would still never be empty.) (And, like another mystery character, this time from Westlake's THE SPY IN THE OINTMENT, I seem to be having a hell of a lot of trouble with parenthetical remarks today.)

Back to my aversion to meetings. I find that nothing ever gets accomplished at them. Either the organization has a small group that conducts the "business," which means that the so-called meeting consists of a program on topics I couldn't care less about. The other type of meeting is the one where you're a part of the in-group, but that group is divided into so many factions that nothing ever gets done. My own feeling is that any meeting that has anything of any importance to decide must be attended by no more than three people (occasionally five, if they all know what they're doing, but never four) and last no longer than 1/2 hour. Elsewise it devolves into posturing and the real decision is made elsewhere.

Okay, so as a result of that philosophy, I've never been to a local ACLU meeting. I've done a couple of cases for them, but that's all. So one night I get a message to call one of the big mucky-mucks in the local chapter the next day. Which I do, and I'm told just how enthused they'd be to make me the secretary of the Chapter, in glowing paeans of prose that continue to flow forever (so it seemed -- actually it was about a minute, which is quite long in which to talk and say nothing on the topic, when you think about it). I quickly pulled out my trusty safety pin (which caused my pants to fall, but enough of that in a "G" rated fanzine), deflated my swelling head, and asked why. After a few minutes of incisive cross-examination (incisive cross-examination in this case consisted of answering every comment made with either a further "Why" or "Bullshit", which eventually leads to the correct reason), I finally got it out of them. It seems that the outgoing officers and board of directors felt that they wanted out of the stereotyped sexist rôles of men for the top two offices and women for the other two. But they didn't (or wouldn't -- I never found out which) have any woman for President and/or Vice-President, so they decided to strike a blow for women's liberation by having all the offices filled by men.

Right! Now you know as much as I do about what happened. The why still eludes me. Would anyone out there care to explain just how the movement is furthered, how dialogues are begun, and how new, challenging, and different rôles are opened for women by appointment of an all-male slate of officers for the ACLU?

I'll tell you true; I'm really curious how the above will sound when it sees print. (Note I have full confidence; Buck, realizing true quality when he sees it, can't help but print this tender missive.) Does anyone else have that problem? The time lag between writing something and seeing it in the letter column anywhere from one to three months later somehow distorts or changes what was said. Like take my letter several issues back (please); when I wrote it, it sounded all right. Not a masterpiece, by any means, but relatively nice -- a couple of mediocre puns, fairly cute, cutely fair, etc. When I saw it, I couldn't detect any changes in it, but my reaction was "Did I really write that? How sophomoric!" I'm curious; is that a common syndrome or is it me?

An attorney is an officer of the court, and as such has the duty to aid in the speedy administration of justice, so I must warn all readers that anyone who comments that my writing is merely sophomoric in response to that last little paragraph is committing libel per se. Joe Hensley will provide a sterling defense at his usual rates -- all the market will bear (which is difficult in a bullish market).

Speaking of which, I've discovered that my third grievance in the course of a year has been filed with the local bar association. Basically, as with the other two, it was a really frivolous matter which the Ethical Practice Committee refused to consider, but one of the members asked me if I was shooting for some kind of record. All three have essentially been that I shouldn't be representing the people because they weren't eligible for legal aid. I wonder if the fact that I won this case had anything to do with it?

This was my doggie case. A city ordinance leash law violation. Actually, it was a series of cases; there was a major neighborhood dispute between some permanent residents and some Bradley University students involving dogs running loose. The big problem was that the complaining witnesses simply couldn't identify the dogs involved enough to prove who was the owner; ownership was necessary for conviction under the statute. All of which led me to want to move for a "doggie lineup"; I had the idea of lining up six German Shepherds and having the complainant identify just which one was running loose.

"All right, now, all of you line up on the mark. #4, take off your hat."

"Arrf."

"Now, Ma'am, can you identify the canine in question?"

"I think it was #2."

"Are you sure, now?"

"Yes, it was #2."

"I hate to tell you, Ma'am, but you just identified one of the police ringers. #2



is a member of our K-9 corps."

Anyway, the City Attorney and the Judge and I finally resolved the entire thing. Since the kids were Bradley students and moving out at the end of May, we all agreed to dismiss the entire series of suits with leave to reinstate if they didn't go and take their dogs with them. The problem was the complainants, who would have rejected the solution if it had been proposed to them. So the three of us met in chambers, passed out scripts, and then went into Court and performed a little drama for the benefit of everyone involved. Which displeased them no end. Since then there have been several letters to the local paper, calls to my board of directors, and the above mentioned grievance. But they're right about one thing; the Judicial process is not free of the back room deal.

Maggie Thompson: Nice to see another New York Magazine reader. That is by far the most widely read journal that comes into the house. Ever since I started subscribing to it a couple of years ago not only the whole family looks through it but friends (both mine and my parents) have gotten into the habit of coming over once a month or so just to read the last 4 or 5 issues.

Also, I saw that article, and it is excellent. In fact, I've written them for permission to reprint it and use it around the office; it is one of the best articles on bankruptcy for the layman I've ever seen. All I want to do is add a page on the exemption rules for Illinois.

The problem I cited about not being able to pay the filing fee generally comes up with welfare people. Normally, welfare payments (including Social Security, State welfare, and Unemployment Compensation) are not attachable, so a recipient does not have to take bankruptcy; the creditor can't get his money anyway. However, some welfare recipients have interests in homes, which they can't convert into cash to pay the creditor without losing a substantial property interest. Generally, these result from marriages broken in fact which for one reason or another haven't gone through the divorce court yet. The only available cash such a person has to pay the bankruptcy fee is their welfare receipts. Assume, for instance, an ADC recipient with two kids, which in Illinois is worth \$235.00 per month under a flat grant program. Or, a worse situation, assume a divorced woman with two kids not on welfare; she works as a cashier and earns net about \$75 a week. Her husband, who has vanished after taking bankruptcy himself, has left her responsible for all the debts he undertook by virtue of the divorce decree and is contributing nothing by way of child support. These are the two most typical cases we encounter in our local legal aid office.

To people in these situations, the \$55.00 (our local filing fee) is a lot to gather up, even if given six months to do so. Figure it out: \$135, plus or minus \$10, is typical for rent around here; food, even with food stamps, is more than \$50 a month (and for the woman in the second example cited above there is usually no access to food stamps); clothing (including growing children); miscellaneous; utilities... That \$55 is a hell of a lot for some people, even over time. They come up with it, but it is quite a hardship; and those who can't don't get the relief.

Another interesting point brought up by the article is the postscript about how you can get legal aid if you qualify. Since the definition of bankruptcy is that either your debts exceed your assets or an inability to meet your debts as they come due, what bankrupt (personal bankruptcy, not business bankruptcy) doesn't qualify?

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

Our local PBS channel is going to lug its cameras over to the JPLab and transmit live coverage of the Mercury encounter. They did that for the Mars encounter in '71, and it was absolutely riveting to see the blurry original picture and then watch the computer enhancement painting on, line by line, and everything coming into sharp focus. As far as I know we discovered that Mars was pockmarked with craters at the same time the scientists did. It still seems incredible to me. I can almost remember when there was no tv as we know it, the first lousy pictures on network and a programming day that was 6 hours long, and before I was 30 years old I saw excellent live color tv from the Moon and live tv from 30 or 40 million miles away. The Mercury encounter will take place even further away, and we have even less idea what it looks like.

# Strange Fruit

Tabebuian #12 [David & Mardee Jenrette, Box 374, Coconut Grove FL 33133 - 20 cents, \$1/6] Commentary on science fiction, fandom, teaching, and other such strange pastimes. Super-digest size. My copy included a bumper sticker that said "Stand Up For America." While I'm driving? A long article on how to start a Swingers Club; I don't think it would work in Hartford City. Rating.....5

Ecce #3 [Roger Sween, The Index Company, PO Box 351, Platteville, WI 53818 - 75 cents] Primarily reviews, covering both science and economics material as well as stf. With this came Speculative Literature Bibliography #2. Interestingly, he includes several indexes of stf books, but neither the Don Day (well, that's out of print) nor the MIT Indexes of the magazines. For serious and/or academic readers. Rating.....4

Skyrack Fantasy Trader Feb '74 [Ron Bennett, 36 Harlow Park Crescent, Harrogate HG2 OAW, Yorkshire, England - 5p/6 or equivalent] Primarily a sale list, though there is an article by Robert Sampson on a pulp crimefighter called "The Ghost". Interesting for collectors.

Moebius Trip #19 [Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - 75 cents, 3/\$2] Certainly the most laboriously produced fanzine of the month (since I don't have one of Danner's letterpress issues this round). Nice variety of material; poll results, which don't move me much, reviews, letters, columns, and an analysis of TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE by Phil Farmer that would have been better if he'd spent more time on the book and less on Dick Lupoff's review of the book. Rating.....7

Space & Time #23 [Gordon Linzner, 83-10 118th St., Apt 4-M, Kew Gardens, NY 11415 - 60 cents, 6/\$3 - bimonthly] Printed, digest sized, fan fiction, some nice artwork. Rating.....3

Cthulhu Calls #3 [R.J. Barthall, Northwest Community College, Powell, Wyoming 82435] An academic fanzine, combining amateur fiction and verse with reviews, con reports, and source material for teachers. As the editor mentions, the mag is not scholarly enough for most academics, and too staid for most fans. Nicely printed; recommended to serious fans and particularly to serious neofans. Rating.....3

Seicon #2 [Wayne MacDonald, 1284 York Mills Road, Apartment 410, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada, 50 cents, trade, review, contrib, loc, or being a person of special interest to the editor] Primarily fiction and verse. Rating.....2

Inworlds #10 [Bill Bowers, POBox 148, Wadsworth OH 44281 - 10 cents] A few notes, ads, and an Outworlds Index. I also got OW #10, but the format was so damned awkward that I didn't read it.

Poke Salad Days Chronicle [Meade Frierson III, 3705 Woodvale Road, Birmingham AL 35223] Reprints of various earlier Frierson publications. The SFT Chronicle reprint is worth getting if you didn't see the original.

Tales of Torment #13 [John E. Stockman, 5553 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati OH 45238 - 35 cents] In an introduction, Stockman says he writes his stories "as I sees 'em". Which would be all right if he wasn't myopic. Probably the worst fan fiction I have ever read, plus a sale list of old pulps; prices aren't out of line, though they discouraged me. I discourage easily on old pulp prices. Rating.....1

Luna Monthly #49, 50 [Ann F. Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell NJ 07649 - 40 cents] A few news items, mostly of foreign news, but this is primarily a mag of reviews these days. Films and books covered. Rating.....4



Whatever #2 [Paula-Ann & Mark Anthony, PO Box 195, Downtown Station, Tempe AZ 85281 - 40 cents, 4/\$1.50 - loc, contrib, trade, etc.] Mostly fiction; fiction fanzines seem to be making a resurgence. Unfortunately. (A few fiction fanzines are a good idea, but let's not overdo it.) Plus the rules for the game "Hyborean Risk".

Rating.....2 1/2

Beta #0 [Folkert Mohrhof, D-2071 Hoisbüttel, Teichweg 3 c, West Germany - trade] German language, which makes it a bit hard for me to review.

Muirgheal #3 [Simon Joukes, Huize "De Oude Roos", Geleeg 7-8, B-2860 Onze-Lieve-Vrouw-Waver Belgium - quarterly - trade, locs, 1/20 BF or counterpart -- do not send bank checks] About half and half, English and French. The English-language portion has an exceedingly interesting discussion on the differences between Anglo-American and European sf conventions and the reasons for them.

Rating.....6

Till The Cows Come Home #1 [Alan & Elke Stewart, 6 Frankfurt am Main 1, Eschenheimer Anlage 2, Federal Republic of Germany - free] A piece of fiction, quite a bit on pop music (neither of which I bothered with), and various odds and ends, many of which I enjoyed.

Rating.....3

Mundac #3 [Rick Stoker, 1205 Logan St., Alton IL 62002] Personal type -- editorial and letters. Small but moderately interesting.

Adrenalin #2 [John Carl, 3750 Green Lane, Butte MT 59701 - four to six times yearly - the usual or 25 cents, 5/\$1] Letters and faan fiction, mostly.

Rating.....2 1/2

Major Arcana [Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342] This is a letter column for Prehensile, but he says he won't have any extras of this issue. Try for future mailings. Nice covers. Moderately interesting.

Rating.....2

Granfalloon #18 [Linda & Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park PA 19076 - 75 cents, loc, trade, contrib, no long term subs] Since I disagree more or less violently with Linda's outlook on life and fandom (anybody who can say fanzine reviewing is rewarding is obviously a little weird), I don't appreciate a lot of the magazine. But it's well done. (Hmm. I just read a comment by Fritz Leiber that husbands "berate to their wives any woman to whom they are sexually attracted". So if I berate Linda to everyone in the readership - wow!) Mostly, Granfalloon takes fandom more seriously than I take anything.

Rating.....6

Karass #1, 2 [Bushyager, see above - the usual or 5/\$1] Primarily a newsletter, with the occasional column. So far it has presented more news than the older newsletters have managed to do lately.

Rating.....6

Big Mac #41 [Norm Hochberg, 89-07 209 St., Queens Village NY 11427] All fanzine reviews. Some people are even weirder than Linda.

Rating.....4

Gorbett #5 [David & Beth Gorman, 337 North Main Street, New Castle IN 47362 - 50 cents or the usual] Long serious reviews and letters, this time. (Not necessarily long serious letters, though most of them are fairly long -- and very few of them deal with science fiction, most concerning contemporary society.)

Rating:.....5

Ash-Wing #13 [Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave., S.W., Seattle WA 98166 - loc, contrib, trade] General type. Articles, reviews, fiction, letters, etc.

Rating.....5

By Owl Light #4,5 [Frank Denton, see above] Personal type, editorial comment on books, hiking, Tolkien, and society.

Sassenach - Gael (By Owl Light #6) [Frank Denton] As opposed to the usual 6 page mag this issue is a 52-page account of a trip to Britain (including an 8-page list of the books purchased during the trip, which seems fannish enough).

SF Published in 1972 [Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson TX 77566 - \$1.25] Title seems fairly obvious. This is a checklist for collectors and bibliographers.

Forthcoming SF Books #17, 18 [Joanne Burger, see above - \$1.50/year - bimonthly] A more or less bimonthly listing. No guarantee is made that the books listed will ap-

pear, but they have been announced. #17 is accompanied by a short trip report of a journey to Bogotá, Colombia.

The Waiting For Paul J. Stevens Fanzine [Bill Wright, 53 Celia St., Burwood 3125, Victoria, Australia] A booster for Stevens' DUFF campaign. Somewhat better than the average for these things; if I didn't know all three of the other nominees better it might well have been convincing. Nice try.

The Return of Seldon V6#1 [Seldon's Plan Newsletter, Box 102, University Center Bldg, Wayne State University, Detroit MI 48202 - 30 zlotys - I don't know if they mean that, as Danner does, or are just kidding] To be honest, I hadn't noticed that it was gone. There are lots of remarkably bad book reviews, a basic introduction to astrology that was okay as far as it went (for two pages and to be continued), club news, fiction, and an interview.

Rating.....2

Gegenschein #12 [Eric B. Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia - 50 cents US and the usual] Brief issue; mostly letters, plugs for DUFF, and a list of all the things he's done since returning to Australia. (After a trip like that I'd be more apt to take Gillespie's tack and go into hibernation for a while.)

Rating.....3

Kratophany #4 [Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118 St., Apt. 63, New York NY 10027 - trade, loc, or 50 cents - irregular] I find this one fascinating because the editor's sense of humor is much the same as mine. The editorial anecdotes are great, Ginger Buchanan's column is good, and the rest of the mag is average.

Rating.....7

Starling #27 [Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison WI 53703 - 5/\$2 - this special issue -- all moneys to DUFF -- is 75 cents - regular issues available for the usual other options] More than the usual commentary on science fiction this time, along with the usual items on tv, rock music, etc. Despite my total lack of interest in most of the subjects -- including the ones Juanita writes about when she gets her column in on time - I enjoy the fanzine.

Rating.....7

Dynatron #57 [Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque NM 87107 - 25 cents or other such options] Art Rapp destroys biorhythm, Alexis Gilliland pens a scurrilous origin story for "Der Heapo", and Pauline Palmer attacks the right of every American to own an electric toothbrush. Sometimes I get the feeling that Tackett just doesn't hold anything sacred...But it's a great fanzine.

Rating.....8

Something Else #2 [Shayne McCormack, 49 Orchard Road, Bass Hill NSW, 2197, Australia one issue on request, trade, contrib, 4/\$1.50] With all the letters and an autobiographical column (though aren't they all?) this comes across as a sort of "inside study" of Australian fandom ~~and I haven't read any other fanzine like it~~. Personality zine; all sorts of personalities. Australians seem a bit weird anyway; comes from standing on their heads all the time, no doubt.

Rating.....5

Locomotive #3 [Brett Cox, Box 542, Tabor City NC 28463 & Ken Gammage Jr., 7865 E. Roseland Dr., La Jolla CA 92037 - loc, trade, or 25 cents - irregular] A letterzine. Comments are primarily seriously concerned with science fiction.

Rating.....3

Nolazine #13 [PO Box 8087, New Orleans LA 70182 - 50 cents] Couple of con speeches, and an excellent article by Lafferty on writing in general, and "Continued On Next Rock" in particular.

Rating.....5

Kosmic City Kapers #2 [Jeff May, Box 68, Liberty MO 64068 - irregular - contrib, loc, trade, 40 cents or 3/\$1] Mostly given over to a long con report by Howard Waldrop -- a quite good con report, as such things go.

Rating.....5

Bastard of Grafan #1 [8764 New Hampshire, St. Louis, MO 63123 - 4/\$1.25, loc, trade - bimonthly] Primarily serious critiques of comic books; I'm not really enough of a comics fan to say how pertinent it is, but it seems terribly detailed.

It Comes In The Mail #8 [Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News VA 23605] A sort of diary of Ned's correspondence. Moderately interesting, at least to those who know Ned.



Reticulum #1 [John Carl, 3750 Green Lane, Butte MT 59701 - irregular - the usual or 4 stamps a copy, he doesn't specify denomination, but pubbing ain't cheap and don't you be] Quite a bit of very short fannish material. (Which, on the whole, is preferable to quite a bit of very long fannish material, since fan humor is rarely at its best in large doses.) Poor dittoing, so I didn't read all of it. Rating.....2

The Alien Critic #8 [Richard E. Geis, PO Box 11408, Portland OR 97211 - \$4/per year] Back to large size. Geis' frequent changes of size, title, and repro remind me of a nervous grasshopper. Material remains the same; commentary on science fiction and its practitioners by same. It isn't terribly profound, but it's usually interesting reading. Rating.....8

Red Planet Earth #1 [Craig Strete, 140 Meyer Ave., Dayton OH 45431] This is the prize of the month, and I never thought I'd say that about the first issue of a fanzine that publishes fiction. The fiction itself isn't very good, but at least much of it has an original slant. The various factual items are fascinating. The editor claims to be a Cherokee Indian living in Ohio, which seems vaguely suspicious. (Many of the Cherokee were moved from the southern states to Oklahoma -- I suspect Craig's ancestors got lost somewhere along the way...) Rating.....6

Betelgeuse #10 [Harriet Feldman, 3 Pamela Lane, Canton MA 02021] Fiction, various articles, reviews (I flatly do not believe that anyone named "Mark Leeper" reviewed the movie "Frogs"), a quiz, etc. A nice thick fanzine, but not too much in it. Official publication of the University of Massachusetts group. Rating.....2

Quo-Davis [Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Avenue, Flushing NY 11355] Presumably a one-shot, since it was produced to honor Hank Davis on the occasion of his 30th birthday, and even a stf writer would probably have problems having more than one 30th birthday. (Nobody put out a fanzine to honor my 30th birthday...sniffle.) Appears to be of more interest to New York fandom than to outsiders -- though I suppose my judgment could be biased due to envy.

Chao #14 [John J. Alderson, Havalock, Victoria 3465 Australia - 50 cents - irregular] A big fat personalzine. I note that John actually used some Wodhams art; we have some, but since Jack tends to draw on hardwood panels or their equivalent, the stuff is not really suited for mimeography, so I'm saving ours for possible blackmail purposes. (According to all the True Romance precepts, Jack should be announcing his marriage to Joanna Russ any day now. But I digress.) Except for a few letters and two pages of fanzine reviews, written material is all by the editor. About everything from geology to more fanzine reviews. Rating.....5

Twas Ever Thus #4 [Jonh Ingham, 3b 61 Queens Gate, London, SW7, Great Britain - irregular - \$2/4] Trip report, fiction, and what have you, none of it terribly good. Rating.....1

Scottishe #67 [Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 6QL UK - 3/\$1]- Book reviews, a con report, letters. Still good, but doesn't seem quite as good lately as it was a couple of years back. Editor-written. Rating.....6

Twilight Zine #28 [Jourcoom, c/o MITSFS, W20-421, MIT, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge MA 02139 - loc, contrib, trade, 25 cents - irregular] Everything from a long serious article on horror films to a genealogy chart for Peter Rabbit (in which we learn that a liaison between Dracula and the March Hare produces a Varying Hare as offspring). Rating.....5

Smile Awhile #19 [Florence Jenkins, 1515 West 135th St., Space 32, Gardena CA 90249] Alcoholics Anonymous fanzine. The tone is too uplifting for me, but it seems to work, which I suppose is the main thing.

Rune #34, 35 [Minnesota Science Fiction Society INC, 2301 Elliot Ave., S. #2, Minneapolis MN 55404] Newsletter of the Minneapolis group. Mostly of interest to Minneapolis fans, or to those with a morbid interest in the Minneapolis' club's doings. (Morbid? Yes; what other kind could there be?)

- Notes From The Chemistry Dept. #2, 3 [Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce TX 75428 - written material, trade, substantial locs, a quarter - irregular] Mostly editor-written, plus letters; heavy on reviews and hard science. Rating.....5
- Godless #6 [SP4 Bruce D. Arthurs, 527-98-3103, 57th Trans Co, Fort Lee VA 23801 - irregular - 35 cents or the usual] General type; nothing either worldshaking or particularly bad. I note that this is still another fanzine that Roger Elwood wrote to complain about a bad review. (I believe that Yandro is unique in that Elwood wrote to me to complain about what I considered a good review. I told him to wait until I wrote a bad one. I have irresistable urges to write things like these, which conflict with my urges to be nice and try to accumulate more free review copies.) Rating.....4
- Powermad #5, 6 [Bruce Arthurs, address above, two ten cent stamps, or the usual - irregular] Personal type; often mildly humorous. I enjoy it. Rating.....5
- Kyben #5, 6, 7 [Jeff Smith, 4102-301 Potter Street, Baltimore MD 21229 - 35 cents or 3/\$1] General variety of material; mostly but not entirely editor-written. From my point of view the problem is that I have little in common with Jeff (and what we do have in common we disagree about). Rating.....4
- Don-O-Saur #28, 29, 30 [Donald C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct., Westminster CO 80030 - monthly - 25 cents, 12/\$2.50 or the usual] Personal type; editor-written plus letter excerpts. (Or at least, knowing how long-winded fans are, I assume they're excerpts.) Rating.....4
- The Mystery Trader #8 [Ethel Lindsay, address above, 3/\$1.25 - make cheques payable to Ethel] For mystery fans; reviews, an article, letters, and a sale list, all compressed into 18 pages. I enjoy it even though I'm not a mystery fan. Rating.....5
- Vertigo #19, 20 [Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Rd., Durham NC 27707 - 35 cents or trade] Official publication of the Carolina group. Local news, some material on comics, usually an article or two. Rating.....4
- Title #23, 24 [Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis MO 63131 - monthly - obtained mainly by locs/letters, sample copy a quarter] Definitely a personalzine, even though there are quite a few outside contributors. Donn impresses his personality on the mag much as Roy Tarkett does with Dynatron. A middle-sized fanzine covering a variety of subjects and noted for brief, incisive commentary. Rating.....8
- Banshee #7 [Michael Gorra, 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford CT 06385 - irregular - trade, substantial loc, contrib, or 60 cents] Primarily fannish material, generally quite good, but the poor reproduction makes it hard to read. (Fouling up the repro of a Tucker column is a no-no, Mike...) Rating.....6
- Renaissance V5 #3, 4 [Editor John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights NJ 07922 - new subs, etc., to Samuel E. Konkin III, 635 E. 11th St., Apt. 24, New York NY 10009 - monthly - \$5 a year in the future] Primarily long reviews of science fiction, with an occasional essay such as the one on Russian science fiction in #4. For serious fans. Rating.....5
- Maybe #34, 35, 36 [Irvin Koch, 835 Chettanooga Bank Bldg, Chattanooga TN 37402 - 50 cents or the usual - frequent] Irv is keeping his frequent schedule by covering a specific type of material each issue. #34 is fanzine reviews, #35 is letters, #36 is more fanzine reviews (Irv is discovering the drawback to this type of operation, just as I did), and an argument with Bjo Trimble over a previous issue. Rating.....5
- Zymurgy #c, d [Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque NM 87105 - 35 cents or 3/\$1 or the usual] General type fanzine. I liked issue "c" better; "d" seemed mostly composed of odds and ends that had been lying around for some time because nobody really wanted them. Rating.....4



Oxytocic #8, 9 [Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 North Early St., Alexandria VA 22303 - a quarter or the usual] General type, dittoed, fairly serious. Rating.....5

Star Fire #3/4, 1 [Bill Breiding, 2240 Bush St., San Francisco CA 94115 - a quarter or the usual] The 3/4 issue was just a one-pager mostly to say that the real issue would actually be out sometime. #1 covers mostly basic ideas, but Dale Donaldson and Roger Sween do a good job of it. Recommended to neofans, even though poor repro makes it hard to read. Rating.....3

Star-Borne V2 #10, 11-12 [Margaret Basta, PO Box 886, Dearborn MI 48120 - 50 cents] Newsletter of organized, nationwide "Star Trek" fandom. An interesting phenomenon even if you can't stand the show...just the list of membership chapters is fascinating. (104 chapters and 8 affiliates, if I counted right; makes the NSF look sort of picayune.)

Now It's Got Knobs [Moshe Feder, address above] A one-shot, which like most one-shots was probably more fun to produce than it is to read.

Parenthesis #5, 6 [Frank Balazs, Box 1007, Sunya, Albany, NY 1222 - a quarter or the usual] Fannish type personalzine, reasonably well done. Rating.....5

Ballast #2 [Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rod, Mentor OH 44060] I think maybe it's an apazine and probably no copies are available anyway, but it's an interesting personal issue. The cover, composed of photocopies of odd newspaper headlines, is fabulous. I particularly enjoyed "NIXON MEN DENY AGNEW LEAKS" and "13 SPANKED COEDS HAVE RED FACES".

Mopery [John Robinson, 1 - 101st St., Troy NY 12180] Personalzine. About par for that course.

Early English #2 [Dave Hulan, PO Box 1403, Costa Mesa CA 92626 - 10c, selected trades, or 4/\$1 - irregular] Primarily concerned with literature, but not necessarily (or perhaps rather than?) science fiction. Rating.....4

Couple of things from Susan Glicksahn here, but I'm not sure they're generally available so I won't review them.

Dilemma #4 [Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher IL 60401] Personalzine; I like it, but then I like Jackie, so it's difficult to be objective.

DUFFund Newsletter #1 [Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison WI 53703] The title pretty well describes it. A preliminary list of items to be auctioned off for DUFF is included.

Cullowhee #1 [Richard D. Llewellyn, Box 9201, Leatherwood, Cullowhee, NC 28723 - irregular - a quarter] First publication from this university group. A good enough beginning, but it will take a couple more issues to tell what it's going to turn into. If you want to help worthy causes, contribute some material.

Checkpoint #44 [Peter Roberts, Flat 4, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2 UK - news, letters, 4/\$1 air, USAgents Dena & Charlie Brown - irregular] Claims to be a newsletter, but when it has 2 pages of news and 4 of reviews...With this came Amizine, from Eric Bentcliffe, depicting the joy of writing fan letters to radio stations. Interesting.

Jibara #1 [Jeffrey N. Appelbaum, 5836 W. 25 1/2 St., St. Louis Park, MN 55416] Primarily reviews; books, magazines, fanzines, etc.

Southern Fandom Confederation Bulletin #10 [Meade Frierson, address above, \$1 a yr] Local news and promotions. With this came what I guess is the Southern Fandom Handbook; my copy isn't titled. It covers all aspects of Southern Fandom; associations, conventions, fanzines, produced, Big-Name Pro Writers in the South (even Small-Name Pro Writers in the South -- it's chauvinistic as all hell) and the Constitution of SouthernFandom Confederation. The SFC can't be as pompous as it sounds, or anyone with Frierson's sense of humor would have left it long ago. Anyway, the handbook alone is \$1.

The New Forerunner #14 [Gary Mason, GPO Box 1583, Adelaide, South Australia 5001 - the usual or a 7 cent stamp, orstrillian, one presumes] Australian newsletter.

Rating.....6

BCSFA Newsletter #5, 6 [Mike Bailey, #4-2416 W. 3rd Ave., Vancouver BC V6K 1L8 Canada] Newsletter of Vancouver fandom. Primarily but not entirely local news.

Rating.....5

FOSFAX #4, 5 [Bob Roehm, PO Box 8251, Louisville KY 40208 - \$1. per year - biweekly] Newsletter of the Lquisville group. Mixed local and general news. Fan reviews, etc.

Rating.....5

Mythopoeic Society Bulletin [Box 24150, Los Angeles CA 90024] This was a special issue on the death of Tolkien. Generally concerned with the works of Tolkien, C.S. Lewis and...um? Charles Williams?

Fiawol #4, 5 [Joyce & Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn NY 11201 - biweekly - for news, loc, trade, address-label-and-stamp] The journal of fan news. Unfortunately, fans aren't making much news -- I'm certainly not -- so a "Top Ten Fanzine" poll has run its course and more polls are threatened.

Rating.....6

Locus #153 thru 156 [Dena & Charlie Brown, Box 3938 San Francisco CA 94119 - 40 cents or 18/\$6 - approximately twice a month] Locus has gone offset, and the offset issues have a significant increase in the ratio of news to garbage. The first offset issue featured too-small typeface and too-light inking, but the second one is much more readable. News is entirely pro news; no fan stuff -- but presumably science fiction fans have some interest in science fiction.

Rating (issue #156 only).....7

Son of the WSFA Journal #119 thru 130 [Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton MD 20906 approximately weekly - a quarter or 10/\$2] Local news, lots of reviews, indexes, sales lists, etc. Reviews cover the field well but since they have five million reviewers it's hard to "know" a specific reviewer well enough to check his biases.

In the interval between typing my initial reviews and discovering that I have a half page left to fill several more fanzines have arrived. Lessee here. SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #131, 132, 133, 135 - same comments as before except that #135 is a bigger than normal issue, running 18 pages plus a 4-page index to Vol. 22. KARASS #3 - lots of reviews and a fair amount of news. LOCUS #157 - continued offset and well done. TITLE #25 - about the same as previous issues, but mention of a radical change in the future, due to lack of access to a mimeo.

The Gamesletter #70 [Don Miller, address above - 25¢ - biweekly] Newsletter of games fandom; an article on Go tactics plus reviews of games fanzines, books, etc.

Amra #61 [Amra, Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101 - irregular - 50¢] Devoted to swords and sorcery. A couple of articles, by John Boardman and L. Sprague de Camp, on historical Conans (including one Conan Meriadoc, which as Boardman says "raises the image of a hobbit, flourishing an undersized sword and carrying off a woman under one arm".) Charles Hoffman examines Conan in the light of existentialism (some people will do anything for an article) and Boardman has a rather silly article which I think is supposed to be an ironic comparison of Jack Vance's "Durdane" with America. Overall it's interesting, even to someone with a lukewarm at best interest in sword and sorcery fiction.

Rating...9

PHAPA - second mailing [Michael Gorra, 199 Great Neck Road, Waterford, CT 06385] Ask Mike for information on joining, if you're interested. This is an apa devoted to fan-history and fannishness (mostly the latter, to judge from the present mailing). Since I have very little interest in either, I didn't get much out of it. Total mailing is 21 pages (of which I read 13, Mike. I didn't really see any need to read the other 8, even if I was mentioned in them.) If you like to join apas, here's one just starting up and presumably not completely filled up and with a waiting list as yet.