





JUNE 74

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WE CALL THIS
OUR BACK-TO-NATURE ISSUE

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NOTICE: I will be compiling materials this summer for The Checklist of Fantastic Literature II, which will be published by Fax Collector's Editions. This will be the long-awaited sequel to Bleiler's Checklist, and will be a bibliographical listing of all U.S. hardcover titles in science fiction, fantasy and weird, since 1947. I would greatly appreciate

information from fans, private collectors, editors and publishers, who could send me book lists, and who, in particular, have information regarding errors and omissions in the Bleiler volume.

...Dr. Marshall B. Tymn, Editor, Checklist II, English Department, Eastern Michigan University, Ypsilanti, MI 48197

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ARTWORK

Cover by Dan Adkins

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" 9 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn	" 29 - - - - -	Jackie Franke
" 11 (logo) - - - - -	Sheryl Birkhead	" 32 (logo) - - - - -	Sheryl Birkhead
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The item up there above the contents is a paid (I trust) ad. It's copied exactly; I even restrained my urge to correct the punctuation.

RSC



I hesitate to say anything (for superstitious fear of bringing a jinx on our heads) but it appears we may be doing some writing for pay this summer...which hopefully in turn will make it possible for us to hit Discon II. "We" being Buck and Gene DeWeese in collaboration and me soloing it on a couple of novels. It's nice to get a "yes" on a ms every so often -- and even nicer when the contract and eventual "accepted -- enclosed check" comes -- just so you don't feel you're wasting all that paper (though we've found a Girl Scout leader who'll take thoroughly used pulpy and inky crudsheets for re-cycling). Now if some astute and tastefilled editors will snap up my s&s novel and the gothics

floating about...might's well ask for the whole sack as the top banana.

Buck mentions in "Golden Minutes" the finally in print Tuck volume. I confess to a moment of cringe, echoing a long-ago mrshm voiced by Betty Kujawa: "I'm not a housewife; in no way am I married to this house." I'm not denigrating the millions of women who do and/or must pursue domestic tasks as a main work, but the terminology is awful. Much preferred, in my opinion, would be the incoming "homemaker". That's not a completely satisfactory category, but better than the other. I suspect even among the more anti-Women's Liberationist females the straw that will break the camels' backs will be the persistence of the question: "Do you work, or are you just a housewife?" Of course; everyone knows a woman with preschoolers lies around peeling grapes with her toes all day, letting the vacuum run itself and the kids do their own diapering, and... I suggest if the boosters of the status quo want to quiet the growing rumbles they re-think their own casual denigrations instead of insisting the NOW bunch are putting down housework.

I'd like to note, referring to my first paragraph, that if all goes smoothly it will definitely mean a heavier swing to electrostencilling in the next few issues. I'll have less time to play with hand stencilling, and I'll have the money to pay for electro-ing. So the fan artists who might hold off dropping me a goodie now and then for that reason...I eagerly await. You know, I hope, that if you nevernever let no one touch your stuff without electro, anyway, you have only to say so. In impeccable phases I might, reluctantly, have had to return your stuff. But now, knock plastic, no need at all.

Don Ayres, in this "Grumblings", wonders anent fandom and joinerism. It seemed possible I wouldn't find enough space back yanner, so I saved my comments for here. Particularly since the early '50s -- when I got into fandom -- it seems to me fandom has more and more divided along what I think of as the Trufan and WouldBeFan lines. The Trufan moves into the mainstream of our microcosm very quickly. Even if her/his first contact is a Worldcon he/she discovers the parties, the pickup conversations in the lobby/mezzanine, the real *gemutlichkeit* groups immediately. The WouldBeFan rarely does. Even if contact is a local fan group, the WBF...well....expects to be entertained. He may think a con was a good one because of the movies or program events when the Trufan is muttering that it was dull because there were no parties, little impromptu conversation, and the "whole thing was over-programmed". Basically, what we have here is two different approaches to communication. The Trufan anticipates communicating to and with. The WBF expects to be communicated at. Over the years, and I've enjoyed a few more than most in this anthill of ours have lived, I started out as a WBF because I knew almost no one; programs at Worldcons are very important

for the brand new comer. But that normally should pass quickly. There'll still be a few good program items worth attending at any top quality con. But the whole place doesn't shut down when nothing's on-stage. Fandom is even more the casual bump-into new friend in the hucksters' room, the elbow rubber at the registration counter, the fellow ooh and aaher at the art show. Much more so. The gap gets even greater outside the cons. To me the WBF comes to a club meeting expecting to see or hear a program -- just like at a Rotarian or Kiwanis club. If you're a local fan with dreams of getting a group organized and you're up against that mentality, I'm afraid all is hopeless. You have to have a solid core of Trufans who aren't dependent on outside, programmed material. They make their own. To me the "entertain me" attitude is the worst thing we've inherited from the academic world and the Jaycee philosophy. Or maybe it's just because I naively assume fans should be able to stand on their own feet, conversationally and socially.

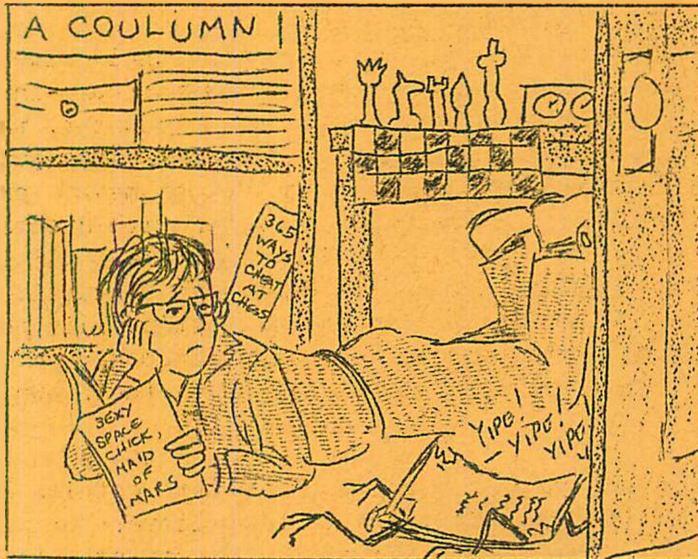
Every so often when I'm jotting ideas into one of my projected Midwestern gothics I put myself in an anonymous editor's shoes. Is this bit too much to believe? Or will he grant it but decide the readership won't. Problem is, truth is far stranger than fiction, and some of the stuff that appears in our daily local papers -- a panorama of life in the Great American Heartland -- is wilder than the most fantastic and gruesome fiction imaginable. F/instance: A recent acquittal on a technicality of a woman accused of poisoning her husband, then drowning him -- in 18 inches of water, after pushing him out of rowboat. Her son and cousin were also obliquely involved, and their incarcerations during trial proceedings cleared up some unsolved burglaries and netted a sodomy charge. The directed acquittal caused a tearful outcry by the woman's nine children, only half orphaned and apparently unworried mama might get tired of them, too. The prosecution had produced witnesses, including within the family -- and a cheery pre-murder comment by the accused that "he won't be coming home tonight" after the picnic (presumably so no one would waste good food fixing a meal for the victim, who wasn't going to be in any condition to eat it) and expert testimony from a toxicologist, but the prosecutor goofed on small details and all is forgiven and that's the way it goes. You could write it up as a black comedy script and everyone would say it was just too far out.

Another recent incident wasn't at all tragic, but was certainly typical of small town living. A cemetery sexton noticed a hose hooked up to the spigot supplying water for the flowers, followed it to its source and found one of the city council members residing close by was tapping taxpayers' money to fill his swimming pool. The mayor -- of a town of 1200 -- was called, the sheriff and deputy, etc., who, according to the lawbreaker, "tromped through my garden and I lost some tomato plants." He apologized, was charged with petty theft and assessed a water charge, which his wife, the county clerk, helped compute. I keep thinking of the series in MAD -- "You know you live in a small town when..."

You know you live in a small town in the Midwest when your fan friends on the Coasts can't find any mention of you in the AP reports on tornados...and sometimes they call up to reassure themselves you're still around. And if the phone lines were out...as they sometimes are even when your town's intact...then they'd really worry. It's nice to know one's cared about. Kay Anderson and I have discussed the relative fearsomeness of earthquakes and tornados and our particular attitudes come out in a fatalistic tie; she doesn't worry about tremors and I don't worry about twisters because one's just as much at nature's whim with either. She quoted a West Coast news item on the recent Indiana tornados, listing the towns they described as wiped out....most of which are not only unfamiliar to aliens in California but to hoosiers as well; one of the towns mentioned isn't a town at all, but a campus. A couple of the others I suspect are collections of four or five rural homes clustered about what was an interurban station forty years ago...and haven't been regarded as a "town" since the old tracks died.

Which, pity, Amtrak isn't admitting has happened to their rails, too.

JWC



I considered leaving a blank page this issue and saving myself some work, but Mother told me that there would be complaints, so I have decided to sacrifice myself and get this out.

First, I'd like to thank all of you who wrote in to answer my query about golems. I can't find all of your names -- there were a lot -- at the moment, and I'm too lazy to write you all individually, so'll thank you collectively. (That for you, Leah Zeldes!)

Well, I have started my writing career. A writer's school has a publication (or is it a writing publication has a school?) that will pay for ideas sent in. I took 15 minutes to conjure up two article sug-

gestions and in a few weeks got four dollars for my work. In the field of actually writing something for a magazine or book there have been some difficulties. I write the story and give it to my father so he can offer his opinion on it; a minute or so later it hurtles through the door, bounces off the wall, and lies there whimpering. Father feels that he has to uphold and enlarge upon his reputation as one of the leading critics of our day; and so he covers every single error in my stories. I mean, when I was reading an article someone sent to us I wasn't that harsh; I told the fellow that his story was on a level with Horace Coon and Charles Eric Maine and that our landlord's dog could write better than that, but I wasn't nasty...

My chess playing has taken a turn for the better. I now have a 60 percent score in the combined score of the four tournaments I've entered this year. This is much better than the 35 percent score last year. But I won some money last year, and this year I've gotten nothing. So am I a more successful player, or a less?

Someone once asked me why I didn't have a full page for my column. I told him that I could never think of enough to write about to fill up an entire page. I still have that problem.

Confusing Mundanes Dept.: While waiting at a MacDonalds for our order to be filled, one of the girls noticed our front license plate, "Yuggoth Saves". She asked who Yuggoth was, and my father told her he was one of the elder deities before God. She stared at him and then asked whether he really believed in Yuggoth. Straight-faced he said he believed in Yuggoth as much as he believed in anything else. Another girl came up at that moment and asked whether there was a Yuggoth. My father finally broke up and said that he was a fictional character. "I see; just like all the other gods." We're still not sure she knew what she was saying...

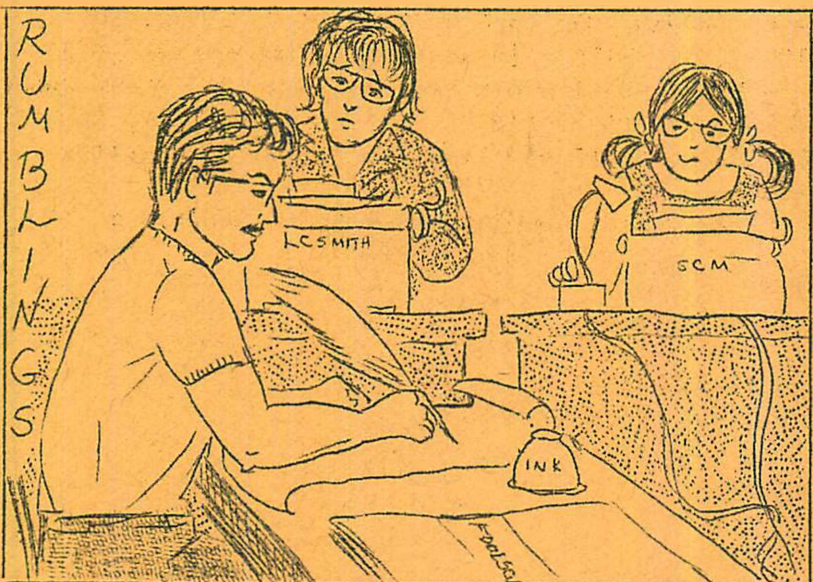
Rural Humor: The best-selling record in this county is "The Streak".

Has anyone ever considered putting out a one-shot composed of nothing but interlin-eations? It strikes me as the logical thing for a one-shot to do, but I've never heard of one. [Note from typist: Waitill Midwestcon and Tucker can tell you all about it...

Writing under a deadline seems to stimulate me. Maybe I should wait until the last minute all the time. (What do you mean -- I do it already?)

Fannish crises: running out of cor-flu, stencils, room for your magazines, and time for your pursuits.

Us rowdy chess players. We have now been thrown out of two hotels in Indynap -- the Atkinson and the Marott have both tossed us out for destruction and damage. (Neglecting to tell us to what or for how much.) At this rate, in three years we'll have to build our own hotel. Anyone want to contribute a brick? We'll get the blueprints from Tucker, naturally.



Why is it that when I am discussing layout with Juanita a week or so before writing my editorial I confidently discover enough items to write about to cover three pages, and when I sit down in front of the typewriter all this verbiage suddenly shrinks to three paragraphs? Ah well, onward and upward. Part of the trouble is our unseasonable heat - it isn't supposed to get over 90° for two weeks out of 3 in late May and early June. I notice it worst at work, since the company is conserving energy by not turning on the air conditioner. Drafting becomes a trifle difficult when one's arm sticks to the paper.....

Of course, I won't have that problem next week; the chief engineer is going on vacation and I probably won't be doing much of anything except answering the phone.

At least, this weather is good for the garden. Everything coming up nicely except the okra. (Juanita liked the Scott's version of okra so well when we stopped by there in 1972 that she first tried to buy some, and this year finally gave up on purchases and tried to grow it. Well, maybe it will come up yet.) Half the beanpoles are in, and the ones for the second planting will have to be placed as soon as the ground dries out a bit. A recent letter from Alan Dodd threw me for a loop briefly; commenting on his garden he said he hadn't put up bean poles because they were too expensive; he'd used wire instead. My immediate reaction was that good Lord, you don't buy bean poles, any more than you buy kittens. Then I realized that Alan lives in town - I sort of consider it as British suburbia, though I don't really know. I do know there are trees in Britain, but presumably not where Alan can get at them. A minor shock; I had never considered the idea that anyone with enough land for a garden couldn't find a way to go out and cut him a supply of bean poles if he raised pole beans. (Not many people seem to raise pole beans here, oddly enough; they seem to be the ideal small garden vegetable. The man who developed the Kentucky Wonder certainly has my gratitude.) Our landlord apparently sprayed something on the blackberries on his side of the fence last year; there wasn't a one on his side of the fence, while we had an excellent crop. Now the ones on our side of the fence seem to be dying; apparently whatever it was is seeping across. I've transplanted a few young canes, with some success, so our berry crop should be reduced but not annihilated.

Had a scare about Dad last week, but it turns out to mostly be a false alarm. One of his neighbors called up saying he was at death's door and why wasn't I doing something about it. I answered him back none too gently that I was doing something, and we yelled at each other over the phone for some time. So I called a doctor and then went up this weekend; Dad is in just about as good a shape as he was six months ago, as far as I can tell. The doctor had promised to go down and see him; I don't know yet whether he ever did. We pretty much agreed that Dad will have to be institutionalized before winter - he'll burn the house down trying to keep warm. He had a coat on in the 90° heat yesterday. But until next winter, he stays put. If he dies, why, he'd rather die than live anywhere else. I thought on the way back that he's lived alone so long that he can no longer tolerate other people in close proximity for very long - and then I thought some more and realized that he never could. We used to visit relatives regularly when I was a boy, and as soon as we arrived Dad would be planning our time of departure. (I inherited the trait, a fact which Juanita bewails occasionally.)

I actually got back to professional writing this month, refurbishing a chapter-and-outline that Gene and I collaborated on, writing an alternate worlds short story for an editor guaranteed to be desperate for one (a crippled pigeon is the easiest mark) and collaborating with Bruce on a vignette which I have considerable doubt about

being able to sell. My only actual sale, though, has been 4 story ideas to WRITERS DIGEST. Bruce made his first professional sale with 2 ideas to the same market. Very little pay, but then it was very little work. Juanita has been banging away great guns; gothic manuscripts, science fiction novels, short stories, a bit of everything. Bruce now has the writing bug and is working on two short stories. The family that writes together delights together, or something.

There was an ad in the paper for "Cycle Sales" the other day that inspired me to another verse parody:

The dealers are all here
With their cycle sales, with their cycle sales,
The dealers are all here,
With their cycle sales, with their cycle sales,
The dealers are all here, and if you get too near,
They'll catch you with their little cycle sales.

Stop your moaning, stop your groaning,

The Kawasaki Boys are here.

Stop your moaning, stop your groaning,

The Kawasaki Boys are here.

This is a bit more esoteric than last month's; if you've never encountered Josef Marais and Miranda you don't have a prayer of knowing the original. (Maybe Juanita will sing it at Midwestcon.....)

The nostalgia craze seems to be producing all sorts of odd things. The other day as I browsed through our local news stand I discovered a copy of BLACK MASK, Vol. 1 #1 in a new numbering. It's a reprint from Lopez Publications, whoever they are. Pulp size with trimmed edges, 96 pages for \$1. Apparently photocopied from the original; even most of the ads are reprinted. A little new material; interviews with artists, etc. Sort of interesting. I've been acquiring literature at a great rate. Aside from review books coming in fairly regularly, we went down to an ISFA meeting the first weekend in June and John Miesel mentioned that the Indianapolis library system was selling off surplus and discarded books. So Sunday the Lavells and Coulsons went out to look the sale over, and I annoyed everyone by insisting on checking every book personally. Picked up such items as a good hardcover of Farley Mowat's Never Cry Wolf to replace our battered paperback, A Law Unto Themselves by C. Northcote Parkinson, Lords of the Atlas by Gavin Maxwell (North African history), Something Light by Margery Sharp, a couple of books for eventual resale, a few westerns for light skimming, the second (and last, apparently) edition of The Indiana Almanac, and suchlike. At the same time, Bruce wanted to pick up some chess books, so we stopped at a book store, which was a mistake. He didn't find any, and I did find an Eliot Porter photography book, Down The Colorado, marked down from \$30 to \$13. (Lee Lavell, playing serpent, said "You'll never find it any cheaper", and.....) Actually, I'm quite happy with it; it's one of the two best Porter albums that I've seen. Probably Ballantine will reprint it, but this is twice the size of the Ballantine editions and the photography shows up better. (I'll go back to Ballantine for Porter's next one.) Then when I was in Warsaw consulting with the doctor about Dad I went over to the newsstand there and found a book I've been after for 10 years; Follow The Free Wind, by Leigh Brackett, a biography of Jim Beckwourth. Ballantine has published it, and I'll get it reviewed pretty soon, but if you see a copy, don't wait on my review to pick it up. Then our Christmas presents from the Andersons arrived (which is pretty good, considering we haven't mailed theirs yet) and mine was a book, and a couple of the Hyperion Press volumes arrived as a birthday present from the DeWeeses, and Juanita's mother found an Arthur Upfield book I didn't have.....now all I have to do is find time to read all this.

A couple of weeks ago I thought of some things I wanted to say in this editorial, so I typed them out on a sheet of paper, since I wouldn't remember them otherwise. Guess where that paper is now. (Go ahead; your guess is as good as mine.....)

Oh well, on to Things That Have Gone Bump In Our Mailbox. Hartford City is becoming well known. Gene DeWeese sends a Xerox from Beyond Earth by Ralph and Judy Blum, which reprints a Hartford City News-Times article about the tiny, silver-suited men seen by

two local residents as they were going home (from where, wasn't stated) at either 9:45 PM or 1:00 AM (both times are given). And Alan Dodd sends a cutting from WEEKEND (which would seem to be a British Sunday Supplement) mentioning our celebrated flag desecration case. (I thought that getting it on national press coverage was bad enough, but it seems to have gone international and become one of those standard incidents that will be referred to from now on to eternity whenever flags are being discussed.) I'm not highly impressed by the accuracy of the British newspapers Alan gets, but I can vouch for the accuracy of this incident, anyway. Alan also sent a cutting from the tv-radio program guide describing "The Last Man On Earth" as "a droll idea"; I'm not sure I'll ever understand the British sense of humor. The Fort Wayne Journal had a short item on pornography; the editor of the Winchester, Indiana newspaper says the town's new smut ordinance isn't clean enough to be published in his paper as the law requires before it can go into effect. The Supreme Court insistence on being specific has certainly been playing havoc with the publishability of ordinances. Dr. Fred-eric Wertham sends two pamphlets, reprints from the BULLETIN OF THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MEDICINE. One is "Battered Children and Baffled Adults"; Wertham believes the first step is better communication between law enforcement agencies and better enforcement of our laws. I'll definitely go along with that; better and stricter enforcement is needed everywhere. (Nobody should be hassled by police simply because they're black - neither should blacks be allowed to get away with crimes because they're members of an oppressed minority and it's not really their fault, which seems to be the conclusion of a lot of liberal writers. I'm all in favor of computer-administered justice, and the sooner we get robot police the better--though I suppose I'd leave an appeals body of humans to correct injustices caused by incompetent computer programmers). Another thing we need badly is a way to keep unfit parents from having or raising children. Though to be honest I can't see a way of doing it; any solution would be so open to abuse as to be worse than the problem. Wertham's other booklet is "The Malignancy of Violence" in which he discusses the increase of violence in our society, starting off with the careers of Ronnie and Reggie Krey, who terrorized sections of Britain for 17 years, topping it off with a pair of murders - in good old gun-controlled Britain - for which they were tried. (Wertham mentioned in a note with the booklet that gun controls didn't stop the Kreys or the protection rackets currently flourishing in New York). Dr. Wertham disagrees with the theories of Lorenz and Ardrey on violence, but I'm not so sure. Particularly since Ardrey's theory states that violence is innate and therefore must be suppressed, and this certainly agrees with the statistics that show violence on the rise in our permissive atmosphere. In fact, Wertham seems to rather agree with Ardrey's proposed solution, though objecting to his theoretical cause. (I definitely agree with Ardrey; I haven't read Lorenz yet but I picked up one of his books recently.) Ardrey certainly does not believe, as Wertham seems to think he does, that since violence is instinctive nothing can be done about it; he wants considerably more done than we're currently doing.

Betty Kujawa sends a clipping from the Chicago Daily News which deplores the standards of U.S. talk shows and offers as an improvement a Canadian show hosted by ex-fan Les Nirenberg. (Les is the man who first said that fandom is "a mail-order cocktail party") Did I mention before that James Gunn addressed a letter to me as "Charles Colson, Route 3, Hartford City"? I suppose as long as the Senate doesn't want to question me it's all right....I received the letter, no questions asked. Fort Wayne had another stupid crook; I don't know why their criminals should be any dumber than those of the rest of the country, but...anyway, this guy stuck up a cleaners, and while fleeing the scene dropped his gun, which went off and shot him in the stomach. His buddy then dropped him off at a local hospital, where he was arrested. Chris Walker sends an Asimov article written for the Chicago Tribune. Mary Schaub sends a clipping covering the complete history of chewing gum (any of you out there desperate for such information?) Alan Dodd sends a clipping of a notice of intended removal of graves "for the purposes of installing services to adjoining land". I always thought the old song "They're Moving Daddy's Grave To Build A Sewer" was a joke..... Mary Schaub sends another clipping which mentions that the Japanese used to have a shrine where prayers could be offered to Thomas A. Edison, and still have one for Marilyn Monroe (film goddess indeed). And there are more, but.....

YANDRO IS WHERE YOU CAN FIND IT

by MANLY WADE WELLMAN

Yes, Virginia, Carolina and everbuddy, Yandro is a name on the land. Maybe on no map but mine, but thiar it is, on the slope of Walnut Mountain in Madison County, North Carolina, what outlanders call Bloody Madison and us who know the place call the Kingdom of Madison.



Long years back, in the 19 and 20's, the good gray poet Carl Sandburg was catching songs for his AMERICAN SONG BAG. He inquired mountain folks about the beautiful HE'S GONE AWAY AWAY, where it sings "Look away, look away, look away over Yandro," and "I'll go build me a desrick on Yandro's high hill." Now then up yonder they say Yandro for yonder; but my friends never missed then, and don't miss now, a chance to make jokes with strangers. So they told the Good Gray that sure enough, Yandro was a height of land, not roundabout hiar, fact is you can't get thiar from hiar, but it's a true place, remote and romantic, where strange things happen. And Sandburg bought it and said that thing in AMERICAN SONG BAG, and I don't guess he ever found out different. He's gone now to where the gods of the mountains have straightened him out.

Back about six years, friends of mine were helping run me up a cabin on Walnut Mountain. Betwixt spells of work, they wondered themselves about a good name. Roy Thomas, now gone where the woodbine twineth, thought Sixkiller would suit, but I felt that expected too much of me. Then Obray Ramsey, the best banjo picker I ever heard, recollected about the Good Gray and felt we should do him a favor by putting the name on the land. And that's what the cabin is called. Yandro.

It's tucked up on the slope of Walnut, above Route 25-70, the worst road to bear the name of a US highway I've ever travelled. There are heights all around. Down one of them comes the water we've got piped in. Below is a hollow that's come to be called Hosea's Hollow, for reasons you'll find in WHO FEARS THE DEVIL? Two fish ponds are in it, but ask leave before you drop a hook in.

Yandro cabin itself is just 20 x 16 feet, big enough for Frances and me, but usually we've got guests. As many as a dozen, with instruments of music and a jug of good blockade. I allowed we'd made it little, but Obray Ramsey opined, "If it was any bigger, it wouldn't be a cabin."

Inquire for Yandro cabin at Walnut, the other side of the gap as you come along from Asheville. If they just glimmer at you, ask where my place is? If they still hem and naw, ask how to get to Obray's, and if he likes your looks and the set of your ears, he'll guide you.

THE DESRICK ON YANDRO still goes on being read. It was anthologized in some year of the BEST OF F&SF, it was in one of Alfred Hitchcock's books of creepy tales, it's being done in German. It was in WHO FEARS THE DEVIL?, of course, and there was a glimpse of it in the movie of that book, retitled, I regret to say, THE LEGEND OF HILLBILLY JOHN.

Idyll In Prospect

plans and

reminiscences by MICHAEL G. CONEY

We're going to have a hell of a good time camping, this summer. We'll catch our own fish and pick our own berries and lap water from crystal-clear streams and for appetisers we'll drink golden-rod tea and eat pine trees, like Euell Gibbons. Right now I can just see those little trout cooking in their own juices, and they will not be all pulpy and full of roe or maybe semen so you wonder, as you chew them, what sex they are. The berries will have no bugs in them, and the crystal-clear stream will be innocent of dead raccoons and condoms.

It won't be a bit like last year.

I'm going to keep the liquor in the car, this summer. And I'm going to inflate the tent-trailer tires to a pressure of forty-five pounds per square inch, because if I don't, they may explode and throw the car and trailer on their sides, thirty-four miles from the nearest garage. And even if they don't explode, or even get warm, I'm not going to carry open containers in the trailer ice-box while travelling. I might find that the evening meal is uncomfortably delayed while my wife plucks cocktail onions from the Sara Lee cheesecake, and wrings milk from the steak.

In my mind's eye I can see it all, as we pull into some secluded campground and back the trailer onto the site without hitting a tree -- because the kids won't fluster me and cause me to turn the wheel the wrong way. It won't be raining. The kids will be silent, awed by the beauty of the surroundings; and my daughter will be delighted with the toilet facilities. There will be a pile of fragrant logs beside a crude but charming fireplace, and the wood will prove to be unusually combustible.

I will spin the handle and the tent-trailer roof will rise majestically against the sky without jamming, and there will be no new holes in the canvas, and I will have remembered to repair the old ones, so the mosquitos don't get in. I am fully aware of the fact that a huge glittering motorhome bearing the legend: HI THERE! WE'RE BABS AND FREDDY FROM MILWAUKEE! will choose that moment to arrive and park alongside -- but Babs and Freddy will prove to be great people, quietly amusing and intelligent, who have no dogs or radios or record players or children. In fact poor Fred will have had a recent stroke and the doctor will have told him to take it easy and not ride his trail bike. Babs, unfortunate soul, has to spend most -- if not all -- of her time looking after him. It won't be much of a holiday for her.

But as for us, we'll have a great time. It won't be a bit like last year.

I'm going to keep the liquor in the car, this summer. And I'm going to organise the



baggage so that the things we need first out of the car trunk are those on top. It's better, that way.

With the tent-trailer proudly erect there will be a pause during which the members of the family will smile at each other in satisfaction and anticipation of the exciting time ahead. The kids will not be instantly bored. They will exclaim with joy at the profusion of wild flowers, and examine with interest the unusual rock formations; and listen, fascinated, to the twitterings of some goddamned bird, and note it down in their books before trotting off together to explore the beautiful wilderness which God and myself have provided for them. They will be so enchanted with their surroundings that the hours will seem like minutes to them -- and just as dinner is ready they will emerge from the bush, tired but happy, and they will not bitch about the food, neither will my son complain because my wife forgot to pack the tomato ketchup. In fact, my wife will have remembered to pack the tomator~~k~~etchup, together with the matches, the can-opener, the mayonnaise, the salt, the flashlight batteries, the toothpaste...and the tall glasses, so we won't have to drink our scotch-and-ingers out of scratched blue plastic mugs.

As night enfolds our little world in her warm arms we will lay out the sleeping bags which will not be mysteriously drenched with gasoline, and it will not occur to the healthily tired kids to lament the fact that they are missing MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE. And during the soft hours of sleep my wife will not attribute Mother Nature's night sounds to a collapsing hydro-electric dam, ravening wolves, a grizzly ripping its way through the canvas, a vulture on the roof, a rattler in the sleeping bag, or our daughter suffocating because a beaver has got in and curled up on her face.

When our holiday is finished the kids will be sorry to leave, yet at the same time will look forward to getting home. As we pack our stuff away, we will find that it occupies no more space than it did when we arrived. The trailer roof will wind down smoothly and the fastenings will fasten snugly without breaking any fingernails, and the electrical connector at the hitch will not have been crushed flat by a falling outboard motor. We will climb into the car.

We will not have to climb out again and unfasten the trailer fastenings and wind up the roof and rummage through the stuff on the floor because my wife forgot to remind me that I'd forgotten to take the keys out of the place where I'd hidden them because she was afraid a bear would drive the car away during the night.

And on the way home the kids will not drive me insane with their whining. Even so, the occasion might arise when we pull off the road into some delightful picnic spot for a drink. Within seconds we will be sitting relaxed with our scotches and the ice tinkling against the rim of the glass. That's because we're going to keep the liquor in the car, this summer.

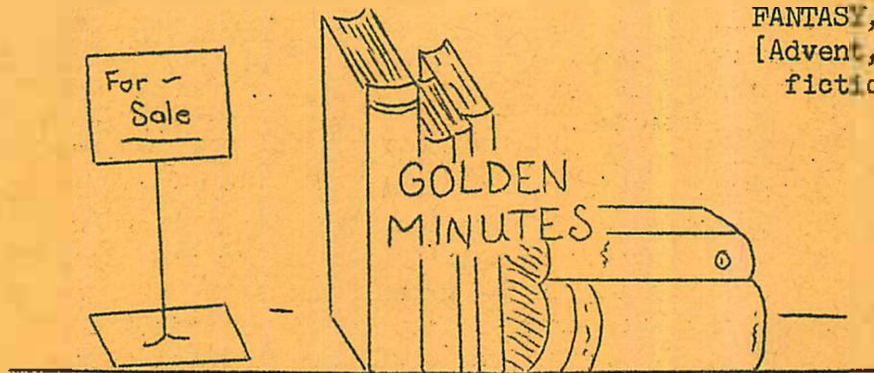
You see, if we didn't keep the liquor in the car, we might have to unfasten the trailer fastenings and wind up the roof and unload the sleepingsbagsfishingrodssodden newspapersgreasyhibachicokabottlesbucketspansfrisbeepyjamasRiceKrispiesbootspillows coatsfilthyplasticshootingattractivelyweatheredlogballpointssundrycoinageandcharcoal andcannedbeans before I could get to the ice-box. And I might find that the scotch is an amber puddle at the bottom of the ice-box, dribbling away across the floor and soaking into the blankets, decorated with tiny slivers of broken glass and the sad remains of a label promising Johnny Wal--. That's if I didn't keep the liquor in the car.

So we're going to have a hell of a good time camping, this summer.
It won't be a bit like last year.

You'd never believe the problems we had, last year.

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FOR SALE - - - ANALOG, complete years, 1959 through 1970. Condition mostly good; some poor and a couple copies with no covers. 50¢ per copy except for bedsheet size issues (April 1963 thru March 1965) \$2.00 per copy. Complete years \$4.50 except 1963 is \$15, 1964 is \$18, 1965 is \$5.50. Postage extra on orders under \$5.00; add 5¢ per copy. These again are magazines we are selling for someone else (that is, if I can locate the address DeWeese gave me we're selling them for someone else, otherwise.....) RSC



ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY, Volume 1, by Donald H. Tuck [Advent, \$20.00] This covers science fiction personalities from A to L, or from Anthony Abbot to Bohun Lynch. A list of their contributions to the field, plus a short biography of most names. Pseudonyms listed and cross-indexed to real name. Professional authors and illustrators only, of course. Cut-off date is 1968. (So Juanita is in-

cluded but I'm not.) Volume 2 will cover remaining authors plus a book listing; Volume 3 will list magazines, paperbacks, series stories, and general material (including fanzines, it says; that part can't be too complete or they'd need a separate volume for it.) This one is 286 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 size. I suppose whether or not it's worth the money depends on your level of interest in science fiction. It's a remarkably complete coverage.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF NILS, by Selma Lagerlöf [Pantheon] I mentioned a while back that this sounded interesting, so Sandra Miesel loaned me her copy, saying she adored it at age 7 and implying that this should make it quite suitable for me today. It does seem to be for extremely young readers, but it's well done. A note says that some of the purely geographical matter of the Swedish original has been omitted from this translation (it was intended in the best Gernsback tradition, as sugar-coated science). The natural history has been left in, though probably not too many American children could sift fact from fantasy. The brown rat (gray rat, in this book) did pretty well exterminate the black rat in Europe, and there is a "dance of the cranes", to take two examples, but neither is performed in quite the fanciful manner described. It's a good book for the 8 to 12 age level. A nasty little kid is turned into an elf to teach him respect, and goes off adventuring with the wild geese, learning some sense along the way.

INFINITE JESTS, edited by Robert Silverberg [Chilton, \$5.95] Subtitled "The Lighter Side of Science Fiction," it contains, in addition to an atrocious dust jacket, "Venus and the Seven Sexes" by William Tenn (culture shock in a primitive community), "Babel II" by Damon Knight (the loss of communication -- and how much communication do we really need?), "Useful Phrases for the Tourist" by Joanna Russ (guide for a very non-human planet -- "My eating orifice is not at that end of my body"), "Conversational Mode" by Grahame Leman (arguing with a psychiatric computer), "Heresies of the Huge God" by Brian Aldiss (alien landing and obliteration turned to worship; Tenn did it better in "Liberation of Earth"), "[Now+n], [Now-n]" by Silverberg (incompatible psi powers -- certainly light, but neither of the characters is believable enough for it to be humorous), "Slow Tuesday Night" by R.A. Lafferty (jet-set extrapolation; the usual Lafferty insanity), "Help! I Am Dr. Morris Goldpepper" by Avram Davidson (interplanetary dentistry; vaguely humorous), "Oh, To Be a Blobell" by Philip K. Dick (high finance and shape-changing; a sort of sfnal parody of the popular literature of 30 years ago), "Hobson's Choice" by Alfred Bester (the real reasons for time travel), and "I Plinglot, Who You?" by Frederik Pohl (interplanetary bluffing). Tenn, Russ, Leman, and Bester are excellent; the rest are acceptable if not exciting. Worthwhile, if you haven't read too many of them before.

THE SECRET GALACTICS, by A. E. van Vogt [Prentice-Hall, \$2.45] This inaugurates a new high-priced paperback line of science fiction under the title "Reward Books". I must say this one is worth the money; it's far funnier than Silverberg's anthology, even though it isn't supposed to be. I haven't seen the English language mangled in

this fashion since Austin Hall quit writing. ("...he replied in a minimum way." "...the feeling of overwhelm dominated." "Now, the object did a totally extraordinary, colossal process." "The qualm was utterly convincing..." The qualm before the storm, no doubt. "...swaying and tendency to out-of-controllness..." "women are doomed to live a relationship type of existence.") That's a sample; others are too long to quote, but just as funny. Our hero is an obviously superior being -- "He could do things like that: concentrate." He's also an egotist; in the third chapter he congratulates himself on being "instrumental in defeating this whole gang" when he has not done a single thing but watch events; he hasn't even called the cops. The villains have a computer rigged so that putting in the wrong fuses sets off a destruct system; one assumes their maintenance men were smarter than anyone described in the book. The heroine's training as a physicist proves she's willing to shoot people (I am not making this up; it's right there on page 155). Of course, van Vogt has always written this way to some extent, though this book is worse than usual. But I wonder about the Prentice-Hall editors. Either they don't recognize incompetent writing when they see it -- a moderate amount of editing could have made the book minimally acceptably if not good -- or they think this sort of garbage is what science fiction readers want. I respectfully suggest that Prentice-Hall hire somebody who knows something about science fiction before trying to publish it.

THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN, by John Brunner [Book Club, \$1.75] One of Brunner's usual world-gone-to-hell plots, except this time a miracle saves it. Making it, I suppose, less serious than his other works (ever notice that a work has to be unpleasant before it garners any critical acclaim?). This was serialized in Amazing, a point carefully not noted by the book publisher. It's an enjoyable story; Brunner's people are always interesting, which is the main thing I look for in a novel. I didn't believe a word of his plot, but it was fun anyway.

ASTOUNDING: JOHN W. CAMPBELL MEMORIAL ANTHOLOGY, edited by Harry Harrison [Book Club, \$1.75] All original fiction. Includes an introduction by Asimov, "Lodestar" by Poul Anderson, (van Rijn encounters a galactic rarity and a human problem), "Thiotimoline to the Stars" by Isaac Asimov (the final solution to the uses of thiotimoline; carrying a joke a bit too far, in my estimation), "Something Up There Likes Me" by Alfred Bester (deus ex machina with a vengeance), "Lecture Demonstration" by Hal Clement (one of his usual hard science problems; this time on Mesklin), "Early Bird" by Ted Cogswell and Ted Thomas (somewhat improbable alien life and an equally improbable pun at the end, but fun), "The Emperor's Fan" by L. Sprague de Camp (a rather oriental story, moderately amusing), "Brothers" by Gordon Dickson (super-logicians in an emotional conflict), "The Mothballed Spaceship" by Harry Harrison (communications problem), "Black Sheep Astray" by Mack Reynolds (conclusion of his African series; the difficulties of modern government), "Epilog" by Clifford Simak (another City story; a conclusion to the series), "Interlude" by George O. Smith (a "Venus Equilateral" story; matter transmission with lots of 1930s-engineering language), "Helix the Cat" by Theodore Sturgeon (the problems of having a cat with super-powers), and an afterword by the editor. None of these are outstanding stories; Sturgeon and Reynolds come the closest. But it was one of the advantages of Campbell-era fiction that the average quality fiction was enjoyable.

FLASHING SWORDS #1, edited by Lin Carter [Dell, 95 cents] Sword and sorcery novelets. This includes "The Sadness of the Executioner" by Fritz Leiber (a mediocre Fafhrd and Mouser story), "Morreion" by Jack Vance (a long and fairly complicated story set in the "Dying Earth" background but not as good as the originals), "The Merman's Children" by Poul Anderson (the incompatibility of races, in a painfully authentic middle-ages Danish setting), and "The Higher Heresies of Oollimar" by Lin Carter (fairly typical s&s, rather overborne by exotic names). Get the book for the Anderson story; you may or may not want to bother with the others.

FLASHING SWORDS #2, edited by Lin Carter [Dell, 95 cents] "The Rug and the Bull" by L. Sprague de Camp (a moderately inept magician trying to turn a dishonest dollar in a vaguely near-eastern setting), "The Jade Man's Eyes" by Mike Moorcock (another Elric

story; they're very well done for s&s, but I got tired of them several episodes back), "Toads of Grimmerdale" by Andre Norton (a minor incident in the warfare ravaging Witch World; Norton isn't at her best in the shorter lengths, but this is acceptable), and "Ghoul's Garden" by John Jakes (one of the Brak series, which I don't read any more). Overall, this is a bit better than #1; if none of the stories are quite as good as Andersen's in #1, three of them are better than anything else in #1.

THE NIGHT STALKER, by Jeff Rice [Pocket Books, \$1.25] The originals of the popular tv movies. The books are extremely close to the shows, fairly good fantasy, and recommended. If you saw the movies, the books will refresh your memory; if you didn't, you'll know what other people are talking about. (I am assuming that you saw them; thus the short reviews.)

THE BEST OF STANLEY G. WEINBAUM [Ballantine, \$1.65] High price, but it's worth it. Ballantine picked a good one for its classic series. This includes "A Martian Odyssey" and its sequel "Valley of Dreams", probably the best alien-contact stories of all time. There is "The Adaptive Ultimate" (the plot is pretty well described by the title), "Parasite Planet" (romance on an alien planet; the romance is 1930's standard, but the background is nice), "Pygmalion's Spectacle" (ultimate realism in the theater), "Shifting Seas" (earthquake and volcanic action destroys Panama and thus changes the world's weather -- Lawrence Schoonover later developed the idea more fully in CENTRAL PASSAGE), "The Worlds of If" (what would have happened if you had made a different decision at a given time), "The Mad Moon" (more unusual aliens and another 30ish romance), "Redemption Cairn" (an adventure story of oil wells and diamond mines translated into science fiction of sorts), "The Ideal" (creating the ideal woman), "The Lotos Eaters" (one of the few depictions of an alien race to rank with "Martian Odyssey"), and "Proteus Island" (the island of mutated monsters; a favorite fantasy horror theme). Some of these stories are a bit creaky, but if you've read much other stuff of the 1930s you can see how much superior they are to the competition. And a few are among the best science fiction ever written.

THE END OF THE DREAM, by Philip Wylie [DAW, 95 cents] Introduction by John Brunner, which is apt, since this is an ecological-disaster story of just the sort Brunner writes. There is no single and unbelievable disaster; human greed and error simply accumulate until the environment -- and civilization -- give way. Wylie knew his fellow man, probably better than any other science fiction writer, and he didn't think too much of humanity in the mass. Unfortunately, the hero is far too noble to be true. The rest of the book is just nasty enough to be real.

THE ETERNAL FRONTIERS, by James H. Schmitz [Berkley, 75 cents] Fighting an alien menace while humanity is divided into a three-way political battle. Fair adventure story; nothing extra.

TWO VIEWS OF WONDER, edited by Thomas N. Scortia and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro [Ballantine \$1.25] A publicist's dream; give the same idea to a man and a woman writer and see what different stories result. (Not many of the stories will be good, of course, but who cares?) Joe Gores ("Faulty Register") and Miriam Allen de Ford ("Lone Warrior") tackle the theme of inventing a new way to communicate with The Underground when The Establishment is monitoring you. Give them a draw; neither story is worth much. Pamela Sargent ("IMP") and Michael Kurland ("Small World") work on changing the world through transportation. Stories are somewhat better than the first two; Sargent has a very slight edge in quality. Sydney J. van Scyoc ("When Petals Fall") and Reginald Bretnor ("Papa Schimmelhorn and the S.O.D.O.M. Serum") work on immortality; van Scyoc manages an acceptable extrapolation, but Bretnor, who doesn't take any of this nonsense seriously, has the best story in the book. George Zebrowski ("Rope of Glass") and Tasmin Ashe ("The Quality of Mercy") try the tragedy of euthanasia and get very little out of it. Chelsea Quinn Yarbro ("Un Bel Di") and Harlan Ellison ("Kiss of Fire") have an alien contact ending in tragedy and are adequate but uninspired, (which must have been a good trick for Harlan). Willo Davis Roberts ("A Personage of Royal Blood") and Thomas N. Scortia ("Thou Good and Faithful") take the idea that the pro-

tagonist learns too late that the being he has fallen in love with is a mutated domestic animal, and rather surprisingly manage to get acceptable fiction out of it, with Roberts doing a bit the best. Then there is the appendix which lists the original ideas each author worked with (and provides a graphic explanation of why so many of the stories are bad). Overall, not recommended.

DYING INSIDE, by Robert Silverberg [Ballantine, \$1.25] Here is an outstanding idea; a telepath is slowly losing his faculties. It could well be a brilliant tragedy. Unfortunately, David Selig is a nerd (or maybe schlemiel would be a better term, considering...) who never got much out of his power when he had it, so this reader never quite managed to see why its loss should command sympathy. I suppose it's a brilliant look into an individual psyche, but since the psyche has nothing at all to recommend it, why bother to look? Well written, but uninteresting.

FUTURE GLITTER, by A.E. van Vogt [Ace, 95 cents] Presumably the editors did their job on this one, so it isn't as funny as his effort for Prentice-Hall. It isn't very good, though.

TUNNEL THROUGH THE DEEPS, by Harry Harrison [Berkley, 95 cents] Serialized in Analog as "Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!". This is both an alternate world in which the American Colonies lost their rebellion, and the account of an engineering feat told somewhat in the style of Jules Verne. Very well done, though I'm not particularly fond of writers who use a deliberately archaic style just to prove they can do it.

THE ORCHID CAGE, by Herbert W. Franke [DAW, 95 cents] Two teams of explorers try to solve the secret of an alien city. The idea of competitive exploring is original but idiotic. The story takes place so far in the future that current human knowledge and motivations have no bearing -- which is a good way for the author to put down anything he wants to. The results are moderately interesting fantasy.

ONE-EYE, by Stuart Gordon [DAW, 95 cents] A big book, about a decaying civilization, the uses of power, lots of symbolism, and a big cast of characters. It's a fairly complicated plot, all sorts of people having clear motivations which come in conflict; the only drawback is that Gordon throws in historical background in large indigestible chunks. It has been prophesied that One-Eye will change things -- the protagonist is overly hasty to assume that the change will be an improvement.

THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT SAVES THE WORLD, by Harry Harrison [Berkley, 75 cents] A con-man is required to bring a halt to manipulations in time. Moderately humorous -- one of the better books of the month, in fact.

THE UNSLEEPING EYE, by D.G. Compton [DAW, \$1.25] I couldn't get very far into this, so I can't say what it's about. Or care.

HUNTERS OF GOR, by John Norman [DAW, \$1.50] A distillation of male fantasy. Depending on my mood, I am either amused or disgusted by the Gor books; this time I'm mostly disgusted. But they sell -- thus convincing me of the lack of taste of the average reader.

PRINCE OF SCORPIO, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW, \$1.25] This is closer to the Burroughs original, and the attitudes are less neurotic than the Gor series. Got better artwork too, even though Gaughan does both. This apparently ties up the series. I doubt if it does, really; sequels continue as long as there is a market for them. But at least the first five Scorpio books constitute a whole, which I appreciate. I dislike endless sequels. This is at least mediocre swords and sorcery.

KILLER PINE, by Lindsay Gutteridge [Berkley, 95 cents] Continuing the idiotic adventures of a miniaturized hero which began with COLD WAR IN A COUNTRY GARDEN. This must sell to the unwashed public which knows nothing and cares less about science.

SEVENTH ALERT! (Cap Kennedy #6), by Gregory Kern [DAW 95 cents] Compared to some of THE GHOLAN GATE (Cap Kennedy #7), by Gregory Kern [DAW 95 cents] the rest of the of- THE EATER OF WORLDS (Cap Kennedy #8), by Gregory Kern [DAW 95 cents] ferings this

month, these seemed pretty entertaining. I wouldn't call them good literature, but they aren't pretentious and don't leave me feeling disgusted with the author, editor, and publishing company. If you like fast-paced adventure with no intellectual aura whatsoever, these aren't bad. They are, of course, part of an endless series, which is one major strike against them with me.

ORBIT 12, edited by Damon Knight [Berkley, 95 cents] Includes "Shark" by Edward Bryant (the horrors that men do in the name of patriotism; melodramatic but otherwise well written), "Direction of the Road" by Ursula le Guin (a rather cute vignette of alien intelligence in the here and now), "The Windows in Dante's Hell" by Michael Bishop (a meaningless -- not pointless; meaningless -- little tear-jerker about individuality and the State), four stories by Brian Aldiss (pseudo-Renaissance stories, theoretically ironic), "The Red Canary" by Kate Wilhelm (a maudlin tragedy of overpopulation, insanity, and despair), "What's the Matter with Herbie?" by Mel Gilden (supposedly amusing aliens), "Pinup" by Edward Bryant (the insanity of modern life; symbolic as all hell but not much else), "The Genius Freaks" by Vonda McIntyre (man's intolerance of oddities, not done as well as 50 other authors have done the same thing), "Burger Creature" by Steve Chapman (a little joke -- a very little joke -- of a fantasy), "Half the Kingdom" by Doris Piserchia (moderately humorous and the second-best story in this depressing book), and "Continuing Westward" by Gene Wolfe (fantastic but not fantasy; moderately amusing but not really up to Wolfe's standards). Beside this collection of pretentious twaddle, Cap Kennedy seems positively brilliant.

THE BERSERKERS, edited by Roger Elwood [Pocket Books, 95 cents] When I reviewed the hardcover last issue I said "watch for the paperback", and here it is. All original stories; "The Berserks" by Arthur Tofte, "Trial of the Blood" by K.M. O'Donnell, "The Horsemen from Hel" by Gail Kimberly, "The Price of a Drink" by James Blish, "As In A Vision Apprehended" by Barry Malzberg, "And Mad Undancing Bears" by R.A. Lafferty, "Thaumaturge" by Raylyn Moore, "Coincidence" by William F. Nolan, "The Patent Medicine Man" by Daphne Castell, "A Freeway for Draculas" by Dick Lupoff, "Night and the Morning of the Idiot Child" by Virginia Kidd, "Skinflowers" by David Gerrold, "Form In Remission" by Robin Shaeffer, "Echo" by James Sallis, and "The Genuine Article" by Adrian Cole. The Lafferty and Moore are excellent and enough of the others are good to make this worthwhile. (Of course, two Malzberg stories are a drawback for me, but maybe not for you.)

EROS IN ORBIT, edited by ~~Edward~~ ^{Joe Elder} [Pocket Books, 95 cents] I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. More original fiction; "2.46593" by Ed Bryant, "Lovemaker" by Gordon Eklund, "Clone Sister" by Pamela Sargent, "Whistler" by Ron Goulart, "In The Group" by Bob Silverberg, "Flowering Narcissus" by Tom Scortia, "Kiddy-Lib" by Jon Stopa, "Don Slow and His Electric Girl-Getter" by Thomas Brand, "Ups and Downs" by Barry Malzberg, and "Starcrossed" by George Zebrowski. Overall, a bit lower in quality than the preceding volume, but the Sargent is excellent and the Stopa is interesting.

THE WORLD OF NULL-A, by A.E. van Vogt [Berkley, 95 cents] Together these form one THE PLAYERS OF NULL-A, by A.E. van Vogt [Berkley, 95 cents] of the classics of stf. They aren't good, but you ought to read them in order to understand references which are still floating around in fandom. And they're fast-paced, even if they never manage to make much sense.

THE LOMOKOME PAPERS, by Herman Wouk [Pocket Books, 95 cents] Robert Bloch did the definitive review of this clinker, years ago. I can't equal him, so I'll just say that in the first place, it isn't a novel -- this is the first book I recall seeing where the lines are double-spaced, and they only get a bit over 100 pages that way, with 15 of those being full-page illustrations. In the second place, it is perhaps the classic example of a mainstream writer using the trappings of science fiction without knowing or caring anything about them. In the third place, it's social satire, written with slightly less competence than Stanton A. Coblentz managed. If you find this in a secondhand book store for a dime, it's worth that much for laughs. Otherwise avoid it.

THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, by Philip K. Dick [Berkley, \$1.25] A Hugo winner, probably the best novel Dick ever did. It's had several reprints, but if you haven't read it, by all means get a copy. An alternate world in which Germany and Japan won WWII.

GALACTIC POT-HEALER, by Philip K. Dick [Berkley, 95 cents] Galactic pot-boiler, is more like it. Reprinted, for some reason.

COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD, by Philip K. Dick [Berkley, 95 cents] Interesting idea; reversal of time-flow, more people grow younger, and graveyards yawn and give up their dead. Reprinted. Moderately recommended.

KIAI! #1, by Piers Anthony and Roberto Fuentes [Berkley, 95 cents] A couple of science fiction writers get into the "martial arts" field. (I assume that Fuentes provided the background and Anthony the plot, but I could be wrong.) It begins as a fairly straight story of a judo instructor, rambles through several episodes and a "martial arts tournament" that takes up most of the book, and goes off into occult fantasy at the end. A moderately unusual book (I guess; I haven't read any of the "Kung Fu" series and don't intend to).

THIS BAFFLING WORLD #1, 2, 3, by John Godwin [Bantam, 75 cents for #1, and 95 cents for each of the others] A hardcover broken down into three paperbacks, one assumes. They're well done. #1 covers lost treasures on Oak Island and Cocos Island, the "Devil's Footprints" in Devonshire, UFOs, and the Masked Prisoner. #2 deals with firewalkers, the "Mary Celeste", various demonstrations of ESP, the coffins of Christ Church, and the Bermuda Triangle. #3 has prophets, "Snowmen", Kaspar Hauser, and physical marvels, mainly people who "see" while blindfolded. Not all of these, of course, are supernatural; but they are baffling. (Oak Island has baffled treasure hunters to the tune of a million and a half dollars.) Godwin is one of the better class of occult writers; not entirely credulous. ("I once ran /a newspaper astrology column during the temporary absence of the staff writer and found my complete ignorance of the zodiac to be no handicap.") His attitude on prophets, Snowmen, and the like is that despite all the fakes there may be something there. (He mentions that one difficulty in getting material on Snowmen is primitive courtesy which dictates that one should respond to a question with what the questioner wants to hear...and another difficulty is that the less primitive peoples of the area have discovered delightful new ways to obtain money from gullible tourists.) Mostly, I'll go along with him; I sort of doubt that there is any fire under the smoke, but there might be...and it's fun to read about. All in all, this is a very good series of books, well above the level of the usual occult crap. Most of the examples are well-known, but Godwin describes them thoroughly.

SPIRIT MAGIC, by Alice Wellman [Berkley, 95 cents] A fairly interesting collection of tales -- allegedly true -- of witchcraft performed by various primitive peoples.

THE MEMO OF THE MONTH BOOK, edited by Charles Peters and Edward O'Neill [Washington Monthly, \$3.20] A large-sized paperback containing 125 pages of bureaucratic memos. They come from the federal government, schools, the military, and industry. Some are hilarious examples of governmentese; some are studies in futility. ("Effective today, the name change of the Office of General Counsel to the Office of Legal Counsel is rescinded and the current Office of Legal Counsel is redesignated Office of General Counsel.") And a few are simply incomprehensible. ("Due to the failure of a 4160 volt insulator in the South Campus substation, which must be repaired first, the power outage scheduled for Sunday, February 38, 1971 has been canceled. This outage will be rescheduled at a later date.") This is a must for anyone with a sense of humor; send \$3.20 to Washington Monthly, 1028 Connecticut Ave., NW Washington D.C. 20036.

FIASCO, by John Deane Potter [Military Book Club] The dash of the battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau through the English Channel in 1942 -- the first time an enemy battle fleet had dared the Channel since 1588. On the German side it was a brilliantly conceived and performed exploit with no military advantage whatsoever; on the British side it was an exercise in futility which would have been hilarious if so many lives had not been uselessly lost. (At one point the German battle fleet, with its enormous

air cover, was attacked by 6 British torpedo planes -- biplanes at that -- with 10 fighters for cover. At another point a 20-year-old British destroyer made a lone attack on the Gneisenau and the cruiser Prinz Eugen.) It's a rather horrible story, despite vast amounts of the humor of incompetency.

CERTAIN BLIGH AND MR. CHRISTIAN: THE MEN AND THE MUTINY, by Richard Hough [Berkley, \$1.50] The best book on the Bounty mutiny that I've encountered. Hough goes into the backgrounds and natures of the participants, and ventures opinions on their fitness for their posts. (Bligh was a great navigator and a good foul-weather captain, but in good times he let his men go without supervision and then expected them to revert to harsh ship discipline immediately. Christian is listed as "weak, moody, tempermental, and sentimental", and one of the causes of the mutiny in Hough's estimation is that Christian was promoted above his ability to perform.) I hadn't realized, until reading this book, how much time Wouk must have spent studying the Bounty records before writing THE CAINE MUTINY. (Which was a fine book; but I like the real thing better.) This is probably the most interesting book of the month.

THE BOAT WHO WOULDN'T FLOAT, by Farley Mowat [remaindered, \$1.98] Or just possibly this is the best of the month. A fabulous account of the customs and people of Newfoundland, set against the misadventures of one of the most unlikely vessels ever launched, with side trips to cover Newfoundland geography and transportation, or lack of same. (I was sorry to read that the train, the "Newfoundland Bullet", had been discontinued. Reading about it taking 4 weeks to cross the 500-mile-wide island, about emergency rations stored under the seats, and passengers lost when they went berry picking while the train was on an up-grade made it seem like a fascinating place to spend a summer vacation.) If you see a copy of this, grab it.

A MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN TOOLS, by Eric Sloane [Ballantine/Natural History Museum] One of the free bonuses with a Natural History subscription. This is simply a collection of drawings of early tools with short descriptions of their uses. It's a handy guide to what you might find in an old barn, if you're interested.

UNDERHANDED CHESS, by Jerry Sohl [Hawthorn Books, \$1.95] But I got mine secondhand. This is subtitled "A Hilarious Handbook of Devious Diversions and Stratagems for Winning at Chess", and it's for amusement, not study. But it's fun.

ALICE AND ME, by William Judson [Warner Paperback Library, \$1.50] The blurb calls this "a chilling suspense story", which presumably means the blurb writer never read it. It's black humor, actually. This dirty old man wanders into the city, more or less by mistake, shacks up with a girl down on her luck, is appalled at the senseless crime and violence around him and sets out to do something about it. Mainly by killing off everybody who participates in it. It's a perfectly satisfactory solution, as far as I'm concerned, but of course the local police don't approve. Another one of those stories which is fantastic without being fantasy. I enjoyed it, though it did get a bit wearing by the end; I'd have enjoyed it more if it had been a shade shorter.

FOXFIRE #2 [Anchor Books, \$5.50] Another collection from the high school folklore magazine. In the introduction, Eliot Wigginton makes the point that these books are a side effect; the purpose of the magazine is to get a high school class involved in their community and learning about variant lifestyles and literature and photography and all the other aspects of producing a magazine. (He takes some time to criticize rulebook academics.) In fact, it struck me while reading the introduction that fandom does some of the same things that Wigginton is doing; it gives the participants a sense of community (albeit a community of minds rather than locality) and allows high school age people to communicate on even terms with adults, with no patronizing when they turn out something superior and no excuses when they don't. However, since I'm not a teacher, I buy the books for the folklore contained. Some, of course, I know already, some I've heard about but never previously encountered a detailed explanation, and some is brand new. (And at least one item is dead wrong; in an article on greens, it is stated that "REUBARB IS INEDIBLE, RAW!" Hell it is, fella; I've eaten it raw lots of times. The

smaller shoots aren't even too sour, though admittedly chewing the larger ones is not unlike sucking a lemon. Which I have also done, and enjoyed.) Anyway, this book has articles on grrrens, wool from sheep to shawl, beekeeping, wagon and mill wheels, and various bits on the mountain people and the way they lived. I found it fascinating. Highly recommended.

DEAR ENEMY, by Jean Webster [secondhand] I read this when I was 10 years old or so and remembered it as being hilarious. It isn't quite that funny, but it's remarkably good for a romance written in 1915. I'm surprised it hasn't had a paperback edition (maybe it has, but I haven't seen one). The writing resembles a cross between Erma Bombeck and Georgette Heyer, and is so modern that references to horse-drawn fire trucks, women being unable to vote, or the odd theories of heredity prevalent at the time come as distinct shocks. Far better than the average modern romance.

PENTALLION, by Vanessa Blake [Pocket Books, 95 cents] A historical romance which keeps reading as though it's going to turn out to be good, and never quite makes it. The heroine comes across as pleasant but not terribly bright.

ISLE OF THE SEVENTH SENTRY, by Fortune Kent [Pocket Books, 95 cents] A fairly average historical romance; a bit better than PENTALLION.

THE CURSE OF CARRANCA, by Elsie Lee [Dell, 95 cents] But Devra Langsam gave me my copy. This has the sort of heroine I can approve of; one who steps in and does things. The plot is a little tighter than the average in gothics, too. Mildly recommended.

STAR OF DANGER, by Elsie Lee [Dell, 75 cents] I got mine from Mimi Langsam (and according to Elsie this book's become somewhat of a rarity; if you have a copy, don't throw it away). It's a gothic with a background of astrology; above average for a gothic but not as good as CURSE.

MANSION OF GOLDEN WINDOWS, by Elsie Lee [Lancer] I got both of these secondhand for DARK MOON, LOST LADY, by Elsie Lee [Lancer] a dime apiece, which is the best way. They're fairly average gothics; the first set on Scotland and the second in Germany. (CURSE is set in Portugal and STAR, wonder of wonders, in Hollywood.)

WARBONNET LAW, by Frank O'Rourke [Signet] Another secondhand copy. I'd call this a typical Western except I've encountered so many godawful Westerns lately that this has to be above average. It isn't good, but it's readable.

BARREN LAND SHOWDOWN, by Luke Short [Fawcett, 95 cents] I actually paid full price for this one; It's a Northern; gold mining and fur trapping in Canada. Fairly well worked out adventure plot. Characters are standard; Short uses the same set of characters in all his books, changing only the names. But they're moderately interesting.

We don't have a magazine review section, and the editors might construe it as an insult if I put this in with the fanzines, so we'll review it here. ETERNITY #3, published and edited by Stephen Gregg, P.O. Box 193, Sandy Springs, SC 29677, and priced at \$1.00 per copy or a 4-issue sub for \$3.00. Appearance is that of a good fanzine, but since it reportedly pays for material it is presumably professional. Fiction is all vignette length; since of the authors only David R. Bunch is really at home in that length, his is far and away the best story. Roger Zelazny and Janet Fox are adequate; the Margroff and Offutt combination is a bit obvious, the rest I could do without. There is considerable modern verse, none of which I liked. (Though Edelstein's might be good.) An article on poetry which didn't impress me, an interview with Kate Wilhelm (which didn't impress me) and artwork ranging from excellent (Steve Fabian) thru mediocre (Darrel Anderson) to Godawful (Jim Garrison). Superior to the fiction fanzines, but very low quality for a professional mag.

While we're on the semi-pro stuff, THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND TERROR costs \$1.50 per copy from Amos Salmonson, Box 89517, Zenith, WA 98188. (I wish he'd make it Literary Special Magazine; then he could abbreviate to LS/MFT. A more specialized field here; epic fantasy. (Short epic fantasy, which is even more specialized.) Quality of the fiction is at least as high as that of ETERNITY; probably higher. Verses and art are both better than ETERNITY's - providing you like fantasy, of course.

GRUMBLINGS

Gene Wolfe, Box 69, Barrington IL 60010

From L. Sprague de Camp's letter, a foreigner would think that it was the conventionally religious part of American society that wished to "indulge the Judaeo-Christian virtues of mercy, compassion, and forgiveness" in the treatment of criminals. Perhaps it ought to be, but it doesn't take much acquaintance with this society to learn that it is in fact the secular humanists who champion what de Camp calls "the Judaeo-Christian virtues." The church people generally favor "law and order" and strict enforcement.

Tell Bruce a golem is a Frankensteinberg.

For all Yandro's mail fans -- an editor in our office just (3/8) received a first class letter from Ohio postmarked December 13, 1973.

THE WORLD OF FANZINES is on sale in the biggest of the loop bookstores -- Kroch's & Brentano's.

[[I'm not sure how many people responded to Bruce's query about golems, since several wrote him directly. Thank you all. Alex Gilliland was the first, and I think Gene's definition here is the best. (Several people asked why I couldn't answer the question; because Bruce never asked it of me, is why.) RSC]]

Leah A. Zeldes, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park MI 48237

I seem to be getting an entirely different impression of you than most people. You really don't seem to be such an ogre. Perhaps you're nine feet tall, with long, pointed teeth, and one eye in the middle of your forehead? Or something similar? I swear, some of the things I've heard about you (from other people besides Warren Johnson, too) are positively frightening.

[[I gather that Sandra and Jackie must be working overtime on my publicity. RSC]]

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth IL 61745

We expect to be moving to Jacksonville, IL, about next month, and when that happens I'll send along the address. Fern works for the telephone company, General, not Bell, and they are transferring her to Jacksonville for a big fat job with a big fat paycheck, so we're going. I haven't had a steady job here for two years so I'm only losing the part-time stage work at a couple of nearby universities.

I have invested in one contacts lens, for the right eye which was operated on, and it works wonderfully well. Now I can see about five miles agin, just like in the old days when I was young and full of rosebudish thoughts. A new cataract is forming in the left eye (they usually come in pairs) so in a year or two I've gpt to go through that business again. My current trouble is that reading-and-typing glasses furnished to supplement the contact lens aren't all that good, as you can see by the typos herein. Reading small print is frustrating so I'm going back to the optometrist and raise hell. I must read or perish.

Doubleday is publishing my new book in October, a science fiction tongue-in-cheek piece about the new ice age crunching down on us from the Arctic. ("ICE AND IRON") If and when you review it don't go searching for hard science of astounding thought-concepts. You won't find any. Instead you'll find the problem of moving 25 million Can-

adians in a peaceful manner to warmer climes, and how the stalwart hero solves the problem of Charles Fort debris falling on the snowfields. Matter of fact, my hero offers a startling theory to the reading public: Fort was the first man to record the history of the future, only the clods who read his books don't recognize his genius. The next time decayed vegetable matter falls on you, contemplate the awful battle going on right now in 5000 A.D. (As a history buff, you know that battles were fought in turnip fields and pumpkin patches.)

So much for science and literature.

Walt Liebscher was felled by a stroke on or about April 4th. He's in a Los Angeles hospital recovering slowly, as stroke victims do -- if they recover at all.

[[You keep moving farther away from fannish centers and you'll turn into a midwestern Harry Warner. Actually I think Bob was twisting the knife a little about typos, since this letter had far fewer than mine usually do. RSC] [I'd speculate on rotten peaches as fallout in reverse Fortean time factoring from Gettysburg -- but at the beginning of July they'd more likely be the size of black walnuts and just about as hard ...if they'd formed at all. Oh well. JWC]]

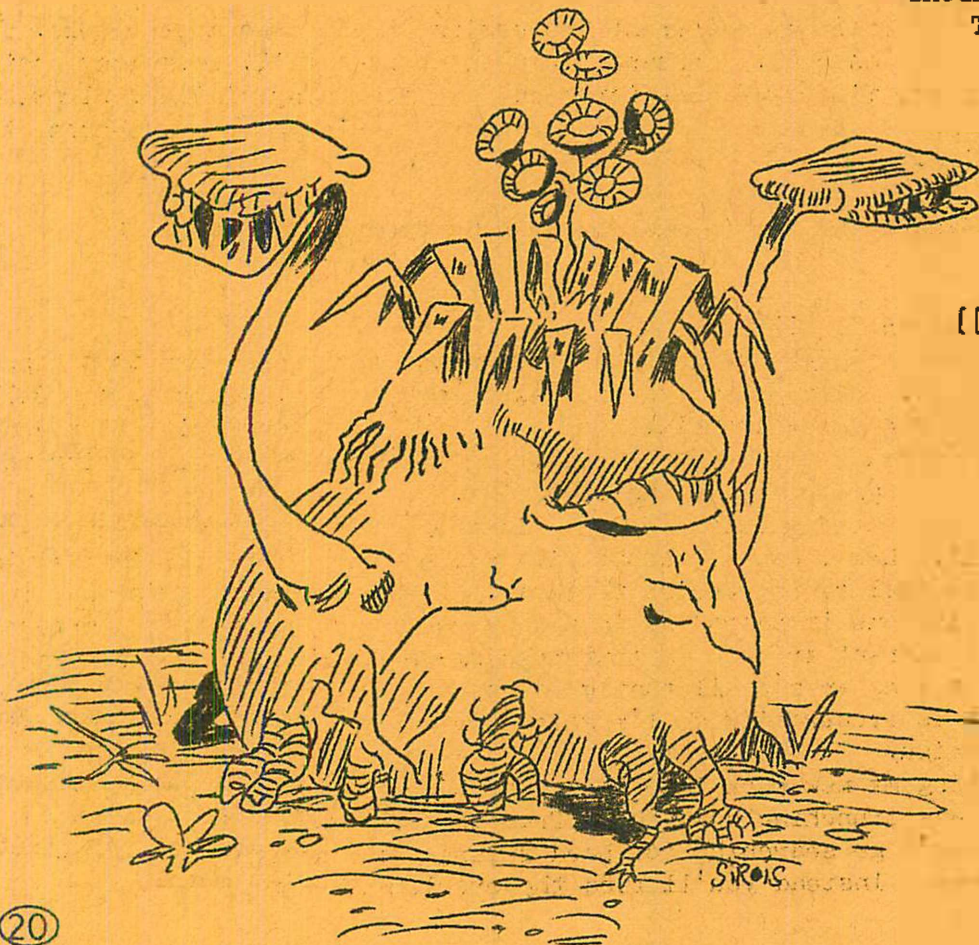
Thomas Burnett Swann

"The Waltons" are awfully prosperous for a typical Depression family in the country. That's why I think of it as a beautiful fantasy rather than an unlovely reality. The beauty lies in the understated acting, the familial love, the landscape. The house itself looks terribly grand inside for what it's supposed to be, and as you say nobody ever seems to do any hard work. They always have time for a picnic. But that's the fantasy. Still, I like "Upstairs, Downstairs" better. Does Juanita know that Lady Marjorie is going down with the Titanic next season?

Good luck with all those books you have to read, and envision my "queen of Judea" as blonde all right, but voluptuous, not skinny; Adele Jergens as she looked in "A Thousand and One Nights".

The interior illustration of the dancing bears should have been on the cover, I think, but then I'm prejudiced in my affinities for the ursine.

[[Undoubtedly Lady Margaret upholds the fading standards of British nobility, proving at least a few of the 1st Class -- what else, luv? -- passengers did go down along with most of Steerage. JWC]]



Jodie Offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman KY
40329

The tornados didn't bother us either, although our lights were out for a good while. The kids sat around doing homework with hurricane lamps -- make that tornado lamps. They said they felt like Abe Lincoln. Yeah, I thought, with their glasses and braces and wristwatches.

Haven't seen any George Barr art for quite a while. And Dave Locke writes good, funny stuff, doesn't he?"

Juanita, you fill me with guilt. I haven't even been moved to clear my little 6x2 plot for a couple of dozen pet-unias.

Buck, you read the damndest things.

Khubla Khan was one of the good ones. About the only thing it lacked was a good selection in the huckster room; had you all been there, you'd've taken up some of the slack.

I agree with you about Honest Joe's "In Dark Places" I liked it very much.

Train fandom was revived and buried all in the same day by Tucker and the Passovoyes when their train jumped the track on the way to Nashville.

I don't think much of your poll. Can't you come up with something more interesting?

Ah! Some folks in Peoria are getting down to the nitty-gritty in the Fem Lib movement; freedom from time-consuming jobs as officers in do-nothing organizations.

Buck, how about opining on the following trends: so many zines and most of them personal. So damn many fanzine reviews. (Hmm, the second would tend to follow the first, I guess.) Fewer genzines. More fiction. Are these cycles?

See you all in Zinzinnati...

[[Okay; opining, in order: ummmm, blech, eh (with a shoulder shrug),
gak! and probably; I'd hate to think of them continuing forever. RSC]]

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

My letter of Mar. 9 was printed in Yandro with an unfortunate typo: it should have read: "laws that allow wide discretion and therefore inconsistency on the part of judges..." Of course, you may be right about there being a cure for criminality; but then it may also be true that there are UFOs, sea serpents, and abominable snowmen. Just don't try holding your breath until the question is settled.

Andy Zerbe, 3154 Dupont St., Montgomery AL 36106

If you want to find out a little bit more about the sort of mind that would like Ms. Duffield's books, I suggest that you be on the lookout for the Harlequin book DARK ENEMY. Especially priced at 15 cents to promote their line. The book is not worth reading, but it does have a coupon in it which you fill out and mail to the publisher. What comes back is fascinating in a way. I received a free Harlequin book which I didn't finish. And I have a very high toleration for bad books. A copy of the first issue of their new monthly magazine called Harlequin, which consisted mainly of a



reprint of one of their books. Within it was a rather unbelievable letter column. Harlequin readers are apparently the sort that like Ms. Duffield. Also enclosed are a bunch of folders and subscription forms for various Harlequin books.

Ballantine has started a new series of books called Mockingbird editions devoted to the south. So far one good one on the Everglades, a couple of interesting ones, and quite a few that I find of no interest whatsoever. Among the interesting ones is OUR INCREDIBLE CIVIL WAR. This consists of nuggets of information on the conflict. For instance, the climax of the war for the 7th Tennessee, CSA, was the capture of the 7th Tennessee, USA. That is something I would have liked to have witnessed. There is a chapter on the ages of the participants. The story that Custer was our youngest general seems to have been a popular myth. That honor apparently belongs to Galusha Pennypacker, who made Major-General at 20. Lots of other fascinating facts -- such as Confederate gun powder was better than Union gunpowder.

I wish that someone would reprint all of Lowndes' editorials from the Health Knowledge magazines in hardcover. They are well worth it. I have most of the magazines, but there are still a few that I need to find. Lowndes' editorial was always the best part of each issue and the main reason I bought the magazines.

I wonder what makes a really bad book? The only certain rule that I have in this category is that a bad book is one that I don't like. Some of my favorite authors have been guilty of unbelievably bad writing, yet I have enjoyed their books. I recently read a book that as a mystery and a book is bad. Everything happened off stage, including the climax. I enjoyed the book and am hoping to find more by the author. Books that I feel like throwing against the wall are frequently well written.

On the recommendation of a friend I've started on Lawrence Block's Tanner books. They're fun. Tanner is the only spy that I would care to meet. He sounds so much like a fan that he must be a member of fandom. My favorite book so far is TANNER'S TWELVE SWINGERS, but they all have their good points. My favorite is the scene in TANNER'S TIGER where he and the heroine are discussing their plans to kidnap Queen Elizabeth. During the course of their conversation she reveals herself to be a Bonapartist and hopes to see France and Quebec united under a Bonaparte emperor. Tanner turns out to be Jacobite and intends to try and get the Queen to resign in favor of the current Stuart pretender, who is not too interested in the job. Only trouble with the books is that they are all out of print and I am having trouble finding them.

[[I get the impression that most people, fans definitely included, have just that judgment of good and bad; if they like it, it's good, and if they don't, it's bad. Too many fan reviewers use those standards, even when they talk objectively.// Ballantine seems to be going big on regional books. I got some of their Comstock editions when we were in Los Angeles (and Nan Braude got some for me earlier than that). RSC]]

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

The idea of "cultivating" acquaintances is so repugnant a thought that my initial reaction was "Oh no! Not in fandom!"...but then common sense took over. I'm still Neo enough, starry-eyed enough, optimist enough to think of fandom as somehow being a wee bit better than the mundane world, and of course that's not true at all. It suits me better, but that's no reflection on its superiority in social structure or methods of interaction. If you're cold-blooded enough, you could "cultivate" certain people in fannish circles and perhaps enhance your status...but I do tend to feel that most of the people who would fall into the "cultivable" category would sense this objectivity in the mind of anyone so crass as to try it.

My only question is: why should someone who's of that mind want to increase their status in fandom? What's to be gained? If a go-getter wanted to cultivate Important People, it would seem they'd look for slightly greener or richer pastures than fandom.

During the day I worked on scratchpapers (yes, the term's correct) for Khubla Khan Klave. Apparently sleeplessness does wonders for my art; every one sold for far more than I expected, all except the woodcarving, naturally. Whatever you pour your heart and soul on gets short shrift in the market place (eh, Juanita? Sounds familiar?).

The stuff you just whip out gets gobbled up. *Sigh*. Anyway, I was shot down before I ever got to Nashville.

Shortly after we checked in we heard the news about Tucker, the Passovoy, and Barb who was at Chambanacon; their train derailed in Seymour, Indiana, removing a goodly portion of its downtown area, or whatever passes for downtown in that village. Fortunately, no one was hurt (except Tucker broke his lower plate and had to gum his food all weekend), though their nerves were terribly jangled, as you can imagine. The Amtrak people put them up at a nearby Holiday Inn and then bussed them to wherever they were heading for; some all the way to Florida (whyonearth they didn't switch them to another train I wouldn't even try to guess...). They called the consuite around 6 to have someone pick them up in Nashville. Tucker was as nervous as a cat, all twitchy, and we finally poured some Southern Comfort down his throat, gave him a back-rub (more like massaging a brick wall) and put him to bed. I think any time you face your mortality like that you're bound to get upset, but most people have that happen far earlier in life. I guess from his reaction this might have been his first Near Miss. But by Saturday the effects had pretty well worn off, though again he retired quite early -- for Tucker. Paradoxically, he's lost most of his fears about flying to Melbourne. Figuring that since trains are so much safer than planes his accident had already happened...or something like that.

Saw all our chums; got to talk to Gordie longer than I have since that first meeting at PeCon 2. Got a promise from Kelly Freas that he would send some illos for the reprint thingee Real Soon Now (and my own caricature from him, which pleases me mightily for some weird reason or the other). Sat, literally, on my first panel. Was trying desperately to get some sleep Saturday afternoon and Ann Cass drug me out of bed, so I did my darnedest to sleep in a chair. (I simply am incapable of stringing three words together in front of an audience. Even my hands were trembling.) Met Joe and Juanita Green (I'd "met" Juanita at their house during the last Apollo launch, but she didn't recall me, which wasn't surprising; if someone hadn't mentioned her name I wouldn't have recognized her either -- that meeting was even briefer than most convention introductions.) And had the first decent conversation with Andy and Jodie for a long while.

The after-dinner speeches were hilarious. Andy read a list of atrocious titles that he, Ken Moore, John Hollis, and Dan Caldwell had come up with during a brandy binge at the Funny Farm last year: some were so off-color he didn't have nerve enough to read them and actually blushed on a couple (this from one of America's foremost porn writers? Tis True!). Carol Stafford, who attended his first convention and met her first fans at last years KKC, read a versified version of last year's banquet snafu; very well done and I hope someone reprints it somewhere. Bob Passovoy gave a recounting of the train wreck, and bestowed an "award" on Ken Moore, who had suggested traveling by train when they were at Minicon; a pretzelized railroad spike from the torn-up track at Seymour. Gordie, who was as serious as I've seen him in quite some time, gave an uplifting sermonette on how we, as fans, must not let the academics take sf away from us, and how they can't kill it off, though they'll try like hell, unless we let them. Andy passed out some keepsake awards from the committee; Great Eggs of the Galaxy (formerly L'Eggs pantyhose containers, mounted on a metal rod that rose obliquely from a wooden plaque bearing an engraved plate) to each of the notables present -- Freas, Dickson, Green, Wollheim, Chapdelaine, Fountenay, and a extra-special one, bearing a tiny bottle of Jim Beam instead of the Egg, to Tucker. It all came off well and though a little on the long side was one of the most enjoyable banquets I've been to yet. (Not as good food as served at Chambanacon, but what do you expect from Holiday Inn? It was edible, at least.)

On to Yandro. Phyllis said that McIntyre died some years ago, so don't look for his current address; you'd have trouble making delivery.

This was one of Dave's better "Difugalties". Somehow I find it difficult to picture Locke as a polite teenager, soothing the dense public as they splash his parents' outboard motors gaily into the lake. Doesn't fit his current image somehow.

[[Oh, I think fandom is a wee bit better than the mundane world; it's just a question of what adjective you emphasize. RSC]]

Joe Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

I managed to make it into NYC for the Edgar dinner. Char and I flew in last week on Wednesday and stayed at the Algonquin. First night we ate at one of those Japanese places where they cut and cook the food directly in front of you. It was good.

That night we went to dinner with Harlan and Ben Bova + Harlan's new girl friend, a lovely child, and some of her friends. All was fine.

Friday night we saw and talked to Harvey and Audrey Bilker at the MWA affair, plus Hans Santesson, Sam Moskowitz, Leo Kelley, and some others who fit in both fields. Met and was impressed by Bob Fish, who was at our table, and by Allen Hubin, who edits The Armchair Detective, a sort of scholarly fan-prozine somewhat like the old Acolyte, but better.

Even found a coin show in town on Friday afternoon and visited there.

Harlan won an Edgar for "The Whimper of Whipped Dogs," which I've not yet read, but which he said was taken somewhat from the Kitty Genovese murder. We were all very pleased about that.

Bob Briney, 4 Forest Avenue, Salem MA 01907 01970

Spent last weekend in New York. Friday evening was the annual awards dinner of the Mystery Writers of America. This year's "Edgar" for best mystery short story went to Harlan Ellison, who was present to accept it. He had somewhat the same effect on the audience as Robert Bloch did a few years ago, when he was elected President of MWA. Mystery writers and fans just aren't used to the kind of personalities that the sf world produces. Joe Hensley was also at the dinner, and at least one other sf-related person (Chelsea Quinn Yarbro) was nominated for an award. And of course Sam Moskowitz and Ozzie Train were present.

I saw ZARDOZ during the week it played in Boston. (It sank like a stone and has not surfaced again.) In fact, I saw it twice, and enjoyed it both times. Some parts of it were silly, other parts were derivative (the climactic telepathic battle between Zed and the Tabernacle is a direct steal from Orson Welles' LADY FROM SHANGHAI -- which I had seen just the week before), but on the whole it was a visually and intellectually impressive film. It certainly deserves better than the unsympathetic reaction which most critics gave it.

Have also seen THE THREE MUSKETEERS (pure fun) and BLAZING SADDLES (vaudeville gags and vulgarity, and a delight to low minds like mine).

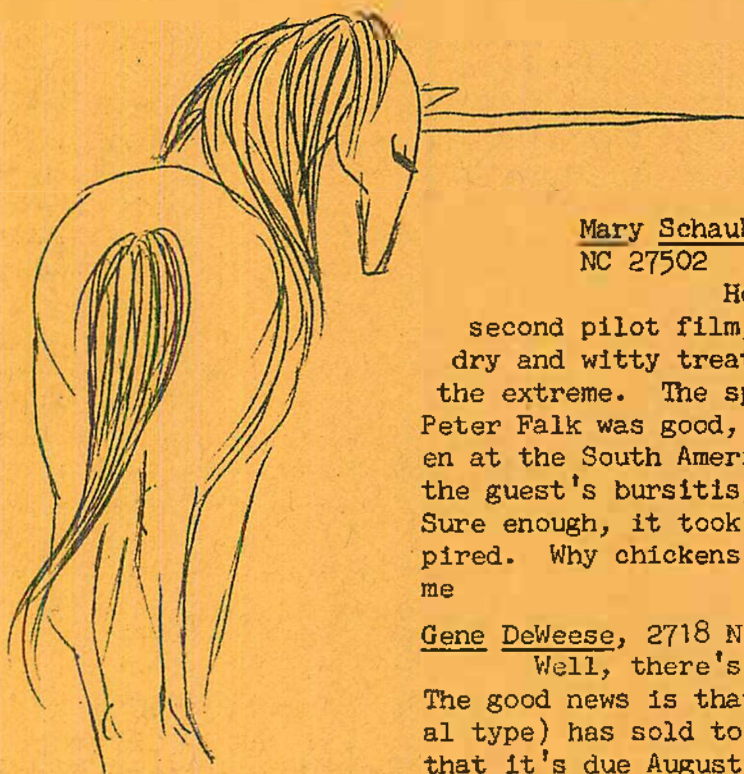
[[There; that should satisfy lovers of con reports. All here in the letter column. RSC]]

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

Hope you got to see Roddenberry's second pilot film, PLANET EARTH, with its fairly dry and witty treatment of Women's Lib carried to the extreme. The special WILD SCIENCE hosted by Peter Falk was good, too. When I saw that white chicken at the South American witch doctor's hoedown to cure the guest's bursitis, I knew the chicken was doomed. Sure enough, it took on the responsible demons and expired. Why chickens keep going in for magic is beyond me

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee WI 53211

Well, there's good news and there's bad news. The good news is that my gothic (decidedly supernatural type) has sold to Beagle Books. The bad news is that it's due August 15. On top of the doll book,



which I'd hoped to have done by the end of August, but which isn't, actually, due until October 28. And the "major" article for Insight on Boyer...

All I want to know is, why was I sitting around for four or five years with no contracts, and now I have two due at practically the same time. If you (Buck) sell anything to Elwood and he wants a fast completed ms, well, be prepared to do a fair amount of at least the rough draft yourself.

They'll use my own name as author, sort of, on the gothic. "Jean" instead of "Gene".

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

Thanks for your help on the JWC Award matter. I do think that some procedure should be set up for publishing a list of writers who are eligible before the Hugo nominations are due. The situation is a little different here than with the other awards -- after all with them it is normally clear who is eligible, and for what category. One can count words, and put fiction into the proper category easily enough; a look at the cover or copyright date is enough for the rest.

But only a completist with good indices, a perfect memory, and an insider's knowledge of pseudonyms can really know whether a particular writer is eligible in this category. With the current procedure, one can only go ahead and nominate if one thinks a writer might be eligible and let the committee sort out the ineligible nominations.

Since my last letter I've become acquainted with the song "East Texas Red" And I can deny resemblance with the title character on more grounds than not having red hair. True, I am on the short side, but despite whatever my students may say, I'm not mean.

Thanks for your kind reviews of Notes in Yandro 225 & 226. The first three times I read the notice in #225, I misread "upright citizen" as "uptight citizen". Perhaps a subconscious reaction to Glycer's taunts at my puritanism.

With regard to Yandro 226, I tend to agree more with Gene Comeau about TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE than with you. Not that I don't agree with your criticisms of the book -- I haven't yet heard a specific criticism of the book that I didn't agree with -- there are more things wrong with the book than could be mentioned in any single review. But, once I started reading it, I couldn't stop -- I just read on, fascinated, and passed over all the annoying mistakes as if they were bothersome gnats in an otherwise pleasant summer's day.

Your reaction to Buckley is very similar to my own, making due allowance for the fact that I'm a conservative Catholic myself. About prayers in public schools, though, I'm completely neutral. I don't care whether they say prayers or practice witchcraft in the public schools since, except for my present job, I've never had anything to do with them, and, should I ever have children, wouldn't send them there either. In addition to the usual prejudices of a New York Irish Catholic against the Public Schools, I've seen too many future public school teachers in the classroom in the last few years to have much confidence in them.

[[Oh well, I'm a Puritan, and I don't think anyone can honestly say I'm uptight. RSC]]

Dainis Bisenieks, Dept. of English, Iowa State University, Ames IA 50010

Professor Parrish did of course mention commercialization, but he did not know about the green bottles, since all issues of National Geographic and other periodicals



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where he might have seen that Santa picture had perished by the year 27,904. The bottles themselves, however, survive in considerable numbers and have been a boon to scholars. No less than 467 dissertations on the Coca-Cola bottle have been written by that date, culminating in the monumental study by Panda Houlson, Ph.D., I.U.D., titled "A Reconstruction of the Political Subdivisions of the U.S.A. from the Geographical Distribution of Coca-Cola bottles Marked with Place-Names." It is widely considered a triumph of statistical inference, since for instance the bottles of Poughkeepsie NY have been found as far away as Antarctica.

A genealogical note: Brandon Arn is, as one might guess, a distant relation of Zark Arn.

I find the cover on Y225 a bit disquieting. The guy on the left looks like his fuse is going to burn down -- and then, blooey, gears all over the landscape.

[[This note should have gone in the last issue, since it's in response to George Barr's letter in #225, which was commenting on Dainis' article in #224. At least, I did get my letter-file sorted out and we'll be more up to date for awhile until it gets clogged again. RSC]]

Mike Kring, PSC #1, Box 3147, Kirtland AFB East, Albuquerque NM 87115

Dave Locke's "Difugalty" #23 about broke me up. It brought back so many memories of my home town; not that we had a lake or anything like that, but by the way the tourists acted. Seems like they have the same disease all the way across the US. I believe it's called stupidity.

But where I come from, we had the city slicker hunters coming out for the poor defenseless deer. (Uh-huh, sure they're defenseless, and those antlers are just for hat racks, too.) But anyway, they would come down with all their terrible weaponry and usually wind up shooting one of their friends. In fact, it was a standing bet at the high school on how long the deer season would go before one of the idiots would shoot somebody. Macabre, sure, but it was at least more interesting than the subjects we were supposed to be studying. (Civics, blech!).

During the summer the tourists would descend upon poor ol' San Antonio, Texas, like a plague of some sort. I mean, it's okay to be a tourist, but why in the bloody hell do the idiots think that wearing flowered shorts and a little straw hat make them endearing to the local populace? I could never figure it out. Sure, it's hot as hell in San Antonio during the summer (and don't let their propaganda boys try to fool ya, either; I lived near San Antonio for 8 years and I never, NEVER saw a summer go by without at least one week of 100+ degree weather. And the humidity was about 60 to 80 percent all summer long, too.). But...flowered shorts?

Of course, the reason I'm still irked about the tourists is the way they treat the sides of the road as garbage cans. Nothing is more disrespectful to the countryside than a group of city slickers who never lived in the country. They'll whiz by the litter barrels doing 50-60mph and let fly with a huge bag of trash and never look back. Of course, the trash is eventually picked up, but the Highway Dept. guys should be doing something else than picking up trash.

Another interesting fact about the tourists who visited San Antonio was the fact that most of the Northerners (or Damn Yankees, as they were called by a few of the nasty-tongued people I knew) would think anyone with a Spanish last name couldn't speak English. Hell, most of them could speak better English than they could. But then, tourists are really a different species of animal than most of the human race. (I have nothing against anyone seeing the sights of the country, far from it, but couldn't the people at least act like people instead of spoilt children on a holiday from their mothers? No, I guess not.)

In your convention calendar, you might plug Bubonicon VI, to be held here in lovely Alb, August 23-25. FMBusby is our GOH. People can write to me for more information, since I'm the Sec-Treas of the Con.

[[Since it's a rare summer in Indiana that we don't have 3 or 4 100+ degree

days, it would seem logical that San Antonio should have that many, or a few more. 60 percent humidity is considered pretty dry in this area, too. RSC]] [[The name syndrome works the opposite direction, incidentally. In LA, at the 72 Con, I was constantly accosted by Chicanos who saw my name badge and immediately assumed I must be a member of La Raza. Since my major acquaintance with the language is a high school course 25(almost) years ago, I was at a distinct disadvantage. I wanted to be a pleasant spokeswoman for the genre; and a couple of the questioners read stf and were genuinely interested in the con and attending authors. However my surname is not, contrary to their expectations, a guarantee of Spanish inheritance. JWC]]

Laurine White, 5408 Leader Ave., Sacramento CA

What a nice dinosaur cover on Yandro 226. If Roy Krenkel had drawn it you could go into competition with Amra. And it was a pleasure to see those two Barr illos.

What is so weird about stained-glass window thieves? Stained-glass windows are worth a good deal of money now.

After I read THE WITCHSTONE by Victoria Graham, I told all my friends interested in such stuff what a good book it was. It isn't too often I find such an enjoyable book by an unknown author. I thought the epilog was necessary. Without it, the ending is an unhappy one, and I'm not a fan of sad endings. I read ASSIGNMENT NOR'DYEN when nothing else was available. The aliens and the landscape must have come from a Dr. Seuss book.

[[I'm not a fan of sad endings either, but I do like the ending to be at least remotely connected with what has gone before it. Graham's read like it had been written for a different book. (But WITCHSTONE is an enjoyable book, ending or no.)

Jerry Kaufman, 622 W. 114th, Apt 52A, NY NY 10025

After reading Bob Tucker's guide to instant locs, I'm not sure if I even have to write this letter. But Yandro is not the typical fanzine, and you don't expect a letter to mention everything, written or drawn. I fancy you don't even expect the letters to mention the fanzine at all. (Your skillful editing of the letter column leads me to that conclusion -- and there I've gone and sounded just as though I am using Tucker's guide.)

I would have dropped out of fandom years ago, Juanita, if I could have, but I've always had some difficulty making friends, and I have all, or almost all, of my friends in fandom. (No, Buck, not all fans are my friends.) And when I moved to New York I sealed my fate. I am irretrievably in fandom, not knowing anyone else here. This seems to be true of all the fans here who are transplanted, and a few of the natives. Only if we all decided to gaffiate at once could we escape. And we'd still be stuck with each other.

I didn't read enough fiction, see enough stf movies or tv, or retain enough from fandom, to nominate in any category. Maybe when the nominees are announced I'll make up the gaps. But last year I forgot to vote. Pretty soon I'll be able to say in all honesty that I don't care about the Hugos.

I resolve to read all the stf published. I resolve to write a fifty-page study on the religious references in James Schmitz' Telzey series. I resolve to buy a Hugo, preferably the best pro artist slot. I resolve to appear at the Discon and pretend to be Buck Coulson.

"I Have No Nose and I Must Sneeze" is accurate and funny. (By the way, thanks to J. Joyce, I always think of INRI as "iron nails ran in," I suppose to anyone Catholic this is nothing new, but we didn't talk about the Crucifixion much around our house.

The F&SF Book Co mainly does mail order business out of Dick Witter's house, though I understand you can gotout there if you call first. Definitely not a store. Steve Takacs used to have a store, in various locations, but he now only operates through the mail. (Frank Prieto told me so, and he works for Witter.) So the SF shop would

SPA-FON



seem to be the only actually open-to-the-public, big-window-with-their-name-in-it operation on the East Coast.

A fabulous (contains a fable) letter from Freff. The subway hole story is true, but like any fable, contains a moral about walking in dark places, and could be elaborated to show the struggle between good and evil in the symbols of light and dark...but there, I've been reading Ketterer's NEW WORLDS FOR OLD, and I'm afraid it's been affecting me.

As Jack Wodhams says, it would be nice to go to a con and yarn with James Tiptree. I'd like to, and so would many others. Who is this man of quiet mystery? (Melodramatic, ain't I?) Actually, I've seen some speculation that he is a pen name. Does anyone know anything vague or definite about this?

By the way, along the same lines I note that Ed Cagle never came to a convention that I was at, and that I never got the Cagle-Gillespie SFC (though I am a subber and got the Gillespie-Gorman SFC). I now hear that Cagle has gafiated. Is he a hoax? Or does he have something against me, like that I hate pickles of all sorts? (I was never into pickles, but I'm often in dithers.)

[[Tiptree does business in SFWA under that name. I think I've seen an interview with him in one of the east coast fanzines (not NY; some other stretch of east coast). I also corresponded with him a few times on SFWA business, and once he said he was "just coming through to pick up three months' mail-", which may explain why he doesn't attend many cons. Hey, Tiptree, are you there? Are you you? Tell us all about yourself. RSC]]

Jerry Giannattasio, 1130 Park Blvd., Massapequa Pk., NY 11762

When I polished off my last critique for internship in teaching college history (the patient's fine: the doctor died), I hopped up to the 6th level for Hemingway's THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO. The odd thing about the college's copy (there are several others upstairs) is that it is all underlined in ball point and yellow hi-lighter in several hands. At home in my own copy, I've got my favorite passages marked, and now the oddity: They don't match up. The stuff the students have marked and the passages I found most pregnant with meaning were not the same. They've got marginal glosses like: Wife 2, Ritual, Julian, Harry Really dies, A Farewell to Arms! All last conscious thoughts, Harry dies, Only narrative, and Peak of the Iceberg Principle. There's one paragraph or P.S. where all the "its" had been circled in ball point and lines run out to the margin where each "it" is identified: life, book, marriage, death, dying. 2 "its" defied definition; at least there's no line connecting them to the marginal gloss.

I wonder if there is a Ph.D. in English for someone in this: "Student Notations in 100 Copies of Ernest Hemingway's THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO." Probably it's been done already.

[[You pranged my sense of wonder, but Juanita just said that if it hasn't been done already, it soon will be. RSC]]

Don Ayres, Stevenson Arms 221, 600 West Mill St., Carbondale IL 62901

The illio on #224 for the "Rumblings" page reminded me of something; I don't remember Buck ever snarling at me. You might try getting out of it by saying I'm still neo and growling, Buck, but I don't feel like a neo any more. I even know Mike Glycer. Whatever that means or matters. Anyway, I thought I'd point it out to you lest there be any more lapses like this on your part; hell, your entire, carefully cultivated reputation may go down the drain if this sudden attack of passivity persists.

While I'm on the "Colonel Santa" page and noting footnote four about the movie actor named Bogey, I just happened to remember another confounding character of March fame, Colonel Bogey.

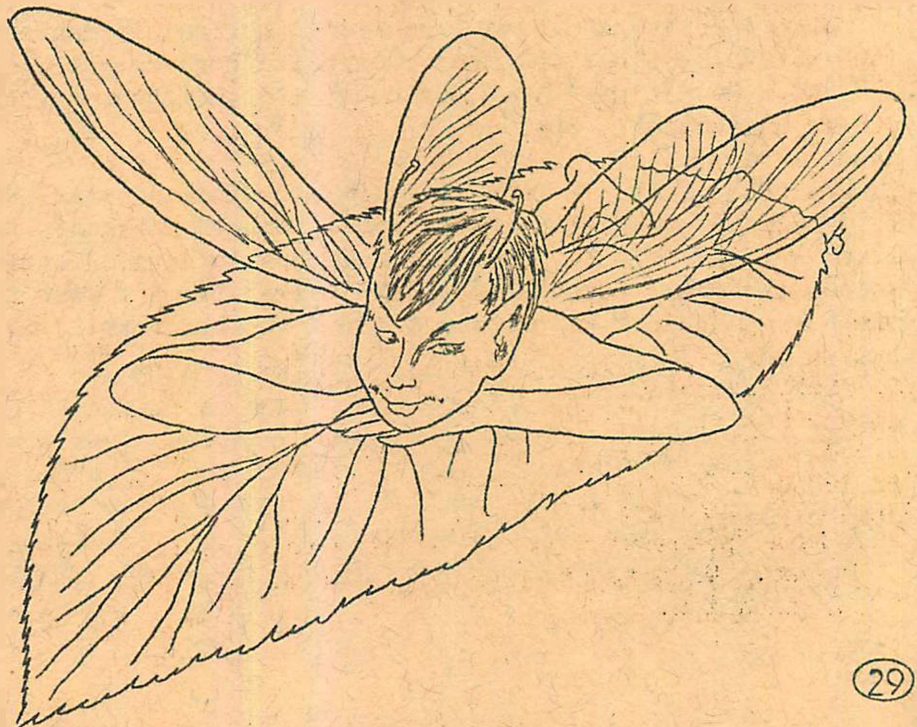
What I really started to open the zine for was the letter from John Brunner (no, it's not the guns I want to talk about). We seem to have somehow acquired this propensity for being a nation of joiners, but I wonder just to what extent this is true? Specifically, the SIU SF Society, which has consistently had trouble in interesting people to even stop in, makes me wonder even more. Here in a town whose used-book dealer will often trade two-for-one to get an SF title, whose library shelf can contract as much as two feet in a single day, and whose chief bookseller maintains a 15' x 5' display of SF titles beyond the stuff he can keep with movie titles, contemporary authors, etc. Yet, we're lucky if we have as many as ten people come to the meeting. Perhaps the academic setting is prohibitive on the time of some and the meeting night (Mondays) may impose some restrictions, but maybe there's other reasons.

Maybe Americans are selective about the clubs they will look for. Maybe it's only after we reach a certain age or state of affairs that we start looking for organizations like the Bowling League or Moose Lodge or Kiwanis. Perhaps to have a legitimate reason to leave our homes for certain friendships or avocations. But is it that universal and what are determining factors? Combining the student enrollment and the population, there's anywhere from 30-40 thousand people here during the school years, but we can't find 20 individuals interested in even showing up for one meeting to find out what's going on (record 18). Any suggestions? (I don't mean so much for the club as for insights into the phenomena.)

Orr did a beautiful parody, and on more than just the title story; too bad he didn't try to sell it to F&SF, which seems to have a propensity for these things. You left out the crucial comment; if Harlan bought one, he must have voiced an opinion on it!

Curiosity strikes despite the motion to remove the gun issue. Has anyone estimated if and/or how much money has poured into the Gun Lobby from Organized Crime, and backed it up? They would certainly qualify as a vested interest.

[[I assume Harlan did voice an opinion, but Orr didn't say what it was. I think I'll suggest to the N.R.A. that they should see about contacting the Mafia for a additional funding. (They're too stuffy to do it, though -- aside from the fact that since most criminals steal guns anyway, they couldn't care less about banning them. They can always rob a police station or smuggle weapons off an army depot.) Insight into



the problem? Science fiction fans are not joiners. How many fans do you know who are into Rotary, Elks, or whatever lodge you name, Little League, Boy Scouts, etc? They may join a group in order to do some specific thing -- put on a play, save the environment, foment revolution -- but they don't join groups for the entertainment they get out of it. Try pitching your club ads to anarchist types and see what happens. Tell them it's a club for people who hate clubs. RSC]]

Eric Mayer, RD 1, Falls PA 18615

A long time ago (at least it seems like a long time but, come to think of it, Yandro must've been going strong even then) I had something akin to Gutenbergitis. Being in grade school, I was forced to limit the "pressruns" on my publications to one copy per issue. Mostly they were comic books and though they all told stories it wasn't the story that interested me. What I liked about them was the fact that they had covers; that pages were numbered and stapled together. In the best faanish tradition I worked my way up from penciled cartoons in the corner of my tablet to 30 page, full-colored crayon extravaganzas. (With the spaceships drawn in real honest to goodness shiny silver!). Unfortunately I no longer have any of these comic books -- I sold them all on the playground. (Just like Charlie Brown would've done..) (I'm only joking.)

However, during my brief stay in fandom I've managed to avoid this disease, thanks to lack of funds, laziness, and a strong suspicion that it wouldn't be much fun rejecting contributions.

The William Orr article really comes at a good time; I'm just now reading AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS. I haven't bothered counting but a lot of the stories are shorter than their introductions, and a good many of the introductions are more interesting than their stories. I have to admit that the author's personality, as displayed in the introduction, tends to prejudice me toward the story. I was inclined to like Ray Nelson's story after his faanish intro, for instance, whereas Ken McCullough, by including a pompous bibliography that listed reprints of his poems in amateur literary magazines, gained himself one hostile reader. Like Ellison's own writings, AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS strikes me as generally enjoyable (thanks mostly to the non-fiction) with occasional flashes of brilliance, but hardly all it's hyped up to be.

Printing Bob Tucker's form Loc was a heartless move. I feel like I'm just going through the motions often enough anyway. I imagine Locs can get pretty boring after 20 years. That's why I sometimes send drawings instead.

[[No, locs in themselves aren't boring; it depends on who's writing them. (Not too many people who bore me get Yandro in the first place. I seem to turn them off, somehow, try as I might to be pleasant. RSC]]

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

Would you be so kind as to run a request in Yandro for me? I need a large (at least 6") pinecone for my thyrsus as part of a projected costume. I would gladly reimburse any kind donors for the postage. I don't want to have to compromise authenticity by wreathing ivy around a chunk of styrofoam.

Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

Harking back to the locs a while back on "natural" childbirth (anything other than having a Caesarean or a child spring full-blown from your forehead sounds natural to me) and amateur midwifery...small item in the Times the other day about a young couple who had a snowplow drive them to a snowbound ghost town so their first child could be born in a "peaceful natural surrounding." Had a healthy 6 lb 4 oz boy, whom the father delivered. Unfortunately the woman bled to death. Guess it doesn't seem like such a groovy idea now.

Bob Tucker, [new address] 34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville IL 62650

Do you know the town of Seymour, Indiana? Seymour is now enshrined in fannish legend: it was the site of a trainwreck where four famous fans (well, almost famous) had their insides shook up and nearly missed an important convention. Last May 10th, Bob and Anne Passovoy, Barbara Somebody, and I were enroute by train from Chicago to Nashville for the Kubla Kon Too and about an hour or so after sunrise as we were chugging through Seymour the train jumped the track and sideswiped a freight train innocently standing nearby. The freight engine and the lead car on our train each knocked the stuffings out of the other and by this time they are on their way to the repair shops or the junk yard.

Some people on the front cars were injured, but the only harm to we almost-famous fans were my broken dentures. It was my first train wreck and my first con eating mush, soup, eggs, and pancakes for several days. A gentleman from the Penn Central telephoned to inquire after my health, and offered to pay for the dentures -- and a damned good thing, too, because Attorney Propp has assured me we will sue if they don't pay up. He is asking only 90 percent of the damages I receive. So much for Seymour, Indiana.

I don't recall what date I gave you for the move to Jacksonville, but it now appears we'll move on or about June 24th. I also looked it up on my 1898 map and it appears to be about 70 miles north of St. Louis. Will this move revitalize St. Louis fandom? Can St. Louis fandom be revitalized? Will I do it? Hell, no.

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

We had a public holiday Monday, same day as you had Memorial Day; but it was a Spring Bank Holiday here. In the past it used to be called the Whitsun Bank Holiday. I had an extra day as we have now two extra statutory days' off, to be taken after a public holiday. Each firm can vote which, so we had one this week and the other after Xmas.

With the rain and the sun most of the seeds I planted have come up. I couldn't afford any bean poles, which are expensive here, so I got some posts, nailed them together to make two six foot ones, strung wire between them and then down to smaller canes, and it's now up to the silly beans to have enough strength to grow up them. Beetroot are growing, but what I thought was another prolific vegetable nearby turns out to be weeds, and they will have to be removed. Then of course the beetroot, swedes, etc., will have to be thinned like yours, or we'll only get small ones of everything.

Postage rates are going up here by a third for internal letters again, nearly a shilling old money for a first-class letter, which gets third-class treatment. In inner London it's taken ten days for some letters to arrive because they are so short of staff. Never have so many paid so much for so little. I think the postal service and public transportation have deteriorated in the past years so much as to bear little resemblance to what they are supposed to be.

Jackie Franke, address earlier

I knew that fandom and fannish parents (the latter, mainly) would rot Bruce's brain eventually. Poor lad. Actually, you'd better watch out or he'll put that fiendish imagination to work and wind up as another Ed Hamilton and drive us all to drink! Or, ghod forbid, an E.E. Smith and wind up with a devoted following...

Buck, how could you think that I'd join with Sandra in a conspiracy to blacken your reputation? I've never said ought but the truth about your kind heart, your generous nature, your marshmallow ways. Ask any of those neofen who cower in the corridors as you pass, if you can get them to stop shaking long enough to get a coherent answer, that is.

Heck, anyone who can last in fandom better'n twenty years has got to be made of either stern stuff or maybe a load of silly putty. One or t'other.

A new policy and a new fanzine are hereby announced. I counted up the fanzines reviewed in the last Yandro and there were 95 of them. Even if all 95 were exquisite examples of publishing art -- and they weren't -- I don't have time to read 95 fanzines a month. Besides, I

have a delicate stomach. From now on, most fanzines sent to us will be reviewed in Devlins Review, a publication devoted to fanzine reviews and perhaps other odds and ends sent to the Coulsons. Every fanzine sent in will get a copy of Devlins -- and a review -- in trade. Publication will be irregular -- whenever I have time to sit down and read or at least skim fanzines. Price to non-trades will be 50 cents per

copy or 2/\$1; no subscriptions beyond 2 issues will be accepted, to simplify my bookkeeping. Strange Fruit will be re-

duced to a couple of pages an issue, of fanzines recommended to the readership for one reason or another. Yandro will be sent to selected trades -- if you aren't sure you're on the trade list, stop sending me your fanzine and see if I notice it. (If I do, I'll let you know.) So -- if you're sending me your fanzine just to get Yandro, you're out of luck unless it's a fanzine I particularly like. If you're sending it for review or comment, you'll get it. Fanzines reviewed here will probably not be getting any more Yandros in trade. (You're the editors I think enough of to notify; the real crudzines will get their notification when Devlins appears.)

Uchujin #173 [Takumi Shibano, 1-14-11, O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan] A beautifully printed fanzine, but printed entirely in Japanese, so I don't get much good out of it. (If any of you can read Japanese, I recommend it; it looks interesting.)

Space & Time #24, 25 [Gordon Linzner, 83-10 118th St., Apt. 4-M, Kew Gardens NY 11415 bimonthly - 60 cents, 6/\$3] Digest-sized, nicely printed, some good artwork, and devoted to fan fiction. I like what little I see of the editor, but I'm not terribly fond of his fanzine. (If you like fan fiction, by all means try a copy.)

Omekronicle V2#2, 3 [Leah Zeldes, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park MI 48237] A high school publication, mostly devoted to fiction. Unfortunately for the readers, it's a quite typical high school publication. For its type, it isn't bad at all -- but it isn't a very high-class type. Its virtue is that the authors are getting the practice they need.

Knights of the Paper Space Ship VI#2 thru 6 [Mike Bracken and Joe Walter, KPSS, PO Box 802, Fort Bragg CA 95437] I suppose for this dedication they ought to get more than one Yandro in return; if I feel generous, they might. This is another fanzine devoted to rather bad fiction, and aimed at people who know little or nothing about fandom. (Which is a praiseworthy aim, and should be supported.) Unfortunately, they don't publish too much of interest to those of us who do know about fandom. It's considerably larger than Omekronicle, but not noticeably better.

Laughing Osiris #1 [Lost Queen Press, PO Box 3, Ft. Thomas KY 41075 - 75 cents - \$4/6 - bimonthly] This is a much more ambitious mag. There is horror fiction which is at least mediocre, an appreciation of Ben Kiefer which I appreciate, an interview with Bloch, reviews, a checklist of antique stf in paperback, an incredibly bad verse by Tim Marion and some mediocre work by others, excellent artwork. Could well turn into a very good fanzine.

Beta #1 [Folkert Mohrhof, D-2071 Hoisblüttel, Meichweg 3 c, West Germany - trade, contrib - DM 1] Printed entirely in German, which lets me out. (One thing getting into fandom has done is made me wish I'd studied several languages.)

Kronos #1 [Piero Giorgi, Casella Postale 8-30173 Mestre (2) (Italy)] Beautifully printed, on slick paper -- in Italian. Frustrating, because it looks fairly interesting.

Starfire #2 [Bill Breiding, 2240 Bush St., San Francisco CA 94115 - the usual or 35 cents] Fairly seriously oriented; an in-depth article on the symbolism and inner meaning of a single Lafferty story, for example. (The whole article struck me as ridiculous, but then most psychology strikes me that way, so it may well be an excellent article.) I rather enjoyed the personal touches in the mag, but not the rest.

Vertigo #21 [Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Rd., Durham NC 27707 - 35 cents] Newsletter of the Carolina Fan Federation. Local news, some national fan news. Rather poor mimeographing this time; they usually do better than that.

WCTE Service Bulletin #30 [Nicholas J Karolides, Wisconsin English Journal, University of Wisconsin - River Falls WI 54022 - \$1] This is a Wisconsin teachers' publication. This issue includes a bibliography of science fiction annotated for school use. (I don't think it was sent for review, either, but someone out there might be interested.)

Anomaly #1 [Ed Slavinsky, 100 York St., New Haven CT 06510 - the usual or 35 cents] Lovely cover. Contents are spotty. I enjoyed the article on Ernest Bramah, and the book reviews seemed good. The humor did nothing for me, I'm not much interested in pop music with stñal lyrics, and Fred Lerner's article might make an entertaining letter if shortened but is hardly worth article status. Good repro, generally good artwork.

Philistine Quarterly #1 [Don Markstein, PO Box 53112, New Orleans LA 70153] FAPA publication. Reasonably good mailing comments; most of them are intelligible without the reader having read the fanzine being commented on.

Tandstikkerzeitung #5 [Don Markstein, address above - 25 cents] SFPA personalzine. Interesting commentary on the etymology of dirty words.

Endymion #4 [Don Markstein, ditto] Personalzine, this one concerned with Mardi Gras, which is a festival whcih never held any particular attraction for me. If it does for you, the writing is good enough; my only dislike is the subject matter.

Perceptions #3.5 [Warren Johnson, 131 Harrison St., Geneva IL 60134 - 40 cents] No question of trading here since Warren says he's dropping publication due to lack of money and a change of fannish interest. This is almost entirely letter column -- mostly letters from people disagreeing with Warren. (Which is a point in his favor, actually; I have encountered fan editors who wouldn't print derogatory letters.)

Interaction #2 [Warren Johnson, see above] This is also mostly letters -- Warren is using his final publications to take care of the letters of comment on previous ones, which is a nice gesture.

Crinkum-Crankum #1 [Warren Johnson, ditto -- 25 cents] This came out during the recent unpleasantness, so I didn't see it at the time. (Not because he didn't send it, but because I didn't accept it.) Actually, I don't think I missed much.)

Zine Review #1 [Warren Johnson, ditto] Another one I refused at the time, but since I don't like fanzine reviews anyway (except Ethel Lindsay's) it didn't matter much. These seem fairly typical reviews, in case you do like fanzine reviews.

Antithesis #17 [Chris Sherman, 700 Parkview Terrace, Minneapolis MN 55416 - 50 cents] General type; articles, poetry, an art portfolio, fiction. A fairly good defense of criticism by Cy Chauvin.

ADDRESS CHANGES

Bob Tucker, 34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville IL 62650

Lois Newman, P.O. Box 2148, Boulder CO 80302

Jeffrey D. Smith, 1339 Weldon Avenue, Baltimore MD 21211

Freff, 102 North Gregory, Apt. 8, Urbana IL 61801

Samuel D. Russell, Maple Cottage, Oxford Rd., Tilehurst, Reading, Berks., RG3 6YE,
Great Britain.



HE'S LOOKING FOR PEOPLE
WHO WANT TO COLLECT

BUCK COULSON -- probably one of fandom's greatest collectors. At the height of his career he decided on two new specialties: fellow collectors and money.

...and aren't afraid to spend a little money to find out "how". Today hundreds of fans who never thought they would be wasting huge sums of money on "Valueless" items are happily living in shacks, dodging bill collectors, and conning people out of tar paper. They can all thank Buck Coulson, a famous collector who sacrifices his life to help other people become collectors by relieving them of unnecessary problems.... like money.

Who can become a collector? The people who take the Collector Talent Test are of all ages and occupations. By professional ratings many of the sample collections and techniques are awkward and simplistic. But the trained eyes of our staff can pick out the slightest hint of talent and magnify it to impress the customer.

Fandom's 12 Most Famous Collectors

Buck Coulson	Ed Wood
Sam Moskowitz	Gene DeWeese
Forrest J Ackerman	Don Thompson
Billy Pettit	Howard Devore
Stu Hoffman	Bob Gaines
Doc Barrett	Rusty Hevelin

The reliability of our test and our professional collectors can be seen from just a few examples by our students -- Joe Hensley was a fighting D.A., doing quite well (so he thought) for himself. After taking only a few lessons from our Famous Collectors School he dropped his job, plunged his life savings into wooden nickels, and was last seen possessing the world's largest collection of same and chasing a bill collector off his lawn; Bob Passovoy was a wide-eyed innocent intern before the courses. Now he's following in the footsteps of other famous completists by satisfying a desire to have one of everything, including wives; Jim Lavell had been happy with his three or four trees. Now he has a good start on a collection with over 50.

Other schools offer their talent tests free. To show that ours is more worthwhile and accurate we ask \$2.00 for the privilege of obtaining our exam. Just send a check from Tasmania, Andorra, or New Guinea, fill out the form below and mail to:

Famous Collectors School
Debris 4951, Amass, Franklin 99999

Yes, I would like to procure cognizance on my compiling endowment (we collect big words as well). Send me your fabulous test!

Mr.

Ms.

Other _____

Age _____ Address _____

City _____ County _____

Credit Check Clearance No. _____